



17x—Infant's Romper, high neck and long sleeves. Made of best quality chambray, in tan with turkey-red piping, or blue with white piping. Note how garment buttons around inside seam. Sizes six months, one, two and three years. Price..... **98c.**

FROM FACTORY TO YOU

ROMPERS PLAY GARMENTS

The only thing for the young ones in warm weather. Cool, Comfortable and Sanitary.

PLAY CLOTHES

have made happy mothers and children from coast to coast, because they are the garments especially designed and made for their purpose—perfect play garments. They are designed, cut, and sewn with care and accuracy. The buttons are on to stay, the finishing is neat and lasting. They are easy to put on and take off—and are always comfortable. Best of all, they are healthy clothes, giving protection to the romping youngster, and not binding or pinching the little body in the least.

Send in your orders now, and they will be promptly filled. Do not fail to state size and colors required.

CHILDREN'S WEAR

Room 403

518 St. Catherine St. West
Montreal, Can.



18x—Girl's Romper, without collar. Made of best quality chambray, in tan with turkey-red piping, and blue or brown with white piping. An ideal play garment. Sizes one, two, three, four, five and six years. Price **98c.**

with neckties, gloves, and souvenir pins, or cuff-links. As a rule he gives the bride a pretty bit of jewelry, which is the only adornment of the kind that she wears on her wedding-day. All other expenses are paid by the bride's parents.

A bride usually presents her bridesmaids with pretty gifts as souvenirs of the occasion. If the wedding is to be on the lawn pretty silk parasols are a dainty and appropriate choice. Little pins of enamelled forget-me-nots, or strings of coral beads will also be appreciated.

Just one more point: Rice should never be thrown at a wedding party at a railway station; indeed, in some places the practice has been positively forbidden, as accidents have been caused by the slipperiness of the rice on the platform so close to moving trains. Confetti may be used, but the wishes of the bride should be considered even in this.

Such hoodlumism as throwing old boots, tying them to the back of the groom's carriage, tagging the suit-cases of bride or groom, or in any way making the time one of buffoonery, is distinctly vulgar. Nothing of the kind is ever seen among well-bred people.

The Scrap Bag.

MICE.

Place a piece of gum camphor in a drawer in which you have anything that will attract mice, and they will not come near it.

CULTIVATING FLOWERS.

Stir the surface of the soil about the growing plants frequently, but be careful not to cut deeply into the soil with either hoe or weeder, or you may injure the tender roots.

COOKING SPOON.

If you have not a cooking spoon provided with a hook, bend the end of the handle of one into a hook, with wire pincers. There will then be no danger of the spoon sliding into the kettle, as it may be hung on the edge of the dish.

UNDERWEAR STRINGS.

Use narrow white tape or a crocheted cord with tassels for running through the beading of underwear, then you will not have the trouble of removing the drawing strings every wash-day. Colored ribbons are not now in favor for corset-covers.

PROLONGING USABLE RHUBARB.

Do not allow the blossom stalks to grow and the rhubarb will be fit to use practically all summer. Rhubarb may be mixed with almost any other fruit for canning or marmalade.

The Beaver Circle.

OUR SENIOR BEAVERS.

[For all pupils from Senior Third to Continuation Classes, inclusive.]

A Summer Song.

(By Alice Van Leer Carriek.)

Butterfly, flutter by, skimming the clover,
Bee, buzz your drowsy song, over and over.

Tell of the summer sun,
Sing that the winter's done.
Flutter by, butterfly, hum, golden rover!

Deep in the meadows the daisies are
swinging,
out of the thicket a thrush-song is
ringing.

Mellow wind, yellow light,
All the world's warm and bright.
Everything summer's dear praises is sing-
ing!

The Beaver Circle Garden Competition.

Dear Beavers,—There are now forty entries for the Garden Competition, so I suppose forty girls and boys are now very busy in the evenings, watering, and pulling out weeds, and stirring up the surface of the soil so that the plants may grow better. By the way, if any of you use a hoe or a weeder, be careful not to cut down too deeply into the soil, as by so doing you might injure the roots. Stirring the soil to a depth of an inch is usually sufficient to form a dust-mulch on top. When the plants are large, you may cut a little deeper.

And now, won't you please keep in mind all the time that you are to write a composition about your garden in the fall? Here are a few questions that you may answer when writing it.

What seeds did you plant? Were they large or small, and how deep did you plant them?

What did the various plants look like when coming up?

How did you cultivate your garden? What weeds did you find hardest to keep out of your garden?

What insects did you notice in it, and what were they doing? (Pay attention to butterflies, caterpillars and bees.)

Did you notice any birds and hear any bird-songs while working in your garden? Name the birds if you can, and tell which you like best.

Was there a toad in your garden? If so, tell all you can about him.

Senior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my second letter, and papa has been taking "The Farmer's Advocate" for sixteen years. Well, I guess I will tell you about a funny-looking cocoon, and the pretty butterfly that came out yesterday. I picked it up in a little bush alongside the road on a hazel-bush twig. I am going to send you the cocoon and butterfly so you can tell me about it. When I brought it home I hung it in the window. Just yesterday, while mamma was sewing under the window she heard something fluttering, so she picked the insect up and showed it to us. Please, Puck, if it is not dead when you are done examining it, and is not harmful, will you please free it?

Well, now, I guess I will tell you something else. We have eight hens sitting and two have had little chickens. We have two little calves, and ten cows milking; we go to the factory, but not to school, because our teacher is sick. We have a colt and are training her to the saddle. I guess I had better close and leave room for the others. Wishing the Beavers every success.

ELNICE MAY LAMB (Class Sr. IV.),
Jessor's Falls, Ont.

It was a moth, not a butterfly, that came out from the cocoon, Eunice. Don't you remember that, last summer, we took up the difference between moths and butterflies? Well, your specimen was a Polyphemus (female), and a beauty. It was very much alive when it got here, so I let it go. You are a kind little girl, Eunice, to be so anxious not to hurt even a moth.

Dear Puck,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for as long as I can remember. Now, I am going to tell you about my garden last year. For 2 w.

ers, I had sweet peas, nasturtiums, pansies, cemetery plant, and orange lily, and a lot of house-plants. It will take up too much room to tell you all the kinds of vegetables I had.

Now, Puck, if I am not too late, I would like you to put my name down on the list for the Garden Competition.

I have eleven little chickens, and one calf, and a colt. I think I will close, wishing the Beaver Circle every success.

GLADYS ARNOLD (age 12).

Virginia P. O.

You are No. 38 on the Garden Competition list, Gladys.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I live on a farm a few miles from London, and we have a fine view of the city. I am going to try my Entrance examination in June.

We have a garden at school, 57 x 24 feet, and each scholar has a plot 8 x 5½ feet. We have three kinds of vegetables and two of flowers in each one. In my plot I have a border of lettuce, and at the back a row of climbing nasturtiums. For vegetables, I have onions and salsify, and in front of them a row of double poppies. Our school-garden was considered the best in this division last year.

We have an old gray pony. We call her Spot. We have had her for twenty years. She has a colt almost two years old, and we call it July. She has another two days old, and we call him Prince. We have thirty-five little chickens, and eight more hens sitting.

We did not set the incubator, because we always have had luck. I would like to try in the Garden Competition. Are there any special rules to go by?

GERTRUDE O'DELL,
(Age 11, Book IV.).

R. R. No. 9, London, Ont.

Your name was entered as No. 36, Gertrude. There are no rules other than those which have been given already in the Beaver Circle.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to your Circle. We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for some time, and I enjoy reading the letters. We could not do without it. I go to school nearly every day. I live about half a mile from school. My teacher's name is Miss Lambden. I like her. I hope I am not too late to enter the Garden Competition. I hope this will escape the