

## The Beaver Circle.

[All children in second part and second books, will write for the Junior Beavers' Department. Those in third and fourth books, also those who have left school, or are in High School, between the ages of 11 and 15, inclusive, will write for Senior Beavers. Kindly state book at school, or age, if you have left school, in each letter sent to the Beaver Circle.]

### Mosquitoes.

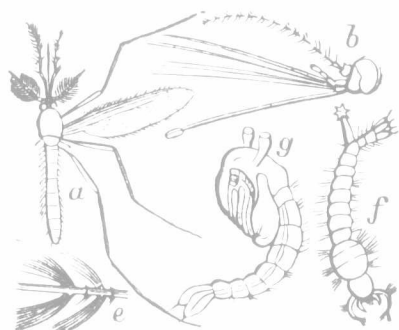
Many times, I suppose, some of you have been fishing or flower-picking this season. What fun it is, in spite of the mosquitoes, which are sure to come about whenever you approach a bit of swamp or damp woods. It would be better fun, wouldn't it, if they were not there? All the same, mosquitoes have a very interesting life history. Perhaps you would like to hear it.

In the first place, you may ask, where did the mosquitoes come from, so many of them, after the long, cold winter?

To answer this, I must tell you that a few mosquitoes just "sleep," or hibernate, like the bears, in sheltered spots, all through the winter,—that is, in this country, away in the far South, they fly about annoying people all the year round.

When the warm weather comes, out come the female mosquitoes all ready to lay eggs. Each lays from 200 to 400 eggs in a very short time. Think of that! Don't you wish you had a hen that would do as well? Then, when you know that there are about four "crops" of mosquitoes in a season, you will understand why there are so many of them by June.

The eggs are laid early in the morning, before dawn, so you see the old mosquito is not lazy; but she does not wait to make a nest. She just tops them on the top of still water anywhere, in pools and ponds, in still places along the edge of streams and lakes, in rain-barrels, in "muddle-holes," and even in old bottles



Mosquito: a, adult male; b, head and mouth-parts of female, from side; c, larva, or "wiggler"; d, pupa, all somewhat enlarged.

or tin cans, in which some rainwater happens to be lying. The eggs are very tiny, and are gray-brown in color. They are laid in little masses, side by side, standing on end, and stuck close together. I have often seen them in a rain-barrel,—haven't you?

By two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, if the weather is warm, the eggs hatch out into "wigglers." So, now, when you see wigglers, or little bunches of gray eggs on top of the rain-barrel, you may know that a fine crop of mosquitoes is getting ready to come out. The wigglers, you may notice, often stay at the top of the water, hanging head down. That is because they have to come to the top to breathe, and they breathe through a long tube that opens at the end farthest from the head.

In about seven days of warm weather, the wriggler changes again into an odd-looking pupa, like a little half-circle, thick at one end. These pupae also stay at the top of the water, quite still, except when disturbed, when they quickly wiggle down to the bottom for a little while. After about two days more (if warm), the pupa covering splits, and out comes the full-grown mosquito. It uses the pupa-case for a little boat for a few minutes, until it has gained strength, then off it flies.

It is only the female that sucks your blood. The mouth of the male is different, so that it can't sting, although it can sip up liquids. The female, however, can live on other things beside warm blood. They suck the sap of plants, and have even been seen sticking

their little lance into the heads of young fish, or the pupae of butterflies.

Mosquitoes are found all over the world, from the tropics to Alaska, and even in Greenland, during the few short weeks of summer there. One kind spreads malaria fever.

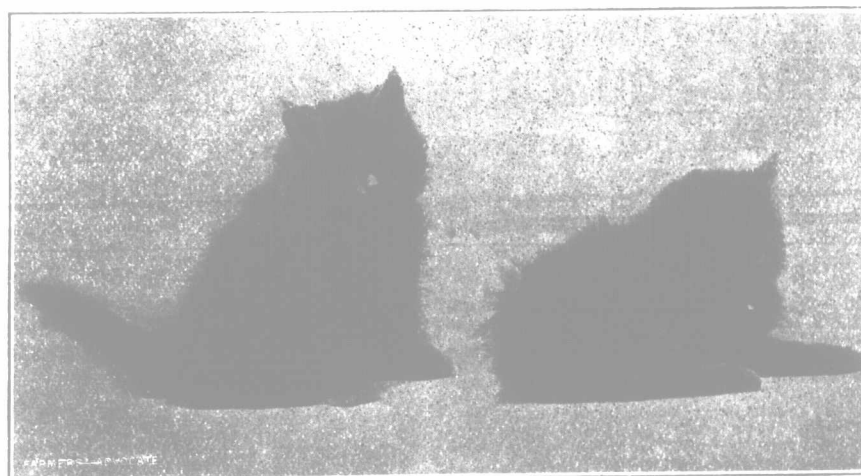
Now, shall I tell you how people are doing away with mosquitoes? In some places, where yellow fever is common, great marshes are being drained. Sometimes fish are put into ponds which have not many in them, as fish eat the pupae of the mosquitoes. In other places kerosene or coal oil is sprayed over the top of standing water. If there are wigglers in your rain-barrel, put about a teaspoonful of coal oil on top. It will spread in a thin scum all over the water, and kill the wigglers when they come up to breathe. You see they cannot breathe through a film of strong, oily kerosene.

If you are going to the woods or marshes, and want to keep the mosquitoes off, rub your hands and face with oil of citronella, or with a mixture made this way: Oil of pennyroyal one part, oil of tar two parts, olive oil two parts. This isn't very nice on your face, to be sure, but most boys would put up with it rather than be bitten by mosquitoes. In an hour or two you will have to put on more.

PICK.

### Our Letter Box.

Dear Puck,—I would just like to tell you the story of a summer walk with a number of my companions and I had. The day was beautiful; the hills all blue and purple, and the sky as clear and bright as if it had been washed and had its white clouds hung out to dry.



Jill thinks it looks coy to turn her back. "Is she vexed at me now, do you think?" says Jack.

We proposed that we should take our luncheon and go for a picnic up to the pine woods back of Barclay's Clearing. It was clear to see that none of us needed a second invitation. Hattie, one of the girls, put up a box of roast-beef sandwiches and a big piece of chocolate cake for each, together with a bottle containing lemon juice and sugar, so that we could make lemonade with water from the cold spring in the clearing.

The path which we followed led through the woods up the hill to an opening, where stood the ruins of a house and barn. Years ago, some very old farmer had endeavored to make a living from this wilderness, and so he built a little barn and house, but the struggle had ended in defeat for him. The buildings had fallen into decay, wild raspberry bushes, thistles, and wild mustard, had thrust themselves up among the ruins. We got a drink at this old farm, and then filled the pail up with cold water. We then followed a path overgrown with grass and weeds, which would take us through another woods to the pine grove on a hillock overlooking the lake.

No better spot for a picnic could have been selected. The pines rose straight and tall, holding their plumed heads proudly to the sky. When we got to the appointed spot for the picnic, we were so tired nothing amused us until we had lunch. After all had eaten their share, we began playing games. While we were playing, something seemed to tell us there was a boat tied to the stick right on the edge of the lake. One of the girls and I started looking for it, and, to our surprise, we found one. We then ran back and called to the girls,

who were watching with eager eyes. Two of us rowed and the rest watched, all enjoying it very much. Gradually the sky became dark, and, being quite scared for fear of a thunder storm, we decided to go home. When we got nicely into the woods, there came a fierce crack of thunder, which frightened us very much. Now, what were we to do? The woods were very dark, the rain falling against the leaves, and here we were, none of us over fourteen years of age. When the rain ceased, we groped our way through the woods, and by the time we got through it, found we were safe after all. The last time I heard from these girls they were many miles away, and had never experienced such a time in all their lives.

VERNA IRENE WEIR (age 15).

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I have been a silent reader of the Circle, and always thought I would write, but never did it. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for twenty years. I live at Perth Road, in the County of Frontenac. I have about a half mile to go to school. I have a big dog which goes to school with me every morning, and comes to meet me at night; his name is Mac. We have a very pretty schoolroom and yard. The yard had maple trees all around it, and that makes it very shady. I go to school every day, and take music lessons once a week.

Will some of the Beavers kindly correspond with me?

LILLIAN MILLER, Orchard View.  
(Age 10, Book III.).

Perth Road, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is the first time I have plucked up courage

enough to write. I am in the Junior Fourth Class at school.

I have seen a queer bird lately, and am going to ask your opinion on it. It only stayed a day or two around, but this is what it was like. Its color was slate color, and white under the wings. It had very large wings, crooked bill, and short legs. It makes a noise as if you were choking a bullfrog.

Then there is another bird around here lately that goes away up high, then dips down and makes a fluttering noise. It is about the size of a robin.

"STUMPS" (Book IV.).

Box 29, Wingham, Ont.

### Our Junior Beavers.

#### My Cat and I.

Just at dusk at my study door  
Four little black feet stand on the floor,  
Four little black feet leap to my knee,  
And a beaming face looks up at me.

Oh, full many a love I've known,  
But never a heart so much my own,  
Never a grateful soul like that,  
And this is the way I love my cat.

Every day, through storm or shine,  
This rapturous greeting still is mine,  
Every night on my knee she lies,  
Watching my face with her crystal eyes.

Through fame well gained, or a lost renown,  
If stocks go up, or if stocks go down,  
Faithful forever as faith can be,  
That is the way my cat loves me!

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Phone M. 831.**

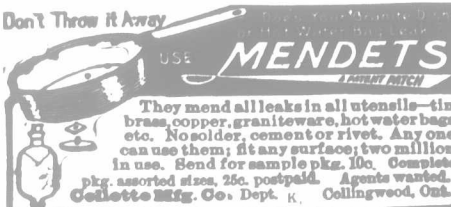


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