

round, also. strong army men. But. Cowards. to the cause. at infect all were afraid went gladly mes. Then more, by d signs of of foes, and of good sol- had thought The army weeded out. e prosperity by numbers. every Sun- acts of eople before tle country gregation of g distances r far more count heads a fashion- their Paris their hearts

e orthodox selves, are an the faith of His are man with barrel of food. A ad no food baking-pan of the one ne for the ver proved real self-

aim a high and still our neigh- may stand for more Emerson ook down; must look RNCOMB.

Circle

ers. 11

r Third to

u are all us most of eight long un. But, d down to y disagree-

, to learn hink what a te you o grow up d women, g you are to be so. s Wiggin- unanybrook t school-

et tasks; splendid, to every- ledge, all do is to they open

time when " or your t to study to your- e of keys. e after a s for me, ooms that all were it

ard every t learn to one day, entrance or will lay h a real re saying r perhaps id "keep- ave done. will know oning you

on, new teachers to come, new things in life calling you to do, and to be just as good and fine and useful as you can. PUCK.

The British Empire.

(Written by Edith Bates, Age 14, Wolfe Island.)

The British Empire girdles the world. "Her feet Antarctic oceans fret, her crown the polar star." It includes the British Isles, Canada, part of Asia and Africa, Australia and New Zealand. Its extent covers twelve millions of square miles or twenty-one per cent. of the world's surface.

The population of the British Empire is even a greater fraction than its area; for it consists of four hundred millions of the population of the earth. This exceeds all other empires that are or have been. The white race totals about sixty millions. There are infinite varieties of races and creeds, which find toleration and equality under the British flag.

As British subjects we all have duties. We should love and fear God, honor the King, obey the laws, prepare to advance the highest interests of the Empire in peace or war, cherish patriotism, regard the rights of other nations, learn to be a good citizen, follow duty, learn to consider duties before rights, to acquire knowledge, to think broadly, to practice what we know is right, to conquer ourselves, work for others, and consider the poor and suffering.

The estimated wealth of the British Empire is one hundred and ten thousand millions. There are the vast wheat fields, mineral resources, fisheries and forests of Canada; the diamonds, wool, gold and feathers and ivory of Africa; wool, gold, silver, and the teeming trade of activities of Australia; the wheat fields, cotton and other untold riches of India; sugar of West Indies; iron ore of Newfoundland. Each island and possession has its own wealth.

Canada became a British child in 1763. Canadians should not break the ties that were formed. I haven't got time for any more.

In Honor of Puck

Beavers, tell me if you can,
Who is this mysterious man?
He scribbles letters and stories gay,
And helps to pass the time away.

He is very generous, as we all know,
With giving prizes to so and so;
He is very kind to children lame,
So let us hope to do the same.

He tells us how to plant and weed,
And what time to sow the seed,
But he never regrets the good he has done
To little Beavers both old and young.

So little Beavers both good and bad,
Remember the one who has made you glad,
And let us shout with right good-will
"Good luck to Puck, and lots more still."

—MAY LEMENDIN.

Peterboro, Ont., R. R. 2. (Age 14.)
Thank you very much, May. I am very proud of this little poem written "in my honor." Now write one about "The Beavers," won't you?

Helle Puck and Beavers,—Here I come again to the Circle. Well, Puck, we moved to another farm in March. On the farm in which we live now is a big barn. We can tie up thirty-nine head of cattle and eight horses. I spend the evenings in building chicken-coops, as I have to work in the fields. The Grand Trunk Railroad runs through our place, about ten rods from the barn. We have thirteen ewes and fourteen lambs. We had nineteen, but the others died. I sent to the O. A. C. for a bulletin on poultry. I have a book I got from Montreal through "The Farmer's Advocate," and I would advise any person to get one who is going to be a poultry-man.

Say, Puck, can a boy in the "Beaver Circle" send plans of barns or houses to "The Farmer's Advocate?" I am very fond of drawing plans. Please tell me my number in the Garden Competition. That gale on Good Friday blew our neighbor's side down flat, and unroofed

another's barn. It blew off ventilators. I can't wait for "The Farmer's Advocate" to come. I wish it was a daily paper. It is the best paper ever printed for the farm. Well, Beavers, I am going to close to welcome some other boys and girls into the Circle, so good-bye. ALLDON PATTERSON.
Rockwood, Ont.

Certainly you may send plans to "The Advocate," Alldon. Even although your work may not be published, the editor will be pleased to see it.

of the books like the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" are the kind we take up at school.

My cousin's birthday is to-day. Mine is the twenty-ninth of May.

I have many pets and dolls—four cats, a dog, three dolls and a Teddy bear. The cats will sit up on their haunches and beg for meat. I call them Blinky, Princess Patricia, and Mutt and Jeff. The dog's name is Pete. When he wants something to eat he barks one shrill bark or rolls over.



Chester and May in Corn Tent with—What?

Your number in the Garden Competition is 13. Good luck to you in spite of that.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to your charming Circle. May I join your Circle? I have been reading the Beaver Circle for years, and I am keeping the photos of the gardens which were in "The Farmer's Advocate." My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for years, and likes it fine. I enjoy very much reading the Beavers' letters. Hoping this will escape the W. P. B. SUSIE FOSTER.
(Age 14, Class Sr. IV.)
Kagawong, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I am another Beaver that would like to join your wonderful Circle. I am sure you will let me come in.



Lunch Time.

It is quite glorious weather we are having now, isn't it? Nearly every farmer is working on the land.

I live on a farm of two hundred acres. It is not far from the school and Sunday-school.

I enjoy reading "funny" books. I have read a great many common ones. "Oh Christina" is very exciting. I like "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." I also read books that are not "funny." Some

taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for six or seven years, and we all enjoy reading it. We live on a farm; father had a sawmill, but farming and sawmilling did not go very well together, so he has sold the mill and is going right into farming.

I have read quite a few books. Some of them are: "The Prospector," "The Foreigner," "Queechy," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Lovey Mary," "Sowing Seeds in Danny," and the

"Shepherd of the Hills," and a great many more besides.

I am enclosing a flower; will you please tell me the name of it? We think it is very pretty.

Hoping this will escape the W. P. B., and wishing the Circle every success, I remain, MYRTLE HAILSTONE
Carling, Ont. (Age 15, Sr. IV.)

The little yellow flower which you enclosed is "hop clover," one of the trefoils.

Senior Beaver's Honor Roll.—Edna, M. York, Louise Read, Elleda Keys, Henry Clegg, Hope Cochran.

RIDDLES.

Why is Ireland like a bottle? Ans.—Because it has a Cork in the end of it.

If I gave a man nineteen cents, and another man six cents, what time would it be? Ans.—A quarter to two.

What is a dirty thing in a kitchen? Ans.—A clock. It has two hands and it never washes its face.

(Sent by Bessie Ranney.)

It goes with a coach, comes with a coach, is of no use to the coach, and yet the coach can't go without it. Ans.—Noise.

What is the best dress improver? Ans.—A pretty girl.

(Sent by Sarah Hillman.)

What has four legs and only one foot? Ans.—A bed.

What is it that turns, yet never moves? Ans.—Milk.

What smells most in a drugstore? Ans.—The nose.

(Sent by Lillian Speers.)

What is the difference between an office boy who has been discharged and a man eating tough beefsteak? Ans.—One gets a kick going and the other has a kick coming.

(Sent by Katie Jantsl.)

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondence in this and other departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen-name is also given the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this department for answers to questions to appear.]

Dear Ingle Nook Friends,—Can you stand any more of the Exhibition? You see I hadn't room to say all I wanted to say on the "first page Home Department," as we designate it in the office, so am taking a mean advantage and slipping a bit more in the Ingle Nook.

I was wondering, as we rambled about the grounds on Labor Day, if any of my "paper people," as I like to call you, were there. Such a beautiful day it was—yes, beautiful expresses the thought better than delightful, for the appeal was all to the eye, the crowds and crowds of people, so many in white, with the sunshine glistening over all, and over the domed buildings, and over the blue lake with its myriads of graceful sail-boats and darting motor-launches, cutting the water into foamy furrows.

It was fine to be there, strolling about and listening to the bands, and eating an ice-cream cone unabashedly in the very midst of the multitude.

I kept wishing that I had my camera, but had exhausted my films on the Friday before. It was cloudy that day, but by standing on a seat I did manage to get a very good snapshot of the Irish Guards Band as they played. Really a camera adds to the pleasure of a holiday, even if it does waste your dimes. On such occasions it comes rather in the class with ice-cream cones, and lemonades, and Midway extravaganzas. . . Oh, well, it's all in a lifetime. Let us never grow old. . . .

There are bits of pathos in the Exhibition, too. While the Japanese firework things were passing overhead—queer little paper men and women, birds, and elephants, and camels with nodding heads—and everyone was "rubbering," there was a sad little wail nearby, and there went a wee tot of eight or ten clinging to the hand of a big policeman. Talk about trouble! Of course the little mite's mother would come, by and by, to the police station, in a state of great ex-