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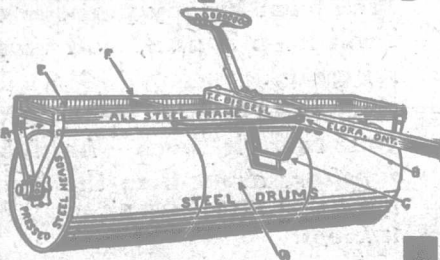
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were killed out I transplanted asters, which I think looked better, for asters flower so much longer than most kinds of flowers. I see where I can improve upon the plan for next year.
Hawkestone, Ont. **EVA LEIGH.**
(Age 11, Book Sr. Third.)

ISABEL YOUNG'S GARDEN LETTER.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—Well I guess it is time you are hearing from me again, as I am twelfth on the garden competition list.

My Daddie ploughed my garden last fall, after which he covered it with a heavy coat of manure. In the spring he ploughed it again and worked it with the Corbin harrows, then rolled and harrowed it with the iron harrows; this left the soil fine and loose to work in.

Daddie measured off my plot which was 40 feet long and 14 feet wide.

I used a line for keeping the rows straight. The first seeds I planted were of lettuce. I dug a little trench along the line about half an inch deep, then I scattered the little seeds about it. Next I planted my onions. I made the rows about twelve inches from the lettuce. The onions I planted about three inches apart. Next I made another row about twelve inches from my onions, in which I planted a row of cress in the same way as I did my lettuce. Next I planted a row of beets. I scattered the seeds along the trench, for I could thin the beets out after they came up. Now I planted beans. These were planted differently from the other vegetables. I made hills for these about a foot apart, and into each hill I dropped from three to five beans and covered them about two inches with dirt.

Now I had a little change. I planted some musk melons and a mammoth squash; also I planted three hills of cucumbers; I loosened a place about a foot round and planted the seeds, covering them with about two inches of dirt.

Along one side of my garden and across the end I planted flowers; across the end I planted a row of sweet peas; along the side I divided the rows into spaces and planted nasturtiums, zinnias, phlox and asters. At the corner I planted a bunch of canary creepers. When I got all the seeds planted I was good and tired, but still I was glad to think that I had it all planted.

How I watched till the first seed peeped out its head above the ground! When I saw the rows pretty well filled I thought I had better start and hoe it the first time. Daddie told me to hoe it rather deep the first time to have a good depth of soil for mulch, as the little roots had not spread out.

The next time I hoed more lightly. I had to work very hard to keep down the weeds. The weed I had most trouble with was chick-weed, but I was fully repaid for some of my vegetables were ahead of mother's, so often I supplied the table with vegetables from my garden.

I also had a nice lot of bouquets, and I was able to supply some flowers for "Children's Sunday."

When working in my garden in the morning I would see the robin hopping across the lawn hunting for grubs, and the oriole, with his lovely song, in the elm tree. I would also hear the chatter of the sparrow in the lilacs and see great flocks of blackbirds flying, and perhaps they would light in a cherry-tree and have a long bird-talk. There were two old toads in my garden. If I went down in the evening I would see them hoping along between the rows. I noticed that day they killed a number of insects. I was well satisfied with my garden, and I think I will have to try again. Wishing the Beaver Circle every success I am, yours sincerely,
Carlow, Ont. **ISABEL A. YOUNG.**
(Age 10 years. Class Sr. Second.)

LILLIAN GILLESPIE'S GARDEN LETTER.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is the first time I have entered my name in the "Garden Competition," and the first time I have had a garden "all my own," but I will try to tell how I cared for it.

It was late when I got my garden in, but when it was planted it grew well because it was ground that hadn't been dug up for a long time, and perhaps not at all.

On the sixteenth of May my father dug up a plot for me. I got a wire fence put around it to keep the hens out, because I think if they got at the plots they might rake it too much. I raked the ground well and got it quite loose, then I divided it off into nine plots, and put a path around it and between the plots.

I next bought some onions, carrot, lettuce and radish seeds, and planted them in plots. I watched and watered these, and four days later I saw some little green heads poking out of the onion-bed. It was not very long until the other vegetables were giving my garden signs of life. But the weeds will grow too. I got a hoe and quickly cleared them away. On the twenty-seventh of May I planted the flower seeds, alyssum, candytuft, nasturtium and zinnias. These all came up well, but the seed which I got for alyssum turned out to be those of a weed—night-flowering catchfly. I planted gourd seeds along the fence, and they were large vines covered with white gourds.

Later I set out geraniums and tomato plants; but about this time it came very dry weather, so in the evenings I carried many pailfuls of water to the thirsty garden.

One night when I was watering a tomato plant I noticed a little toad hop under some of the leaves. I watched him for a while, but he was too shy to show me how he secured his food. The next night he was there again, but I guess he must have left his shyness behind, because he killed the injurious insects by unrolling his long tongue. He came out every night for a long time, but one night I missed him and I haven't seen him since.

I set out a few watermelon plants too, but there were some mischievous little pigs in a field beside my garden, and they got in some way and destroyed them.

My garden progressed very well, and when the flowers bloomed the bees were very busy gathering their supply of honey. I have gathered many beautiful bouquets from the nasturtiums and zinnias, and the candytuft made a fine border along the path. The flowers got so large that they trespassed and went on the path. My tomatoes are ripened well, but the hens managed to get in and eat some of them.

I have had a great deal of pleasure hoeing, weeding, training vines and watering my garden. I think I will have another garden next year because I have had good luck this year.

Galt, Ont. **LILLIAN GILLESPIE.**
(Age 13, Sr. IV. Class.)

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondents 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.]

Being Comfortable in Cold Weather.

By the time this reaches you, readers, the thermometer may be registering twenty degrees below zero. I am writing, however, just two days before Christmas, and, as yet, people are saying, "What a lovely fall we have had!—Think of it,—no cold weather yet!"

Nevertheless, there have been a few fairly cold days, and this recollection brings me "into the middle of my song." The first indication of real winter in the air came two or three weeks ago, and on that day I sallied forth for the first time in a little fur hat. It is not a pretty hat; to tell the truth I am afraid it is rather ugly. I made it myself (!) out of an old hat-crown, some old fur, and a new bit of ostrich-feather mount, "on purpose" for stormy days, but it has proved so comfortable that I have worn it every day since, and shall continue to do so, if the police do not interfere, for the rest of the winter.

Before that day I had been wearing a concoction of the broad-brimmed variety, a shape that everyone says is "so becoming," with an emphasis on the "so," and, five days out of six, had reached