

me a cat, and then it would be easy to spell? Big names make little girls tired."

The Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—As other little girls write letters to your circle, I thought I would like to write one too. Daddy has taken the Farmer's Advocate since nineteen hundred and he would not like to be without it. For a playmate I have a dog whose name is Rover. He is ten years old. I like going to school, and go every day I can. My teacher's name is Miss Shepherdson and we like her fine. I have an uncle a soldier. He has been in France for more than a year. He is with the Royal Canadian Dragoons. He calls his horse "Nellie." I hope he can soon come home. As my letter is getting long, I will close.

ETHEL MARSHALL, (age 8 years.)
R. R. No. 1, Meaford, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—I have written to you before and saw my letter in print so I thought I would write again. In the summer and this fall I collected cocoons and caterpillars. None of them have hatched, but I think they will hatch in the spring. At our school the teacher tells us to get all we can, so we are all looking for them. My sister and I tried the Entrance but we both failed. We have just started to draw in our turnips. My father said he would give us five cents a load on and off. We have just got in four loads yet. My father takes the Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine, and I like reading the Beavers' letters and asking my brother and sister the riddles. My brother is in the second book at school. Some of the children at our school got the whooping cough but we didn't. I have just missed two days of school since the holidays.

I will close with a riddle. Why is a Ford car like a schoolroom?

Ans.—Because there are little nuts in the seats and a crank at the front.

HARRIET THURTELL,
Senior IV class, age 12
R. R. No. 5, Guelph.

Dear Beavers.—I have enjoyed reading the Beavers' letters for a long time and now I wish to join your circle. My father has taken the Farmer's Advocate for three years and we all like it very much. We should not like to be without it now. I live on a farm near Brighton, on the shore of Lake Ontario; and like most of the other Beavers, I have several pets. I have read a few books. Those I liked best were "Pollyanna," "Laddie," and "Seven Little Sisters." I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Poole. Our school took thirty prizes at our school fair in September. I got four prizes. In the summer I have lots of fun bathing in the lake. Now I must close hoping to see my letter in print.

MARJORIE HUFF.
R. R. 5, Brighton, Ont.

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.]

A Woman's Ideas on Patriotism and Production.

To the Editor.—It seems almost everything that can be said on the subject, Patriotism and Production, has been said, but, like the temperance question, there are always new ideas coming up.

What does patriotism mean? It seems to me patriotism to a country is very much the same as loyalty to a friend. There are many ways of proving our loyalty to our friends and it is not always the most loyal friend who closes her eyes to our shortcomings. The old saying "It's our best friends who tell us of our faults," holds as good to-day as ever it did. I do not know of anything which does us more good than real good honest criticism, from the friend who is not afraid to tell us when we make mistakes, and yet loves us enough to want to keep us from making

Britain Has Solved The Rubber Riddle

Rubbers and Overshoes Are Cheap as Ever To-day, While Other Necessities, Particularly Shoes, Have Nearly Doubled In Price

Rubber has been one of the most insistent and intensely interesting problems of the twentieth century—and its solution is proving of vital importance to the Empire in this great war.

Until 1910 the world depended for its crude rubber on the forests of South and Central America and Africa. The supply increased slowly, if at all, while consumption, since the advent of the motor car, has grown enormously. From an average of \$1.00 a pound in 1908, the price jumped to \$3.00 in 1910. Manufactures of rubber kept pace—no doubt you remember what rubbers cost for a year or two—and the situation looked alarming.

The search for synthetic rubber was redoubled in vigor. German chemists had been working on it, and the world seemed to expect them to come through with some ingenious process for manufacturing rubber from its known ingredients, on a commercial scale and at a low cost. But the world still waits—and so does the Kaiser, judging from his indignation over Britain's refusal to let him import rubber by registered mail.

Relief from a rubber famine came instead from the far-sighted development policy of Britain's Empire builders, who for years, in spite of general ridicule, had been encouraging the growth of plantation rubber on a large scale in Ceylon, Sumatra, Java and the Malay States. Money was advanced to planters to carry them through the seven-year period before the trees started to produce, and hundreds of thousands of acres were planted.

By 1910, when the pinch came, British plantations produced 8,200 tons—11% of the world's output. The next year saw 14,000 tons of plantation rubber—nearly 20%. In 1912 it had grown to 29%—in 1913 to 44%—in 1914 to 59%—last year to 68%—or 107,867 tons. This year's production is estimated at 150,000 tons, or 75% of the world's supply.

With three-quarters of the rubber production thus controlled by Great Britain, and the seas in the grip of her mighty fleet, the Allies are assured of an abundant supply for war purposes, while the Teutons' troubles from lack of it are growing daily more serious.

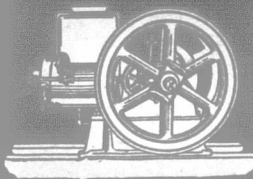
Having a practical monopoly of the supply, and the power to impose such prices as she chose, Great Britain has made it, except to her enemies, a benevolent monopoly, and has set the price of crude rubber lower than it was before the war.

To Canadians this is doubly important, because the climate makes rubber footwear a necessity. Now, when shoe prices are soaring, while rubbers and overshoes are as cheap as ever, it is clearly economy to protect expensive leather footwear with rubber, and to wear rubber farm boots instead of those made of leather. Besides the big money saving, there is the valuable protection to health. Wet feet and colds go hand in hand, with a ghastly train of ills—easily avoided by wearing rubbers.

Then there is the patriotic side. Vast quantities of leather are absolutely necessary for the army, and the scarcity is growing. Every pair of shoes we save helps to ease the situation, and so serves the Empire to which we owe this welcome cheapness of rubbers.

Save your Shoes and Serve the Empire!

Stover's Good Engines



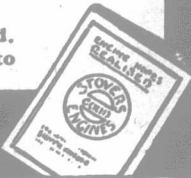
This is Just One of Many Letters From Satisfied Users of This Great Little Engine

"I have been filling silos with thirteen-inch cutting box driven with one of your 4-Horse-power Engines without a hitch, silos anywhere from 20 to 35 ft. high. Filled 25 ft. in silo 12 x 35 ft. in seven hours. The more I use the engine the better I like it."

Write to-day for descriptive booklet. The price will surprise you.

National Equipment Co., Ltd.
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They run as you hoped they would



When writing advertisers will you please mention The Farmer's Advocate

the mistakes that a less loyal acquaintance might enjoy seeing us make.

There is often a certain sting about being told of our faults, but like some bad medicine, if administered in the right way, will do us good all the same.

I was in a hall the other day listening to a recruiting officer. By the way he talked you would think there was one, and only one noble thing for a man to do, and that was to shoulder a gun and march away to the front. But if all of the men did that, how would they and those who are left behind be fed? There are men who are needed at home, and by staying at home are more patriotic to their country, and of more use in the world's struggle than if they went.

Patriotic talk will not help our country in the terrible crisis unless accompanied by something more substantial. Talk is good; it is the only way our thoughts