

oddly-shaped box. He then told me there was a swarm of bees on the hill. I was quite excited to think I could see a swarm of bees. I had never seen one before, but had often heard of them.

After a little while, the box was finished, and he started. I asked him if I could go too, because I am interested in nature study. He said "Yes," so I ran in to get my coat and a sheet.

When we got there, they were still on the limb that they had swarmed on. The limb was low down, and it wasn't any trouble to get at them. Father then put down the sheet on the ground and sat the box on one end of it. We piled stones on the sheet so it would not blow up and frighten the bees. He put a rail on the box to keep it from tipping over.

I handed him the saw and he cut away quite a few branches from the one the bees were on. He then sawed it gently off and shook it two or three times. They fell off of it in hundreds. We had never caught a swarm before, and it was interesting to listen and watch them. It was the largest swarm, father said, that he had ever seen. He said that all of them might go in a five-quart pail. They buzzed and hummed until all at once there was a softer, sweeter humming. We thought the queen must have gone in the hive, because they all started to travel in the same direction. It was a cold, windy day, and they did not trouble us at all. Father then went to work again, leaving my sister and me to watch them. We stayed until three o'clock in the afternoon, and then came to the house.

As evening silently closed over us, I ventured to go and see if they were still there. They were all in the hive but about two dozen or more, so I watched them for a moment and then came away.

When father came home from his work he passed the hive, and noticing the opening was blocked, he took a stick about two feet long and pushed the bees inside. He came to the house then, and we did not look at them again until the next morning.

As the sun was slowly dawning on another day, we rose and started the work, thinking that the faster we worked the sooner we could see the bees. At last all was done, and we went up to see them. Father said they had settled, and were starting to make honey. As soon as they have the hive filled, father intends getting new bee-hives, and when they swarm again we will try and catch them.

I have learned through this little, yet exciting incident, that if nature's laws were studied more the world would be much more pleasant.

If this escapes that w.-p. b. I might write again in the near future, telling you how much they have progressed.

As I have already taken up too much space in your valuable paper, I will close, giving Puck my hearty thanks, and wishing all the other Beavers success.

PEARL POUNDER (age 14),  
Hoard's Station, Ont.

One day as I was walking along the road, I stopped on seeing a lot of ants going along the road. I followed them along to an ant hill, the red ones fled into the hill and the black ones followed. After a while they came out carrying young red ants. The blacks took them home as slaves.

GEORGE C. McKAY  
(Age 12, Book IV.)

Darnley, P. E. I.

#### Observation About Home (Ants).

Upon looking over the columns of the Encyclopaedic Dictionary to pass away the time I came upon the small word ant. Wishing to know a little more about these insects than I did, I read it through.

Ants.—A name given to a certain small, but singularly intelligent insect, well known in this and other countries, etc. The word ant, it goes on to say, singularly addresses itself to carpentering. Though I could not tell one ant from another, I feel quite sure that these little insects about which I am writing are wood ants, and I think the Beavers and Puck will agree with me when they have read my story, as follows:

Sunday afternoon, as I was taking my usual walk over our fields, I came upon a brook that cut the field in two. On

one of the banks of this brook lay a log which has laid there many summers. Something that day made me go over to examine it, and I am very glad I did. Alongside of this log, on the ground, was a small pile of finely-ground sawdust. Half-way up the log was a newly-made slit, and in this slit a number of little ants were hard at work gnawing off the wood, filling their mouths with this sawdust, and emptying it on the pile beneath. They have been working for over a week now and have not finished. How patient these little creatures must be!

I think that Puck and the Beavers will agree with me, and say that these little creatures are wood ants.

Wishing the Club success for ever.

I. WINIFRED COLWELL (age 13),  
Brookville Station, St. John Co., N. B.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for almost 20 years, and like it fine. I live on a farm about a mile and a half from New Dundee. This is a small village of about

suppose that is the reason I received a letter from a nice little girl.

I think I will write about the birds' nests that we have found this year. At school, there was a little bird that tried to build her nest around the school for three years. The first and second years she built it on a little stick in the sheds. That year a boy robbed the nest; and the next year the mice rifled it. This year she is building it in a little stable that is close by. The young birds are out, and I hope that the brood may be all raised. I think the bird is a phoebe.

Farther down the road there is a little grass bird's nest. The nest is near a little bunch of golden rod. The wee birdies are just getting their feathers. On the way home from school we pass by a fence rail in which there is a swallow's nest. The nest seems to be chiefly made of feathers, the eggs are very white, and we can almost see through them. The old swallows sit on a stick nearby.

At home there was a pair of robins that built their nest in a large maple. The young ones are flying now, as the



A Tiger Hunt.

five hundred inhabitants, of whom quite a few are retired farmers. Quite a few of the business men own automobiles, and also some of the farmers nearby.

We call our farm Locust Grove, because there are so many locust trees in our yard. Some of them are over one hundred years old.

I noticed that everything was so much earlier this year than other years. We had roses in bloom in May. I have a garden of my own in which I have planted peas and beans.

Last summer, while I was staying with a friend of mine for a few days, we took a walk through the school yard one afternoon. I noticed that each scholar had a flower and vegetable garden of his or her own. Each scholar made his or her own frames for the sweet peas to grow on. I will close, wishing the Beaver Circle every success.

MALINDA HALLMAN (age 15),  
New Dundee, Ont., Box 105

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I thought I would write on this page and see if I could get a book. I am writing you for getting my letter in "The Farmer's Advocate".

other morning there was one of the little ones sitting on the veranda railing. One of the old birds came up with some food three times. He seemed to cough it down into the young bird's throat. It stayed there quite a while, and after a while it flew off. I think that the old birds will have another brood as it is early yet in the season.

Near the creek which runs through our place a little bird has built its nest. The nest seems as if a hole were made in the ground, because it is almost indistinguishable.

A pair of blue jays have built their nest in a post at the end of a lane for two years now, and we hope they will build it again. When my mother was a little girl, and when she used to go for the cows, there were a pair of blue robins built their nest in the top rail of a fence. The same little birds built their nests in the same rail for many years.

I must close, hoping to receive a prize, and thanking you in advance.

MARGERY FRASER  
(Age 12, Book IV.)  
Williamstown, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—For some time

I have been a silent reader of the interesting letters sent by the Beavers. My father takes "The Farmer's Advocate," and each time he stops, it seems he must start again, as he likes it so well.

I am going to tell you about my home. It is situated in a place called the Beaver or Cuckoo Valley, a mile from the small village of Kimberley. About a mile and three-quarters back of our farm, up on top of the mountain, or rather hill, lies a small lake about half a mile from one side to the other. Picnickers frequently come here, as it seems peculiar for a lake to be away up there. On entering the valley from the south, you see a road leading down through it, then up again till it is lost to view at the other end. On each side are hills and rocks, and a river winds through the green, carpeted meadows till it is hidden by bush in the distance. One of our nearest railway stations, Flesherton, is situated about ten miles from here, and when one is coming to Kimberley from there, some splendid views can be obtained. In spring, when nature puts on her fairest dress, the Beaver Valley might well be the home of those who are not blind to the beauty which is ours.

We have a fine new school in Kimberley, and in one room is a flag made by the pupils, and on the flag are inscribed the words, "Kimberley Public School, 'Excelsior.' " "Excelsior" (ever upward) is our motto. Besides the flag, the scholars have pins with the letters K. P. S. on them. The colors of the flag and pins are blue and white.

I have written a lengthy letter, so must close, wishing the Circle every success for the future.

ODESSA WALTER (Class IV., Sr.),  
Kimberley, Ont.  
This is a very well-written letter, Odessa.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I wrote a letter before, but did not see it in print, but I hope to see this one in print.

The robins have built a nest in our hedge (written June 3rd). They started four weeks ago, and they have it built and four little birds in it. The birds are not able to fly yet, but I think they soon will be.

We have a little colt, which will be four weeks old next Sunday. It likes to be patted under the chin, and when you do that it will bite at your sleeve.

At school we study about wild flowers, insects, and the little animals. One morning the teacher brought over some water in a glass. In this water were some little wrigglers, as the teacher called them. She said we could watch them, and see what they turned to. One morning she called me up and told me to look in the glass. In the glass there were some mosquitoes, so that is what they turned into. We also have some pollywogs. We are watching them turn. One has dropped off its tail and has two hind legs.

LORENE FREEBORNE  
(Age 11, Class IV.)

#### Beaver Circle Notes.

Please, Beavers, do not forget to tell your class at school when writing us. If you have junior and senior classes in your school, kindly write "Jr." or "Sr." as the case might be.

Don't you think the letters to-day a great improvement on some that we have had? That is what I like to see. Let our motto be, "Ever Upward!"

Particularly good letters, in point of both "matter and manner," are those of the following: Winifred Colwell, Malinda Hallman, Pearl Pounder, Margery Fraser, Odessa Walter. We have sent each a prize book, either cloth-bound or paper-bound, according to the merits of the letter.

Lorne Freeborne might easily have won a prize also if she had written a little more about the wrigglers and pollywogs.

By the way, only one essay has been received on the subject, "The Story of a Caterpillar." Beavers, Beavers, can't you do better than this?—After all our study about insects last summer, too! I really think some of our older members should be able to write something worth while, so I am going to give you a week longer, or say, until July 8th. Let us hear from you.

Great thoughts, reduced to practice, become great acts.—Hazlitt.