

at that time. We kept it for so long a time without any difference in it that we began to think it was no good, when one morning we found a beautiful butterfly in the window. It measured six inches from one wing-tip to the other. But one night the rats got it.

Now, I think this is a rather long letter, so I will close, wishing the Circle every success for the future.

IRENE DENHAM (age 15).

Granton, Ont., Box 5.

Can any of you tell why the chickens dropped as if dead? Also, if such "freezing" is common among wild birds and animals?

A Polite Inquiry.

A few days after a farmer had sold a pig to a neighbor, says a writer in the Cleveland Leader, he chanced to pass the neighbor's place where he saw the little boy sitting on the edge of the pigpen, watching its new occupant.

"How d'ye do, Johnny?" said he.

"How is your pig to-day?"

"Oh, pretty well, thank you," replied the boy. "How's all your folks?"

OUR JUNIOR BEAVERS.

[For all pupils from First Book to Junior Third, inclusive.]

Bobby's Question.

Why are you always awake so wide,

Oh, little gold moon on high?

I've twisted my "thinker" from side to side,

Yet it will never tell me why.

The world is quiet at night, I know;

The hollyhocks droop their heads,

And the butterflies nod as they go

To sleep in their leafy beds.

But you are always awake, old fellow,

And so is each tiny star;

And you're just as pretty and soft and yellow

As the little buttercups are.

I guess God knows how little boys creep

And tumble and toss about,

When mother says, "Bobbie, go right to sleep!"

And then blows the candle out.

Perhaps He thinks we'd be afraid of things

Alone in the dark old night,

And so He's made a candle on wings,

And never blows out the light!

Little Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I must thank you for the prize you sent me. It is a funny story-book. I think I will tell you about the birds around our home. Some swallows built their nest in our henhouse last year, and now they have laid five eggs in it this year. I wonder if it is the same swallows?

One day last week when we had a thunderstorm, a robin came and sat on the window-sill. Above our hall door there is red glass in the little window, and we could see him but he could not see us. He sang a song while he was sitting there. We have such a lot of nice maple trees for the birds to build their nest in.

The railroad goes through our farm, and I like picking the wild strawberries that grow there.

I must close, as my letter is getting too long. We all like to read "The Farmer's Advocate."

MARY McDOUGALL

(Age 6, Book Sr. I.).

Drayton, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—My mother was sorry that she could not go to the Coronation. My father works for Hon. Jas. Duff, who went to the Coronation. There is a robin family here with young ones. I like the birds. There is also a tree sparrow in the same tree.

FREDERICK LAWTON (age 10).

Mr. Otto Brecker, a German, who has had experience in South Africa as an ostrich farmer, has bought a block of land near Wardner, B. C., and intends to establish there the first Canadian ostrich farm.

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.]

Rural-mail delivery and rural telephones, hot-water systems for rural houses, and a choice of half a dozen lighting systems,—surely this spells the acme of comfort and convenience for the rural life, unless, indeed, the time shall come when each farm has its airship, and when to speak of making short cuts "as the crow flies" shall be made more than a picturesque simile. I certainly think the thing not impossible,—don't you? True, since the day when poor Lilienthal was smashed to pieces when tearing down the mountain in his "glide machine," many lives have been lost in a vain endeavor to fly; but each improvement makes the airship safer, and now that men can go hundreds of miles through the air and land safely on either land or water, it is time for scoffers to give over their doubts, although, possibly, the general aerial run-about may not materialize for quite a while yet.

I did not, however, start out to write about airships, but about rural telephones. The first thought in regard to these is, perhaps, their value in time of illness or accident. Where grocery wagons or butchers' wagons run, their usefulness becomes potent every day in the year.

Leaving that out of the question, however, what a space-annihilator the telephone is! Who can talk about "isolation" where it has been installed! How cosy to pick up the receiver and in a moment or so hear some cheery voice from perhaps two miles away! But just one point,—surely there is an etiquette in regard to telephoning as well as other things. Some people complain that the telephone is making us abrupt, almost rude, in regard to certain matters, especially in the case of invitations, in which a hurried telephone message can never take the place of the written invitation, daintily penned, on the daintiest of note paper.

Personally, I think circumstances should govern such things. I haven't the slightest objection to receiving an invitation from a good friend over the phone. But there is one thing that I do detest, that is the habit some people have of keeping one fooling about a 'phone for ten or fifteen minutes before stating who they are.

"Do you know who's speaking?—Don't you know?"—with a touching emphasis on the "don't" that makes you feel as though you are a veritable culprit for not recognizing that beloved voice through the whizz and far-awayness of the telephone. Then "Why, don't you recognize my voice? Oh, you know all right." By this time you are almost ready to say things, but you reply humbly enough, "Really, I am very stupid. I don't know what's the matter to-night; I think there must be something wrong with the 'phone."

"Why, don't you know?—Miss So-and-So";—and your relieved, "Oh-h, I beg your pardon," scarcely serves to cover your disappointment. You had been worked up almost to a fever, expecting that the revelation must disclose at least some long-lost friend, and here it is only Miss So-and-So, who wants a recipe or wishes you to subscribe to her heathen fund for Borrioboola Gha!

In the meantime your steak has been frizzling up in the kitchen, and the cat has jumped on the table and is contentedly poking a paw into the cream jug.

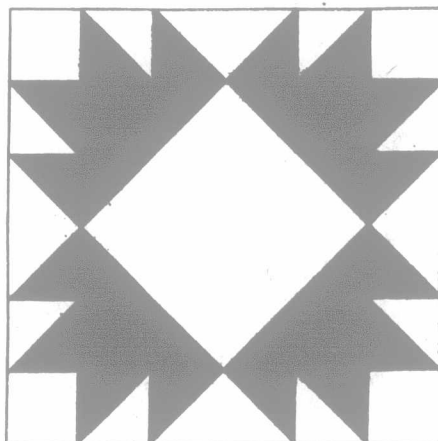
Surely the only square thing to do when telephoning is to state one's name at once, and one's business. If one only wishes to have a little chat, it is easy to say, "Are you engaged? If so, call me up when you have time to talk."—So tempers may be kept sweet, and catastrophes averted.

D. D.

Quilt Patterns.

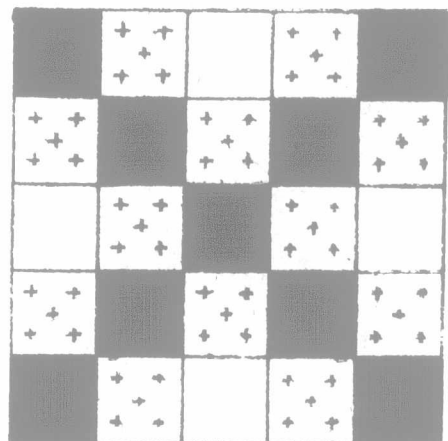
We thank very much "A Reader of The Farmer's Advocate, Essex Co.," and others who very kindly sent quilt patterns. One or two more will be published at an early date, but no more will be required at present.

The first two were sent by "A Reader," Renfrew Co., Ont., and "Grandma" for Miss MacLeod.

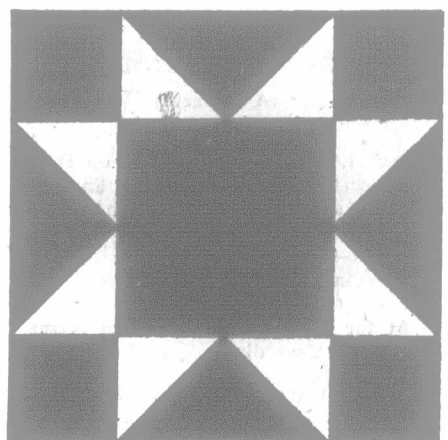


Star Quilt Pattern.

The dark corners are each made of one large triangle, four smaller ones.



Irish Chain Block.



Star Pattern.

Star Quilt.

Dear Dame Durden,—A few weeks ago I saw someone asking for a pattern of a star quilt. I hope this one I am sending will be in time. It is very simple. We very often use pure white for the star, and print pieces for the other part; in that way each block can be made of a different kind of print.

How many of the Nookers have used those hardwood floor mops, which are so handy for dusting up floors or oilcloths? I know from experience that they are not to be found in our small towns, but if you explain to your dealer what you want, he will probably order one for you, and when you have once used one, you will never be without it.

Juanita, had you ever had as much trouble as I have had with dressmakers, you would soon learn to do your own dressmaking.

I do all my own sewing, and (though I say it that shouldn't) my clothes "fit" and look as well as if I had got a dressmaker to make them. Of course, I love sewing; anyone who does not had better have a dressmaker.

Well, I am making a long stay for a beginner, so will stop.

Perth Co., Ont.

THELMA.

Fireless Cookers Again.

Dear Dame Durden,—Have been thinking of giving my experience with fireless cookers, which, I am sorry to say, was not at all successful. Took a plain, old-fashioned chest, that was well made, lined it with "Advocates," then with nice clean hay, made hay cushions as directed, but the odor from the hay was too much; after being closed in, it was apt to taint the eatables. How was I to dry and air the hay after it getting full of steam? To leave the lid open was a nuisance, especially in a small kitchen. Maybe some other kind of packing besides hay would answer. If so, I wish others would give their experience, for I am willing to profit by mine. Have heard from a reliable source that the bought ones are a success. I intend to try one if I cannot make this one so; but how many there are of us who cannot afford to buy every new-fangled thing that comes along. What a boon to an overworked housekeeper—maybe one who cannot endure the heat of a cooking stove for an hour or more, a successful fireless cooker would be! What a help on washing day to just lift the lid at dinner-time and find the meal all ready to serve, as though some good angel or fairy had been working for us all morning without being seen, or even heard!

STICKATIT.

Lambton Co., Ont.

The manufactured Fireless Cookers, are, of course, the best. If the odor of the hay bothers you, try excelsior for packing. To dry out a packed, homemade cooker, set it in the sun, with lid up, when not in use.

What to Drink in Hot Weather.

There is a good deal of difference of opinion about the drinking of fluids in hot weather. Iced drinks or copious drinks of cold fluid are certainly not good, because they chill the stomach, retard digestion, and only afford temporary relief from thirst. In truth, they accentuate thirst in the end, because they cause slight local inflammation or erythema of the mouth and throat, thus increasing the intense thirst so many suffer from in midsummer. A mouthful of water well "rolled" about the mouth relieves thirst better and does not have the same ill effects on the digestion as long drinks with meals. A tumblerful of hot water taken half an hour before a meal is a good thing for anyone troubled with the thirst of dyspepsia. Weak tea, freshly infused and hot, is one of the best drinks, for hot weather, and China tea is preferable to other home and foreign mixtures of tea.—Onward.

The Scrap Bag.

If children pull off the tin tips of their shoe laces, put a little muck on the frayed ends, twist to a point, and let dry.

A cream to remove brown spots left after pimples have healed is made of 84 drops hydrogen peroxide, 3 drams lanolin, 3 drams cold cream.

For excessive perspiration, mop the parts with alcohol or bay rum. A good dusting powder, which is, perhaps, better than the alcohol, which keeps the perspiration in by hardening the skin, is made of 2 drams powdered calamin, 1 ounce powdered Florentine orris root, 3 ounces powdered starch.

A large, clean marble boiled in milk, custards, sauces or stews, will do the stirring as the liquid cooks. Scorching and curdling will be prevented without the fatigue and loss of time incident to constant stirring.

Old-fashioned "jeans" are as much used as denims for hammock and veranda cushions, couch covers, even, in the lighter colors, for bed-spreads.

Never darn knitted underwear, says a popular magazine, with wool, as it will shrink and leave a larger hole. Instead, use loosely twisted knitting silk. Darn the garment loosely, and when washed the silk will be almost the same thickness as the knitted goods.

"What do you charge for your rooms?"

"Five dollars up."

"But I'm a student—"

"Then it's five dollars down."—Cornell Widow.