

Dear Puck and Beavers.—My papa takes "The Farmer's Advocate." I like to read the letters in the Beaver Circle, and thought I would write a letter for the little Beavers to read. I have two kittens. I call them Ulric and Peter; but I have two pets at the barn I think more of than the kittens. One is a Jersey calf (I feed it sometimes), and the other is a little gray colt, with one bay spot on its hip. Its mother died when it was small, so I used to feed it milk out of a pail. I call her Queenie, and she would come for her milk when I called her by her name. I had my picture taken with her last summer. I am six years old; just in the first book.

LILLIAN DOWNEY.

Castlederg, Ont.

1. Why are apples like printers' type? Because they are often in pairs.
 2. Why is a washwoman like Saturday? Because she brings in the clothes (close) of the week.
 3. What is the most like a hen stealing? A cock-robin.
 4. What comes after cheese? Mice.
 5. What four letters would make a thief run? O I C U.
- (Sent by Kenneth McRae, Duthill, Ont.)
6. A houseful and a yardful, but you can't catch a bowlful? Smoke. Sent by Annie Neil.)

Note.

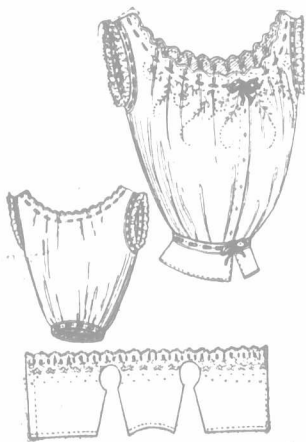
Little Beavers, please do not write any more letters until I ask you to do so, as there are so very many on hand.

"The Farmer's Advocate" Fashions.

6969 Fancy Waist, 34 to 40 bust.



6972 Empire Night Gown for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.



6978 One-Piece Corset Cover for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.



6973 Girl's Empire Dress, 8, 10 and 12 years.

Please order by number, giving age or measurement as required, and allowing at least ten days to receive pattern. Price, ten cents per pattern. Address, Fashion Dept., "Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.

Long Ago.

I once knew all the birds that came
And nestled in our orchard trees;
For every flower I had a name—
My friends were woodchucks, toads, and bees;
I knew where thrived in yonder glen
What plants would soothe a stone-bruised toe—
Oh! I was very learned then—
But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill
Where checkerberries could be found;
I knew the rushes near the mill
Where pickerel lay that weighed a pound;
I knew the wood—the very tree—
Where lived the poaching, saucy crow,
And all the woods and crows knew me—
But that was very long ago.

And, pining for the joys of youth,
I tread the old familiar spot,
Only to learn the solemn truth—
I have forgotten, am forgot.
Yet here's this youngster at my knee
Knows all the things I used to know;
To think I once was wise as he—
But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain
Of whatso'er the Fates decree;
Yet, were not wishes all in vain,
I tell you what my wish should be:
I'd wish to be a boy again,
Back with the friends I used to know;
For I was, oh! so happy then—
But that was very long ago.

—Eugene Field.

He who loves goodness harbors angels,
reverses reverence, and lives with God.—
Emerson.

Our Ingle Nook Page of Opinions.**Farm Flower-garden Competition.**

We publish the following letter from Mr. James Pearson, Barrister and Solicitor, Toronto, with the greatest pleasure. Needless to say, this experiment in Peel County will be watched with especial interest. Would there were a few more such enthusiasts as Mr. Pearson to start a few more counties as nuclei in this work.

Nor need there be any fear that such competition may be carried on in a spirit of mere commercialism. No one who engages in the delightful work of growing flowers, vines and shrubs, can possibly let the commercial idea predominate. The beauty produced is reward enough; the flowers teach their own lesson.

We shall hope, before many months, to report from Peel County, and trust that Mr. Pearson's generosity may meet with the response that it so well deserves. In the meantime, will those women in Peel County who desire to enter this competition, kindly send their applications to this office, addressed to "Dame Durden," as soon as possible. Each application must state not only the post office of the applicant, but township, lot and concession on which farm is situated.

Dear Dame Durden,—I was very much interested in reading the articles in your March 23rd issue of "The Farmer's Advocate," under the heading of "Beautifying Canada," and particularly did the one written by Mrs. Dawson appeal to me. It brought back the days I spent in the old log schoolhouse, 20x20, situate beside the woods in which we could see from the windows the playful squirrels and birds disporting themselves as though endeavoring to tantalize us with a sense of our imprisonment, while they enjoyed the freedom of the open air; and then came back the memories of the old log home where we, as a large family, dwelt in happiness before we grew up and separated to the various corners of the earth, some, including myself, to city life. But, thanks to those early impressions, I still possess a fondness for the country and life on the farm, and to give effect to the desire to return to country life and farming, I have become the owner of 550 acres at that picturesque spot on the Credit River where it emerges from the Caledon hills, and, by the way, situate on it is the old log cabin shown in your 23rd March issue as illustrating Mrs. Dawson's interesting article. Here I am building, and intend to make my home, particularly in the summer time. To get back to the country has been always my ambition, where I can spend the eventide of life surrounded by nature I so much love.

One of your correspondents commenced her article by remarking that "The first step to be taken in the beautifying of Canada, is to get Canadians interested in beautifying their own homes."

In travelling through the country, one is struck by the neglect of our farmers and their wives and daughters in this respect. Many of them seem to think when they have erected an ungainly, large brick or stone house, often without even a veranda about it, and pulled down the old log house, the height of their ambition is accomplished. The orchard is allowed to go to wreck, and a flower-garden is not thought of. The source of the young folks' greatest pleasure seems to be a trip to the city at exhibition time, and a visit with their city cousins to a vaudeville matinee. The young folk seem to think that all pleasure is away from home. Instead of beautifying home and making home associations the chief attraction, their desire is to get away from the farm and into the towns and cities.

Remembering my old home, with the

vines climbing up the sunny side, hiding the crude logs, and sister's beautiful flower garden extending down the slope towards the highway, and realizing what a different appearance the country would have if farmers' daughters and wives would take an interest in beautifying their homes, the object of my communication is to say that I want to offer three prizes of \$30, \$20 and \$10, to the three best-laid-out-and-kept flower gardens, by any farmer's daughter or wife in the County of Peel (in which county my farm is) as an inducement to these ladies to beautify their homes, a "farmer" to mean the farmer of not less than fifty acres, and a subscriber to "The Farmer's Advocate," taste in arrangement, selection, and care, to count in preference to extent.

As to the judging, if Mrs. Dawson and yourself, or two other ladies chosen by you, will take the trouble to act as judges, I will furnish them with a motor-car and driver, and have them make their headquarters while judging as guests at the Caledon Mountain Trout Club, a central point in the county, and at no cost to them.

Now, dear Dame, although a stranger to me, I wish to know if you will take charge of this competition by making it known through your valuable magazine, which I read and look forward to each week with more pleasant anticipation than to any other Canadian publication, and I think I take the most of those worthy of reading.

I hope it is not too late to start this competition, and, furthermore, I will make it continuous. Hoping that I am not imposing on you in this request, I am,

Yours truly,

JAMES PEARSON.

Opinions for April.

The subject for our Page of Opinions this month is especially interesting—"Do not professional exhibitors keep our women and girls from exhibiting at our township fairs?"

After reading the following letters, one impression must be clear in every mind, viz.: that wrong conditions in regard to the Women's Work Departments of local fairs most certainly exist in some districts. Now, this is altogether too bad. Fairs have been established for an entirely laudable purpose,—to promote and encourage the general excellence and steady improvement of all the productions of a neighborhood. It was never intended that they should be regarded as mere money-making machines for a few people; yet this seems exactly what they have, in some instances, degenerated into, perhaps not consciously, but through sheer carelessness and drifting.

Now, where such conditions exist, even in a single department of a fair, they should be corrected; limits as to the area permitted to exhibit should be more closely drawn; separate departments for professional and non-professional exhibitors should be provided; rules to prevent the showing of the same articles year after year should be formed and strictly enforced; the number of judges should be large enough to provide for fair, average judging, and all pains should be taken to ensure that no favoritism shall be permitted. The ideal—"The township fair for the people of the township, for their instruction, encouragement and improvement," should be steadily kept in view, just as steadily as the fact that fairs must not exist to put a premium on such disgusting and contemptible qualities as selfishness and dishonesty.

Now then, what are you going to do about it? The directors of the fairs are usually fine men, who, perhaps, have been too busy with other things to inquire into matters connected with the exhibits as closely as they would like. Might not an appeal to them be effective? And is there not here a good opportunity for the local branches of the Women's Institute to make themselves felt? There is no need, of course, of precipitating a "squabble." Everything depends upon how such things are done.