

is to talk wild'y. My 4, 2, 6, 1 is a part of speech. My 4, 5, 2, 6 is to turn. My 1, 5, 2 is an insect. My 3, 6, 2 is a present tense.

Word Square.—1. After the time. 2. The name of a river. 3. Narrated. 4. Finishes.

Cross-Word Enigma.—

My first is in fair but not in show.
My next is in fast but not in slow.
My third is in rain but not in sleet.
My fourth is in warmth but not in heat.

My fifth is in tree but not in bush.
My sixth is in porridge, not in mush.
My whole is a very useful man.
I hope you will be one if you can.
Beheading.—My whole is very difficult to break; behead, and there is a bit left; behead again, and a bit still remains; behead again, and you have it complete.

Senior Beavers' Letter Box.

[For all pupils from Senior Third to Continuation Classes, inclusive.]

Dear Puck and Beavers.—As I have been a silent member of your Circle for some time, I thought I would chip in and write. I wrote a letter once before, and was very much pleased to see it in the list along with the others.

My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for some time, and I don't think I could get along without it. When we bring the mail home, my little sister says, "Did you get 'The Advocate' to-night? Give it to me when you get done with it." I am always glad when spring comes; then I can get out and help plant the gardens and set some eggs. One year I set a couple of hens, and they all did well. I got the roosters and mother the hens, but there happened to be more roosters. I also set ten duck eggs under a hen; she brought out seven little ducklings. They used to spend most of the time in the creek which runs through our farm. Well, my letter is getting pretty long, so will close, wishing the Beavers every success, and hope some of them will write to me.

MARY CLEMENS (age 13).
Ravenswood, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—I am going to write you a poem which I made up myself when I was ten years old; I will be eleven to-morrow. Well, Puck, here she goes:

THE SLEEPY STARS.

Last night I stayed up very late,
For hours and hours, till almost eight,
But my eyes kept a-shutting so,
And then I really wished to go
To bed. And then I went up-stairs,
And, when I had said my prayers,
I looked up in the sky to see
The baby stars look down at me,
And all the stars were twinkling so
To keep awake—the way I know,
I had to wink myself last night,
And the tired little moon was white.
I never knew before just how
They felt at night, but I know now.
And so I prayed to God that He
Would put the stars to bed like me.

JACK KELLER (age 11, Jr. IV).
Udney, Ont.

P. S.—I would be very much pleased if Roy K. Pierce would correspond with me.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—I was very much interested in the Beaver Circle, so I thought I would write a letter. I live on a farm and we have a large maple bush. We are busy boiling sap. I think spring is one of the nicest seasons. We have an evaporator which I like to tend. We tapped over three hundred trees, and boiled about twenty gallons of syrup.

One time when father was to the barn he told me to tend the evaporator. I tended it, and made a fire a couple of times. He didn't come for a long time, and by the time he came it was only a few degrees from taffy.

I think it the nicest of all when I can go out to the bush and help gather, especially going over a lot of little hills in the bush.

Last year at Easter holidays we boiled sap nearly all the time, and I hope sap season won't be over till Easter holidays this year.

I was very much interested in the gar-

den competition last year. I would like to enter this year. Please tell me what number I will be. Wishing you success.

EMMA SNYDER.

(Age 11, Jr. IV Class.)

Preston, Ont., R. R. No. 2.

Your letter has been held over for some time, Emma, hasn't it? I hope you had a good time making maple sugar this spring. Your name will be added to our Garden Competition list, and we wish you success. Your number is 35.

My dear Puck and Beavers.—It affords me great pleasure to write you a few lines about Montreal. We have a nice mountain, which is called Mount Royal. It has a nice toboggan slide, which affords us lots of fun. From the top of the mountain we get some very fine views. It has a car running up to the top, and crowds of people take advantage of this in the summer-time, as the air is so nice and cool. We also have a very fine fire brigade and a strong police force; also some very fine churches and institutes. Hoping to hear from the Beavers soon. Yours truly,

MARY SMITH.

Notre Dame de Grace, P. Q.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my first letter to your Circle. Papa has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a number of years, and we all like it fine. I like the Beaver Circle, and would like to join your Garden Competition. I live on a farm of over eighty acres. I go to school nearly every day, and I expect

a farm of one hundred and fifty acres. We have seven cows and four horses. Since this is my first letter I will make it a short one. I hope this will escape the w.-p. b. Wishing the Beavers every success.

JENNIE SOMERVILLE.

(Age 12, Jr. IV Class.)

Netherby, Ont.,

A Fishing Excursion.

In May comes fishing. About the 24th of May some boys asked me to go down to the river to fish. I was glad, for I had never gone fishing before. I had gotten my line and hook ready the day before. I was up bright and early, got my lunch ready, and everybody was hustling getting cans of fishworms ready. We started off about seven o'clock. When we were up on the hill, somebody ran out of the house yelling, "Hi! Hi! somebody forgot their dinner!" It was Frank who had forgotten his dinner. He ran back as hard as he could go. When we arrived at the river there were about fifty there.

One of the fellows yelled: "Hi, lads, how does fishing go!"

"Fine!" was the reply.

It certainly was good fishing; you would catch one every little while. Some were sitting on a log; some up against a tree. Every once in a while a fish would pop out of the water. Then you would hear the whirr of birds, and a partridge would fly past. Everything seemed delightful, except the people, for they were always getting bitten by mosquitoes. They all had their dinner but



Good Fishing.

to try the Entrance in June. Our teacher's name is Miss McRae. We all like her well. Well, I think I will close, hoping this escapes the monstrous w.-p. b., and wishing the Beavers every success. JENNIE CAMERON (age 13).

Finch, Ont., R. R. No. 2.

Your name, also, has been added to the Garden Competition list. Best wishes. You are number 36.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my first letter to your Circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for quite a while, and I am interested in the Beavers' letters. We get "The Advocate" Friday nights. I have a mile and a half to go to school. I go nearly every day. I like our teacher fine; her name is Miss White. I have a white rabbit; I call him Peter. We have a puppy; he will sit up on the chair and shake hands; his name is Sport. I have five sisters and two brothers. I live on

myself, and mine fell into the water and disappeared. After dinner the fish were getting scarce. We left our fish there and went out to play baseball in a nearby field. When we were playing we heard somebody yelling, "Help, help!" "Quick, quick; help, help!" We found it was a boy that had fallen into the water. We soon got him out. Then we picked a bunch of lilies and went home. While a couple of the boys were doing the chores, Eldred and I cleaned the fish, and we had fish for supper. After supper we played games, and before going to bed I said fishing certainly was the greatest sport of the season.

ESDALE GAUDIN (age 11, Jr. IV).
Heathcote, Ont.

Mamma.—"Tommy, you are a very naughty boy for slapping baby. What did you hit him for?" Tommy (crying): He's drunk all the ink and he won't eat a piece of blotting paper!"

Wise Words of Wise Men.

They can conquer who believe they can.—Mazzini.

Think not of doing as you like; do as you ought to do.

"As sins proceed they are multiplied, and like figures in arithmetic, the last stands for more than all that went before it."—Sir Thomas Browne.

It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend.—Ruskin.

Blessed are they who have the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but, above all, the power of going out of oneself and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another.—Thomas Hughes.

Christianity wants nothing so much in the world as sunny people, and the old are hungrier for love than for bread. The oil of joy is very cheap, and if you can help the poor with a garment of praise it will be better for them than blankets.—Drummond.

Our times of greatest pleasure are when we have won some higher peak of difficulty, trodden under foot some evil and felt day by day so sure a growth of moral strength within us that we cannot conceive of an end of growth.—Stopford Brooke.

If you wish to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you; and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch, you will make misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose.—Charles Kingsley.

Let Us Pause.

Let us rest ourselves a bit!
Worry?—wave your hand at it—
Kiss your finger-tips and smile
It farewell a little while.

Let us pause and catch our breath
On the hither side of death—
While we see the tender shoots
Of the grasses, not the roots.

Voyage off, beneath the trees,
O'er the fields' enchanted seas,
Where the lilies are our sails,
And our sea-gulls, nightingales.

Where no wilder storm shall beat
Than the wind that waves the wheat,
And no tempest burst above
The old laugh we used to love.

Lose all trouble—gain release,
Languor and exceeding peace,
Cruising idly o'er the vast
Calm mid-ocean of the past.

Let us rest ourselves a bit!
Worry?—wave your hand at it—
Kiss your finger-tips and smile
It farewell a little while.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

The Power of a Smile.

R. W. Burleigh.
There's a wondrous lot of power
In an honest, wholesome smile;
It often starts a blessing
That will travel for a mile,
Why, when hearts are sad and heavy
And the days are dark the while,
You can notice that things brighten
From the moment that you smile.

What the rose is to the bower,
What the jewel to the ring,
What the song is to the robin
In the glad days of spring,
What the gold is to the sunsets
That oft our souls beguile,
All this, and more, to people
Is the blessing of a smile.

When you see a face that's saddened
By the cruelty of strife,
Into which have come the wrinkles
From the toils and care of life,
Just send a ray of sunshine
To smooth its brow awhile,
And bestow a passing blessing
By the giving of a smile.