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WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS MENTION THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE

be blotted out forever, but it never can! No, boys, we may be sorry for things, may get forgiveness for them, may even forget them for a time, but if we do a wrong it is somehow bound to rise up before us when we least expect it. I hold that in this world we never get entirely away from our wrong-doing. But I do not intend to preach a sermon, but to tell you a story:

"As a boy I was naturally cruel. I delighted to rob birds' nests, torment cats and dogs and smaller children. As I grew older and helped my father on the farm, I was rebuked for my abuse of the animals, and my mother used to say that, if she had her way, I would never get a horse to go anywhere.

"As I grew older I became fond of hunting, and spent many days with my noble dog, Stanley, in the woods. I professed to be very good to him, but of a truth the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel, and when I think of the whippings and kicks the noble fellow received from me while, as I called it, I was training him, I am amazed to think of the affection he gave me in turn, but the worst is yet to come.

"He had never been a good retriever. You know what that is, of course—a dog which will go anywhere, after you have shot your game, and bring it to you without muzzing or tearing it in the least. I had repeatedly beaten Stanley for his failure in this line, though I knew it came from the fact that his former master had whipped him for carrying home dead chickens, or anything like that, which he found in the neighborhood during his puppy days, true to his retrieving instincts.

"One day, while shooting ducks, I said to him, 'Now, sir, you'll bring me that bird out there on that island, or I'll kill you, do you understand it?' I shall always think he did, from the troubled look he gave me, and the pleading way in which he crept to my side and attempted to caress my hand. Roughly I shook him off and bade him go fetch the bird. Obediently he plunged into the ice-cold water, swam to the island, and then stood in an irresolute, troubled manner beside the duck. Angrily I shouted my orders, but he only put his nose to it, then swam back towards me. I sent him back three times when he attempted to land.

I knew that he was too chilled to make it possible for him to return to the island, but my passion mastered me, and again and again I struck him back into the water with my gun butt, fiercely declaring that he would bring me that bird or never land alive. Oh, the look in those brown eyes as he turned them on me at each new effort to land! Boys, I'll never, no never, forget it, and I expect to meet it when I stand before God's bar of justice."

The stranger paused here for a little, ere he found voice to go on.

"Presently he grew so helpless from cold, struggles and blows, that he let himself drift beyond my reach, but, frenzied with rage, I dropped my gun and, snatching up a long pole, I leaned over the water's edge to strike him. As the pole came down some sod or root under my foot gave way, and I found myself struggling in the coldest water I was ever in, but it was only for a few brief moments, for with the icy hands of death already tightening about his faithful heart, that noble dog roused himself at sight of my peril, worked toward me as best he could, and with a last desperate effort, born of love and fidelity, he dragged me to the shore, sank down, and, with a few short gasps, was dead.

"Chilled and stupefied, yet perfectly conscious of the enormity of my sin, I watched by his side, gazing into the still open eyes, and alternately cursing myself and calling him names of endearment which he never heard in his life.

"How long it was before another hunter's voice recalled me to myself and my condition, I do not know, but I know that during that time the suffering of my mind made me unconscious of bodily suffering. I was helped home, but for many weeks I lay between life and death, and they said all my unconscious ravings were of Stanley, and that awful transaction by the Lakeside. I have been a different person ever since, but I can never in my life get away from that page in the book.

You understand what I mean, now.

and all I have to say further is, boys, be kind to every living creature; and if you can do any good by repeating an old man's story, tell it again and again."

There was a silence in the little group as once more the carriage wheels rolled noiselessly away, but presently the largest boy took some pennies from his pocket and bade two of the smaller ones run to the market and get a good, meaty bone. On their return, it was laid where the stray dog could smell it, and then the company quietly dispersed, each one to tell someone else the old man's story, and put in practice, we trust, his admonition, "Be kind to every living creature."—Practical Farmer.

A Birthday Party.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Circle. I am going to write on my birthday party.

I had a party on my birthday. I had a great many at it. Their names were: Boris Hayes, Addie Goldring, Bertha Goldring, Marjory Goldring, Pearl Goldring, Clara Jackson, Reva Richardson, Annie Parsons, Ida Jones, Irene Howland, Alma Howland, Louisa Bennett, Eileen Ashby, Gladys Ashby, Ella Goldring.

I wrote on all the invitation notes, "Come at half-past two," so we could have great fun till tea time.

Mother, Ella and Gladys got the tea ready at six o'clock. There were candies, oranges, nuts, cakes, pies, bread, fruit, and a great many other things which I cannot name.

After supper, I gave each of the girls a little basket, tied with red baby ribbon. Then they went in the hall till I had the peanuts. Then they came out and started to hunt for the peanuts. Whoever found the most got the prize. When we were through our games, father hitched the horse, and we all got into the buggy, and when we got outside of the gate we saw Mr. Rogers' automobile coming, so we had to all jump out again. After it went past, we got back into the buggy and rode away laughing. I was ten years old that day. It was my second party. I will close, as I have already taken up too much room.

EUNICE KEMP (Book III.)

Whitby, Ont.

A Creeping Plant.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—Here is a small wild flower that I do not know the name of. There is quite a patch of it back of our house. I have often asked what it was, but no one could tell me. We have pressed weeds at our school twice, but this plant was not taken as a weed. I found it growing in rich, sandy soil. It is very much like a vine. When growing in the shade, it crawls along the ground and grows to a length of thirty-seven inches. That which I found growing in the sun was about twelve inches long, and it grew upwards towards the sky. There are more flowers on the ones growing in the sun than on those growing in the shade. The flowers are about quarter the size of the flowers on a Shamrock. They are purplish colored, with two dark spots on the inside. The larger leaves are about the size of a copper, and some others about the size of a five-cent piece. The leaves grow in couples about an inch and a half apart all along the stem. The flowers grow in between the two leaves. The leaves are scalloped and about the shade of clover, the vines run outwards toward the scallops. The roots grow from edge of the stem. As my drawing does not show the flowers very plain, I will send you a piece I pressed to examine.

HAZEL MUIR

Scarboro, P. O., Ont.

The plant is Ground Ivy, one of the Labiate family. The common catnip, horse mints, peppermints, etc., belong to the same family, hence are "cousins" of your orchard creeper. You have given a very good description, Hazel.

Our Letter Box

Dear Puck,—I have been a reader of the Beaver Circle and enjoy it very much. I never wrote to it before. My dad has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a great many years. I live about fourteen miles east of Ottawa, in the County of Russell. Our post office is Navan, Ont.