

very pretty. I would like some of the Beavers to correspond with me. Wishing the Circle every success, I will close.

FLORENCE J. MURRAY  
(Age 13, Class Jr. IV.).  
Lakeside, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As this is my first letter to you I will not make it very long. As I saw a letter from a boy telling about his hens, I thought I would tell about mine, too. I have a trio of Red Game Bantams, two hens and a rooster. The hens were both laying for a while in the spring, but the old hen began to sit and stopped laying. I put her off the hatch, and set thirteen eggs under another big hen, but they were all rotten. I guess I must have kept them too long. I intend to set some more after I save them up. I live on a farm of one hundred acres, and go to school nearly every day. I live just about thirty rods from school, so I can leave home when the bell is ringing and get there in time. There are a store and post office on the corner of our farm, about fifty rods from our gate. I would like to correspond with boys of my own age, 13. I guess I will close now, as my letter is getting long. Wishing the Circle every success.

HOMER FITZGERALD  
St. Ives, Ont. (Class V.).

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is the first time I have written to your Circle, and I would like to join it. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a long time, and would not be without it. I like reading the letters, and was tempted to write to you. I go to school nearly every day. I am in the Senior Third, and go two miles to school. I like going. There are thirty-five going to school. It is white brick. Father drives me in the winter-time. But I generally walk in summer. I live on a farm, and like it real well. We raise lots of fowl, and like them. I am the only child in the family, but I have a good time. I guess I will close, wishing the Beavers every success, and hoping my letter escapes the w.-p. b.

ELLIE S. ARCHIBALD.  
Leadbury, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As this is my first letter to your Circle I will try to make it as interesting as possible. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" off and on for about thirty years, and I like reading your letters very much. For pets I have three kittens. Their names are Buster, Mary, and Nigger. They are all black and white. I have also a collie dog named Jack. We got him at a sale in the winter. We had to keep him tied up for a long time, because if we didn't he would run away. But now he is getting so that he will stay all right.

I have about one-half mile to go to school. My teacher's name is Miss Harris. I like her very well. I have two sisters and one brother going to school. We live on a farm of one hundred acres. We call it Walnut Farm, because there are walnut trees nearly all the way around it. I will close now, wishing the Circle every success.

VERA SMITH  
(Age 11, Jr. IV. Class).  
Box 22, Renforth & Southcote, R. R.,  
Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the Beaver Circle. I wrote about our "School Fall Fair." The list is extended this year, and I am trying to raise chickens.

I got a new garden dug this year, and then I saw the prize that is to be given for the best composition and picture of a garden. I think I will try for it, because I think it will be very interesting.

There was a large flood on the Grand River this year. It flows about a quarter of a mile from my father's house. It washed away the approach to the bridge over which I go to the Riverside school. The water was running over some of the main streets of Galt. A great lot of damage was done to the goods in some of the stores. It has never been known to be so far back on the streets before.

The school to which I go has only fourteen pupils on the roll, and very often there are less at school.

I guess I will close now, wishing the Beaver Circle and "The Farmer's Advocate" ever success.

LILLIAN GILLESPIE (Sr. IV.).  
Galt, Ont.

#### RIDDLES.

Riddle me, riddle me, randeo, My father gave me some seed to sow, The seed was black and the ground was white, Riddle me, riddle me, randeo. Ans.—Ink and paper.—Hector Raby, Clackie P. O., Ont.

How many black beans will make five white ones? Ans.—Five, when peeled. What is the first thing a gardener sets in his garden? Ans.—His foot.—Sent by Arthur Ford, Neustadt, Ont.

#### OUR JUNIOR BEAVERS.

##### Mud Pies.

Sweetened with sugar and sprinkled with spice,  
Apple turn-overs are really nice;  
But make-believe pies are a great deal more fun,  
When little cooks bake them out here in the sun.

With soft, coaxing touches they mix up the dough—  
Brown flour is said to be wholesome, you know;  
And if little fingers shall gather a stain,  
Why, water and soap will soon wash them again.

And, after the wonderful baking is done—  
The droll, jolly baking out here in the sun—  
The sweet little cooks will be happy to take,  
If somebody gave it, a good slice of cake.

—Margaret Sangster.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is the first time I have written to the Beaver Circle. We live in the part of Ontario that is nearly all orchards, and in May the trees were like big snowbanks; they were just lovely. The farms are all big around here, and now the farmers are very busy. Every night we play ball, and sometimes croquet. I love living in the country; there is such lots of sport. We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for twenty years, and like it very much.



A Quiet Class.

I hope you don't mind me writing, as I enjoy reading the stories and letters in it so much. I mustn't make this letter too long, so will cease, wishing Beaver Circle success.

BLANCHE M. GIBSON  
(Age 11, Book Jr. III.).  
Newcastle, Ont, Box 55.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the charming Circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for about seven or eight years, and I enjoy reading the letters very much. We live on a farm about six miles north of Dunnville, and I am ten years of age.

I have one sister and three brothers. My sister is twenty, and my oldest brother is sixteen. As my letter is getting pretty long I will close, hoping this will escape the w.-p. basket.

KITTY EMERSON (age 10, Class III.).  
Attercliffe Station, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I go to school every day. We do not live very far from the schoolhouse. When the weather is fine I come home for my dinner. We



Put in a Corner.

have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a number of years, and I like to read the letters. I have six brothers and one little sister. I hope to see this letter in print in "The Farmer's Advocate." Good-bye.

GERTRUDE PRICE  
(Age 8, Jr. III.).  
Mountain Grove, Frontenac Co., Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I enjoy reading the Beaver Circle very much. I go to school every day I can. We each have a garden at school. In my garden I have flax and marigolds. I have five brothers, but I have no sister. I always wish I had a sister. We have two horses, two cats, thirteen little chickens;

## 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.]

Dear Ingle Nook Friends,—Have you ever noticed how often you learn things when just "out to tea"? A few evenings ago I chanced to have that pleasure at a little cottage draped with vines and surrounded by fast-growing shrubbery that promises soon to make a veritable bower of the place, and the first lesson came through a big rose-bush on the lawn. (I am writing this in rose-time, with a bouquet from that same rose-bush on my desk as I write.) It was a bush of the ordinary pink cabbage-rose variety, the kind that grew by the doors of the old log houses in pioneer days, none sweeter; no, not even among the Jacqueminots and American Beauties, the kind that is usually seen nowadays with a few brave pink blossoms above straggling stalks, with leaves whitish and ugly brown, riddled into lace-work by the onslaughts of insects,—for the insects have increased mightily during the past quarter century, according as the insect-eating birds have been killed off or driven away from our houses.

Not so this bush. It covered a tremendous expanse of ground, for a rose-bush; the leaves were fresh and green; there was an astounding bloom,—buds, roses half-blown and full-blown. Counting the number on one branch and multiplying by the number of branches, we roughly estimated the total at between nine hundred and one thousand in all, with no appearance of blighted buds anywhere.

Naturally, the question arose,—why this luxuriance? And the answer came: the frequent rains last spring probably had something to do with it, but—yes—the bush had been sprayed two or three times with insecticide; it had been planted in rich soil, too, and the old soil from the mushroom-bed had been carefully worked in about it every year. . . . So there was the secret,—just care, and plenty of well-rotted manure. One remembered then the words of the rose catalogue,—"Roses are gross feeders."

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About the top of the veranda of this cottage Virginia creeper and clematis had been trained to form a fringe, dropping downward two or three feet below the edge of the veranda-roof. This was done by running one width of poultry netting all round, and tying the stems to it when necessary, care being taken to cut out all sprouts that tried to straggle below. The result was the pretty green drapery above, an unobstructed view below, and a free circulation of air, the whole quite as pretty, and much more conducive to comfort than the stuffy vine-enclosed verandas that one so often sees. In order that the pillars may not be bare, it is proposed to plant, at the base of each, next year, a cinnamon vine, a vine with waxy-green leaves and tiny, spicy-white flowers, that is contented to twine round and round without spreading across like a curtain.

By the way, do you know that the common wild clematis, with its quaint names, "traveller's joy," "virgin's bower," and "old man's beard," is one of the prettiest of the clematis family?—quite as pretty and more dainty than the purple "Jackmanli," and much more easily grown. If there are any in your fields, just move one up to the house, give it a deep, rich, mellow root-bed, for a fair chance, and see what you will think of it.

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. . . . Back to the cottage again. For tea we had a great strawberry shortcake, that covered the greater part of a platter. No doubt you have tasted strawberry shortcake that was dry and not particularly appetizing; in fact, you would have preferred the biscuit by itself, and the strawberries served with cream. This shortcake, however, was not of that species. It had been made,

A haze on the far horizon,  
The infinite tender sky,  
The rich, ripe tints of the cornfield,  
The wild geese circling high,  
And far over upland and lowland,  
The charm of the goldenrod.  
Some of us call it Autumn  
And others call it—God.

—M. H. Carruth.