

silky thread about themselves; yet others develop a hard case, but all soon keep very quiet, like little mummies, except that wonderful changes are taking place. Its pro-legs, if it had any, are disappearing, the head is developing, and the outline of wings is appearing on its sides. In this form it is known as a nymph, pupa or chrysalis. Pupa is the term usually used in regard to the larva of a moth; chrysalis that of a butterfly.

By and by the fly, or beetle, or moth, or butterfly, as the case may be, is full grown, and presently it breaks out of the cocoon or pupa-case, sits for a while fanning its wings to strengthen them, then flies off.

It is very odd that though the female moth or butterfly seldom sees its offspring, and never tastes the food they need, she never fails to lay her eggs right on or very close to the very kind of food-plant that the young caterpillars will need to live upon. It is odd, too, that as soon as the young larva hatches out of the eggs, the very first thing it does is to eat up every bit of the egg-shell. If the eggshells were left they might "give away" the neighborhood of the larvae to enemies. The larvae themselves being usually colored like the leaves or other substance on which they feed, often, for that reason, escape the sharp eyes of birds or other enemies. Hence caterpillars are of many colors and markings. Some are green, some gray, some brown or bluish; some striped or spotted; some apparently bare, although all show hairs or pile of some sort under a strong enough microscope, some covered with long hairs like the "woolly bears" you all know. In fact, there are caterpillars of all kinds, differing according to the species of insect to which they belong.

The pro-legs, or false legs, to which one of the prizewinners referred, are simply extra legs which the caterpillar needs to support its extra length. When it changes to an adult insect these extra legs, being no longer needed, disappear. It is worthy of note, too, that the breathing pores along the sides of the caterpillars are never found on that part of the body upon which wings will grow. The caterpillar, you know, does not breathe, as you do, through the mouth, but through holes in its sides.

Just one more point: Have you ever noticed a caterpillar swinging its head constantly from side to side as it creeps along a leaf or twig? If so, you had better examine closely to see if it is not spinning a little zig-zag ladder of silk thread on which to walk that it may have a better hold.

All of the changes from caterpillar to insect sometimes take place, according to species or temperature, in a few

days, sometimes in two weeks, sometimes in a month or more. Often the cocoon or pupa-case does not open until spring, and sometimes the eggs do not hatch out until spring.

Some "easy" differences between moths and butterflies are the following:

(1) Butterflies usually get up late, usually about 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning, and go to bed before dark. Moths, as a rule, fly at dusk or at night, or sometimes in deep dark woods in daytime.

(2) The body of the moth is usually thicker than that of the butterfly, and the division into head, thorax and abdomen not so well marked.

(3) The butterfly sits with its wings erect; the moth's wings are usually down when at rest.

(4) The antennae of the moth are usually feathery; those of the butterfly slender with a knob or club-shaped thickening at the end.

Boys and girls, there is a very great deal to learn about insects. We just have the first tiny little crack of the door open. If you would like to study more about these little creatures you might like to procure some books to help you. Very good ones are:

For the older Beavers—
"Life of a Butterfly," Scudder; published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.
"The Children of the Air," Scudder; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York.
"American Insects," Kellogg; Henry, Holt & Co., New York.

"The Butterfly Book" (very handsome), Holland; Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

For the younger Beavers—
"Among the Moths and Butterflies," Ballard; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"Butterflies and Bees," Morley; Ginn & Co., New York.

"Insect Stories," Mulets; L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

The Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I have been a silent reader of this paper for some years, but since other girls have found the courage to write I think I will too. I go to school, but we are having holidays. I missed about three weeks in the winter, as I had the mumps. I have two sisters, Olive and Dorothy, and one brother, Wilfrid. I am the eldest. We keep twenty-four cows, which are Ayrshires and Jerseys. We also have eighteen cherry trees. I like to climb the trees and to eat them (the cherries, I mean).

Are any of you Beavers book-worms? I am. I like the "Mildred" books, and

my favorites are "Little Women" and "Good Wives." We have the litter-carrier and the feed-carrier in our stables, so we have great fun with the feed-carrier, because we sit in it and it runs along just like a true electric railway, but only not as fast. I think my letter is getting quite long enough, or if I make it any longer it might go to the w.p.b. I would like to correspond with Edith Ward, Walter's Falls, Ont.

VERA SCHWEITZER (Age 12),
Bloomingdale, Ont. Book Sr. IV.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—My father takes "The Farmer's Advocate." This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. I will not make it long, and I hope it will not go to the w.p.b. My pets are a kitten named Ben, a dog named Bounce, a cow named Bess, a little colt named Dolley. I have three brothers, named Philip, Laurence and Oscar. I go to school every day. I have to go about a mile. I like my teacher. Her name is Miss Davey. Wishing success to the Beaver Circle.

ANNA E. EATON (Age 11 years),
Ekfrid, Ont. Sr. Third.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle, although we take "The Farmer's Advocate," and I have been reading the letters for two years.

I have only two pets, a pony and a dog. I like the pony best, for he is very quiet, consequently anybody can drive him. The pup is black and white spotted, and very playful. My brother plays with him nearly all the time.

I live a mile and a half from school, and just got into the fourth book in June. I wrote on the Battle of Waterloo.

My father is taking off his hay (written July 10th), and I have to rake it for him. Sometimes the horses will not mind me and miss some. I will close now, wishing the Beaver Circle success forever. I would like if some of the Beavers would correspond with me.

MORLEY ATKINSON (Age 10),
Desboro, Ont. Book IV.

Two Scotchmen met and exchanged the small talk appropriate to the hour. As they were parting to go supperward, Sandy said to Jock:

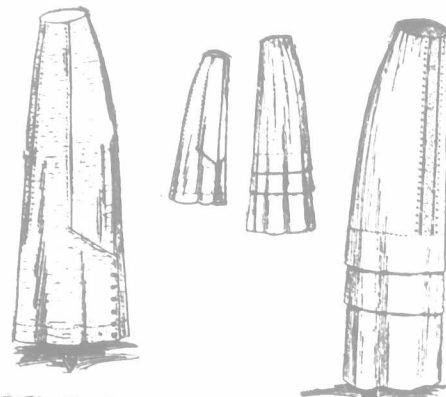
"Jock, mon, I'll go ye a roond on the links in the mornn'."

"The mornn'?" Jock repeated doubtfully.

"Aye, mon, the mornn'," said Sandy. "I'll go ye a roond on the links in the mornn'."

"Aye, weel," said Jock, "I'll go ye. But I had intended to get marriest in the mornn'."

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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.]

Conquering Plainness.

Occasionally, usually in the Women's Department of a paper, or in a Woman's Magazine, one reads a very silly article dwelling emphatically on the necessity for beauty in woman. One such was read the other day in which the impression was given that a woman is nobody if not beautiful, that the greater portion of her time must be spent in an effort to be beautiful, and that the chief reason for being so is to the end that she may be pleasing in the eyes of men.

Now, few will say that a woman should devote no attention at all to her appearance. To have frowsy hair; to neglect the essentials of cleanliness in bathing and care of hair, teeth and nails; to put one's clothes on carelessly; to take no care whatever of her skin; to wear gaudy colors, or to overdress in any way; to wear untidy shoes or gloves; to dress "queerly"—these are mistakes that are not easily condoned even by the most indulgent. A woman is perfectly right in making the best possible of herself, but that is a very different thing from letting her whole thought and life run to that end. No woman has a right to let herself become a silly empty-head for the mere sake of being beautiful; and that is practically what she must become, is it not, if she lets her thoughts run ceaselessly on such themes? Woman is not even her own to waste so. She has been put into this world for a better purpose than that.

Then, coming right down to plain, unvarnished truth, is it not so that very few women are really beautiful? "Nice"-looking, sensible-looking, sweet-looking, bright-looking,—there are these in plenty, but very few there be who are noticeably beautiful. One has a bad nose, another a bad chin, another a big mouth, poor hair, unslovely teeth,—and so on. And



About the Camp-fire.