

er's name is Miss Campbell. I have one little kitten; she is pure black, so we call her Darkey. We have another one; she is pure white. I have a little sister, Rae. She is eight years old; she is in the Junior Second. Last summer I found a little striped worm on a milkweed leaf. I put it into a box and kept it. One day it turned into a flat, green cocoon. It looked like wax. In a few days it turned into a beautiful butterfly. When we were taking up potatoes, I found a brown cocoon rolled up in a leaf. I kept it for a while, but it died. Could anyone tell me what it would turn into? As my letter is getting rather long, I will close, wishing the Circle success.

AMOS ANDREW
(Book Jr. IV.).
Auburn, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—Will you let me become a member? I am in the Fourth Book. I didn't see your fall fair prizes in time, or I would have tried in it. I'm not going to school now, but I'm going to start soon.

I am going to tell you about an adventure I had. One night as I was coming home after dark, driving along slowly, I was about half-asleep when I jumped up. I saw a big black cat jump across the road. It had yelled. I hope this will escape that monster of a waste-paper basket.

LLOYD DOAN
Shiguindah, Manitoulin Island, Ont.

Was it a lynx or "wild-cat" that you saw, Lloyd?

Dear Beavers,—I enjoy reading your letters very much. We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for years, and I really think we could not get along without it. We live about six miles from Chesley. I have neither sister or brother. I go to school every day, and have only about half a mile to go. I am in the Junior Fourth Class. For pets I have a cat, a dog, and a little chicken called Judy. When I go to feed her, she hops right into my dish. As my letter is getting pretty long, I will close, hoping it will escape the w.-p. b.

MAY C. MAIR (age 12, Jr. IV.).
Peabody, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As this is my first letter to the Beaver Circle, I will send some verses, hoping to see them in print. We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for fifteen years, and I enjoy reading the letters.

LIFE AND NATURE.

I passed through the gates of the city,
The streets were strange and still;
Through the doors of the open churches
The organs were moaning shrill.

Through the doors and the great high windows,
I heard the murmur of prayer,
And the sound of their solemn singing
Streamed out on the sunlit air.

A sound of some great burden
That lay on the world's dark breast,
Of the old, and the sick, and the lonely,
And the weary that cried for rest.

I strayed through the midst of the city
Like one distracted or mad.
"Oh, Life! Oh, Life!" I kept saying,
And the very word seemed sad.

I passed through the gates of the city,
And I heard the small birds sing,
I laid me down in the meadows
Afair from the bell-ringing.

In the depth and the bloom of the meadows
I lay on the earth's quiet breast,
The poplar fanned me with shadows,
And the very breeze sang me to rest.

Blue, blue was the heaven above me,
And the earth green at my feet;
"Oh, Life! Oh, Life!" I kept saying,
And the very word seemed sweet.

HOWARD MANNING
(Age 10, Book Sr. III.).

Maple, Ont.
Where do you find these verses, Howard? I should like to know.

Our Junior Beavers.

[For all pupils from First Book to Junior Third, inclusive.]

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I have not written to the Beaver Circle before. I always look forward to the day we get "The Farmer's Advocate," because I always like reading the letters from the Beavers.

I have two pets, a bird and a dog. The bird is a canary, and is a splendid singer. The dog is just a pup. He is all black, except a little yellow on his neck. I call him Jeff. Last year I tamed a pigeon, but in the autumn it flew away. I have a sister older than I am; her name is Ruby. She is eleven years old, and she passed her Entrance Examinations last summer. She won a prize of a gold watch for receiving the most marks at Burgessville. I have a

brother and sister younger than I am. I am in the Second Book now, and have to walk one mile and a half to school. Papa has been taking "The Farmer's Advocate" for about eight years. Hoping to see this in print, I will close.

GRACE I. HILLIKER
(Age 8, Class II.).

Burgessville, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter. I have always enjoyed reading the letters from the Beavers. I will tell you about my cat. She is a spotted cat, and I call her "Spot." In the morning when my father gets up and opens the outside door, she runs in and up stairs as fast as she can and jumps into my bed, and sometimes wakens me up too early. I go to school nearly every day all winter. My cousins live across the road, and they drive, taking me with them. We have a jolly load.

There are six of us then. I must close now.

HELEN TOLTON
(Age 8, Jr. II.).

Walkerton, Ont.

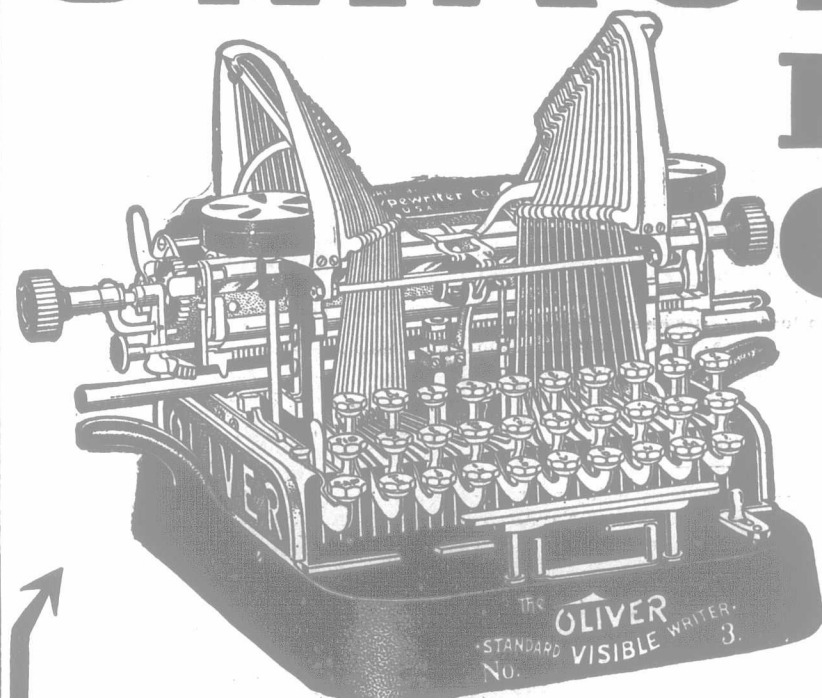
Dear Puck,—As this is my first letter to the Beaver Circle, I will not make it very long. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for one year, and I enjoy reading the Beavers' letters very much. I have a little brother named Charlie; I have also a pet dog named Nig, and a horse named Honey. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Carter, and I like her very much. I will close, wishing the Beavers every success. EDNA V. FARRER (age 10).

Campbellton, N. B.

Dear Puck,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. My papa has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for twenty

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