

yard, and as all stood in order, the school flag slowly went up to its full height, and shook itself proudly on the breeze.

At that very moment a carriage filled with ladies and gentlemen drove up, and the Deepwoods school, now wild with excitement, broke into a cheer. The judges had arrived.

(To be continued.)

The Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I will tell you how I started my garden. After a gentle, warm rain came, I planted it. The first seeds I planted were cucumbers; next I planted some pole beans, then some beets; next I planted some wheat and oats, and so I have quite a garden. I also have a strawberry bed and a raspberry patch. We have two farms now instead of one. I earn 20 cents a week for helping dad, by taking the cows to pasture and getting them at night, and cleaning out the stable. With this money I have to buy my boots, stockings, and school things. My mother fines me a penny every time I leave anything on the floor, and also when I contradict her. That is to break me of the habit. I wonder if some of the Beavers would write some of the habits they have to overcome.

CLARENCE T. FITZ RANDOLPH
(Age 10, Book IV.).

Bridgetown, N. S.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first attempt to write to your Circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a number of years and likes it fine. I am a great lover of birds and animals. The other evening, as we were returning from school, as we passed the woods we saw a beautiful bird. Maybe someone can tell me what kind it was. It had a yellow body, a light, brown head, its tail was yellow and brown, and its back was brown, with the exception of one white spot. It was about the size of a robin.

One day, as we were roaming in the woods, we spied a hollow tree. We looked in and saw a nestful of young squirrels. The nest was made of dead grass. I wonder how many of the Beavers have ever seen young squirrels in their cozy little nest. I cannot describe minutely, as I never saw them very plainly. Will some of the Beavers kindly correspond with me? I hope this will escape the waste-paper basket.

VERA GIMBEL (age 12, Book IV.).
Breslau, Ont.

In some respects, your description is that of the Evening Grosbeak, but we cannot be sure without a much closer description. By the way, do you know that if you send us a list of four new subscribers to "The Farmer's Advocate," (one year each), we will send you a large, handsomely-illustrated bird-book, with the pictures of the birds all in color? Every boy or girl who is interested in birds should have one of these books and a field-glass.

Dear Puck,—I thought I would try to write a story about what we have been doing at home. In winter, when the men were out cutting wood, I had my little sleigh and put on some of the wood, and looked for a pretty nice long way to take it to the pile, and then I made a nice road and went there one time after another. When that was all done, syrup-cooking came along, and I was out cooking syrup with one of my brothers, and I made a little stove of some old bricks. Then I got some tiles, which I fixed one on top of the other for the chimney, and then I got some wood which would burn nicely. I had an old dipper with no handle and got some syrup out of the big pan and cooked it till it was taffy. Then we had fun eating that taffy. Sometimes I helped gathering sap. We had two hundred and thirteen pails out, but we had one pretty big tree where we put two pails at it. When we were finished syrup-cooking, I got my fishing-rod and went fishing. One afternoon I got fifty fish.

We have a little white dog whose name is Sport. He got into a little fight with a ground-hog till his nose was bleeding. He kills rats and mice when he has a chance.

In the summer we go back in the creek

to swim. Then, sometimes a crab comes along and pinches our toes. Then by and by comes the winter, and we go skating and sleigh-riding with our sleighs. Well, I guess I must close for this time.

MILTON MARTIN (age 12, Jr. IV.).
Waterloo, Ont., R. R. No. 1.

Our Junior Beavers.

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

A Boy's Questions.

What keeps the stars from falling?
What makes the earth go round?
How can flies walk on the ceiling?
Just like they do on the ground?

Why don't it snow in summer?
Don't the fishes ever get drowned?
Did you ever see any fairies?
Who lost the knife that I found?

How many weeks till vacation?
It ought to be here pretty soon.
How many fives in a hundred?
How far away is the moon?

Where do the bees get honey?
Who finds balloons that are lost?
What makes people bald-headed?
How much do elephants cost?

What makes you tired this evening?
There's a gray hair in your head!
Wonder what makes me sleepy?
Good-night; I'm going to bed.

—"Judy."

Little Beavers' Letter Box

Dear Puck,—I thought I would write to you again. We have a little colt; his name is King; he was born on the king's birthday. I have two young red squirrels; I got them from a nest in the bush. I call one Tommy; he is very cross, and will bite. I call the other Minnie; I can handle and amuse her all day; she will not bite. They like to drink sweet cream. My brother and I still drive our goats. I love animals of all kinds. I am taking music lessons, but I would rather play with my pets. I have a lot of young banties. I must close for now; my letter is getting long. Good-bye all.

JOSIE READMAN (age 11).
Erindale P. O., Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I like going to school. I am working in fractions in the Arithmetic. We have lots of fun playing ball. My two brothers and I are the only English ones at school. All the rest are French, but we have good times, for we can talk French, too. I like my teacher. We have just read a piece from the book, "The King of the Golden River," in our Third Reader at school. It must be an interesting book. Now I guess I will tell something about home. The school is just across the road. I milk three and four cows. We have eleven to milk; later on we will have thirteen. I have twelve chickens and twenty-two hens. I will have five hens hatching next week. They are very late, and I have two more just set. I have four nice calves. For pets we have a little kitten and plenty of birds in the barn, although not tame, but I like them as well as if they were tame. I should like to know what kind of bird this is. It was white on the back and head, and part of the wings, and the rest all black. As this is my first letter I will not make it too long. I will write and tell you about my chickens next time.

EUNICE MAY LAMB

(Age 9, Book III.).

Joseph's Falls, Ont.

The bird may have been a bobolink, but you should have told more about it to make us sure. In observing birds you must sit very still, so that they will come as close as possible; then you can have a good look at them.

Dear Puck,—This is my first letter to "The Farmer's Advocate." I am nine years old. My home is situated right near the cove. I catch many fish in it. We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for some years, and I enjoy reading the letters in it. There are some fine jokes in the paper. I have a pet dog; I call him Captain. He likes to ride in a

wagon. I go for the cows every night and take them back in the morning. I ride old Bess.

MORLEY COY (age 9).

Dear Puck,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. Every week I read the letters that the other Beavers write. Last night I ran a nail in my foot. It is so sore that I cannot go to school this week. My uncle died on the 3rd of January, and my grandfather on the 3rd of February. All the Beavers tell about their pets, and I will, too. I have a little kitten; her name is Matty. I have a dog; his name is Minto. We have six calves; four of them are red, and two are red and white. I think I will close now.

JOHN BREATHTAT

(Age 9, Book Jr. III.).

Beaver Circle Notes.

Some interesting letters are held over. Several letters were thrown in the w.p. b. because the writers forgot to state class at school. Don't forget that, if in the Third Book, you must be sure to tell whether Junior or Senior Third.

No one got a prize this time, you see, although Clarence Fitz Randolph and Eunice Lamb very nearly did. Remember, Beavers, to get prizes you must write VERY good letters. It is not of much use, you see, just to number and name your pets, but if you tell something INTERESTING about them—why, that is a different story.

The One-talent Man.

He couldn't sing and he couldn't play,
He couldn't speak and he couldn't pray;
He'd try to read, but he'd break right down.

Then sadly grieve and smile or frown,
While some with talents ten begun,
He started out with only one.
"With this," he said, "I'll do my best,
And trust the Lord to do the rest."
His trembling hand and tearful eye
Gave forth a word of sympathy.
When all alone with one distressed,
He whispered words that calmed the breast.

And little children learned to know
When grieved and troubled where to go.
He loved the birds, the flowers, the trees,
And loving him his friends loved these.
His homely features lost each trace
Of homeliness, and in his face
There beamed a kind and tender light
That made surrounding features bright.
When illness came he smiled at fears,
And bade his friends to dry their tears.
He said, "Good bye," and all confess
He made of life a grand success.

—Presbyterian Journal.

The New Householder.

By Marion Couthouy Smith.

Who sits under my roof-tree?
One whom I have not known;
He dug not the old foundations,
He laid not a single stone;
Where a thousand echoes greet me,
He hears no word nor breath,
And the walls that to me are lettered,
To him are as blank as death.

Here I come as a stranger,
Faring at his behest;
Here he rules as the master,
Greeting a haunted guest;
For, as I sit by his fireside,
Faintly I see and hear
The light of a bygone presence,
The call of an old-time cheer.

Here I wept in the darkness,
(Hark, how the old griefs cry!)
Here she lay in her beauty,
She who can never die.
Aye, tho' he pay the purchase,
I have the right divine!
His is the shell—the shadow—
The soul of the house is mine.

The big steamer had left the pier. The young man on the tar barrel still waved his handkerchief desperately.
"Oh, what're you waiting for? Come on," said his companions disgustedly.
"I daren't"—with one fearful glance backward.
"What's the matter?"
"She has a field glass," said the young man.

Hospital Nursing at Home

By Elizabeth Robinson Scovil.

Author of "The Care of Children,"
"Preparation for Motherhood," etc.

TYPHOID FEVER.

This disease is almost as common in the country as in town, which should not be. Pure air and good food should keep people in good health.

Typhoid fever, as we have learned in recent years, is a germ disease. It does not arise out of the ground, and cannot be caused by the worst of bad smells alone.

The germ, which invades the body and attacks especially the small intestine, has come from some other case of typhoid, it may be many miles distant.

It has been stated that typhoid germs can be carried in running water for sixty miles. Milk cans washed in infected water have taken the disease to many of the users of the milk.

It is now believed by the best authorities that these germs must be swallowed, either as food or in drink, taken into the stomach and passed on to the intestinal tract, before they can find lodgement and do harm. They cannot force an entrance into the body for ill by being breathed into the lungs. No doubt those persons who are brought into contact with cases of typhoid fever, and many who are not, absorb into their systems myriads of these tiny bacteria without harm. Why is this? Some persons possess within themselves, probably in the blood, a power of resistance which prevents these germs from growing and developing. They are killed, or rendered harmless, and cannot by increasing and multiplying give rise to the symptoms that we call typhoid fever. These fortunate ones escape the disease.

More depends upon the nursing in typhoid than in almost any other illness. The treatment prescribed by the doctor must be faithfully carried out. The life of the patient depends upon his being kept quiet, clean and properly fed, and management of this belongs to the nurse. When a patient is very ill and a professional nurse is not employed the women of the family are apt to exhaust themselves by all trying to take care of the sufferer at once. They are in and out of the sick room all the time, and feel that they are wanting in proper affection and solicitude if they undress at night and go to bed.

In a case of typhoid fever this matter should be settled in the beginning. A long strain is coming, and a good general keeps some troops in reserve, who may be called upon at a critical moment and perhaps turn impending defeat into victory.

If there is only one woman available in the home there are sure to be neighbors who are anxious to help. The homekeeper should, if possible, take the day duty herself, or at least be on hand when the doctor comes to give her report and receive his directions. Some nurses divide the work, one taking it from midnight until noon, the other the remaining twelve hours. This latter part could be divided between two neighbors.

The directions which the doctor gives should be written down. When a neighbor takes charge a slip should be given her with the exact hours at which food and medicine are to be given marked on it. She should be asked to cross off the hour with a pencil when she has done what is required. All the necessary care should be carefully explained to her, and she should be shown where to find everything she will need.

The fear of infection is so strong as sometimes to prevent persons from offering assistance. If the proper precautions as to cleanliness and disinfecting are observed there is little or no danger. I have seen many cases of typhoid nursed in the open wards of a hospital without the disease being communicated to anyone.

NECESSITY OF QUIET.

In typhoid the small intestine is filled with little ulcers. The danger is that these ulcers will eat through the wall of the intestine and cause exhausting hemorrhage or fatal inflammation.

The patient must not be allowed to sit up nor to get out of bed for any purpose. Proper vessels can be obtained in which to receive the dis-