

scruple may thus be relieved, if, when we know that such all-insistent and exacting work is going to engage all the energies of the day, we are careful at the beginning to inspire that work with the spirit of oblation and lift it up into prayer. In this way the humble work of countless toilers sends forth day by day an energy of holy influence which strengthens the Fellowship of the Saints, and proves itself very Prayer, the ascent of the soul to God, the beginning of that blessed converse which shall be the fullness of eternal bliss."

The Beaver Circle.

Our Senior Beavers.

[For all pupils from Senior Third to Continuation Classes, inclusive.]

The Little Prince and Princess.

To-day we show you the pictures of the young Prince of Wales, who, if he lives, will one day be our king, and the little Princess Mary, who is, you may be sure, the pet of the British Court. Not long ago the young Prince had a seventeenth birthday, and very soon he is to go into the Navy to serve as midshipman, as his father did. The other day the Prince and Princess visited the Canadian soldiers who went over for the Coronation. Needless to say the soldiers sang "O Canada" for them, proud enough, you may be sure, in singing of our own dear land to its future sovereign.

The Deepwoods School Fall Fair.

Some time ago we told you how the "True Blue" Society was formed at the Deepwoods School for the protection of birds and flowers, and kindness to all living things. We also told you how, at the suggestion of Will Baker, the girls and boys undertook to have little gardens at home; and of how, through these gardens, they learned to know that the birds and toads, which ate up harmful insects and caterpillars, were their friends.

All through the summer all of the children, and particularly "The Ten" who had really started the society, worked hard. Of course Tom Haynes and Will Baker, who had done some gardening and farming before, had the best gardens, but they were very good about telling the others the best way to make things grow.

For instance, Tom Haynes, when going along the road one day, peeked over the fence to see how Nettie Sills' garden was coming on. There it was, without a weed to be seen anywhere, and with all the rows thick and green like emerald wreaths. It was very pretty, but Tom only whistled.

"Hi! hi! This will never do," he said to himself, and in a moment he was flying up the path to Nettie's home. Nettie herself came to the door, very fresh and sweet in a clean white pinafore.

"Come down to your garden, Nettie," said Tom, "I want to show you something."

"What is it? A new kind of grub? Ugh, I found such an ugly big green one on the tomatoes,—with its head up, mind you!"

"A very pretty one, I should say," said Tom. "It changes later into that curious hawk-moth that we saw hovering like a humming-bird over the phlox the other night, but it does harm for all that."

"Isn't it odd, Tom," said Nettie, as the two walked down the path, "how many new things we have found to talk about since we started those gardens. I thought a garden was made up of plants, but, dear me, I find it is made up of birds and butterflies, and moths, and caterpillars too."

"And toads," laughed Tom.

"Oh, yes, we mustn't forget the toads. There's a big, fat, old fellow that comes out into my garden every evening. I've tried to see him eat a fly, but I can tell you if he moves his body slowly he makes up for it with his tongue. But, here we are at the garden."

Tom stooped over and began drawing the plants aside. "See here, Net," he

said, "these things are thick as hair on a dog's back. You'll have carrots and beets the size of lead pencils in the fall if you don't thin them out."

"Why, I did—a little bit," responded Nettie.

"A little bit! I should say so! See here," and Tom began to pull out the tender green things by the handful.

"Oh, Tom! As much as that?"

"As much as that."

"All right," and in a moment Nettie too was busily engaged in thinning out, reaching to a great distance to spare the clean pinafore.

"My nice clean walks!" she pouted playfully. "Tom, what do you do with your weeds and—and things?"

"What do you do with yours?"

"Why, I carried them all off to one side, and let them dry out. Then I burned them," said Nettie triumphantly.

"I put mine in a heap to turn into fertilizer for next year," said Tom, and so the two chatted on, diligently thinning out the while, until the carrot bed



H. R. H. The Prince of Wales.

looked like a regiment of soldiers all spaced out, each little plant standing primly and independently by itself.

Another day Will Baker, when passing, saw Nettie pouring on water from a watering-can.

"How often do you do that?" asked he.

"Oh, every night," replied Nettie, "and really, sometimes,—but don't whisper it to anyone—I am so tired. Why, I've carried six canfuls already, and you know how far it is to our pump."

Like Tom, Will was over the fence in a jiffy. Stooping down, he began to sprinkle handfuls of dry dust all over the wet soil about the plants.

"Why are you doing that?" asked Nettie, puzzled.

"Oh, a great farmer you are!" laughed Will. "I'm just trying to save you work. If you do this every time, after watering the plants, you need not carry water nearly so often. The dust, you see, forms what is called a 'mulch,' that keeps the water from evaporating so quickly. After a rain, too, and now and again between times, stir up the soil with a hoe, just a little, about an inch deep. This will form a mulch as it dries out, and keep the moisture down about the roots where it ought to be."

So the work and talk went on during the summer. What each learned he or she passed on to the rest,—for these boys and girls were "True Blues" you know, and could not stoop low enough to hide anything that would help anyone else.

Needless to say, with such good care the plants grew well. The tomatoes began to form, carrots and beets developed stout little tap-roots of the prettiest yellow and red, cabbages and lettuce began to "head in," and cucumbers and summer squash began to show all sorts of queer, long, spiny, crooked and turban-shaped forms under the green leaves. Last, but not least, the flowers began to come into bloom, pink and white, and blue, and yellow, and flame-colored, and it appeared that the time for the long-talked-of school fair was in sight.

(To be continued.)

The Letter Box.

Dear Puck,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. I go to school every day; only last week (written early in June) I had to help my father to work up the corn ground and to plant the potatoes. I have two sisters and one brother younger than myself. I am the eldest of the family. My birthday was on Monday, the 5th of June. I like driving the team for my father. Well, I guess I will stop for this time, as it is my first letter.

I would like very much if some of the Beavers would correspond with me.

Hoping this will escape the w.p.b., and wishing the Beaver Circle all success.

JOSEPH McDERMOTT,

Conroy P.O., Ont. Age 13.

Dear Puck,—This is my second letter to the Beaver Circle; my first one went to the w.p.b. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" a number of years. I have always taken an interest in your Circle. My father has two hundred and seventy acres of land. I am the oldest in the family. I have two brothers and one sister younger than I am. We all know that boys and girls who live on the farm have a great many pets. I have a dog; she is yellow in color and very fond of work. I have two colts, Dock and Queenie. Dock is two years old, but Queenie is only one week old. My brother has five little kittens; I like to pet them and tease them with a straw. I also have four calves; three of them are black and white and the other one is blue and white.

I go to school every day. I tried for the fourth book at midsummer. Our teacher's name is Miss Armstrong; she is from London, Ontario. I must close, wishing the Circle to have splendid success.

Varency, Ontario. Age 11.

Dear Puck,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle, although we have



H. R. H. Princess Mary.

taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a long time, and I enjoy reading the letters very much. Can anyone tell me what kind of a bird has a red breast and dark wings and tail, and lays light blue eggs and is smaller than a robin? As my letter is getting rather long I will close. I wish some of the Beavers would kindly correspond with me. Hoping this will escape the w.p.b. Good-bye.

ANNIE JAMIESON

Randwick, Ont. (Age 14).

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As I will soon be ten years old, and in the fourth book at school, I thought I would like to write to you. My father takes "The Farmer's Advocate," and I enjoy reading the letters very much. As this is my first letter to the Circle, I will try and not make it too long, but I want to describe to you a corner of our wood. It is all little hills and hollows, all covered with flowers and trees and ferns and moss, with lots of brush piles. One little hill has just one large tree, and is all covered with moss. I will close

now, wishing the Beavers every success. I remain, Yours truly,

SADIE E. McKELLAR

Glencoe, Ont. (Age 9, Book III.).

Several Senior Beaver Circle letters are still held over.

Note.

Will all Beavers who write letters to the Circle, and who are in the Third Book, please state, each time, whether in Junior or Senior Third Class. Please do not forget this.

Our Junior Beavers.

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

Do You S'pose?

Do you s'pose little flies with their thousands of eyes,

When their mamma is busy with tea, Ever climb in the chair and get in her way,

And cry, "Lemme see, lemme see?"

Do you s'pose little fish, when their mammas wish

To take a short nap—just a wink— Ever pound on the floor with their soft little fins,

And whimper, "Please give me a d'ink?"

Do you s'pose little quails, as they creep through the rails

And into the reeds where they stay, Ever ask mamma dear, when her head aches so hard,

"But why can't I whistle to-day?"

Do you s'pose little bees, as they hum in the trees,

And find where the honey sweets lurk, Ever ask of their papa, who is busy near by,

"I know—but what for must I work?"

Do you s'pose, do you s'pose that anyone knows

Of a small boy who might think a while

Of all this and more? You do? So I thought—

And now let us see if he'll smile!

Little Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck,—This is my first letter to "The Farmer's Advocate," and I would like to see it in print. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for nearly twenty years. I have two brothers, Robert and David. I enjoy reading the girls' and boys' letters in the Circle. I am in the Part Second at school. We have over two hundred chickens that were hatched out of our incubator. Our farm is near the Tay River. We live two miles from school, and two from the post office. Well, I think I will close, as it is bedtime.

ELSIE PRISCILLA RITCHIE

Burgess, Ont. (Part II.).

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. My father takes "The Farmer's Advocate" every week, and I like reading the letters. We live in Bradford, about ten minutes' walk from the main street. We have only one pet. It is the baby, Herbie. He can sing and dance. He will be two years old on the 4th of November. I like my teacher. Her name is Miss Orton. I think this is all I can say for the first time. Good-bye.

DAISY MORRIS

Bradford, Ont. (Age 9, Book II.).

Dear Puck and Beavers,—My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for some time. I like to read the Beaver Circle, and thought I would join. I will tell you some of my pets: I have three cats; their names are Spotty, Rover, and Jiddet. I have a pet dog, too; his name is Barney; and a little colt, Jerry. I live in the country on a farm, on the Longwoods road. My school is two and a half miles away. I go back to the bush for the cows, then I come home and hoe in the garden. I think this letter is getting too long. I will close now.

GEORGIE HUSTON

(Age 10, trying for Book II.).

Strathburn, Ont.