

show flowers, but am not sure. My sister Bessie had beets, and my brother Jim has mangels. Have any of the rest of the Beavers anything this year? I say, Puck, what is the Honor Roll? I saw my name there the last letter I wrote, and wonder what it is. Is it against the rules to sign a pen-name? I hope the w.-p. b. is asleep when this letter arrives, so there will be no danger of him swallowing my letter, for I expect it is too long.

JEAN M. STIRLING.
(Age 10, Jr. III. Class.)
R. R. No. 1, Agincourt, Ont.

The Honor Roll simply means the "Second Bests," Jean. The most interesting letters are published; the names of the writers of the next bests are put in the Honor Roll. In the Junior Beavers' Department all the letters are published if at all possible, as so much cannot be expected from our very smallest Beavers. That is why there is an Honor Roll only for the Senior Beavers.

Beaver Circle Notes.

Lena McKay (age 13), Leeburn, Ont., wishes some of the Beavers to write to her.

OUR JUNIOR BEAVERS.

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

Garden Lore.

THE CATERPILLAR.

The Caterpillar wears her fur
Through many a summer day!
No camphor or moth balls for her!
When storage time has come, instead,
She wraps herself in silken thread,
And packs herself away!

THE BUTTERFLY.

From flower to flower the Butterfly
Flits while the days are sunny,
And asks the blossoms as he goes—
Not, like the Rag-Man, "Any ol' clo'es?"
But,—"Any old Honey?"

THE BEE.

Old Mr. Bee works buzzily
Through all the summer hours;
He booms from door to door in turn—
Just like the Census Man,—to learn
Who's Who Among the Flowers.
—Abbie Farwell Brown.

Junior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter. My papa has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for five or six years. I go to school all I can. For a pet I have a cat; her name is Sandie. My brother has a dog named Scottie. I have a little brother; he goes to school with me. I am taking music lessons now, and I like it fine. I like reading the Beavers' letters. Oh, I wish some of the little girls and boys would write to me. I am going to set an old hen and raise the chickens. Well, I will close, hoping to see my letter in print.
HELEN RAE BAKER (age 9)
R. R. No. 4, London, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to your charming Circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" ever since I can remember, and likes it fine. I go to school every day I can. Our teacher's name is Miss Mac-Millan, and I like her fine. For pets I have a colt; her name is Maud. I have a pup, and I call him Ponto. Now, as my letter is getting long I will close, hoping it will escape the w.-p. b.
JACK NORMAN (age 9, Jr. III).
Badjeros, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a good many years. I enjoy reading the letters very much. I have read a good many books. The names of some are "Alice in Wonderland," "The Cuckoo Clock," "The Well in the Woods," "Adventures of a Brownie," and others. We have a lot of sheep and a lot of little lambs. I have a pet lamb; its name is Frisky. I have a flock of little chickens. I have one brother and two sisters. Their names are James, Susie, and Blanche. I go to school every day,

and am in the Third Grade. My teacher's name is Miss C. Davis; I like her very much. As my letter is getting long I will close with a riddle.

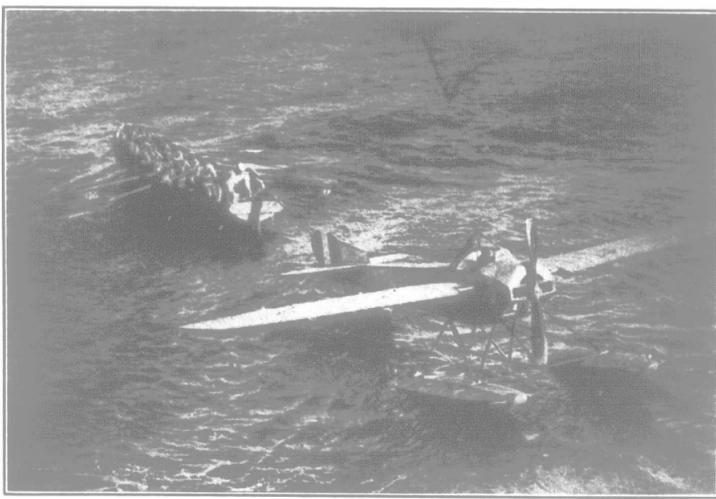
A chair has what everything else has, and everything else has what a chair has; what has a chair? Ans.—A name.
LILLIAN I. REID (age 10).
Lennoxville, Que.

P. S.—I hope someone will write to me.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my first letter to your charming Circle. We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a number of years, and could not be without it. I live on a farm about two miles from Navan village. The name of our farm is "Clover Valley." As I stopped school at Easter, I expect to have a flower garden this year. I was down at my uncle's watching them make maple syrup. As my letter is getting long I will close, hoping it escapes the hungry w.-p. b., and wishing some of the Beavers would write to me. Wishing the Circle every success, I remain,
LILLIAN HAMILTON.
R. R. No. 1, Navan, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As I saw my name in the Beaver Circle Notes, I thought I would write again. I am glad to join your charming Circle, and am hoping some of the Beavers will write to me. I am in the Junior Second Class. I have written to one of the Beavers. I have four sisters and two brothers. I enjoy reading your letters, and so do my sisters and brothers. My sister and I both wrote the same night, but mine was not put in, so I will keep on writing. Hoping this one will escape the hungry w.-p. b. I will close.
MARGARET HOGG (age 9).
Thamesford, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my first letter to your Circle. My father



In the Dardanelles.

The return of a seaplane after making a flight over the Turkish fortifications. One of the wings was perforated by rifle fire.—Underwood & Underwood.

has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a number of years. I am eight years old. I go to school every day I can. My teacher's name is Miss Jones. I like her for a teacher. As my letter is getting long I will close.

GERTRUDE MOSS.

R. R. No. 3, Berlin, Ont.

"You ought to be contented and not fret for your old home," said the mistress as she looked into the dim eyes of her young Swedish maid. "You are earning good wages, your work is light, everyone is kind to you, and you have plenty of friends here."

"Yas'm," said the girl, "but it is not the place where I do be that makes me vera homesick; it is the place where I don't be."

"It's the things we haven't got that make us unhappy," remarked the parlor philosopher. "How about the tooth-ache?" suggested the mere man."

The Dollar Chain

A fund maintained by readers of "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine" for (1) Belgian Relief; (2) Soldiers' Comforts; (3) Red Cross Supplies.

Another association has combined to send money to the Dollar Chain fund for the relief of suffering in Europe. The following letter will explain:

"The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine":

Enclosed you will find ten dollars (\$10.00) from Sheridan Ladies' Aid, to be used for Belgian Relief Fund. We are glad of the privilege to add to the Chain, as we feel sure there are many in need. Yours in the work.

MRS. W. A. WILSON,
Treasurer of Ladies' Aid,
Sheridan, Ont.

Among other letters received are the following:

Dear Sir,—The balance on postal note (2.00) is to add to your Dollar Chain, with best wishes. Would that we Canadians truly knew and realized our duty in this our mother country's most serious struggle.

JOSEPH H. WOODS,
R. R. No. 2, Elmira, Ont.

Enclosed please find two dollars for the Dollar Chain, hoping it may continue to grow longer and stronger until this awful war is ended.

A FRIEND AT GIBRALTAR.

Contributions from May 14th to May 21st are as follows:

Amounts over \$1.00 each:
"Toronto," \$2.00; "A Friend," Kingwood, Ont., \$2.00; L. J. McA., Paisley, Ont., \$2.00; Joseph H. Woods, Elmira, Ont., \$2.00; "A Friend at Gibraltar," \$2.00; Lennard Mill, Mountain, Ont., \$1.50; Sheridan Ladies' Aid, Sheridan, Ont., \$10.00; "A Soldier's Schoolmate," Shakespeare, Ont., \$2.00.

Mr. Hoover, Chairman of the Neutral Commission for Relief in Belgium, and Mr. Francqui, Chairman of the Committee in Brussels, tell us that "at least a million and a half Belgians are now entirely destitute. With the rapid exhaustion of the meat and vegetable supplies, there will probably be, before harvest time, 2,500,000 Belgians who must be fed and clothed solely by charity. The remaining 4,500,000 will get their pitiful daily allowance of bread through the Commission, and will pay for it." And they add: "Will you help us to keep the destitute alive?"

This Neutral Commission, marvellously organized and administered, has hitherto succeeded in just keeping abreast of the situation, raising its funds from America, other neutral countries, and the British Colonies. But their funds are falling fast; and their needs are getting greater. It is in response to their desperate appeal that a National Committee for Belgian Relief has now been formed in our country, and every penny it collects will go without deduction into the hands of the Neutral Commission, and through them to the starving Belgian people, in the form of food. So far, Germany has kept her word not to fitch what is sent for the Belgians; and the organization of relief now makes it almost impossible for a German to touch one loaf of Belgian bread. The present need is for £500,000 a month; the future need will be even greater.

Our own exigencies are, of course, tremendous, but what would they not be if Belgium had consulted her own material needs, had just chosen to save herself—instead of saving the Western world? With Belgium complacent to the German, Paris gone, Calais gone—it would have meant another year on to the years we may have to fight, an extra five hundred million pounds of money, and extra hundred thousand lives. If ever country owed debt, this country owes it to Belgium, to keep the breath in the bodies of her people. Owes it, and must pay it.

In standing to her guns, Belgium saved, of course, the whole world, for modern civilization is built on nothing if not on good faith and honorable obligation; but it is France and Britain before all that she has saved. France, however, has a terrific task in the rescue of her own ruined millions in the north. Thanks, perhaps, to ruined Belgium, Britain has not, may never have, to rescue and restore ruined towns and countryside.

In return, what is Britain doing? Spending money and blood like water, to drive the Germans out of Belgium! Yes! But let us be honest. We should have had to do that in any case, for our own interest. We are not thereby discharging the debts of gratitude, justice, and humanity. Giving hospitality to 200,000 Belgians? It is something, but not enough. Not nearly enough! So far we have not faced at all the desperate situation of Belgium itself; we have not, indeed, been asked to. From Canada, and Australia, with one-fifth of our population, help to the value of £150,000 a month has been coming in. From ourselves, practically nothing. But in future, all eyes are turning to us; it is we who are now asked to stay the march of death.

A penny of income tax in our country yields nearly three million pounds. If each one of us sets aside at once one penny from every pound of his income, this people is saved—this people more cruelly wronged than ever people were, this people to whom each one of us owes a debt, that we have not realized, that we cannot realize in its full proportions. If Belgium starves, the civilized world incurs a stain more black than we dare to contemplate; a little country gave itself for Civilization, and Civilization, having the means to save it, let it perish! We are dealing here not with words, ideals, and what not, we are dealing with hunger—a very simple thing; if people are not fed, they die. No ultimate victories, vindications, and indemnities are of the least use to Belgians, starving now. If they are not kept alive—on the shoulders of this country, the richest country, and that which has gained most by Belgium's suffering, the reproach will lie heaviest. Verily it will!

There can be no exaggeration in the tale of Belgium's trouble, for no words can even begin to tell it as it should be told. There can be no exaggeration in the expression of gratitude for what we

"Britain Will Not Let Belgium Starve."

[The following letter has been received from the famous English essayist, John Galsworthy. We request from our readers careful attention to this plea.—Ed.]
Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Sir,—We have pledged our honor to restore Belgium. But Belgium is not a word—it is a people; and the Belgian people are starving. If we let it perish during the process of restoration we shall have grasped only the shadow of our task.