

newsboy approached Whistler. "How old are you?" the great man said.

"Seven, sir," the grimy urchin answered.

"Oh! you must be more than that," Whistler insisted.

"No, sir, I ain't," rejoined the boy. Then, turning to a friend, Whistler said: "I don't think he could get as dirty as that in seven years, do you?"

The master rarely met his match, although he did so once in Sir Morrell Mackenzie, the famous throat specialist. He called in Sir Morrell to treat a French poodle of which he was most fond. The physician was none too well pleased at being invited to diagnose the illness of a dog. He prescribed, however, pocketed his fee, and drove away. Next day he sent an urgent message to Whistler, asking him to call quickly. On his arrival Sir Morrell said, without a smile, "How do you do, Mr. Whistler. I wanted to see you about having my front door painted."

The Beaver Circle

Our Senior Beavers.

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

Sunflowers and Hollyhocks.

All day long, by our old brick wall,
Stand ten hollyhocks, stately and tall,
Pink and crimson, in gorgeous row,
All rosetted from top to toe.

Across the lawn, so quaint and grand,
Ten tall sunflowers stiffly stand,
With smiling faces of brownish hue,
And yellow ruffles gemmed with dew.

But when the moonbeams' magical light
Streams o'er the sparkling grass at night,
Out from the shade of the garden wall
Trip ten hollyhock ladies tall;

And out to meet them trip the ten
Gallant young sunflower gentlemen;
Then all night long, to a dreamy tune,
They dance a measure 'neath the moon.

These dear, quaint flowers always grew
In the old-world gardens our grandsires
knew.

And still they dance in the olden way,
To curtsey and part at break of day.

Funnies.

To an old French-Canadian who was coming to town one morning on a lame horse, someone remarked:

"Why, Monsieur Le Blanc, your horse is lame!"

"No, no, my frien', he no lame," the old man replied, "but he beaucoup fatigue in one leg."

HONESTY OF CHILDHOOD.

A lady, out wheeling her two-months-old baby, met a neighbor's boys, aged four and six years, and asked them if they wouldn't like to see the baby. The little fellows, highly elated at the invitation, tipped their chins over the edge of the baby buggy, when the younger broke forth: "Oh, isn't it cute! He looks just like the little monkeys we saw up in the park!" "No, Harold," protested the elder brother, nudging the little four-year-old. "He doesn't look like a monkey!" All the time he kept up a vicious nudging at little Harold, who, seeing a great light dawn, suddenly corrected his blunder by explaining, "Well, I just meant his face."

Senior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—I have just finished reading the letters in the Beaver Circle. I enjoy reading the letters; they are so interesting. Papa has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a number of years, and we all think it is a valuable paper and would not do without it. I go to school every day I can. I have about two and a half miles to go. Our teacher's name is Miss Ewald. We all like her very much. I love to read, and my favorite books are: "A Girl of the Limberlost," "Little Women," "Little

Men," "The Gold Hunters," and many others. I will close, wishing the Beaver Circle every success.

VERA B. EIDT.

P. S.—I would be very much pleased if some of the Beavers of my own age (12) would write to me.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—I always read the letters, and have thought I would like to write. I wonder how many of the Beavers like reading books? I do, anyway. Some I have read are: "Anne of Green Gables," "Anne of Avonlea," "Chronicles of Avonlea," "Mother Carey's Chickens," "A Girl of the Limberlost," "Freckles," and quite a number of others. I go to school every day, and like it fine. Our teacher's name is Miss Day. We all like her fine. I am mostly at the head of my class, and I like to be there. As this is my first letter to your Circle I will close now. Yours sincerely,

ISABEL PORTER.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—My brother has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" since New Year's, and we all enjoy reading it very much, so I thought I would join in, too. As soon as the "Advocate" comes home, I want to have it to read the letters in your Circle, which I enjoy very much. I go to school every day, and I like to go. We all like our teacher; her name is Miss McFadden. I

now, hoping to see this in print, and wishing your Circle every success.

WALLACE BRAGG (age 13, Sr. IV).
Bowmanville, Ont., R. R. No. 4.

To Puck and his Beavers.—I wrote once before to your Circle and found my letter printed, and it encouraged me to write another. I think your Circle very interesting to the young people. It is to me. Papa has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for some years, and would not be without it now. I go to school and am in the Fourth Class. My teacher's name is Miss Card, and I like her very much. My pets are my little twin sisters, age sixteen months. They started to walk just before Christmas. I would just as leave play with the babies any time as do anything else. Their names are Erma and Verna. Well, I think I will close, wishing the Beaver Circle every success.

PEARL ROGERS (age 12).
Ruthven, Ont., R. F. D. No. 1.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—I am going to write to you. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for about 12 years. I like reading your charming Circle. I have a mile to go to school, and go every time I can. I like reading books. Some I have read are: "Anne of Green Gables," "Anne of Avonlea," "Mildred Keith," "Jean Cabot at Ash-



A Thimble Party.

am in the Senior Third Class. We have a library in our school, and I have read some of the books. We have to study harder in school now on account of the examinations. I am glad when they are past. For pets I have two dogs. One is a Scotch collie, Watch; the other is a black-and-white fox terrier, Topsy. I have a brother and a sister older than I. Guess I will close with a few riddles, as my letter is getting rather long.

What was the last of poor dog Tray?
Ans.—His bark.

Brick upon brick and a hole in the middle?
Ans.—A chimney.

NELLIE HOFFMANN.
Crosshill, Ont., R. R. No. 1.

P. S.—Answer to riddle given by Ina Denham is one P.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—I live on a farm of one hundred and fifty acres, near the shore of Lake Ontario. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for years; long before I can remember. We all like it very much. I like reading it, especially the stories, and the letters written by the boys and girls. I like reading books, too. My favorites are: "Hans Brinker," "Swiss Family Robinson," "The Lion of St. Mark," and "Both Sides the Border." My letter is getting rather long, so I had better close

ton," and "Five Little Peppers." I hope this will escape the greedy wastepaper basket. I will close with a riddle.

We milk five cows, four in the morning and four in the evening. Ans.—Two cows we milk once a day.

ALBERTA BECKER (age 13, Sr. IV).
Mildmay, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—I would like to join your charming Circle. I wrote once before, but my letter was not in print. My cousin has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for quite a while, and I take great delight in reading the letters of the little girls and boys. We live in Prince Edward County. I like to go to school; our teacher's name is Miss Paul, and we all like her fine. I live on a farm of 200 acres. I do not care for pets; I would rather read books. This being my second letter and I am afraid of the w-p. b., I will close with two riddles.

As round as an apple, as flat as a ship, has four little eyes and cannot see a bit. Ans.—A button.

Why does a cow look over a hill?
Ans.—Because she cannot see through it.

ANNIE ANDERSON.
(Age 12, Sr. III.)

Northport, Ont.

Honor Roll.

Honor Roll.—Ada R. H. Planché, Catherine Oswald, Amy Oswald, Harry Lewis, Harry McBrien, Jean E. Miller, Henry Stager, Vera Spencer.

Beaver Circle Notes.

Henry Stager, age 12, 281 King St. West, Berlin, Ont., would like some of the Beavers to write to him.

Go at it Again.

While young Theodore Edison was recently experimenting with a "glass bottle bomb" in his father's laboratory, says an exchange, the contrivance exploded, and a few bits of the broken glass were embedded in the hand of the youthful investigator.

"Some of your first inventions blew up, didn't they, father?" inquired the boy.

"Yes, they did," admitted the famous inventor, "but I went at them again." There are two sides to an explosion, and as a rule, we think only of the danger involved, which isn't the whole of it, by any means. When a thing "blows up," we lose the material we put into it, and we lose—or seem to lose—all the labor we have bestowed in thinking the thing out and putting it together. That is discouraging enough, even if we get off without painful cuts and bruises.

Real explosions are comparatively rare, but many things besides gunpowder and dynamite have a tendency to "blow up." Outside a very narrow and well-beaten track of daily routine, failures outnumber successes ten to one, and the more important an undertaking is, the more likely we are to fail repeatedly in our first efforts. When this happens we are too apt to lose heart and turn our hand to something easier. If we can't do a thing the first time, we say, what good reason have we to think we can do it the second time or the third?

Nobody knows better than Thomas Edison that the way to win out in any undertaking is to "go at it again." He has scored so many marvellous successes in his particular line that enthusiastic admirers call him a wizard, but he himself persistently declares that his achievements are due mainly to hard work and to a thorough study of every subject he has taken up. That is the common story of every man who has been eminently successful in anything.

Cyrus W. Field went back to the Atlantic cable, amid the jeers of the skeptical, and in spite of the advice of faint-hearted friends, who believed that failure was a foregone conclusion. It was much the same with Fulton and his steamboat. Indeed, it is safe to say that if it were not for men of the persistent "go-at-it-again" type we should have neither telegraphs nor telephones, railway trains nor ocean liners.

The boy who leaves a difficult problem after trying it once or twice is starting on the wrong road to win success. The problem doesn't matter so much, perhaps, but the habit of going out of our way to avoid a difficulty is fatal. No man reaches an enviable eminence in any kind of work whose track behind is strewn with abandoned projects. If a thing is worth putting our hand to at all it is worth going at it again.—Charles T. White, in the Comrade.

A certain old gentleman's lack of "polish" is a sad trial to his eldest daughter. Not long ago the family were gathered in the library, one of the windows of which was open.

"That air—" the father began, but was quickly interrupted.

"Father, dear, don't say 'that air'—say 'that there'—" the daughter admonished.

"Well, this ear—" he again attempted but was as quickly brought to a halt.

"Nor 'this ere; this here, is correct," he was told.

The old gentleman rose with an angry snort. "Look here, Mary," he said. "Of course I know you have been to school and all that, but I reckon I know what I want to say; an' I am going to say it. I believe I feel cold in this ear from that air, and I'm going to shut the window!"

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