

The Beaver Circle.

OUR SENIOR BEAVERS.

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

Hurrah for Thanksgiving

Hurrah for Thanksgiving! "What for?" did you say?

Why, sir, if you don't know, it's queer;

I'm going to grandpa's; say, ain't that enough

To "rattle" most any boy here?

Did you have a grandpa when you were a boy?

And didn't you go once a year To help him to eat all the jolly good things

He fixes for Thanksgiving cheer?

It's grandma, I s'pose, though, that makes all the pies—

Such stunning ones, pumpkin and mince,

And puddings, and cakes, with frosting and tarts,

That's quite good enough for a prince.

And there is the turkey and chickens and ducks,

All stuffed with such jolly good stuff,

A boy has to eat till he can't eat no more,

And then he's not got half enough.

There's a cute little pig with some corn in his mouth,

You think he was going to squeal;

It seems 'most a pity to eat him up, too,

But he beats them all by a deal.

And then in the evening there's apples and nuts,

And games, till the old clock strikes ten,

Then all the small cousins must go off to bed

And dream it all over again.

But sometimes the dreams don't seem half so nice;

There's Injuns, and bears, and sly mice,

And they dance on your stomach and pull at your scalp

In a manner that's not very nice.

But they all run away with the bright morning sun,

And we all bundle up and go home.

Then hurrah for Thanksgiving! I say, sir; don't you?

I wish it would hurry and come.

—Selected.

Some Honor Roll Letters

A Trip on a Boat.

Every summer our Sunday School has a picnic or something like that as an amusement for the little folks. We always have votes on what we want, and a picnic always carried, but this summer we had a vote on "A Trip on the Boat" or "A Picnic," and "The Trip on the Boat" carried. I was awfully glad, for that was what I wanted.

We all waited patiently for the Saturday to come. At last it did come. We drove out to Cumberland (ten miles from Navan) to take the boat. None of us missed it, but one load wasn't far ahead of time. I drove out in a buggy with my sister and a neighbor girl, Daisy Shaw. When we got there we put our horse in the hotel stables and walked down to the wharf. We had not long to wait before the "Duchess of York" landed. We all got aboard, and when we got on we found there was another Sunday School on from Ottawa, but they got off at Rockland, and we went as far as the boat went. We hadn't much fun until they got off, and then we had the whole boat to ourselves.

Both our school teachers were on, Miss Bayne and Miss Rothwell, and Miss Rothwell played the school songs on the piano and we all sang.

We had boxes of candy served around, then we bought ice cream, oranges, bananas, etc. We had our dinner and supper on the boat also.

There was a splendid breeze while we were on board. We went on deck and let the wind blow up our sleeves, then my girl friend and I went down to the lower part of the boat and saw the huge anchor. We tried to lift it, but we couldn't budge it. We leaned over the railing and watched the great waves dashing against the boat.

When the city (Ottawa) Sunday School was getting on again at Rockland, after

having their dinner and supper there, the women carried wild ferns, daisies, buttercups, and such weeds, and one of my friends was asking why they didn't bring some thistles too.

As it got near evening the water got rough, and the boat resembled a plow while it was pushing through the water.

When it reached Cumberland wharf again in the evening we all lamented greatly, for we had such a glorious time.

I certainly had a better time than I have stated here, but I fear I would take up too much room in relating all the happenings.

Some of my Beaver friends wouldn't think it much of a treat to go on the boat, but it certainly was a treat to me, for it is just about once a year that I ever see water.

This day was (to my knowledge) the "best time I ever had in my life."

LYDIA McCULLOUGH

Navan, Ont. (Age 14, Book V.).

Another Trip to "The Farm."

The best time I ever had in my life was with an excursion party. My school teacher took her third and fourth classes to Guelph on June 10th, 1910, to see the Agricultural Farm and buildings. I was one of the third class, so I went.

I had to get up at four o'clock in the morning, as we had to start for the station at five. It was nine miles. I got quite tired waiting for the train, as it was late. At last it came, but we could hardly find room for our party of six, on account of the large crowd on the car.

The ride was fine. We watched the scenery, and we went over a bridge under which was a small creek, where the water was running gently. Cattle were down by the side of the creek drinking water, and standing in the shade of the beautiful trees in the small valley.

We arrived at Guelph about noon. Next we must hurry and get a street car to go to our teacher's home for dinner, as she lived there. In the afternoon we went to the Agricultural Farm to see everything that was there. It certainly was fine.

First we went to the Museum, and saw the different kinds of birds, fish, nests, eggs, fruit, wood, shells, animals, and many other things, that would take too much time to mention. There was a tent in which were sold oranges, bananas, ice cream, candies and other things. We went there and bought a lot of the fruits and candies to eat.

We were also in the green-house, and saw a lot of pretty plants, flowers, and a large banana tree with bananas on which were not quite ripe. Next we saw the hotbeds. There were tomatoes, cabbage and different vegetables planted in them. We went down to the stables to see the cows, horses, pigs, and such animals as were kept there. The milkmen were just coming to milk the cows. There were some lovely horses, such as those large farm horses which look so strong and able to do a lot of hard work; others were small. They were fine driving horses.

We did not get to see the dairy house where they make butter, as it was now getting late, but we must take time to hear some music. We went to a building where there was a lady playing a piano. The music was fine, but she did not play very long. Off this room was a hall that led to the post office. In there were long rows of boxes in which the mail was put.

It was now near five o'clock, so we must get a street car to go to the station. We got on one, but I hardly knew if the six of us were there or not. After some time I managed to see us all there crowded in so tightly we could scarcely move. At last we arrived on the train, where scarcely a seat was filled. We had our choice of many seats to sit on.

Some men came in the car and were singing. We soon ate our lunch, which we had brought from our teacher's home. We knew we shouldn't get any supper until midnight.

I arrived home in the rain at one o'clock that same night. I was very tired, but in spite of it I certainly enjoyed myself that day.

There is a great deal of pleasure in a holiday trip, and I am sure it was the best day of my life.

FERN A. STERNAMAN

Selkirk, Ont. (Age 12, Book III.).

A Happy Christmas.

Of all happy periods of our lives, what happier time can we think of than Christmas, the day when all wrongs are forgotten and true brotherly feeling for all reigns? I am going to describe one of these Christmases, for it was, if not the best, one of the best times of my life.

We had planned before to spend the day with friends in a town about ten miles from our home, and that morning we awoke to find the sun spreading its rays over the white world beneath it. A more perfect day could not have been wished for; Jack Frost had been at his work during the night and the snow was crisp and the air keen.

At about nine o'clock we had our wraps on and the robes in the sleigh; then we started, and, oh, how beautiful and care-free the world then seemed as we glided over the sparkling snow! We went on what is known here as the Valley Road, and there Nature displayed beauty that words could not describe. Forest is on each side of the road, and a number of small streams cross the road, all on their way to join the Beaver River, which runs through the valley. Evergreen trees principally make up this forest, and with a mantle of snow covering them, and their branches drooping down to the icy water, nothing could be prettier.

We arrived at F— somewhere between half past ten and eleven o'clock—a cold but happy sleighload. After we were warm and the season's greetings had been exchanged, we made our way into the parlor, where stood the Christmas tree; the room was darkened, and then the candles and electric sparks were lighted. We waited till these had burned out, then the first object which met our eyes was Mr. Goose, with spectacles on his nose, or bill, and the carving knives in his hands—or if you wish, his feet—sitting sedately in a small rocking chair under the tree. We all had a good laugh over this, and then began the distributing of the presents. When this was finished we retired to the dining-room for the turkey, goose, Christmas pudding, etc.

After dinner we amused ourselves in various ways, the older ones talking or reading, and the younger ones playing games or with their new toys. In this way the sunshiny afternoon deepened into the golden glow of twilight, and then we began to get ready for the long drive home. The young folks wanted to come with us part way, so we had a merry time, with the horses speeding along and snatches of song and laughter ringing out on the frosty night air. When we got some distance out of the town, about a mile and a half, we bid the others good-bye, as they jumped off the sleigh ready for their walk home. We soon grew quieter, as we were now tired, and as I watched the moon peeping up over the hill that poem which we have in one of our school books, "A Song of the Sleigh," came to my mind:

On a winter's night,
When hearts are light,
And health is on the wind,
We loose the rein,
And sweep the plain,
And leave our cares behind.

O, swift we go
O'er the fleecy snow,
When moonbeams sparkle round,
When hoofs keep time
To music's chime,
As merrily on we bound.

With a laugh and song
We glide along
Across the fleeting snow;
With friends beside,
How swift we ride
On the beautiful track below!

O the raging sea
Has joys for me,
When gale and tempests roar!
But give me the speed
Of a foaming steed,
And I'll ask for the waves no more.

ODESSA WALTER

Kimberley, Ont. (Class IV., Sr.).

OUR JUNIOR BEAVERS.

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

Under the Tree.

By Rebecca D. Moore.

A sad little girl sat under a tree.
"I'm so lonely, so lonely, so lonely!"
sighed she.

"Oh, why won't somebody play with me?"

But no one came but a green froggie.
"Doncher grump, doncher grump, doncher grump!" said he.

The sad little girl sat under the tree.
"But what shall I do to be gay?"
sighed she.

"I wish somebody would please tell me!"

And no one did—but a bumblebee.

"Be bizzee, bizzee, be bizzee!" said he.

Junior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. We have nearly six miles to go to our Kingston Con. School. I could not tell you how many different kinds of birds we saw this spring; we are always on the look out for them coming and going from school. I want to tell you of a little hummingbird the cat caught, and we took it from her and kept it in a cage for three or four weeks. It was hurt so it could not fly, but tried hard, and could hum with his wings. It would sit on your finger and eat water and sugar and honey from flowers. It was fun to watch it run its long tongue into a nasturtium or sweet pea, and it learned to know its little feed dish, and would come to it when you put it down. We found its tongue would run out long, and would split at the point when he would run it into the sugar, and water, then closing, would suck it up quite quickly. One night it caught in wire of cage and made his wound bleed, and in a few days he died. We made a little box, and I dug a grave, and six of us went to his funeral.

WILFRED WETMORE

(Grade V., Age 9).

Clifton, King's Co., N.B.

This is a very good letter for a Junior Beaver, Wilfred. We are sending you a prize.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As this is my second letter to the Beaver Circle, I will describe our farm. There are one hundred acres in it. We had ten acres of wheat, six acres barley, and it was certainly beautiful; fourteen acres of oats, and they weren't as good as they might be, but they are all right. We have all of our wheat and barley in the barn, and twenty-eight acres of hay; it was pretty light this year. We had to stack the oats because the barn was full. We had four acres of corn, over six feet high. Our house is a brick house, with a lawn. We have about twenty acres of bush, and it is beautiful; it is pretty near all maple trees. We tap the maple trees in the spring, and make maple syrup. We made so much that we are nearly sick of it. We tapped seventy-five maple trees.

We have the telephone in the house. I passed into the Second Book. I am glad of it. My sister Kathleen passed her entrance, and she said all of the time she failed, and I said she passed, but she would not give in.

My brother and I went out to the other place to see our cattle. I hope this will escape the w.p.b. I will close.

GEORGE HUSTON.

Strathburn, Ont.

Dear Beaver Circle,—I have a pet dog and his name is Bill. He is white, with a brown spot on his ear. This year I tried for the Second Book and passed. I am eight years old, and had to go to school alone after summer holidays because my sister stopped going. We have a piano, and I am thinking of taking music lessons soon, as I would like to learn how to play.

I live beside the railroad, and see a great many trains passing every day. As this is getting a long letter I will close. Hoping this will escape the w.p.b.

FLORENCE GRAHAM

Glencoe, Ont. (Age 8, II. Book).