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Now, girls, you may judge how hard it was, out of about one hundred compositions, to judge which two or three were best. We have tried to be fair by dividing our competitors into three classes: (1) Those of 13 years of age and over. (2) Those of 11 and 12. (3) "Junior Beavers"—10 and under. You see, this competition was announced under the old rule of classification, according to age. Henceforth you must tell your class at school instead, as announced in last Beaver Circle.

Adding together the marks for good composition, neatness, etc., we found the winners to be as follows:

Age 13 and over.—Anne Gillispie, who wrote the most imaginative composition; and Velma Augustine. Age 11 and 12.—Grace Totten, Coral McIvor. Junior Beavers—Kathleen Bradley, Dorothy Parson, Lillias Brown.

son, Lillias Browne. — Honor Roll though not prize-winners). — Winifred Lageer, Charlotte Dance, Marion Wallace, Elva Armstrong, Lillie McKinnon, Bessie Weld Hallie Taylor, Myrtle Orchard, Gladys Tuok, Churchill, Mildred Orchard, Gladys Tuok, Muriel May, Kathleen Gilbert, Mamie McGuire, Frances Nelles, Ettie Baker, Daisy Watts, Catherine McDonald, Annie Crane, Kathleen Murray, Bessie Sells, Cora Adams, Anna McKellar, Ella McNaught, Neva Haskett, Berdie McKay, Vera Perdue, Annie Condy, Ida Andrews, Dorothy Newton. A number of other compositions could not be considered, because information as to the age of the writers did not arrive in time. Please do not be so forgetful next time.

PICTURE COMPETITION.

(Age 13 and over.)

The Story of Antonio.

Away in the city of Naples lived the little boy whose story I am going to write. His name was Antonio, and he was all alone in the world, but the neighbors were kind, giving him food and a place to sleep, in return for which he took care of their babies and amused the children, for he could tell wonderful stories, making them live before his little audience. He had a faint recollection of an old woman who used to care for him and croon lullabies, but that was long ago, and like a dream. As he grew older, he earned many a bit of silver from the tourists, who picked out little Tony from the group of children to act as guide, for his soft, black eyes, red cheeks, and white teeth, showing in his sunny smile, made him a general favorite. Somehow, he learned to read and write, and often people whom he guided would tell him of the great world outside, and leave books and papers, which he kept as treasures. Sometimes there were pictures, and Tony would gaze at them long and then try to reproduce them, for his fingers were clever, and he could draw and paint, and carve. He sold some of the figures he carved, and one day a man staying at one of the hotels, seeing what he did with his knife, gave him a set of tools to work with. Then it was that a great ambition became a fixed purpose, and he resolved to start on foot for Paris, the city he had heard so much about, where he was sure he could find the great sculptor he had read about and work under him.

under him.

All summer he sold his carvings and guided the tourists, also he planned a way to earn his living while on the road. He carved two little figures, dressing them in the costume of his country, then a long, thin board was smoothed, and, with tightly-twisted string around the figures, and fastened to his knee, he made them dance, bow and courtesy. He had one of the soft, flute-like pipes, and a little boy at the hotel gave him his drum when he went away; so one morning he bade good-bye to the people who had been kind to him,

and, with his few things in a bag, started out to seek his fortune. Everyone was kind to him, and, for a while, he got on well, but as he came to the mountains it got colder, and the way was rough, and it seemed as if he was always tired. Just at the close of day he came to a high hill, at the top of which he could see buildings where he thought he might get a place to sleep, so, although his feet were heavy, and a strange feeling seemed to be creeping over him, he kept on. Just before reaching the buildings, a little girl darted into the road and stood looking at him. She was one of those fair little creatures, with blue eyes and golden curls, which the setting sun turned into a halo. Seeing how weary was the lad, she held out her arms and stood smiling to help him. To the boy's fevered mind she seemed but a dream, and he murmured, "an angel!" She led him into the house where all the family were gathered. Rallying at the sight of so many faces, he asked them if he could stay for the night. Seeing how spent he was, they told him he might stay, and while the good mother hurried to cut slices off the black loaf and get some goat's milk, from force of habit he took out the little figures and arranged them on the floor and began to play. The children were delighted, and the baby crowed and tried to grasp them in her arms. All at once the strange feeling crept over him again; he swayed, and would have fallen if the mother had not caught him. "This poor child is sick,"

wanted to become a sculptor. All his spare time he worked on the little image, which gradually took the likeness of his little angel. Now, away back in Naples, in those long, idle days, he had found on the shore a certain kind of red shell, which, being ground very fine and mixed with oil and rubbed into the rough marble, left a flesh-tint on the finished work, making the figure lifelike. Tony had come from a long line of sculptors, although he did not know it until after he became famous. He had some of those shells with him, and used them on the image. When done, it was a beautiful, delicate piece of work. Wrapping it carefully, he took it to the great exhibition buildings and asked if he could enter it. They looked at it, and then began to question him. Where did he get it? Who carved it? etc. Finally they told him to sit down a little while and they would see about it. Meanwhile they sent to the sculptor, asking him to come quickly. When he arrived, they told him the story. He remembered giving Tony the piece of marble. "My boy, how did you make the marble glow with life?" he exclaimed in astonishment. "But wait! come to my home to-night and we will talk it over. You shall not stay in the yards another day. If you can carve like that, you shall have the best place in the studio." Soon the little image was the talk of the city, and sold for a great price. Tony sent money to the people who had cared for him through his sickness, and to his little angel, a most beautifully carved ring



The Highland Shepherd's Home.
From a painting by Landseer, 1802-1873.

she said, as she laid him on the bed and bathed his hot face and hands. For many a long day he lay tossing and babbling of the water around beautiful Naples, of the long journey, and the little angel. They cared for him through it all, and one morning he awoke with the fever all gone, and soon he was able to use his hands again, and all the little figures that he carved had the face of the little angel.

There came a day when he was strong enough to start again on his journey. Through his kind friends, enough money was given him to get a ticket at the next town, and go by rail the rest of the way. They all watched him from the top of the hill, and, turning at the foot for a last glimpse, the morning sun touching again the golden curls made the halo around the face of the little girl.

Soon he was in the great city, and had found the sculptor whom he had sought. He was given a place, one of the poorest, where he was laughed and jeered at by the boys who carried the waste away, but he was content, knowing that if he were faithful, there would be given him a chance to rise. One day a small piece of beautiful white marble was broken off, and, seeing that it lay unheeded, he asked if he might have it. The sculptor said yes, and laughingly asked him if he thought he could carve. For, as yet, he had told no one that he

on its grandfather's knee, laughing and clapping its hands for joy, while its little sister sat in one corner watching, and holding the dog in her arms, who, thinking the dolls were alive, wanted to set down and tear them to pieces.

Two little children who were going along on the street heard the music and stopped at the window to listen. It pleased them very much, and they both hoped he would come to their house.

As the old lady knew the little boy was hungry, she quietly went (so as not to interrupt him while playing), cut off a large slice of beautiful bread, and some Limburger cheese, and gave it to him, which pleased him very much.

When the little boy was through playing, the old lady told him "That was good!" and grandpa said, too, "Oh, yes, yes, that was very good." He then dropped a penny into the little fellow's hand, and the young musician, gathering up his dolls, went away feeling very pleased and happy.

VELMA AUGUSTINE (age 13).
Aughrim P. O., Ont.

The Birthday Fete.

Near the outskirts of a little village, nestled among the Alps, stands a little Swiss cottage. Not many years before, happiness had reigned in the simple household of Fritz Snelder, but when the fierce persecution of the Huguenots began, the father had been imprisoned for openly sympathizing with the Huguenots.

Then the hard times came. Karl, the eldest son, had endeavored to assist his mother in the struggle for bread. He had often carved toys of wood for his little sister, Gretchen, and now he be- thought himself of carving some for the village toy-shops.

His wares were purchased, and in the evenings his mother, sister, and himself, would gather round the fireplace and weave baskets of the inner bark of some trees which grew in the woods near by, and as they worked they talked of their father, and the happy times they had before his imprisonment.

When it grew too late to work, little Baby Heinrich toddled up to his mother, climbed up in her lap, and listened to the talk of his father, whom he could not remember. A pretty picture they made sitting around the fireplace with their picturesque costumes showing distinctly in the firelight.

Just before going to bed, Karl would take down the old family Bible, which had been handed down for many generations, and would read a chapter. After the reading was over one night, he listlessly turned over the pages, and when he came to the back he saw all the family names recorded; from his great-great-grandfather, to his tiny brother. As he gazed at them, he suddenly exclaimed, "Why, day after to-morrow is Baby's birthday!"

The next day was all preparation. Karl carved two new toys for his little brother, and his mother said that if their baskets and toys brought enough that day, she would make a sweet cake, which they had never had since father went away, while Gretchen brought forth a beloved puppy, which had been a present to her, and said she would give it to Heinrich the following day.

Karl had been to the village, and had received a good price for their toys and baskets, and had got home just before the evening meal. The presentations had been made, and they were just about to sit down to supper, when they heard the sound of footsteps at the door.

A German Scene.

Far away in Germany there lived a very happy family of four persons, grandfather, grandmother, a little girl eight years old, and a baby of about two.

It was winter, and a very cold afternoon. The old lady was knitting. Her husband was reading by the fireplace, and the children were playing.

Suddenly they heard a rap at the door. On going to the door the old lady saw a little beggar boy standing there. He told her he was cold and hungry, so she asked him to come in. He soon got quite warm, and then began to play for the baby. He had a fife, a pair of cymbals, and a couple of dancing dolls, which were all he had to make his living out of, and he played while the dolls danced. The baby sat

A Story.

A long time ago, in Scotland, there lived a peasant, with a family of four, two girls and two boys. Their house was very plain and old-fashioned, but