

And there the Prince was sitting with the Princess on his knee—
For so they held their little girls in the year sixteen, B. C.!

"Your Highness", thus the wisest said,
"We've done the best we could;
We've looked and looked across the sea and b-beyond the wood,
And not a mountain can be seen that's bigger than a bun,
And as for fetching one, we swear it c-c-can't be done!
And so—" No farther could he get,
For wakened from her dream,
Just here the Princess gave a jump and started in to scream.
The councilors, all in a heap, went rolling down the stair;
The nurses ran about the room with wildly streaming hair;
They flew to get the smelling-salts and bottles of cologne,
Called up—Now there I am again! there was no telephone!

The Prince, distracted, paced the floor, with anguish in his eye,
And ordered dinner sent away, untouched—'twas peacock pie!
Then if something hadn't happened—but, it did, and deary me,
If it hadn't she'd be screaming yet, as far as I can see!
All shook their heads—they turned away—the very butler wept!
When from a corner all at once a little lad there stepped,
The little Buttons—no, of course, that wasn't what he wore!
The little page who always stood beside the big front door.
"Your Highness!" piped his merry voice,—he doubled up with glee,
"She wants to see a mountain smoke, so that's what she must see!
And if it can't be brought to her,"—they thought his sides would split,—
"Why not do this,—Your Highness dear, why not take her to it?"

That's all—now let us think of this, their rapture and surprise,
And how the Princess had her wish, the Prince his peacock pies,
And how they gave that little page the thing he wanted most,
(I wish it might have been a sled—he never learned to coast!)
Now think how lucky for them all, how providential quite,
That since the Princess was so spoiled, the page he was so bright,
And if the children were like that, how thankful we should be
We do not live—you, dears, and I—in the year sixteen, B. C.!

Little Bits of Fun.

Sadie was eleven, and Alice was seven.
At lunch Sadie said: "I wonder what part of an animal a chop is. Is it a leg?"
"Of course not," replied Alice; "it is the jawbone. Haven't you ever heard of animals licking their chops?"

Student: "There must be some mistake in my examination marking. I don't think I deserve an absolute zero."
Inspector: "Neither do I, but it is the lowest mark I am allowed to give."

The Thoughts of the Lonely Guard.

BY "AN OLD BEAVER."

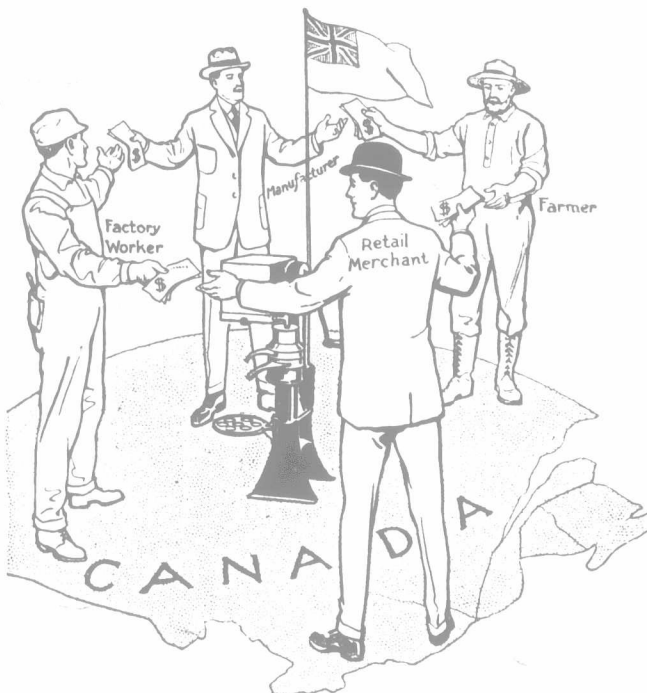
The night was cold and dark and dreary,
The guard his route did pace so weary,
He thought of home, and loved ones dear,
Gathered around the fireside bright with cheer.

And as he thought of those days gone by,
Something stole from his sleepy eye
And dropped into the sand so hot,
Where many a gallant hero had fought.

He thought of his friends of school-boy days,
How many had fallen in former frays,
He seemed to see them all once more,
Playing together as in days of yore.

He saw his mother in the lamp-light dim,
Plying her needle making socks for him;
He saw those fingers so worn and thin,
Which had toiled full many a day for him.

Suddenly his eyes grew big and bright,
And his face gleamed with a radiant light;



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Every cent you invest in the Standard helps to maintain Canada's own resources and to build up her strength. But the Standard relies not upon your patriotism alone.

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This saving may seem small until you realize what it means to you. With say, eight cows, it amounts up to four

pounds of extra butter-fat every week. At 30c. a pound butter-fat price, you make an extra profit of \$1.20 per week, or in 40 weeks of milking, \$48. We will accept this amount as first payment on your new Standard. With eight cows your Standard pays for itself out of savings! Will it not pay you handsomely to replace your old machine and get a Made-in-Canada Standard?

The Standard's close skimming is proven by Government Dairy Schools tests. We are always glad to have the Standard tested beside any other separator, wherever made.

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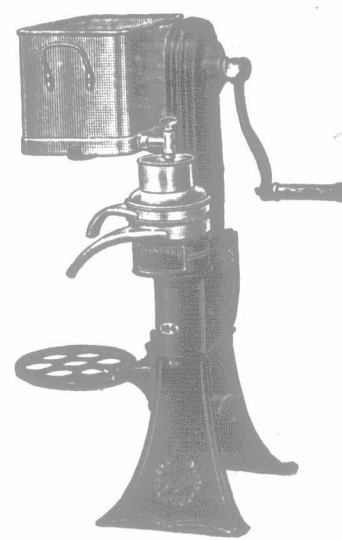
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It was for her he was treading his weary way,
That she had home, in comfort could stay.

And now his heart felt free from care,
And he felt as though he were walking on air;
And as he walked on in that cold dark night,
He wished for the morrow, that he might fight.

Senior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—It is a long time since I have written to you. Although I have not written for some time I have

been reading your interesting letters. I go to school every day, and am in the Junior Fourth Class. Our teacher's name is Miss Campbell and we all like her fine, and think it is only a pleasure to go. I missed a week this winter on account of having the chicken pox but I am all better now. I have one sister and three brothers. The baby is ten months old and we call him John Frederick, after our two soldier uncles in the war. We have a library in our school and I have read quite a number of books, some of which are: Glengarry School Days, Elsie Dinsmore, Robinson Crusoe, An Old Fashioned Girl, Driven From Home, etc.

We have great fun playing ball at school and we enjoy it very much. We have not very far to go to school as it is about one hundred yards away. Well as my letter is growing long I guess I had better close, hoping the waste-paper basket is asleep.

GRACE S. SOBEY, age 12.

Wilmot Valley, P. E. I.
P. S.—I would like to correspond with a girl my own age if she will write first.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—I have never written to your circle before so thought I would write to-night. I go to school every day, and am in the Junior Fourth Class. Our teacher's name is Miss Campbell and we all like her fine, and enjoy going to school very much. I have four sisters and two brothers.

I have read quite a lot of books, some of which are: Polly the New-Fashioned Girl, Driven from Home, Paul the Peddler, Phil the Fiddler, and some others.

A lot around her have the chicken pox.