

may reach The Beaver Circle not later than September 1st. Address them to "The Beaver Circle, Farmer's Advocate, London, Ont."

Junior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for quite a while, and I like reading the little letters. I have three brothers and no sisters. I live half a mile from school and four miles from the post office.

I have a pet dog called "Jack." My brother and I hitch him to the little sleigh, and have great fun sleigh-riding in winter. Wishing Puck and the Beavers every success, I am your little friend,

LUELLA FARR
(Age 9, Sr. II.).

Floradale, Ont.

Dear Beavers,—As this is my first letter to your Circle, I hope it is not for the waste-paper basket. I thought I would tell you about our flowers at school. The boys have one side of the walk and the girls the other. Of course our side is the nicest. We have 1½ miles to go to school; we found it very cold last winter, but we drove our white pony (we call her Dolly), and put her in a near-by stable. There are seven in our family, four brothers and two sisters. I am a twin; my mate is a boy. As this is a long letter I will now close.

ALMA G. THOMSON
(Age 10, Jr. 3rd Book).

Woodham, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a couple of years, and I enjoy reading the letters every Friday. I have a calf for a pet. I have a black dog; his name is Watch, and he is very fond of hunting groundhogs. He killed two on the 24th of May when we were planting the mangels. We live a mile and a quarter from Neustadt. As my letter is getting long I must come to a close.

EDWIN REINER
(Age 9, Book II.).

Neustadt, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" about two years. For my pets I have a calf, coming two years old, and two rabbits, and one bantam. I have a horse named Centy. My father is spraying this morning. As my letter is getting rather long I will close. Wishing the Beaver Circle every success.

F. RUSSELL PORTER
(Age 9, Book Jr. Second).

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I am ten years old, and I go to school in summer, but it is so cold that I don't get much in winter. I like my teacher very well. Her name is Miss Jeffray. I have two pets; one is a dog and the other is a cat. The cat's name is Tibbie, and the dog's name is Molly. She is a little rat, terrier. I hope this will escape the w.p.b. I will close, wishing the Beavers every success.

BEULAH BAILEY
(Age 10, Senior Part Second).

Evansville, Ontario.

Dear Puck,—My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a long time. We go to school every day, and we get a ride with the milkmen to the school. We have a mile and a half to go to school. Our teacher's name is Miss Munro, and I like her very much. I have one brother younger than me, but I have no sisters. I guess I will close. I hope to see this in print. So good-bye.

MARGARET FRASER
(Age 10, Sr. II.).

Lancaster, Ont., 4th Con., R.R. No. 1.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I am going to tell you about one of my pets. I have a little kitten which I call Sunny. He is fond of playing with a string. One day when I went in the stable Sunny was there; he was in one of the windows trying to catch some mice. I watched him for a while to see if he would catch anything. After a while he knocked down a nest of mice. He jumped after them and soon fixed them. There were five of them, and he ate them all. I am one of the scouts of Chatsworth.

There are about 24 of us. We are going to hold our celebration on Monday if it's a fine day. Wishing the Beaver Circle every success.

EARL CARR
Chatsworth, Ont.

You are Number 43 on the Garden Competition list, Earl.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for twenty years, and we all like it very much. I have been going to school a little over one year, and like it very well. We have a school garden this year, and I have sunflowers and daisies in my plot. I have 1½ miles to go to school, and I like my teacher (Miss Baker) fine. I have no brothers and sisters to play with, but I have lots of pets. I have two dogs, Rover and Puppy. Rover will draw me all over the snow on my sleigh. Some times he goes so fast he throws me off. I want to get a little wagon for the summer.

He bought it at a store and put it in a box at our place and it got away. It stays around the farm all the time, and we throw crumbs on the gallery for him and he eats them. Well, I will close, wishing the Beavers every success.

DONALD L. McDONALD.

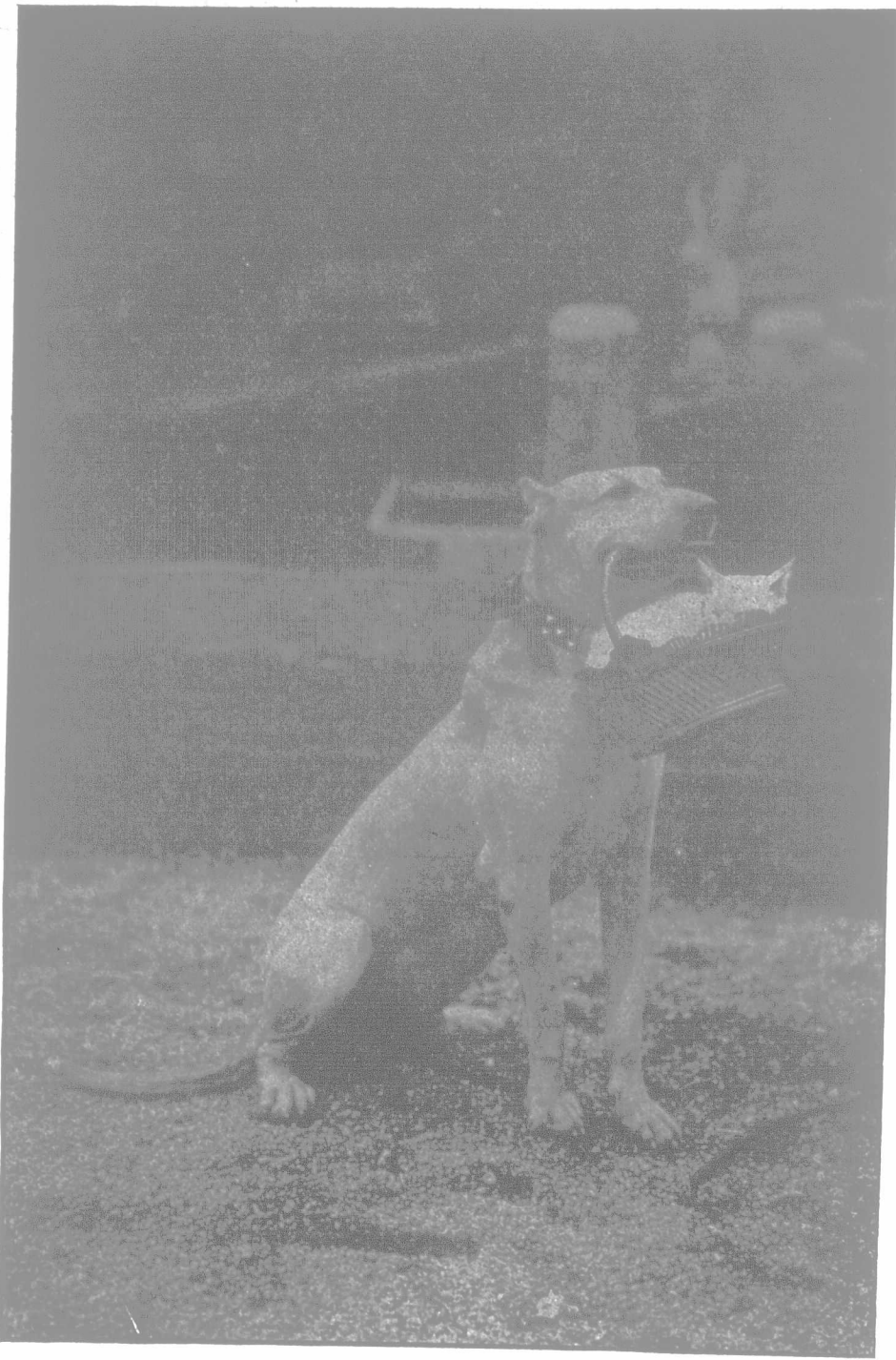
North Lancaster P. O., Ont.; Box 25.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—My birthday was the 3rd of July. I have a sister and a brother. My sister's name is Jean, and my brother's is Peter. My sister is 9 years old; my brother is 6. For pets I have a cat and dog. I call the dog Collie and the cat's name is Archie. I will close now with a riddle: Why is climbing up a steep mountain like trying to kiss a pretty girl? Ans. —Because it's hard work to reach the mouth of the crater.

LAURA REID

(Age 7, Pt. II.).

Paisley, Ont.; R.R. No. 1.



A Basketful of Kitten.

I have two old cats and seven kittens, and sixty little chickens. There is a big tile on our farm, and something was carrying grass into it, so I set a trap yesterday, and last night I caught a muskrat, and another this morning. As this is getting too long I will close, hoping this will escape the w.p.b.

DAYTON MILLS

Yarmouth Centre, Ont.

(Age 7).

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is the second letter I wrote to you, as the first one did not find its way to the waste-paper basket. We have in all eight horses; now there are two teams at home whose names are Mag, Doll, Maud and Fred, and two colts two years old, and one one-year-old; one is a fox and the other is a kind of a brown. We have a pet pigeon; he is white. It was my cousin that brought him here.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As this is the first time I have written to you, I will not make my letter too long. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" since last winter, and I enjoy reading the Beavers' letters. I have an old horse; he was given to me for a birthday present. He is 25 years old, and is very wild. I have a sister six years old. She and I go to school; she has just gone since April. She likes to go. Papa has driven me to school since November. Our teacher is a good one. She is leaving us this term. I tried for the third in June. There are 32 scholars going to our school. Wishing the Beavers every success, I will close.

HAROLD A. OTTO

(Age 9, Book Sr. II.).

Newington, Ont.

Beaver Circle Notes

Some of the little letters had to be thrown into the w.p.b. because they were written on both sides of the paper. It is very awkward for the printers when you do that, so please remember what to do the next time, little Beavers.

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondents in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen-name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this department for answers to questions to appear.]

"Jean has begun to take lessons in oil-painting,"—this was the announcement that set that particular ball of conversation rolling one afternoon recently.

"Well," said Helen, "I think Jean is wise to do so. She has real talent, I imagine; she has plenty of time; and she has a little income,—she will never have to depend upon art for a living."

"Oh you—you mercenary girl!" exclaimed Mary, "Now there is Miss M—. She starved through a course in art in Paris, she starved through a post-graduate course on 'her own hook' afterwards, and now she is making her mark right in Old London, too. If she had held back just because she hadn't an income, where would her career have been?"

"Oh, I know," returned Helen, "but Miss M—, you know, is a perfect enthusiast in regard to art. I suppose she had enough of the 'divine afflatus' about her to warrant her in going on as she did, and I am quite sure she would be happier living on bread and milk in a garret, so long as she could paint all the time, than doing anything else that would mean ice cream and macaroons on a veranda any time she chose. Miss M— isn't like ordinary folk you know. Most girls would hate the starving, would never come to anything in art, and would find that they had spent the best years of their lives in chasing a will-o'-the-wisp. Now, I really think that just ordinary girls like these would be much wiser to do something that would assure a good living, and spend the money that would have been spent in painting lessons on prints from the old masters,—such fine ones are to be had now, in all sizes, for so very little money,—Perry prints, for instance."

So far Ethel, the bride of six weeks, had been stitching away at her fancy-work without saying a word. Now she looked up, letting the dainty embroidered doiley drop. "Just here I want to make a confession," she said, "I didn't tell you all, but I was perfectly wild to take painting lessons last winter. In fact, I had quite decided to. I wanted some pictures for my house, and I was silly enough to think that it would be nice to have a few of my very own work. Well, I chanced to be in Toronto about that time, and had a chance to visit an art exhibit. Some of the pictures—oh, I just

raved over them! And how I wondered whether I should be able to paint anything like them. Afterwards I had the opportunity of meeting one of the artists,—and what do you think? He told me that he painted, as a rule, six or eight hours a day in summer, a little less in winter owing to the poorer light, that he had been 'practicing' for twenty years, and that he felt that, then, he was only getting past the edge of things in art.—And I had imagined that I could paint up a few for my house in a single winter! Can you wonder that I laughed—just laughed—at my own conceit? . . . Well, Helen's plan came to me. I calculated how much money I should have spent on painting lessons and spent it on prints,—a misty lake from one of Corot's paintings, a 'Madame Le Brun and Her Daughter,' a copy of Constable's 'Cornfield,' a 'Harvesting Poppies' by