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When my brother was riding him he fell off. I often go to Desboro with him, and to-day my sister and I are going. My brother has lots of fun with our little pup.

I will send a few riddles: It followed King William, poor thing, it came before Queen Mary, poor thing. Ans.—The letter M.

Who sits with his hat on before the King? Ans.—The coachman.

HARLAND ATKINSON.

Desboro, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. My father is taking "The Farmer's Advocate." I enjoy reading the letters the other Beavers write. I will tell you about my pets. I have a dog named Collie, and I have an old cat named Tabby. I go to school. The school is a mile and a half from our place. I will close, hoping this escapes the w.p.b., and wishing the Circle every success.

IRENE CARNEGIE

(Age 10, Book Sr. II.).

Brantford, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I have just finished reading the Beaver Circle, and thought I would just like to have a chat with you. I have a little sister, and we go to school, and like our teacher fine. I have a little dog, and we call him Collie, and he draws me around. We live six miles from Orillia. We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for many years, and like it fine. We have a large farm now. I will close with a riddle: Old Mother Flippety has but one eye, she has a long tail that she can let fly; but every time she goes through the gap she leaves a piece of her tail in the trap. Ans.—Needle and thread.

BOULTON MARSHALL

Hawkestone, Ont. (Age 8, Jr. III.).

Dear Puck,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for three years. I have one mile to walk to school. I go to school nearly every day now. I like my teacher very much; her name is Miss Hamilton. I am eight years old, and am in the second book. I will close, hoping this will escape the w.p.b.

NORA BELL.

Nelson, Ont.

Dear Puck,—I have about a quarter of a mile to go to school. I was eight years old on Christmas day. I am in the first book now, and I only started a year ago. I have a little sister three years old, and a little brother six months old. I have a pure-bred English Collie I call him Buster Brown. Our old horse died the other day. We have a kitten called Popsey. I will close now, wishing the Beaver Circle every success.

HAROLD SKELLETT

Eastmount, Ont. (Age 8, First Book).

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. I am trying to make it as interesting as I can. I live between Welland and Niagara Falls. It is about five miles from our place to Welland, and about eight miles from Niagara Falls. We go to Crystal Beach quite often. It is a pretty summer resort on the shore of Lake Erie, and is about fourteen miles from our home. For pets I have three cats, two kittens, and one old cat, two sheep and one hen. I call her Rebecca. I have saved my money and bought my sheep with it.

My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for one year. As my letter is quite long I guess I will close.

CAMERON K. K. SMITH

Crowland, Ont. (Age 9, Sr. III.).

You have written a very nice letter, Cameron. You see what "trying" does.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As this is my first letter to the Beaver Circle, I hope it will not come in contact with that monster of a waste-paper basket. I have got five pets, one a dog which I call Tyge; a cow which I call Daisy; a hen which I call Chucky, and the other two a cat and a canary. The latter sings from morn till night. I live five miles from Perth and eight miles from Smith's Falls. We had a concert up

in our school at Christmas, and I had two pieces to say. We got a new teacher last summer, and we all like her fine.

PEARL ARMSTRONG

(Age 11, Sr. II.).

Perth, Ontario; Box 250.

Dear Beavers,—I am going to write my first letter to the Beaver Circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for fourteen years, and we enjoy the paper very much. I always enjoy reading your letters, but have not written before, because I was afraid it wouldn't escape the w.p.b. We live on a farm, about a mile and a half from the Georgian Bay. We have a splendid view of the Blue Mountains, which are about seven miles from town. I have two miles to go to school. We have a fine brick school that was built three years ago, well equipped, having an organ, a library, slate blackboard and a furnace, which is a great improvement to the old one.

As my letter is getting too long, I think I will close, wishing the Beavers every success.

BEATRICE COE

(Age 10, Book Jr. III.).

Allenwood P.O., Ont.

This is also an interesting letter. The Junior Beavers are improving.

Beaver Circle Notes.

Rita Coyle wrote a delightful little letter, but it was written on both sides of the paper, and, you know, that is very awkward for the printers, who are very busy men indeed in our office.

Many letters are still held over. Don't write any more, little Beavers, until I tell you to begin again.

KING EDWARD'S DOG.

By the way, have you heard that King Edward's little dog Caesar is collecting funds for the King's Hospital Fund, in London? He wears a little box on his collar into which people put money. Caesar, you will remember, is the little rough-haired dog that used to follow King Edward wherever he went. At the King's funeral he trotted along beside the gun carriage, and for days afterwards he kept wandering about, apparently looking for his lost master. He may remember him yet,—who knows?

Lilies.

By Emily Bugbee Johnson, in Onward.

Dear fragrant lilies, now unfold
Your lovely petals white,
And let your calyxes of gold
Gleam in the April light.

Another Easter morn is near,
And the glad bells will ring,
As death's cold shadows flee away
In hope's eternal spring.

And all the fragrance of your bloom,
Your purity and grace,
Should gladden every sorrowing home
And every sacred place.

Since Christ is risen 'tis joy to know
We never can be dead,
Though from this lovely world we go,
Through the dark valley led.

As your own stainless flowers uprise
From the dark bulb below,
So we to life beyond the skies
From out the mould shall grow

Ah! no, we never can be dead
Since He lives evermore.
If from His life our own is fed
A spring that fails no more.

Some Easter Echoes

Like many other festivals, the celebration of Easter really dates back to pagan ceremonial. In Egypt the vernal equinox and rising of the Nile were the signal for general rejoicing and sacred rites initiated by the priests, who watched anxiously for the "turning of the sun." Hence the root of Easter rejoicing is really found in the old-time worship of the sun.

The name "Easter," however, has been derived from the name of the goddess of the Saxons, Ostara, who was the personification of the east, of morning, and of spring.