it through the first 2 and then throw

over thread and pull it through the re-

maining 2. Turn the work in your hand

and pull up the last stitch again, throw

over thread and put it down between the

first 2 groups, put 10 of these groups in

this space, then fasten between the 5th

and 6th again, then throw over thread;

this time you catch it up with your

fingers, where you fastened it before,

hold it so as you can put the hook from

the side next to your hook through to

the other side. This makes it far nicer,

and feels far thicker to catch it this

way. When you get on a piece further,

you will notice that every other row is

raised higher than the one next to it.

Be sure and catch it right through from

one side to the other or it won't make

it raised, and won't look as pretty.

Now fasten in between the 5th and 6th

group, then put another group of 10 in

Turn work in hand and continue the

same way, being careful not to forget to

put the groups in the ends, as it will

You will notice that it just starts with

one fan, and the 2nd row has 2, and the

third has 3, and the fourth has 4, and

so on, until you have 26 rows finished.

When you come to the last space in the

26th row, put 20 groups instead of 10,

and go around the front (straight edge),

one row just like the other, only you

have to fasten it in every other space.

The point part is for the front. It

Now for the edge. Chain 14 and

fasten in between every group. If you

want the edge double, put 2 in every

space. It takes 10 skeins to do the

edge double, but if you do it single it

For old people, I make a scallop like

the rest of the fascinator, only don't

make it as long; just make it about half,

and put five groups in between each of

the other groups. When making it, hold

loosely, and don't crochet tight, as it

spoils it. I have made 12 fascinators,

4 house jackets, 2 baby's coats, 2 of the

aviation caps, that were in "The Farm-

I would like if you would give, as soon

Very many thanks, Farmer's Daughter.

Just as soon as I can, I will give you

directions for the tea-cozy. You see, I

am finding it a little hard to keep up

just as soon as possible your request

The "Farmer's Advocate"

Fashions.

with all the demands at present, but

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

as possible, crocheted tea-cozy, with di-

rections. Thanking you in advance.

takes 6 skeins to go this far.

between the last two groups.

put it out of shape.

only takes 8.

er's Advocate."

Wellington Co., Ont.

will be attended to.

The Beaver Circle.

Our Senior Beavers'

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

At last the essays on "A Fall Fair" have been judged, and the prizes, in the Senior Class, have been awarded to Vina Erb, Winifred Colwell, Lily Bell McFarlane, and Hazel Muir.

Vina Erb was the only one who succeeded in winning one of the large books

of which I told you. Most of the other essays sent in were also quite creditable. Just a few of the competitors overlooked the fact that all fairs are intended, "first and foremost," to encourage people to do good work, and to educate by showing what the best in flowers, fruit, cookery, stock, poultry, etc., may be. Remember, boys and girls, fairs are not intended just to amuse. If you go to see side-shows, and nothing else, you have missed the real

point of the day. I have thought for a long time that one good large section of every fair building should be set apart for the display of children's and young people's exhibits (up to the age, say, of 16). There is nothing in the world to prevent country boys and girls from having as good a display of vegetables, chickens, pets, flowers, maps, drawing, writing, cookery, canned fruit, and "manual training" work, as the Broadview Boys have each year in East Toronto. Add to these the dressed dolls, pieces of needlework, plain sewing, crochet, etc., that the girls could do, and you can imagine what a fine show could be managed. Do you not think, girls and boys, that if you were to appoint committees among yourselves to interview the fair directors early enough in the year, you could succeed in securing the space for such an exhibit ?-Then it would be "up to you" to see that the undertaking was a success, and you would have a fine summer of getting ready. Work,-but pleasant work, don't you think?

But I have quite forgotten to give you the Honor Roll for our competition. is as follows: Margery Fraser, Humphrey Campbell, Myrtle Lindsay, Ethel Caisley, Amy Seburn, Hazel Leggett, Florence Downey, Howard Fulmer, Margaret Hastie, Alice Little, Emily Tucker, Oswald Bayliffe, Etta Morris, Jack Reid, Dorothy Moore.

The Prize Essays. Crosshill Fair.

Dear Puck and Beavers,-Nov. 2nd, as I read the Beaver Circle, the first thing I saw were the photos of the gardens. How sorry I felt that mine was not m ! I had a little garden too, but the cattle broke in just when it was beginning to look fine and completely destroyed it. I had the composition written already; all that remained to be done was the photo to be taken. When I finished reading the two competition letters I was quite discouraged, and said to myself, "Well, I won't write any more letters." To-night I took up courage again, and made up my mind to start and write again. Well, here is my gardening competition letter, too. As I had it written already, I thought I would send it to you to read; you may then toss it into the w.-p. b. But this is not bringing me to what I am going

I am going to try my best with this representation, and describe what I saw at fall fair. My two brothers and I newn in a buggy, but as it was elis in the afternoon and the not set going, I did not see the way. When we reached . I to the store to buy ${\bf a}$ a just as I reached the and came out of the store amexpretedly met each I and me for the rest of

mark my purchase we The gateway against I our tim. e f lim and

whenever the children, who circled around the cage quite tickled at seeing a real monkey, gave him anything he didn't seem to like, he quickly popped it into the swing and looked for more. He seemed to enjoy peanuts and ice-cream cones, but he didn't care for grapes or candy.

We passed on into this tent where there was music. When we got in there was only one man playing on seven string instruments all at the same time. There were four violins, one fiddle, and a harp, attached together in a row and fastened onto a box. There were four pedals upon which were fastened numerous little chains and cords. He also had a violin which he played by hand, and the others with the pedals. It was wonderful to see him play, and note the different cords which stopped while others took their places as the music changed. He also changed in pedalling. Among the pieces he played were "Red Wing," Nellie Gray, "Coon, Coon," "Old Gray Bonnet," and others. He also drew pictures on the wall, of Indians, Uncle Sam, etc., as fast as you could write your own name. He, too, showed on his violin what noise a pig makes when it gets caught under a fence; it imitated a pig very well.

We passed on to where the fowls were We saw the little white rabbits with their long ears and pink eyes first; they enjoyed nibbling the clover which we gave them. Next came the chickens, of all kinds, from the Barred Rocks to the Bantams, including Buff Rocks, Buff Orpington, Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Minorcas and Cochins. Next were the pigeons; some cooed, but some were frightened and crouched down in the corners. The geese were next,-Toulouse, China, and others. The Africans were the oddest among them. They were gray, with a dark brown stripe passing from head to end of neck. Their bills were black, with a peculiar lump at the end near the head, which, people say, gets larger as the fowl grows older. They had a shrill cry, unlike the others, and seemed to be very proud. The ducks were next, big white Pekin, and beautiful brown ones with metalic feathers, which shone brightly in the sun. There were vaite and bronze turkeys, too.

We went on to where the horses were, and saw them jump the hurdle, but I enjoyed seeing the drivers best. In the pony class, there were a few spotted ones and an Indian pony which we once owned, but sold a month before the fair.

We also came to a place where a large pole was set up, at the end of which a bell was fastened, and at the bottom a lever. There was a huge sledge which they used to hit on the lever and an iron would shoot up the pole. If the iron would hit the bell and ring it, you would get a cigar. There were also other games similar to this one.

The next we came to was the merryother and went around twice.

Then we went to the tents where the eatables were kept. There were bananas hanging at the sides of the posts, big boxes of oranges up n the floor, and a couple of kegs containing delicious ice cream, while the counters all around were piled with boxes of peanuts, chocolates, liquorice, tempting cocoanut balls, big piles of popcorn wrapped in tissuepaper of blue, red, pink, and white. There were candies of all sorts; also lunches of coffee, bread and sausages.

There was a tent with moving pictures to which we also went.

Inside the show-house were huge, yellow pumpkins, squashes of different kinds, mellow musk melons, and tempting watermelons; carrots, beets, turnips, celery, mangolds, potatoes, and grain. Then were the cut flowers; some were arranged in vases, while some white and pink giant asters were arranged alternately in a low, square box of moist sand. There were glorious sprays of bright gladioli, large bouquets of asters, verbenas, and stocks, and dainty little bunches of nasturtiums. Then there were different kinds of geraniums, fuchsias, flowering begonias, campanulas, lilies, etc.

There was also a table for the schoolchildren's exhibit. They had flowers consisting of verbenas, nasturtiums, asters, zinnias, and others. I think, in this way, boys and girls might take part in the fair. They might exhibit flowers and vegetables of their own growing; the girls might exhibit bits of fancy-work or painting.

Up-stairs was the bakery,-bread, pies, cakes, and biscuits. Next to these came the fancy-work; there were numerous center-pieces, doilies, and crocheted articles, baby caps, collars, jabots, and other things too numerous to mention, but all pleasing to the eye.

The paintings hung upon the wall, and I took great interest in them, but as I have been looking back at my long letter, I am afraid that I would take up too much room if I should describe them.

When we got outside again we had our pictures taken for ten cents, but we got more than ten cents' worth of fun out

An Iroquois Indian was there; he had long, curly, jet black hair, which hung to his elbows. He sang a few songs, and then tried to sell his medicines.

In the evening when we came back to where the little monkey was, his cage was all strewn with banana peelings. sticks and papers, and instead of happy little children, there were some big boys there abusing the little fellow in the most ungentlemanly way. Some were smoking, and blowing the smoke into the poor little creature's eyes and nose, and then peals of laughter rang out. The little fellow tried hard to avoid it. One was stooping close to the cage chewing tobacco and spitting the juice into the little monkey's eyes and back. 1 felt sorry for poor little Kelly, as he tried hard to brush it off with his paws or hide behind his swing. Whenever he tried to hide, some boys used to try to shake him off, but he held on tightly, looking beggingly into the boys' face, as if to beg for mercy, till at last his master came out and told them that the monkey was there for them to look at, but they were to leave the cage alone. But this didn't bring much order, and the fellow began to spit more juice on him. His master again interfered, and said: "Here, boys, don't spit tobacco on the little fellow! You wouldn't like that if anybody did it to you."

After a short time, he added: "Don't make a monkey of yourself because you are looking at one." This was very good for the boy, who shortly after left the cage. I suppose he thought "he was making a monkey of himself."

Soon after, I left the cage, got a basket of peaches and a bag of bananas, and hurried back to my friend, and together we walked off the grounds, casting many a backward look at the poor little monkey in the cage, sorry that we could not stay longer, and wishing we could have the day's sport over again.

When we reached the store my friend got into her buggy. Soon the wheels rattled on, and I walked hurriedly down the sidewalk over the bridge and down to my grandmother's, where we had left our horse. There was a hot meal ready for us. After supper we talked until go-round. We got on a horse beside shortly after ten, when we started for There was a cold north wind blowing, but the moon shone brightly down upon us as we were chatting about the pleasant things each one saw and the fine time we had. It was about twenty minutes after eleven when we reached home. On the way, I often thought of the little monkey and the words, "Do not make a monkey of yourself because you are looking at one." Don't you think this was well said by little Kelly's master, Puck?

P. S.-I want to say another thing; when we were in the music tent, there was a boy there, probably about 14 or 15 years old, in knee pants, smoking cigarettes and cigars at a great rate. It seemed he thought he was doing something great, but I thought about John Cusick's remark about the tobacco habit. Won't you let us hear some more of your opinions, John?

Crosshill, Ont. VINA ERB.

Wallacetown Fair.

Dear Puck and Beavers,-I have not written to the Beaver Circle before. I thought that it would be a good chance to begin now by writing on the competition of "A Fall Fair" that I attended.

The fair was held near the little town of Wallacetown, on September 26th and 27th. We went on the 27th.

We got up early in the morning to find the ground wet, for it had rained the night before. The weather was dull and chilly. About 10 o'clock it cleared off; the sun came out. About 11 o'clock we



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The time claws near the birth of t er in the mist.

. ill to all man