

The Beaver Circle.

The Results of the Competition.

In our competition on "How I Spent Christmas Day," the results were as follows:

Prizes, Senior Beavers:—Charlie McLean, Mayfair, Ont., and Elizabeth M. Wilson, Lucknow, Ont.

Prizes, Junior Beavers:—Jennie Kerr, Milverton, Ont., and Lulu Gardener, Cookstown, Ont.

The Honor Roll:—Mabel Payne, Molly, Mary O'Reilly, Helena Smiley, Laura McConnell, Luella Killough, Albert Berry, C. E. Ferguson, Bessie Spolm, Lulu McKenzie, Earl Berry, May Killough, Lottie Henfryn, Helen Teepell, Mabel Haskett, Neva Haskett, Annie Miller, Laura Betzner.

Luella Killough wrote an exceptionally good essay, but she did not keep to her "text," as nearly half of her composition told about the day before Christmas. Mary O'Reilly sent the neatest letter as regards writing, spelling and punctuation, but she might improve her composition by writing more naturally, and using fewer long words. The best teachers, you know, say never to use a long word if a short one of Saxon origin will bring out the meaning as well. She prefixed her essay by a very suitable selection from Sir Walter Scott, which we are holding over for next Christmas-time.

Molly, Yarmouth Centre, is also to be highly commended for her work.

How I Spent Christmas Day.

Essay I.

At the first dawn of day on Christmas morning I arose, and having dressed myself, came down stairs to light the fire. As I was about to begin my work, I heard a pattering of feet, and looking up I saw my little brother and sister coming out in their nightgowns to see what Santa Claus had brought them.

They found just the very things they longed the most for, and they did not forget to bring me a candy and a couple of peanuts apiece before scampering back to bed. My next work was to feed the stock, and I dressed as warmly as possible and went to the barn. I first turned my attention to the horses, and found all of them in a good condition. I next went to take a load of hay to my cow, which I kept in a box stall, and as I opened the door, oh! what a Christmas present did I see awaiting there for me! You cannot guess, so I will tell you. There, cuddled in a corner, lay a group of triplet calves. I was wild with delight, and dropping the hay into the manger, I ran to the house to tell my father, who was not long in getting out to tend them. They were very small, and we were afraid that if we left them with the cow she would step on them and kill them, so we got a big box and put them in it, and carried it to the house.

Everybody could do nothing but look at them, and it was late before we sat down to breakfast. After breakfast I milked the cow, and we got all of the calves to drink.

As soon as all the morning chores were finished, I came to the house and put on my Sunday clothes, as there were some people expected to dinner. When I was properly dressed, I sat by the fire and read till I saw the expected company coming. I then went out and put in their horse, and when I came back I found dinner waiting, so I sat down to a good dinner of roast turkey, potatoes, and all sorts of good things. After dinner I was given a beautiful fur cap for a present for raising such curious calves.

CHARLIE McLEAN.

Mayfair, Ont.

Essay II.

We awoke very early, and were surprised to find no Christmas gifts, but a bunch of spools at each of our beds. I had heard mother speak of hiding a gift and then attaching a spool to it, and twisting the thread all over the house. So I began to follow mine. I was very much surprised to encounter one of the children in the hall following hers, and I saw that she had the house might

be seen wandering around industriously winding thread. At last we had all our presents gathered and the breakfast bell rang, so we had to hurry down.

After breakfast we had to hurry, for we were going to our auntie's for Christmas dinner, and it was a long drive. We girls helped mother to do the work, and soon we were all ready waiting for the sleigh to come, but, of course, at the last minute some person was unable to find gloves, mitts, and various other articles. At last we were safely seated in the sleigh. The air was beautifully clear and frosty. The night before there had been a heavy white frost, so the whole universe was transformed to a seemingly beautiful fairy world. As we glided along a saucy dog barked at us, seeming to think we were some outlandish creatures. As we passed through a wood we could not help expressing our joy in Christmas songs, everything seemed so bright and cheery.

At last we reached our auntie's, cold and hungry. Dinner was all ready waiting for us, and it certainly was a jolly meal.

After dinner we sat around, told stories and ate peanuts. At last somebody proposed going to the barn for a game of hide-and-seek, so away we went, and such foolish things we did. Some of us were unfortunate enough to land into a barley mow, and of course the barley beards stuck into our stockings, coats and hair. I surely thought I would never get them



A Sunshiny Boy.

Little son of Mrs. J. N. Franklin, Ettyville, Ont.

out. Then we all were weighed, and our weight marked on the wall, so that next Christmas we can compare weights.

Tired of hide-and-seek, we went to the house, little dreaming that we would be laughed at. Our uncle teased us about not knowing a barley mow when we saw one.

When we had nicely finished our tea, we were surprised to hear the door bell ring. Uncle went to the door, and then came back to the dining-room and told us that we were all wanted in the hall. Every person rushed out, eager to see who the Christmas visitor was, and there to our astonishment stood Santa Claus. After wishing us the season's compliments, he directed us to the parlors, where he told us that every person was to contribute to a Christmas programme. Well, we certainly had fun, for no person had come prepared; but we got through the programme all right. Then Santa Claus uncurtained the Christmas tree and distributed our Christmas presents. Shortly after this we had to leave. We arrived home at a very late hour, cold and tired, but well pleased with how we had spent Christmas.

ELIZABETH M. WILSON (age 14).

Lucknow, Ont.

The Junior Beavers.

Essay I.

A few days before Christmas I received an invitation from my cousins, living a few miles from Harriston. After receiving my mother's and father's consent, feeling quite happy, I prepared for the journey.

The next day I went on the morning train, and reached my uncle's place about ten o'clock, feeling very hungry and glad to see my two cousins, Rose and Harry.

After dinner we spent the afternoon in planning what we would do on Christmas and wondering what we would get.

We arose very early Christmas morn., and went down stairs to see if the good

old Santa had remembered us. To our great delight we found many pretty gifts displayed on the table, while our stockings were filled with candies and nuts. We spent the forenoon in examining our gifts and sleighriding, till we were called for dinner, which consisted of roast turkey, plum pudding, and many other toothsome things. We spent a very enjoyable afternoon out of doors. Harry had a large handsleigh, so the three of us coasted on the long hill behind the barn. Then we went into the house and played games till supper.

After supper we played games and told stories, one being about Christ, who was born on this day. Before retiring to bed we were treated to oranges, candies and nuts, and Harry, Rose and I all declared that we had spent a joyful Christmas. JENNIE KERR (age 10).

Milverton, Ont.

Essay II.

Dear Puck:—I have never written a letter to you before. As I often read the Beaver Circle, I thought I would write and tell you how I spent Christmas day. The first thing that we did was to get up and dress and come down stairs to see what Santa Claus brought us. He brought me a pencil-box and a ring, and some nuts and candies and oranges. Then breakfast was ready, and then we had to hurry up and get ready to go to grandpapa's. When we were ready we all got in the sleigh and started off.

It is about six miles to drive. We got there before dinner was ready, and we got more presents. We had goose for dinner, and it was nice. Then I watched the bigger people play games till tea time. We had lots of good things for tea, and some more candies and some nuts. We left there about half-past ten. I have two brothers and one sister younger than myself, and we all went to sleep in the sleigh, and did not know that we were home till father went to help us out. It was 12 o'clock when we went to bed, and we were very tired, so that's how I spent my Christmas.

LULU GARDENER (age 8).

Cookstown, Ont.



A Happy Family.

Beaver Circle Notes.

Laura McConnell (age 11), Harrow-smith, Ont., wishes some boys and girls of her own age to correspond with her.

Neva Haskett wishes to know if we ever give two prizes. Certainly, but not two at once, nor one right after another. We try to give all a chance, you know.

Lottie Thomson (age 10), Henfryn, Ont., would like some girls to correspond with her. She sent us some very good little drawings. We do not wish to publish any drawings now, but will give a drawing competition before very long.

A Cat Tale.

The little old woman to town would go To buy her a Sunday gown. But a storm came up, and the wind did blow,

And the rain came pouring down; And the little old woman, oh, sad to see!

In a terrible fidget and fret was she— In a terrible fret was she!

The little old man was cross and cold,

For the chimney smoked, that day, And never a thing would he do but scold In the most unmannerly way.

When the little old woman said: "Listen to me!" He answered her nothing but "fiddle-dee-dee!"

No, nothing but "fiddle-dee-dee!"

Then she whacked the puggy-wug dog, she did,

As asleep on the mat he lay;

For a puggy was he of spirit and pride, And howled in a dismal way.

For a puggy was he of spirit and pride, And a slight like that he couldn't abide— He couldn't, of course, abide.

Then Muffin, the kitten, said, "Deary me!

What a state of affairs is this! I must purr my very best purr, I see, Since everything goes amiss!"

So Muffin, the kitten, she purred and purred,

Till, at last, the little old woman she heard—

The little old woman she heard.

And she smiled a smile at the little old man,

And back he smiled again, And they both agreed on a charming plan

For a walk in the wind and rain.

Then, hand in hand, to the market town They went to look for the Sunday gown— For the coveted Sunday gown.

Then the chimney drew and the room grew hot,

And the puggy-wug dog and the cat Their old-time quarrels they quite forgot,

And snuggled up close on the mat, While Muffin, the kitten, she purred and purred,

And there never was trouble again, I've heard—

No, never again, I've heard!

—Saint Nicholas.

The Ingle Nook.

A Helpful Letter from Dapple Grey

Dear Dame Durden and Chatterers,—

How mean I should have felt had I not commenced this chat before reading the interesting letter sent by Jack's Wife. I, too, would repeat her question, "Is it not strange that so many come to the Ingle Nook for advice, yet never come back to tell that they were benefited by the advice?" Although I am one who asked, and received more than I expected, yet I never lost sight of the idea that I wanted to come again to thank those who contributed so many useful hints for me re house-building. Here, let me say, that I owe the Ingle Nook and "The Farmer's Advocate" almost all the praise for the complete plan of our new house, and I assure you that it is the opinion of others that it is complete, without unnecessary. If requested, I will cheerfully furnish the plan for "The Farmer's Advocate," and, in the meantime, will give no further suggestion than to simply advise him who intends to build and install a furnace, to see that you consult the furnace-dealer before you build the cross-walls in your cellar. Experience taught us this when it was too late. After we had our plan thoroughly to our liking, we found it most satisfactory to spend five dollars to have an architect to draw out our plan to a scale, and also to write out all specifications for the building. This we found invaluable when misunderstandings or disagreements arose.

I did not think it a mean trick of Dame Durden to introduce that new baby to us. It only created a new interest among the shades for the mothers. Now, rather than try to help you out by advice, as our good Dame suggested, I just wish, instead, I could run in on you two or three times a week and give you a helping hand, or if you would allow me, I would like ever so much to carry that precious bundle home with me for a few hours and give you a chance to "dig in." But as I can do neither, I only hope that if there are any of those girls who just stay at home in your neighborhood, that they will read this and take the hint. I sincerely wish our Canadian girls would realize that, although we live in a country so prosperous that they are not obliged to hire out for a living, yet