

the right, with fingers easily bent, to make the top of the head.

The Swan: The two hands and right arm are used for this shadow. The position of the fingers of the right hand, to form head, is rather difficult, the first two being bent and the others straight.

The left hand, nearly open, forms the swan's wing, and may be gently moved to suggest flapping.—Pictorial Review.

Junior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. I have two miles to go to our school. This year I have seen a great many different kinds of birds. I want to tell of a little bird I saw in the woods one day last summer.

As I was walking along in our harvest field, shortly after the crop was taken off, I heard something screaming like a bird. I walked on, and it became plainer. At last, as I got nearer still, I saw a little bird sitting on a branch of a cedar tree, and it was the one that was screaming. I stopped and looked, and noticed a snake on the ground beside it, then I knew that it must be "charming" the little bird. At first I tried to kill the snake, but it was in vain, then I called and away flew the bird. I did not follow the bird, because I thought it would be all right, but I kept track of it by sight, till at last I saw it flying ever so high, with a flock of other birds. The bird I think was a sparrow.

ENA WHITE (Age 8, Book II, Jr.).
R.R. No. 3, Braemar, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for 7 years, and I like reading the letters. I would miss it very much now, I go to school every day. We have a lady teacher. I like her very much. I have a mile to walk to school. I am in the part second. I have a pet dog, I call him Nero; and a pet cat, I call her Tag. My father lives on a rented farm. We have three sheep and four horses and six cows. I attend to the geese and feed the ducks night and morning. I am eleven years old. I have three sisters and one brother. We have an organ, and my mother wants me to take lessons, as I would like to know how to play. I think this letter is quite a long one for this time.

GERTRUDE WARD.
Laskay P.O., Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As this is my first letter to the Beaver Circle it will not be a very good one. I and my brother go to school. I live on the farm. I have lots of fun when we have a holiday. I like going to school in the winter better than in summer, for daddy takes us to school in the sleigh, and we get under the buffalo-robe and keep warm. MARGARET RENWICK
(Book Jr., III., age 9).

Keene P.O., Ont.

"The Vision of His Face."

This book, written by the author of Hope's Quiet Hour, in "The Farmer's Advocate," contains seventeen chapters, over 200 pages.

The edition, bound in cloth, with gold lettering, has been reduced in price to 75 cents, postpaid. Handsome binding, richly decorated with gold, \$1.00, postpaid.

The book will be sent, postpaid, to any of our subscribers who send in ONE NEW yearly subscription to "The Farmer's Advocate," with \$1.50.

Order at once.
THE WILLIAM WELD CO., Ltd.,
London, Ont.

Women's Institute Convention.

The report of the Women's Institute Convention will appear in next week's issue (November 30th).

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.]

The Absent Minded.

A charming man, beloved by all the students, and with a reputation for geniality extending far beyond the walls of the college, was Prof. Williamson, of Queen's University. This professor was brother-in-law to Sir John Macdonald. He had the professional fault—preoccupation. Passing from his house one morning to deliver his college lecture, he had not gone far when the high wind caused him to turn around. The wind fell, and the professor resumed his journey. But he had forgotten to turn again, and the result was that he was soon back home, sitting before the fire, and wondering why he had returned. Of the same gentleman the story is told that, when knocking for admission to his own house, a servant, who mistook him for a visitor, declared from the window that the professor was not at home; whereupon, overlooking his own identity, he remarked, in a resigned manner, "Oh, very well, I'll call later."

GEORGE BROWN'S BLUNDER.

But absence of mind is not the exclusive possession of the professors. Hon. George Brown was subject to that peculiarity. This gentleman went to Scotland to be married, and brought back with him his bride, a daughter of Thomas Nelson, the Edinburgh publisher. Mr. Brown was himself until he was near Toronto. Then the thought of his business took possession of his mind, and he gradually became more and more anxious to reach his office, and to find out how matters had been going on during his absence. By the time he had arrived at the railway station he had forgotten his companion. When the train stopped, he made one great bolt for the platform, and was in a moment in a cab and on his way up town. It was some little time before he thought again of Mrs. Brown, to whose rescue he promptly hastened. This was the absent-minded blunder of a Scotchman in Canada. The Scotch have a companion story of recent date which turns the joke upon us, because it is the mistake of a Canadian in Scotland.

SIR WILLIAM'S FUNNY BREAK.

The subject is Sir William Mulock, who appears to have been inspecting the postal system of Glasgow. The walking on the stone pavements among so many postoffices was a trifle tiresome, and in a little time Sir William's boots began to pinch. In search of relief, he went into a nearby shoe store, and tried on a large proportion of the stock. After much searching for a comfortable boot, and prolonged disappointment, Sir William's countenance suddenly lighted up with pleasure. "I've got it," he exclaimed. "The very thing; a most comfortable fit." "Excuse me, sir," said the salesman, "but it's your old boot that you've just put on." This was a case of mental abstraction extending to the pedal extremities.

Clergymen are frequently absent-minded, and when any one of their number is thus affected, the solemnity of the service is marred. A worthy Ottawa pastor, new to the congregation before which he was preaching, undertook to proclaim the virtues of a departed elder. Everything was all right about the sermon, except the name of the deceased, which, through some mental evolution, explainable only on the basis of absent-mindedness, was dropped in favor of that of a member of the congregation who was still in the flesh.

BLIND ERRORS.

The absent-mindedness of the pulpit, however, takes other forms, usually, of verbal transpositions. Words become mixed up, and find their way into the wrong spots. Thus, a congregation was surprised when Father B. called upon to sing, "From the top of Greasy Mountain," which, of course, astonished to

learn that there was in the book such a production as "Kinkering Kongs Their Titles Take." These absent-minded mistakes are the result of the concentration of the mind upon something yet to be done. The sermon is, in all probability, worrying the speaker, and withdrawing him from the particular exercise of the moment. In a similar way, the mistakes which are attributed to absent-mindedness come from the circumstance that the victim is engaged in something which he regards as of more importance than the matter in respect of which he makes a slip. The mind is fixed upon a given problem, or question, and the body acts without adequate mental guidance on minor points.—[Ex.]

Unfinished Work.

When Helen Jackson realized that in the race between her last novel and death the latter would win, she determined that if her story was to be completed by another, it should be on her own lines. This is the brave and pathetic letter she wrote to her publisher from her bed of sickness: "I am sorry I cannot finish 'Zeph.' Perhaps it is not worth publishing in its unfinished state, as the chief lesson for which I wrote it was to be forcibly told at the end. I suppose there will be some interest in it as the last thing I wrote. I will make a short outline of the plot of the story."

DICKENS' SUDDEN CALL.

When death came to Charles Dickens with such tragic suddenness at Gadshill, on the 8th of June, 1870, he was in the middle of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," the first chapters of which had appeared in serial form but two months earlier. How the story would have proceeded had he been spared to finish it, must always remain a subject for speculation. His friend and biographer, John Foster, made a painstaking effort to supply the conclusion, but it must always be a matter for regret that the hand of the master was not allowed to finish his last work.

It is a remarkable thing that five years earlier, almost to a day—it was on June 9th, 1865—Dickens narrowly escaped a violent death in an accident on the South-Eastern Railway. This tragic experience long haunted him; and some time later, on finishing "Our Mutual Friend," he wrote: "I remember with devout thankfulness that I can never be much nearer parting with my friends forever than I was then, until there shall be written against my life the two words with which I have this day closed this book—The End."

THACKERAY'S LAST WORDS.

Thackeray was just warning up to his novel, "Denis Duval," of which only three numbers had appeared, when he had to lay down his pen forever, on Christmas eve, 1863. It almost seems that he must have known the end had come, for the last words he wrote were full of tragic significance: "Behold Finis itself came to an end and the Infinite began."

Wilde Collins was more provident than his great friend and master. When he died, a good fourth of his story, "Blind Love," remained unwritten; but he left behind him an elaborate synopsis of the concluding chapters, from which Walter Besant had no difficulty in bringing the novel to a satisfactory conclusion. Robert Louis Stevenson died at Vailima, with at least two novels unfinished: "Weir of Hermiston," which was published in 1895, and "St. Ives," which was very cleverly completed by Mr. Quiller Couch, and made its appearance two years later; and among other writers whose hands have been stayed in the middle of stories were Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Henry Wood, and many another.

UNFINISHED POEMS.

Byron had planned a continuation of both "Don Juan" and "Child Harold," when rheumatic fever laid him low at Missolonghi, and the cantos were never written. Laurence Sterne was stricken down by pleurisy while the manuscript of his "Journal to Eliza" was lying unfinished on his desk. Coleridge never finished "Christabel," though for many a year before his death he had intended to complete the poem. And among many other works which will always remain fragments of the original design, are Wordsworth's "Excursion" and Macaulay's "Armada."—[Ex.]

Are You Making the old People Happy.

There should not be any unhappy old people. Age should bring its compensations of serenity and philosophy. As a matter of fact, however, the average old man or woman is far from content.

The problem which confronts sons and daughters in caring for their parents is a grave one. Old age is sensitive, and the feeling of uselessness fills many an active soul with restlessness and discontent.

Perhaps the greatest mistake that is made by young people is that in their eagerness to relieve father and mother, or grandfather or grandmother, of burdens, they take away everything that makes life interesting. Those who have for a lifetime been eager workers do not want to sit with their hands folded; and so it often happens that father "butts into" his son's business affairs, and mother "meddles" with her daughter's housekeeping. Then comes friction, and the son and the daughter have shown plainly that they desire no interference, cannot understand that their rebuffs have seared the souls of the anxious, active old people.

It is always well, if possible, to provide something for the aged to do. If they can be made to feel that they are helping, their satisfaction will be supreme. If father has been a wise financier, it surely cannot hurt his son to talk over the affairs of the store or office. If mother has been a practical housekeeper, her daughter need not be too "snippy" to take advice.

I know one dear lady whose daughter insisted that she should sit with folded hands. Then, when the old face took on unhappy, haggard lines and the frail little body drooped, the anxious daughter asked the doctor, "What's the matter with her?"

He was a bluff old person, and he thundered: "Give her something to do; she is pining for action."

"But the maids don't like to have anyone around the kitchen," the daughter said.

"Then let her go there when the maids are out," the doctor suggested.

So on Thursday afternoon the dear old lady cooked the dinners. The whole family learned to look forward to them. And the satisfaction that mother got out of that one day in the week lasted her through the other six.

She made chicken pies; she baked beans; she concocted sauces and soups and gravies after old-fashioned recipes; and when they were served, she beamed across the table as if to say, "Should I be put on the shelf when I can cook like this?"

The duty of children toward their grandparents often forms a great problem; but I believe that if there is any question of preference, it is the grandparents who should have first consideration. No child can be hurt by being made to have an attitude of deference toward the aged. Often, if any old people are eccentric, the children's sympathies will at once be aroused if we tell them that "grandfather has borne so many weary burdens" or that "grandmother has had sorrows." On the other hand, to say, "Never mind, grandfather is peculiar," or "grandmother is fussy," will foster a contempt which will be evidenced by the child's manner.

To those of us who grow up impatient with the faults of old age, there will come a day of reckoning. Some day all of us will be old. Do we wish our children to treat us as we are treating our parents? Would you be happy under the circumstances with which we have surrounded our aged father and mother? —[Dolly Madison, in Reformed Church Messenger.]

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.

"You look like a fool!" thundered the disgusted man to his swell son just in from college, "more and more like a conceited, harebrained, helpless fool every year!"

Just then an acquaintance of the old gentleman entered the office and saw the youth.

"Hello, Charlie, back eh?" he exclaimed genially. "Say, you're getting to look more and more like your father every year."

"Ya-as," said Charlie, "that's what the governor's just been telling me."