

about three inches long to the trunk of a tree near the house.

"The observations by the pupils will be of greater value if they are required to give systematic reports of their work.

"Every boy and girl should co-operate heartily with those who are endeavoring to save the birds. Energetic measures are necessary for the danger is great."

Competition on "Home Work".

The best essays in the competition, "Should Home Work be Abolished?" will be published next week.

Senior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Beavers,—I enjoy reading your letters so much that I was tempted to write. We skate and sleigh-ride at our school in the winter time, but we have done but very little sleigh-riding yet. We have a man teacher at our school. I would like very much to join your corner. I know quite a few kinds of birds, but I saw one this morning that I don't know. It was running up the side of the wall (on the wood) and hopping on the ground. It had a black stripe from the top of its head to its neck. Then, its wings were gray, and its breast a light gray. It had a long bill. Would you kindly tell me what kind it was?

A creek runs right back of our house. We go fishing on the 24th of May. Two years ago there were some Indians camping down on the flats; they used to go down the creek in boats. We have eight horses, four horses and four colts. We are going to break in two of our colts this winter. We have a dog which we call Bob.

I saw in your paper where you wanted someone to tell the comical sayings of little sisters or brothers. My little sister and I were going up the road, and the sun had just gone down. She asked me where the light had gone, and I said it had gone down. Then she said, "Why, I guess mamma must have blown it out." We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for nine years, and like it very much.

GRACE GIDNEY
(Age 11, Sr. III. Book).

Alford Junction.

We cannot be sure of your bird, Grace, without a closer description. If you can find us four new subscribers to "The Farmer's Advocate," we will send you one of our lovely, large bird-books.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. My father is an old subscriber to "The Farmer's Advocate," and finds it a very interesting magazine. I enjoy reading the letters of the Beaver Circle very much.

I want to tell you about my pony, which I am sending a picture of. She is a pure-bred Shetland. She is six years old, and only stands 38 inches high, and weighs 322 pounds. I call her Babe, because she is so small. My sisters and I drive her to Sunday school every Sunday. I have a little cart and cutter, with harness to match. My sister and I drove to my cousins to spend our midsummer vacation, a distance of 22 miles. We can drive her any place, as she is not afraid of anything. She is very fond of sugar, candy, and apples.

We live about two miles from Frankfort, where the Trent Valley Canal is being built. They have built six dams between Frankford and Trenton, a distance of eight miles. They have built one big power-house, and have started another one near Frankford.

Hoping this will escape the w-p. b., and wishing the Circle every success, I will close.

LESLIE FROST
(Age 12, Book Sr. III.).

Maple Lane Farm, Stockdale, Ont.

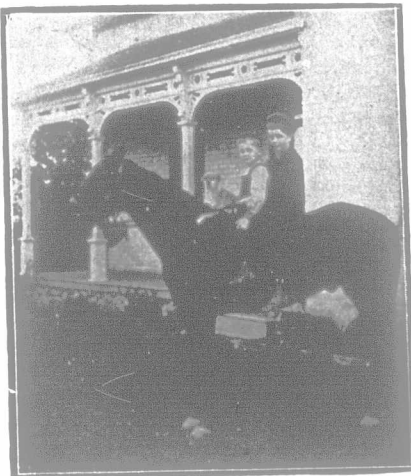
Dear Puck and Beavers,—I live on a farm at a small village called The Maples. This was not always its name, for about fourteen years ago, its name was changed from Vanateer to The Maples. It well deserves its name, for every way you look are maple trees. We have a grove of five acres containing more than five thousand five hundred maple trees. These trees are six feet apart, and are planted in rows. Well,

I guess I should change the subject. "The Maples" contains two churches, school, blacksmith's shop, a post office, and four or five houses.

I see you don't date your letters, Puck, when you print them, so I won't date this one.

I have a camera, but I am not able to send you a picture this time, as I only have about six left, and I want to keep them, but I will try and have one to send you the next time I write. Well, I will close now, wishing the Circle every success.

GORDON W. HUNTER
(Age 13, Book IV.).



Alex. and Wilbur McKague.
Teesswater, Ont.

Dear Puck,—This is my first letter to the Beavers. For pets I have a cat, two dogs, and some pigeons. One of the dogs is a water dog; he will go and get birds when they are shot. The other is a collie. I go to school every day and like it fine. I live about five miles from the town of Aurora. It is a very nice place. The electric cars run through it. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a long time and likes it very much. I will give a riddle: Around the house and around the house, and only makes one mark. Ans.—A wheelbarrow.



Peace Palace at the Hague.
Now nearing completion.

As my letter is getting too long, I think I will close, hoping this will escape the monster w-p. b.

STEWART ALLEN (Age 12, Book IV.).
Oak Ridges, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As this is my first letter to the Beaver Circle, I will try not to make it too long. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for many years, and likes it fine, and I like it nearly as well, on account of the Beaver Circle. I live about four

miles east of Simcoe. I have one sister. She passed her Entrance this year, and goes to High School.

We have eleven horses and colts. I enjoy watching them running about. I guess this is getting pretty long. Hoping that this letter will escape the w-p. b.

MURIEL ROBERTS
(Age 12, Book IV.).
Simcoe, Ont., Box 418.

Our Junior Beavers.

[For all pupils from First Book to Junior Third, inclusive.]

Junior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck,—May I join your Circle? I live on a farm near Springfield, and it is a pretty place. We have a lot of pretty cows, and some nice horses, and a pretty little colt named Sandy.

There is not much snow here, but there is some ice, and my brother and I go sleigh-riding. I go to school, and am in the Second Book. We got a real nice new teacher this summer, and we all like her.

DAISY LAWRENCE
(Age 11, Sr. II.).

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As I have no little sisters to tell you the funny things they say, I thought I would tell you about a cat we had. We used to keep her in the barn. One morning we went out and she had four kittens, and before they had their eyes open, the old cat carried them over to the house and put them down at our feet. We took them back to the barn, but she only brought them back when their eyes were open.

EDNA MUIR (age 11, Jr. III.).
Montreal, Que., 86 Knox St.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is the first time I have written to your Circle, so I hope it will escape the waste-paper basket. I have a pony; her name is Nora. She is three years old, and is not broken in. We live on a farm of

News of the Week.

The Canadian Northern Railway extension into the Peace River country has now reached the vicinity of Athabasca Landing.

The work on the first section of the Hudson Bay Railway, from the Pas to Split Lake, will be begun immediately.

It is stated that the Japanese Government will, in future, send no emigrants to Canada.

India is in the grasp of another famine.

General Reyes, leader of the recent revolt in Mexico, surrendered after his defeat near Linares.

Ex-President Roosevelt declined to attend the "Peace" dinner in New York last Saturday. The breach between him and President Taft becomes more and more evident.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen has been elected by the delegates of the eighteen Provinces of China proper, as first President of the Chinese Republic.

Collisions between Russians and Persians in the North of Persia, and between Persians and British Indian troops in the South, have again taken place, with much loss of life, notwithstanding the fact that the Persian Cabinet had met the full demands of the Russian ultimatum of November 29th, including the dismissal of the American Treasurer-General, Mr. Shuster.

Each member of the Australian Coal Trust has been fined \$2,500 by the Federal Court for violation of the anti-trust law.

The Laird o' Cockpen.

The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud an' he's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' things o' the State;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favour wi' woo'ing was fashious to seek.

Doon by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thocht she'd look well,
M'Cleish's ae dochter, o' Clavers-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a long pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd, as gude as when new;
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, an' cocked hat,
An' wha' could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the grey mare, he rode cannille,
An' rapped at the yett o' Clavers-ha' Lee,
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,—
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flow'r wine;
"An' what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron, an' on her silk goon,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' doon.

An' when she cam' ben he bowed fu' low,
An' what was his errand he soon let her know;
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said, "Na!"

An' wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'!
Dumfounder'd was he, but nae sigh did he gie—
He mounted his mare, an' he rode cannille;
An' often he thocht, as he gaed through the glen,
"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen!"

—Lady Nairne.

Re Alexander Anderson.

Mrs. W. B. Grey Co., Ont., kindly informs us that the word "surfaceman," in Scotland, means one who works on the railway. This explains, then, what Alexander Anderson meant when to his delightful poems he gave the signature, "Alexander Anderson, Surfaceman."

BRYSON W. W. HUNTER (age 9).
The Maples, Ont.