

The Beaver Circle

Vacation's Over.

BY S. WALTER NORRIS.

The sun shines with more sober light,
The bells ring out from belfry towers,
The streets fill up with faces bright
Like dusty roads with fairy flowers.
The little shoes go hurrying past
That scarce have lost the scent of clover.
The old schoolhouse awakes at last.
Vacation's over.

Like some great hive of buzzing bees,
The schoolhouse starts its drowsy humming,
And curls that danced 'neath summer trees
Now quietly droop o'er sums and summing.
The sun paint tanned on each wee hand
Of mountain lass and seaside rover
Is lost beneath an inky brand.
Vacation's over.

When school-time comes the streets and parks—
With no small tongues to be disturbing—
Seem strangely lonesome with their marks
Of pencils sharpened on the curbing.
And oh, these little folks, as yet
About whose hearts no shadows hover,
Are not the only ones regret
Vacation's over.

Little Bits of Fun.

Teacher.—Rachael, use indigo in a sentence.
Rachael (after much thought).—The baby is indigo cart.—Awgwan.

When Ignorance Would be Bliss.—Prim Old Dame: "I say, little boy! Why are you looking so longingly at those plums? Don't you know it's wrong to take what doesn't belong to you?"
Little Boy.—"Yes, I do, and I wish I didn't!"

The teacher was examining the class in physiology. "Mary, you tell us," she asked, "what is the function of the stomach?" "The function of the stomach," the little girl answered, "is to hold up the petticoat."

Competition Essays.

Below are some of the prize essays in the last competition. The subject, you will remember, was an old man with a very jolly looking dog.

True Friendship.

Donald McTavish was an old Scotchman. Once he had tended his flocks on the mountains bordering Loch Lomond, but in later years he had retired to a modest little village that nestles in the mountains that overlook the beautiful lakes and streams of Scotland.

He had taken with him his favorite Collie dog "Faithful" who, for several years, had guarded his master's flocks. The dog, which was very fond of Mr. McTavish, was very large. He had great brown eyes that looked almost as wise as a person's. His fur was long and shaggy, spotted with black and white and tan. He also had a great white collar.

Once upon a time old Faithful had done a very brave deed. He had watched a certain gate all night, thus saving the lives of several sheep from the attack of other dogs.

In the morning Mr. McTavish found him, bleeding from many wounds and trembling with the cold, as the nights are sometimes quite cold in Scotland. But the brave dog had won the victory, and he had also won his master's admiration and confidence.

Perhaps it was the thought of that night that made the old shepherd lay his hand caressingly on old Faithful's head. He looked down at him as he patted his head and said: "Dear old Faithful, I wonder if you could do the trick now as bravely as you did then?"

The old dog looked up into his master's face as if to say: "I could do anything you might want me to do because you trust me."

And the sun slowly sank over the mountain, casting a glorious golden light on the snow white hair of the brave old Scotchman. Lower, yet lower, sank the sun, slowly sinking behind the hills as if loth to part with the pretty display of love

and confidence between the old shepherd and his dog.

CHARLOTTE E. CARMICHAEL.
R. R. 3, Ilderton, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—The "Beavers" has such a nice sound and reminds me of how hard the Beavers work, so I do not wonder why you chose the name Beavers for us. But I do wonder where you got the word "Puck."

I am a great reader and do so much reading that I have decided to stop during the summer holidays because I am spoiling my eyes. Some of my favorite books are "Lorna Doone," "Aunt Jane's Nieces," "Aunt Jane's Nieces Abroad," "Wild Animals I Have Known," "Lives of the Hunted," and "Birds and Bees." I like stories of animals and birds best. I like flowers also, both wild and tame. My favorite in the wild ones is the violet, and my favorites in the tame are the rose and the lily-of-the-valley. Our pink peony had forty-five flowers this year. I must leave room for my competition, so I will close with a riddle:

What three words did Adam say to Eve which spell the same three words backwards? Ans.—"Madam I'm Adam."

Yours truly,

(Age 12.)

JUNE BAIRD

Read Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," June, and maybe you will find something about "Puck."

Roger and I.

"Yes, and a poor one he is too." The speaker was a gruff, middle-aged man dressed in a rather untidy manner which was in perfect keeping with the surrounding farm of which he appeared to be the owner.

I had been passing the farm some minutes before, when my attention was called to a poor, little, bleeding Collie pup. When I called he had come limping from the fence corner in which he was hiding, for he was lame in his front fore foot. While I was as yet undecided as to what course to take, I had been hailed by this gruff, old man who wanted to know what business I had on his farm. I explained how I had found the dog and asked if it was his.

"Yes, and a poor one he is too," he answered. "He isn't worth the bread I feed him."

"He is only a pup," I said indignantly, "how do you expect a pup to know everything?"

"Well, he is more bother than he is worth, and you can keep him if you take such a fancy to him," he sneered.

"Thank you, what do you call him?"

"Oh, any name which comes handy," he answered, and as the dog seemed quite content to follow me I walked away without another word, thinking how cruel some people are to dumb animals.

When I reached home I bound up the poor wounded foot and bathed the other cuts and sores. He was a handsome dog with a black patch on one side of his head, and black on the back part of his back and sides, while the rest of him was white. I called him Roger, because not so many years before I found him I had lost my only son who was about twelve years of age. This dog seemed to help to fill the longing in my heart which the loss of my son had left.

Roger was very mischievous when a pup, and many a time I left him alone for a while only to find on my return that my new coat or my only remaining umbrella was in rags. I scolded him for these tricks but it did no good, and he continued to try with his teeth everything he came across.

But as Roger grew up his puppy habits disappeared, and in time he became a wise and thoughtful dog. One thing Roger never could learn was when it was time to quit running the cows when he was bringing them home from pasture. We had a particularly cross old cow called Crosspatch. She had long pointed horns and was leader of the herd. After enduring being chased for some time she at last seemed to lose her temper. One night Roger, having rounded up all the cows but old Crosspatch, came tearing down the field toward her expecting she would take to her heels as she usually did; but instead she went on eating. When she was nearly up to her ears in grass, Roger, looking at him, and then lowering her head ran at him, and before Roger quite knew what had happened he was turning summersaults in the air.

I was a middle aged man when I found Roger, and as Roger grew old so did I.



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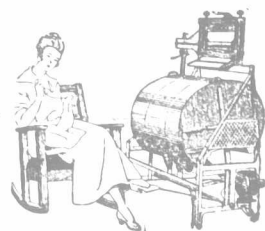
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