

erCircle

BEAVERS.

om Senior Third to inclusive.]

Results.

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he results of two s. The subject to do when I grow long time ago, but that (don't tell were quite over- tom of a drawer, to light to-day, are as follows: R. R. 1, Elmira, Cape Rich, Ont.; R. 1, Highgate, R. R. 2, Dundas,

the Competition e Annie Randall, ; Melvin Carter, orothy Schwalm, C. Prince, R. R. 1. Pierce, Eganville,

en Wettlaufer, Edna Brunton, Charlotte Potter, R. Alice Paterson, Murray, Downey- win, R. 8, Peter- eber, Palmerston, ckson, Ont.

or all of the prize to-day, so some or another time.

Letters.

When I grow up."

ers.—I am send- "What I would older and why." ish to be idle, real pleasure in ld not like to t be industrious to make myself

ot the talent to people like farm- I would like to and get a good

School till I'd ould take a few ying and learn term of High and go till I'm Normal school, I'd try to have at others might good to have

people love me, or people happy, han to receive." troubles, so I d wake feeling

ys I would like good time. I and see birds n I was younger

go back and ld go skating, gh rides several ld take a walk ng.

o many places, (if there'd be ways to which ould also like the pyramids hich are still ago.

t in my arm- ys of my child- hip. I would satisfied with

A BAUMAN, in, Ont.

p. l than to go the spring, a delightful at my uncle's were all sitting pring evening some exciting while fishing

when he was a little boy. Just then my cousin Harold exclaimed, "Why daddy couldn't we take a trip like that some day? There is a river only eight miles away." "Why certainly you may if you like," said my uncle. "You may take old Ned and the carriage and go to-morrow if the weather is fine."

What an excitement followed. The girls were planning what they should take along for lunch and the boys were getting their rods and tackle ready for the expedition. At last everything was ready except the lunch which was to be prepared in the morning. So we all went to bed with the expectation of an eventful morrow.

The next morning we were up at six o'clock and took a hasty breakfast, after which aunty filled the lunch box with good things hungry youngsters would enjoy.

Then we all drove away in the fresh morning air. The drive was very pleasant the clover fields were sparkling with the dew, and the birds had just begun their morning songs. It reminded me of one of Browning's poems—

"The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn;
Morning at seven;
The hillside's dew pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world."

We passed farm houses unknown to us, where the women had just finished milking and were taking the milk to the house.

At last we arrived at the river. How beautiful it looked! We unhitched Ned from the carriage and tied him to the fence where he could eat contentedly. But now the fishing was to begin. It was not easy for us girls to bait the hooks, but we managed at last. We then dropped our lines in the river, but it seemed of no use, the fish would not bite nor could we see any. Just then my cousin Harold said that he was going to take the raft that was lying near the edge and go to the centre of the river. So we all got on and rowed out to try our luck. I had barely dropped my line when there came a swift dash from aside and gave my arm a fearful jerk. It all happened in a moment, I jerked up quickly and here was a fine trout on the hook struggling for his life. But he could not escape as he was soon safely secured in the pail. My cousins were now having better luck also.

We then rowed to a different part of the river where Harold caught a trout that measured eleven inches. We then began to get tired of fishing, so we rowed ashore and began picking buttercups. Just as my cousin Mary had stooped down for her first flower a large black snake scurried away in the grass beneath her feet. She gave a scream of fear and Harold came running with a stone and was going to kill it, but it escaped to the water.

After we had picked a large bunch of buttercups we were very hungry, so we took the lunch from the carriage and seated ourselves on the bank to eat it. How good it tasted and how swiftly the sandwiches disappeared! We were almost tempted to go into the water with bare feet, but it was yet too early in the season.

We saw that the sun was beginning to set and we knew that it was time for us to start for home, so we gathered up our belongings, hitched Ned to the carriage and started for home, feeling very tired, yet happy after our eventful "Fishing Trip."

DOROTHY SCHWALM, age 13, class IV. Mildmay, Ont.

A True Experience.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—I am going to write my essay on "A Fishing Trip." One fine day a chum of mine and I went out fishing. We got into our boat and went out where we thought there would be plenty of fish. I threw in my troll and caught a pike. It weighed twelve pounds. It had been caught in a net before because some of its scales were off and it was bleeding. After a while we saw some fish jumping out of the water to get flies to eat. We rowed over where we saw the fish, but they did not bite the hook. My chum said to me "let us go over in the bay." As soon as we got there something

bit my hook. I pulled in my line and I saw that it was a mud turtle. We brought him into the boat and then threw him out again. Then I rowed the boat and my chum fished. He put in his troll but he didn't catch anything till we got near our landing place; then he pulled in a pike and he was very much pleased. We went to the shore and thought we would fish with a line from the shore for some bass. I caught a bass and so did he. We then went home and showed mother our fish. She told us that we were very lucky to get that many. One other day we went out to fish but we did not get as many fish as the other day. I will close, your loving Beaver.

MELVIN CARTER, age 13. Port Lock, Ont.

A Schoolboy's Thoughts.

What's the use of these silly exams, Which masters compel us to take? One swots and one grinds, and one crams; But to do so is quite a mistake.

Where is Venice? I'm sure I don't know! You can always look up on a map; There's no need to worry me so— It's really rough luck on a chap.

Who was Simon de Montfort? Indeed I know not, nor do I care. If they asked me the best place to feed, I could answer—but this isn't fair.

If you don't know the source of the Rhone, An atlas will tell you at once; Yet, because a few things are not known, Those masters declare I'm a dunce!

Look at Latin! Why, what is the use Of learning a language that's dead? Of brains 'tis a shocking abuse To keep all that stuff in one's head.

At Arithmetic, now, take a look; Why learn every measure and weight? They're all written down in a book. 'Tis a subject I thoroughly hate.

As for French, I would sooner be dead Than to rubbish like that be a slave. If the French all learnt English instead, Just look at the time it would save.

There are Science and Algebra, too— They don't seem the least bit of good; There's far too much writing to do; I'd abolish them all, if I could!

And now, I've a plan I may say (Not, of course, that I'm anxious to shirk) By which I can quite do away With the need of the least bit of work.

It is simply that, if all the men In the world gave up working at once; If no one knew anything, then They couldn't say I was a dunce!

The House of Too Much Trouble.

In the House of Too Much Trouble, Lived a lonely little boy; He was eager for a playmate, He was hungry for a toy, But 'twas always too much bother, Too much dirt and too much noise For the House of Too Much Trouble Wasn't meant for little boys.

And sometimes the little fellow Left a book upon the floor, Or forgot and laughed too loudly, Or he failed to close the door. In the House of Too Much Trouble Things must be precise and trim— In the House of Too Much Trouble There was little room for him.

He must never scatter playthings, He must never romp and play; Every room must be in order, And keep quiet all the day. He had never had companions, He had never owned a pet— In the House of Too Much Trouble It is trim and quiet yet.

Every room is set in order— Every book is in its place. And the lonely little fellow Wears a smile upon his face. In the House of Too Much Trouble He is silent and at rest— In the House of Too Much Trouble With a lily on his breast.

—Albert Bigelow Payne.

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