

The Beaver Circle.

The Country Cousin.

My cousin Alferd Williams, he
Ain't had advantages like me—
(My mamma says not to say "ain't")
Buhcause it gives my speech a taint)
My cousin Alferd—he don't know
A thing about the latest show,
Nor any of the latest jokes,
Buhcause he isn't city folks,
But he knows lots of things to say—
One of 'em rattles on this way:

What's your name?
Puddin' Tame!
Where you goin'?
Down the lane!"

An' one is where you hafta say:
"I saw a woolly worm to-day."
Am' then he says, "I one it," then
You say, "I two it," then again
He says, "I three it"—an' you go
Right on ahead, till first you know
You say, "I eight it!" Soon's you've
spoke
You see that minute where's the joke.

My cousin Alferd Williams, he
Is all the time a'catchin' me,
With jokes I never heard at all,
But papa says he can recall,
For papa, one time, where he grew
To be a boy was country, too!
But cousin Alferd's jokes is smart—
I'm going to learn them all by heart;
An' best of all the lot o' his
Is what I say that this one is:

Where've you been?
In my skin—I'll jump out
An' you jump in!"

—Wilbor Nesbit, in Harper's Magazine.

What Must Not be Lost.

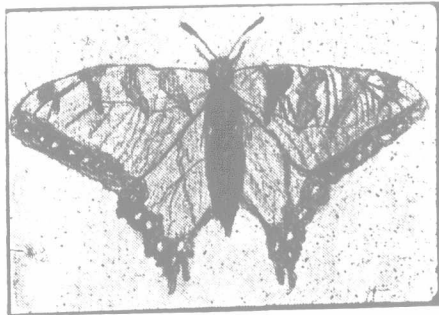
You may lose your coat,
You may lose your cap,
You may sometimes lose your fun;
You may lose your gloves,
You may lose your tie—
Still, no great injury done.

You may lose your knife,
You may lose your sled,
You may lose your fishing pole;
But never lose
For a moment, lads,
Your manly self-control.

—Adelbert F. Caldwell.

Some Honor Roll Compositions.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. I am in the Junior Third Book. My uncle takes "The Farmer's Advocate," and likes it very much. I like reading the letters. The Beavers have to write on the caterpillar, so I think I will try too. One day when I was walking through the fields I found a nice butterfly on a flower. I caught it and took it home and put it in a box. The next morning when I came to look at it, I found it had laid some eggs. I was very curious to know



Drawn by Donald Allan.

what these eggs would turn into, so I just left them in the box, and in about twelve days they had turned into little caterpillars. After these little caterpillars were a day old, I fed them a whole lot of the nicest currant leaves I could find. I kept feeding them for four or five days, and then each one made a little house for itself. They all slept inside these houses for about two weeks, and then they broke their house to pieces and

turned into butterflies. Now, don't you think I am glad I caught the butterfly? My letter is too long now, so I must close, hoping to see my letter in print, and wishing the Beavers success.

DONALD ALLAN.

Brocksden, Ont.

Your drawing is one of the swallow-tails, Donald. I think we must send you a souvenir for your trouble in drawing it.

Dear Puck,—This is my third letter to the Beaver Circle. I thought that I would write a composition on the life of a caterpillar.

When the caterpillar is hatched from its egg it is a very bad pest, for it eats the leaves of the trees, and sometimes eats some of the fruit. In the fall it finds a place to spin a cocoon, like a crack in the wall, or under the bark of a tree, or in between two leaves, and remains there over winter. In this cocoon it changes to the form of a pupa, then it changes to a moth, and goes fluttering off through wood and fields, laying eggs and getting things to eat. It stays that way until it dies. Hoping to see this in print, and wishing the Circle every success.

HARRY STEPHENSON

(Age 11, Senior Third Class).

Ingersoll, Ont.

Story of the Caterpillar's Life.

The caterpillar has three stages in life. First, it becomes a lepidopterous insect called the caterpillar.



Painting the Name for Their Camp.

Second, it passes into a pupa, chrysalis or nymph.

Third, and last, it becomes a perfect, active insect, with wings and antennae, called the butterfly.

No. 1. Caterpillar—The caterpillar's body has thirteen segments. In this state it is like a worm generally, with numerous feet, and sometimes with none. The anterior feet are six-jointed—the others, called pro-legs, are fleshy, and without joints. From the caterpillar or larval stage it passes into the pupa, chrysalis or nymph.

No. 2.—Pupa, Chrysalis or Nymph—The next stage in the development of the insect. On reaching its full growth, the larva ceases to eat, and some time later becomes encased in a closed shell or case, whence after a certain length of time it becomes an insect with wings and antennae called the butterfly.

Butterfly.—This is the last stage of the caterpillar's life. Why it is called butterfly is not certain; it may be from its appearing at the beginning of the season for butter, or because some species are yellow, or because the droppings of some are butter-like.

The wings of the butterfly, four in number, are generally quite upright, and there are no bristles on the hinder pair. They fly by day, while their allies, the hawk-moths, do so at twilight, and other species of moths by night.

The butterflies are divided into four

families, which are as follows: Papilionidae, Nymphalidae, Lycaenidae and Hesperidae.

I. WINIFRED COLWELL.

Brockville Station, St. John Co., N. B.

The Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I thought I would write a letter to you and have your opinion on a certain question which I am going to ask you. This is, of course, if it escapes the w.-p. b.

Wouldn't it be nice for us Beavers to get our older brothers, or our fathers, to put up a flag-pole, that we might, on all special occasions, hoist the Grand Old Union Jack, and let it float proudly over our country homes? This may seem at first a rather funny question, but please look at it again. When we go into a town or city on a historic occasion, how many flags do you see? You could count them by dozens. On the other hand, how many flags do you see in the country? I have only seen one flag (or, at least, it was a piece of red cloth) flying in the country, with the exception of our own. Now, don't you think, Beavers, this looks, in plain English, shabby of us in the country? I mean this to apply to boys and girls also. We are the men and women of to-morrow, and if we do not take a loyal pride in our mighty world-wide Empire now, when shall we? The flag is the outward sign of our loyalty, and I don't think you would have much trouble in getting a flag or pole either, especially this year, "Coro-

Dear Puck and Beavers All,—I am again going to write you a story in hopes of getting a prize. I am a Senior Beaver now, though I was a Junior last time I wrote.

I see by Pearl Pounder's story that they have captured a swarm of bees. I hope they may have good luck with them. We have about fifteen boxes. Perhaps some Beavers would like to learn of them. If so, I shall write about them.

However, this is not getting to my story. The name is "How the Five Ross Children Enjoyed Their Vacation."

Mr. and Mrs. Ross had five children—three girls and two boys, all of whom were healthy and good. Harry and Mabel were the oldest; they were twins, and were nineteen years old. Then came John, who was fourteen; next came Evie, who was seven; lastly, Baby Alice, who was nearly two years old.

Harry and Mabel went to college, and they generally spent their holidays near the sea shore. The rest went to the old farm to visit grandpa, and his children and grandchildren.

Summer came, and with it came vacation. After school stopped, they remained a week, packing trunks, covering furniture, etc., so when they started on the following Monday, everything had been ready for them. They took with them the big watch-dog, and the two fluffy kittens.

The train was pretty well crowded, but they managed to get a seat. On the train, Evie and Alice slept, but were not long asleep when they awakened up. Evie said that they were "as hungry as bears." Mother had expected this, so she gave them a slice of bread each and a banana. This they ate with relish, and soon called for a second supply, after which both slept. They did not wake up until they heard the conductor say, "Greenwood Station next." Mother gathered up their hats and cloaks, while father and John carried out the valises and parcels.

Uncle Angus was at the station to meet them with the lovely black team, and they were soon gliding over the dusty road.

When they reached the old home, everyone was out to meet them, even grandpa and grandma, who met them with a loving kiss.

Uncle Angus and auntie had three children who were about the same age as John, Evie and Alice. The cousins' names were Robert, Kate and Janet.

After dinner the younger children had a long sleep. When they awakened up it was supper-time. After supper they went into the vegetable and fruit garden, and picked strawberries and ate them. After this they played such games as "hide-and-seek," "horse," etc.

After a good night's rest (Kate and Evie slept together now) they dressed themselves hurriedly, and trotted off to the barn. They were disappointed, however, when they found that Robert and John were ahead of them. After breakfast Kate took Evie out to the play-house. It was over in the orchard in a shady spot. They took the little express wagon along full of carpet and furnishings.

While Kate was furnishing the house Evie went after some food (roast meat, cookies, sandwiches and fruit). When she returned, Katie "had everything done." They prepared "dinner," and set it on a small table which was in the kitchen.

After "dinner," Katie put some water in a pan, also put some crumbs nearby. This was for the birds. Near the play-house there was a tent. Robert and John slept here, while the girls received ten cents each day for fixing it up.

In the afternoon they visited a little neighbor child who had got hurt.

In the evening Robert and John hitched up the Shetland pony, and the girls went for a drive, the boys following close on their bicycles.

And so with all the days which they stayed on the farm. Each day yielded something new, till at last in the fall, when they returned, they were very lonesome for all the farm things.

Well, this letter is too long now. If you think so, Puck, just throw it in the w.-p. b.

Wishing the Circle all possible success.

JESSIE A. FRASER

(Book III., age 11).

Williamstown, Ont.

I think this letter is worthy of a prize,

I am in the Junior Fourth Book, and am twelve years old. Wishing the Beaver Circle success, I remain, yours truly.

MARJORIE McLEAN.

Mayfair, Ont.