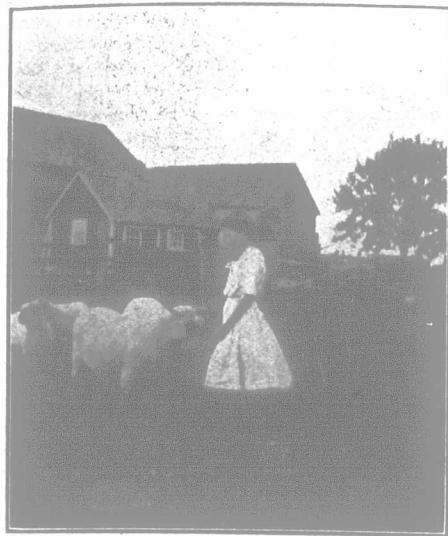


I am afraid my letter is a wee bit too long, but I hope Puck will excuse me for this time and save it from the w.-p. b., so I will close, wishing the Circle every success.

MADELINE CUPPAGE

(Age 15, Sr. IV. Book).

Your letter is not at all too long, Madeline. Indeed, we should have been glad if you had told us more about the old Indian traces in your neighborhood. Perhaps you can find out more about the Indian history of your interesting locality and write us again. If you have a Parkman's History in your library, you will find some help there.



Mamie Munro.

She lives at Winchester Springs, Ont., and would like some of the Beavers to write to her.

A New Competition.

And now, what about a new competition?

Write an essay on "Fall Fairs," and in it be sure to answer this question: "How might boys and girls take part in the fair?" I think I can safely promise you, this time, that our new prize-books will be here before it is time to award the prizes. Please send your letters so that they may arrive at this office not later than November 15th.

By the way, did you read in the newspapers about the Broadview Boys' Fall Fair in Toronto this fall? The boys—city boys, too, mark you—exhibited vegetables, flowers, poultry, dogs, Shetland ponies, and canned fruit "done up" by themselves; also several miniature yachts and boats of all kinds, and eleven aeroplanes, devised and made by themselves.

News of the Week.

Thorold is to have a \$1,000,000 pulp mill.

By recent statistics, it is shown that last year's surplus of revenue in Canada, over all ordinary expenditure, totalled \$30,000,000.

By recent changes in the British Cabinet, Mr. Winston Churchill becomes First Lord of the Admiralty. Mr. Reginald McKenna will succeed him as Home Secretary.

Somewhat delayed despatches state that the Italians sustained a severe reverse at Tripoli on October 23rd, losing 300 killed and 700 wounded. A Holy War has been proclaimed by the natives at Tripoli and Benghazi, and massacres are feared.

The United States Government has begun a suit, under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, against the "billion-dollar combine," the Steel Corporation.

The Chinese revolt is now showing itself in the north, as well as the south, of the empire. Hangkow, Canton and Chengtu have fallen into the hands of the revolutionaries, who are now preparing to advance upon Peking. On October 26th the throne surrendered to the National Assembly, and General Li Yuen Heng, the revolutionary leader, has, it is reported, been proclaimed "President of the Chinese Republic."

The Roundabout Club

Opening of Our Literary Society.

Once more we come to the time for re-opening our Literary Society for a new winter's work, but this time we come to it with unusual encouragement. To be brief, we have decided to give over the first page of the Home Department, whenever necessary, to the Society, hence there need be no more waiting, no more holding out of the essays written by the members because of pressure of other matter. The Roundabout Club will, in short, have first place as long as the winter lasts. In the intervals, "Little Trips Among the Eminent," and such miscellaneous articles as may recommend themselves, will appear as usual.

We trust that the work for the coming winter will be of great value to those of the young men and women out on the farms who choose to brighten up their mental capacities during the long, quiet evenings, so conducive to thought and study.—To the old men and the old women, too, for we do not forget that some of the best papers ever sent to the Society headquarters were written by members well past the sixtieth milestone in years. It is not really as hard as it seems to write papers. Just begin with pencil and paper; write down one thought and another will follow. You may find it helpful to draught out a plan of your paper first, but many of the best writers never resort to this device. There is a sort of instinct in the truly literary which marks out unfailingly the path of sequence, the climax, the graceful ending, suggesting all the way the little embroideries, the happy turns of expression, the harmonies of sound that do so much to lift a piece of composition above the commonplace and into the realms of literature.

However, we do not overlook the fact that hard, common-sense thinking, and fine directness of expression are promoted by the writing of essays, even where the niceties referred to above are lacking, and must be lacking because of temperament. To provide, then, for all kinds of temperaments among our students,—the severely practical, the literary and artistic—we have arranged to present two subjects for each competition, the one practical, the other of more purely literary order. Each student will be expected, of course, to write on one only.

For our first competition, then, the subjects chosen are:

I. "Will the world ever be over-populated. What will happen then?"

II. Write a sketch on "A walk through a weedy field in late fall." (You can make a prose poem of this subject, if —.)

All essays must be received at this office not later than November 18th. Prizes to be given as usual for the best essays.

The Song my Mother Sings.

My weary head is nestled down,
The rocker softly swings,
I listen to the tender notes
Of songs my mother sings.

The fire dances in the grate,
The flames now short, now tall,
I like to watch (from mother's arms)
The shadows on the wall.

Hobgoblins, ghosts, fantastic forms,
The flaming fire flings,
They vanish at the cheery sound
Of songs my mother sings.

Her loving face is o'er me bent,
My arm about her clings,
My drowsy thoughts go wandering far
On songs my mother sings.

The sandman's stealthy step draws near,
His bag of dreams he brings;
They mingle sweetly with the sound
Of songs my mother sings.

Oh, brown-haired mother, tender-eyed,
To you fond memories cling.
Come, banish all my woman's care
With songs you used to sing.

—Mrs. J. H. Taylor.

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