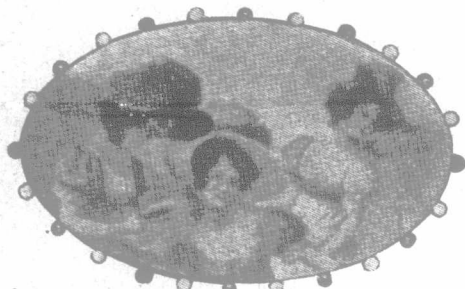


climbing celebrity could be, and, without solicitation, gave a really thrilling tale of her escapades. And the next morning, before anyone save those two were up, she put on one of Leroy's suits and went fishing with him. We had a good deal to say about Miss X. for some weeks after her visit, and by the time she had worn out as a topic of conversation, we had become somewhat accustomed to talking together.

Some months later Elsie was telling how she had won at a tennis tournament that day, and how Mother had watched her every minute.



A Shadow Pin Holder.

"I think it's so nice of you and Father," said Jeanne, "to give all of us so much of your time."

"Say, Father," Leroy cut in, "when are you goin' fishin' with me again? That bass you hooked last time is the heaviest this year, did you know it?"

Later I drew Robert into the hall. "Did you hear them?" I asked. Jeanne is going to the Woman's Club with me to-day, and she is studying a play with Elsie. And Robert, they like it. We are a united house at last."

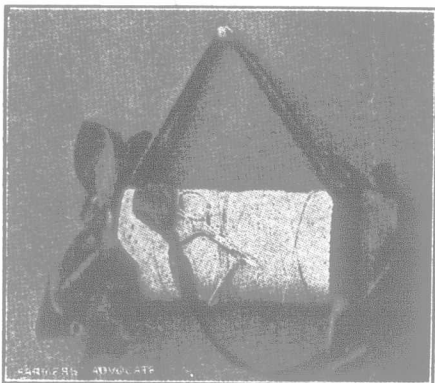
The Beaver Circle

Christmas Gifts Beavers Can Make.

PERHAPS mother and sisters have not time to make any Christmas gifts this year, they are working so hard at knitting and sewing for the soldiers. So the Beaver girls and boys may want to do all that for them. Some of the Beavers, of course, may be knitting, too—I saw a girl of thirteen last night who was making a trench sweater for a soldier—but others, who do not know how to knit, or could not manage to learn, may be able to make some of the simple gifts that I will now describe.

No. 1. The Ribbon Girl.—Cut a piece of stiff cardboard in the form of the ribbon girl. Paint with your water-colors, or draw with ink, her face, hair, cap and striped dress, then wind four or five yards of pretty baby ribbon about her and fasten it with a pin. Stick a tape needle through, and you will find that your little gift will be quite nice for any girl, or for mother or auntie.

2. A Shadow Pin Holder.—Cut two pieces of cardboard into ovals of the same size. Cover one oval with pretty silk and the other with a brightly-painted



A Spool of Ribbon.

picture, either of people or a landscape. Now cover the picture very tightly with white gauze, and sew the two ovals together so that the stitches will not show. Stick fancy pins with black and colored heads all around. If you like you may add a piece of baby ribbon to hang it up by.

3. A Spool of Ribbon.—Take a long, empty spool, or make one of cardboard. Cover the whole neatly with silk and finish with ribbon bows. Wind baby ribbon about and fasten a tiny scissors to an end of the ribbon. If you like

you may wind darning yarn around instead of the ribbon.

4. Slipper Bows.—Make pretty little bows of black ribbon prettily beaded with small or jet beads, and give a pair of them to anyone who likes to wear pretty low slippers.

5. A thoughtful little gift for the work bag is the scissors protector. Cover a cork with crochet of colored silk and crochet a chain by which it may be attached to the work bag. Then when the scissors are not in use the point may be stuck into the cork, instead of boring holes in the contents of the bag as they have a way of doing.

6. And don't forget the little boxes of candy, that any girl, or boy either, can make. Wrap the box nicely in white tissue paper, and tie it with red or green ribbon or cord, tucking a bit of green spruce at the top. This would be a splendid gift for the soldier brother who is at the front.

7. Gifts Boys Can Make.—Any boy who is handy with tools and has a set to use, can make many handy things such as bread-boards for cutting the bread on, bake-boards, teapot stands, whisk-holders, and so on. Even if he is not very handy with tools, he can take a wooden box, cover it with bark and pinecones, and fill it with earth, planting in it little ferns and things from the woods, or slips begged from somebody's houseplants. . . . Or he can make a splendid umbrella stand by getting a slat banana crate from the store, staining it a pretty brown color, and fastening a granite dish, also painted brown, in the bottom to catch the drip.



The Ribbon Girl.

Boys can also make stars and wreaths for the Christmas decorations, by cutting out pasteboard in the right shape and glueing spruce twigs and moss and sweet-briar berries to them.

These gifts are all for grown folk. Some other time, nearer Christmas, we will show you how to make some things for the little brothers and sisters, and all the other little girls and boys whom you would like to remember this Christmas.

Senior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—I have just been reading the Beavers' letters, and I can no longer keep from writing myself. I have always enjoyed reading the letters, and I look forward every week to getting the Advocate. We have taken it as long as I can remember. I wonder how many of the Beavers are taking music lessons or ever have. I have taken nearly a quarter. I take a lesson every Thursday and I like it a lot better than when I started. My music teacher's name is Miss Amos. My school teacher's name is Miss Nottingham. I am fond of going to school. We have a school fair every fall. I took seven first prizes and two seconds. I have a sister named Nita and two brothers, Carl and Cleve. Nita and Carl are going to High School Cleve and I go to public school. I think I will close now with a riddle.

The man that made it didn't want it, and the man that bought didn't use it,

and the man that used it didn't know it. Ans.—A coffin.

Wishing the Circle every success, I am,
GENEVIEVE MACKEY.

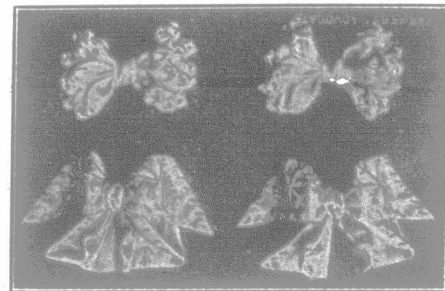
Parkhill, Ont., R. R. No. 8.

(Age 12.)

P.S.—I wish Jean Gilchrist would write to me.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my fifth letter to your Circle, and I've seen every letter in print, and it has given me courage to try again.

We had our school fair on October the third. It was a wet day, but there was a



Slipper Bows.

good crowd. I got second prize for an essay on "How Boys and Girls Can Help in War Time," and third prize for a hemstitched apron. Our school got first prize in a tug of war.

On Thanksgiving Day a friend of mine and I went to pick beechnuts. Last Sunday was Rally Day at our church. We had songs and recitations, and a missionary exercise. I told a story about a little girl in India. Wishing your Circle success.

JEAN GILCHRIST.

(Age 11.)

Shanty Bay, Ont. P.S.—Here is a riddle: What is the west end of a boy? Ans.—The end the son sets on.

[Send us your prize essay to print in our corner, won't you, Jean?—Puck.]

Honor Roll.—Mary McDonald, Harry Stoner, Carol Stevens, Merle Glazer, Audrey Kennedy, Hattie Irwin.

Beaver Circle Notes.

Audrey Kennedy (Sr. Third) R. R. 1, Pt. Burwell, Ont., wishes some of the Beavers to write to her.

Riddles.

How far can a rabbit run into a bush? Ans.—To the middle.

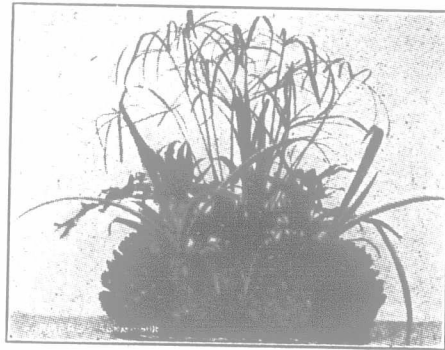
What goes around a house and around a house and never makes a mark? Ans.—The wind.

A man was at one side of a field and yet was at the other side at the same time. Ans.—The dog's name was Yet.

Sent by Hattie Irwin.

Jnnior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my first letter to your charming Circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a number of years. I live on a farm of 300 acres. We are



A Gift Boys Can Make.

milking 14 cows this summer. We are raising eight calves. We have nine little pigs. I have three heifers and two calves of my own, also some poultry. We have started to keep our cows in the stable at night. On our farm we have a big sugar bush. With best wishes to the Circle I will close with a riddle.

What can be spelled backwards, forwards and upside down? Ans.—Noon. Elginburg, R. R. No. 2, Ont.

CHRISTIE IRWIN.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—As I have never seen my letter in print yet, I thought

I would write once more to the valuable paper. My father has been a subscriber to "The Farmer's Advocate" for a number of years, and I always enjoy reading it. We have eight horses and all named. Each one knows its name. I am very fond of pets. I have a big yellow dog, and we call him Watch. Each evening he goes with me for the cows. Well, as I think my letter is getting long I will close, hoping to see this in print and that it misses the w-p. b. Am enclosing a riddle also.

I went to the field and I got it, the more I looked the less I liked it; I brought it home in my hand because I couldn't find it. Ans.—A thistle.

BESSIE DAVISON.

Paisley, Ont., R. R. No. 2.

The Windrow.

Statues of Washington and Lincoln are to be set up near Trafalgar Square, London, Eng.

After 30 years of domestic life, Mary Anderson—Mrs. de Navarro—is again on the stage in England, making money for the Red Cross.

The first division of 2,000 carrier pigeons has been mobilized "somewhere in the Southern Department, U. S. A.", preparatory to service overseas. After brief training these erstwhile "doves of peace" will be sent to European battlefields to carry dispatches through the war zones.

Columbia University recently presented to the Government the big war hospital which it has built and equipped in the northern part of New York city. There are 54 wooden buildings, covering 19 acres, and including laboratory, pharmacy, dispensary, kitchen and laundry, as well as wards and operating rooms. It will accommodate 1,000 men.

The many people who have been interested in the Countess von Arnim, author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," "My Solitary Summer," "Elizabeth at Rugen," "The Caravans" and other books, will be interested to know that a short time ago the lady obtained a divorce from the Count von Arnim, and married Lord Russell, of England. She is now living in Pasadena, Cal. Originally she was an English girl, Mary Beauchamp.

Munitions.

Black, sweaty visaged in the furnace flame,

They juggle with the seething element; With Vulcan strokes they beat it till they tame

The deep-mined mineral into mute content;

Now 'tis a hollow cone of batter'd steel, Rough and inert, a dead and graceless hull;

They set it on a flying belted wheel And hew it to a surface beautiful!

Unto the brim they fill the shining cup With deadly morsels, charged with blasts of hell;

With perfect cap and screw they seal it up—

And lo! you have the thing we call "a shell";

With which they feed the mouths of mighty guns,

To glut the war-lust of the turgid Huns. —J. Lewis Milligan, in The Graphic. (London).

Where Fear Lay.—Evelyn is very cowardly, and her father decided to have a serious talk with his little daughter.

"Father," she said at the close of his lecture, "when you see a cow, ain't you 'fraid'?"

"No, certainly not, Evelyn."

"When you see a bumblebee, ain't you 'fraid'?"

"No!" with scorn.

"Ain't you 'fraid when it thunders'?"

"No," with laughter. "Oh, you silly, silly child!"

"Papa," said Evelyn, solemnly, "ain't you 'fraid of nothing in the world but mama'?"—Short Stories.