

The Beaver Circle

OUR JUNIOR BEAVERS.

[For all pupils from the First Book to Junior Third, inclusive.]

Two Little Flocks.

Five little sheep on a hillside grazed
Where the raggedest daisies grew,
And just overhead in a sunny spot
Were five little clouds in the blue,
And the five little clouds in the sky
looked down
On the five little sheep below,
And called out to them in a friendly way:
"O little white flock, hello!
We look alike—we must be alike.
Now, isn't that plain to you?
Come up with us in the pasture sky.
O little white flock, please do!"
But the five little sheep on the hill
looked sad
And nibbled the grass instead.
And each one smothered a sorrowful sigh,
Shaking his wise little head.
And they called to the flock in the sky:
"Oh, no!
Such union would never do.
We must be fed on the greenest grass,
While your meadow grass is blue.
And how would we look when trying to fly
With hard little feet for wings?
Sheep of the earth and sheep of the sky
Were made for different things."
And the little white flock in the sky
looked down
On the little white flock below,
And they said to themselves, "How queer
when we
Resemble each other so!"
—Youth's Companion.

Funnies.

Walter was spending the summer in the country, and one afternoon accompanied his father to watch the cows being milked.
"Father, where do the cows get the milk?" he inquired, looking up from the foaming pail which he had been regarding thoughtfully.
"Where do you get your tears?" asked his father.
After another thoughtful pause he questioned:
"Do the cows have to be spanked, then?"

Junior Beaver's Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As I did not see my first letter in print, I will try once more. I am an interested reader of your Circle, and like the letters very much. I am very fond of reading nice books. A few of the books I have read are: "Black Beauty," "A Basket of Flowers," "Mother Carey's Chickens," "A Child's Life of Christ," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "A Christmas Carol," "Sowing Seeds in Danny," "The Second Chance," "On the Way Home," and many other nice ones. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Mr. Hodges; I like him very well. In the winter my brother Frank and I have much fun sleigh-riding and skating. I live on a farm of two hundred acres, and there is one large hill on it which is fine for coasting in winter. I wonder how many of the Beavers like winter or summer best when the flowers and vegetables come up? I guess it will soon be time for them. For pets, I have many dolls, a little calf called Blue Bell, and a kitten called Kitchener. Well, Beavers, I will close, hoping the w-p. b. is away when this arrives. See how many of the Beavers know these riddles.

What is the first thing you do when you get into water? Ans.—Get wet.
Why is a bride less expensive than a bridegroom? Ans.—She is given away, and he is sold.

MADLINE TAYLOR.

(Age 10, Class III.)

Rockwood, Ont., R. R. No. 1.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I never wrote before, so I will not say much till I write again. We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for nineteen years. I live on a 200-acre farm. I have a horse

I can drive all over, and I have two little ewes. We made maple syrup. I have made maple sugar myself. This is a lovely day; the sun is shining bright. Say, Beavers, isn't this war terrible? Oh, it is dreadful! so many people getting killed. I hope my letter is not too long for the first time, and another thing I wish my letter gets in print. Wishing the Beavers every success, I will close.
VERA SHAW.
Lovering P. O., Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I would like to join your charming Circle. I am ten years old. I go to school every day. I am in Grade Six. My teacher's name is Miss Dickenson, and I like her very much. For pets I used to have a dog and cat, but last winter we got burnt out and my cat and dog got burned up. But I soon got another dog and cat. Last December the dog ran away; my dog's name was Rover. I am taking music lessons, and my teacher is blind. He often sings to me the song, "Who Put the Rover in Rover?" As my letter is getting long, I will close. From a
NOVA SCOTIA BEAVER.
Oxford, R. F. D. No. 3, Nova Scotia.
[You should sign your own name, little Beaver.—Puck.]

Dear Puck and Beavers,—My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for four years and likes it fine. I go to school every day. I am in the Second Class. I have no brothers or sisters. I have a dog named Don, two cats named Nigger and Tommy. I live in a nice brick house with trees all around; it is called Fairview Farm.
J. HAROLD KEYS (age 9).
Chesterville, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. We have just started to take "The Farmer's Advocate." We got the first one on March 15th. We like it fine. We stopped taking another paper to take it, as it is the best paper. I like to read the letters in the Beaver Circle. I wish some of the Beavers would write to me. Well, I will close, hoping this will escape the hungry old w-p. b.
IDA BRADLEY (Class II.).
Stittsville, Ont., R. R. No. 2.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I go to school nearly every day. I have two brothers and one sister. I enjoy reading the Beavers' letters very much. I have one dolly; I call her Lois. I undress her every night, and dress her every morning. My grandpa lives with us. Our teacher's name is Mr. McArthur. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" as long as I can remember. I am in the Junior II. Class in school, and I am head of my class. There are eight in my class. I showed corn and cookies in the School Fair. I got second prize on cookies, and they must have been good, for they were all eaten before I got them home. My favorite books are: "The Book of Pets," "Cheer for Children," "The King of the Golden River." I have read three of "Highroads of Geography" and "Highroads of History." I will close with a riddle.
Why do the Germans spell kultur with a "k"? Ans.—Because the English have all the seas (c's).
Wishing the Beaver Circle every success.

MARJORIE LAURA BLACK (age 7).
Stroud, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I live on a farm on the shores of Lake Memphremagog. It is a very beautiful lake. There are a great many visitors come here in summer. For pets I have a cat; his name is Peter. He was born on the first of April. I go to school every day I can. The school is two miles and a half from here. Mamma drives us in the morning, but we walk home at night. My auntie goes to school with me. I am two weeks older than her. We have great times together. I think my first letter is getting long, so will close, wishing the Beavers every success.

BETTY PARTINGTON (age 8).
Magog, Que.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. I like

to go to school when I am well enough. I am in the First Book. I have one little sister; her name is Margaret. For pets I have three bantams and a fox terrier pup. I made five dollars selling bantams since last summer.

DOUGLAS BROOKS (age 8).
Brantford, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to your delightful Circle. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Hutton. I have a pet dog; his name is Rover. We always have a good time in the bush making maple sugar and chasing squirrels. My letter is getting long now. I hope the w-p. b. is not hungry.

ELVA MURPHY (age 10, Sr. II.).
Mansfield, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. I go to school every day, and like it fine. My teacher's name is Miss H. Cameron. We have six horses; their names are Queen, Dela, Daisy, Nellie, Nelson, and Polly. I am eleven years old. I have three sisters and one brother. Their names are Ella, Dila, Mildred, and Roy. I hope to see my letter in print; it will surprise mamma and papa. Your little friend.
SADIE ROSS.
Wyman, Que., R. R. No. 1.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to your Circle. I go to school when I can. I have been home for a month this winter. I am going to try for the Junior Third Book at summer holidays. I live about a mile and a half from school. We took up the School Fair at our school last summer, and are having it again this year. I have eggs for my part. I think it is very interesting. We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for thirteen or fourteen years. For pets I have a dog; his name is Jack. Well, I think I will close, as my letter is getting long. Hoping this will escape the hungry w-p. b., I will close with a riddle.

A blind beggar had a brother; this brother died. What relation was the beggar to the brother that died? Ans.—A sister.

IRENE OLIVER (age 10, Sr. II.).
R. R. No. 2, Waldemar, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As this is my first letter to the Beaver Circle, I am nearly puzzled to know what to say. However, I hope it will escape the w-p. b. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for years, and I am an interested reader. My oldest brother and I go to school every day. I am ten years old; I had a birthday party. I hope I haven't taken too much space of the Beaver Circle, so I will close my letter now with a riddle.

As round as an apple, yet like a cat; I guess you would guess twenty things before you'd guess that. Ans.—A gooseberry.
STELLA DESJARDINES.
Brunwood, Ont. (Age 10, Sr. II.)

Beaver Circle Notes.

Madeline Henderson's letter had to be left out because written on both sides of the paper.

A Game Protective Association.

We are pleased to note that a Game Protective Association is being formed in Middlesex County. "We have been trying to form such an association for years," writes one of the members, "as the depredations made annually in this neighborhood by city sportsmen have almost made an end of wild animal life in our woods." At a meeting held in Vanneck Presbyterian Church, steps were taken to form an association for the townships of London and Lobo, and officers were elected, and a committee appointed to canvass the two townships for members. We trust that the example will be followed in many other places. Our native animals, and particularly our birds—invaluable beyond measure to the farmer because of the insects they eat—are rapidly disappearing. So-called sportsmen with guns very seldom have any sense at all in regard to what

they kill—they shoot simply for the very transitory and disgusting "pleasure" of hitting a moving mark—hence, should be compelled to respect useful and interesting life. They never can be reasoned into it.

The Ingle Nook.

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A year or so ago a friend returned from a four months' sojourn in Europe. She was quite enthusiastic over her trip, as all are who can find time and money to go out to see the big world, and had a great deal to tell, especially about the wonderful cathedrals and churches, St. Peter's in Rome, Notre Dame in Paris, St. Sophia in Constantinople, and the great cathedral of Rheims which has come to such a sorry fate since the beginning of the war.

"Canada must seem very crude and new to you, after all those wonderful places," I said.

She thought for a moment.

"No," she said, presently, "everything I saw was not worth one little bit of Canadian woods."

Of course it was the nature-lover who spoke,—all such opinions depend so much on one's special point of view—but I thought of her words the other day, as the train which carried me eastward in the face of the morning sun sped on through fields, and over rivers, and past "bits" and more bits of real Canadian woods.

Away up at the tops of the trees the buds were swelling, but the sunshine fell unobstructedly on brown trunks, and on the beautiful brown lacework of branches and twigs, and through to the earth beneath, all bestrewn with the brown leaves of last year's forest-growth, down-dropped to form a protective blanket against winter's frosts and snow.

One knew that if one were up there on the hillsides rambling happily over knolls and in hollows, one would find hepaticas pushing upward their woolly stalks, and perhaps a few of the blossoms themselves, bluish, or pink, or snow-white. One would find tufts of green fern, too, and vines of the trailing pigeon-berry, with, perhaps, a few of the little coral beads still adhering.

As yet there would be little else, if one except, in damp spots, the rich, green unfolding of the skunk-cabbage which began to force its way upward even before the snow left, "melting" a sort of breathing-space above as it grew.—Have you ever noticed that peculiarity of the skunk-cabbage, how the snow appears to give way before it, almost as though a small hibernating animal were below there, creating, by its own warm breath, a sort of air-funnel to the surface?

But come a few weeks later, and, if the cattle have not been permitted to browse about too much, you will find these wood-spaces filled with Canada's own delicate spring flowers, yellow dog's-tooth violets with glossy spotted leaves; trillium or "wake-robin" besprinkling the brown earth with dashes of snowy white and dull red,—"lilies" some call them, but they are not lilies; Indian turnip or Jack-in-the-pulpit, cowered like a monk, but standing sturdily erect with its stout green leaves about it; drooping bell-wort with its straw-colored bells; whole swards in the open spaces, covered with violets or dainty pink spring-beauties. If you are very fortunate, too, you may chance to find a lusty "patch" of bloodroot, or a graceful clump of Solomon's seal, one of the most strikingly characteristic plants of the woods. No flowers are more snowy white than those of the bloodroot. Veritable little flags of peace they are, waving above a luxuriant growth of pale-green, deeply-lobed leaves, yet if you break off the stems or roots below you will find exuding from them a bright, red juice, hence the name "blood-root" (*Sanguinaria Canadensis*), and the rather gory suggestion is