

The Vision of His Face.

By Dora Farncomb, Newcastle, Ont.
Canada: The William Weld Co., London,
Ont., 1909. One dollar, postpaid.

"We may cheerfully and gratefully say that never have we read a book published from the Canadian press more worthy to be placed in the hands of our readers, young or old, throughout the Dominion of Canada, and more suitable to be by them sent to their friends and acquaintances abroad than is this. The clergy, as well as the laity, will find in it a bright, rich and beautiful blending of 'things new and old.'"—The Canadian Churchman.

The Beaver Circle.

The City Cousin.

He's my own cousin, Mamma says; but my! he's awful green!
Because he's always lived in town and so he hasn't seen
So very many things. He said he never milked a cow,
And all the grass he ever saw was in a yard till now;
He never gathered roasting ears, and it's the first time he
Throw up a stick to knock down nuts and ate 'em off the tree!
And he don't know where honey grows and never learned to swim!
My! I would hate to be that old and not know more than him!

When he is home there ain't a creek and so he never goes
A-fishing, and he hasn't got a suit of real old clothes,
The kind you have to have to fish; and he says he can't go
Barefoot with us because the grass and weeds would hurt his toe!
He won't chew slippery elm bark or beeswax; he's afraid
Of it because he told us that he don't know how it's made;
And he won't dig up angle worms because they wiggle so;
I never saw the place he lives, but my! it must be slow.

He don't know what a spring board is, and hasn't got a bat
That you can dip a drink up with—he never heard of that!
And if it's raining in the woods he hurries up to get
Back home because he's so afraid he'll get his straw hat wet.
One day we killed a garter snake—they don't have them in town—
And he don't know the tail won't die until the sun goes down!
And he is sorry that he never came down here, the more
He thinks of all the things he's learned he didn't know before!

Still, I suppose he has to live somewhere, but it must be
An awful thing to live so long and never climb a tree.
Or plug a watermelon when you think it's ripe, or wear
The kind of clothes that you can rip and do not need to care;
Or dive into the creek or sit upon the bank and get
Your back all freckled up and burned until you feel it yet
When it is time to go to bed! He never learned to swim!
My! I would hate to be that old and not know more than him!

—J. W. Foley, in N. Y. Times.

A New Competition.

I have something important to tell you: This morning we got in a stock of "brand new" books for the Beaver Circle, so, of course, I was inspired at once to give you a competition. Then I began wondering why so many more girls than boys write on the various subjects, and the upshot of it all was that I decided to give two competitions, one for the girls, another for the boys.
Prizes, then, will be given for the two best stories, or compositions, about the

accompanying pictures. The girls must not write on the boys' subject, nor the boys on the girls' subject.

Be sure to sign your name in full, and give full address, then post your composition in good time, so that it will reach this office not later than November 5.

Address, "The Beaver Circle," "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.

Our Letter Box.

A Letter from Australia.

[Our Beavers will be glad to read the following letter from Daphne Brewster's mother. Most of them will remember Daphne's own very interesting letters, which always found a welcome place in the Beaver Circle, and will wish her all success with her college work. If ever she has time to write, we shall all be glad to hear from her. Many thanks, Mrs. Brewster, for the bits of boronia and wattle. I wish all the Beavers could see them.—Puck.]

Dear Puck,—Daphne has asked me (Mother) to write to you, and thank all those who so kindly wrote to her in response to your wish. She would have liked to answer them all, but as she

as the children heard the word "snow," they all rushed out in various stages of dressing to see it—some had only their pyjamas on. The snow continued to fall for two days, and then the rain came, and it soon melted away, except on the top of the hills, where it lay a little longer. We never have to stable our stock in the winter as is necessary in Canada, though, of course, the cattle and horses get hay, or chaff, oats, etc. Very few houses here have a cellar or basement. We have a storeroom, separate from the house, in which we store our fruit, keep jam, flour and oatmeal, and other things.

Our spring is just beginning, and there are little lambs skipping about on the hills, and the trees and wild flowers are out in bloom, and in the garden, jonquils, daffodils, violets, salvia, anemones, japonica, and some roses, are shedding their fragrance around, and also the boronia, which grows wild in West Australia, and of which I am enclosing a small piece.

Please, "Puck," may I say that Daphne is a girl, as some seem rather in doubt as to whether Daphne is a boy's or a girl's name.

As Daphne took away her "address

think of more to say about the pictures in to-day's Circle.

Our Junior Beavers.

The Duck.

"Quack!" says the Duck, "quack, quack! My back is much too dry, alack!
I'm in a pet,
I wish't were wet!
Quack!" says the Duck, "quack, quack!"

"Quack!" says the Duck, "quack, quack! I know a way to wet my back!
I'll take a dive,
As I'm alive!
Quack!" says the Duck, "quack, quack!"

"Quack!" says the Duck, "quack, quack! My back is now so wet, alack!
That in the sun,
I'll take a run!
Quack!" says the Duck, "quack, quack!"

Dear Puck,—I read the Beaver Circle quite a bit, so I thought I would write, too. My father has one horse and nine cows, and one little heifer. I live on a farm right beside a little village, out in the country. I am in the Third Book and never went to school a day. My mother taught me. I think I will close now.
BESS TATE (age 7).
Highland Grove, Ont.

Current Events.

It is expected that General Botha will be chosen as Premier when the Parliament of South Africa is opened next year.

The Grand Trunk Railway shareholders have voted Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, the retiring President, a pension of £1,500 a year.

Fifty thousand soldiers guarded the 50 miles of railway in Italy over which the Czar passed last week in going on his visit to the King of Italy.

Mr. D. D. Mann announced at Victoria that the ultimate terminal for the Canadian Northern Railway on the Pacific seaboard is Quatsino, on the west coast of Vancouver Island.

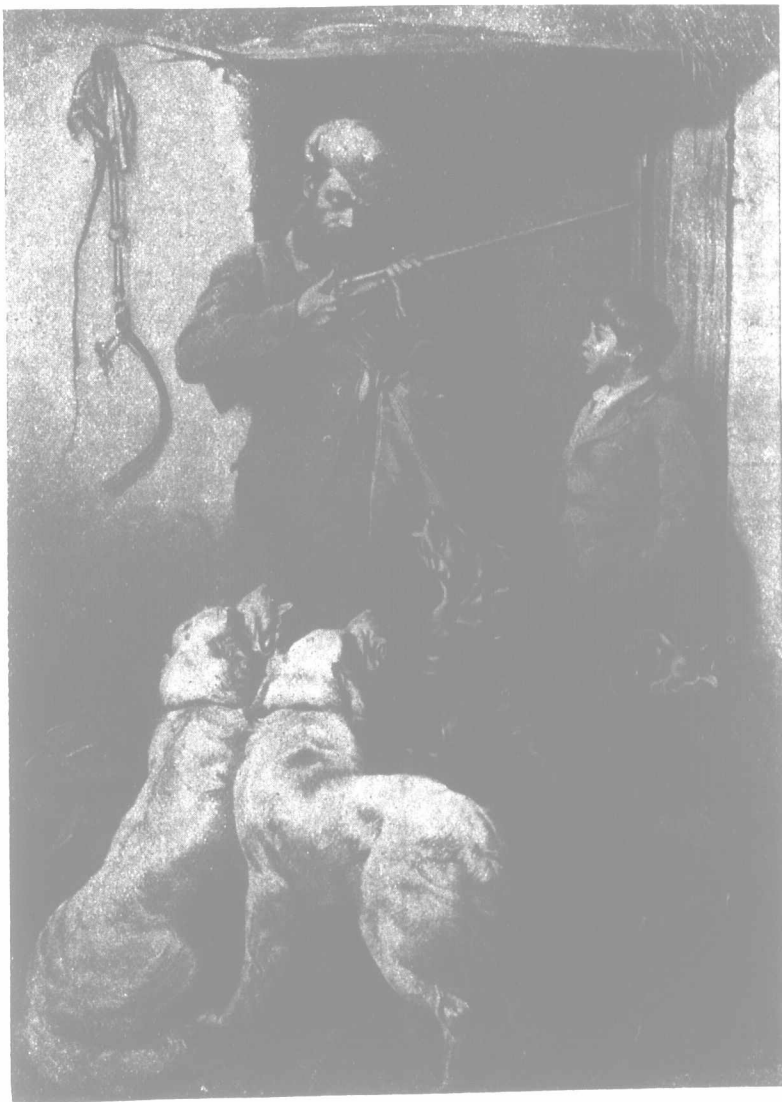
A number of Canadian journalists and ex-journalists, belonging, for the most part, to Ottawa and Montreal, have struck a very rich 22-inch vein of silver in the Northern Ontario silver field.

Commander Peary has forwarded his proof, records and observations, that he reached the North Pole on April 6th, 1909, to the National Geographical Society, at Washington. The first claim to Dr. Cook's records is held by the University of Copenhagen.

A bill for the compulsory military training of all males from the age of 12 to 20, has been introduced into the Australian Parliament by Mr. Cook, Minister of Defence. The bill also calls for the building of an Australian fleet, as the "most potent argument for peace."

Count de Lambert, the French aviator, Wilbur Wright's first pupil, made a remarkable flight recently, leaving the aerodrome at Juvisy, flying across Paris, a distance of 15 miles, encircling the Eiffel tower, and returning again to the aerodrome without a pause. During the flight he reached an altitude of 1,300 feet.

Beauty is Love, and what we love
Straightway is beautiful;
So is the circle round and full
And so dear Love doth live and move.
—J. R. Lowell.



No. 2.—Boys' Competition.

Write a story of the bird or animal wounded by this gun, as the bird or animal would write it, if it could.

went to college in Melbourne in February, she has had no time for much writing. Some of the Beavers wanted to know if apples grew here, so I will just tell them the kinds we have growing in our orchard, which is only a small one; perhaps they will recognize some. We have Five Crowns, Rhymers, Rome Beauty's, Ben Davis, Garibaldi, Reinette du Canada, Jonathans, Spitzenberg, Emperor Alexander, Northern Spy, Pearmain, Irish Peach, Duchess of Oldenburg; then we have a large quince tree, mulberries, apricots, cherries, different kinds of plums, peaches, and an almond tree, a walnut, figs, lemons, and, of course, gooseberries, and other small fruits.

Some have asked if we have sleighing or skating here. No; we would have to go away up on Mt. Kosciuszko for anything like that. Two or three weeks ago, when we got up one morning, there was snow lying on the ground—about two inches deep. Well, if anyone had been around with a camera, he would have had some comical snapshots, for as soon

book" with her, intending to answer all the letters she received, I have not been able to reply as yet to some young gentlemen that wrote, but will do so shortly.

I hope all the "Beavers" have had a jolly summer and enjoyed their holidays. With best wishes to all of them, and yourself, "Puck," I am,

Yours sincerely,
BARBARA BREWSTER (for Daphne.)
Yinnar, Gippsland, Australia.

Beaver Circle Notes.

Dean C. Cook, Currie's, Ont., sends a riddle: "If two Chinamen ate one negro, what number would their 'phone be?" Now, how many of you can answer that?—You need not be young cannibals, you know, to think out the answer.

Anna F. MacKellar, Alvinston, and others, also send letters which are very prettily written, but rather short to be worth publishing. Perhaps they can