

but at all other points the Roumanians have held their own, at some points even driving back the Austro-German forces from the frontier. . . . A marked renewal of British activity is reported from the Valley of the Struma in Grecian Macedonia; also gains have been made by the French and Italians, at the other end of the long Balkan line. The Serbs, meanwhile, are fighting hard, and have inflicted heavy losses on the Bulgars, but have not yet reached their immediate objective, Monastir.

The Beaver Circle

An Opening of the Season Letter.

Dear Beavers.—During the summer we have all been rather resting on our oars, haven't we? I have not been pushing you to do much for the Beaver Circle, for I knew how much you wanted to play out of doors, and besides, I supposed that many of you would have plenty of work to do, picking berries and gathering up apples, and helping with the potatoes and turnips.

But now winter is coming on. You will be indoors more, and in the long evenings you will likely find time to do something for the Beaver Circle, after school lessons are done.

We want our Beaver Circle this winter to be the best yet, and it will be, if you are all as busy as beavers. Just now the two competitions on "Our School" for the Junior Beavers, and the limerick competition for all the Beavers, are coming along nicely. Don't forget that all the letters must be in by November 15th.

"Busy as Beavers!"—how would that do for our motto? And how would it be if we start the winter's work by a story about the busy little beavers of the deep woods and far-away streams? It is taken from Mr. Enos A. Mills' very interesting book "In the Beaver World." Mr. Mills, you know, spent nearly all of his life in the woods, and he knew a great deal of our little feathered and furry brothers.

Here is what he told about one beaver: "One autumn, when following the Lewis and Clark trail with a pack-horse in western Montana, I made camp one evening with a trapper who gave me a young beaver. He was about one month old, and ate twigs and bark as naturally as though he had long eaten them. I named him 'Diver', and in a short time he was as chummy as a young puppy. Of an evening he played about the camp and often swam in the nearby water. At times he played at dam building and frequently displayed his accomplishment of felling wonderful trees that were about the size of a lead pencil. He never failed to come promptly when I whistled for him. At night he crouched near my camp, usually packing himself under the edge of the canvas on which I spread my bedding. Atop the pack on the horse's back he traveled,—a ride which he evidently enjoyed. He was never in a hurry to be taken off, and at moving time he was always waiting eagerly to be lifted on. As soon as he noticed me arranging the pack, he came close, and before I was quite ready for him, he rose up, extending his hands in rapid succession begging, and, with a whining sort of muttering, pleaded to be lifted at once to his seat on the pack.

"He had a bad fright one evening. About one hour before sundown we had encamped as usual alongside a stream. He entered the water and after swimming about for a time, taking a dozen or so merry dives, he crossed to the opposite side. In plain view, only fifty feet away, I watched him as he busily dug out roots of the Oregon grape and then stopped leisurely to eat them. While he was thus engaged a coyote made a dash for him from behind a boulder. Diver dodged, and the coyote missed. Giving a wail like a frightened child, my youngster rolled into the stream and dived. Presently he scrambled out of the water near me and made haste to crawl under my coat tail behind the log on which I sat.

"The nearest beaver pond was a quarter of a mile upstream, yet less than five minutes had elapsed from the time of Diver's cry when two beavers appeared, swimming low and cautiously

in the stream before me. A minute later another came in sight from downstream. All circled about, swimming cautiously with heads held low in the water. One scented the place where the coyote had attacked Diver, and waddled out and made a sniffing examination. Another came ashore at the spot where Diver came out to me. Apparently his eyes told him I was a part of the log, but his nose proclaimed danger. After three or four hesitating and ineffectual attempts to retreat, he plucked up courage and rose to full height on hind legs and tail to stare eagerly at me. With head well-up and fore paws drooping, he held the gaze for several seconds and then gave a low whistle.

"At this Diver came forth from behind my coat to see what was going on. The old one started forward to meet him, but on having a good look at me whirled and made a jumping dive into the water, whacking the surface with his tail as he disappeared. Instantly there followed two or more splashes and a number of tail-whacks upon the water, as though a beaver rescue party were beating a retreat.

"At the end of my outing Diver became the pet of two pioneer children on the bank of the Snake river. He followed the children about and romped with them."

Little Bits of Fun.

The class was being instructed on the "circulation of the blood." The teacher said, during the course of instruction:

"If I stand on my head, the blood will run down into my head. Do you understand?"

"Yes," replied the class.

"Then," continued the teacher, "why is it that the blood don't run into my feet when I stand upon them?"

There was a pause for a few seconds, when one of the pupils said:

"I guess because your feet ain't empty."

The title of the picture was 'The Truth-tellers,' and the children were asked to write a composition thereon. This was little Johnnie's effort: "One day mother left me in the house all alone. Pretty soon Tommy Jones came along and said let's go swimming. My mother wont let me. Ah, come on. So I went. When mother came back she said what makes your hair so wet. I said mother I cannot tell a lie I went swimming. And she said Johnnie I'm glad you took a bath."—Life.

Senior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—I received the book to-day. Thanks very much. I am going to begin reading it at once as I have never read it before. I have quite a few pets. Some of them are: four pigeons, two kittens, an old cat and a chicken. I wish some of the Beavers would write to me. We have taken the Farmer's Advocate as long as I can remember. I have read a number of books. Some are "The Coral Island," "Ivanhoe," "The Lady of the Lake," and several others. Well as my letter is getting long I will close.

Yours sincerely,
JANET GRIEVE.
R. R. No. 5, Seaforth, Ont.

Junior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—My father has taken the Farmer's Advocate ever since he started farming and I like to read the Beavers' letters, so I am going to write one. I live on a farm and have just about five minutes walk to school. We have the best teacher in Canada and all the scholars call him "Teddy." He has taught our school for fifteen years. I have two brothers going to school and a twin brother and sister two years old. We have three Collie pups and we call them "Rag", "Tag" and "Bobtail."

Hoping to see this letter in print,
WILLIS RICHARDSON.
Age 7 years.

This is a splendid letter for a wee lad of 7 years,—all the "stops" quite right and the writing very neat. Come again, Willis.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY GEORGE V
ESTABLISHED 1810.

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The Windrow

Fifty-three thousand women are now employed on men's work, other than munitions, in France. . . .

Miss Graynella Packer of Jacksonville, Florida, was the first woman in the world to serve as a commercial wireless operator. She has served on the Clyde liner Mohawk, and now wishes to secure a position on a big ocean line. Many women are now qualifying for the work.

Recent scientific experiments show that a growing boy of school age requires about 50 per cent more food than a hard-working adult. The deduction is that school-boys should be well fed.

The new Hennepin Ave. Methodist Episcopal church in Minneapolis is to be decorated with pictures on religious subjects painted by early European masters. The pictures were donated by Mr. Thomas Walker, one of the wealthy members of the church, who has been a collector of pictures for many years.

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY

Serial Rights Secured from the Bobbs-Merrill Publishing Company.

The Brown Mouse

CHAPTER III.
WHAT IS A BROWN MOUSE?

Immediately upon the accidental election of Jim Irwin to the position of teacher of the Woodruff school, he developed habits somewhat like a ghost's or a bandit's. That is, he walked of night and on rainy days.

On fine days, he worked in Colonel Woodruff's fields as of yore. Had he been appointed to a position attached to a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year, he might have spent six months on a preliminary vacation in learning something about his new duties. But Jim's salary was to be three hundred and sixty dollars for nine months' work in the Woodruff school, and he was to find himself—and his mother. Therefore, he had to indulge in his loose habits of night walking and roaming about after hours only, or on holidays and in foul weather.

The Simms family, being from the mountings of Tennessee, were rather startled one night, when Jim Irwin, homely, stooped and errandless, silently appeared in their family circle about the front door. They had lived where it was the custom to give a whoop from the big road before one passed through the palin's and up to the house. Otherwise, how was one to know whether the visitor was friend or foe?

From force of habit, Old Man Simms started for his gun-rack at Jim's appearance, but the Lincolnian smile and the low, slow speech, so much like his own in some respects, ended that part of the matter. Besides, Old Man Simms remembered that none of the Hobdays, whose hostilities somewhat stood in the way of the return of the Simmses to their native hills could