

APRIL 22, 1909

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

The Beaver Circle.

Our Letter Box.

Dear Puck,—I have never written to the Beaver Circle, as I have not been in Canada a year yet. I arrived at Montreal on the morning of the 14th June, 1908, with my mother, father, two brothers, and a sister. We lived at Portsmouth, on the south coast of England, which is a large naval town. When the French fleet was at Portsmouth, a few years ago, we went to look at the ships. We went aboard three of them. My brothers climbed the riggings, but my sister and I did not. We went into the "Sick Bay," which is the hospital of the ship, and there we saw some men who were sick in their beds. It seemed very strange, for many of the sailors could not speak English. The town was decorated, and looked very pretty, especially the town hall.

We had a very pleasant voyage out here. We had to go to Liverpool to get aboard the ship named The Kensington, in which we came. As we were passing out of the dock we saw the Dreadnaught, the largest ship in the world; but now they are building a larger one at Portsmouth, called The Bellerophon. I will close now, as I must not take up too much space in your corner for the first time. I am sending a few riddles.

What is the difference between a sailor on duty and a sailor discharged? One goes to sea and the other ceases to go.

Why does a clergyman call his congregation "brethren?" Because he is their pa's son (parson).

Do black or white sheep eat most? White ones, because there are more of 'em.

KATHLEEN APPS (age 13).
Blandford, Ont.

Dear Puck,—This is my second letter to the Beaver Circle, and as you said the first one was too short, I will try and make this one better. I said in my first letter that I had a pony, and my birthday was in February, and I received a saddle. The pony does not like it at all, and she kicks when I put it on. We are stabling about 145 cattle this winter, and have 27 horses. There is lots of ice here this winter, and we have lots of fun skating. I go to school every day, and have only missed about a day since summer holidays. In school we take up arithmetic, grammar, spelling, geography, reading, art work and history. I guess I will close now for I fear I have written too long a letter. Wishing you success.

JAMES HUNTER (age 12).
The Maples.

Dear Puck,—I have been a long time writing again, but I thought I would wait till I had something to say. I see that you like us to tell about the wild flowers and the birds that we see. Well, I have seen thirteen different kinds of birds this year, which are: House sparrow, slate-colored junco, golden-crowned kinglet, downy woodpecker, snowbird, purple finch, blue jay, pine grosbeak, redpoll, hairy woodpecker, robin, crow, prairie horned lark, and have also heard some song-sparrows and nuthatches, but have not seen them. Last year I saw about 70 in all. I think the bird that Ruth Erb tells about is a pine grosbeak, as it is very much like a bird that comes around Brussels. It is too early for wild flowers yet, as the snow is on the ground, but when they come out I will have to write and tell you about our woods and the flowers that are found around here.

We have a lovely colt, the first horse we ever had. When father was down at grandpa's he saw this one for sale, and thought he was such a beauty that he bought him. His name is Prince, and when you go into the stable he neighs loudly till you give him something to eat. Father is training him so we can ride horseback, and bye-and-bye I will send a photo of me on his back. He is very quiet, and when father cleans out his hoofs he says, "Hold up," and Prince holds up his foot.

GERTRUDE DEADMAN (age 13).
Brussels, Ont.

My Dear Puck,—I got "The Farmer's Advocate" last night and I read about

your story on shooting birds and thought it very good indeed. I wish you would write another, and I hope H. H. B. will write a short story next time. I am a buttermaker's daughter. My father is manager of Princeton creamery, and he has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" as long as I can remember. We have two dogs, a mother and pup. We also have a cat and four kittens. The old mother knows nearly everything you say to her. If she wants some meat, she goes to the cupboard and cries. We brought her from Compton, Quebec; that is where we used to live. When we moved, mother gave the cat away, and then, after we had been living here a little while, she wrote and asked the people if they would mind giving her up, and they sent her. She is like one of the family. We call her Yola. Is not that a funny name? Well, I must close with a riddle.

How is it the washerwoman is the greatest traveller in the world? Ans.—Because she crosses the line from pole to pole.
HELEN PARRY (age 11).
Princeton, Ont.

The Chinese plate looked very blue, And wailed: "Oh, dear! what shall we do?"

But the gingham dog and the calico cat Wallowed this way and tumbled that, Employing every tooth and claw In the awfulest way you ever saw— And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!

(Don't fancy I exaggerate! I got my news from the Chinese plate.)

Next morning where the two had sat, They found no trace of dog or cat; And some folks think unto this day That burglars stole that pair away! But the truth about the cat and pup Is this: They ate each other up! Now, what do you think of that! (The old Dutch clock it told me so, And that is how I came to know!)

—Eugene Field.

Dear Puck,—My father takes "The Farmer's Advocate." I like to read the young people's letters. I go to school



A Springtime Discovery.

What have these boys found? Tell all you know about it, and send letters so that they may reach this office on or before April 30.

Our Junior Beavers.

The Duel.

The gingham dog and the calico cat Side by side on the table sat; 'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think!) Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink! The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate

Appeared to know, as sure as fate, There was going to be a terrible spat. (I wasn't there; I simply state What was told me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!" And the calico cat replied "mee-ow!" The air was littered in an hour or so With bits of gingham and calico, While the old Dutch clock in the chimney place

Up with its hands before its face, For it always dreaded a family row! (Now mind, I'm only telling you What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

every day, except when I am sick; Miss Wright is our teacher's name. She is trying for the Guardian's free trip to New York. I am saving the coupons for her. We have had a beautiful winter, very little snow and lots of ice. I could skate back and forth to school every day for a month, 1½ miles. We had some pretty cold weather, the thermometer was down as low as 19 degrees below zero. The birds all leave the Island in winter, except the crows and sparrows. Other winters we have seen black birds about the size and shape of a robin on our crab-apple tree, but this winter we have never seen them yet. I do not know what they call them. We are pretty well shut in in the winter, no communication with other countries except by boat. We have two winter ice-boats running between Pictou and Georgetown.

JAMES TUPLIN.
New Annan, P. E. I.

Dear Puck,—This is the first letter I

have written to you. We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" as long as I can remember, and all think it's just splendid. We live on a farm, and I like to drive the horses and help my father and brothers do chores. I think I would rather live on a farm than in town, but I think it great fun to spend a day in town. I hope to see this in print.

NORMA GOSNELL (aged 10).
Highgate, Ont.

Dear Puck,—I like reading the letters in "The Farmer's Advocate." My father has taken it for ten years. I live on a farm, one mile and a half from Teeswater. I have one mile to go to school. I am in the Senior Second class. We had a concert at our school before Christmas. Jubilee services were held in Knox Church, Teeswater, last Sunday, by the Rev. Mr. Knowles, Galt, and on Tuesday night they had a tea-meeting. A number of the former ministers were present. I will close with some riddles.

What gives more milk than a cow? Ans.—Milk-wagon.

What is the difference between a poor horse and a feather tick? Ans.—One is hard up and the other is soft down.

ALEX McKAGUE, JR., (age 9).
Teeswater, Ont.

Dear Puck,—My father has been taking "The Farmer's Advocate" for about ten years, and we all like it very much. We have a little tame squirrel; he comes to the house every day. I have a little pony of my own which I call Nellie. Hoping this will escape the w. p. b., I will close.

DAVID CAMERON (age 10).
Finch, Ont.

Beaver Circle Notes.

Luella Spring sends us a composition on bees which we cannot publish, because it was written from a story which she read. We want compositions which are entirely original, written about things which our boys and girls see with their own, not somebody else's, eyes. However, we thank Luella for her attempt. Probably she did not understand our rule.

We shall be glad to hear Bernadette Mousseau's "Opinion and Post-office" game. As we do not think kissing games exactly nice, we cannot publish the "clap out" game.

Blue Eyes wrote a letter giving away the whole secret as to who Peggy Ike is. But I do not think I will pass it on. It will be more fun to keep the rest of you guessing for a while. Don't you think so, Blue Eyes?

Several letters found the w. p. b.—Do you want to know why, Beavers? Well, I am afraid I must say, because they were not interesting enough; we expect very interesting letters, you know, especially from the Senior Beavers. But never mind, boys and girls. If your letters were not published you had the practice, anyway. The more you write, the better your letters are likely to be.

The results of the last competition will appear next issue.

Current Events.

The University of Saskatchewan will be located at Saskatoon. The building will not be erected until 1910, but classes will be held in temporary quarters in the meantime.

A mutiny incited by fears that the new programme of reform in the Government is about to interfere with their religion, has broken out among the Mohammedan soldiers composing the Turkish army, the immediate cause of the uprising being due to the order that they must obey their officers under all circumstances, even if called on to shoot down their co-religionists. As a result, the dismissal of Hilmi Pacha, the Grand Vizier chosen by the reform element, has been demanded, and the old Vizier, Kiamil Pacha has been recalled to form a new Cabinet.