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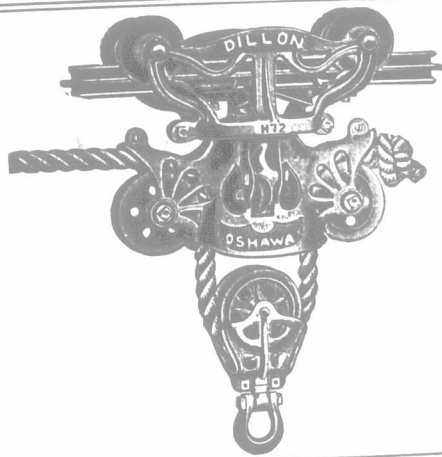
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Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for about a year, and likes it very much.

I have a pony, her name is Nellie, and I ride her every evening when I come from school, but have never got thrown off. I go to school every day, and I am in the third book. The school is on our farm, and I have a short distance to walk. We have a lady teacher that has been teaching for about seven years. I'm going to take music lessons this month. I have, besides my pony, a dog, cat, and a calf. My dog is a great playfellow. He will play hide-and-seek, climb a post 8 feet high after a cloth, and he will play many other games.

MAE GRAHAM

Glencoe, Ont.

(Age 9, Book III.).

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter. I have been reading the Beaver Circle for some time, and I like to read it. I have no pets, except a dog named Watch; but I have a dear little brother that takes the place of pets. I have two brothers and two sisters, named Glenn, Hugh, and Mina and Lena. I like to go to school. My brother Glenn and I go to school nearly every day. We just have to go across the road. We go to S. S. No. 9 school. I hope that some of the rest will write to the Beaver Circle. Good-bye.

PEARL ROGERS

(Age 10, Jr. III. Class).

Kingsville, Ont.

Dear Puck,—This is the first letter I have written to you. I live on a farm three miles from the Town of Acton, six miles from the Town of Georgetown. The name of our school is Bannockburn. I like going to Sunday School, especially on rally-day. We have only taken "The Farmer's Advocate" a short time, and like it very well. I have three sisters and two brothers. I think this is enough for the first time.

ANNIE NICHOL

(Book II.).

Acton, Ont.

Dear Puck and Junior Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. My father takes "The Farmer's Advocate," and I enjoy reading the letters very much. I have two brothers and no sister, but I would like to have one. There are between sixty and seventy scholars going to our school. Our school is on the Oneida Road. It is S. S. No. 3, Southwold. I live one mile from Southwold Station. I like our teachers very much. I have gone to school three years, and I am in the third book. I guess I will close. Good-bye.

IRENE JONES

(Age 8).

Southwold, Ont.

Dear Puck,—This is my first letter to "The Farmer's Advocate," though we have not taken it very long, but we like it very much, and I have been reading the letters in the Beaver Circle.

I was sick most of the winter, and have not attended school since Christmas. My little brother died three weeks ago, and we have had quite a lot of bad luck this winter.

I guess I will tell you how I spent my Christmas holidays. For Christmas we all went to Lobo, and while I was there my grandmother wanted me to stay for a while, and my mother said I could. When I was there my aunt took me to London, and on New Year's Day I came home.

VERA GREGORY

Strathroy, Ont. (Age 10, Book III.).

I am sorry this letter could not appear sooner, Vera. It was written in April.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As this is my first letter to the Beaver Circle, I will not make it very long, and I hope it will not go to the w.p.b.

I have two pets—one is a kitten, her name is Polly; the other is a dog, and his name is Max. I have four sisters and three brothers. I have to walk one mile to school. I like going to school. We have a lady teacher, and I like her very well.

ANNIE WASHBURN

(Age 10, Book III.).

Saintsbury, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I dare say that most of you have experienced a happy time in a sugar bush. But

suppose some little children do not know what it is like, I will write a short account of what I have experienced.

One afternoon my two brothers, a sister, cousin and myself went back to the sugar camp. It was rather late when we got there, but that did not spoil our fun. As soon as we got there we sat down on some logs near by to have a rest.

Just here I will explain what an old-fashioned sugar camp is like. A large pole is extended between two trees. On this are hung three large black kettles which hold the boiling sap, and sometimes taffy. A large log is rolled up on either side, and a blazing fire is built under the kettles.

Our uncle made us some taffy, which was poured out on snow when done. We all ate as much as we could, and as our hands were so sticky, we went to a creek near by and washed them.

I will close now, as I fear that I have taken up too much room. Hoping this will escape the w.p.b.

WALKERTON, ONT. ALICE TOLTON.

Dear Puck,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for two years. I enjoy reading the letters. I have half a mile to go to school. I go to school every day, and like it very much. For pets I have a cat I call Tabby, and a dog I call Robert. I will close with a few riddles.

I haven't got it, or I don't want it; if I had it I wouldn't take the whole world for it. Ans.—A bald head.

A wee wee man with a red red coat, a staff in his hand and a stone in his throat? Ans.—A cherry.

ELMER A STEPHENSON

(Age 9, Book II.).

Pickering, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I have read so many letters in your Circle that I concluded to write myself, to see if my letter will come out too.

I am in the first book, and nearly always take good marks in composition, which is my favorite subject at school. I will close now, hoping this will escape the w.p.b. REXFORD STEPHENSON

Pickering, Ont.

(Age 8).

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. I live on a farm. I have a mile to walk to school. We have 11 little pigs; we had fourteen, but three died. I have a dog; his name is Crusoe. We have 4 horses; one is named Bill, and the others are Nellie, Dan and Jack. We have 14 cattle. My brother takes "The Farmer's Advocate." I like reading the stories very much. As my letter is getting long I will close, hoping that it will escape the w.p.b.

CHARLOTTE POTTER

Loyal, Ont. (Age 8, Book II.).

A Robin Hunt.

Robert looked at his rifle admiringly.

"Isn't it a beauty?"

"It's a good one, too," replied his uncle, taking it out of the boy's hands.

"Now, I suppose those robins will let our grapes alone," said the boy, giving the weapon a little flourish.

"You are going to shoot some birds with it, are you, Robert?" asked his uncle.

"Yes, sir, I think I'll go out now and see if I can't get enough to make a pie."

"A robin pie is not as good as a chicken pie," said the uncle, thoughtfully.

"Why, no, I don't suppose it is."

"And do you know, Robert, I think a live robin is a lot more interesting than a dead one."

Robert began to laugh. "You do say the funniest things, Uncle Charlie, that I ever heard. Yes, I suppose a live robin is more interesting; but you see, I've got to let them out, or they will eat up all our grapes."

"That's a fact," said Uncle Charlie, so before I'll go robin hunting with you."

"All right," cried the lad, enthusiastically, "on your gun and let's go."

Uncle Charlie went to his room, and Robert came back with a black cat under his arm. "I think I'll let the cat loose, holding up his spy-happy time in a sugar bush. But

Robert, let me use your rifle, let's