

I have enjoyed reading the Junior Beaver's letters, so I thought I would answer your question, "How might boys and girls take part in the fall fair?" Our Women's Institute coaxed the boys and girls to help with the fair by offering a prize for the best writing, one stanza, of "God Save the King," and also for drawing the map of Ontario. The first and second prizes were won by a girl and boy in our Tweed Public School. Some boys I know had pet rabbits and they showed them, also pigeons, and they got a prize. I hope to read the other boys' and girls' letters, so hoping that this little letter of mine will be of some use to you, and escape the waste-paper basket, I will close.

ELSIE HICKS.

Tweed, Ont.

We have not space for any more of the letters to-day.

PUCK.

Will Reid Miller please send Puck his full address?

\$50 in Cash Prizes.

The prizes mentioned below will be given to subscribers of "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine."

We want every subscriber to guess the weight of paper (in tons, cwt., and pounds) that will be used in the 1911 Christmas Number, to be published next week, December 7th.

The one who guesses the correct, or nearest to the correct weight, will receive first prize; second nearest, second prize, and so on for the 13 prizes.

The prizes are as follows:

First prize.....	\$15 00
Second prize.....	8 00
Third prize.....	6 00
Fourth prize.....	5 00
Fifth prize.....	4 00
Sixth prize.....	3 00
Seventh prize.....	2 00
Eighth prize.....	2 00
Ninth prize.....	1 00
Tenth prize.....	1 00
Eleventh prize.....	1 00
Twelfth prize.....	1 00
Thirteenth prize.....	1 00

CONDITIONS.

All you have to do is to send in one new yearly subscription to "The Farmer's Advocate," accompanied by \$1.50. On a separate sheet of paper, put your guess in tons, cwt., and pounds, and your name and address.

All subscribers who send in a new name in this contest and do not receive a cash prize, will have their choice of any of our premiums that are given for one new subscriber. In this way everyone will be rewarded for sending in the new subscriber.

This contest is open until DECEMBER 30TH, 1911, and all guesses must be received on or before that date.

Secure the new subscriber at once, and send in the name along with your guess by the earliest possible mail after you have seen the Christmas Number.

Address, "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," London, Ontario.

NOTE.—The members of our staff or their families will not be allowed to compete in this contest.

To a Bird of Passage.

"O bird, swift sailing down the blue,
What far-off country calls to you?"
I do not know
Through sunset's glow
An instinct guides. It must be true.

"Yet tell me, bird, on that far shore
What does hope promise you in store?"
A gentler air,
Sweet perfumes rare
And glorious, radiant spring once more.

"You never saw that land so bright,
And yet believe 'twill crown your flight?"
You will not see.
Why question me?
Weang I fly, with pain, toward light.

And strong of faith, where instinct led,
Across the sea the wanderer sped,
And gentler air,
Sweet perfumes rare
And strong were found, as Hope had said.

—Frederick Hall

From the Montreal Standard.

The Lighthouse Lamp.

The winds came howling, north from the north,
Like a hungry wolf for prey,
And the bitter sleet went hurling forth,
In the sinking face of the day.

And the snowflakes drifted near and far,
Till the land was white as leered,
And the lighthouse lamp, a golden star,
Flamed over the waves' white yeast.

In the room at the foot of the light-house
Lay mother and babe asleep,
And little maid Gretchen was by them there,
A resolute watch to keep.

There were only the three on the light-house isle,
For father had trimmed the lamp,
And set it burning a weary while
In the morning's dusk and damp.

"Long before night I'll be back," he said,
And his white sail slipped away,
Away and away to the mainland sped,
But it came not home that day.

The mother stirred on her pillow's space,
And moaned in pain and fear,
Then looked in her little daughter's face
Through the blur of starting tear.

"Darling," she whispered, "it's piercing cold,
And the tempest is rough and wild;
And you are no laddie, strong and bold,
My poor little maiden child;

"But up aloft there's the lamp to feed,
Or its flame will die in the dark,
And the sailor lose in his utmost need
The light of our islet's ark."

"I'll go," said Gretchen, "a step at a time;
Why, mother, I'm twelve years old,
And steady, and never afraid to climb,
And I've learned to do as I'm told."

Then Gretchen up to the top of the tower,
Up the icy, smooth-worn stair,
Went slowly and surely that very hour,
The sleet in her eyes and hair.

She fed the lamp, and she trimmed it well,
And its clear light glowed afar,
To warn of reefs, and of rocks to tell,
This mariner's guiding star.

And once again when the world awoke
In the dawn of a bright new day,
There was joy in the hearts of the fisher folk
Along the stormy bay.

When the little boats came sailing in
All safe and sound to the land,
To the haven the light had helped them win,
By the aid of a child's brave hand.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Dont Feel Blue.

Oh, I like to hear a feller who will
whistle at his work;
I like to hear a worker who will hum
a little tune.

Ef a feller's got some music, why, he
ain't so apt to shirk;
He kin change a bleak December into
mild and merry June.

What's the use o' feelin' blue?
There is sunshine here fur you.
Life is mostly what you make it: make
it mellerlike an' true.
Care will often run away
Ef he finds you're feelin' gay.

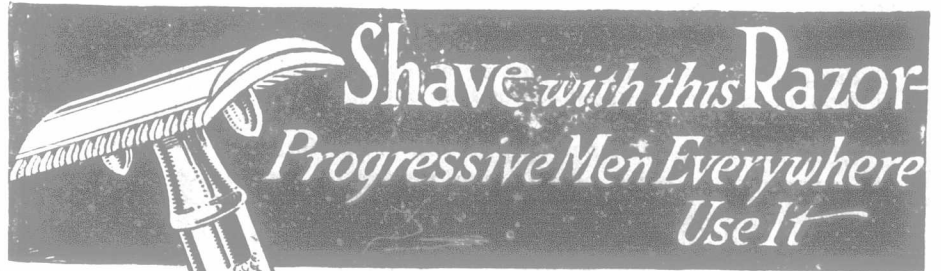
Open up your music, brother, an', by
thunder, let it play!

There's enough uv gloom an' sorer uv
the kind that hez to be.
Lots uv it's imaginary; you kin whis-
tle it away.

When you see ol' trouble skulkin' in the
lots behind a tree
Let him see you're merry-hearted; put
your record on an' play.

What's the use o' feelin' blue?
Natur's happylike an' true.
Help the world to be more cheerful an'
'twill do the same fur you.
Blue is all right in the sky,
All right in a madder's eye,
But don't git it in your system; it will
kill you hyacinth.

—Joe Cone.



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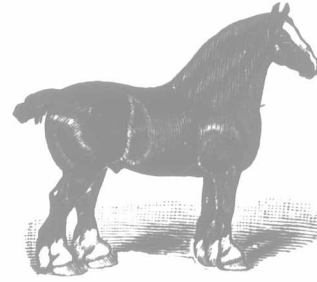
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TERMS TO SUIT

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Locust Hill, C. P. R. Station. Long-distance phone.

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