



SIMPSON'S COVERS CANADA

Whether you live in Nova Scotia, British Columbia, or anywhere between, your nearest post, express or freight office is practically a branch of Simpson's. *Simpson's Will Come to You.*

**We Serve Every Citizen
of the Dominion on Equal Terms**

You order from our catalogue at *regular Toronto prices. We Pay Delivery Charges. Everything we sell, except certain heavy or bulky goods (which are clearly specified in our catalogue) is Shipped Prepaid.*

You don't have to go to Toronto to shop at Simpson's.

You can have the benefit of our immense stocks, our great variety of goods and our low prices, right where you are.

All customers who buy at our store are privileged—if they desire—to return the goods and get their money back. *You can have the same privilege, no matter where you live, and we pay transportation charges both ways.*

Send for our **Mid-Winter Sale Catalogue.** The prices in it are special. It is filled with bargains, such as Toronto shoppers wait for and snap up. This catalogue gives you the same chance to save money.

Send for the Catalogue Now—It's Free Just address a postal to Dept. No. 15, saying "Send me your Mid-Winter Sale Catalogue."

The **SIMPSON** Company
Robert Limited
TORONTO

The Beaver Circle.

Our Junior Beavers.

[All children in Second Part and Second Books, also those in Third Book, if ten years of age or under, will write for "Junior Beavers," which will appear as early as possible each month. Please address letters to "Junior Beavers' Dept."]

The Discovery of Peter Thomas Trot.

I'm just a little boy; my name
Is Peter Thomas Trot.
But I have found out something
That some bigger folks have not.
I've found out why some weather's cold,
And some is very hot.

If you'll come out on our back porch
You'll see the reason why
Our winters are so very cold.
Our summers hot and dry.
They call it a "ther-mom-e-ter".
It's on a nail, up high

There are words and numbers on it,
But I can't read all they say.
And a little silver finger
To show just what kind of day.
And when it points to any place,
You have to feel that way

I've watched it every day; it hangs
Always in that same spot;
And when it points to ninety,
Why, the weather's always hot.
But if it stops at ten or twelve,
T will freeze, as like as not.

Sometimes the little finger
Half-way up will stop and cling;
And then the weather's lovely,
And the birds begin to sing;
And Mother puts my straw hat on,
And says that it is spring.

Now, if I take my hatchet, and
Just give a little chop,
And cut some of the numbers
From the bottom and the top,
The hottest and the coldest days
Will surely have to stop!

My papa thinks that I have made
A great "dis-cov-er-y."
And says if Mr. Edison
Should hear about it, he
Would want to go in partnership,
When I'm grown up, with me!
—Pauline Frances Camp, in St. Nicholas.

Our Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers All,—I just think I will tell you about my party that ma gave me on Hallowe'en. Mother wrote the invitations out for the girls to come at 3 o'clock till eight, and they were all on time, and the first thing we did was to go to the woods and play house in the leaves, for we have a lovely woods on a hill, and when we are on the hill we can see for miles around. Then we went to the house, after we had a lot of fun, for my uncle came in his auto from the City of Toronto, and the girls wanted to see it, and then we played till tea-time. Mother had the house all lit up with cut pumpkins, and the table was lit with pumpkins, and we had lots of cakes, and tarts, and pies, and candies, and lots of other things, and after tea we hung apples up to see who could bite them, and not one of us