

are eighteen pupils. We go skating on the creek that runs by our place. We have a pony; she is four years old. My father is a blacksmith. He has a great many horses to shoe in the winter time. My letter is getting rather long, so I think I will close now, wishing the Circle every success.

EDNA WATSON

(Age 12, Sr. IV. Book).

Alford Junction, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As I wrote before and my letter was not published, I thought I would try again. They say, "If at once you don't succeed, try, try, again," so I thought I would see if I couldn't succeed, as I would like to join your corner.

There is a creek that runs very near us, only about five minutes' walk. In the winter we skate on it, and sleigh-ride on the hill, and in the summer we fish nearly every night, and sometimes in the afternoon. I think fishing is fun, only I don't like to bait the hook. I do not want to take up too much room in your corner, but I am like one of the other Beavers, I would like to see what Puck looks like. I guess he is like a Santa Claus,—if everybody knew him he wouldn't be Puck; isn't that right? I will close, hoping this escapes the hungry waste-paper basket, and also asking some of the Beavers my own age or over to write.

ZILPHA ADAMS

(Age 12, Class Jr. IV.).

Brantford, Ont., Box 55.

Dear Beavers,—At our city there is an hydraulic lift-lock, the largest in the world. A party of our friends went down the river on an excursion, and when we came back at night we all went up over the lift-lock. It was the official opening of the lighting of the lift-lock by electric light. There were a thousand people there to see it being lighted up for the first time. This was one of the treats I had in last summer holidays.

Our city is called the Electric City. The city is built on the Otonabee River, which furnishes it with power.

I expect to try the Entrance examinations next summer, and I hope I will pass. Wishing the Beaver Circle every success. Hoping this will escape the w.-p. b.

ALEX. MCGREGOR

(Age 14, Book Sr. IV.).

Peterboro, Ont.

To The Buds.

By Mary B. Fuller.

Stay in, little buds, stay in,
Too early you're out to play,
For this is the first of March, dear buds,
There are two months yet till May.
Stay in, little buds, stay in.

Stay in, little buds, stay in,
The north wind still will blow.
He's only waiting to draw you out,
Then nip you under the snow.
Stay in, little buds, stay in.

Stay in, little buds, stay in,
Though the warm sun call you out,
And the soft little breezes beckon, too,
As they flourish all about.
Stay in, little buds, stay in.

Stay in, little buds, stay in.
Be patient yet a while,
Till after the winds and rains are past,
And May says, "Come," with a smile.
Stay in, little buds, stay in.

Beaver Circle Notes.

Don't forget, Beavers, that all letters written on both sides of the paper are thrown into the w.-p. b. They give too much trouble to the busy printers.

How many of you have trouble with the upsetting of your ink-bottles in school? If so, make a circle of stiff paste-board wide enough to reach far past the bottle, cut a hole in the middle of it for the neck of the bottle, and slip it on like a collar. When this collar is on, the bottle cannot tip over far enough to spill the ink.

If any of you do not find your letters in the Letter Box inside of four or five months, you may be sure that they were too short, and not interesting enough, for publication. Do not make a list of your horses, cows and sheep, nor yet of your pets, but if you have anything in-

teresting to tell about any one of these, tell it. . . Again, a mere list of your brothers and sisters is not interesting to strangers, but anything clever done by one of them, or any cunning little speech of the "baby," is sure to be. If there is any fine scenery near your home, tell about that—or any spot where a historical event has taken place. Close observations of birds, plants or insects, are always worth giving,—also accounts of fishing or picnic trips, of school fairs, Arbor Day work, school libraries, school gardens, etc. Most interesting of all, perhaps, is your own opinion on any subject interesting to boys and girls. Your letters on the Home-work question showed that you are quite equal to this last.

Now, Beavers, think this over, and decide what you will write about when it is time to write again. You see I don't want any letters at all for a few weeks, until we "catch up" with those on hand. In the meantime, however, I think we may give you a new competition.

The New Competition.

Our competition this time will be in drawing. Take your choice of any one of the following subjects:

(1) Place on the table a pitcher, a bowl, and three apples, carrots, onions or potatoes. Make a drawing of the group.

(2) Draw a picture of someone in your house, sitting by a table reading by the light of a lamp.

(3) Draw a picture to represent "April." The best prize will be given for No. (3), which is the hardest.

All drawings must be received here not later than April 1st. Address, The Beaver Circle, "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.

Riddles.

Green, white, pink and black,
Large as a hump on a camel's back,
Soaking wet like a dropical sponge,
Into its heart a knife I'll plunge,
From its body I'll take a slice,
Smack my lips and call it nice;
Skin and bones I'll throw away,
What's its name?—I prithe, say.
Ans.—A Watermelon.

Sent by Miller Johns, Fairfield East, Ont.

Why are naughty children like corn-stalks? Ans.—Because they get their ears pulled.

House full, hole full, and can't catch a bowlful. Ans.—Smoke.

What makes more noise under a gate than a pig? Ans.—Two pigs.

Sent by Helena King, Oakdale, Ont.

OUR JUNIOR BEAVERS.

[For all pupils from First Book to Junior Third, inclusive.]

Junior Beavers' Letter Box.

GOING TO SCHOOL IN WINTER.
(An Honor Roll Letter.)

I saw your competition in "The Farmer's Advocate," and thought I would write. I have a mile and a quarter to go to school. I have not missed many days. Papa takes us when it is stormy, and when the snow is deep. Sometimes coming home we jump on sleighs or run behind them, and the horses may go fast and leave us behind. We get on runners of cutters. Sometimes there is not room for all of us in it. We play building forts, snowballing, and horse. My teacher's name is Miss Morton. I like her very much. There are just two in my class. We have an examination nearly every Friday. Three other little boys come my way. We often 'phone about school. I have a dog called Sport. One day he came after our cutter to school. He did not wait for a lesson, but went home. I will close, wishing the Beaver Circle every success.

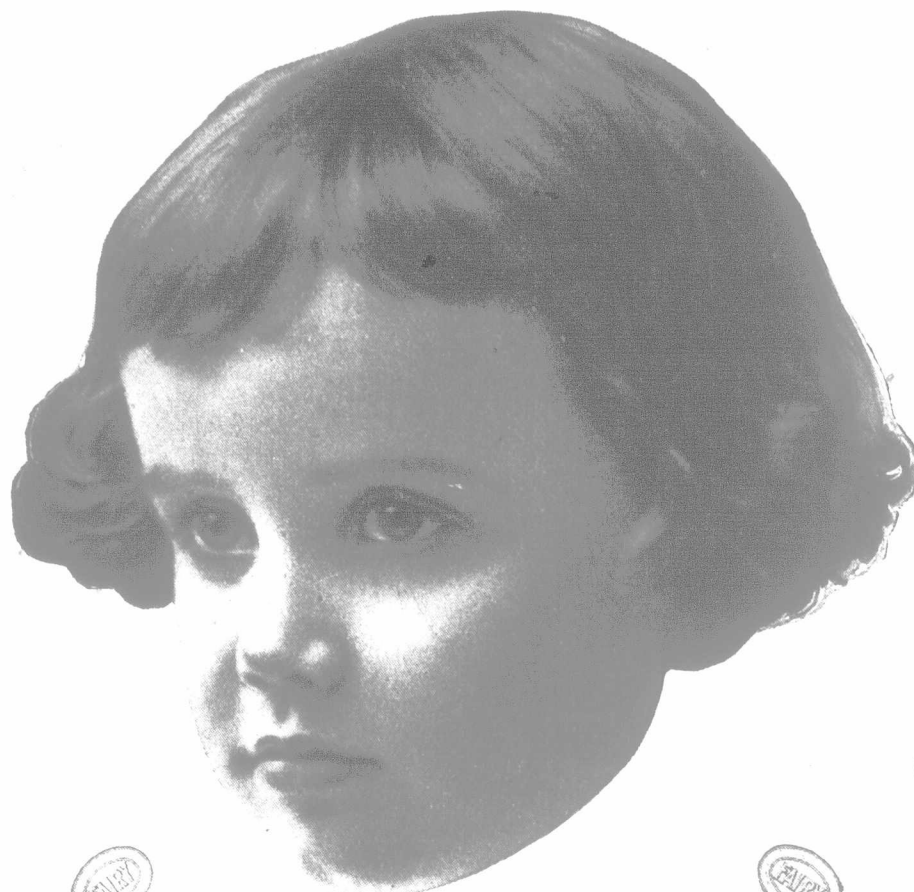
EVAN JACKSON

(Age 8, Class Part II.).

Chesley, Ont., Box 264.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for some years, and I enjoy read-

"HAVE YOU A LITTLE 'FAIRY' IN YOUR HOME?"



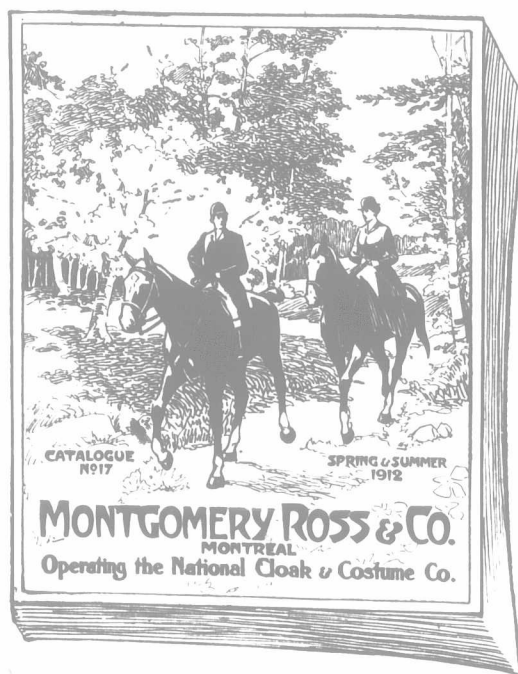
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You may think the toilet and bath soap you use is the best simply because you have used it for years and have become accustomed to it. If you are open to conviction, however, we can truthfully state that, if it isn't Fairy Soap, it isn't the best. Fairy is a white cake of floating purity—made from edible products that cost more than the ingredients used in other white soaps.

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