212

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

 mystery was added to the Christmas things it held ! No one was forgotten.

 preparations.
 Joe Harper was discovered sitting very

The children often stopped in their slide-making to talk it over, and plan gifts to be sent to the children of the soldiers who were at the front. They had made up quite a boxful and had sent it in, and were making a second with Miss Webb's help,-that is what time they had to spare from their lessons during school hours, and sliding, and snow battles. What memories they brought back, and what a change there had been in them all since last Christmas, when they had been so anxious to keep the Jones' crowd out of everything. This year the Jones' crowd were the ringleaders in almost everything.

Christmas eve the children in all the homes were almost too excited to sleep. The children outside the Harper home were wondering why they were all invited to the Harper's for Christmas evening, and the little Harper children wondered too, so much that Santa Claus was sadly retarded in his progress of stocking - filling. But at last all the small pairs of eyes were closed in healthy sleep, and Santa was able to tip-toe around as he pleased. He filled the stockings up with candy, nuts, and apples, then turned his attention to the immense Christmas-tree which stood in the parlor, reaching to the ceiling, and when he had finished it looked like a toy shop.

Morning dawned bright and clear. Such a confusion, examining stockings, then getting dressed 1 After breakfast they were allowed to see the tree, but the gifts were not lifted until all the guests arrived.

Mother Harper said, "Now, before we strip the Christmas - tree we'll have a surprise."

The children looked at each other in wonder, especially when Mildred Jones and Lillian Kemp on one side, and Mabel Harper and May Scott on the other side were given white ribbons and placed so as to form an aisle of the white ribbons from the parlor-door to the arch of evergreens that made a corner for the tree. Suddenly someone started to play the piano, and the wondering children saw Miss Webb, dressed in a pretty, white dress, leaning on her Uncle Ben's arm, walk in up the white-ribbon aisle and stand under the big, red. Christmas hell She was followed by Miss Mae Lewis, a cousin of the Harper's, and Roland Kemp. Miss Lewis stood beside Miss Webb, and Roland stood over on the opposite side of the bell, leaving just room enough for uncle Ruthven to stand beside Miss Webb, he having come in with the minister. The music ceased and the minister started to speak. So surprised were the wondering girls that they almost let the ribbons fall They through it all now; the mystery was explained: Miss Webb and Uncle Ruthven were being married,-there was no doubt of it. The minister was saving "Hilda Carlyle Webb wilt thou take this man, Ruthven Allan Harper, to be thy lawful wedded husband ?" and Miss Webb had said "Yes."

things it held ! No one was forgotten. Joe Harper was discovered sitting very still regarding the new Mrs. Harper with wistful eyes. His uncle said, "What is it, Joey, boy? You are never envying me my wife, are you?"

"No," said .Loe. "I was just wondering when you'll let her come back and teach us again."

"Not at all, laddie. You're getting a new teacher."

"I won't love her at all," sobbed Joe. "I won't, I tell you, not the leastest bit."

The bride picked him up in her arms and said, "Not if I ask you to, Joey? Let me tell about her. She's an old friend of mine, and very fond of little boys and girls. She is going to stay with mother and Uncle Ben, and her name is Violet Flowers. Now, is not that a pretty name?"

Joe was so interested he forgot to cry, and was soon laughing and playing with the other children. They played games until nearly midnight, sang "God Save the King," and all the guests went home, all agreeing that Christmas-trees and weddings at the same time were very joyous affairs.

Senior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,-This is my second letter to "The Farmer's Advo-We had a concert a few days cate." before Christmas and it was very nice. There were eight songs that the whole school sang together. The prizes were won by Grace Freeborn and Nazor Kennel. I like to go to school very well, and I am glad when school starts again. My teacher's name is Mr. E. Wilson; I like him fine. He only came to this school in the summer. We have a big Collie dog; his name is Collie. I have two cats called Tommy and Tiger. had four, but two of them went away and we never saw them anymore. Well, as my letter is getting long, I will close with a riddle.

What bites and has no teeth ? Ans.--An onion.

I hope that horrible w.-p. b. is not hungry just now. Good-bye.

NANCY ERB (age 12, Sr. III.). Wellesley, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—Not having written to you for about a year, I am trying again. As I have passed the Entrance I don't go to school, so I sometimes get lonely, though not very often. But when I do I want to write to somebody.

We had a flower garden at school, and home gardens, too. We had a school fair also, and it was fine.

Beauty, and a horse named Maude. I am in the Senior III. Class, and am eleven years old. I also have a flock of chickens, one rooster and six pullets. They are all pets. I showed them at the school fair and got third prize for my rooster and second for my flock, making in all \$1.45. Yours truly. BESSIE STIRLING.

(Age 11 years, Class Sr. III.) Agincourt, Ont.

Honor Roll.—Blanche Cook, Annie Nicholson, Lilian Brown, Ruthie Shantz.

Beaver Circle Notes.

Annie Nicholson, Bailieboro, Ont., wishes some of the Beavers to write to her.

Lilian Brown (age 11), R. 3, Welland, Ont., and Ruthie Shantz (age 14), R. 3, Berlin, Ont., also wish correspondents. Ruthie wishes some of the girls to send her a recipe for making "lady fingers."

Junior Beaver's Letter Box.

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

Dear Puck and Beavers,-This is my second letter, Puck. I wrote one a long time ago, and I had to wait a long time to see it in print. I hope I will see this one in print. I go to school nearly every day and am in the Third Book. My teacher's name is Miss P.Offord; I like her well. I have four sisters and one brother. My sister Beulah and I have a mile and a half to go to school. I have read a few books, among them being "Cinderella and the Little Glass Slipper," "Morning Talks," "Teddy Bear," "Archie's Mistake," "Alice in Wonderland," "The Basket of Flowers," "Little Women and Little Men," "Robinson Crusoe," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," 'Tom Brown's School Days," "Mill and the Floss," "The Night Before Christmas," "Mother Goose," "Miawy's Revenge," "Old Mother Hubbard," "The Story of Miss Moppet," "Four - footed Friends," "Friends in the Fields," "The Wild Animal Book," "Peter Rabbit," and many others.

Well, Puck, I will leave some room for the other Beavers. Good-bye.

GREETA BAILEY. Cainsville, Ont., Manitoulin Island. P. S.-I wish some of the Beavers my own age (10) would write to me.

Dear Puck and Beavers,-As I wrote once before, I thought I would write again. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" as la member. I have one brother in the war; he is 24 years old. He is at Salisbury Plain now. I don't expect to see him again. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Campbell. have two brothers and one sister that goes to school with me. They are older than I. I am taking music lessons. My teacher's name is Miss Andrews; she is a nice teacher. Well, as my letter is getting long, I will close, wishing you every success.

FOUNDED 1866

Junior Beavers' Honon Roll.-Gladys Moscotabe, Annabel McLaughlin, Helon Baker, Verna Moss, Willie Peacock, Eleanor Ellis, Arnold Wade, Edward Morgan, Bessie Dalton, Bessie Rodger, Ida Levitt, Kenneth Simpson, Estelle Hopkins, Gladys Simpson, Alta Clark, Violet Klein, Stewart Middleton, Clarence Thomblinson, Bessie Readhead. Pearl Pinkerton (age 11, Jr. 3rd Class), Greenock, Ont., wishes some of the little Beavers to write to her. Also Kenneth Scott (age 11), R. 1.

Farran's Point, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,-This is my second letter to the Beavers. I go to school every day that I can. I am in the Second Book. I have a sleigh and have a good time with it and my doll. l give her rides in it. My doll's name is Maude. I have one cat. I call the cat Whitie because she is a white cat. We have a good time with her, I and the neighbor girl. I don't think this is a good letter, but I guess it will have to do just now. I have a little calf for a pet; its name is Rosie. Morie and 1 tried to catch it one day, but we could not manage it. If we had managed it we would have got on its back and I would have got a rope and we would have had a ride on its back. I think I will close now and leave a little room for the other Beavers. Good-bye, Bea-CLARA SECORD (age 9). vers. Bervie, Ont., Brussels, R. R. No. 2.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As you printed my first letter I am going to try again. I have lots of pets this year. I have some ducks, and my brother has some Rock chickens. We are going to see who can raise the most little ones next summer. Bye-bye.

LOUISE FRASER (age 9, Class II.) R. R. No. 2, Bluevale, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for as long as(I can remember, and he likes it very well. We have a Collie dog; its name is Fanny. We have two pups, but we have not named them yet, and my brother and I have great fun with them. I have one sister and two brothers older than myself, and another brother is younger. I wish some little Beaver would write to me. I am ten years old, and in the Junior Third Class. ANNA MUMA

R. R. No. 3, Ayr, Ont.

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When it was all over and they were receiving the congratulations of their friends, Mabel said teasingly, "Oh, you naughty Uncle Ruthven! Why did you not tell me who your new housekeeper was? I never thought of you going to marry a housekeeper."

"I didn't marry a housekeeper, my dear. I married a young lady, and I am going to turn her into a housekeeper, and I think I shall have to thank all you young folks for bringing this about." "Uncle Ruthven !" they all exclaimed in one breath, "we did not do it !"

"Well, you certainly helped a lot. If you had not been kind to the Jones crowd they would not have been able to advise you about Uncle Ben's valentine, and if you had not made friends with Captain Ben my wife would never have been living here, and I might have searched for years for her. And now, just as soon as we see what Santa has put on this precious tree, your Aunt Hilda and I will take the train for a trip, coming back to our own cottage in time for the New Year, and I cordially invite all present to a party New Year's evening."

Such a lot of glad hurrahs rang through the room that Uncle Ruthven knew how very much pleased they were to hear that.

The tree was dismantled, and so many

If some of the Beavers will write to me first, I will write to them. I will close now, as my letter is getting long. I hope this letter will escape the old waste-paper basket. Wishing the Beaver Circle every success.

JEWEL NORRIS (age 11). Munro P. O., Ont.

Dear Puck,—We had a school fair in our township last fall. I think I did very well at it. I got first prize on an essay on "How I Grew My Plot," and one for a rooster, and first on mounted weeds. I got third on a quart of barley, and fourth in a race, and fifth on care of barley plot. My sister Mary got first on care of corn plot, and fourth on six, stalks of corn. I guess I will close my letter, Puck.

FRANCIS FLAHERTY. (Age 11, Sr. IIL) Caledon, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,-I never could pick up courage before to write, but when I saw so many girls and boys of my own age writing to this good paper thought I would write to you, too. I live in Scarboro on a farm of 97;acres. 1 have one brother and one sister. We all go to school, which is just across the road from our place. I have read a great many books, among which my favorites "Bessie on Her Travels," "Bessie in the City," "A Bunch of Cherries," "Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings." "Naughty Miss Bunny," "Miss Lavender's Boy," and "Roasted Chestnuts." For pets 1 have a Jersey cow named

EVA SECORD (age 9, Sr. II.). R. R. No. 5, Simcoe, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers .- This is my first letter to your Circle. I enjoy reading the letters very much. My papa has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" ever since I can remember. I have two. brothers. Ellsworth is six years old, and Winston is two. Ellsworth and I go to school every day. We have about half a mile to walk, and often come home to dinner. Our teacher's name is Miss Darby; I like her very much. There are 23 scholars going to our school. I am in the First Reader. We live on a farm at Melbourne Ridge, but our mail comes from Kingsbury, by Rural Delivery. My papa has 200 hens, and we ship our eggs to Montreal. In the summer time I help feed the hens and chickens, and gather the eggs. I like to read, and have a number of books, and enjoy my S. S. papers every week, the "Playmate" and "Dew Drops." Now, I will close, hoping to see my letter in print, and 1 will try to do better next time. Good-bye,

HILDA H. BEERS (age 8). Kingsbury, Que., R. R. No. 1.

Riddles.

Round as an apple, red as fire, with a long stem. Ans.—A cherry. Sent by Annabel McLaughlin.

Higher than a house, higher than a tree. Oh, what can it be? Ans.—A star. Sent by Verna Moss.

If there were something in a field and you fed it straw it would live, and if you fed it water it would die. Ans.-Fire.

What can be found where it is not? Ans.-Fault.

When is a pocket like the moon? Ans.-When it is full. Sent by Ida Levitt.

Why is a lady like a clock? Ans.-Because she has tiny hands and a pretty face. Sent by Violet Kleine.

A Dog's Affection.

dog was bereaved of his master, and afterwards became old and blind, passing the dark evening of his existence sadly in the same corner, which he hardly ever quitted. One day came a step like that of his lost master, and he suddenly left his place. The man had just entered wore ribbed stockings; the dog had lost his scent, and referred at once to the stockings he remembered, rubbing his face against them. Believing that his master had returned after those weary years of absence, he gave way to the most extravagant delight. The man spoke: the momentary illusion was dispelled; the dog went sadly back to his place lay wearily down and died.

