

JUNE 22, 1911

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE

The Beaver Circle.

Our Senior Beavers.

[For all pupils from Senior Third to Continuation Classes, inclusive.]

The Hay Loft.

Through all the pleasant meadow-side
The grass grew shoulder-high,
Till the shining scythes went far and wide
And cut it down to dry.

These green and sweetly smelling crops
They led in wagons home;
And they piled them here in mountain-tops
For mountaineers to roam.

Here is Mount Clear, Mounty Rusty-Nail,
Mount Eagle and Mount High;—
The mice that in these mountains dwell,
No happier are than I!

O what a joy to clamber there,
O what a place for play,
With the sweet, the dim, the dusty air,
The happy hills of hay!
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Beads Made of Rose Leaves.

If you want to try something interesting save the petals of roses as they begin to fall off the bushes. Now put them through a meat grinder or crush them to a pulp by pounding them while they are still fresh. Let them stand in a covered dish over night, and pound them several times the next day. Do the same the third day. By this time the petals will have become a soft black mass. Now make this into balls and string them on hatpins to dry. Leave them for several days until they are quite dry and hard, then pull them off the hatpins and you will have beads with a slight odor of rose all ready to string. You must remember to make the beads about twice the size you want them to be, as they shrink a good deal. If you want them to be slightly glossy, use a little vaseline on your fingers when moulding them. You may string them by themselves or put a tiny gold or colored bead after each rose-bead.

The Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle, although I enjoy reading your letters very much. I live on a farm, and I am about sixteen miles from our nearest city. I go to school every day, for I am going to try my Entrance Examinations at midsummer. For my pets I have two kittens, named Buster and Pearly, and a dog named Brownie. Before I close I would like Amy Seburn, Longwood, Ontario, to correspond with me. Hoping to see this printed.
ELSIE J. COWIE
Erindale, Ont. (Age 12, Book IV.).

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As this is my first letter to the Beaver Circle, I will not write a very long letter. We have a pet canary which we call Dickie, and two tame goldfish, which we call Silver and Gold. I have just to cross one field to go to school, and like my teacher very much. Her name is Miss Stewart.
CORA BAER
Guelph, Ont. (Book IV.).

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle, though we have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for over thirty years.

I live on Spring Grove farm; it is situated about a mile from the Village of Walter's Falls. The country around here is quite hilly, but there is some beautiful scenery. There are several large hills, from which you can see quite a distance. Sometimes we can see Georgian Bay, which is ten miles away.

My brother and I had great fun this winter skiing on the hills. I do not skate, as we live too far from the pond.

We made a family of snow people in our yard, and they looked quite real enough to frighten you at night.

There is a creek on our farm where we can catch speckled trout. Mother is never afraid to let us go there, for it is so shallow there is no danger of getting drowned. Once we took our little

brother Percy with us, and he fished with a bent pin, and a fish bit the worm, and Percy was so surprised he rolled into the water and got dripping wet.

There is a Women's Institute here. My mother belongs to it. There is also a Farmer's Club. These societies seem to liven things up for the elder people.

I hope my letter will not take up too much space in your valuable Corner, and if it appears in print I will be tempted to write again.
EDITH WARD
Walter's Falls. (Age 13, Book IV.).

Our Junior Beavers.

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

The Morning Sun.

By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.

I like the sun of afternoon,
So golden and so mellow;
I like the sun who goes to bed
Wrapped up in red and yellow;
But I don't like the morning sun,
I never get my dream-thinks done—
He's such a saucy fellow!

When I am just, say, half awake
He's at my window, peeping,
And, though I shut my eyes hard-tight,
I feel him coming, creeping
Across the carpet to my bed,
No matter how I turn my head,
It means "good-by" to sleeping!

He dances on my eyes, and shouts
"Hi, there! get up this minute!
There's something doing out of doors;
Look sharp! You won't be in it!
I do so hate to hear you snore,
The birds are up this hour or more—
Hark! Don't you hear that linnet?"

Now that may be all right, you know,
If one were really lazy;
But when one only likes to lie
With thoughts all dreamy-hazy
And misty-queer, it seems a sin
To have that Mr. Sun dance in
To drive a person crazy!
—St. Nicholas.

The Letter Box.

[A prize has been sent to the writer of the following letter.]

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I am going to tell you a little bit I know about nature.

Last fall I watched a squirrel for many days. It worked from early morning till late in the evening, gathering nuts, which it stored in a hollow about two feet from the ground in the same tree as he got the nuts.

Our dog tried very hard to catch him, but he never did. The squirrel would sit in the branches and chatter at Watch, and he would jump up and make great efforts to catch him, but the squirrel was always too quick.

I went to look in the hollow one day and it was quite full of nuts. I think it lived there all winter, for I have seen a lot of tracks around the tree.

A little bird built her nest in one of our fields, and as I was walking along she darted up quite close to me, and flew along as if she was hurt. I think she wanted to take me away from her nest.

I did not see it then, but a few days afterwards papa, my brother Robert and afterwards papa, by brother Robert and I were walking through the same field, when papa saw her nest. We did not look at it long, as we knew that a mother bird does not like to have anyone near her nest.

Most birds are very useful, as they eat insects that harm the grain and hay. Some build their nests in very funny places, such as chimney swallows do.

Quite often when I have awoke in the morning I would hear them chirping merrily in the chimney, which passed through my room.

There are other kinds, too, that are called barn swallows, which build their nests under the eaves of barns. They usually lay four or five white eggs speckled with brown. Their little homes are made of clay and lined with feathers, and they leave a small round hole to go in and out of.

This is the first time I have written a letter to you, so I hope you will think it interesting enough to publish.

DOROTHY NEWTON
Plaisance, Que. (Age 10, Book III.).

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