

into the hot mixture. Let cook until the egg is set, then stir in sliced bananas. Serve with a caramel sauce, made as follows: Put one cup sugar into a pan and let brown. Add a cup of water, let the sugar melt in this, and cook to a thick syrup.

Prune Pudding.—Stone some cooked prunes, chop fine, and mix well with a little of the liquid. Now mix together two-thirds cup of stale bread crumbs, two-thirds cup flour sifted with 2 level teaspoons baking powder, two-thirds cup finely-chopped suet, and two-thirds cup sugar. Beat 2 eggs light; add two-thirds cup of the prepared prunes, half a teaspoon salt, and two-thirds cup of milk. Stir this mixture into the dry ingredients, and steam 2 hours in a close-covered, buttered mould. Leave plenty of room to swell. Serve with sauce.

The Ingle Nook.

A railway station is one of the most cosmopolitan spots on earth. It is also a spot where, even if you are among the least observant, you are likely to become for the nonce a student of human nature. Enconced in a corner, a half-hour's wait on hand, and nothing else to do, you idly watch the people drift by; a curious medley, of which, in all probability, you will never see a single member again, and yet you look at this one and that with an almost unaccountable interest. And all unconsciously, perhaps, you are radiating beams of friendliness here and there, selecting those who might be your friends—and if one of these should happen to meet your glance he might go on his way cheered a little, he knows not why.

Here comes a brisk business man, hurrying to the ticket office. He has come down to see his daughter off on a three weeks' visit. She is the apple of his eye, and he has great plans for her. You may meet this man across a bank counter, perhaps, but he does not need your friendship; his world is filled up already; and when his daughter marries, he will prefer that it be where money reigns, and position; but, above all things, money.

There on the seat nearest the door is a shy country lad. His trousers are a bit short, perhaps, and the "crease" is not visible. His collar, too, may be of the slightly antiquated. But he is an honest laddie, and in his eyes there is a world of loneliness. He has left the old home, may be, for there were younger children growing up and all could not stay; and here, while waiting for the change of cars, he has time to think about it all. His semblance is here, with the short trousers and the brand-new "telescope," but he himself is far away, looking through an open door upon the parents and brother and sister who are talking about him, wondering "how far he has got now." Old Tige is there, too, lying with his nose on his paws; and beyond the house and the old barn, the pine-woods are waving.

Now your attention is attracted to a young woman, dressed in accordance with the most accepted fashion, and dainty from head to toe. Her hair is pulled out over the latest approved foundation (you are morally sure that these "rats," at least, are sanitary); her hat has the droop that spells the acme of style; and her veil but brings out the beauty of her complexion, while not concealing in the least the tilt of her aristocratic little nose. You admire the little lady, but your emanations of friendliness scarcely go out to her. She, too, does not need them. If you spoke to her she would answer you, from the throne of her self-possession and self-sufficiency, with perfect courtesy, but with the ice in look and voice that chills; that is, unless you, too, are of the fashion-plate style, and the puffed hair.

Not so the fine-looking woman near by, quite as exquisitely gowned, but with less of the "latest" and more of the individual. In her face there is unfailing indication of the mind and character which make it what it is—a breadth of mind which can be interested in everything that is not foolish, and paltry, and mean; a heart that can feel for suffering anywhere, and recognize goodness and common sense, regardless as to whether their possessor wears this season's jacket of three years ago.

There, in a corner there, where

they will be "out of the way," sit an old man and woman. He holds a basket on his knee, full of apples, perhaps, for the grandchildren; she has her handbag and umbrella, and a parcel or two. . . . They have come down a long journey, these two, but the companionship has never flagged yet, and never will now to the end of the way. . . . Perhaps these old folk do not need your interest either, but if you smile at them they will take it kindly; and if you help the old lady aboard with her umbrella and bundles, they will talk of it on the way, and again to the sons and daughters, and the grandchildren.

Just a word more. Have you ever yet sat an hour in a railway station without resolving to never say a slang word again? She is always there—the woman, young or old, who uses slang—and there it strikes you with all its bold, ugly, "commonness." You may have used it yourself; you may have overlooked it in a friend; but here, on the lips of strangers, you know it for what it is.

Without doubt there are slang words which are so apt that they will incorporate themselves into literature. This has been done, and is being done, in spite of purists, as such words as "jingo" and "graft" testify. But we refer to another class.

A ladylike looking girl said, "I am going to stick my brother for my fare up." The one tell-tale word marked her as no lady. A middle-aged woman ejaculated, "Darn the thing!" How ill-chosen the expression seemed on the lips of an age that should conduct itself with dignity.

Should we not at least discriminate with our slang? Still better—would it not be safer not to use it at all?

And now, how many of you will be

members of the Beaver Circle to be as busy as beavers, wide-awake, alert, active—just the kind of boys and girls that Canada will be proud to own as men and women by-and-bye. Sometimes, too, we hope they will be very busy in trying to give "The Beaver Circle" the success it may have if all try hard enough. So, hurrah for "The Beaver Circle," and congratulations to Noah Steinmann.

Just here I may say that for the next competition I want you to write a composition on "The Beaver," illustrating it by a drawing of a beaver. For each of these—essay and drawing—we will give a prize. Now, do you think any one of you will manage to capture both prizes?—Of course, you must take at least 75 marks to win one at all. . . . And, oh, yes, I nearly forgot—the best drawing of the beaver, if good enough, will be reproduced in the paper.

Be sure to send your letters so they may reach this office on or before the 20th of December, and this time and henceforth, address envelopes to "The Beaver Circle," "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.

Now I must stop and make way for the Circleites.

Yours in a jolly big handshake,—

PUCK.

OUR DEBATE.

I must say that I was a little disappointed in the letters sent in on the debate, as to whether summer or winter sport is the better fun. Very few got as many as 70 marks, and not a single one as many as 75 marks, the requisite number for taking a prize. I am publishing the two best letters: You will



Difference of Opinion.

taking a little trip to the W. I. Convention at Guelph? If you go, be sure to use your eyes and your ears. We can learn many a lesson, as well as gather much to amuse in these little journeys—while the convention itself is an event of the year.

D. D.

The Beaver Circle.

Dear Girls and Boys,—As you see, we have a new name for our Circle. There were a good many votes for "Young Canadian Circle," but more for "Beaver Circle," and so that matter is settled, the prize going to Noah Steinmann, Wellesley, Ont.

I think we should all be very well satisfied with the new name. As Russell Warner, one of our Circleites, said in casting his vote: "The beaver was our first builder, and is an emblem of our country which is not brought to the notice of the reading public as much as it should be, and by calling our Circle 'The Beaver Circle,' I think we would do no more than do the name justice."

If Russell had gone on I am sure he would have called our attention to the fact that the beaver is one of the busiest creatures alive, and so has become a symbol of industry—"As busy as a beaver," is a very common saying.

And so in this respect, also, I think the name very appropriate. We want

see they are very good, but, also, that they might be improved a little in brightness and interest, as well as in the number of points. I think both Hilda and Russell tried to keep their letters too short, but I would have given twice as much room, provided the letters were interesting.

Isabel Smith sent a very neat, prettily-written letter, but her sentences were rather short and jerky, with too many repetitions. A very good plan is to "mix" your sentences, having some long, some short. A long succession of very short sentences is sure to produce a jerky, rather disagreeable effect, while a succession of long ones makes heavy, tiresome reading.

Now, laddies and lassies, I hope you do not mind my pointing out your mistakes. You know, our Circle must be, above all things, helpful, and I cannot make it so without telling you your mistakes as well as your good points. Besides, I am sure, if you try your very best, you will be able to write letters, so bright, so interesting, that they will surprise us, and, perhaps, yourselves too. Let us see what you can do in writing about "The Beaver." I want everyone who writes to find a place at least in the honor roll.

In Favor of Summer Sports

Dear Puck,—This is my first letter to The Children's Corner. I live on a farm, but will not tell you about my home.

time, as I wish to have something to say about this debate. "Resolved, that winter sport is better than summer sport." For my part, I prefer the summer sport, and for many reasons. In the summer we have more sports and the daytime to view them by. In the winter the sports are mostly in the evening in the lighted rinks, or skating on the river or ponds by moonlight, when children of our age should be in bed.

For my part, I enjoy a baseball game on a warm day in summer, I enjoy fishing parties, picnic and garden parties. It is also pleasant in the hay and harvest fields.

Would like some members of Children's Circle to correspond with me. Hoping to see my letter in print.

RUSSELL WARNER.

De Cewsville, Ont.

In Favor of Winter Sports.

Dear Puck,—Reading in your last "Advocate" that we were to start a debate, I at once woke up. I think winter sport is much better than summer sport. In Coaticook, it is considered by the boys and girls, that a good skate is much better sport than to stay at home, lie down in a shady place, and still be roasted. Winter is a beautiful season; the snow is very pretty and the nights are so light. Snowshoeing is one of the chief sports of winter, and I like it best. Start out on a moonlight night and come back near the morning. Now, I hope that it is resolved that winter sport is much better than summer sport. Well, I must close, as I will be taking up too much space of this precious corner. I hope this will escape the waste basket.

HILDA BALDWIN.

Coaticook, P. Q.

Decision re Debate.—If the decision on the debate is to go by numbers, then "summer" has won the day, as three letters were written in favor of summer sports for every one in favor of winter sports. However, I think those in favor of winter sports have made out a very good case, also.

THE LETTER BOX.

Dear Puck,—I have been wanting to write to you for a long time, but I never could get it done. My uncle has been taking "The Farmer's Advocate" for as long as I can remember. I think it is the very best paper I ever read. This is my second letter to the Children's Department, and I am very much interested in it, because there are such nice stories and letters in it. I think you must be a big, jolly man, able to receive us all into your heart, and that you are able to write many nice stories for us in the Department, as we are all fond of reading, I think.

I think I will try making some of those Christmas presents you mentioned in the last "Advocate." I am in the third reader at school. There are just two pupils in my class, and we are both the same age.

The pupils of our school are going to have a concert of dialogues, recitations, and many other amusements. We are going to have a lot of the farmers and their wives to come; it will be at Christmas-time we have it.

I may drop in often to see you, and maybe I will tell you about our concert. I think I will get some of the recitations for it out of "The Farmer's Advocate."

There were some Indians near our school awhile ago, and I bought a bow and arrow from them. I got a little pink basket, too; it only cost one cent.

LUELLA KELLOUGH.

Auburn, Ont.

Write again, Luella, and tell us about the concert. I hope you will have success with the headwork.

Dear Puck,—It is bedtime, but I have to stay up to write to you. I am going to say a few words on the subject, "Who, or what, Puck is?"

Puck is pretty smart, I tell you, whoever he, she or it is. In one paper he speaks of boys being gentlemen and such. In another he is showing girls how to make watch jobs of heads, etc.

My opinion is that he, she or it, is a boy, and is some nice lady helping him, but he is about fifteen years old, and I must skidoo to bed!