

it." Prof. Barnes Steven says: "Peter did not stop at the most heroic methods to carry out his pet scheme of making 'a window to look on Europe,' from which he did not wish to be debarred any longer by the jealous fear of the Western powers. All good Russians hated the new capital, and in 1714, Peter issued an Ukaz, forbidding anyone to build a stone house except in St. Petersburg, under penalty of exile to Siberia and confiscation of property. Every nobleman was therefore obliged, not only to build a palace or house in St. Petersburg, but also to bring with him a certain quantity of rough stone. By these and similar measures, St. Petersburg was called into being."

A fund is now being raised in England for the purchase and preservation of the battlefield of Waterloo, on which it has been proposed to erect buildings. A sum of £10,000 will be required for this purpose, and an additional sum is asked for to pay for the erection of a simple resting-place and monument for the bones of the heroes of all nations who fell on that day. The Pall Mall Gazette says: "Waterloo was more, much more, than a victory. . . . We do not glory in the defeat and humiliation of a gallant foe, now our closest friend in Europe, we glory because the men of these little islands set their teeth and battled for the liberty of Europe through twenty-four long years, often alone, withstanding the spoilers. Waterloo was the crown and consummation of that struggle. . . . Are there no other spots less sacred, where pianos may tinkle, and the busy feet of the 'daily bread' echo over the pavement as he betakes himself to work?" As yet the fund only amounts to a little over £6,000.

The Beaver Circle

Just Plain Cat.

Our neighbor's cat is Persian, the Jones' is Maltese;
Aunt's big Angora has feathers to her knees
(At least they look like feathers) and a tail so big and white,
When that kitty meets a puppy dog, I tell you it's a sight!
But when I ask, "What breed is mine—my pussy, sleek and fat?"
They laugh, and pull my curls, and say, "I fear—just cat."

It's true her eyes aren't yellow, her tail is rather small,
I don't know if she ever had a ped-i-gree at all,
(That big word means her mother, her grandma, too, they say,
That they all took prizes at a show, were marked a special way.)
What do I care for markings, for prizes and all that?
She is the darling of my heart—and just plain cat.

She was the dearest kitten, all scampet and all fur!
Not one of all my other pets could make me laugh like her.
She may be very common, but I know she's good and true,
For she meets me when I come from school with loving little mew;
And when she's round we never see a teenchy mouse or rat,
And I b'lieve I love her better 'cause she's just plain cat!

—Jennie P. Ewing, in Youth's Companion.

An Intelligent Cat.

Baron Von Gleichen, a German diplomat, used to tell a story of a favorite cat as a proof that the feline race can think and draw practical conclusions. The cat was very fond of looking in mirrors hung against the walls, and would gnaw at the frames, as if longing to know what was inside. She had, however, never seen the backside of a mirror. One day the baron placed a cheval glass in the middle of the room, and the cat instantly took in the novelty of the situation.

Placing herself in front and seeing a second cat, she began to run round the mirror in search of her companion. After running round one way several times, she began to run the other, until fully satis-

fied that there was no cat beside herself outside of the glass. But where was the second cat? She sat down in front of the glass to meditate on the problem. Evidently, inside, as she had often before imagined. Suddenly a new thought occurred to her. Rising deliberately, she put her paws on the glass in front and then behind, walked round to the other side, and measured the thickness in the same way. Then she sat down again to think. There might be a cavity inside, but it was not large enough to hold a cat. She seemed to come to the deliberate conclusion that there was a mystery here, but no cat, and it wasn't worth while to bother about it. From that time the baron said she lost all curiosity about looking-glasses.—From Our Dumb Animals.

Junior Beaver's Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my first letter to the charming Circle. I enjoy reading the letters very much. I am eleven years old, and I like to go to school. We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for about six years. If the waste-paper basket is hungry he will swallow this letter. I think I will close, wishing the Beaver Circle every success, as my letter is getting rather long, so good-bye.

NANCY LEIS.

(Age 11 years.)

St. Agatha, Ont., R. R. No. 1.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for nearly six years. I enjoy reading the Beaver Circle very much. I have read that some of the Beavers try for a doll's dress competition. May I try, too? I am fourteen years old. What time of

would write one, too. I go to school nearly every day. I am eleven years old and am in the Junior Third Class. My teacher's name is Miss Handy; I like her fine. I have two sisters; no brothers. For pets, I have two lambs which I call Daisy and Jack. My oldest sister goes to High School; she is sixteen years old, and my youngest sister is thirteen. We have five horses and eight head of cattle. We milk five cows. As my letter is getting long, I will close.

GRACE ILER.

R. R. No. 1, Kingsville, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my first letter to your charming Circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" since the year 1900. I like reading the letters very much. For pets, I have a cat named Jumbo, a dog named Fido, and three calves, named Pat, Bess, and Bobbie. Jumbo weighs thirteen and a half pounds. Fido catches lots of rats and mice. I have a sister and two brothers. Celia, age 7; Eli, age 4, and Earl. I go to school, and am in the Second Book. My teacher's name is Miss Marchand. I hope this letter will escape the w.-p. b. I guess I will close (as my letter is getting rather long) with a riddle.

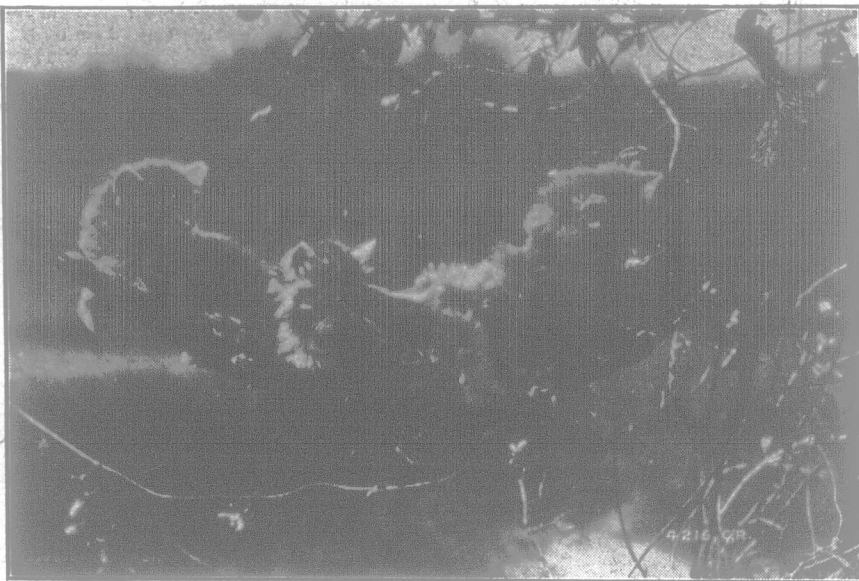
If butter cost 26 cents a pound, how much will you get for a cent and a quarter? Ans.—One pound.

Wishing the Beavers every success.

JOHN AYLME CHRISTIE (age 8).

R. R. No. 1, Exeter, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—I wrote twice before, and saw both my letters in print, so I thought I would write again. I live in the country, between Welland and Fonthill. I think it is a great deal more healthful, and we can have more



Cat's Cradle.

the year do they try? We have four cows, five calves, and two horses. I like feeding the calves. I will close now, hoping to see this letter in print, and wishing every success to the Circle.

LIZZIE LEIS.

St. Agatha, Ont., R. R. No. 1.

The Doll's Dress Competitions are usually held in the early winter, and the prizes awarded before Christmas. If this competition is held again this winter, we will be very pleased to have you take part in it.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—I wrote once before and I did not see it in print, so I thought I would write again and see if I could do better. I live six miles from town, and I go to school every day. I have two cats; one named Jack and the other Tom. I also have two calves; one named Daisy, the other Bob. We killed twenty-one rats a few weeks ago in about half an hour. I live on a farm of one hundred acres. We have twenty-one little pigs. As my letter is getting long, I will close with a riddle.

Where can happiness always be found?

Ans.—In the dictionary.

OLIVE LAINE.

(Age 10, Class II.)

Paris, Ont., R. R. No. 1.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. I like to read the letters so well I thought I

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my first letter to your Circle. I live on a

farm and go to school every day. I am in the Junior Third Class. There are about forty going to our school. Our teacher's name is Mr. Young. I have a brother and sister going to school. I have read quite a few books, "Sibyl's Friend, and How She Found Him," "Sam's Chance," "Black Beauty," "Adventures of a Brownie," "Ruth Erskine," "Animal Life," and many others. I like reading the Beavers' letters. I suppose you are all glad to have Easter holidays come. I know I am. I wish some of the Beavers would write to me. Hope this will escape the w.-p. basket. I will close.

MARY MAGUIRE.

(Age 12, Jr. III.)

R. R. No. 1, Clandeboye, Ont.

Honor Roll.

Catherine Fraser, Lancaster, Ont.
Maria Stobie, Port Lock, Ont.
Catherine Ann McGillis, Green Valley, Ont.

Ray Hellyer, Kenilworth, Ont.
Maggie Clark, Ravenswood, Ont.
Roxanna Sully, Peterboro, Ont.

Only a Tiny, Wee Pussy.

Only a tiny, wee pussy,
With coat as black as a sloe,
Four neat little paws, like velvet,
And eyes that like emeralds glow.

Only a quaint little pussy,
With a quaint little pussy-cat's ways,
Sometimes just a romping madcap,
That round me scampers and plays;

Sometimes, in more restful humor,
A gentle, soft little thing,
That nestles her head on my shoulder,
And, contented, begins to sing.

Only a tiny, wee pussy!
But oft, when I'm burdened with care,
And the fret of life and its canker
Seem harder than I can bear,

If she puts but her paws of velvet,
In their own pretty, clinging way,
Around my neck, and looks upward,
With eyes wherein love-beams play;

When she seems to say with quaint humor,
"Don't worry, for I am here!"
The clouds seem somehow to vanish,
And again the skies are clear.

Oh! oft when my spirit was ruffled,
And when within was all unrest,
Her soothing purr has calmed me,
And lul'd the storm in my breast.

Only a tiny, wee pussy!
But oftentimes, when cold and bare
Seem'd the prospect of life, all hopeless,
She has sav'd me from despair!

—J. E. P., in The Animal's Friend.

Needs of the Cat.

The cat needs a good meal twice or three times a day. Kittens should be fed at least four times a day. The cat needs to have fresh water where she can always get at it. She ought to have fresh milk at least once a day. She needs a good clean, warm, dry bed. She wants somebody to love her.

No child can practice cruelty towards any living creature without doing himself far greater harm, yet in the majority of homes we hear, "Don't hurt the cat, she will scratch you," instead of "Don't hurt the cat, for she feels the pain as you would." Not a word is said as to the rights of the animal or the moral harm sustained by the child.

Cats are not endowed with the proverbial "nine lives," able to exist anywhere, under any conditions, as many people would like to have it believed, but are very sensitive, delicate creatures, depending wholly upon a good home and care for their comfort and health.

The Arabian teacher, Mahomet, was very fond of cats. One day his pet kitten went to sleep upon the wide sleeve of his robe, and he cut off the sleeve rather than disturb the comfortable pussy.