

"You Certainly Do Make the Best Bread!"  
"Why Shouldn't I? I Use"

REGAL FLOUR

"It's Wonderful for Bread"

## FREDERICTON

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Jones, who have been teaching in Andover, are spending their vacation with their parents, Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Jones, of the University of New Brunswick.

Professor and Mrs. E. O. Turner left on Friday for Boston, where they will spend the Christmas holidays with relatives.

Messrs. John Scott and Donald Slipp, who have been attending Pictou Academy, arrived last Friday, to spend the vacation at their homes.

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## A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

### Weekly Chat

Dear Chums:  
I wish to heartily thank all of my nieces and nephews for the very pretty Christmas Cards that I received during the last week. It was indeed very kind of you to think of Uncle Dick.

I trust that every one of the Children's Corner readers spent a most enjoyable Christmas and that all received nice presents. Santa Claus was indeed good to most every person and the good people helped out Santa to make the hearts of the poor people happy this Christmas by presenting them with food and clothing, and then just think of it, the poor little children, many of them without any presents, were all given nice Christmas Eve, because Uncle Dick at the request of Santa Claus made ready piles upon piles of well filled stockings so that Santa could have them in plenty of time to deliver to the children. This was made possible by the "Empty Stocking Fund," and Santa was able to call at no less than 200 poor families in St. John and present to 250 children a new pair of woolen stockings filled to the brim with lots of good things. Many good people sent in money to purchase the stockings and to them Uncle Dick gives his heartfelt thanks for their generosity.

It is now New Year's Eve and within a few hours we will be entering on a bright New Year. This is the time to think over what happened during the last year and try and make plans and carry them out to make 1922 a brighter and more prosperous year than the last. There are a great many things that we can do to make our lives better and assist those who are not so fortunate as us. Let us all try and do something towards helping others and we will all be happy.

I expect that all my young friends in the country districts are taking all the advantage of good sleighing and skating and what a happy time they are having. Here in the city the kids are going full blast and thousands are taking advantage of the opportunity for good skating, and in addition to this, where one has a day's admission there are several others that are free to the public and are kept going by the improvement leagues.

Will try and have a much longer again and I wish to compliment you on your ability as a poet, your verses are indeed very good and some day I will publish them in the Children's Corner. Write again and send me the little story that you are thinking about.

ARNOLD—I was pleased to receive a letter from you and also happy to learn that you like the corner and the stories in it. Write again when you get time and keep on reading the Children's Corner for it is always full of good stories.

UNCLE DICK.  
It was the day before Christmas, and Don said declared, as he had been doing for the past few weeks, that he didn't intend to go to bed on Christmas eve, but planned to stay up and watch for Santa Claus.

Yes, and if he sees you he won't come near the house, and then neither of us will get anything, pouted his sister Dot. "And I've been waiting that long for Santa Claus!"

"Pooh! Don laughed. 'If you're going to get anything, you'll get it just the same. I'm going to sit right behind that glass door in the living room, and he'll never know I'm there.' 'Won't he?' exclaimed his sister. 'No, he won't. He'll be too busy putting things into our stockings when we play and seek. I know you. I'm going to bed right now. I finished my dinner, then I'll be ready to get up early in the morning.'"

"I'll be up, don't you fret, for I want to be the first out on the hill with my new sled," Don said.

But nothing his sister or his mamma could make Don change his mind. And just as soon as supper was cleared away, Don took his place behind the glass door, while Dot ran up to bed.

He hadn't been there but a few seconds—so it seemed to him—when he heard a queer, shuffling noise, as if some one was scraping the inside of the chimney, and before he knew what was happening a bundle of red flannel tumbled right out on the living room floor.

It slowly unrolled, and out popped the dear old Santa Claus. Don and Dot loved so well. He was just as jolly as could be, but his face clouded when he saw the long stocking he had left the small one.

"Hum," said Santa Claus, stroking his long whiskers. "My, but that boy must have grown! That stocking's too big for toys, sled and sleds. I wonder what I'll give him."

Santa Claus rubbed his brow and tapped on the side of the chimney. Down came a tiny elf, and Santa Claus whispered something in the elf's ear. Away the elf bounded up the stairs. Don could hear his feet pattering on the bare steps, and his heart almost stopped beating.

Soon the elf returned, looking very sober. He whispered something in Santa's ear, and began at once emptying his bag of toys. Santa Claus picked up a beautiful doll, just like the one Don and Dot had been talking about in the toy shop window, and set it under Dot's stocking. The elf filled the stocking with nuts and candy, sticking an orange in the top as a final decoration. Don nearly fell off his chair, trying to see what they were leaving him, but when he peeped Santa Claus putting the red flannel under the yellow one, and a brand-new pair of ice skates back into his bag, he was almost heartbroken.

Why, I thought those were for me! I said the elf. "I thought Don liked them."

### Answers to Letters

VIVIAN—I'm glad to know that you spent a very merry Christmas and that you received a number of nice presents. You must have been pleased with the box of pretty writing paper, the boy and girls blowing bubbles on the top of the paper makes a cute picture. It was kind of your teacher to give all her pupils presents. Thanks for your kind wishes and the verse you sent in very good.

GRACE—Thank you for your kind wishes. I had a merry Christmas and trust you had the same. Regarding the well filled stockings which I supplied to 250 poor children which you ask about, they were indeed a jolly lot but you would be sorry to know some of the poor little girls and boys have to live in such cold homes. I'm glad that your mother has recovered from her illness and that Santa did not forget your kitchen. Regarding the fairy story you wrote I would like to read it so send in with your next letter.

EDRIE—I spent a happy Christmas and thank you for your kind wishes. Your programme at school must have been most enjoyable. I hope you will have a good time on your vacation. Edrie sends in a couple of riddles as follows:

When is a picture like weak tea?  
When it is not drawn good.  
What bed is it that wears no clothes?  
A flower bed.

EMMIE—I had a jolly Christmas and congratulate you on receiving so many presents and it is nice that you are all so useful. You will certainly have a nice time at the wedding. Your poor hen that was lost must have had a hard time.

GRACE—You must be pleased at receiving so many nice Christmas presents and I'm glad you are enjoying your vacation, and you must be happy with your brothers home from Normal School. Thank you for your kind wishes.

JEAN—I was glad to hear from you again and I wish to compliment you on your ability as a poet, your verses are indeed very good and some day I will publish them in the Children's Corner. Write again and send me the little story that you are thinking about.

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## THE BEAVER AT WORK AND PLAY

By WINTHROP PACKARD.

The beaver is the original engineer of the woods and it is appropriate America's most noted technical school should choose the animal for its emblem. For the beaver is a builder of canals, tunnels, dams, roads, houses, a worker in wood and earth. No graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology does better work in his own world than the beaver in his. He is anyone of them his superior in industry. He is a strict vegetarian and model of good will toward all. Indeed, if it were not for his action towards the muskrat one might think him a veritable four-footed Quaker in his non-resistance of evil.

Predatory animals of the woods eat the beaver from the panther to the otter; the beaver eats none, but when the muskrat invades the ponds and burrows in his dam, making holes that wreck his engineering, he rises in his wrath and kills the muskrat if he cannot drive him away. This ought to seem allowable even in a very pronounced pacifist.

Not long ago the Massachusetts Institute of Technology celebrated its fiftieth anniversary in many ways, some of them very solemn and dignified as befits so great a technical school, others jolly enough to please a undergraduate. One day of jolliness was at Nantucket Beach, where class after class did "stunts" for the admiration of the great throng assembled. One of these "stunts" the Tech beaver figured, a most imposing animal—some fifty feet long—which moved majestically up the beach activated by concealed man-power.

The beaver has been of great commercial value to mankind since the country was first settled. One of the first shipments which the pilgrims sent back to England contained quantities of beaver pelts. The little animals were so much in demand that the fur and their under fur is singularly soft and firm and impervious to cold. The value of this fur has made "civilized" man the beaver's worst enemy, and has resulted almost in its extinction.

The beaver were once numerous throughout of the United States from the exception of the lower part of Florida and some parts of the south. Now he is found only in the great Northwest. Now he is found only in the great Northwest. Now he is found only in the great Northwest.

One shudders to think of the centuries of cruelty towards these gentle and lovable animals and may well pause to wonder if the gain of the fur trade has not been more than offset by loss to mankind in other ways. For the beaver was one of the most potent forces for civilization of our continent. Wherever a small stream flowed through a level meadow but the beaver had built a dam and mud dam across it and thus strung ponds along it like a rope of pearls. These ponds held the water in storage from the mountains to the sea along all small streams and were of inestimable value in stopping freshets and allaying droughts. One cannot study a small stream in the country today without finding the indisputable evidence of this work, and the monumental beaver dams, brooks, meadows and ponds. To kill such a creature for his fur is to commit a crime against conservation.

Man is beginning to recognize this now in part at least, and in many States the beaver is now a protected animal, so far as the law goes. Unfortunately the destruction has gone so far that the only survivors are in the remote streams where the law is not obeyed. Beaver skins may still be sold in the fur markets and so long as this condition exists the beaver cannot increase. Indeed, for most of us, he is an extinct animal. We may see the long mounds where

once his dams were and the peat mounds which were once his pond bottoms all grassy and flowered to top. But the gentle, shy, industrious animal is gone from our familiar woodlands, probably forever. That these interesting animals make the poets tell well of Enos A. Mills in his interesting book, "The Beaver World."

One autumn, when following the Lewis and Clark trail with a pack horse in western Montana, I made camp one evening with a trapper who gave me a young beaver. He was about one month old, and ate twigs and bark as naturally as though he had long eaten them. I named him 'Diver,' and in a short time he was as chummy as a young puppy. Of an evening he played about the camp and often swam in the nearby water. At times he played at dam building and frequently displayed his accomplishment of felling wonderful trees that were about the size of a lead pencil. He never failed to come promptly when I whistled for him. At night he crouched near my camp, usually packing himself under the edge of the canvas on which I spread my bedding. Atop the pack on the horse's back he travelled—a ride which he evidently enjoyed. He was never in a hurry to be taken off, and at moving time he was always waiting eagerly to be lifted on. As soon as he noticed me arranging the pack, he came close and before I was quite ready for him, he rose up, extending his hands in rapid succession begging, and with a whining sort of muttering pleaded to be lifted at once to his seat on the pack.

"He had a bad fright one evening. About one hour before sundown we had encamped as usual alongside a stream. He entered the water and after swimming about for a time, he crossed to the opposite side. In plain view, only fifty feet away, I watched him as he boldly due out of the Oregon grape and then stooped leisurely to eat them. While he was thus engaged a coyote made a dash for him from behind a boulder. Diver dodged, and after swimming about for a time, he crossed to the opposite side. In plain view, only fifty feet away, I watched him as he boldly due out of the Oregon grape and then stooped leisurely to eat them. While he was thus engaged a coyote made a dash for him from behind a boulder. Diver dodged, and after swimming about for a time, he crossed to the opposite side. In plain view, only fifty feet away, I watched him as he boldly due out of the Oregon grape and then stooped leisurely to eat them. While he was thus engaged a coyote made a dash for him from behind a boulder. 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