

FROM PAPER CONTRIBUTED BY MISS MAUD E. SMITH,
PARIS, ONT.

This above all,—to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not be false to any man. —*Shakespeare.*

Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a
monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy.
Write your name by kindness, love and mercy on the hearts
of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and
you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will
be as legible on the hearts you leave behind you as the stars
on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine bright on the
earth as the stars of heaven. —*Dr. Chalmers.*

Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none;
Be able for thine enemy rather in power than use,
And keep thy friend under thy own life's key. —*Shakespeare.*

Talents angel-bright, if wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.
Great ill is an achievement of great powers,
Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.
Means have no merit if our end amiss.
Hearts are proprietors of all applause.
Right ends and means make wisdom: worldly-wise
Is but half-witted at its highest praise. —*Young.*

Since we too can love, we know that we are of God in
some more vital way than rocks or trees or than our own
bodies. But love has no contempt. She sees all things in
God, and she feels the throbbing of her own heart, the life of
God in her life beating back to her through what are esteemed
the meanest of his works.

"A weed, to him who loves it, is a flower."
And love continually hears a sound as of human expostulation
and entreaty coming up to her from tangled and neglected
wastes, which to other ears are bound in savage silence. The
earthly palpitates with a dim consciousness of its heavenly
affinities and possibilities, which will some time be realized. —*Lucy Larcom.*

There has come to my mind a legend,
A thing I had half forgot,
And whether I read it or dreamed it—
Ah well, I remember not.
It is said that in heaven at twilight
A great bell softly swings
And man may listen and hearken
To the wonderful music that rings.
If he puts from his heart's inner chamber
All the passion, pain, and strife,
Heartache, and weary longing
That throbs in the pulses of life;
If he thrusts from his soul all hatred,
All thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight
How the bell of the angels rings.
And I think there lies in this legend,
If we open our eyes to see,
Somewhat of an inner meaning,
My friend, to you and me.
Let us look in our hearts and question,
Can pure thoughts enter in
To a soul if it be already
The dwelling of thoughts of sin.
So then let us ponder a little,
Let us look in our hearts and see
If the twilight bell of the angels
Could ring for us—you and me. —*Rose Osborne.*

A Friend in Need.

Gin ye find a heart that's weary,
And that needs a brother's hand,
Dinna turn thou from it, dearie;
Thou maun help they fellow-man.
Thou, too, hast a hidden heartache,
Sacred from all mortal ken,
And because in thine own grief's sake,
Thou maun feel for ither men.

Gin there's one 'gainst whom unkindly
Scorn has vent her bitter blows,
Dinna thou join in and blindly
Lend thy doubts to swell his woes.
Thou mayst feel the lash o' slander,
Know the stings o' falsehood, too,
Dinna stop to wait and wonder
If the thing be false or true.

Give thy hand while hands are needed,
Give thou trust while trust is scant,
The sma' gifts are doubly heeded
When they come in time o' want.
Pity's blind and faith is blinder,
Hand in hand the brothers go;
Hope is kind, but love is kinder,
Dearie, thou will find it so.

In this worl' o' seesaw, dearie,
Grief goes up and joy comes down,
Brows that catch the sunshine cheerie
May to-morrow wear a frown.
Bleak December, dull and dreary,
Follows on the heels o' May;
Give thy trust unstinted, dearie,
Thou mayst need a friend some day.

Wedded Love.

And if the husband or the wife
In home's strong life discovers
Such slight defaults as failed to meet
The blinded eyes of lovers:

Why need we care to ask? Who dreams
Without their thorns of roses?
Or wonders that the truest steel
The readiest spark discloses?

For still in mutual suffering lies
The secret of true living;
Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving. —*John G. Whittier.*

Sometimes, Somewhere.

Unanswered yet! The prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart, these many years!
Does faith begin to fail; is hope departing?
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;
You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered,
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries, "It shall be done," sometime, somewhere. —*Robert Browning.*

To cleanse glass bottles that have held oil, place
ashes in each bottle and immerse in cold water, then
heat the water gradually until it boils; after boil-
ing an hour, let them remain till cold. Then wash
the bottles in soap-suds and rinse in clear water.

Teach History from a Tree.

LONDON MUSEUM HAS A SECTION OF TRUNK 533
YEARS OLD.

At the Natural History Museum in South Ken-
sington there is a section of polished Douglas pine
large enough, say, to make a round table to seat a
dozen persons. Instead of making it an object
lesson in botany, the museum authorities have in-
geniously chosen it as a medium for the teaching of
history. The tree was cut down in 1885, and as the
age of the tree can be inferred from the number of
rings which its cross-section discloses, this one must
have been 533 years old. In other words, it was
born in 1352, and it lived through the most interest-
ing part of English history—from Edward III. to
Victoria.

It is therefore a simple matter to mark different
rings with their dates and the names of the events
that were happening while they were being born.
This is what has been done—from the center of the
tree in two directions, right away to the bark. The
markings, which are neatly executed in white
paint, reveal some interesting facts. Thus, when
this pine was four years old, the battle of Poitiers
was fought, in 1356; when it was twenty-five Ed-
ward III. died. It was 119 when Caxton introduced
printing, and when Columbus discovered America
it was 140. When Shakespeare was born 212 rings
had already made their appearance; when Raleigh
settled Virginia, 240. Fifty years later Sir Isaac
Newton was born. When the great fire of London
was raging this venerable specimen could boast 314
rings, and eighty more when the battle of Culloden
was fought.

It had reached the remarkable age of 424 when
American independence was declared, and the yet
more remarkable age of 485 when Queen Victoria
ascended the throne. And even then it had a long
time yet to live. Evidently there is something to
be said for the theory that the more we vegetate the
greater are our chances of longevity. —*London Mail.*

A Knowing Horse.

Some few months since a heavy cart horse, em-
ployed in one of the royal drydocks, slipped and
fell accidentally into a deep trench that had been
dug across the roadway.

Here he lay for hours—helpless.
A skilled veterinary surgeon was called, who de-
clared the beast to be physically uninjured and
quite able to extricate himself.

All the arts of persuasion were tried without
avail—he would not budge an inch!
The time for closing the yard was nigh—still he
lay immovable.

As a last resource, the services of a steam travel-
ling crane were requisitioned to lift him out.
Just as the necessary slings were being adjusted
around him, the yard bell rang to cease work.

At the well-remembered sound the animal strug-
gled to his feet, leaped lightly out of the trench,
and with a low neigh of satisfaction trotted con-
tentedly along the accustomed road to his stables. —*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

She Had Lost It.

An old woman whose husband was ill in bed
sent for the doctor, who came and saw the old lady.
"I will send him some medicine," he said on leav-
ing, "which must be taken in a recumbent posture."
After he had gone the old woman sat down,
greatly puzzled.

"The recumbent posture—a recumbent pos-
ture!" she kept repeating. "I haven't got one."
At last she thought, "I will go and see if old Mrs.
Smith has got one to lend me."

Accordingly she went and said to her neighbor:
"Have you a recumbent posture to lend me to
put some medicine in?"

Mrs. Smith, who was equally as ignorant as
her friend, replied:
"I had one, but to tell you the truth I have lost
it." —*Pearson's Weekly.*

Women's Work in Shetland.

In Shetland there are some generally accepted
divisions of labor, though they are not strictly
observed. For instance, it is usually understood
that the women attend to the cows and the men to
the ponies. The sheep are impartially cared for by
the whole family, but the lambs taken home for the
winter are fed by the boys of the household. The
men cut the peats, but the women remove the turf
from the surface beforehand. In former times
when the people all wore homespun, the men
sewed the woven garments, and the women made
those that were knitted. Such rules are now
greatly relaxed, the usual limit being one's capa-
bilities. Formerly they were carefully observed,
and in such divisions of labor as are universally
recognized the lines were drawn very sharply
indeed. A girl chancing to make some observation
about the tide being at ebb was tartly told by her
mother, "Yon's men's talk. It's no dacent to hear
a lassie spaekin' about da tides." —*Dundee Courier.*

Why Habit is Fixed.

"Habit is hard to remove. If you take away the
first letter, 'a bit' is left. If you take off another
letter you still have a 'bit left.' While if you take
off another the whole of 'it' remains. If you re-
move another it is not 't' totally used up. All of
which goes to show that if you wish to get rid of a
bad habit you must throw it off altogether." —*The
Weekly Bouquet.*

Puzzles.

1-LOGOGRIPH.

Whole I am often seen in the sky; behold me and I am
easily heard; behold and transpose and I am a musical com-
position; put my head and tail together and I mean "to act";
behead me again and I am an exclamation. "Kit."

2-NUMERICAL.

5, 2, 3 is a reptile.
5, 6, 7 is a piece of cloth.
8, 9 is a pronoun.
2, 3, 4, 5 is a mineral.
Whole is a vegetable. "Kit."

3-TRANSPPOSITION.

Predifnshi evssle tis syee therra anth ese het oomm
clsedepi; elwih camlle senide hatt ti si veer at teh ufl.
EDITH BROWN.

4-MAGIC SQUARE.

Fill in the square with figures from 1
to 16 inclusive, no two appearing twice, to
be placed in such a position that when
added will make 34 every way that four
figures appear in line, except diagonally.
EDITH BROWN.

5-HIDDEN SQUARE WORD.

I am not one when I work;
Who says so two wrong;
And any one can four me
As I run and three along.

A. P. HAMPTON.

6-SQUARE WORD.

1, A sandy shore; 2, something more; 3, a collection of
maps; 4, a small vessel; 5, to hurry.
BLANCHE MACMURRAY.

7-ANAGRAM.

SIN IS NO CREDIT.

Beware of "total" great or small,
For nature claims her pay for all.
The brimming cup and painted card
Teem with danger. He's gone to sin
Who perils the safety of his soul
Dallying daily with deadly "whole."

W. G. MOFFATT.

8-TRANSPPOSITION.

Yyirchpso si a tors fo hmgoas tth elov ypsa ot uveirt.
MURIEL E. DAY.

9-NUMERICAL.

A 1 to 7's life is one of care
As he doth try his charge to Christians make;
While many a 3 to 6 he'll patient bear,
Because he does an interest in them take.

1 to 5 on! reward is near,
Thy 1, 2, 3, 7's may win a few
Stars for thy crown. Thou hast no cause to fear.
For God shall call thee "faithful one and true."

W. G. MOFFATT.

10-TRANSPPOSITION.

Ows oevl dan estta tis itegaurt repu
Swo ecaep nad aper sti stevhar ghtbri
Cew smeebnus no het okro nda romo
Adn indf a stevhar meho fo gthli.

ELHEL MCCREA.

Answers to Oct. 15th Puzzles.

- Now all who journey to Alaska
Might better stop at Arthabaska;
So Charlie takes a friend's advice,
E'er goin to Klondyke think twice.
- William Weld. 3-Start-art. 5-Box. 6-Baby-
lon. 7-Mexico. 8-Orbit. 9-Westminster.
1. Canada
2. Urn
3. Rabbi
4. Ice-cream
5. Outdo
6. Sunless
7. Illuminati
8. Tut
9. Yesterday

Initials—Curiosity

Finals—Animosity

SOLVERS TO OCT. 1ST PUZZLES.

Maggie Scott, Annie P. Hampton, Mabel Ross, Edith
Brown, W. G. Moffatt, Muriel E. Day, Chris McKenzie, "Kit."

SOLVERS TO OCT. 15TH PUZZLES.

Annie Hampton, Edith Brown, Maggie Scott, "Kit,"
Blanche MacMurray, Mabel Ross.

COUSINLY CHAT.

"Kit."—Your puzzles are quite in order. Come often.
"Annie Laurie."—You are doing well, busy little woman.
Did Mary go? "Kit" had many more things in that grave,
but I did not use all.

Chris.—I was delighted to see your familiar writing. Do
not leave us again. The prize-winners will have to work if
you start in earnest. Eh, Chris?

W. G. M.—Your questions are not wholly fair. I can only
say in answer, "Nothing venture, nothing win." "Never say
fail" is a good motto. Please send answers to original puzzles
on a separate paper, or at least leave room to detach. Sign
name to each puzzle.

B. MacM.—Anything meant for publication should be
written with pen and ink.

Cousins All.—Please do not ask my personal opinion on
your work. If all would comply with the simple rules from
time to time published it would much lessen my labor, as in
order to use a very good puzzle I am obliged to copy it to
make it presentable. This only applies to a few. Although
the names of solvers have not appeared in proper order, I have
kept account of all work, and Uncle Tom will be able to award
the prizes at the proper time. The usual quarterly prizes will
be given. ADA A.

A Silent Lamp Post.

It was midnight, and the wanderer slowly and
unsteadily approached the lamp-post.

"Shay, you," he said.
The lamp-post said nothing.

"C—can you tell me, shir," said the wanderer,
"whash time day i—is it?"

The lamp-post remained silent.

"W—will yoush tell me, shir," said the wan-
derer again, "whash time o' day i—is it?"

The lamp-post made no answer.

"Stuck up," said the wanderer, reproachfully.
"St—stuck up, ain't yer? But I'd like yer t' know,
shir, that I'm just as fine gentleman's you are,
even if I d—don't wear a glass hat, shir."