Rules for Puzzle Competition. 18.

bes to the True Witness may

Only boys and girls who have not

Only answers which girls and boys

have been able to find for them-

selves may be sent in.

Answers to be neatly written in

Answers to be numbered properly.

'Answers to be in before Saturday

rning ten days after the puzzles

True Witness Bldg.,

No paper which does not comply

with every rule can be considered at

This Week's Puzzles.

RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My fifth is in eel, but not in sprat

My sixth is in racket, but not in

"Tis dogs delight to hunt this beast,

When they catch it they have a feast.

..

METAGRAM.

I am an animal; change my head

and I am a caress; again, and I am

not thin; again, and I am put before

a door; again and I am an article

of clothing; again, and I am a play-

BURIED INSECTS.

1. I shall be e'er long in London.

2. Amid general consternation, he

3. It was partly his own fault.

4. Are you going to blow that

5. I am otherwise engaged this

6. He will bring national disgrace

DECAPITATIONS.

1. I am a word of four letters :

change my first and I fall from the

sky; change again, I am a man who

lived before the flood; drop out my

third, and I am an article for hold

2. I am a hard substance; behead

me, and I am a sound; again, and I

am a number; curtail me and I am

a preposition; again and I am

3. I am part of a teapot; behead

me, and I am a fish; again, and I

My whole is a river in Scotland.

My whole is a county in England.

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

My initials, read downwards, form

distinction between male and female

second is a word denoting the

addressed the House.

6. He on England.

article.

am not in.

1. My first is a color.

My second is a liquid.

2. My first is the centre.

wretched horn eternally?

Montreal.

Aunt Becky Puzzle Competition,

ink, on one side of the paper.

are published, addressed to

yet passed their fourteenth birthday

an compete.



ER 15, 1906.

ny wings foldth-land, fast

ing string. mainy to wel-

stay not too

g, gong, gong. the lullaby

that murmur gs or hushaby

dreamland of eem to hear in the moon nd a deep ho!

croon, croon. en, go back,"

est for you, rasses hining ' and

in the lullaby , and to float

trip to the McCall's Ma-

HEREITS.

of care, oodland air. nd flowers.

t shake e enchanted

ild I strayed he went and

ruth; dead name youth.
Spectator.

on owels ral Health red by

E'S PILLS

on the doc-

is in refer-

bowels. Not

nents attrithe bowels, ole until the er pills enn this, for iver they lle, which

c and ation. regular you gerous ail-can defy ases,

a sufferer ago, back-er diseases

ystem there hase's Kidt their diof the liv-

Pills, one

ox, at all tes & Co.,

7. A boy's name.

the name of a flower.

1. Part of a gun.

2. To speak.

3. A river.

5. A girl's name. 6. A thief.

4. A story

9. A boy's name.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

am a word of seven letters. My 1, 2, 4, is a hole; My 3, 5, 6, 7, is to heal. My 3, 5, 4, is a wound. My whole is a tableau.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

000

PUZZLE COMPETITION

Take a conjunction from another word for "fops" and leave what Only girls and boys whose family every one does.

WORD SYNCOPATION.

RIDDLE.

What is the right kind of timber for castles in the air?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF NOVEMBER 1.

RIDDLE-ME-REE.

Chestnut.

Andwer to No. 2, Double Acrostic, is omitted, as there was a mistake in the puzzle.

8. GEOGRAPHICAL SINGLE AC-ROSTIC.

My first is in baby, but not in child second is in tame, but not in wild.

third is is damson, but not in 3. Venice, 4. Ecuador. 5. Rangoon. 6. Prince Edward. 7. Odessa. 8. My fourth is in bagpipes, but not in Ochils. 9. Lizard Point.

DECAPITATIONS

1. Drink, rink, ink, kin, in, n. 2. Chair, hair, air. 3. Mouse, ouse, use.

BURIED BIRDS.

1. Linnet. 2. Robin, 3. Hawk. 4. Dove. 5. Lark. 6. Bat.

6. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

In London there lived a gentleman called Mr. Lewes, who had a little daughter called Alice. Amongst other pets she had a monkey and a fine cat; But she thought the latter greatly superior. One day the monkey jumped over the garden railing; so she ran a race with friend Adelaide to catch him. In her efforts to eclipse her friend, Alice tripped over the wheel of a She jumped up and ran on without fear, although her face was very red. By the time they caught the monkey, it was time for Adelaide to bid Alice farewell and go

ing liquids; behead me and I am an 7. NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Caterpillar.

8. MISSING LETTER PUZZLE.

And if I should live to be The last leaf upon the tree In the spring-Let them smile, as I do now, 5. GEOGRAPHICAL CHARADES. At the old forsaken bough

RIDDLE. Because his gait is broken his locks are few.

ANSWERS RECEIVED. M. E. Dunn ground gard . W. E. Dunn H. O'Sullivan Emma F. .. W. G. O'Sullivan Annie L..... M. E. Sanders Maude Creighton

THE CHILD AT MARY'S ALTAR

Sweet Mary, thou the Mother art Of children everywhere, How dear was one unto thy heart The Infant Jesus fair! esus who for our sins so died Upon the cruel Tree, While thou were at His blessed side Oh, Mother pray for me!

In any woodland way, To deck the altar of our Queen-Sweet Mary, Queen of May!

Mother, each morning when I wake. To Jesus dear I pray, That He will keep me for thy sake, From dark temptation's way; And ere I go to rest at night, I ask Him, in thy name, To make me ever love the right, And keep me far from shame.

I bring sweet flowers as e'er wer

In any woodland way, To deck the altar of our Queen-Sweet Mary, Queen of Mayû -William MacDonald, in Austral Light.

WHO IS SHE?

know the dearest little girl, About as big as you, Her eyes are black or brown

gray, Or maybe they are blue; But, anyway, her hands are clean: Her teeth were white as snow; Her little dress is always neat; She goes to school, you know. This little girl—I love her, well, And see her often, too-

If I to-day her name should tell-She-might-be-you.

Letters to Aunt Becky

Dear Aunt Becky:

It is a long time since I wrote but I must try and write regularly. We were talking about the letters in the corner and some of my little school friends said they would write if I would let them read the letters out of our paper every week as they do not get the True Witness, so here we are a whole crowd of us writing to-day. I hope they will all be in print. I am going to school every lay and I like it very much. have the same teacher as last year Her name is Miss Mary Falls. There are forty-two pupils coming to our school, but only twelve are Irish. I made my first Communion last year My grandma went to Boston week, so I am very lonesome. Well, dear Aunt Becky, I haven't much news, so I must close my letter, Good-bye, from

Your loving niece MARY E.

Frampton, Que.

.. Dear Aunt Becky:

I heard of some very nice little letters in the True Witness, so thought I would write also, but perhaps I am only writing for the waste basket. I am living with my grandpa. I am going to school, but can not go very regular so I must try and make the most of my time. I am learning French also. I in the fourth book in English. Winter will soon be here. I will be glad to see the snow coming, then we can slide. I like winter for that reason, but Jack Frost sometimes nips my ears unless I keep them covered.

Aunt Becky, this is long enough for the first time. Hoping to see my letter in print. I am

Your nephew THOMAS C.

Frampton, Nov. 6.

Dear Aunt Becky:

to write to you, but I found the searching and cannot find a thing, letters so nice in the True Witness in every place possible and impossithat I decided to try, and I hope ble. to see my letter in print. I write to my mamma almost every week. She lives in Montreal, but comes to see us every summer. My dear papa is dead. I live at my grandpa's with my brother and my two little sisters. My youngest sister is only two years old; her name is I am going to the school as Mary Enright. The teacher is a cousin of mine. We made our monthly compositions last week and I won the prize. Last month it was Mary Enright. I am ten years old. I did not make my first Com munion yet, but I will next year Well, Aunt Becky, I will say good-

Your little niece LIZZIE C. Frampton, Que.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' worm Exterminator; safe, sure and ffectual. Try it, and mark improvement in your child.

CHAPTER III.-HIDE AND SEEK

Old Mary was in terrible conster nation when she went up to the nursery with Bonny's tea and could find him nowhere. She called him, she looked all round the rooms, she went downstairs, she came up again, and yet no Bonny was to be seen.

"It's some of his mischief," she said to herself; "he's hiding some where, just to plague me. He couldn't disappear up a chimney or through a keyhole, so in the house he must be."

It wasn't as if he went out by himself ever; he never did. Besides there were his hat and jacket their usual place. Nothing had disappeared but Bonny himself.

It was most mysterious. Suddenly a dreadful idea occurred to her. She to the window, and threw it up hastily, and stretched her head out. To her intense re lief there was no sign of Bonny lying in the bit of front garden neath; so he had not fallen out of the window.

"But where is he?" said Mary to herself. "He is a little imp of mischief when he takes it into his nead, and he is hidden up in some odd corner; but you'll soon have to come out of that, Master Bonny, and so I tell you."

But if Bonny were hidden he had done it pretty cleverly, for Mary could not discover his hiding-place, try as she would. She looked in the funniest places. Under all the beds, in the cupboards, behind curtains, under the chairs, in all the beds, behind every door, and in every odd corner where a child could squeeze. Then she opened all the drawers, and peeped into all the boxes upstairs, under the washstands, and moved everything on the shelves and tops of the cupboards. Then she patted all the pillows and unrolled all the boisters, and by that time she must have been beginning to think that witches or fairies had been at work, for she turned up the carpets, shook the curtains, stripped the beds, and peeped into the chimneys. In none of those places, however, did she find the least trace of Bonny. So she slowly abandoned the bed-rooms and went downstairs -not until she had made an excuse for searching in her mistress's room under a pretext that she had dropped something. She looked out of every window, turned out the sideboard cupboards and drawers, shook all the curtains downstairs; turned out Mr. Cameron's waste-paper basket, and looked into the coal-scuttles. Then she descended to the kitchen and narrowly inspected every

be found. And then Mary began to grow very nervous. for it was getting dark, and presently Mr. Cameron would be home "I know," she said suddenly. "He's dodging me about. While I'm looking in one place he slips into another. It wants two to look for him. And with this idea Mary was tolerably satisfied, for in the house she knew he must be. She did not dare say a word to her mistress. who was too ill to be worried by This is the first time that I tried when they keep on searching and

hole and corner, not omitting the

dustbin, but still no Bonny was to

footstep in the hall. "Please, sir." she said in much trepidation, for everybody was more Bonny's hiding up somewhere and I cannot find him."

"Then look again," Mr. Cameron two stupids." said shortly.

It seemed to him an absurd piece of impertinence on Mary's part to with your dodgings, have done come and ask him to play hide-and- clever thing now." seek with Bonny the moment he entered the house.

"Please, sir, I have looked again," Mary replied. "Well, then, look further," "But I've looked everywhere, and

he's just dodging me." "Nonsense, as if a woman of your is." age could be bamboozled by a baby like that. I tell you, woman, you're

talking nonsense. The child's

the house, then find him. That's Mary departed crestfallen. She

Frank E. Donovan

By the Author of "Served Out."

BELL TELEPHONE MAIN 1983

185 St. James St., Telephone Main 2091

Office: Temple Building

G. J. LUNN & CO.

Machinists & Blacksmiths.

SCREWS, PRESSES REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS.

CHATHAM WORKS. 134 Chatham Street, - MONTREAL

angry to be led such a chase. Mr. the child must be in the house, but Cameron's words had stung her selfof thinking she could manage everything and everybody, and to be beaten by this bit of a boy was too where was he?

But Mr. Cameron's dinner had to be sent up. While she was doing stolen. Some tramp had, perhaps, it she kept on peeping about, which made her rather slow. While she was dishing up the potatoes she ran alone, had carried him off. That and took the copper lid, peering in there, and another time the meat- could scream loudly enough when he screen had to be pulled out of its chose. Moreover, when he came place against the wall.

As soon as Mr. Cameron had finished his solitary meal he went as usual to his wife's room. When at last he came out he rang the bell bed I'll have him now for a few

"Master Bonny's not found yet, "Not found," thundered Mr. Ca-

neron, "whatever do you mean?" "I can't find him anywhere, sir I've looked everywhere. Where that to her mistress. He started forth child's hid hisself I'd just like to pretty hopefully, and after a know.

you trying to say?" Mr. Cameron put out. "Do you mean to tell me that you've not found that child time he stopped at The woman must be mad."

house ?' "Why, yes, sir. Of course he is. ing. He's never allowed out alone." "'Never allowed' is all very well.

out without being allowed ?" "Because his hat and jacket hasn't been touched. Besides," added Mary, have disappeared more completely. feeling that her sagacity had been shamefully impugned, and that her reputation was at stake, "do you suppose, sir, that child could leave upon him what he thought could this house without me knowing it, have become of the child. Had he suppose, sir, that child could leave what has my eye on him the whole

the sight of a dog, wouldn't dare things. go out into the streets in the dark. you'll be sure." "When did you last see him?" Mr. Cameron asked.

this point herself, and really she great loss of time. Mr. Cameron hardly knew how long she had spent had better describe the child that in looking.

"Well, he was downstairs with me for." tea-time; then I sent him up and took very little notice of children, any alarming news; and as she could not sit still she went up to the top out told him I was coming directly, and and he hesitated, wondering what the house and began the search of the house and began the search of the house and began the search sery, and I am sure, sir, he's never from other children sery, and I am sure, sir, he's never from other children sery, and I am sure, sir, he's never from other children sery, and I am sure, sir, he's never from other children sery, and I am sure, sir, he's never from other children services are services as the services are ser

he spoke, Mr. Cameron strode up-

But he did not find Bonny either. dual. At last she heard Mr. Cameron's Mary followed him from place to place like a shadow. Not only was Bonny not to be seen, but not a or less frightened of him, "Master they both came downstairs they stood looking at each other Bonny himself might have said. "like

"The child is lost," Mr. Camero said, in an awful voice. "And you

"He's never left this house, I'm quite positive," said Mary; there always was something about that child, and this is the oddest of all. He might just well have melted like one of his dolls, for all I can tell where

CHAPTER IV.-BONNY'S FATHER

IS FRIGHTENED.

Mary departed crestfallen. She knew, of course, that he must be in the house, and she was getting very been ready to declare positively that

for that one strange fact that, look importance. She was in the habit as they would, they could find no trace of him. So it was clear that he was not in the house. But, then,

The only thing he could think of was that the child must have been come to the door while Mary was out of the way, and, seeing the child was a strange thing, too, for Bonny question Mary, she declared, in the first place, that she had never gone away out of hearing, and left Bonny alone in the kitchen, although he did sometimes come down with her for and said, "If Master Bonny's not, in a change; and, in the second place, she knew London ways too well to go upstairs, and leave her doors unlocked for tramps to walk in. Not.

Something must be done, so Mr. Cameron went out, charging Mary on no account to breathe a minutes' consideration made straight

"Goodness me, woman, what are for the police station. "If the child has been taken away cried, in his abrupt manner when the police will be sure to find him," he said to himself. At the same where he was known, to inquire if "I think, sir, you'd better look anything had been seen or heard of yourself," Mary said, with much Bonny, and also asked every police-

man he met, but without result. "Tell me this. Is the child in the It was already mine o'clock, quite dark, and a drizzling, wretched even-

At the police station he met with no better success. In fact, if Bonny How do you know he hasn't gone had been a golden coin, which if you drop out of doors you know you will never find again, he could not Mr. Cameron was now not only perplexed, but seriously uneasy. He

ever heard of children being stolen day long; besides, a timid bit of a away from their homes? thing like him, what's terrified at Oh, yes, he had heard of such

asked the superintendent who waited

"Were they easily found again?" "Well, yes; they were generally found in a few days; but it was a pity the child had not been missed Mary was a little bit confused on at once. Three or four hours was a the police might know what to look

safe enough all the afternoon till Now Mr. Cameron was a man who could be known. The man brought "Then it's easy enough," and as a pen and paper and stood waiting.

"Girl or boy?" he asked, thinking Mr. Cameron a slow sort of indivi-

"Boy." "How dressed ?"

"I couldn't say. Like other children, I expect.'

"Well, now, please describe the

"What age ?" "Nearly seven." "Name ?" "Robert Douglas Cameron."

child: dark or fair, stout or quick or slow, any marks or scars, and so forth "

Mr. Cameron pondered. "I never noticed that he was particularly dark or fair; very like other children of his age, should say; perhaps more than fair; not fat, certainly fat; rather a plain child, I pose, and certainly not quick; no I couldn't say he is a particularly in telligent child."

"Rather slow ? /Just a little dull.

"Well, yes, I should say so."

(To be continued.)