

7— a s H e s.
s W e L l.
b r o w n.
a N e G g.
g i f t s.
b e l l e.
j e l l y.
p r o w l.

8— B
T E A
B E L L E
A L E
E
R
P I N
R I V E R
N E W
R

9—Come *thither*, boys, with the basket; John can carry it; he is the strongest.
She spilled ink on her *pinafore*; he came in *afore* you did.

What is making that *grating* noise? I think it is a *rat* in that box.

He did it merely to *gratify* his vanity. That *rat*, if let alone, will gnaw a hole in the wall.

Names of Those Who have Sent Correct Answers to January Puzzles.

Mary McArthur, Belle Richardson, Charles H. Foster, Fred D. Boss, Will. Thirlwall, Willie B. Bell, Anna Wilson, Albert E. Robinson, Ada Hagar, Frank Milne, Josie E. Buchanan, Wm. Webster, Aggie Willson, Mary Morrison, Annie M. Scott, Johnnie Atchison, Georgia Smith, J. W. Danbrook, Henry Reeve, Robt Kerr, Annie B. S. Scott, Lottie A. Boss, Thos J. Lindsay, Robt J. Risk, Clara McLean, Hattie Kirkley, Ada Manning, Jane L. Martin, Minnie A. Colpitts, Mary E. Haragan, Lottie A. Sewell, E. W. Hutchison, E. J. Clark, Mary Silcox, Minnie Stevens, Edmund Pepper, Alice Hume, Robert Wilson, I. J. Steele, Esther Louisa Ryan, Becca Lowry, Tillie Hodgins, Sophia H. Fox, Alice Mackie, Danl. G. Parker, Sarah E. Fuller, Ada Armand, Emma Dennee, Wm Jackson, Harry A. Woodworth, Sarah H. Pickett, Stella L. Pepler, John Howes, Walter A. Inglehart, Wm A. Laidman.

Foster Brook, Pennsylvania.

DEAR UNCLE TOM.—I am spending the winter very pleasantly out among the Bed Rock Mountains. Our cottage is in a valley surrounded by high hills, which are covered with wintergreen berries from one year's end to another. During the winter months the berries swell very large, and they are delicious fruit in the spring. There is a great deal of iron ore here, and also a great deal of snow. We live in a very small house with only four rooms; but for all that it is very cosy. I look forward with much pleasure every month for the coming of the ADVOCATE. M. ADA T.

Huntingdon, P. Q.

DEAR UNCLE TOM.—I would like to know how old is the festival of St. Valentine's Day? I have painted some little cards myself, and am going to send them to my schoolmates. I think that is better than saving them, even if I cannot make them quite so pretty. I am going to copy a little verse on the back of each one. Mamma has chosen the verses for me.

E. G. J.

There is no clear record of the origin of St. Valentine's Day. St. Valentine himself was a priest of Rome who was martyred some time

during the third century, but he had nothing to do with the peculiar observance of his day. In ancient Rome a great part of the month of February was devoted to feasts in honor of Pan and Juno, during which the young men drew by lot the name of their companion for the festivities. It is supposed that this ancient custom changed gradually into the present observance of the day. Many allusions to St. Valentine's Day are found in English poetry of the earliest date, as the festival was much more generally observed four centuries ago than now.

Don't.

Don't go to bed with cold feet. Don't sleep in the same under-garments that are worn during the day. Don't sleep in a room that is not well ventilated. Don't sit or sleep in a draught. Don't lie on the left side too much. Don't lie on the back, to keep from snoring. Don't try to get along with less than seven or eight hours' sleep out of twenty-four. Don't jump out of bed *immediately* on awaking in the morning. Don't forget to rub yourself well all over with crash towel or hands before dressing. Don't forget to take a good drink of pure water before breakfast. Don't take long walks when the stomach is entirely empty. Don't start to do a day's work without eating a good breakfast. Don't eat anything but well-cooked and nutritious foods. Don't eat what you don't want just to save it. Don't eat between meals, nor enough to cause uneasiness at meal-time. Don't eat the smallest morsel unless hungry, if well. Don't try to keep up on coffee or alcoholic stimulants, when nature is calling you to sleep. Don't stand over hot-air registers. Don't inhale hot air, or fumes of any acids. Don't fill the gash with soot, sugar, or anything else to arrest the hemorrhage when you cut yourself, but bring the parts together with strips of adhesive plaster. Don't wear thin hose or light-soled shoes in cold or wet weather. Don't strain your eyes by reading on an empty stomach or when ill. Don't ruin your eyes by reading or sewing at dusk, by a dim light, or flickering candle, or when very tired. Don't sing and hollow when your throat is sore or you are hoarse. Don't drink ice-water when you are very warm, and never a glassful at a time, but simply sip it slowly. Don't take some other person's medicine because you are similarly afflicted. Don't bathe in less than two hours after eating. Don't call so frequently on your sick friend as to make your company and conversation a bore. Don't make a practice of relating scandal, or stories calculated to depress the spirits of the sick. Don't forget to cheer and gently amuse invalids when visiting them. Don't call on your sick friend and advise him to take some other medicine, get another doctor, eat more, eat less, sit up longer, go out more frequently, stay a week, or talk him to death before you think of leaving.

He Reverenced the Turkey.

Landlady—"Are you enjoying your dinner, Mr. Dumley? I trust you are fond of turkeys?"
Dumley (struggling with a drumstick)—"The word 'fond,' in connection with this bird, my dear madam, does not adequately express my feelings. 'Revere,' I think, is better."—[Exchange].

Little Ones' Column.

Lily's Ball.

Lily gave a party,
And her little playmates all,
Gayly dressed, came in their best
To dance at Lily's ball.

Little Quaker Primrose
Sat and never stirred,
And, except in whispers,
Never spoke a word.

Tulip fine and Dahlia
Shone in silk and satin;
Learned old Convolvulus
Was tiresome with his Latin.

Snowdrop nearly fainted
Because the room was hot,
And went away before the rest
With sweet Forget-me-not.

Pansy danced with Daffodil,
Rose with Violet;
Silly Daisy fell in love
With pretty Mignonette.

But when they danced the country-dance,
One could scarcely tell
Which of these two danced it best—
Cowalip or Heather-bell.

Between the dances, when they all
Were seated in their places,
I thought I'd never seen before
So many pretty faces.

But of all the pretty maidens
I saw at Lily's ball,
Darling Lily was to me
The sweetest of them all.

And when the dance was over,
They went down stairs to sup,
And each had a taste of honey-cake,
With dew in a buttercup.

And all were dressed to go away
Before the set of sun;
And Lily said "Good bye!" and gave
A kiss to every one.

And before the moon or a single star
Was shining overhead,
Lily and her little friends
Were fast asleep in bed.

A Queer Rag-bag.

Aunt Mary kept her rags in a large, green bag. It had once covered Uncle John's big bass-viol.

One day Aunt Mary said that the rag-bag was very full, and they must sell the rags to the ragman. Jane needed a new bread pan.

The ragman called for the rags, and Jane carried down the bag.

"You have a fine lot here," he said. "I will weigh them in the bag."

So he weighed them.

"Just two shillings," said he; "now I will put them in my cart."

When he did so, Aunt Mary heard him use a strange word.

"That beats all I ever saw!" said the rag man.

Aunt Mary ran out. Jane followed her, with Uncle John's two boys.

"Dear me!" said one.

"Did you ever?" said another.

"What can it be?" added Aunt Mary.

And there was "Malta," the cat, in the rag-bag, with two of the prettiest kittens you ever saw.