



That Problem.

THE rather puzzling problem we published in the December ILLUSTRATED has called forth the interest of many boys and girls; and while all may not have solved it correctly, we are glad to print below as promised the names of those who have sent in the correct answer, which is:—

PENCILS.	PRICE.	MONEY.
3 - - -	4c. each	12c.
15 - - -	4c. "	75c.
2 - - -	4c. "	8c.
20 pencils.		20 cents.

And herewith are the names, ages, and addresses of the boys and girls who have solved the problem:—

Sadie Berry, Berryton, Leeds Co., Ont., age 15 years.
 W. M. McIntyre, Nairn, Ont., age 16.
 Wm. Mundell, Melrose, Ont., age 13.
 John W. Brown, Chard, Ont., age 15.
 E. Kaulbeck, Milford, Hants Co., N.S., "A School Boy."
 Robert Kaulbeck, Mid Musquodoboit, N.S.
 Howard Brown, Cantley P.O., P.Q., age 21.
 P. Hollarn, Pinedale, Ont.
 Albert Gray, Newry P.O., Ont.

Dave Nicholson, Sebright, Ont.
 Fred. McIntosh, Bookton, Ont., age 11.
 Sanford Buckbrough, Bookton, Ont., age 13.
 Margaret A. Kidd, Airlie, Ont., age 13.
 Rowland Middleton, Viola Dale, Man., age 12.
 Alexander D. McLaren, Ralphton, Man., age 13.
 Annie Eliza Tate, Seeley's Bay, Ont., age 15.
 W. H. Morrison, Newry P.O., Ont., age 13.
 J. R. Morrison, Newry P.O., Ont., age 11.
 John Andrew McKenzie, Kinloss Township, Lucknow, Ont., age 12.
 Thos. Gilsinan, Nannimo, B.C., age 18.

Prize Essay.

And now we are going to offer our young readers a still greater inducement to try their knowledge and ability in another line. We are going to give two cash prizes—a first prize of two dollars and a second prize of one dollar—for the two best compositions sent to us before March 15th next, on the following conditions:—

1. The subject shall be, "WHY I LIKE LIFE IN THE COUNTRY."
2. The essays must be written by a boy or girl living in the country (not in a city or big town) under seventeen years of age.
3. Must be in essayist's own handwriting.
4. Must be at least 300 words and should not be over 500.
5. All essays must be in before 6 p.m. on March 15th next, and must be addressed—
 MASSEY PRESS, MASSEY STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

6. Every boy or girl competing must send in a statement that they have composed the essay sent in without assistance, that they have written it themselves, and are under seventeen years of age.
7. Be careful to give your name and address correctly and plainly.
8. The First Prize shall be \$2, and the Second Prize \$1.
9. The writers of the Third and Fourth best essays will receive Honorable Mention in the ILLUSTRATED.

They will be judged on the following basis:—

Handwriting.....	maximum, 10 points.
General Appearance.....	10 "
Grammatical Construction.....	20 "
Spelling.....	20 "
Knowledge of Subject.....	20 "
Treatment.....	20 "

Judges—Mr. C. Morrison and Mr. J. B. Harris. Their decision will be final.

It seems that the Bean Bag Game, a description of which we gave to our readers in the January number, has been highly appreciated. Even the old folks communicate with us and confess to have gotten an unlimited stock of fun out of it.

"Papa, fot would you take for me?"

She was ready for bed and lay on my arm,
 In her little frilled cap so fine,
 With her golden hair falling out at the edge,
 Like a circle of noon sunshine.
 And I hummed the old tune of "Banbury Cross,"
 And "Three men who put out to sea,"
 When she speedily said, as she closed her blue eyes,
 "Papa, fot would you take for me?"

And I answered, "A dollar, dear little heart,"
 And she slept, baby weary with play,
 But I held her warm in my love-strong arms,
 And I rocked her and rocked away.
 Oh, the dollar meant all the world to me,
 The land and the sea and the sky,
 The lowest depths of the lowest place,
 The highest of all that's high.

The cities with streets and palaces,
 Their pictures and stores of art,
 I would not take for one low, soft throb,
 Of my little one's loving heart,
 Nor all the gold that ever was found
 In the busy, wealth-finding past,
 Would I take for one smile of my darling's face,
 Did I know it must be the last.

So I rocked my baby and rocked away,
 And I felt such a sweet content,
 For the words of the song expressed to me more
 Than they ever before had meant.
 And the night crept on, and I slept and dreamed
 Of things far too glad to be.
 And I wakened with lips saying close to my ear,
 "Papa, fot would you take for me?"

—Selected.

Sarah's Moral Application.

It takes a child—the age of four appears to be the limit—to make a straight moral application of gospel truth. Sarah, aged four, is a devout little Christian. She has a child's book of *Gospel Stories Illustrated*, which she studies faithfully.

Lucinda, her sister, aged ten, has been telling what she will do when "her ship comes in." She becomes indignant at some of Sarah's misdeeds, when the following occurs:—

LUCINDA—"Sarah, you shall not ride in my carriage when I am grown and married."

SARAH—(to whom the carriage and rich husband for her sister are very real) "Can't I, teester?"

LUCINDA—"No."

SARAH—(after a long pause and very thoughtfully) "Nevaw mind, teester; you keep your cawings and hosses. I see in the Gospel book where the wich man went stwait to the debil, and the poor man was cawied to Abwaham's bosom. You keep cawige; I don't want to wide in it."

Bobby's Article on Cats.

A CAT is a curius animil. It has fore feat and also fore legs. Its head is at one end of its body and its tale is at the other. When it walks its hed gos before and its tale follows along behind. Its front feat walks before, and its hine feat walks along behind. If a kan is tide to a cat's tale, it will not track when it walks. It is not good for a cat to ti a bunch of fire-crackers to its tale eather. It is apt to walk too fast and get heated. A cat's tale is a good handel to pike the cat up by, but it's hard on the cat. Cats can cline treas. Dogs kant. That is lucky for cats. When a dog gets after them, they kan clime a tre, when they kan sass back without gitin hert. You kant hit a cat. Wunot I thru a bute at one, and I hit a nold rustur. The ole rustur he dide, but the cat didn't.

RAGGED URCHIN (weeping): "Oh, oh—oh, dear!" BENEVOLENT GENT: "What is the matter, my boy?" "I've lost (sob) my penny. Oh!" (Howl.) "Never mind, here is another." Urchin sets up another howl as he pockets the coin. "What is the matter now?" "Oh, sir, if I hadn't lost the other one I'd have two now."

