

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

BY THE REV. S. C. LOWRY, M.A., *Vicar of North Holmwood, Dorset.*

27. PIE.

Heyt nis how lelt su veol nac die ;
 Thiw file lal retho sosnaips fyl,
 Lal thores rae tub nativy :
 Ni veenha moibtian tonnac welld,
 Ron ravecia ni het vlauts fo lehl ;
 Raythel sheet sosnaips fo teh thear,
 Heyt rispeh wheer eyth haev thire thrib,
 Tub vole si indestrucbilet.

28. SQUARE WORDS.

- I. (1) A bird that appears at elections.
 (2) What children should do.
 (3) A Shakespearean king.
 (4) A stringed instrument.
- II. (1) An aquatic animal.
 (2) A girl's name (shortened).
 (3) A tiny bit.
 (4) Juvenile mutton.

29. CONUNDRUMS.

- (1) What word becomes longer by removing a letter ?
- (2) " " " shorter by adding two letters ?

30. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

No greater names than these does Science know ;
 One lives, the other died twelve years-ago.

- (1) 'Tis sometimes eaten, sometimes learnt by heart.
- (2) 'Tis always bitter, always sour and tart.
- (3) A "Master" thus a Jew could understand.
- (4) An animal that lives on sea and land.
- (5) A number these two letters signify.
- (6) A time that never comes when night is nigh.

"PLAYING FOR HIS COLOURS."

A TALE OF SCHOOL LIFE.

BY THE REV. J. HASLOCH POTTER, M.A.,
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CHAPTER IV.

"YOURS OR MINE?"



THE morning after the match Prior went up quite early to the sick-room, taking with him the half-sovereign.

As he approached the bed Glyde caught sight of it in his hand, and exclaimed—

"Hullo! have you found the ten bob?"

"Yes, I have found a half-sov., if that's what you mean," said Prior very quietly.

"Well, is it yours or mine that has turned up?"

"Exactly what I wish to know."

"Where did you find it?"

"Now, come; it's no good your shamming any more. The half-sov. dropped out of your pocket when I was taking your football togs off for you!"

"Then it *is* mine," said Tubbs; "that's exactly what I wanted to know, too."

"Yours! yours! You are not going to

lie about it like a little street cad, I hope?"

"What are you driving at?"

"Look here, Glyde. Sunday afternoon you have only three shillings, and you tell me you can't get any more for the testimonial. Monday morning you are alone in our study; my half-sov. disappears. Monday evening you put your name down for ten bob on the list. Tuesday afternoon the very sum rolls out of your pocket on to the floor. Seems to me that you are not only a thief, but a very clumsy one too. You've laid the scent pretty thick!"

Poor Tubbs went crimson, and then as white as the sheet he was lying on.