

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

How the Baby Came.

The Lady Moon came down last night—

She did, you needn't doubt it—

A lovely lady dressed in white;

I'll tell you all about it.

They hurried Len and me to bed,

And aunty said: "Now maybe

That pretty moon up overhead

Will bring us down a baby.

"You lie as quiet as can be,

Perhaps you'll catch her peeping

Between the window bars, to see

If all the folk are sleeping,

And then if both of you keep still,

And all the room is shady,

She'll float across the window sill

A happy white moon lady.

"Across the sill, along the floor,

You'll see her shining brightly,

Until she comes to mother's door,

And then she'll vanish lightly.

But in the morning you will find,

If nothing happens, maybe,

She's left us something nice behind—

A beautiful star baby."

"We didn't just believe her then,

For aunty's always chaffing—

The tales she tells to me and Len

Would make you die a-laughing;

And, when she went out pretty soon,

Len said, "That's aunty's humming;

There ain't a bit of Lady Moon,

Nor any baby coming."

I thought myself it was a fib,

And yet I wasn't certain;

So I kept quiet in my crib,

And peered behind the curtain.

I didn't mean to sleep a wink;

But all without a warning,

I dropped right off—and just you think,

I never waked till' morning!

Then there was aunty by my bed,

And when I climbed and kissed her,

She laughed and said, "You sleepy head,

You've got a little sister!

What made you close your eyes so soon?

I've half a mind to scold you—

For down she came, that Lady Moon,

Exactly as I told you!"

And truly it was not a joke,

In spite of Len's denying,

For at the very time she spoke

We heard the baby crying.

The way we jumped and made a rush

For mother's room that minute!

But aunty stopped us, crying, "Hush!

Or else you shan't go in it."

And so we had to tiptoe in,

And keep an awful quiet,

As if it was a mighty sin

To make a bit of riot.

But there was a baby anyhow—

The funniest little midget!

I just wish you could peep in now,

And see her squirm and fidget.

Len says he don't believe it's true—

He isn't such a baby—

The moon had anything to do

With bringing us that baby.

But seems to me it's very clear—

As clear as running water—

Last night there was no baby here,

So something must have brought her!

—[Mary A. Keithley.

OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

The competition this month has been close indeed, the answers of two or three being almost faultless and their letters nicely written. While W. Cunningham, London East, has been awarded the prize, the solutions and letters of Ernest Livingston, Hamilton, and Minnie A. Ramsey, Ulverton, Que., were almost as good.

Correct answers have also been received from Anna Stevens, Kirkdale, Que., Minnie Mulveney, Parkhill; Claribel Smith, Cobourg; R. L. Eedy, London; Lonie Beattie, Windsor; Clara Vollans, Wiudsor; Clara Brown, Toronto; Ida A. Craig, Walkerton; Walter West, Montreal; George H., Toronto; "Bertie," Brooklyn, N. Y., and Johnny Siddons, Toronto.

For the best set of answers to this month's puzzles we will give a similar story book and to all sending a complete set of answers we will send a beautiful small chromo.

JANUARY PUZZLES.

1.

SQUARE WORD.

An expression of the face.

Not to walk.

Unemployed.

To want.

2-

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

In "Day."

An animal.

A period of life.

Devoured.

In "night."

3.

HIDDEN NAMES.

You may thus mar your life.

Tell him to come to me.

To wear his tie thus low ill becomes him.

His conduct was disgraceful and wicked.

4

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The whole, of 10 letters, is a flower.

The 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 belongs to the body.

The 1, 2, 3, 5 is essential to life.

The 6, 7, 8, 5 is a luxury when tired

The 5, 7, 8 is a beverage.

The 7, 8, 9, 10 is rest.

5

POETICAL PI.

Eth chitsetk cie aht reve zoref

Anc ynol e'ro eth rusceaf solce.

ANSWERS TO DECEMBER PUZZLES.

1. Anagrams:—Cremate, Manager, Persevere.

2. Charade:—Em-i-grant.

3. Poetical Pi:—

The drying of a single tear has more

Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore

4 Square word:— S H I P

H I D E

I D E A

P E A L

5.—Cross-word:—Ontario.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from active practice having had placed in his hands by an East India Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for General Debility and all nervous complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, feels it his duty to make it known to his fellows. The recipe, with full particulars, directions for preparation and use, and all necessary advice and instructions for successful treatment at your own home, will be received by you by return mail, free of charge, by addressing with stamp DR. J. C. RAYMOND, 164 Washington Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.