

Puzzles.

All matter for this department should be sent direct to ADA ARMAND, Pakenham, Ontario.

1-CHARADE.

The old man placed his son upon
His faithful two, and bade him ride
Unto the nearest market town,
Where food in plenty was supplied;
And there procure, if he was THREE,
Some meal to make their daily bread.
The youngster rode away in glee,
Nor thought of trouble on ahead,
But when he reached a river fleet,
No ferry waited him to cross;
The ford was swollen and COMPLETE;
Nor help was there; so at a loss
He slowly turned about for home,
When all at once another lad,
A little FIRST, in sight had come,
And struck the two upon the head.
It bounded off with all its might;
The boy was thrown from off his seat;
And there I found him in a plight
That made my heart with pity beat.

CHARLIE S. EDWARDS.

2-CHARADE.

Insert the letter "s" between first and second to obtain complete.

Hurrah! hurrah! good puzzlers all!
Our Lily's back (the treasure)!
The flower, blowing in the fall,
Gives greatest joy and pleasure.

Now is the time when Bryant sings
Of gloomy days and weather;
But one bright Day we have which brings
Us happily together.

Then, puzzlers all, with me rejoice,
And start the bells a ringing;
To joys and hopes exert your voice,
With shouting and with singing.

Come all ye mystic-loving crew,
Pronounce a loud acclaim.
Last hail FIRST virtue working "shoe."
Which sent us Lily's name!

Then give three cheers for Cousin A.
And three for Uncle Tom;
But a COMPLETE for Lily Day,
The flower of the Dom.

CHAS. S. EDWARDS.

3-SQUARE WORD.

The FIRST's a famous battle field,
The FOURTH is what some men do wield,
The SECOND's a genus of fresh water fishes,
The THIRD is delighted by savory dishes.

CLARA ROBINSON.

4-ENIGMA.

FIRST, SECOND and TOTAL mean 'bout the same,
Beloved by young and old as they;
Youth, beauty and fame would be but a name,
Bereft of all that makes life gay.

CLARA ROBINSON.

5-ANAGRAMS.

Names of books.

We went to the library one day,
You'd think it had a disease,
Some one with it had DEALT SO ILL
'Twas as though it were drenched with LATE SEAS.

TED WANTED a road to SILVER WIT.

I BADE DAME Dorset get one,
And I ask to A DORN LONE Olaf,
But LOUIE SEL'D it for fun,
We got no books, but went away,
And I haven't been back there since that day.

A. P. HAMPTON.

6-DECAPITATION.

I am composed of five letters; behead me and I become
insects, noted for wisdom. My WHOLE is the name of a
county in the Dominion.

HATTIE MACDONALD.

Answers to November 2nd Puzzles.

- | | |
|----------------|------------------------------------|
| 1-Royal-Loyal. | 2-Victoria. |
| 4-SIRIUS | 3-Large, lager, glare, regal. |
| IDOLS | 5-Melon-lemon, |
| ROLL | Once-cone, |
| ILL | Emil-lime, |
| US | Lame-Elma, |
| S | 6-Pat-Ella (patella, the kneecap). |

SOLVER TO NOVEMBER 2ND PUZZLES.
Clara Robinson.

The Bagster Bible Premium Pleases Every Recipient.

Should any of our readers who have earned the new Bagster Teacher's Bible not receive the same within a reasonable time after sending in their list of names and remittance, we desire them to advise us promptly. When this or any other premium reaches you, please acknowledge promptly. The following shows that not only was the recipient more than pleased with the Bible, but the new subscribers were delighted with the FARMER'S ADVOCATE:

Bonaventure Co., P. Q., Nov. 16th, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of your card. I have just received the Bible and I am highly pleased with it. I had no idea that it was such a beautiful book. I have shown it to my friends and they all think it very nice. I shall do my best to obtain some more subscribers to the ADVOCATE. The subscribers are much pleased with the ADVOCATE.

Thanking you very much for the beautiful Bible, I remain,
Yours truly, L. M. SHEPPARD.

Mr. G. Brown, of North Oxford, one of the very first to earn the Bible premium, was so satisfied that on receipt he at once set about another canvas and earned a second one, the receipt of which he acknowledges thus: "The beautiful premium Bible received to-day in good condition. Many thanks. Respectfully, GEORGE BROWN."

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

"Jes' 'Fore Christmas."

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will,
Mother calls me Willie—but the fellers call me Bill!
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—'d rather be a boy,
Without them sashes, curls an' things that's worn by Fauntleroy!

Love to eat green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake!
Hate the horrid castor oil I sometimes have to take!
Most all the time the hull year roun' there ain't no flies on me—
But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yellow dog named Sport—sick 'im on the cat;
Fust thing she knows she doesn't know where she is at!
Got a clipper sled, and when us boys goes out to slide,
'Long comes the grocery cart, an' we all hook a ride!

But, sometimes when the grocery-man is worried and cross,
He reaches at me with his whip, and larrups up his hoss;
An' then I laff and holler: "Oh, you never teched me!"
But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I can be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to be a man
I'll be a missioner like her oldest brother Dan,
As wuz et up by the cannibls that lives in Ceylon's Isle,
"Where every prospect pleases an' only man is vile!"

But gran'ma she had never been to see a Wild West show,
Or read the life uv Daniel Boone, or else I guess she'd know
That Buffalo Bill an' cowboys is good enough for me—
Excep' jes' 'fore Christmas, when I'm good as I kin be!

Then old Sport he hangs around, so solum like an' still—
His eyes they seem a-saying: "What's the matter, little Bill!"
The cat she sneaks down off her perch, a-wonderin' what's
become
Of them two enemies of hers that use to make things hum!

But I am so perlit an' stick so earnestlike to biz,
That mother sez to father: "How improved our Willie is!"
But father, havin' been a boy himself, suspicious me,
When, jes' 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots of candies, cakes, an' toys,
Wuz made, they say, for proper kids, an' not for naughty boys!
So wash yer face, an' brush yer hair, an' mind your p's an' q's,
Don't tear your Sunday pantaloon an' don't wear out yer shoes;

Say "yessum" to the ladies, an' "yessir" to the men,
An' when there's company don't pass yer plate for pie again;
But, thinkin' of the things you'd like to see upon that tree,
Jes' 'fore Christmas be as good as you kin be! E. F.

Uncle William's Present.

On Christmas Day Uncle William received a card inscribed as follows: "William Bunting, Esquire, J. P., debtor to his nephews, Alexander and Lancelot, and to his nieces, Norah and Dorothea, for moneys expended in his behalf—\$0 14." Uncle William paid the money at once, but he wrote to say that he should like to know how it happened that he owed us one-and-four. It was Alexander who had sent the bill in—for a boy of twelve he really is most businesslike—and we got him to answer Uncle William's letter. He replied that the one-and-four was the sum spent in excess of the sum subscribed by Alexander, Lancelot, Norah, and Dorothea for the purpose of giving Uncle William a Christmas present. Then Uncle wanted to know how it happened that he never got the Christmas present. Alexander said that he did not feel inclined to go into any further details. He sent Uncle William the bill, properly receipted, and a little note to say that the correspondence on this subject must now terminate. Perhaps the thing does seem a little strange, but the explanation is perfectly simple, and I will give it. I am Norah; Alexander and I are twins. The other two are quite young. It was I who first had the notion that we ought to give Uncle William a Christmas present. When any of us has a notion she (or he) calls a meeting of the others in the schoolroom. That was what I did. I said that Uncle William was always giving us presents and yet we never gave him anything. He said nothing about it, but I was sure that he must feel it. Christmas was now near, and it would be a good opportunity for us.

This was agreed. Alexander and I each contributed ninepence—threepence more than Lancelot or Dorothea. Thus the total sum was half-a-crown, for which a very good present might have been bought.

We did not decide what the present was to be at once, because Alexander said that would have been grossly irregular: we were to have committee meetings every day about it and discuss it thoroughly. Lancelot was appointed treasurer of the fund—he put it all in a waistcoat pocket and got me to sew the pocket up for him in case of accidents.

At the next meeting Dorothea suggested that we should buy chocolates (French) in a box. It was objected that Uncle William never ate chocolates. "No," said Dorothea, "he doesn't, but he sometimes gives them away. Then, next time he wanted to give anybody any, he wouldn't have to buy them." Lancelot thought it would be dishonorable to give chocolates, and we agreed with him. We then decided to buy a tobacco pouch, which certainly would have been a suitable present. There are very few shops in our village, so Alexander and I took the train next afternoon to Allistone, the nearest town, in order to buy the pouch. Alexander was to pay everything and to be reimbursed out of the fund.

The two return tickets were eightpence, and we had refreshments at the station, which came to another sixpence. Alexander said that this was usual, and committees always had refreshment. We were left with one-and-four to spend on the pouch. However, we found that we could get very good pouches for a shilling each. I wanted to get a black one, and Alexander wanted brown; so we decided not to buy either yet, but to take the votes of the whole committee on it. We spent the odd

fourpence on a white Java mouse. We felt sure Uncle William would like it. The man in the shop said that people often came in offering as much as a shilling each for mice of that particular kind. When we got back—the mouse traveled in Alexander's pocket—we at once held another committee meeting.

Dorothea said that if Alexander and I had refreshments the rest of the committee ought to have them also. So we had almond-rock—two pennyworth. We agreed to purchase the black pouch. Lancelot suggested that there was just a possibility that Uncle William would not care about the mouse. Alexander said that he would telegraph about it, and did; this was the telegram—

"Bunting, Malden. Do you like white Java mouse? Tame; eats anything. ALEXANDER."

In about an hour the answer came back—

"Most certainly not."

This caused us some consternation. It was thought better to go to Allistone again on the morrow, and see if the man in the shop would take back the mouse. In the meantime Lancelot's pocket was unpicked, and the entire fund handed over to Alexander in order to reimburse himself. Alexander said that he would keep accounts, and if there was anything over he would get some very cheap present—perhaps a card. The pouch was, of course, now impossible.

He and I went together as before. While we were having refreshments at the station he did his accounts.

"They don't come out very well," he said rather dolefully. "But perhaps we shall be taking the mouse back just when someone is wanting to give a shilling for a real Java one."

He felt in his coat pocket as he spoke. And then he looked more doleful still. The mouse had escaped during the journey. The accounts were thus:

	s.	d.
Allistone. Expenses of first visit.....	1	2
White Java mouse.....	0	4
Almond-rock.....	0	2
Telegram.....	0	6
Allistone. Expenses of second visit.....	1	8
	3	10

"We are one-and-four to the bad," I said, "and we haven't got any present. The refreshments have come to so much this time."

"All committees and delegates of committees have refreshments," said Alexander dictatorially. "It doesn't matter. I've paid the deficit so far; but Uncle William will have to make it up. It's all his fault. If he hadn't been there we shouldn't have wanted to be generous to him."

So we sent Uncle William the bill. He is still rather puzzled about it. Lancelot and Dorothea think the thing was mismanaged. I don't; no more does Alexander.

Holy Land Flowers.

It is indeed gratifying to know that our selection of book premiums especially are being so well received, because we appreciate the value of a refined and high-class library. Copies of "Pressed Flowers from the Holy Land" are going out lively, which, indeed, they should when so favorably offered. The following letter is from a subscriber who sent us the name of a new-subscriber together with one dollar:—

Peel Co., Ont., Nov. 14, 1896.

DEAR SIRS,—I received your letter and also the book of "Pressed Flowers," and I am more than delighted with it, and it will be quite a novelty to show to my cousins and friends this winter. Accept my thanks. Yours truly, S. E. ACKROYD.

I will try to get more subscribers.

[We are not surprised that our correspondent was delighted with the book. We all enjoy seeing even paintings of rare flowers from such a historic place as the Holy Land; but when the flowers themselves, retaining all their natural color and form, are placed within our reach so that one may handle them, we have something that the painter's brush can never aspire to. Among the most beautiful of the pressed specimens is that of the "Lily of the Field" (*Anemone coronaria*), spoken of in Matthew, vi., 28. The bloom is of a deep carmine, very handsome and graceful. During the early spring it is said to adorn every valley, highway and hilltop of Palestine. No wonder it was said of them, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." We find ourselves so utterly incapable of describing justly the beauty of the pressed specimens we leave the matter to each subscriber to secure one by hunting up a new subscriber and thus win a free copy.]

English Plum Pudding.

One pound of raisins, quarter pound of flour, one pound of suet (chopped fine), one pound of currants, three quarters pound stale bread crumbs, half nutmeg (grated), quarter pound brown sugar, five eggs, grated rind of one lemon, half pint of brandy, half pound of minced candied orange peel.

Clean, wash, and dry the currants; stone the raisins. Mix all dry ingredients together. Beat the eggs, add them to the brandy, then pour over the dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pack in greased small keetles or molds (this will make six pounds), and boil six hours when you make it, and when wanted for use serve with hard or brandy sauce.