

I wish you could have seen that angel! She didn't scream, didn't even start, she just turned her cold face to his, and the way she whispered.

"I knew you would come, Francis; mother said she would send the comforter," seemed to flood that gruesome niche with a radiance and a glory not of earth.

What had come between them two, in the days gone by? I don't know—unless it was that man's sad eyes and faint ways: such tricks would break me and the Dekin up worse than that.

Francis! Well, she's with us yet; there ain't nothing in the house too good for her, and she and the Dekin have a candy pull every day—I guess they make it in the dipper, and stir it with the comb, leastways that's the way them utensils feel.

You see, the way of it was, her father and mother finally consented to leave her with us, while they went south, to lay the precious grandmother in her native place, beneath the silver moss and sunny skies of Florida.

And Dekin Spavin says, that although he hasn't got nothing agen 'em, in this world, he hopes they won't never come back.—[The Home Queen.]

MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

The Home-Maker.

BY EVELYN L.

In the present day, as increasing opportunities facilitate woman's entering upon professions and trades hitherto the exclusive property of the sterner sex, it seems as if her own peculiar province were, in many instances, being neglected. This is, however, only the rebound, for, having been drawn too far in one direction, the massive pendulum of woman's progress has now swung farther out into man's domain than a happy adjustment would seem to permit. It appears but fair that where, by force of circumstances, she is obliged to do man's work, she should at least be accorded the privileges attendant upon that work; but it is not of this troubled question I would write, but rather of the realm where she may reign as undisputed queen, the presiding genius of the home. Not every woman possesses this happy gift of being a successful home-maker, but it may, to a certain extent at least, be cultivated. Some "are to the manner born," and the vision of such an one appears to me now, framed in the surroundings of her cosy little home, the centre of many helpful influences.

The ideal home must be restful, and how much that means. It must be a place where strength and inspiration may be gathered for the battle to be waged without its sheltering walls. Unhappy, indeed, are those who have no such resting-place where they can recruit weary powers of body and mind, for as Herbert Spencer says: "We have had something too much of the gospel of work; it is time to preach the gospel of relaxation."

Think you that the home-maker occupies a humble position compared with one who follows a successful, professional career, which must be carved out with labor of hand and brain, and wrestled for with the strong? It is certainly more retiring and unnoticed, but to my mind woman rises therein to her truest dignity, exercising, as she must, executive ability, originality and a wealth of unselfish love. Love is the foundation and the superstructure of all true happiness, embracing in its far-reaching nature patience, kindness, generosity, courtesy and the kindred virtues, not forgetting the more matter-of-fact but essential good temper.

One reason we see so many unhappy homes is very often found in the utter lack of knowledge of the prosaic duties which come day by day for fulfillment. Mothers can give to their daughters an invaluable inheritance by training them in a thorough knowledge of household affairs, and a sensible girl will never find such acquirements burdensome, even though her path may lie in another direction to that of domestic life. But even such an understanding of the practical is not enough. With it we must combine an interest in and a knowledge of current ideas and events outside our own immediate sphere, so that we may be in touch with what transpires in the world about us.

And now, had I an artist's pencil, I would like to sketch for you the portrait of a woman who is one of the truest home-makers I have ever known. Possessed of but scanty means, her home is always beautifully clean, yet not with that aggressive cleanliness which defies comfort. Herself at all times neat and bright, she keeps her children well dressed in clothes fashioned with her own busy needle; and yet, with all this, she finds time to keep herself informed on the questions of the day, and with her loving sympathy is a tower of strength to her hard-working husband and son.

Wealth is not essential for the furnishing of a cosy home, and, where the means are limited, furniture should be chosen for comfort rather than show, and added by degrees as circumstances permit, for the shadow of debt will surely darken the sunniest sky. The small comforts and refreshments of life ought not to be despised, for they may be made the means of brightness, if we only take especial pains to cultivate a habit of finding delight and satisfaction in little pleasantnesses.

Perhaps you think my ideal home-maker is only a dream—but dreams may be materialized. Do you remember what Wallace says of dreaming? "Men speak of dreaming as if it were a phenomenon of night and sleep. They should know better. All results achieved by us are self-promised, and all self-promises are made in dreams awake. Dreaming is the relief of labor, the wine

that sustains us in act. We learn to love labor, not for itself, but for the opportunity it furnishes for dreaming, which is the great under monotone of life, unheard, unnoticed, because of its constancy. Living is dreaming; only in the grave are there no dreams."

If your home be bright and sunny, share its warmth and beauty with those who are less blessed than yourself. Open your doors and let others have a taste of home life as it should be, and the necessary self-denial will be more than compensated by the happy influences which will radiate therefrom.

A January Fairy Tale.

[Dedicated to little Cruie Cranbrook, London, Eng., in memory of her first visit to Canada.]

The gentle Southwind murmured one day,
Ah! winter is cold and long,
And I have no one with whom to play,
And none to list to my song;
For withered and dead are all the flowers,
And the leaves have deserted each tree,
And the warblers sweet have flown away,
Ah! there's no one to play with me."

But the little frost elves, hidden secure
In every leafless bough,
Heard her mournful plaint and thus replied:—
"Come, gentle Southwind, now,
We will gladly, gladly play with you,
We are weary—we're here so long,
Come, then, and rest in these branches
And cheer us with thy song."

And so the wooing Southwind
With the frost elves came to play,
And they from their hiding places crept
And rested on every spray,
And all day long they sported there,
Till the Southwind said, in sorrow:
"The night has come, I must hasten home,
But I'll return to-morrow."

And the frost sprites said as they sat and gazed
On her retreating form,
"We love her gentle whispers, so
We'll wait for her here till morn."
And there they sat while the crescent moon
Peeped through the branches bare,
And the lamps of the angels came out to shine
On the scene bewitchingly fair.]

And the trees, adorned with their jewels new,
Cast proudly their shadows around,
Like a network woven by fairies
And spread on the snowy ground,
And all night long the stars and moon
Their loving watches kept
O'er the fair frost-fairies on every limb,
While they in contentment slept.

Knowing full well that the Southwind true
Would her parting promise keep,
And oh! how enchanting by her soft touch
To be awakened from their sleep,
And soon her musical voice they heard,
And they sparkled in merry glee,
Till it seemed a shower of diamonds
Was scattered on every tree.

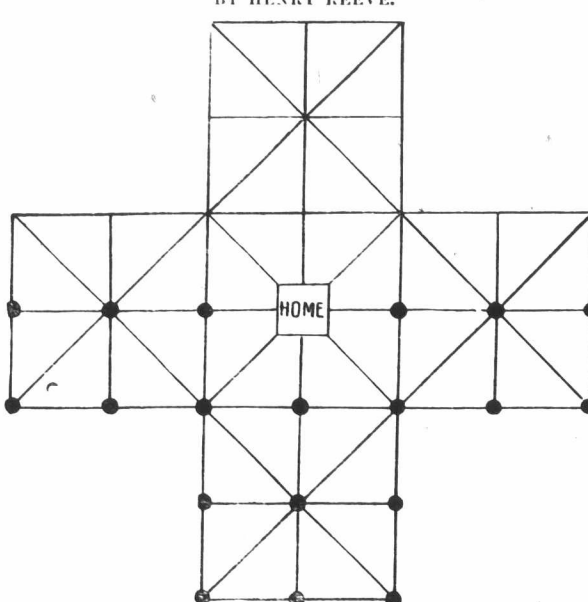
Again they played, but alas! too soon
They heard the Southwind sigh:
The cruel Northwind is coming,
And I must say "good-bye."
Then fondly she kissed each tiny elf,
While he at the parting cried,
And for love of the soft, sweet Southwind,
Fell down in tears and died.

—ADA ARMAND.

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

Fox and Geese.

BY HENRY REEVE.



The geese are 17 in number, and are to be placed on the lower half of the board, as shown by the marked spots; they may be represented by 17 buttons, grains of corns, or whatever is convenient. The fox (which may be a thimble or a large button) is to be placed in the centre of the board, in spot marked "Home." The object of the geese is to "pen" the fox in a corner, or to surround him in such a way that he cannot move; the fox, on the other hand, can jump over any goose that has not another goose behind it for protection, and take it off the board; and after jumping one, if another is in his way unprotected he can jump it also—and it sometimes happens that as many as 4 or 5 geese are taken off at one move; therefore, the most important thing to be remembered by the player playing with the geese is to keep them together in a solid body, so that no open places are left for the fox to break through and carry off the geese. The fox should endeavor to keep in the

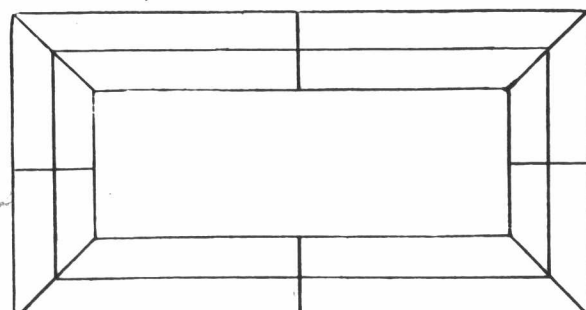
centre of the board until driven out, as the corners are dangerous places for him. If the fox succeeds in carrying off as many as 13 of the geese, he wins the game, as he cannot then be penned.

The Game of Pinto.

BY HENRY REEVE.

In this game each player is provided with a set of seven miniature ten pins, which are set upon the table in the form of a triangle; each pin having a certain value. Each player is also provided with a small steel ring and a "Jumper." The ring is placed on edge in front of the pins, and by the aid of the jumper is bounded over the tops of the pins. Immediately it strikes the table the ring rebounds and rolls back towards the pins and, if the jump is skillfully made, some of the pins are knocked over, each one counting according to the number assigned to it. The game admits of considerable skill in the accurate jumping of the ring.

Nine-Penny Morris.



Take a piece of cardboard and draw a diagram like the above. The game is played thus:—Each player has nine counters or "men" playing (white and black buttons will answer). The object of each player is to so place his counters on the board as to make them count three in a row as often as possible, and to prevent his opponent from doing so, as each time he makes three in a row (in any straight line) he takes one of his opponent's counters from the board, and the first player who succeeds in taking seven of his opponent's counters wins the game. The players place their counters on the board one by one, each one endeavoring to get three in a row (and to prevent his opponent from doing so), until all the counters are on the board; then they are to be moved from spot to spot until one of the players wins the game. When a player has only five counters left, he has the privilege of "jumping"—that is, he may lift a counter from any spot, and place it in any other spot on the board that may be to his advantage.

Puzzles.

PRIZE PUZZLE.

1—RIDDLE.

A very strange thing, in a very strange place,
And many oft think me a mark of disgrace,
I cannot be seen, yet all truthfully say,
I'm the most troublesome nuisance that ever held sway.
If anything's lost I don't care a whit,
For you may be sure I'm at the bottom of it;
But sometimes I prove a blessing, you know,
For without me 'tis said you really can't sew;
Caps, stockings and shoes you never could wear,
Unless, 'tis a fact, my presence is there.
And now, in conclusion, I will have it said
You can't get the answer till my whole you behead.

CHARLIE S. EDWARDS.

2—CHARADE.

When you're at school, a mother said
To her little son so sweet,
Pay attention to each subject
No matter how COMPLETE;
THREE you skip the little things,
And often say "Four FIVE,"
It is a Two you'll not succeed,
Nor ONE business ever thrive.

ADA ARMAND.

3—CHARADE.

I went to town a few days past,
And met a "FIRST," whose hand I grasped.
He said, "You see the 'SECOND' so true,
Has brought me back once more to you;
And also I can thankful be,
For the welcome 'WHOLE' you felt for me."
Though this is short I hope to get
A seat in "Ad's Toboggan" yet.

HARD PATE.

4—CHARADE.

When Adam and Eve in Eden
Took the forbidden fruit,
Each started to chide the other,
Which caused a great dispute.
Quoth Eve, "And do you dare COMPLETE
That to me all blame is due?
ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, as well as I,
And you shall suffer too."

ADA ARMAND.

5—BEHEADING.

Complete I am something the Scotchman loves well;
Behead me I'll slip through your hand;
Behead me again, and a measure I am;
Once more, as a number I stand.

ADA FOWLER.

6—BEHEADING.

Complete I'm aromatic;
Behead me and I'm sweet;
But do not become ecstatic
O'er me—it is not meet.

FLORENCE FOWLER.

Answers to January 15th Puzzles.

1—Cor-rob-o-rat-i-on. 2—A Pair of Shoes. 3—Heartsease.
4—The Quiet Hour.

Names of Those Who Have Sent Correct Answers to January 15th Puzzles.

Thos. W. Banks, Joshua Umbach, Perrie Hyde, Josie Shee-
han, Geo. W. Blyth, Addison Snider,