

into His presence, go as she did who brought the alabaster box and knelt at His feet in the house of Simon the leper, hear His voice, see the brow that thorns have bound, mark the hands the nails have pierced—if we did but thus see Him beside us, should we not love to offer our very hearts to Him?—*Bishop Wilberforce.*

Puzzles.

1—SQUARE WORDS.

One fill up very tight.
Two cold with all your might.
Three a river in Scotland you'll see
Four if you're a man
With some others you can
Plural possessive be.

A. P. HAMPTON.

The' none, the TOTAL would refuse,
If under the burning sun;
And one is never out of use
By Austrian, Turk or Hun.

The' two is used in many ways,
In country, town and city.
On one 'tis put to mock not praise
By the extremely witty.

CLARA ROBINSON.

2—CHARADE (PARTLY BY SOUND).

The victor was crowned with my first, but exclaimed my second, as he found himself caught in my third, and thrust through with my whole.

ADDA WHETSTONE.

3—RIDDLE.

I am the terror of mankind,
My breath is flame, and by its power
I urge my messenger to find
A footing in the strongest tower.

JENNIE STEWART.

4—RIDDLE.

A beautiful maid
In the garden was laid.
She was dead before she was born.
She was made a wife
The first day of her life.
She departs from earth every morn.

J. S. CRERAR.

5—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in queer, but not in sneer;
My second is in rub, and also in scrub;
My third is in winter, but not in autumn;
My fourth is in brought, and also in bought;
My fifth is in village, but not in city;
My sixth is in country, but not in town;
My whole is a city in Canada.

JENNIE STEPHENS.

6—DROP-VOYEL PUZZLE.

C-at th-t d-- l-et
Wh-e l-w d-so-and-ng s-n
V-ws fr-m th-h-and
N-a-hl-ct-n d-n.

MAY MCNIE.

7—DIAMOND.

1. A letter; 2. Malt liquor; 3. To make ashamed; 4. Is used to tighten; 5. To bar; 6. Fruit of the briar; 7. A consonant.

ADDISON M. SNIDER.

8—LADDER PUZZLE.

Diagram.

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

7.

Rung 1 means the lower part of the face;
" 2 " not far away;
" 3 " a vessel used to serve food;
" 4 " a girl's name;
" 5 " a brave man;
" 6 " Eastern philosophers;
" 7 " a long stuffed seat;
Initials form what we all love and are ready to defend;
Finals one of the United States in the Eastern division.

ETHEL MCCREA.

Answers to April 15th Puzzles.

1. Chamels.
2. Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are here;
But error wounded writhes in pain
And dies among his worshippers.
3. Be-cause.
4. Gulf Stream, Pyramids (peer amidst).
5. Wet-shod. 6. De-sign-ed. 7. 7 turkeys.
8. Alas! how easy things go wrong,
A sigh too much, a hint too strong,
Then follows a mess and no end of pain,
And life is never the same again.

SOLVERS TO APRIL 15TH PUZZLES.

John S. Crerar, Ethel McCrea, Clara Robinson, A. P. Hampton, Catherine L. Koch, A. M. Snider, May McNie; also Chris. McKennie, Jennie Stephens, Maggie Scott, D. W. Campbell, for April 1st.

The puzzle corner is open to all who desire to contribute, the only restrictions being that the work must be original and written with pen and ink on one side only of paper. When sending puzzles always enclose answers on another sheet and sign name legibly after each puzzle.
For prizes offered, see April 1st issue. More solvers wanted.

The Way it Happened.

Said Toddlekine to Woddlekine,
A very homely pup,
"See, there's a sleeping pussy cat;
Suppose we eat her up."
They ne'er had seen the like, I ween,
But, then, they thought, you see,
That such a soft and sleepy thing
No fearful foe could be.
But something strange, an awful change
Came o'er that furry ball.
And what it was that happened next
They never knew at all.
Ah! how they flew, those noble two,
That most heroic pair,
Said Toddlekine to Woddlekine,
"It must have been a bear."

The Ugly Duckling.

Hans Christian Andersen—dear old Hans, beloved alike by child and adult—has celebrated the trials and tribulations of an unfortunate under the title of "The Ugly Duckling," and mothers read the story to their little ones and sigh over the imaginary sufferings of the unknown, utterly unconscious of the fact that they themselves are committing the very error that the little story is intended to show up. The Lord created nothing without a purpose, and the spark of vanity which he has placed in the bosom of every created being has over and over again been a means of saving grace when admonition and reproof have failed. Beware how you kill this out in a child. When that is dead, life is not living but merely existence. To treat a child only with reproof for wrongdoing is to crush her beyond hope. To lead her to think that there is nothing about her worthy of praise, no good point in looks, behavior or manner, which may be commended, is cruelty. "Mamma," queried a broken-hearted little girl (aye! children's hearts do break), "is there one thing about me that is good or pleasant?" The child had never been praised for good, she had merely been reproved for evil, until she believed that there was nothing in her to praise. Suppose you, grown woman that you are, should be daily and hourly subject to reproof from your husband, brother or father? How do you think you would bear the strain? "Oh, that's different," you say. Pardon me, it is not different. I dare say that if those nearest and dearest to you were questioned and were to answer truly, they would say you were far from perfect. In fact, angels have gone out of fashion at the present date. At least there have been none seen on the streets for a number of years, nor can I find anyone who has conversed with one recently. And yet with all your failings, after years of experience and discretion, you expect perfection from a little unformed mind and character that is buffeted by twice the temptations that you are daily subjected to. You can never know, because you never were a child (at least so one might imagine to hear you talk), the actual heroism it takes for your little daughter to pass the sugar bowl without extracting the lumps she has been forbidden to take. It seems like a small thing to you, but it is great to her, for her longing and temptation are great. Set yourself to correct one of your own smallest but most persistent faults and see how hard it is to keep your word to yourself. It sounds like a ridiculous thing, perhaps, but have you a habit of frowning or biting your nails, or pursing up your lips in an unbecoming manner? Just try correcting it and you will find out how weak you are, and you will possibly appreciate to a greater degree the strong hold a childish temptation may possess.

Whenever there is a good point of appearance, don't hesitate to speak of it at times. I do not hesitate to assert that it is want of appreciation in this line, at home, which has been the ruin of many a girl. Never having heard a word of praise, her appearance having been rather depreciated than otherwise, when she came into contact with the world it was so new that she believed everything, false as well as true. Had she possessed the shield of her mother's admiration and approval she would have known how to value that of others. She could tell whether it was sincere or not. What wonder that, being denied all this in her own home, she preferred surroundings where she could be fed upon the sweets of flattery which another would have known enough to rate at their true value? If a child has pretty hair, a good nose, or a small mouth, it is right for her mother to tell her so sometimes. It will do her no harm. On the contrary, it will do her an immense amount of good. If the reverse is the case and her bad points are constantly alluded to, the mother need not be in any way surprised to have her daughter grow up to an awkward, ungainly womanhood, silent, reserved, and even disagreeable.—*Emma Churchman Hewitt.*

Twenty Times a Day.

Twenty times a day, dear,
Twenty times a day,
Your mother thinks about you,
At school or else at play.

She's busy in the kitchen,
Or she's busy up the stair,
But like a song her heart within
Her love for you is there.

There's just a little thing, dear,
She wishes you would do,
I'll whisper 'tis a secret,
Now mind, I'll tell it you.

Twenty times a day, dear,
And more, I've heard you say,
"I'm coming in a minute,"
When you should at once obey.

At once, as soldiers, instant
At the motion of command;
At once, as sailors seeing
The captain's warning hand.

You could make the mother happy
By minding in this way,
Twenty times a day, dear,
Twenty times a day.

—Sel.

A Dentist and the Cats.

I think you will laugh at reading the following anecdote about cats that I met with the other day. A famous German dentist had a very valuable tortoiseshell cat, that for days did nothing but moan. Guessing the cause, he looked into his mouth, and seeing a decayed tooth, soon relieved it of its pain. The following day there were at least ten cats at his door, the day after twenty, and they went on increasing at such a rate that he was obliged to keep a bulldog to drive them away. But nothing would stop them. A cat that had the toothache would come any number of miles to him. It would come down the chimney even, and not leave the room till he had taken its tooth out. It grew such a nuisance at last that he was never free from one of these feline patients. However, being one morning very nervous, he accidentally broke the jaw of an old tabby. The news of this spread like wildfire. Not a single cat ever came to him afterwards.

Equal to It.

An Irishman was hauling water in barrels from a small river to supply the inhabitants of the village, which was not provided with waterworks. As he halted at the top of the bank to give his team a rest before proceeding to make his round with the water, a gentleman of the inquisitive type rode up and, after passing the time of day, asked:

"How long have you been hauling water for the village, my good man?"

"Tin years or more, sor," was the simple reply.

"Ah! And how many loads do you make a day?"

"From ten to fifteen, accordin' to the weather, sor?"

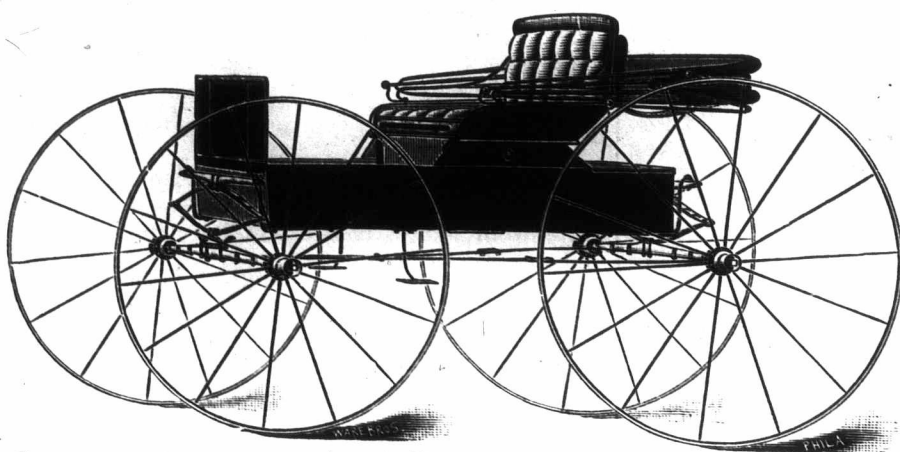
"Yes. Now, I have one for you, Pat," said the gentleman, laughing. "How much water have you hauled altogether?"

The Irishman jerked his thumb in the direction of the river, at the same time giving his team the hint to start, and replied:

"All the water that yez don't see there now, sor."—*Scottish Nights.*

Our Lives are Songs.

Our lives are songs: God writes the words
And we set them to music at pleasure;
And the song grows glad or sweet or sad,
As we choose to fasten the measure.
We must write the music, whatever the song,
Whatever its rhyme or meter;
And if it is sad, we can make it glad,
Or if sweet, we can make it sweeter.



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