

INDOOR GAMES.

By Cyollat.

GOOD indoor games are always in demand; our winter evenings are long; very many of our homes are too small to afford room for dancing, and the game that will entertain or amuse is certain to become popular.

Of course, there are the standard games, cards, checkers, chess—but of these the first are prohibited in many instances by parents, who at least have the best welfare of their children at heart, the second becomes monotonous, and the third is too abstruse for the ordinary happy family circle.

There are quiet games in plenty, but for the winter festal evenings we want those that lead to laughter.

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Among the new parlor games is "Curling"—or curling without ice, as the inventor terms it—a fascinating and jolly evening game, in which both exercise and amusement may be found. We give illustration of the curling board. The inventor, Mr. Cranston of Galt, has been honored with an order for "Curling" from the Premier, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier,



a fact of which he is naturally proud. "Curling" carried into our home evenings is a happy thought, and the game should prove attractive. The curling board is \$3.00—with the table \$4.50.

Tennis junior, and parlor cricket are also both fashionable indoor games.

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Another new game, and one that is sure to prove popular is "Pillow-dex"—a combination of battledore and tennis. A raised cord extends down the center of the table, and small inflated balloons are struck lightly with the back of one hand to and fro across the division line. Four or eight players are allowed on each side, more if extra balloons are ordered.

There are various little regulations that add to the jollity of the game. It is not difficult, nor tiresome, but requires just the touch of skill, and permits just the amount of mirth necessary to make it a really enjoyable nonsense game. The game may be had for twenty-five or fifty cents.

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"Carroms" is also a new game. Its factors are a two-foot square polished board, smooth as a billiard table, with baize pockets in each corner. The game

is played with checker men, who are to be "flipped" into the several pockets.

These flipping games are all popular, in spite of the fact that they cause fingers to tingle. "Crokinole" is an instance of this, it is still selling well.

Another new game, and one that is excellently educative is "Napoleon," recently invented by a Canadian, a Mr. Sinclair, of Beamsville. It is attractively gotten up in a box of gay pictorial design. The game is played on a flat board about two feet square, on which is a curving track. This track is marked off in numbered squares, fifty in number, each of which bear the name of some important incident or epoch in Napoleon's career. The game is played like Parcheesi, by throwing dice and moving the men forward or backward, according to the throw. Wherever the square reached marks a disaster in the little Corsican's career the player must set back his man a certain number of places; where over a conquest is achieved the player's man moves onward. The game is educative and novel.

"Reversi" and "Halma" are games of the checker class, not quite new but amusing.

In cards, "Flags of all Nations" and "Maple Leaves" are new games, fashioned after the familiar game of "Authors." They are both unconsciously educative as well as quietly entertaining.

Any of these games may be recommended; no home should be without one or more of them, for the pleasant whiling away of the twilight or evening hours of the winter day. Townspeople may obtain any of them through the bookseller or novelty dealer. THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL will give information to any country enquirer about them.

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Many of these games may be played with home-made boards and men, which, of course, reduces the cost of them. Almost any boy can make a Parcheesi board, which answers for any similar game, while parlor billiard, curling, and checker boards may be made by any skilful tool-man.

Outdoor games are being adapted to the parlor to a great extent, tennis, cricket and curling, are all fashionable. And it is rumored that parlor or hall hockey is within hail.

Cribbage is one of the quieter games—an old game that has been somewhat out of date lately, it is true, but it is now being much revived in English circles.

For Christmas eve games, we incline to the old-fashioned ones—"Blind-men's-bluff," which licenses some merry kissing; musical chairs, forfeits under any guise, the Quaker dance, and old Sir Roger.

For the fireside—the ghost story, or that other amusing tale-telling, in which the story is begun by one member of the circle, and at a thrilling climax handed over to number two who carries it on in what manner he chooses, and passes it,

at a second climax, to the third. This continues throughout the circle; and the incongruities and unexpected anticlimaxes are productive of much amusement.

It is a fault of Canadian homes, that too little home amusement is provided for the evening hours. The father has his paper; the mother is engaged with book or work; the children are engaged with their lessons; and after lessons comes bed. There seems to be no time for home amusement, and the pleasant intimacy which it engenders.

Yet this should not be so. It is worth while for parents to establish a twilight or bed-time half hour for the home-evenings of the week, when the games may be brought out, or the stories told. It may be an effort at times; but it repays in manifold.

The beautiful summer is cold and dead,

She has passed away like the rest—

The other fair summers long since fled

From the woods and the meadow-crest:
The blossoms of spring were white and sweet,

But they paled and shrank from the touch
Of the heat,

The fields are shining yellow and dun,
Where the autumn gathered its tale of grain,

We thank Thee, Lord, for the blessed sun,

We thank Thee for the rain.

Our beautiful summer is past and fled,

We are older grown and gray,

The spring is gone from the youthful tread,

The laugh from the lips once gay;

The childish hope in the childish eyes

Is darkened by many a sad surprise;

But the promise stands sure as then it stood,

We can smile in loss as we smiled in gain,
And we thank Thee, Lord of the year,
For the good,
And we bless Thee, for the pain.

Sing sweet thy sweet thanksgiving, O
Soul! and ring ye bells,
Till the world shall catch the chorus and
the anthem heavenward swells:
For His love and for His mercy—for His
cross and chastening rod,
For His tender benedictions, let the whole
world thank its God!

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