

NEW PUZZLES.

61.—DIAMOND.

A consonant; a texture of rushes or yarn; a girl's name; a white metal; a vowel.

MARY AGNES GOLDEN,
Maynooth, Ont.

62.—CROSS.

(a)
ooo The name of a tree; a
ooo liquor; the day before; prospered; a large city in England; denoting a low price;
ooooooo (a) a youth; a bed; unwell.
ooooooo Centrals (a) a European port.
ooo
ooo
ooo

PUZZLER,
Montreal.

63.—SQUARE.

To oppose lawful authority; flushed with success; to wash; a certain thing given to those who are about to undergo a surgical operation; to look with sly humor.

FRANK THORNTON,
Brockville, Ont.

64.—CROSSWORD.

Whole I'm composed of 8 letters, a famous city.
In gobble not in duck;
In fencing not in puck;
In festive not in sad;
In hearty not in glad;
In illness not in sick;
In kittens not in lick;
In heaven not in loss;
In tumble not in toss;
In master not in boss.

MAMIE C. OGAN,
Sarnia, Ont.

65.—TRIANGLE.

***** A guard on the way; deficient; a
***** book of the civil law; is from what
***** metal is extracted; the last two
***** letters of the first; a consonant.
** J. O'DONAHUE,
New York.

66.—A GEOGRAPHICAL HUNT.

A royal dinner was given by an island north of North America, an island west of British Columbia and three sons, an island east of New Brunswick, a Cape of Alaska, and a land north of British America.

Everything was in order. A group of islands west of Africa, made sweet music for the select group of islands in the Pacific, and the aroma of the islands south of Asia, mingling with the fragrance of a city in China steals upon the senses so deliciously that they were a country in Europe, and they soon demonstrated that their appetites were a city in Vermont.

The table was elegantly laid with a country in Asia and a city in Idaho and bountifully supplied with good things such as a country in Europe, a Cape of Massachusetts and an island in the Mediterranean, a harbor in New Jersey, and a group of islands in the Pacific, a river in Vermont, and other vegetables seasoned with a lake in the United States, and a city in South America.

They were attended by a river in South America, whose name was a mountain in Massachusetts, and an aged matron who wore a peak of the Rocky Mountains on her head because she was so mountain in Maine. A lively discussion soon ensued between a cape of Virginia and a lake of Austria, concerning the relative merits of a city in the District of Columbia, U.S. and a city in Nebraska; others soon joined in the contest, a Barbary State and a city of Maine on one side, while a lake in New York and a Southern State sustained the opposite. Meanwhile, a city of Italy was talking to a river in British America, and was engrossed that she did not perceive a river in New Brunswick passing her a dish containing islands in the Mediterranean Sea and a river in Africa. In his attempt to attract her attention, he spilled a country in Europe on her dress. She exclaimed a river in England, to which he replied a cape in Central America. The gentleman said he was not an isle in the Irish Sea, or he would not be such a lake in North America, to any one.

After this the city in New Hampshire was broken up, and the ladies, to conceal their cape west of North America, immediately withdrew to the parlor. As soon as the gentlemen finished their city in Cuba and island west of Africa, the company broke up and bid the royal party a cape in Greenland.

RADIUS SOLIS, Montreal.

N. B.—In answering the above puzzle, the words in italics must be supplied with the proper geographical terms, sometimes changing the singular for the plural and the plural for the singular, for the sake of harmony.

An example—a royal dinner party was given by an island north of North America. If you look for that island you will find King William. Thus: A royal dinner party was given by King William, &c.

The following answered November's puzzles: Mary Dobby, Mary Harty, John McNally, Katie Heagerty, Katie Murphy, Annie Howard, Sarah Orton, John O'Neill, Mary Chambers, Annie Hussey, Weasel, Rhoda McIntyre, John McGillis, Percy Ashton, Jennie Price, Eveline Murphy, Thomas Jackson, Ruth Kiely, Jane O'Connor, George Cutler Dwane, Montreal; Parkenham, Ont.; Mary E. Leacy, Lanark, Ont.; Mary Agnes Golden, Maynooth, Ont.; John A. Chisholm and Roderick McIntosh, of St. Andrews, N.S.; Annie Purcell, Mulgrave, Ont.; Charlie Ladouceur, St. Andrews East, P. Q.; Clara Kelly, Kinkora, Ont.; W. Curtin, Goderich, Ont.; Thomas Phelan, Sarnia, Ont.; James Pierce, Boston, Mass.; Annie McGrath, Baltimore, Md.

LETTERS FROM OUR LITTLE READERS

QUEBEC, Nov. 6, 1892.

DEAR SIR,—I am ashamed of myself for not having written to you for so long a time, but I was so taken up with my studies that I could not find time to do so. You asked me to give my little friends of the SUNBEAM an account of some of the happy incidents of my holidays. I will be very glad if I can give them any pleasure by so doing. But I scarcely know how to begin, the whole time passed so quickly and pleasantly. When the days were fine, with my sun-bonnet and basket I would go off in search of berries, and return home scarcely able to walk with heat and fatigue. However, this would not prevent me from going again, and often would I come back, in a rain-storm, wet through. This only excited me more, and no sooner would the rain be over, than I would be out again, racing through the wet grass, as fast as I could, but when 6 o'clock came, I would come home, with an appetite well sharpened by the exercise. When the apples began to ripen, I had plenty of fun, shaking them off the trees and bringing them in, in baskets, and even in my apron in the house. Mother too, enjoyed it very much, as she was not in very good health when we went out to the country, but after a few weeks in the bracing air she was quite well. I congratulate the SUNBEAM on having past its first year, and I hope it will pass many years to come. I will be thirteen next Friday, so I and the SUNBEAM will celebrate our birthdays in the same month. I am
Your loving "Sunbeam,"
ANNIE DROLET.

What a glorious time you must have had, dear Annie. Many of the Sunbeams who have to remain, winter and summer, cooped up like chickens in the dusty, warm cities, would have liked to share in your innocent pastimes. Such is not their lot. You ought to be very grateful to God who provides you, in preference to many others, with such grand advantages,—romping in the fields, picking flowers, berries, and last but not least, ripe, juicy apples. The thought almost makes my teeth water. We are all glad to hear that mamma's health is improved and that our little Annie is in her sweet teens. Do not forget that Aunt May is very anxious to hear from you soon again.—Ed.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Nov. 10, 1892.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am a new subscriber to the SUNBEAM. I like it very much as do my two little brothers. I read the stories to them and they enjoy them as much as I do. I am 12 years old, and attend school at Mount St. Mary's Day Academy, which is under the direction of the Sisters of Mercy. My teacher's name is St. Mary Baptist. She has taught me for three years. I study all the Grammar grade, English branches and rudimentary French, and I expect to enter the high school next September, and I am in the graduating class for July, 1895. My letter is getting too long for a first beginner, so I will conclude with best wishes to the SUNBEAM and its little folks.

BIRDIE MCQUILLAN.

Birdie is welcome to shine among the Sunbeams. Her letter is very interesting. She must not have much time to play, she has so many things to learn. Her motto is "Duty before pleasure." We are all delighted to form her acquaintance as well as her little brothers'. Be sure and write again.—Ed.

SMITH'S FALLS, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find a subscription for the SUNBEAM. I am told that it is a real sunbeam. I am a little girl. I will be nine next birthday, which will be on the 10th of March. I am going to try and get a lot of girls to take your paper. We have no Catholic school here nor no Catholic papers, but we have a very fine priest, Father Stanton. Yours very respectfully,

MARY ADELE McDONALD.

Yes, dear Mary, the more you read the SUNBEAM the more you will realize its importance. You were born on a beautiful day, the feast of St. Joseph. You are one of his privileged children. Saint Theresa tells us that St. Joseph never refused to obtain for her any request she solicited on his feast day. You are really to be pitied, dear Sunbeam, without a Catholic school. Pray to St. Joseph and he will see that you get one very soon.—Ed.

DEAR SIR,—I was quite satisfied during the past twelve months with the ever true, ever welcome SUNBEAM. What pleased me greatly were the letters from your little correspondents. The greater the interest they take in your monthly, the greater its success will be. I trust that the circulation of the SUNBEAM will be troubled during the coming year, and that the boys and girls who read its interesting pages, will profit by the lessons it is intended to inculcate. Wishing you every success, I remain
ONE OF YOUR SUBSCRIBERS.

The above letter speaks for itself. The Editor is deeply indebted to the holy priest who penned the above lines, and hopes that he will in the future as in the past, promote the interests of the SUNBEAM.—Ed.

MONTREAL, Nov. 14, 1892.

DEAR EDITOR,—I received a few copies of your paper. Ma thinks it a very charming paper. And there are so many stories in it that it always makes me feel happy to read them. I hope I will receive another copy soon. This is the first time I wrote to the SUNBEAM, and now I will close my letter by saying good-bye.

THOMAS MORRISSEY.

Not bad at all for your first effort. It is a consolation to learn that our little monthly is the cause of so much happiness to our little Sunbeams. This flattering testimonial will serve as an encouragement to make THE SUNBEAM still more interesting.—Ed.

THURSO, P. Q.

DEAR EDITOR,—It is a long time since I wrote to the SUNBEAM, but I did not forget it. Since my last letter I paid a visit to Alexandria. There I met a little Sunbeam by the name of M. McCrag, a very good, pious girl. She gave me a beautiful book on the Sacred Heart. I hope God will bless and protect her, and give her the grace to be always as good as she is now. I did not belong to the League of the Sacred Heart, but I do now. On returning home I set to work to prepare for my first communion, which I received on the 23rd of September. I wish some of the Sunbeams could see how well Father Chatelain prepared us for that great action. We all joined the League, took the pledge, and were enrolled in the scapular. It was Father Chatelain who baptized me—acting at the same as my godfather—and prepared me for the sacraments. I have the best godfather in the world. I will bring my letter to a close, hoping that all the little Sunbeams will pray for me that I may be faithful to the promises I took at my first communion. Wishing you every success,
I remain your faithful friend,
MARY JANE McDOUGALL.

You could not have sent us a more interesting letter. You speak like a little nun. Who knows but that some day or other you will be Sister Mary. Your letter, dear Mary, will be doubly interesting to the Sunbeams. It will give them an idea of what they may send us, and also wake them up—they have been sleeping too long. God bless you, little one, and all the Sunbeams.—Ed.

[Our readers are requested to comply with the regulations of the Mail Bag. We insert only the letters bearing address and name. In the future, please address your letters not to the Editor or to Uncle Ned—they have too much work on hand—but to Aunt May, a most estimable lady, who has volunteered to look after the interests of the Mail Bag.]

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