

## In The Play Room.

"The childhood shows the man as morning shows the day."—MILTON.

Hazelkirk, editor of this department will be pleased to receive letters from young contributors. Contributions such as puzzles, short stories, poems, etc., will be welcomed. Address "Hazelkirk," in care of this paper.

### The New Baby.

Oh, May, what is this,  
That opens its eyes,  
And calls for a kiss—  
Such a sweet surprise?

It isn't a rabbit,  
And can't be a mouse.  
And how did it get here,  
In mamma's own house?

Now, don't make a noise, Rob  
And worry the dear;  
A sweet little sister,  
A baby is here.

And mamma has told me  
It came all alone,  
To be our sweet darling,  
Our pet and our own.

### METAGRAM—III.

My first I can best describe  
As a member of the feather'd tribe;  
But if you will exchange my head,  
An animal you'll have instead;  
Again, exchange and you will find  
That it is used the free to bind.

### Mother's Pay.

A little boy on his way to build fires and sweep offices, in Toronto—I am sorry to say—while the stars were yet in the sky, told the writer; "My mother gets me up, builds the fire, and gets my breakfast, then sends me off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast, and sends them to school, and then she and baby have their breakfast."

How old is the baby?

"O, she is most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us."

Are you well paid?

"I get two dollars a week, and my father gets two dollars a day."

How much does your mother get?

With a bewildering look he replied, "Mother! Why she don't work for anybody."

I thought you said she worked for all of you.

losing every drop of the precious liquid. The loss of this delicious drink, made by Henry's mother, caused me much sorrow and loss of temper, but not a murmur from my good-natured companion. But alas! this was only the prelude to further mishaps, dire vicissitudes and startling scenes. We rowed for some time, but a controversy with respect to the boat having arisen, and continuing rather stormy, we decided at last to visit the other side of the river, and leave Sand Hills for another day. When we reached the opposite shore we beached the boat and took dinner of some sandwiches, then having rested a little while we shoved off the boat, I, to sketch, and Henry to fish. I managed to get about half of the picture finished when we had to return to shore, and shortly after took tea. Henry, whom I shall now call 'the arguer,' predicted a storm, which was quite obvious from the threatening complexion of the heavens. We managed to secrete the different things, but though we endeavored to provide for all contingencies, my sketching paraphernalia received its due share of the rain, but this is a digression let us return. The thunder had been muttering all the while, the unchanged clouds began to scowl with threatening aspect, 'o'er spread heaven's cheerful face,' and cast ominous gloom over the earth and water. Night was fast approaching to wrap all nature in its doleful mantle, as we stood like two poor exiles on some distant shore, awaiting our impending fate, to perish simultaneously or be unexpectedly saved. Boreas still blew and the lowering clouds came travelling on like some demons of Hades, longing to



THE NEW BABY.

### Answers to Puzzles.

(From Last Issue).

#### No. 1. WORK SQUARE.

SOAP  
OGRE  
AREA  
PEAS

#### No. 2. DIAMOND.

V  
TIN  
TUNIC  
VINEGAR  
NIGHT  
CAT  
R

#### No. 3. DIAMOND.

U  
ONE  
OPINE  
UNICORN  
ENODE  
ERE  
N

#### No. 4. WORD SQUARE.

ACID  
CEDE  
IDOL  
DELL

#### No. 5. CHARADE.—Sea, man, ship—seamanship.

### Puzzles.

#### CHARADE—I.

Five letters do comprise my name,  
From every point I'm still the same;  
Pray read me, and you'll quickly see  
What time will make both you and me.

#### CHARADE—II.

Of form uncouth, a herd I am complete,  
Of which both high and low will deign to eat;  
Behold I'm drank, and then curtailed 'tis true,  
I'm then what every gamster tries to do.

"O, yes, for us she does, but there ain't any money into that.—we talked on for some little time, then said good morning; the little boy turned and called me and said "I do believe mother ought to have something, I never thought of all she does for us. I'll give her a dollar a week, from this out, and when I get more she shall have half."—The child kept, and still keeps his promise.

### Adventures of Two Boys.

One summer, some years ago, a young city lad went to spend the vacation with a school companion, at his home in the country. Henry Grass, the country boy, was a quiet, studious youth, with high expectations of one day becoming a celebrated lawyer, while his city friend, Charles Pansy, was of a dreamy poetic temperament, with a true artist's eye for the beauties of nature.

Henry's home was situated on the picturesque banks of the Upper Ottawa, and many expeditions by land and water these two friends planned. One lovely August day they had an adventure, which has never faded from their minds in all the changes of the passing years, in which the successful lawyer and artist have each obtained his boyhood's dream. Perhaps this adventure will be best described in Charles' own words, in a letter written home shortly after to his fond and doting mother. After a few remarks relating only to matters of home interest, he says:

"Henry and I started for the Sand hills on Friday morning. As we were putting the things into the boat, I happened to let fall the bottle of raspberry vinegar on a large stone on the shore, thereby

seize their pray, until at last a band 'of blackest midnight' stretched athwart the heavens, extending almost from east to west, and presenting a scene of unparalleled grandeur and terrific fury. Beneath this black belt was one of lighter hue tinged slightly with green and blending into a lighter color as it approached the horizon, all being delicately lighted up by the setting sun. We gazed on this wondrous sight well nigh spell-bound. I thought of my chalks, but they were inadequate to convey to paper that lowering element I longed to be in possession of my paints, but even they would have availed me little as the picture was to transitory. Soon the descending rain admonished us to seek some place of shelter, and having found one free from any hardwood trees, we crouched beneath the partial shelter of some rocks, until the storm should have spent its fury. Finding that the rain still kept on, we seized two blankets and wrapped these around us, we rose from our squatting position still enveloped in this covering, which, though wet conveyed a very tolerable amount of warmth to our bodies. After remaining thus for upwards of fifteen minutes, we sallied forth to replenish our fire, for the wood was still capable of being burnt, having received only a superficial wetting, and we managed to keep a small quantity of it ignited by means of placing over it a small flat stone. Thus ended the first storm, or rather the first part of the storm, for after Jupiter had quieted down his ruffled temper he again seemed to revive and the heavenly artillery thundered on as before.

(To be continued.)