

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.

HAZELKIRK wishes to thank George D. L., Sorel, Quebec; Bertie B., Carrie C. M., Ottawa; Millie, Grace, Thorald; James Arma; Nettie, Charlie, Oscar; Robert, Minnie, B., Gertie H. J., May, Cora, Old Tom, Norman, Juno, and Reuben H., for the pleasant letters received, also Queen Bess, Rip Van Winkle, and Bertha Ross for contributions during the month of April.

Telling A Story.

Little Blue eyes is sleepy,
Come here and be rocked to sleep,
What shall I tell you darling?
The story of Little Bo Peep?
Or of the cows in the garden,
Or the children who ran away?
If I'm to be story teller,
What shall I tell you, pray?
"Tell me"—the Blue-eyes opened
Like pansies when they blow,
"Of the baby in the manger
The little child—Christ, you know,
I like to hear that story
The best of all you tell."
And my four-year-old nestles closer,
As the twilight shadows fell,
And I told my darling over
The old, old tale again:
Of the baby born in the manger,
And the Christ who died for men,
Of the great warm heart of Jesus,
And the children whom he blest,
Like the blue-eyed boy who listened
As he lay upon my breast.
And I prayed as my darling slumbered,
That my child with eyes so sweet,
Might learn from his Saviour's lesson
And sit at the Master's feet,
Pray God he may never forget it,
But always love to hear
The tender and touching story
That now he holds so dear.

E. E. R.

Answers to Puzzles.

(From Last Issue).

NO. 1. SINGLE ACROSTICS.

1. "She was more fair than words can say."
2. "And the stately ships go on."
3. "Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild."
4. "There let the wind sweep and the plover cry."
5. "Love lighted down between them full of glee."
6. "E'er I saw her clasped in her last trance."
7. "Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years should yield."

Santly.

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| No. 2. | No. 3. |
| 1. August. | RIDDLE-ME-REES. |
| 2. Unicorn. | Candle. |
| 3. Gesture. | |
| 4. Usurper. | |
| 5. Sword. | No. 4. |
| 6. Tin. | Rose. |
| 7. Union. | |
| 8. Stone. | |
| Augustus. | |

GEOGRAPHICAL—V.

1. Welshpool, on the Severn, manufactures flannels.
2. Sunderland, on the Wear, has a shipping trade.
3. Edinburgh, on the Forth, the capital of Scotland.
4. Frankford, on the Maine the birthplace of Goethe.
5. Vienna, on the Danube capital of Austria.
6. Lyons, on the Rhone, manufactures silk.

PROBLEM—VI.

The squirrel carried 186 ears of corn.

Puzzles.

REBUS—I.

I am a word of nine letters, my 4, 1, 2, compose a German personal pronoun; my 2, 4, 7, another pronoun in our own language; my 2, 8, 3, 6 describe a female stag; my 1, 8, 3, 6 vehicle; my 1, 2, 8, 3, 6 a map; my 1, 2, 4, 5, 6 a geological specimen; my 3, 4, 7 expresses the edge of an article; my 1, 3, 8, 7 what boys home for the holidays are apt to do just now; my 1, 2, 8, 3, 7 forms a spell; my 8, 3, 7 a part of the body; my 2, 8, 3, 7 is a power for evil; my 9, 6, 8, 3 a lamp of heaven; my 8, 3, 6, 9 the graceful rivals of nature; my 6, 8, 3 is a sailor; my 9, 6, 4, 3 what we do to puddings and congregations; my 7, 4, 5, 6 an unpleasant vapour; my 7, 8, 5, 9 a part of a foreign worship; my 2, 4, 9, 6 an attempt to hush you to attention; my 1, 2, 8, 6 what most weak-minded people are given to; my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7 an anointing vessel; my 9, 4, 6 what you do with a chair; my 5, 8, 6 what you have done when you rise from it; my 9, 8, 7—7, 8, 6—6, 4, 7—6, 8, 7 are all proper names or nicknames; my 9, 4, 3 appellation of a knight or baronet; my 3, 4, 1, 2 what all long

to be; my 3, 8, 7 is a male sheep; my 3, 8, 6 an animal we have to thank the Conqueror for; my 9, 2, 4, 3, 6 what the poorest man generally possesses; my 6, 3, 4, 7 what dandies are; my 1, 2, 8, 3 what wood comes to when slowly burned; my 2, 8, 6 is supplied by Lincoln and Bennett; my 1, 8, 6 bears the blame of all household smashes; my 1, 4, 6 dwells in town; my 2, 4, 5 expresses a male pronoun; my 2, 4, 6 a cricketer's stroke; my 7, 4, 6 an abbreviated glove; my 7, 4, 5, 9 the equivalent to a mile; my 7, 8, 3, 6 a market-place; my 7, 8, 5, 6 an important part of a vessel; my 4, 5 what exists; my 6, 4, 5 what asserts it positively; my 1, 2, 4, 6 an Indian note; my 1, 3, 8, 5, 9 the worst stupidity; my 2, 8, 7 an esteemed dainty; my 9, 2, 8, 7 a mean deceit; my 1, 4, 5, 9 a female name shortened; my 7, 8, 3 is to spoil. Taken altogether, I express a happy season when all meet together, to be happy.

Sancho Panza's Proverbial Puzzles.

The merry gipsy's little apt to care
What makes his pot boil—inconsiderate sinner?
He'd just as soon pop in a duck or hare,
And eat it hot for his unlicensed dinner.
We nothing trouble when the merchant bold
Sends forth his venture on the stormy main
We nothing care when it comes safe again
We have no risk, and so our blood runs cold.

The Travels of a Mouse.

(Continued from last week.)

The Rex family as well as other mice were sorry to part with their little friend, they had spent many an enjoyable evening together, but he could not be induced to remain, so after seeing him safely off the ship they returned and began gathering in their stores for the next voyage.

Now, to resume our narrative about Jerry; he crept along until he came to a pile of boards and under these he ran. Alone and friendless in a strange country, nothing to eat and no object before him, he felt sad enough I assure you; still, any place was better than on that vessel, especially in a storm. To remain under those planks he could not, and he was at a loss to know how to proceed



when he heard, not far from him, the bark of a little terrier—the mouse's enemy. Oftentimes his father had cautioned him in England about these dogs, they frequently inhabited the lanes and roads in which Jerry was wont to play, and now to encounter one in America was almost too much for him, he became nearly frantic with terror. To keep quite still was all he could do until he could find some means of escape. At last the bark sounded to be further away, and Jerry ventured to peep from underneath the boards and look about a bit. Then he came out and ran over to some baskets which were standing near by, as hunger was beginning to get the better of him and he sought something palatable; this he found in a neat looking basket case, tightly packed and containing some beautiful grapes in one end and figs in the other. Through this case Jerry gnawed a hole and got in preparing himself for a good meal, when ah! he heard footsteps, and in a second the hamper was lifted from its place and put on a wagon Jerry and all, then driven to a residence at some distance from the pier.

The time appeared long to Jerry and the roads seemed rough, so you may know he was pretty well shaken about, and by the time he reached the place where the hamper was taken from the wagon Jerry felt the ride had done him no good.

The next chance he had to see daylight was in the cellar of an old stone house, and the first one to meet him was a mouse of enormous size, a great fat fellow which would make three of Jerry, so a second time he was called upon to give an account of himself and from whence he came.

This great fellow was known to the other mice which inhabited the cellar as the King of Terrors—perhaps because he was so big and ugly. He did not seem to take kindly to Jerry; he seemed to delight in making everyone fear him, and this sure enough Jerry did and at first sight, too.

The King advanced towards Jerry and in a gruff voice told him to come along with him, so Jerry quietly followed, wondering all the while where this great fellow would take him. They ran along until they reached the far end of the room, and then Mr Mouse told Jerry in a tone of cruel authority he must vacate that place as

quickly as he knew how or no saying what would happen to him, for the cat always on the look out for mice, would devour him in no time if he once came near her claws.

Jerry needed no second telling, away he ran, glad enough to escape from this monster who was so ugly and vicious, so he made his way up to the ground floor of the house standing next. One of the side doors stood ajar and in he crept, the noise of pots and pans at once told him it was the kitchen. He ran across the floor and into a little hole, but not before he had alarmed the cook who saw him as he bounded by her, there was a scream, a noise of falling pans, and then the sound of many voices which ended in a chorus of laughter. This all happened late in the afternoon, and you must remember Jerry had had nothing to eat since he left the docks, so you may be sure he was very hungry. However, night was coming on and then there was a hope. If he could hold out a little while longer he was sure of a good meal, and while he waited he fell into a quiet sleep.

(To be continued.)

SOREL, QUEBEC, April 14th, 1892.

DEAR PLAYROOM EDITOR,

Many little boys write to you, well, I am going to do like them and send you a small letter. I want to tell you all about the fun we had yesterday. I have a little brother and two little sisters, and the three of us coaxed Auntie to dress us like soldiers, we had pretty costumes and played the band. I was tambour major and liked that very much. Oh! we had lots of fun, and were all very sorry when we were told it was tea-time; we had to put all our playthings away. Auntie will make some more clothes for us so we may play again another day.

Paul and I go to school and study hard because our teacher is going to give us prizes next July. Our teacher is very nice, she often gives us lovely picture-books. Paul says it will be his turn to write next time; he sure he won't forget. May-be you will get another letter from me soon. I hope you will get a great many more from the little boys and girls.

Good bye dear Editor,
Your little friend

GEORGE L. J.

MILL CREEK, Utah, March 31st. 1892.

DEAR EDITOR.

I thought I would try to find what the acrostic puzzle meant which was in the last "LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY" which I often read and like it very much. This is the first puzzle I ever tried, for I have not had much time to hunt them. I go to school and take ten studies or I would try to hunt more of them. I have chosen Queen Victoria for my subject in the acrostic, and I think you will find this all right.

MISS MAUD ELLA BLISS,
Age 12 years.

The Game of Touch.

The company must be seated in form of a circle. One is placed in the centre and called A. He has a handkerchief with a knot tied in the centre, which he tosses to some one in the circle, and if it touches that person anywhere the one touched must toss it to some one else before A tags him, or he is required to take his place for the person the handkerchief is touching. A can tag, but if it should fall in the centre or on the outside, the person it is nearest must pick it up quickly and toss it; for as soon as he takes hold of it A can tag him. If the circle is lively they can keep A in the centre for some time.

Hazelkirk

Things One Should Say Differently.

AMATEUR VOCALIST (who prides himself on his singing to hostess).—Oh! my dear Mrs. Hautboy, my friend, Mr. Baritone, is quite indisposed this evening and he requested me to take his place at your musicale.

Mrs. H.—Good-night, Mr. Reed-Pipes; thank you so much for your assistance. Pray tell Mr. Baritone that I hope he will soon be better, and say that I missed him very much indeed. I do hope he will be able to come to my next musicale.

She Was Proper.

"Let's go over to the grocery," said a six-year-old boy to a five-year-old girl, "and get a stick of candy."

"Not unless I can secure a chaperone, James," replied the little maid.

First Boy: I's lost my gran'mother since I seen yer las', Jim!

Second Boy (the prize scholar of the Band of Hope): Well, don't worry; she is waiting at the door of Heaven for you!

First Boy: If she's waitin' for me it isn't at the door she'll be, but behind it with a stick. She always did here!

She.—And what do you do when time hangs heavy on your hands?

He.—Oh, I call to see my lady friends, or something of that sort.

Teacher (in Grammar class) "Tommy, correct the sentence, 'I kissed Susan onct.'"

Tommy (promptly) "I kissed Susan twict."