

"Why, you came on a visit, dearie, and then you fell ill. Father's been missing you sorely, he'd like to have us home again," replied her mother.

"Let us go home," said Allison, "I feel stronger now."

So they went home, and all went on as if nothing eventful had happened, nor were the neighbours any the wiser.

Dan's name, however, never passed the girl's lips till Sunday evening just about the time he used to come in and claim her company. She was restless and frequently rose from the easy chair where she still reclined, in order to look across the ferry in the direction of the opposite hills.

Her mother watched her, but said nothing.

"Do you think he'll come to-night, mother?" asked Allison presently.

"Who, dearie?"

"Why, Dan. It's about time for him to be here."

"Aye, so it is. Yes, he'll come, to be sure. Sit ye down again, my pretty, and wait."

Soon there came a gentle tap at the cottage door, which opened immediately, and the shepherd's tall figure stooped to enter. Allison rose timidly as though uncertain of her reception, but Dan's manner was as gentle, his voice as kind, his smile as hearty and affectionate as of old.

It was only in Allison there was a change, but Dan thought it was for the better. She looked more like a delicate lily than the

scornful gipsy-queen he had parted with six weeks ago, and her manner was soft and even deprecating.

Mrs. Carne left them together and sought her husband by the ferry. She laid her hand on his broad shoulder.

"We shall have a wedding in the autumn after all," said she; "'tis all right 'tween Dan and our Allison."

And so it proved. The past was gone and forgotten like a nightmare that has disturbed our repose, and is thought of no longer when the daylight shines.

Dan was a good husband. Allison's after life had its trials, as the happiest of lives must have, but she had found a heart of gold to lean upon.

## OUR PUZZLE POEM REPORT: "MY GARDEN IN MAY."

I've been waiting for May all the winter through;

(And the winter is long in the North Country)

But the bulbs have sprung forth; and I daily view,

In the sun-lighted distance, the deep blue sea.

O Crown Imperial, O tulip proud,  
My loving heart just laughs aloud!

It is blithe when it all-that-it-longed-for gets;  
(But the summer is short in the North Country)

We must hastily take drear old Winter's debts,

And hug to our heart and memory  
The Iris, snowflake, and wall-flower sweet;

For spring-time days have footsteps fleet.

## Honourable Mention.

Mrs. Adkins, Edith K. Baxter, M. Bolingbroke, E. H. Brookfield, M. J. Champneys, Alice J. Chandler, M. A. C. Crabb, Sarah M. Cramer, Ellie Crossman, Mrs. G. Cumming, Rose D. Davis, Jessie Facey, Ada Goodale, Mrs. W. H. Gotch, Edith E. Grundy, J. L. Hawks, M. Hodgkinson, Edith L. Howse, J. Hunt, Ethel Jackson, Mary Jackson, Elsie M. Jay, Alice E. Johnson, Gertrude J. Jones, Mrs. Latter, Ed. Lord, Ethel C. McMaster, Helen A. Manning, M. Theodora Moxon, Mrs. H. W. Musgrave, E. C. Milne, Lucy Richardson, Kate Robinson, Mrs. Sanderson, Mildred Seaton, A. C. Sharp, N. Skitter, Stuart Bostock-Smith, Isabel Snell, Sarah Southall, Mary E. Spencer, Minna Starritt, Mrs. G. M. Thompson, Violet C. Todd, Maud Tremaine, Hubert Tutte, Florence Watson, Miss Whitard, M. Wilkins, Emily M. P. Wood, Diana C. Yeo, K. Young.

## EXAMINERS' REPORT.

Alas, for our prophecy! One solution was perfect in every respect, and two others gave every word correctly. But even this result, good as it is, shows a great falling off from recent achievements, and the puzzle must rank with the most difficult of the series.

If we had not so great a passion for imparting instruction, our report might well have ended here, for solvers can hardly desire more than to know the solution and their fate. But we have a great fact to communicate: Two hogsheads are *one butt*. The full beauty and significance of this information will quickly dawn upon those who have the energy to turn to the third line of the puzzle. There are the two hogsheads. Substitute one butt minus one and butt takes their place. Begin the line with Butt and there you are! How very easy it all is, and yet a very large majority of the would-be solvers began the line with Now. How that is obtained, we will leave our readers to discover. It is quite a little puzzle in itself, and the solution thereof is not quite as easy to comprehend as some other things we know.

The *hug* t in line 10, being a new device, also gave much trouble. We will not disclose the extremely fanciful substitutes for "hug" presented by despairing solvers—it would not be kind. Finally we must refer to the flowers in the eleventh line. The iris was generally identified, but the wallflower was often mistaken for a pansy, though not by a majority. Very few solvers failed to identify either flower, and they only because their horticultural education is not yet complete, and not from any

fault in the drawing. At the same time, it is only fair to say that one competitor does not agree with us. He is learned in many ways, though, with becoming reticence, he does not say so, but he frankly acknowledges that he knows nothing about flowers. This being so, "I have been obliged," he says, "to get the opinion of several of the botanists of the day on your pictures—they are all unanimous in disagreeing as to these being flowers or anything else—the greengrocer says they look like carrots and onions, but which is which he cannot tell."

It is obviously an impertinence to obtain advice and then not to act upon it, though we believe it is sometimes done—and our correspondent accordingly adopts "carrot" and "onion" for his solution. When he has finished hugging these very useful vegetables to his "heart and memory" we shall be extremely pleased to record his sensations if he will kindly endeavour to describe them.

No. 73. In your solution of "A real Christmas" you wrote "in" instead of "with" in line 6. This mistake, in such a close competition was fatal. Punctuation, neatness, and the "form" of the verse are taken into account in difficult adjudications but not calligraphy.

## FOREIGN AWARD.

## SAINT VALENTINE.

## Prize Winners (Half-a-Guinea Each).

Mrs. F. Christain, P. O. Bangaon, via Monghyr, Bengal, India.  
Mrs. F. H. C. Sneur, Daphne Cottage, Wymburg, Capetown.

## Very Highly Commended.

Elsie Davies (Australia), Violet Hewlett (Canada), J. W. W. Hogan (Straits Settlements), Nellie M. Jenkinson (Australia), Philippa M. Kemlo (Cape Colony), Florence Watson (?).

## Highly Commended.

Lillian Dolson (Australia), John A. Fitzmaurice (Australia), Katherine J. Knop, Hilda D'Rozario, J. S. Summers (India), Edith Wassell (Australia).

## Honourable Mention.

Mrs. H. Andrews (Canada), Margaret L. Baller (China), May Malone (Antigua), Ina Michell (Cyprus), Frank and Ruth Ondatje (Ceylon), E. Nina Reid (New Zealand), Lilian Rodgers (West Australia), Mrs. Sprigg (Cape Colony).

## PRIZE WINNERS

## One Pound.

Mabel Barnicott, Furze Bank, Preston, Brighton.

## Fifteen Shillings Each.

Gertrude Smith, 10, Ferron Road, Clapton, N.E.

S. P. Smithin, Sheriff's Linch, Evesham.

## Eight Shillings Each.

Richard Smyth Benson, The Rectory, Ballymoney, Co. Antrim, Ireland.

Josephine Coupland, 12, Crescent Parade, Ripon, Yorks.

Ethel Lorina Jollye, Merton, Stratford-on-Avon.

Nellie Meikle, 2, Newslam Drive, Liverpool.

E. R. Oliver, Frankley House, Weston-Super-Mare.

Gertrude Dean Williams, 53, Cranswick Road, South Bermondsey.

Helen B. Younger, 5, Comiston Gardens, Edinburgh.

## Special Mention. (Equal with third class.)

Amy Briand, Mrs. Deane, Ellen R. Smith.

## Very Highly Commended.

Louie Bull, Julia Hennen, Percy H. Horne, Edward Rogulski, L. E. Seal, Amy I. Seaward.

## Highly Commended.

Eva M. Benson, Annie Fitt, Edward St. G. Hodson, Rose A. Hooppell, Mrs. C. A. Martin, J. D. Musgrave, Dorothy W. Shoberl, Violet Shoberl, K. Smith, Elizabeth Yarwood.