

"What do you do the first eight times you are killed?" inquired the little girl.
"We fall into a state of catalepsy and are laid on a catafalque for nine days. At the end of that time we feel as well as ever. The cats that caterwaul and commit other cat crimes are only in the first or second stage of life."
Barbara yawned as wide as her mouth would let her.
"I think I had better go back to my mamma's home," she said, "she might be getting lonesome."
"I should like you to stay and have a ride in our catamaran," said Tommy, politely.
"I should like to," Barbara replied, "but I think there is hardly time."
So she said good-bye to all the cats and dogs, and invited them to spend a day with her in boy and girl land. Just then she felt a dreadful pain in the head. She screamed at the top of her voice, and then she heard mamma saying:
"Why, this poor child has fallen right out of her chair on the floor! Poor little thing! Let mamma rock you to sleep again."

THE QUIET HOUR.

Only in Thee.

Fain would I be gentle, whatever betide,
And meek, unresisting, returning no word
In haste or in anger to those at my side
Who may grieve or annoy me. Thy gentleness, Lord,
Bestow on Thy child, that her looks may be fair,
And mildness distill from her speech, and her care
Be laid at Thy feet; for whatever it be,
In Thee is my help, Lord, and only in Thee.

Fain would I be faithful, so daily to prove
To those whom I meet that my life has a spring
Abundant in beauty and precious in love,
And that close to the Vine in my earth-life I cling.
Fain would I be faithful, nor follow afar,
Fain would I abide where Thy chosen ones are;
My Master, my Saviour, be gracious to me,
In Thee is my help, Lord, and only in Thee.

Fain would I be cheerful, and sing as I go,
Uplifting Thy praises through darkness and dawn;
Fain wear a white robe, not the garment of woe,
And joyously, blithely, and gayly go on.
O bid me to triumph and smile through my tears,
O crown me a victor o'er trials and fears.
My Master, my Master, my joy is in Thee,
In Thee is my help, Lord, and only in Thee.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Reflected Light.

The morning sunlight shone through a stained-glass window, and fell upon the oak panels of the pulpit platform opposite. The wood was opaque and hard, and did not compare in value with the beautiful colored window, but it gave back the light of the morning from its polished surface, in prismatic hues that were fair to see.

There were many in church that day who sat with their backs to the lovely window, but they could not help seeing the bright reflection of the light that came through the glass. They could not help knowing whence it came, as they looked at the oaken panels, glorified with color.

Is it not sadly true that, in a deeper sense, many stand with their backs to the light? They do not see, for they will not look at the radiant shining, nor turn toward its source. How then shall they know of its existence, and see and feel its beauty? It is possible for those who face the light to give back its bright reflection in such wise as to convince beholders, who can but see them in life's intimate association, that there is brightness somewhere. Is not this infinitely worth while?

It is not essential that the reflector be of delicate and rare material. By nature it may be dull and hard; but it may be polished, and it may face the light and give it back. No one can add one ray to the glorious Sun of Righteousness, and there is no need for an added ray, but the lowliest follower, in his own appointed place, may receive and reflect His beams. Those who see the prismatic beauty of love, gentleness, patience, pity and forbearance, kindness and courtesy, will know that the true light is shining, as the human lives that could never originate the rays radiate their brightness.

"If no kindly thought or word
We can give, some soul to bless;
If our hands, from hour to hour,
Do no deeds of gentleness;
If to lone and weary ones
We no comfort will impart—
Tho' 'tis summer in the sky,
Yet 'tis winter in the heart!"

If we strive to lift the gloom
From a dark and burdened life;
If we seek to lull the storm
Of our fallen brother's strife;
If we bid all hate and scorn
From the spirit to depart—
Tho' 'tis winter in the sky,
Yet 'tis summer in the heart!"

Social Failings.

Beware of doing harm in society. Yes, the word may be a strong one, in reference to the social gatherings of a little neighborhood of professed Christians; strong, yet not too strong. Pride may come there. Our Saviour noted as one of the chief sins of the Pharisee his love of the "chief rooms" (places) at feasts. Beware of those false disciples who love the foremost seats in church and the chief places at feasts! And vanity may come there. Vanity of dress, vanity of face, vanity of manners, and vanity of conversation. We come, not to give pleasure, but to please. Souls have been lost in society. To be a good talker, to be a

clever jester, to be a pungent story-teller, to be a desired element in general conversation, these things have become an ambition, an aim and goal of life, just as others have found it in riches or in honors. Pride may come, and vanity—and alas! charity may not come here. It comes not, or it stays not, where scandal is; where discussion of other men's matters, other men's conduct, other men's characters is; where idle tales, purposeless at best, probably but one-third true, more than possibly false to the core, are retailed, commented upon, laughed over, though the appearance of the person discussed would instantly silence and abash the loudest!

"What do we know of the souls that pass us?
What do we know of the heart within?
Only the Master above can class us,
Whether our lives are pure or of sin!"

"For it is ever the same old fashion
To hide away in some corner dim
The pain and sorrow, and love's vain passion—
What do we know of the heart within?"

"Ah, only this of its gloom or glory,
For there at the last the veil grows thin;
The tomb nor the sod are the ended story
He holds the key to the heart within."

Christ came to minister, not to be ministered unto. The follower of Christ who is willing to enjoy his religion all by himself has failed to catch the significance of Christ's example.

A Christian man's plain duty is not so much to answer the question, "How can I get the most out of my religion?" as "How can I conduct myself so that others may get the most out of my religion?"

Many Christians, in a very important sense, will go to heaven alone. Others will there be surrounded by scores whom they have pointed to the Saviour. The first class will have been saved, but without having saved others. The second class will bring sheaves with them.—Dean Vaughan.

Puzzles.

[This column is open to all who comply with the following rules: Puzzles must be original—that is, must not be copied from other papers; they must be written on one side only of paper, and sender's name signed to each puzzle; answers must accompany all original puzzles (preferably on separate paper). It is not necessary to write out puzzles to which you send answers—the number of puzzle and date of issue is sufficient. Partial answers will receive credit. Work intended for first issue of any month should reach Pakenham not later than the 15th of the month previous; that for second issue not later than the 5th of that month. Leave envelopes open, mark "Printer's Copy" in one corner, and letter will come for one cent. Address all work to Miss Ada Armand, Pakenham, Ont.]

1-ANAGRAMS.

Last night I got the ADVOCATE,
And sought at once our corner.
It surely was quite up to date,
And fit for small NAJH ROCKER.

For cousins hitherto unknown
Have joined our merry band;
And should there be in it a drone,
He'll scarce have room to stand.

Yet to all those whom YEN WARE brought
To fill our merry column,
O cousins MERE RIMER THERE HOT
Is greeting far too solemn. "KIT."

2-PICTURE REBUS.



W. S. BANKS.

3-RIDDLE.

Of sixty diamonds I am formed,
A fabulous collection.
I am a jewel good and true
As any in the nation.
Some of us are bright and fair,
It depend on how you see us;
But often in your blank despair
You wish that you could feel us.

W. S. BANKS.

4-NUMERICAL.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5 is to cause to move quickly.
2, 3, 10, 11 is a small animal.
1, 7, 5, 3, 4 is to utter a sound.
6, 7, 8, 9, 10 is a weapon.
10, 3, 4, 11 is an agricultural implement.
7, 8, 9, 10 is a fruit.
Total, a great writer.

B. N.

5-CHARADE.

A poor whole being asked why she went in such rags,
answered: "Two, three, one." "KIT."

6-NUMERICAL.

"Madam," said I to the landlady, "have you any desirable 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 left? I see that you have a comfortable house and one of the best 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 in town, and as I am a man of no family and but few 4, 3, 5, 6, I should like to find a home-like place where I might stay, at least while awaiting the 3, 6, 1, 2, 5 of a course of litigation which will keep me in this part of the country until the 6, 2, 3, 4 is settled or the man who 1, 2, 5, 6 me is dead. May I ask in regard to your table?"

"My table," replied she, "is of the very best. My cook 2, 1, 5, 6 eggs, butter, 1, 2, 3, 4, sugar and cream freely. There is not a boarder who 1, 3, 4, 6 at my table but will tell you that the food 1, 2, 3, 4, 6 and 1, 5, 4, 6 well. One, indeed, whom I sent away for not paying up, undertook to speak ill of my table, but all who know the case understood that what he had to say was only a 4, 3, 1, 6, 2, 5 of misrepresentations." "OGMA."

7-

I'm a savage, fearful to behold. My head is twice as large as my body, and my body is five times as large as my foot. My head is divided by nothing from my body and nothing separates my body from my foot.

8-LOGOGRAPH.

Whole I am what you do in business,
Transpose me and I am a heavy metal,
Curtail me and I am a meadow,
Transpose me again and I am a beverage.

MURIEL E. DAY.

9-ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



"MADGE."

10-CHARADE.

When ONES are still the TOTAL's trill
Does cheer the watcher weary,
But oft TWO ONE when skies are dun
THREES make the watch seem dreary. "KIT."

11-NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 7, 9, 5 is very warm.
My 8, 7 is an exclamation.
My 1, 2, 3, 5 is to chat.
My 10, 6, 5 is an animal.
My 7, 12 is a pronoun.
My 11, 13, 6, 4 comes from the sun.
My whole is a river in United States.

HAZEL.

12-CHARADE.

1. An abbreviation for an assembly of persons.
2. A secluded female.
3. A musical instrument.
My whole is something found in this department every week.

13-DECAPITATION.

Behead a trick and leave to engrave;
Behead to sell and leave to perfect;
Behead a hunting dog and leave a bird of prey;
Behead a ringing sound and leave slender;
Behead a rebellion and leave to argue,
Behead more than one and leave a tune. "DICK."

14-CHARADE.

This is Mr. B.'s TOTAL where he works to make a profit ONE TWO.

Answers to Feb. 15th Puzzles.

1-Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all. —Longfellow.

2-STAMP

T O P E R

A P P L E

M E L T S

P R E S S

3-KING-SON.

1, Ottawa; 2, Hamilton; 3, Quebec; 4, Halifax; 5, St. John; 6, Fredericton; 7, Winnipeg; 8, Regina; 9, Battleford; 10, London; 11, Victoria; 12, Selkirk; 13, Vancouver; 14, Kingston; 15, Belleville.

5-AFGHANISTAN.

6-Macleanfield, Spencer, Trent, Adriatic, Scandinavian, Maracaybo, Northumberland, Wont, Adria.

7-SAT-FACT-I-ON.

8-Adelaide Armand, } A mistake having been made in printing this puzzle it will not be counted.

9-Sucker, pike, carp, bass, rock, cod, cat, white sole, sardine, perch, sun.

10-

A wet sheet and a driving gale,
The wind that follows fast,
Shall fill our white and rustling sail,
And bend our gallant mast,
And bend our gallant mast, my boys,
While like an eagle free,
Away our good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the sea,
Old England on the sea. —Cunningham, Poet.

11-WILFRED LAURIER.

Barcoo, Lorne, Whitby, Rossland, Caspian, Mr. Moody, Arthabasca, Kirriemuir.

12-P-A-I-R

R-at

C-one

I-deal

L-ore

13-1. THE CRIMEAN WAR.

2. The Indian Mutiny.

3. The Repeal of the Corn Laws.

SOLVERS TO FEB. 15TH PUZZLES.

"Kit," "Lulu," Chris. McKenzie, "McGinty," "B. N., Ethel McCrae, "Hazel," Muriel E. Day, "Madge," L. Moorhouse, Alice C. L. Gordon, Pearl Mothersill, "Brownie," "Bell," Minnie Dunseith, "Amy," Mark A. Allen, Mary J. Danna, Olive B. Trull, Eliza Percival, H. Fenell, Maggie E. McKenzie, Maggie M. Wilson, Ethel Ross, John L. Goodall, Nellie Cochran, Florence Rutledge, J. A. Macdonald, Alice James, Christopher W. Bartlett, H. S. Sweet, Nellie Bell, "Dick," Esther F. Bartlett, Lillie McNaughton, Effie Stewart, T. McKim, Maggie W. Scott, "Puss," Also Ethel McCrae and "Muggins" for Feb. 1st.

COUSINLY CHAT.

DEAR COUSINS.—There has been such an influx of new friends that it is impossible to welcome them individually, so I will ask all to accept the general welcome always awaiting those who wish to join our happy corner.

"Amy."—Please send your proper name too; I shall only publish nom de plume when so requested.

"Muggins."—Notice that a square word must spell the same down and across, from beginning to end.

L. M.—I think you forgot to sign your name, so I guessed from writing and post mark whose paper I received; but 'tis easy to make a mistake.

"Muriel."—Do not think your surmise is correct regarding that person. Yes, I referred to photo. Do try and "give me one. Will use your other puzzle next time.

"McGinty."—Cannot use your rebus, little lad. Try again, and by all means send me the letter.

We are very pleased to hear that such a large number of our subscribers are interested in the Canadian Puzzle. Several very good answers have already been received, which we have placed in our safe until the close of the contest. Pins are being forwarded daily to the lucky winners, and many of the recipients have written to say they were delighted to receive such pretty and useful gifts. As soon as you solve eight answers send them in, with the name and address of a new subscriber, and secure a pin at once.

JAMES WINRAM, Pilot Mound, Man.:—"I wish to say that you deserve the support of every farmer in the country for your efforts to give them a first-class paper. Wishing you every success."