

## OUR PUZZLER.

## I. CHARADES.

## I.

My first is often worn by you;  
My second's good to eat;  
My total can be well applied  
To sharpeners and a cheat.

## II

You may be first, I cannot tell—  
Some people are, I know full well;  
My second will a pronoun name;  
My third does oft the wild beast tame;  
My third in Scripture you will see;  
And total lives beneath the sea.

## 2. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

There are four numbers in arithmetical progression; the product of the two means is 108, and that of the extremes 90. What are the numbers?

## 3. ENIGMA.

Ere Adam and Eve  
Had cause to grieve  
In the beautiful garden of Eden,  
By them we were seen,  
Or, at least, might have been,  
As sure as a king reigns in Sweden.

In an exhibition,  
Where you pay for admission,  
You will find we are not a delusion;  
And oft on a Friday,  
When your rooms are made tidy,  
For a time we are thrown in confusion.

## 4. GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Nine English, three Irish, one Swedish, one Russian, two Prussian, three Belgian, and three French towns; one English river, one Irish lake; one Dutch, one German, one French, and two Italian rivers; one Spanish mountain, three Turkish islands. All of these can be distinctly traced in one English town of fifteen letters.

## 5. CHARADE.

My first is large, small, and thick, and thin,  
And my outside in general shows what's within;  
Its outside in colours outnumbers all scenes,  
And yet is within every one's means.  
The rich and the poor, the Church and the State,  
The schoolroom, the bench, and rooms small and great;  
The scholar, the dunce, all have me in lore,  
But the dunce often deems me a very great bore.  
Yet whom can I harm, as in second I lie?  
Both first and second, indeed, please the eye,  
Except in some cases where we're frequently used,  
Then we may seem as if much abused.  
My whole may be seen in the room or the hall—  
Now, what are the words that make up my all?

## 6. TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Hut man lent sheet; 2. Net not her low food; 3. Angler, they nail a lot; 4. Smite web, try beans; 5. Eh, sun, use but mirth; 6. Ted H. gazes on a cool girl; 7. O, one thus in shame; 8. G. H. we praise not; 9. Call nut, she adds a trap; 10. The mills ran stew.

## 7. RIDDLE.

An expanse of water take for my head;  
Then I wish you to be put in the middle;  
The head of a pony join to that—  
Now you have the whole of my riddle.  
And when you've the answer brought to mind,  
Search in your house, 'tis there you'll me find.

## 8. ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

The difference of two numbers is 9; and the quotient of the greater by the lesser is the same. What are the two numbers?

## 9. CHARADE.

A delicate flower is my first,  
That blossoms in dewy May;  
Of all features my next has, the worst  
Is his rousing before break of day,  
A bird, my whole, without compare  
For screeching voice and plumage rare.

## ANSWERS.

## 175.—SQUARE WORDS.

1.	2.	3.
CRANE	SWIFT	GOOSE
RAVEN	WAGER	OSCAR
AVERT	IGLAU	OCOUR
NERVE	FEAST	SAUVE
ENTER	TRUTH	ERRER

179.—ANAGRAMS.—1. Anthony Trollope;  
2. Charles Dickens; 3. John Frederik Smith;  
4. Arthur Sketchley; 5. Captain Mayne Reid;  
6. Percy B. St. John; 7. William Sala; 10.  
Walter Thornbury; 11. Gustave Aimard; 12.  
Augustus Mayhew.

## 180. ENIGMA.—Nothing.

## 181.—SQUARE WORDS.—

FEAST	LYDIA	STAND
EIDER	YEARS	TAMAR
ADORE	DANES	AMUSE
SERVE	IRRENE	NESTS
TEES	ASSER	DRESS

## CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, Jan. 3rd, 1873.

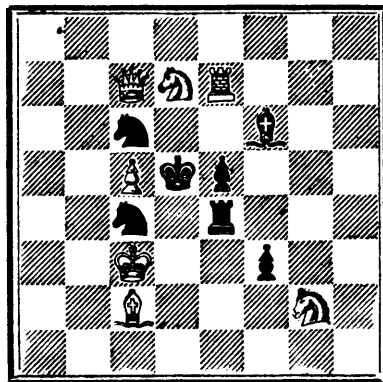
\* \* All communications relating to Chess must  
be addressed "CHECKMATE, London, Ont."

## PROBLEM No. 33.

By F. C. COLLINS.

In memoriam—To Miss E. H. Rudge.

BLACK.



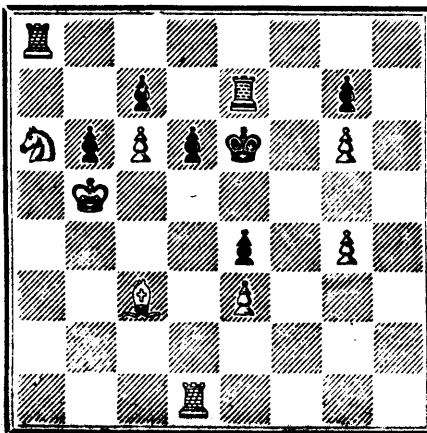
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

## PROBLEM No. 34.

By B. M. NEILL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

## A PAWN'S PAWN FOR A THAT.

Some time ago several members of the Edinburgh Chess Club, while travelling to Glasgow to play a match with the chess club there, beguiled the tedium of the journey by composing a parody on one of Burns' best known poems. Sheriff Spens who was the leading spirit in its production, furnished an improved version for the Huddersfield College Magazine, from which excellent periodical we transcribe it:

A Pawn's a Pawn for a that  
A wee bit Pawn an' a that;  
The Pawn that wins the farthest square,  
Shall rule the day for a that.

The muckle pieces come and gang—  
The Pawn gangs on for a that;  
He never fears the thickest thrang  
But stan's and fa's for a that.

D've see you birky ca'd a Knight  
Hits twa a once an' a that;  
A canny Pawn gies him a fright,  
An' back he fees for a that.

An' there the Bishops, wi' a rush,  
Spring at the King an' a that;  
The Pawns together forward push,  
An' beat them back for a that.

An' well I ken a swaggering loon  
They ca' a Rook an' a that;  
A Pawn may bring the fallow doon  
An' kick him oot for a that.

An' lo! the bonny Queen herself,  
Worth twa big Rooks' ay! a that;  
A wee bit canny Pawn may sell,  
An' trip her up for a that.

The King, who proudly tak's his staun',  
His guards aroun' an' a that;  
Yields no that seldom to a Pawn  
Who ories "checkmate" for a that.

A Pawn can mak' a belted Knight,  
A Bishop, Rook, an' a that;  
A Queen is no abune his might,  
Gude faith! he'll even fa' that.

## WINDING THE SKEIN.

Woman has wiles,  
Wherewith she beguiles  
Our sensitive sex, whose resistance is vain;  
But she's no better plan  
For inveigling a man  
Than to get him to help her in winding a skein.

His glance fondly lingers  
On deft little fingers;  
He gets into tangles again and again,  
Which while she unravels,  
His fond fancy travels  
To tying a knot, and not winding a skein.

Why, Heaven preserve us,  
'Tis fit to unnerve us,  
To see with what ease in the snare we are ta'en;  
And how slender the net  
Into which we all get,  
But cannot escape from, in winding a skein.

Though you'd fain remain single,  
Your fingers will tingle, [brain,  
You've blood to the heart, and you've love on the  
If but once you consent  
To the treachery meant  
By the harmless employment of winding a skein.

## DIFFICULTIES.

The grandest phases of the human character are shown in surmounting difficulties. "It can't be done!" is nothing less than the cry of weakness, indecision, indifference, and indolence. What can be done? Something that some other man has done. Well,—you can do it; or you can do something towards doing it. At all events, you can try. Until you have tried—tried once and again—tried with resolution, application, and industry to do a thing—no one is justified in saying "it can't be done." The plea in such a case is a mere excuse for not attempting to do anything at all.

"Mother, I can't do it," said a little boy looking up from his slate, on which he had been trying hard to work out a sum in algebra. "Try again, my son," said the mother; "never give up until you do it. Stick to it like a man." The boy would be like a man: he was encouraged by the hopeful words of his mother. He stooped down again over his task, and applied himself to it. The difficulty cleared itself away before his persistent determination to overcome it; and in a few minutes after he looked up from his slate with an air of triumph. "Well!" asked the mother, "how is it now?" "I have done it!" said the boy; "nothing like sticking to it!" "Right, my son; and when you have taken any good work in hand that must be done never think for a moment of abandoning it until it has been accomplished. That is the way to be a man." The boy took the mother's advice, and it served him throughout life. The boy is now a man—one of the most famous teachers in our most famous university.

"It can't be done," ruins the best of projects. The very words mean failure and defeat. They are the ejaculation of impotence and despair. When they are uttered, resolution and determination—the soul of all success—have gone out of the man; and unless he be inspired with some new life and energy, he will do nothing. "Impossible!" said a young French officer of artillery—"the word should be banished the dictionary." The officer was Napoleon Bonaparte.

You remember the story of Timour the Tartar and the spider in the cave. Trying to climb to a certain point, the spider fell to the ground again and again; but still the little creature rose again to the task, and at the fortieth effort it succeeded. "Surely," said Timour, "if a spider can succeed after so many failures, so can I after my defeats;" and he sallied from his hiding-place with new hopes, rallied his men, and ultimately conquered.

So in all things. We must try often, and try with increased resolution to succeed. Failure seems but to discipline the strong; only the weak are overwhelmed by it. Difficulties draw forth the best energies of a man; they reveal to him his true strength, and train him to the exercise of his noblest powers. Difficulties try his patience, his energy, and his working faculties. They test the strength of his purpose, and the force of his will. "Is there a man," says John Hunter, "whom difficulties do not dishearten—who takes them by the throat and grapples with them? That kind of man never fails." John Hunter himself, originally a working carpenter, was precisely a man of that sort; and from making chairs on weekly wages, he rose to be the first surgeon and physiologist of his time.

Had Clarkson and Wilberforce, looking at the strong powers of despotism banded together in defence of slavery, sat down crying "it can't be done," the slave trade had never been abolished throughout the British dominions. Had Rowland Hill—deterred by the opposition of the Government and the Post Office authorities, to his grand scheme of postage reform—abandoned it with "it can't be done," the Penny Post would never have been achieved. Had James Watt or George Stephenson sat themselves down with "it can't be done," the magnificent power of steam and the railway system would have remained undiscovered and unapplied.

Let no one say that because he knows a little, and can do a little, he ought, therefore, to rest where he is, and, dismayed at difficulties, give up with "it can't be done—it's of no use trying." Would you lie in the gutter if thrown down

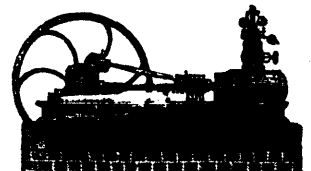
there? No! get up, act, work, cultivate your nature, determine to advance; and if you are resolute, you must eventually succeed. There may be difficulties to encounter, but the dawn will surely come to him who has patience to await it, and who has energy of purpose to grapple with those difficulties, and subdue them. One half of the difficulties will be found imaginary, when they are fairly fronted. In the dark we stumble, and are confused by the first glimpses of light,—we are apt to despair and think the light will never come; but at last we find a footing, and the darkness flies away, as we hastily emerge into the upper air.

Hope and diligence are the life and soul of success. The temper in which the words "it can't be done" are uttered, have no kinship with these. "It can't be done" does nothing;—it is a giving up in despair. But "it can be done," "it must be done," "it shall be done,"—always achieves wonders,—and in the end, seldom fails.

## TRUE GREATNESS.

True greatness is the offspring of real goodness. No man can be truly great without being really good. The one is inseparably connected with the other. As the moon is to the sun, so is greatness to goodness: each receives light and beauty from the other. That which is usually called greatness, we think lightly of, because it is only an empty sound. It is generally associated with those good but misused words, power, glory, and wealth. Princes, heroes, and capitalists are its representatives; and the mean, the idle, and the sordid are its worshippers. We do not deny that many belonging to these classes have possessed those elements of greatness which are beginning to be recognised and appreciated by society, but we may safely say that the greater part of them have been strangers to them. How many who have sat on thrones, commanded armies, and possessed millions of money, have embodied in themselves every feature of vice and wickedness! Their deeds oppressed humanity, and their names are a blot on the pages of history. Grecian, Roman, and even English history abounds with instances of the so-called great, whose lives were marked by the foulest crimes, and the filthiest conduct. They were a personification of evil, patterns of folly, vice, and crime; and their memories will be loathed by the latest posterity.

The standard by which men have usually been measured and pronounced great is a false one, and we rejoice that it is gradually coming into disuse. Men are beginning to be valued by their mental and moral worth. The riches of the mind and the wealth of the heart are the principal elements in that greatness which we desire to see universal. The peasant in his cottage may possess more of true greatness than the monarch in his palace. Genius may inspire his mind, and virtue inflame his heart; nobility may be impressed on his brow, and beauty beam in his eye; the voice of praise may sound in his ear, and the pen of the historian record his works of faith, and labor of love; whilst his princely neighbor, whose only boast is of power, wealth, and ancestry, is a plague-spot in creation. He can truly say, "I am creation's heir; the world—the world is mine!" This is not an imaginary picture; it is exemplified in the lives of many of our countrymen.



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