

Haggle Tom's Department.

HISTORY PUZZLE.

89.—If you take the first letter of each of the following men's names, in the order in which they occur, they will give you the date of the year in which the first parliament was held in Ireland: (The writer of "Festus" and the "Jews of Malta," who lived from 1562 to 1593); (the man who introduced printing into England—lived 1410–1491); (the first great English poet—1328–1400); (a great historian, B. C., who led the Greeks in a retreat after Cyrus was killed); (a great sculptor who cut the monument of the Two Sisters in Litchfield Cathedral—1782–1848); (a great painter who painted the portrait of the only English king that was ever beheaded.

CHAS. FULLER.

HIDDEN RIVERS OF ENGLAND.

90.—You remember we are to collect rent on these and other houses, against our wishes. The foregoing sentence contains six rivers.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

91.—The initials name a country and the finals its capital: A small bundle; languor; amendment; beyond.

CANADIAN CUFF.

HIDDEN CITIES.

92.—My pa risked his life to save a man.

93.—He went into a *salon* done up with curtains.

94.—He asked is that box for dinner.

95.—The debris told him to help himself.

96.—He went singing rub-a-dub, lingering to one side.

97.—What shall I do? Verily, I do not know.

TOM RUSTON.

SQUARE WORDS.

98.—One of the points of the mariner's compass; a word used by fishermen; something used for washing; something used by printers.

A. J. TAYLOR.

99.—A flower; above; half; a country near England.

J. H. HOUSER.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

100.—A consonant; a piece of meat; a female's name; displeasure; a consonant.

E. HART.

101.—Fore ATT
LeTor UBTHE
IRTA IlAg
A In St.
MAGGIE GEORGE.

CHARADES.

102.—My first is an abbreviation of my whole; my second gives the sound of an expression of sadness; my third is an exclamation; my whole is a young king noted for his goodness in Bible history.

ELIZA ANN WILSON.

103.—My first and second are the same, Reversed, a little rodent name; Catch not my whole, for it is said, You'll sometimes get one when your wed.

REBECCA STEVENSON.

RIDDLES.

104.—There is a great goose, she is of a great size, Those who go in her hath need to be wise; She has legs in her body, but walks upon none; She goes far for her living, and is seldom at home.

C. W. RUTLEDGE.

105.—Along the road in years gone by, It toiled so long and wearily, What is it then? add but a single letter, pray, Then see it travel on its way With speed untired, I ween.

J. H. CROSS.

Answers to September Puzzles.

76.—N
TEN
UPPER
NEPTUNE
ROUND
END
E

77.—F
ELI
FLORA
IRE
A

80.—IDA
PEN
ANT

78.—CarP; HadJ; AcoustiC; RansacK; LoW; EnnuI; SataniC; DebarK; ImP; CabalA; KeeP; EclipsE; NectaR; Sadness—the initials are, Charles Dickens, and the finals, Pickwick Papers.
79.—As we were going through the Woods we saw a Bear which had a cub. The hunter blew a big Horn, and frightened a Turkey, which had lain an Egg by the side of a Big Stone. We caught the cub, took it home, and gave it some Milk. As the hunter, who called himself Portland Bill, was going

The Stove-pipe Season.

John Smith, on rising from his "downy couch" last Friday morning, discovered a sudden change in the atmosphere, and thought it would improve matters to have the stove put in position. Having a little spare time on hand he guessed he would turn to and do it himself. Now Mr. Smith is a mechanical genius. He says he inherited it from his father, who was very fond of tinkering around. Though his sisters had no particular development of mechanical ingenuity, the boys all had, and he the "lion share." He likes to do odd chores around the house, and jobbing is no trouble to him, it comes so natural. It was eight o'clock, and having an hour to spare, he would put up the stove at once, and as it would only take half an hour, he had ample time to do it, besides Mrs. Smith would be so uncomfortable this chilly day without a fire. After skirmishing around for a while, the stove-pipe

requisites are captured, and operations commenced, as in scene 1. How he succeeded with his tinkering, words are unnecessary, as our picture fully shows. The finale (scene 4) occurs at three o'clock in the afternoon. The remarks Mr. Smith gives utterance to here on putting up stove-pipes, we do not consider worthy of publication. He expects in the course of a week that his hands will have recovered from the cuts and bruises received, and he will be fitted to attend to his office duties. When Mrs. Smith desires to raise a row in that house now, she has only to say "stove-pipes." She uttered it once but will not do it again until she gets her life insured. If any of my nieces are on the lookout for a husband (which of course they are), and have any doubt of his temper, just try him on putting up stove-pipes. They are a sure test. If his patience does not give out during this ordeal, you marry him immediately.

Lady Dilke's ashes weighed only 6 pounds; but we can depend on a Guelph girl's foot to do better than that.

A conscientious farmer in Lewiston, Me., wiped the mud from his cart-wheels before permitting his load of hay to go on to the scales to be weighed.

Graham bread is said to be an excellent food for the children, on account of its superior bone-giving qualities. You can feed a child on that bread until he is all bones.

The man who won't take a paper because he can borrow one, has invented a machine with which he can cook his dinner by the smoke of his neighbor's chimney.

"Cut that meat for you?" "of course I will," said a Kansas waiter as he strapped a case knife on his boot-leg. The guest was one of your particular men, from Boston, and he got up and left.

A colored preacher remarked: "When God made de fust man he sot him up against de fence to dry," "Who made de fence?" interrupted an eager listener. "Put that man out!" exclaimed the colored preacher, "such questions as dat 'stroy all de theology in de world?"

Danbury has the champion patient boy. He comes from a chronically borrowing family. The other day, he went to a neighbor's for a cup of sour milk. "I haven't anything but sweet milk," said the woman pettishly. "I'll wait till it sours," said the obliging youth, sinking into a chair.

A Scotch peddler completely cowed an irascible Welshman, who insisted on fighting him in an inn kitchen, by going down on his knees and imploring pardon for having killed "two men already and being about to kill another."

