

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

To the boy or girl sending us the best set of answers to the puzzles in this number we will send a beautiful chromo. Writing and grammar will be considered. Answers must be in by the tenth of April. Address Puzzle Editor, FAMILY CIRCLE Office, London East, Ont.

1.

CHARADES.

I.

My first is anger, my second is a portion of earth, and my whole is a country of Europe.

II.

My first is in flight, but not in wing,
My second in wedding, but not in ring;
My third in sun, but not in light;
My fourth in enjoyment, but not in delight;
My fifth in year, but not in week;
My sixth in sad but not in meek;
My seventh in ocean, but not in sea;
My eighth in person, but not in me,
My whole when united will give you the name
Of a poet of England, who's worthy his fame.

2.

BURIED TOWNS.

I am so poor, I can just afford a shilling a day.
Was not Elba the island Napoleon was sent to?

3.

DECAPITATION.

When first a resting place you take
And rob it of its head,
A female beautifier you
Will surely have instead.

And when this last you do behold,
You'll find me all around,
In fact the three you'll easily see
Beside you can be found.

4.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My first in the dairy will surely be found,
From my second proceedeth sweet musical sound,
My third is not low and yet not over all,
My fourth is the sound of a very loud call,
And my fifth will amuse every child in his home.
To initials and finals all children may come.

5.

SQUARE WORD.

1. A town in Switzerland.
2. Very dry.
3. A straight mark.
4. A garden.

6.

Put nothing between six and fifty-one and add an N and make a music instrument.

Sins Blotted Out.

"According unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions."—Ps. ii: 1.

A little boy was once much puzzled about sins being blotted out, and said:

"I cannot think what becomes of all the sins God forgives, mother."

"Why, Charlie, can you tell me where are all the figures you wrote on your slate yesterday?"

"I washed them all out, mother."

"And where are they, then?"

"Why, they are nowhere; they are gone," said Charlie.

Just so it is with the believer's sins; they are gone—blotted out—"remembered no more."

"As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us."

A FIVE DOLLAR BILL.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"Oh, pshaw! You can manage it if you've a mind to."

"I don't see any way of making one dollar ten, unless I steal the other nine," said Arthur Glenham to his companion, Frank Weed.

"Can't you borrow it of somebody?" persisted Frank.

"I wonder who'd lend me so much money as that! Nine dollars is a big pile of money."

"I knew 'twould be just so," growled Frank. "If you'd only saved up your money as the rest of us have, you wouldn't have had all this trouble."

"I couldn't save what I never had," replied Arthur. "I only get six dollars a week," he continued. "Five of it goes to my mother, and when I have any spending money, it's for little outside jobs. I haven't had any of those lately. If I had, they wouldn't have amounted to ten dollars."

"I'll tell you what, Arthur," put in Frank again, this time as if he had reached the solution of the matter, "don't give your mother any money this week, and that will be five, and the one you've got six. I guess you can squeeze through on six dollars."

"But my mother depends on the five dollars for her Thanksgiving dinner," replied Arthur.

"Well, what of that? You won't be there to eat it."

This was evidently a very startling proposition, and Arthur flushed to the roots of his hair, but he said simply,

"What excuse would I give for not taking her the money as usual?"

"Oh! tell her that the boss went away, and there was nobody to pay out any money, or you lost it, or something. Why, Ed. Perry does that every once in a while, and his mother always believes it."

"Ed. Perry is going with you, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, we couldn't get along without Ed. He's the jolliest fellow in the world."

"I am not going home now," said Arthur, a moment after, "and you had better not wait for me."

"All right. I'll see you to-morrow. We'll get a splendid dinner at the hotel, and enjoy ourselves a thousand times better than if we poked around home. I've engaged the fastest team in Dalton's stable, and we ought to start by eight o'clock sharp."

Now Arthur had not had a vacation for a long time, and in spite of every argument which conscience suggested, he did want to go with the boys on this trip which they had planned for Thanksgiving day. No thought of cheating his mother, or failing to produce the regular five dollars, ever occurred to him. There was something else in his mind, however, which he had been turning over all through his talk with Frank. There was a way of obtaining five dollars without any one's ever being the wiser. He could borrow it from the petty cash drawer, of which he had the full charge in the large manufacturing establishment where he was employed. He could return it in twenty-five and fifty cents at a time until it was paid. "That certainly wouldn't be stealing," he argued. "But what would you call it?" enquired conscience. Arthur found it exceedingly hard to give the transaction a satisfactory name, and so he sat by high desk and thought it over. The more he thought, the weaker he grew, and finally the young man slipped down from his chair, slipped his hand into the drawer, and took out a five-dollar bill. This he slipped into his pocket, and the slippery transaction was finished. He had just taken down his hat to leave, when the door opened, and the old porter entered to clean up the office.

"What are you doing here so late, Master Arthur?" enquired the old man.

"Oh, seeing that everything was all right," replied Arthur, avoiding the porter's eye as he spoke.

"It's a grand good thing to leave everything all right," said the porter; "and it's a grand good thing to know that the Lord always helps us when we try to do right ourselves. Where are you going Thanksgiving, Master Arthur?"

"Had the old man been secreted somewhere and witnessed the thieving transaction?" Arthur asked himself with a very red face. That seemed impossible, but it was so?

John French the porter, was a very religious man, and was called by the boys in the place "a shouting Methodist?"