

the library which bears his name: "A boy can be a blessing to his fellow-pupils, to his teachers, to his principal, to his country and to God on High."

Always a great lover of books, he bought and read many of them, and always cherished the dream of making a collection for the use of "the other fellows," but less than two weeks after the above lines were written our little hero died. His name, however, lives still, for, child though he was, he had hoarded up for his cherished project about three hundred dollars. His parents and other friends subscribed generously, till more than sixteen hundred dollars was collected, and a library, containing some thousands of volumes, bearing the name of this little boy, was established some five or six years ago.

I am certain this bright, active boy never dreamed that his influence would ever reach so far, but his story only proves the fact we so often read, and I fear as often disregard, that we cannot live without exerting an influence for good or ill on many other lives. "No man lives to himself alone." "Our shadow-selves, our influence, may fall where we can never be." "Nor knowest thou what argument thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent." "It is a high, solemn, almost awful, thought for every individual man, that his earthly influence which has had a commencement, will never through all the ages, were he the very meanest of us, have an end."

These are a few of the quotations bearing upon the subject, which occur to me while writing. It is a serious thought, is it not, that every little thing we say or do influences someone. A thought which, if reflected upon, should surely make us strive to have that unconsciously-exerted influence tend always to the bettering of those whom it affects, and then, although we may not leave a tangible memorial like little Fred, we shall have left something even more valuable. Your loving UNCLE TOM.

Puzzles.

[The following prizes are offered every quarter, beginning with months of April, July and October: For answers to puzzles during each quarter—1st prize, \$1.50; 2nd, \$1.00; 3rd, 75c. For original puzzles—1st, \$1.00; 2nd, 75c; 3rd, 50c.]

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 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 envelope 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.—CHARADE.

My first to Laura, peerless maid.
Such wishing beauty gave.
That generous Edgar could not choose.
But he her willing slave.
He urged his suit, alas, in vain;
Without his host he reckon'd;
She had no heart; or, if she had
'Twas very like my second.
She sought a more congenial mate
And found a kinder soul.
So to a miser gave her hand,
For Laura was my Whole.

A. F. F.

2.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

If you read my primals down,
An animal they'll give;
The finale then to you will show
Where it delights to live.

1. Most ladies like my first to get.
2. A town in France for this one set.
3. For this find out a Russian town.
4. And to break loose, you here put down.
5. 'Tis the great question of the day.
6. To tell if he is what they say.

A. F. F.

3.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

2. A word of eight letters:
- 2, 6, 7, 8, a fixed time.
- 4, 3, 8, a recess.
- 7, 4, 6, 2, a reptile.
- 5, 1, 3, 8, a hollow place underground.

My whole is a great vehicle for lifting the Canadian farmer to a higher plane of wealth, luxury and independence.

J. A. MacDONALD.

4.—SQUARE.

1. A small fragment.
2. Pertaining to the kidneys.
3. To connect.
4. Morning service.
5. To mix together.

"DICK."

5.—SQUARE.

1. Lean.
2. Jury roll.
3. To fish.
4. A dead body.
5. Chosen.

"DICK."

6.—CHARADE.

Within my first the gallant ship will stay;
Safe from the angry storms which sweep the sea;
My second in the summer wind will play.
And stand on one foot in a lofty tree;
My whole will form a bright, poetic crown,
And bring the bard who wears it well renown.

"DICKENS."

7.—SQUARE.

1. Afterwards.
2. Quick.
3. Occasions.
4. Chosen.
5. Reclines.

"OGMA."

8.—TRIPLE ENIGMA.

My first's in "cats" but not in "dog."
My second's in "chamois" but not in "frog."
My third's in "game" but not in "birds."
My fourth's in "geese" but not in "cocks."
My fifth's in "leopard" but not in "fox."
There are three answers—the names of three animals.

"OGMA."

9.—A PRACTICAL PROBLEM.

A farmer has 100 yards of fencing to enclose a yard in the form of a rectangle, for one side of which, however, he intends to utilize an old wall. What is the area of the largest yard that can be enclosed?

"OGMA."

10.—CHARADE.

My first is a royal title.
My second is the name borne by more than one English king.
My third is always surrounded by water.
And my whole is an important part of the Canadian Confederation.

J. A. MacDONALD.

11.—CHARADE.

1. Repeated action of the teeth.
2. Signifies one.
3. Denotes resting.
4. Fix anything in its place.

Whole state of undertaking a combat in the cause of another.

12.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In winter, not in spring;
In feather, not in wing;
In builder, not in framer;
In planer, not in carver;
In taper, not in wine;
In copper, not in mine;
In grocer, not in fruit;
In clever, not in out;
In wafer, not in bun;
In cloister, not in sun;
In letter, not in book;
In fowler, not in rook;
Whole is the name of a bird
In summer often heard.

"DICK."

13.—ANAGRAM.

He had ninety faces, so everyone said;
Now where could he carry them all on one head.
He has ears for each face, of that I've no doubt,
AND LEE CANNOT HEAR unless people shout.

H. G. G.

Answers to September 1st Puzzles.

- 1.—D of E no E
R ago L ai M
P ro D ue E
E mp M ro R
N ur S in G
D io T at E

Depend.

Eldoest.

Emerge.

3.—Hare-bell.

4.—Adelaide.

- 2.—And the sleeping flowers on the golden verge
Of the tender hush of the afternoon,
Where the gentle prairies roll and merge
In the infinite blueiness of June.

5.—K enda L

R ague A

A rge U

M so R

S alem I

I gnep E

B sjon R

6.—(1) A sitting hen never gets fat.

(2) A rolling stone gathers no moss.

(3) It's a wise man that knows his own ignorance.

(4) People who blow their own horns seldom furnish good music for others.

7.—Waist-coat.

8.—Miscellany.

9.—Tea-pot.

10.—Ether, ethereal, the, there, he, her, here, ere, real, ale, let, letche.

11.—Ladies' Home Journal, Youth's Companion, Chicago World, Farmer's Advocate, Toronto Globe, Montreal Witness, New York Ledger, Christian Guardian, Scientific American, Saturday Night.

12.—M O D E L

S E V E N

N E V E R

R E L A Y

E L M E R

15.—L A B O R

A L I V E

B I T E S

O V E R T

R E S T S

13.—(1) Alvar Gonzales; (2) Raymond Di Procidia; (3) Ralmer De Chastillon; (4) Du Mornay; (5) Madame Laughans; (6) Bernardo Del Carpio; (7) Souastian of Portugal; (8) Propertius Rossi.

14.—Sat-is-fact-or-y.

16.—Yukon Railway.

Answers to September 1st Puzzles.

"Toledo," "Dennis," M. R. G., J. A. MacDonald.
"Dick," "Maud Weld," "Eureka," John Kenney, M. R. G., "Margareta."

COURTELY CHAT.

Maud.—I am afraid you are right in your supposition, as I too have noticed occasionally that we receive puzzles which I have seen years ago, but not always being able to tell which are original, an odd one creeps in. We trust to the honor of the contributors—those who lack that principle may continue to dupe us occasionally if they enjoy doing so.

J. A. M.—Don't you think your friend should invest a dollar in subscribing to the ADVOCATE, and then he could enter the contest in proper season, and being "a hunter at puzzles," he would very soon win more than the amount expended. I hope you will continue to contribute occasionally for the pleasure of the coming as well as for your own. I am glad to hear you are so successful in your undertakings.

"Margareta."—Don't talk of being in a "hurry." I have scarcely known the meaning of the opposite term for the past couple of months. I acted on Uncle Tom's advice and visited our local fair, taking my flowers, for which I won five red tickets—not bad for a first exhibit.

"Dick."—After such encouragement I need not coax you to remain, need I?

"Dickens."—Your name is a very good one, indeed. I like to read Dickens. By the way, is your third puzzle original? It looks strangely familiar.

A. F. F.—Our Corner is open to all. We are very hospitable and all receive a warm welcome; so bring your friends with you.

"Ogma."—Did you ever contribute puzzles to the Montreal Family Herald?



The Chickens' Parade.

"No, old fellow," I said, addressing my dog; "not to-night."

Philo dropped his tail, and in his expressive eyes appeared a look of disappointment which made me regret my words.

Just here my housekeeper entered the room.

"Was your eggs cooked as you like, Mr. Smith?" she asked, in her kind but ungrammatical way.

"They were cooked as you always cook my eggs, Mrs. Jones—perfectly."

"You are not going out to-night, sir?"

"No, it is too wet, and your fire is in such admirable condition that—well, the fact is, I am lazy to-night."

Mrs. Jones closed the door (I fancied I heard her say, "There must be something the matter with

him") and Philo and I and the fire were left to ourselves.

"A most excellent cooker of eggs, is Mrs. J.," I said to my companion (silent companions are often the best of company); "most excellent. Few people can be relied upon to always cook one's eggs properly, but Mrs. J. is one of the few."

"Eggs! What a lot of eggs you have eaten," an inner voice said to me. "You eat one every morning, sometimes two. You must have eaten an egg and a half a day for the past thirteen years, without counting those you have eaten in puddings and pies."

Here my brain set to work at figures, an occupation it is accustomed to. Thirteen multiplied by three hundred and sixty-four: four thousand seven hundred and forty-five. Four thousand seven hundred and forty-five multiplied by one and a half: seven thousand one hundred and seventeen and a half.

"Seven thousand one hundred and seventeen and a half," the inner voice repeated, chidingly, putting particular stress on the "half": "seven thousand one hundred and seventeen and a half, and a half."

"Did it never strike you," the voice said, after a short interval of silence, "did it never strike you that each time you cut off the top of an egg you killed a chicken?"

I said something to the effect that the egg was not a chicken when it came to my plate.

"Did you never think," the voice continued solemnly, "did you never think of its poor mother?" I confessed that I had never given its mother a thought.

"Have you no—" The question was interrupted by Philo's giving a low, long growl.

"What is it, Philo?" Another growl, longer and louder than the first. "He must be dreaming," I thought.

"What's the matter with you, old fellow? Been dreaming?"

But Philo was not to be thus quieted; growling in his fiercest way, he walked to the door and began to sniff along the bottom of it. I rose from my chair and, holding Philo by the collar, opened the door, when, to my utter astonishment, I saw standing upon the cold oilcloth a tiny chicken. Philo looked down upon the downy mite and then at me, and said as plainly as his eyes could speak, "You need not hold me; I will not harm the little creature."

The chicken was not at all frightened of the great dog. Giving a chirp of delight, it hopped under Philo's legs, tripped rapidly up to the fireplace, and perched upon the brass rails of the fender. I shut the door, Philo and I taking up our positions in front of the fire, and quietly watching the tiny bird.

Presently, however, Philo gave another growl, and again sniffed at the bottom of the door.

"Can it be another chicken?" thought I. "There must be a brood of them somewhere, and yet 'tis a strange time of year to hatch chickens." I opened the door. Imagine my surprise when I saw five chickens, twin brothers of the first, standing in a row on the door-mat. "Come in, chickens," I said; "make yourselves at home."

They required no second invitation, but hopped quickly across the carpet and joined their friend on the rail.

It was an amusing sight, these six chickens perched in a row on the fender, and it made me laugh more heartily than ever a pantomime did.

Five minutes later, Philo again indicated that there were some more chicken visitors outside.

"This is much more than a joke. But let me see," I said, trying to recall my own chicken-rearing experiences, "a brood usually consists of thirteen; at least, that is the number when they all hatch out. Well, I think the rail will accommodate thirteen."

So saying, I opened the door, expecting to see seven chicks waiting for admission. There were only three.

"So here you are, little ones," I said; "better late than not at all. Come in, plenty of room on the rail. Nine chickens were now perched before the fire."

"I think, Philo, we had better leave the door open, I said; "those other four chicks will be coming presently, and this constant getting up is tiring to old bones."

I had not been seated many minutes when I heard a pattering of tiny feet upon the oilcloth.

"Ah, here they are," I said, without troubling to turn my head. "Come in, friends, don't stand upon ceremony this cold night; we will dispense with an introduction. Your brothers and sisters are all here, so don't be afraid. One—two—three—four; yes, that makes thirteen. What, another! And another. Sixteen—seventeen—eighteen—nineteen—twenty!"

The pattering increased, as though a whole army of chickens was on the march. Whatever can this mean?" I asked myself, in blank dismay, as chickens by the hundred poured into the room.

Some hopped upon the chairs and the table; others climbed upon the mantelpiece and the book-shelves; while one chicken—an impudent youngster—clambered to the top of Philo's head. Philo had been reared in the country, and was used to the sight of chickens, but never had he seen so large a brood of them. Chickens were above him; chickens were under him; chickens were standing on his tail; and, as I have said, a chicken was perched upon his head. Still the tide of chicken flowed. Philo, who now resembled a black rock in a yellow sea of