

controls the health and life as, I believe, nothing else will. It is really invaluable and if all the women in America were to use it I am quite sure most of the suffering and many deaths might be avoided."

"What is this wonderful remedy?"

"Warner's Safe Cure."

"And you use it?"

"Constantly."

"And hence believe you will be able to go through the coming season successfully?"

"I am quite certain of it."

"A few questions more, Miss Granger. Will you please give me a list of the parts you have created and the plays you have taken part in since your first appearance in public?"

"I first played for some time with the amateurs in New York and Brooklyn. I then went to the Union Square theatre for two seasons, after that to the Boston Globe for one season and then to Booth's theatre in this city. Next I supported John McCullough and afterwards starred in Juliet, Camille, Rosalind, etc. Subsequently I created the part of Cicely Blaine in the Galley Slave and also starred in Two Nights in Rome, playing the part of Antonia. The past year I have been playing in the Planter's Wife and the coming season, as I have said, will be devoted to Her Second Love."

As the writer was returning home he fell into a train of musing, and wondered if all the women in this land who are suffering could only know Miss Granger's experience and the remarkable results achieved by the pure remedy she used, how much suffering might be avoided and how much happiness secured.

Three Little Chairs.

They sat alone by the bright wood fire,
The gray-haired dame and the aged sire.

Dreaming of days gone by;

The tear-drops fell on each wrinkled cheek,
They both had thoughts that they could not speak,
As each heart uttered a sigh.

For their sad and tearful eyes descried

Three little chairs plac'd side by side

Against the sitting-room wall;

Old-fashioned enough as there they stood,
Their seats of flag and their frames of wood,
With their backs so straight and tall.

Then the sire shook his silvery head,

And with trembling lips he gently said:

"Mother those empty chairs!

They bring such sad, sad thoughts to-night,

We'll put them forever out of sight,

In the small, dark room up-stairs!

But she answered: "Father, no, not yet

For I look at them and then forget

That the children went away;

The boys come back and Mary, too,

With her apron on of checkered blue,

And sit here every day.

"Johnny still whittles a ship's tall mast,

And Willie his leaden bullets casts,

While Mary her patchwork sews;

At evening time three childish prayers

Go up to God from these little chairs,

So softly that no one knows.

"Johnny comes back from the billowy deep,

Willie awakes from the battle-field sleep,

To say good-night to me.

Mary's a wife and mother no more,

But a tired child whose play-time's o'er,

And comes to rest on my knee.

"So let them stand there, though empty now,
And every time when alone we bow

At the Father's throne to pray

We'll ask to meet the children above,

In the Saviour's home of rest and love,

Where no children goeth away."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

To be young is to be one of the immortals.—HAZLITT.

OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

Three very close competitors appear again this month, while a great many others are not far behind. Scout, West Point, N. Y., carries off the prize with a very neatly written set of answers indeed.

Correct answers have also been received from Lizzie Kinnisten, Parkhill; Henry G. Crocker, Sarnia; Walter Field, Ottawa; H. C., London; Bertha M. Austen, Port Huron; Bertie, Brooklyn; Albert Davis, St. Thomas; Lizzie Burns, Toronto; John Eaton, Kingston. and Charlie James, Toronto.

A similar Prize, a nicely-bound story-book, to the one sending the best set of answers to the puzzles in this number before the 5th of September.

AUGUST PUZZLES.

1

SQUARE WORD.

A coin.

A river in Europe.

Father.

A character in Shakespeare

—Tyro.

2.

CHARADE.

You can *first* solve this charade if you are *first*, *second* to call yourself a *first second* puzzler. But can you *first* try even if you are hardly *second*.—Scout.

3.

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

Real din.

Ant clods.

Avocations.

I man boat.

4.

POETICAL PI.

Raeft ethe lewl dan'fi verofre

Listl roverfe afer ehel elwl.

5.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

In "lost."

Did devour.

A direction.

Petted.

Cooked.

A color.

In "found."

ANSWERS TO JULY PUZZLES.

1. Charade:—Rocking horse.

2. Square Word:—L A I R

A C R E

I R O N

R E N D

3. Poetical Pi:—A Primrose by a rivers brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

4. Conundrum:—ONE WORD. Transpose the letters.

5. Enigma:—Rumor.

Home.

A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance, and beauty, so kind words and gentle acts and sweet dispositions make glad the sacred spot called home. No matter how humble the abode, if it be sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn longingly towards it from all the tumults of the world, and home, if it be ever so homely, will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.