

His words of commendation: "Well done, good and faithful servant!" Do you think the greatest reward for a holy life is the gift of *more holiness*? Or would you rather have earthly riches and worldly prosperity? If you really think these lesser gifts are worth more than the higher ones, you will certainly have to learn your mistake; that is, if your soul is to grow at all. God may teach you by giving them, and so proving that they never did and never will satisfy the hunger of the soul; or He may teach you by withholding them until you learn something of the value of His richer gifts. Either way, He knows best.

"A happy New Year! A glad New Year!
Is the wish of my heart for you;
May that "perfect love which knows not fear,"
Be our motto the whole year through,
Come pleasure or pain, come good or ill,
Come life or death this year,
Drink deep to the dregs the Master's will,
He is with thee—thou need'st not fear!" —HOPE.

On New Year's Resolutions.

Mr. Hennessy looked out at the rain dripping down in Archey Road, and sighed, "A-ha, 'tis a bad spell iv weather we're havin'."

"Faith, it is," said Mr. Dooley, "or else we mind it more thin we did. I can't remember wan day fr'm another. Whin I was young, I niver thought iv rain or snow, cold or heat. But now th' heat stings an' th' cold wrenches me bones; an', if I go out in th' rain with less on me thin a ton iv rubber I'll pay dear fr' it in achin' jints, so I will. That's what old age means; an' now another year has been put on to what we had before, an' we're expected to be gay. 'Ring out th' old,' says a guy at th' Brothers' School. 'Ring out th' old, ring in th' new,' he says. 'Ring out th' false, ring in th' true,' says he. It's a pretty sintimint, Hinnessy; but how ar-re we goin' to do it? Nawthin'd please me better thin to turn me back on th' wicked an' inglorious past, rayform me life, an' live at peace with th' wuruld to th' end iv me days. But how th' divvie can I do it? As th' fellow says, 'Can th' leopard change his spots, or can't he?'"

"You know Dorsey, iv coorse, th' cross-eyed May-o man that come to this country about wan day in advance iv a warrant fr' sheep-stealin'. Ye know what he done to me, tellin' people I was caught in me cellar poorin' wather into a bar! Well, last night says I to meself, thinkin' iv Dorsey, I says: 'I swear that henceforth I'll keep me temper with me fellow-men. I'll not let anger or jealousy get th' better iv me,' I says. 'I'll lave off all me old feuds; an' if I meet me inimy goin' down th' shreet, I'll go up an' shake him be th' hand if I'm sure he hasn't a brick in th' other hand.' Oh, I was mighty compliminty to meself. I set be th' stove dhrinkin' hot wans, an' ivry wan I dhrunk made me more iv a pote. 'Tis th' way with th' stuff. Whin I'm in dhrink, I have many a fine thought; an', if I wasn't too comfortable to go an' look fr' th' ink-bottle, I cud write pomes that'd make Shakespeare an' Mike Scanlan think they were wur-kin' on a dredge. 'Why,' says I, 'carry into th' new year th' hatreds iv th' old?' I says. 'Let th' dead past bury its dead,' says I. 'Tur-rn ye'er lamps up to th' blue sky,' I says. (It was rainin' like th' divvie, an' th' hour was midnight; but I give no heed to that, bein' comfortable with th' hot wans.) An' I went to th' dure, an', whin Mike Duffy come by on number wan hundherd an' five, ringin' th' gong iv th' ca-ar, I hollered to him: Ring out th' old, ring in th' new.' 'Go back into ye'er stall,' he says, 'an' wring ye'erself out,' he says. 'Ye'er wet through,' he says.

"Whin I woke up this mornin', th' pothry had all disappeared, an' I begun to think th' las' hot wan I took had somethin' wrong with it. Besides, th' lumbago was grippin' me till I cud hardly put wan foot before th' other. But I remembered me promises to meself, an' I went out on th' shreet, intindin' to wish ivry wan a 'Happy New Year,' an' hopin' in me hear-rt that th' first wan I wished it to'd tell me to go to th' divvie, so I cud hit him in th' eye. I hadn't gone half a block before I spied Dorsey acrost th' shreet. I picked up half a brick an' put it in me pocket, an' Dorsey done th' same. Thin went up to each other. 'A Happy New Year,' says I. 'Th' same to you,' says he, 'an' manny iv thim,' he says. 'Ye have a brick in ye'er hand,' says I. 'I was thinkin' iv givin' ye a New Year's gift,' says he. 'Th' same to you, an' manny iv thim,' says I, fondlin' me own ammunition. 'Tis even all around,' says he. 'It is,' says I. 'I was thinkin' las' night I'd give up me gredge again ye,' says he. 'I had th' same thought meself,' says I. 'But, since I seen ye'er face,' he says, 'I've con-cluded that I'd be more comfortable hatin' ye thin havin' ye fr' a frind,' says he. 'Ye'er a man iv taste,' says I. 'An' we backed away fr'm each other. He's a Tip, an' can throw a stone like a rifleman; an', Hinnessy, I'm somethin' iv an amachoor shot with a half-brick meself.

"Well, I've been thinkin' it over, an' I've argied it out that life'd not be worth livin' if we didn't keep our inimies. I can have all th' frinds' I need. Anny man can that keeps a liquor shore. But a rale sthrong inimy, especially a May-o inimy, wan that hates ye ha-ard, an' that ye'd take th' coat off yer back to do a bad tur-rn to, is a luxury that I can't go without in me ol' days. Dorsey is th' right sort. I can't go by his house without bein' in fear he'll spill th' chimbley down on me head; an' whin he passes my place, he walks in th' middle iv th' shreet, an' crosses himself. I'll swear off on anything but Dorsey. He's a good man, an' I despise him. Hers's long life to him."

Jealousy in the Choir.

Silvery-noted,
Lily-throated,
Starry-eyed and golden-haired,
Charming Anna,
The soprano,
All the singers' hearts ensnared.

Long the tenor
Sought to win her;
Sought to win her for his bride;
And the basso
Loved the lass so,
Day and night for her he sighed.

The demeanor
Of the tenor
To the basso frigid grew;
And the basso,
As he was so
Mashed, of course, grew frightened too.

Anna smiled on
Both, which piled on
To their mutual hatred, fuel,
So, to win her,
Bass and tenor
Swore they'd fight a vocal duel.

Shrieked the tenor
Like a Vennor
Cyclone howling o'er the plain;
Sang so high
To quite outvie
The bass, he split his head in twain.

Growled the basso
Till he was so
Low, to hear him was a treat;
Lower still he
Went until he
Split the soles of both his feet.

Charming Anna,
The soprano,
Mourned a week for both her fellows;
Then she wed the
Man who fed the
Wind into the organ bellows.

As His Mother Used to Do.

He criticised her puddings and he found fault with her cake;
He wished she'd make such biscuits as his mother used to make;
She didn't wash the dishes and she didn't make a stew,
Nor even mend his stockings, as his mother used to do.

His mother had six children, but by night her work was done;
His wife seemed drudging always, yet she only had the one.
His mother always was well dressed, his wife would be so too,
If only she would manage as his mother used to do.

Ah, well! She was not perfect, though she tried to do her best,
Until at length she thought her time had come to have a rest;
So when one day he went the same old rigmarole all through,
She turned and boxed his ears, just as his mother used to do.

—Chicago Times.

The Meanest Man.

The meanest man in the world is the husband who placed his purse in a mouse trap so that his wife could not get it in the early morning without liberating a mouse.

Couldn't See the Joke.

"I was delivering a speech at the annual banquet of a St. George's Society in England," says Senator Chauncey M. Depew, "and in the course of my talk I casually remarked that if my jokes were not always appreciated by my British hearers at the moment they were sprung upon them, by the time the next yearly dinner came around they were sure to see the point. 'I don't think that's such a mighty funny thing to say,' growled a stolid, red-faced son of Johnny Bull, who sat opposite me at the table. He had broken in loudly and interrupted my flow of language. 'Oh,' I replied, before taking up the thread of my speech, 'that's all right, my dear fellow. You'll see the fun in it a year from now.'"

A Promising Young Rascal.

A boy was engaged in nocturnal apple stealing a short time ago, and was observed by the owner of the fruit, who, unnoticed by the young robber, placed a large stuffed dog at the foot of the tree and retired to watch.

The boy, about to descend, observed the dog, and then the fun commenced. He whistled, coaxed, threatened, but unavailing, and, finally settled down to pass the night in the tree.

After some hours had passed, wearily enough to the lad, morning dawned, and the proprietor of the tree, coming from the house, asked how he came to be in the tree, to which the boy answered that he took it to save himself from the dog, which had chased him quite a distance. —Edinburgh Scotsman.

We recommend this true tale to the lady of fashion. A young lady walking down a lane met a village boy carrying in his hands a thrush's nest containing nestlings.

"You cruel boy," she cried. "Possibly the poor mother is at this moment fluttering near us, anguished by the loss of her defenceless young!"

"Oh, she don't care!" replied the boy, edging away. "She's on your 'at!" —London Outlook.

A little fresh-air waif was spending his first day in the country. When the cows came up in the evening to be milked, he went down to the barnyard with his host to see the operation. The cows were standing about placidly, and, as is their custom at that time of day, were contentedly chewing their cud. The boy watched the milkmaids at work, and his eyes dwelt with growing wonder at the ceaseless grind of the cows' jaws. At length he turned to his host and said: "Do you have to buy gum for all them cows?"

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 written on one side only of paper, and sender's name 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—ACROSTIC.

1—A manly fellow.
2—Disturbers of the peace.
3—Those who ring bells.
4—Shouting.
5—Painters.
6—Tires.
7—Relationship.
8—A hint.
9—Well known.
10—True.
Primals down will spell
One whom "puzzlers" know quite well.

M. N.

2—HALF-SQUARE.

1 to hold.
2 a bird.
3 a female relation.
4 a dove house (trans.).
5 malt liquor.
6 that is,
7 north (abr.).

M. N.

3—RIDDLE.

A little word of letters three
Means land-locked water bright.
And yet, without a change at all,
It means to bark at night.
One letter change, a ruler see,
In gorgeous armor dight.

M. N.

4—TANGLEFOOT.

Ex.—A sharp-pointed instrument is entangled with to be hold and becomes a small animal. Awl, sec—weasel.

1—An animal of S. Africa is entangled with a part of its foot and becomes a part of itself.
2—A bird is entangled with a trench and becomes a weapon.
3—A sailor is entangled with condensed vapors and becomes a high officer of state.
4—A small animal is entangled with a morsel and becomes a cap worn by priests of R. C. church.
5—A metal point is entangled with luster and becomes a kind of war vessel.
6—A fish is entangled with part of a canine animal and becomes a bird.

ROLLY.

5—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1—An ornamental stand.
2—The office of a person deputed to execute business.
3—A hostile incursion into a country.
4—Indifference to religion.
5—In Turkey, a placeman.
6—A gleam.
7—A trick.
8—To foster.
9—A fresh-water fish.
10—A republic.
11—Young people.
Primals will name a great statesman and orator of eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.
Finals will name a great statesman and general of ancient Greece.

ROLLY.

6—SQUARE.

1, Harmony; 2, beyond; 3, piece of beef; 4, angry; 5, a small mass of dough, baked.

F. L. S.

Answers to Nov. 15th Puzzles.

1—Lament-amen-me.
2—Handel, Holland, Gluck, Verdi, Hall, Smith, Yule, Gillis, Doles, Himan.
3—10 bushels, 1 gal.
4—Circler, accuse, nestling, anatomize, decagram, indite, affusion, nourishment—Canadian regiment.

5—related 6—Message (mess sage).

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l e m o n
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7—Your son is backward in his lessons.
9—Spinach.
10—Drogheda.

SOLVERS TO NOV. 15TH PUZZLES.

Lizzie Conner, "Kit," "Arny," "Awkins," Nellie Frasier, "Diana," J. McLean, Jack & Jill, M. R. G., "Rolly."

ADDITIONAL SOLVERS TO NOV. 1ST PUZZLES.

"Diana," J. F. L., "Kit," Lizzie Conner, Pansy, J. McLean.

COUSINLY CHAT.

"Jack & Jill."—Your suggestion re Xmas puzzle came too late; will be glad to receive original puzzles suitable for any season, but we must get them in some time beforehand to appear in proper time.

"Williwin."—I hope you will not forget again, but always send your answers in time.

Florence.—What a wee tot you are to be able to solve puzzles. Come often, little one.

Roy.—Welcome to this other coz., who does not tell his age, but I think he's a little chap.

Rolly.—How prettily you draw! I will send your puzzle in, but, as engraving is expensive work, it may not be used.

"Diana."—I think you are right about the rhombus. But as the original answer has been mislaid, I cannot be certain. Oh, no, "Diana," he is not a fraud by any means.

Cousins all.—I wish you here a glad New Year
And homes well filled with Xmas cheer.

A. A.