



Bessie and the Fairies.

Little Bessie Gray was tossing to and fro on her pillow, her small face flushed with crying. Now, Bessie was generally as merry as a sunbeam, but to-night she was worrying her head over some very foolish notions. Her cousin Lucy had been spending the day with her. Lucy was a pretty child, with long golden curls, blue eyes, and cheeks like two peaches. She played the piano beautifully, painted, and wrote better compositions than any other girl in her class. Many grown people had admired the pretty, spoiled little girl, and somehow Bessie felt very neglected.

The foolish little maid lay crying because her straight brown hair refused to curl. "I'm so ugly," she moaned. "If I were only clever or pretty, I'm sure I'd be happier."

As she said these words she heard a little silvery laugh. Looking up, she saw a tiny lady dancing along a moonbeam which was shining into her room. In another minute the fairy had stepped onto the bed. Then with tender fingers she began to smooth back the stray locks of hair from the feverish little face on the pillow. She was beautifully dressed in a gown made of delicate cobwebs, trimmed with dew drops, which sparkled in the moonlight like diamonds.

"I am the Queen of the Fairies," said the wee lady. "Will you come with me to Fairyland for a few hours? I want to show you what my people are doing there." Picking a bluebell from a vase in the window, she rang it sharply.

Immediately a tiny carriage made out of oak leaves appeared. This was drawn by two green and white moths. The fairy touched Bessie with her wand, and she at once became small enough to enter the carriage. They drove along the moonbeam (which, the fairy explained, was a fairy road) until they came to a large field, where they stopped.

Perhaps many little girls and boys have seen in the woods large red toadstools, with little white veins and spots on the top of them, but they probably never guessed that the fairies had been having a supper the night before, and had left the table, with the little white dishes, just as it stood. There were two of these tables in the field, and round one was sitting the merriest little group of fairies imaginable, laughing and chattering happily while they ate. But at the other table the fairies were sober, sad, and quarrelsome, and Bessie felt sorry for them.

"Why do they not all laugh?" asked she. "Because," answered the Queen, "they don't do the work which generally makes people laugh." "But can't they be taught to work better?" "You do not understand yet. Some of them are much more skillful workers than the laughing fairies. See, they have finished their supper now, so we will watch them at their work. We will look at the face-makers first," pointing to a busy group near by.

Bessie watched them curiously. They had just finished a lovely pair of eyes. The color of these eyes was not very pretty, but they became so tender and loving that Bessie was delighted. Then they set to work on a mouth. It was neither pretty nor small, but it smiled so pleasantly and kindly that Bessie longed to kiss it. She was not a conceited girl or she would have recognized her own mouth and eyes.

"Come to the other group," said the Queen. A beautifully shaped pair of lips were lying finished on the grass, but so scornful were they that Bessie turned away from them quickly to look at the eyes that were being made. This did not comfort her, however, for though the eyes were large and beautiful, with long dark lashes, they were sullen, discontented eyes, and she did not like them. Then she watched them making little drops which looked like water, but everything on which they were sprinkled drooped, and the whole field seemed to be made uncomfortable.

"What are those horrid drops?" asked Bessie. "Tears," answered the Queen. "But what good do they do?" "None at all." "Then why do they make them?" "Ask yourself that question," said the Queen. "You have been crying this evening."

Bessie hung her head. "I see now why the other fairies were so much happier, even if they are not as clever as these," she said.

Then ten fairies went into a house where a peevish, cross, well-dressed woman was sitting. They broke the china, banged so hard on the piano that they woke the baby, spilled ink on the carpets, teased the cat, rumbled the beds, and turned everything topsy-turvy, while the poor woman went almost distracted; and, strange to say, the woman looked very much like Aunt Milly, Lucy's mother. Then ten fairies went into her own pretty home, where Bessie's mother sat, cheerful and happy,

reading by the fire. These little fairies sang softly and put the baby to sleep, dusted the room, put her father's slippers where he could get them, and did a great many other thoughtful little things.

"I don't wonder Aunt Milly looks so sad if those naughty little fairies come very often," said Bessie. "Do you know who they are?" asked the Queen.

"No," answered Bessie. "They are the ten little spirits of the fingers. The first set belonged to your cousin Lucy, the second set were your own, which made your mother so happy to-day by doing so many helpful things."

"Really?" cried Bessie, clapping her hands. "Yes, my child; and the face-makers are the good and evil spirits which are frequently side by side in our hearts. Now, which do you choose?"

"Oh, the ones who made that sweet, ugly mouth and the bright eyes!"

"Very well," answered the fairy. "You have made a much better choice than your cousin Lucy."

"Poor Lucy!" said Bessie.

"And now, Bessie," said the Queen, "the fairies that make the tears tried to creep in to-night and fix their home in your little heart. The only way to keep them out is to fill your heart so full of the merry little sprites that there will be no room for the spiteful ones. And now good-night, dear, here is the carriage."

Bessie stepped into the little carriage, and the moths flew swiftly to her home. As soon as she was on her bed again she started to grow big, until she was her usual size.

Next morning Bessie told her mother all about her trip. "I ought to have asked you if I could go, mamma," she said, "but I was so surprised I didn't think."

Her mother only kissed her, and then Bessie ran away, singing merrily, to help her father put on his overcoat.—*Grace Falkner.*

The Queen's Chief Butler.

The salary of the Queen's chief butler, who looks after the beer, wines and spirits, is £500 a year. This functionary must have a palate of exquisite delicacy, as in him is vested the purchase of the wines drunk by royalty.

He is also expected to superintend the decanting of the wines, which he accompanies to the royal table with an air of affectionate solicitude, and sees that they are partaken of at their proper moment.

The present holder of office is said to be the finest judge of Rhine wines in the world. Her Majesty's chief butler is also responsible for the laying of the table, the actual work being performed by two principal table deckers, with £200 a year each.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

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—TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

My centrals and finals, read from below,
The field of a mimic battle will show;
My primals read down will present to your eyes
A lady who there no one well can despise.

1. Odd capers in the first line place;
2. Officers, but not ladies, in this are seen.
3. Remove what you would next efface.
4. In history oft writ this word has been.
5. A cottage reversed will a picture give
To form my last, as sure as you live.

L. B. F.

2—CHARADE.

My FIRST's a useful article
Of everyday attire,
Whose modern styles and fancies
One cannot quite admire.

My SECOND's a common color
In nature and in art;
My WHOLE's an evil feeling
In many a human heart.

By mixed heads my FIRST's esteemed
When it is made my SECOND;
It then becomes a prize indeed
Worth competition reckoned.

L. B. F.

3—TRANSPOSITION.

When school days are over
And books put away,
And we feel at our leisure
For six weeks and a day,
There is an old friend
That I seize with delight,
And pore o'er its pages
Till late in the night.
'Tis the ADVOCATE dear,
That the puzzlers have made
A one of much wonder,
Like a dark sylvan glade.
Their names unfamiliar
I read with a sigh,
And think of the friends
Of the sweet days gone by.

Their life-trail unknown
Never blesses our sight,
Like the two of the ships
That pass in the night.
Sometimes, it is true,
Shipwrecked sailors return,
And among the new faces
A three I discern.
Cousin 'A. A., I greet you—
How pleasant to find
A name so familiar,
With memories entwined!

"ESSEX."

4—FISHING FOR FISH.

What fish is a part of light?
" " " used in battle?
" " " a thrust?
" " " a spirit?
" " " a roost?
" " " a war boat?
" " " a runner on ice?
" " " a pointed iron rod?
" " " a sphere?
" " " a wood-cutter?
" " " a heavenly body?
" " " another heavenly body?
" " " a precious mineral? "PILOT."

5—CHARADE (TWO WORDS).

My first is an abstract which to the world
Means peace and calm. Flags all furled,
And all the land in quiet night,
Seems to us a blessed sight.

My second is a formal talk,
A serious conversation,
Which means a lot to all of us—
To you and your relation.

My whole will make an era great,
An epoch grand and good;
To all 'twill bring prosperity
If they do as they should.

"PILOT."

6—ACROSTIC.

In "traveller" on wheels,
In "infants" that squeal,
In "stockings" without heels,
In "mechanics" who steal
If in want of a meal.

In "Samuel" fond of Kate,
In "musicians" that play first-rate,
In "preacher" up to date,
In "Henry," who came late
To meet his gal at the gate.

In "turpentine" good to take,
In "brigantines" on the lake,
In "jolly boatswain," the rake,
In "Ireland" when they make
The best kind of cake.

I'm sure you'll not falter
If two large bodies of soft water
I tell you herein to find—
'Tis easy if you're not blind.

"ARRY 'AWKINS."

7—ADDITIONS.

Add 500 to a vessel and get obscure.
Add a cipher to a small bed and get a bird.
Add 1,000 to expire and get money.
Add one to burn and get a sedan.
Add one-third of one to a small nail and get to mark.
Add one to a crowd and get to lift.
Add nothing to quick and get to shout.
Add one-quarter of nine to indisposition and get to fasten.
Add letters will name a place we all love.
Added letters will name a place we all love.

"ARRY 'AWKINS."

8—SUM AND DIFFERENCE.

The sum of four numbers is twenty-four. The sum of the two greatest numbers is three times the sum of the other two. The difference between the two least numbers is twice the difference of the two greatest. What are the numbers? "ESSEX."

9—DIAMOND IN A SQUARE.

. . . x . . .	1. Embrace.
. . . x x . . .	2. Beer.
x x x x . . .	3. Athletic.
. . . x x . . .	4. Disposes of.
. . . x . . .	5. Squeeze.

F. L. S.

10—HIDDEN FABRICS.

1. Law, not justice, is too often the result.
2. I was so comical I could not help laughing.
3. The city girl thought the ducks were swans.
4. The wind straightens the bent weeds.
5. Mollie sat in a rocking-chair on the veranda.
6. The sunshine gleamed on her silken tresses.
7. Amateurs prefer roads level, veterans undulating.
8. Eloquent words charm us; linguists delight us.
9. Here comes Tom, bringing ham sandwiches.
10. It will not be his fault if we go hungry.
11. See James the lesser getting his father's cane.
12. He saves his cash merely for the sake of hoarding it.
13. The society will, as soon as the members are all in, enact some laws.

F. L. S.

Answers to July 15th Puzzles.

1—Bull—all, debar—dear, bowl—owl, able—ale, table—tale, brouge—rogue, Tiber—tier, rebel—reel.

2—Ocelot.

3—w o f d

o v e r

r e l y

d r y s

4—Fife, fiddle, drum, organ, cor(t)net, horn, lyre (liar), trumpet, flute.

5—Arithmetic, geography, reading, grammar, writing.

6—Two parallel straight lines.

7—Bang—pang, bunt—punt, bard—pard, bound—pound, Betty—petty, bear—pear, blight—plight, blot—plot, bane—pane. Primals Bs; finals Ps.

8—Bulldog.

9—Salt.

11—Raleigh, Spenser, Bunyan, Defoe, Southey, Goldsmith, Wordsworth.

SOLVERS TO JULY 15TH PUZZLES.

"Dennis," Chas. S. Edwards, "McGinty," "Thistle," Lila M. Jackson, Lizzie Conner, "Pilot."

ADDITIONAL SOLVERS TO JULY 1ST PUZZLES.

"Pansy," J. McLean, "Arry 'Awkins, Chas. S. Edwards, "Thistle," "McGinty," Lila Jackson, Lizzie Conner, "Pilot," "Emma."

COUSINLY CHAT.

What a nice assembly of old and new friends we have this time! I regret that I have not time for a chat with each; but such being the case, I give all a general hearty welcome, and shall try to be more hospitable next time, so I hope none of you will fail to return.

ADA A.