

## 106—WORD SQUARES.

1. First, a package. Second, certain animals. Third, to jump. Fourth, to perceive.

2. First, something that once laid in a famous house. Second, a space. Third, a Shakspearean character. Fourth, sour. C. I. F.

3. First, the resting-place of an army. Second, an Asiatic sea. Third, a companion. Fourth, an argument. CHARLES.

4. First, a picture. Second, something which often causes pain, and yet no one likes to part with. Third, a river in Transylvania. Fourth, passageways. Fifth, to efface. ANNIE.

## 107—BLANKS.

Fill the following blanks with words pronounced alike, but spelled differently.

1. Will you — me a —.
2. The — sang a plaintive —.
3. — the men saw the —.
4. — will read a —.
5. They gave — a — to reach.
6. — will — the tree.
7. His — was that of a — man.

## Answers to January Puzzles.

- 99—Smother, mother, other, the, he, e.  
100—Our Menagerie: Horse, elephant, camel, giraffe, gorilla, kangaroo.  
101—1, Virginia creeper; 2, flag; 3, sage; 4, dock; 5, cow slips; 6, egg-plant; 7, pink; 8, beech; 9, yew; 10, fir.  
102—Charlemagne.  
103—Shubenacadie.

## Names of Those Who Sent Correct Answers to January Puzzles.

Charlie Gordon, Maggie West, Annie A. Rock, Frank Sharmen, Minnie Sharmen, Nita Nelles, Joseph Roe, Maggie Ellis, Minnie Hill, Frank C. Smith, Jessie Cowan, A. L. Moore, Arthur Nimbidge, Gus Gouinlock, M. M. Dixon, Mary Hilton, T. J. Fox, Johnny Crawford, Harry Johnson, Connie Jell, Edward Bradford, Katie Booth.

## How to Mind a Baby.

First, a man must need have one to take care of. It isn't every one that is fortunate enough to have one, and when he does his wife is always wanting to run over to the neighbor's only five minutes, and he has to attend to the baby. Sometimes she caresses him, and oftener she says sternly "John, take good care of the child until I return." You want to remonstrate, but cannot pluck up courage while that awful eye is upon you; so you prudently refrain, and merely remark, "Don't stay long my dear." She is scarcely out of sight when the luckless babe opens its eyes and its mouth also, and emits a yell which causes the cat to bounce out the door as if something had stung her. You timidly lift the cherub and sing an operatic air; it does not appreciate it, and yells the louder. You try to bribe it with a bit of sugar; but not a bit of use, it spits it out. You get wrathful and shake it. It stops a second and you venture another, when, good heaven! it sets up such a roar that the passers-by look up in astonishment. You feel desperate; your hair stands on end and the perspiration oozes out of every pore as the agonizing thought comes over you, what if the luckless child should have a fit! You try baby talk; but "litty, litty, lamby" has no effect—for it stretches as if a red-hot poker had been laid upon its spine, and still it yells. You are afraid the neighborhood will be alarmed, and give it your gold watch as a last resource, just in time to save your whiskers; though it throws down a handful of your moustache to take the watch, and you thankfully find an easy chair to rest your aching limbs, when down comes that costly watch on the floor and the cause of all the trouble breaks into an ear-splitting roar, and you set your teeth and prepare to administer personal chastisement, when in rushes the happy woman known as your wife, snatches the long-suffering child from your willing arms and, sitting down, stills it as if by magic, while you gaze mournfully at the remains of your watch and cherished moustache, and, muttering a malediction on baby kind in general, and on the image of its father in particular, vow never to take care of a baby again—until the next time.

FOR CHILBLAINS AND FROSTED FEET.—Coal oil, such as is used in lamps, poured on the stockings in the morning will heal up all sores or pains caused by frost. An experience of fully twenty years proves this. Feet are often frozen without knowing it, caused by too tight boots, or some other obstruction to the circulation of the blood. Coal oil is a sure cure in all such cases.

## A Joy Forever.

We passed from out the dazzling light,  
We left the rustic throng of dancers:  
Miss Smith had said to me. "We might,  
I almost think, sit out the Lancers."  
And, wandering on, we lost our way—  
A country house is most perplexing—  
Miss Smith was filled with sweet dismay,  
And closer clung—'twas very vexing.

We rested at a window seat,  
My hand detained a hand half willing;  
We murmured of the floor, the heat,  
And other things as wildly thrilling.  
Some mistletoe, o'erhead entwined,  
Gave rise to arch but tempting banter,  
I kissed her—lost my peace of mind—  
And got a piece of hers instant.

She stamped her foot, her bosom rose  
And fell with maidenly vexation;  
She said—but what she said; Lord knows!  
For I was lost in admiration.  
But there she stood, a deer at bay,  
A picture for a master's sketching;  
I soothed her, as a mortal may,  
(And thought she never looked so fetching.

My deeds were rash, my words insane—  
At length we could no longer tarry—  
And when we joined the dance again  
Miss Smith was Kate and I was Harry.  
Ten years' possession has not tired  
My love, but I'm in this position:  
The tantrums which I once admired  
Have palled from frequent repetition.

## The True Heart's Whisper.

Though lowly my cottage, and frugal its fare,  
Affection, and truth, and devotion are there;  
And when evening arrives, and the day's toil is o'er,  
My husband comes home, and I bar up the door.

He goes to the crib where his little ones lie,  
And I know the sweet light that there beams in his eye;  
Then he turns to his supper, though humble it be,  
With a kindness of heart that is heaven to me.

I love him too well to repine at my fate—  
Frugality still keeps the dun from our gate;  
And I hope that his children may rise to repay  
The toils and the sorrows that wear him away.

Oh, innocent, upright, and pure be their youth!  
May they hear from my lips only kindness and truth!  
And when mercy's mild messenger bears me from life,  
Leave my memory dear as a mother and wife.

## Common Errors in Speech.

Attention to the following would save many persons whose early education has been neglected, the annoyance of being laughed at for their inaccurate English.

1. You should not say, "I seen such a man," but "I saw such a man."
2. You should not say, "I done it," but, "I did it."
3. You should not say, "It is me," "It is him," "It is her," but, "It is I," "It is he," "It is she."
4. You should not say, "Them things," but, "those things" or "these things."
5. You should be careful always to use a plural verb with a plural noun; for instance, don't say, "Prices is high," but, "prices are high."
6. You should not say, "He declined for to do it," but, "He declined to do it." The word *for* is unnecessary, and therefore, wrong.

To educated persons, the pointing out of these rules may appear quite unnecessary; yet, the errors referred to are so common that it is well to notice them.

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF AGRICULTURE.—Students of the science of agriculture may well feel thankful to the author of this little agricultural manual. It will, we have no doubt, realize the expectation of its publishers, that it will not only be found useful for pupils under instruction in the elementary stage of agricultural science, but of value to those who desire to inform themselves on the subject. "First Principles" is from the pen of Prof. H. Tanner, F. C. S., London—MacMillan & Co. publishers.

## Monkey Toilets.

In India, where the monkeys lives among men, and are the playmates of the children, the Hindoos have grown fond of them, and the four-handed folk participate in all their simple household rites. In the early morning, when the peasant goes out to yoke his oxen, and the dog shakes himself and casts off the dust in which he slept last night, the old monkey creeps down the peepul tree, only half awake and looks about him, puts a straw in his mouth and scratches himself contemplatively.

But they are sleepy and peevish, and the youngest get cuffed for nothing, and begin to think life dull. Yet the toilet has to be performed, and whether they like it or not, the young ones are silently pulled up one by one to their mother to undergo the process. The scene, though repeated exactly every morning, loses nothing of its delightful comicality, and the monkey brats seem all to be in the joke of "taking in mamma." But mamma was young herself not long ago, and treats each ludicrous affectation of suffering with the profoundest unconcern, and as she dismisses one "cleansed" youngster with a cuff, stretches out her hand for the next one's tail or leg, in the most business-like and serious manner possible.

The youngsters knew their turn quite well. As each feels the moment arrive it throws itself on its stomach as if overwhelmed with apprehension, the others meanwhile stifling their satisfaction at the way "so and so is doing it," and the instant the maternal paw is extended to grasp the tail the subject of the next experiment utters a piercing shriek and, throwing its arms forward in the dusk, allows itself to be dragged along a limp and helpless carcass, winking all the time, no doubt, at its brothers and sisters at the way it is imposing on the old lady. But the old lady will stand no nonsense, and, turning the child right side up, proceeds to put it to rights, takes the kinks out of its tail and knots out of its fur, pokes its fingers into its ears and looks at each of his toes, the irrepressible brat all the time wearing on his face an absurd expression of hopeless and incurable grief, those who have been already cleansed looking on with delight at the screaming farce, and those who are waiting wearing a becoming aspect of enormous gravity.

The old lady, however, has her joke, too, which is to cuff each youngster before she lets it go, and, nimble as her offspring are, she generally, to her credit be it said, manages to "fetch them one on the ears" before they are out of reach. The father, meanwhile, sits gravely with his back to all these domestic matters, waiting for breakfast. Presently the mats before the hut doors are pushed down, and women, with brass vessels in their hands, come out and while they scour the pots with dust, exchange between songs the compliments of the morning. The monkeys by this time have come closer to the preparations for food, and sit solemnly, household by household, watching every movement. Hindoos do not hurry themselves in anything they do, but the monkey has plenty of patience, and in the end, when the crowd has stolen a little, and the dog has had his morsel, and the children are all satisfied, the fragments of the meal are all thrown out on the ground for the "blunder orgue," the monkey people, and it is soon disoused, the mother feeding the baby before she herself eats.

TREATING A BAD COLD.—A bad cold, like measles or mumps, or other similar ailments, will run its course of about ten days in spite of what may be done for it, unless remedial means are employed within forty-eight hours after its inception. Many a useful life will be spared to be increasingly useful by cutting a cold off short, in the following safe and simple manner: On the first day of taking a cold, there is a very unpleasant sensation of chilliness. The moment you observe this, go to your room and stay there; keep it at such a temperature as will entirely prevent this chilly feeling, even if it takes a hundred degrees, Fahrenheit. In addition, put your feet in hot water, half-leg deep, as hot as you can bear it, adding hot water from time to time for a quarter of an hour, so that the water will be hotter when you take your feet out than when you put them in it, then dry them thoroughly with a rough towel, then put on warm, thick woollen stockings, even if it be in summer, for summer colds are generally the most dangerous; and for twenty-four hours eat not an atom of food, but drink as largely as you desire of any kind of warm teas, and at the end of that time, if not sooner, the cold will be effectually broken without any medicine whatever.