

The Millionaire's Daughter.

Marie was mortal in her looks;
Was only flesh and gore;
And she dearly loved a salesman
In an iron-monger's store.

What matters wealth or station,
Or fortune's proudest fame,
To hearts that yield their sweetness
In one delicious flame?

Lord Bumblebee, a libertine,
Who dressed in scarlet breeches,
Had buzzed her. She rejected him,
His title, and his riches.

In vain her father begged that she
Would play a noble card,
And hide the grease-spots on his blood,
For he had dealt in lard.

The salesman asked her Pa's consent;
Her mother he implored,
She answered, "Never! My Marie
Must wed that English lord."

This pressed a shadow to the heart
Of beautiful Marie;
She swooned whenever dropped around
That horrid Bumblebee.

The stars above were shining bright
And breathed low the breeze,
As down a ladder tripped Marie.
She handed her valise

To him, her own, her only love,
And said, "John Henry, dear,
Nor home nor night a prison is
To me when you are near."

And at the altar they were bound
As one in life to be,
And then to mingle in the grave,
John Henry and Marie.

The old man for a day or two
Was slightly on his ear,
But suddenly became himself
When Mary did appear.

Then "Mary had a little lamb"—
Pshaw! that's stale poetry—
Well, anyhow, the insect
Was not a Bumblebee. —*Texas Siftings.*

Willing to Assist the Worthy.

A certain wealthy man known for his piety, was approached by a young man he had known a long time, for the loan of a few hundred dollars.

"My dear boy," replied Cræsus, "I have known you since you were a child, and I knew your parents many years before they had laid down the burdens of life, and I am disposed to render the assistance you ask."

"I shall certainly consider it a great favor, sir, because the money will enable me to get a fair business start and put me on my feet in good shape."

"I know it, my boy, and as I said, I am only too ready and willing to help the orphan, to be a father to the fatherless, and do all in my power to assist the worthy and deserving, and if you will give me twelve per cent. per annum, with first-class real estate security it will be my greatest pleasure to accommodate you."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

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

OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

The competition for our Christmas prize bids fair to be very close, and we hope none who have entered the contest will drop out now, but all boldly try till the end. Only one, certainly can win the prize and there will be many left without; yet once having begun we wish to see no difficulties balk our young friends and would remind them all that if they cannot solve all the puzzles, perhaps no one else would be able to either, and the prize is to be awarded to the one who answers most during the three months, September, October and November. The contestants are as follows, many being very close with regard to merit: Geo. U. Stiff, Hamilton; Wm. Galleys, Toronto; Scout, West Point, N. Y.; Josie Abel Windsor; Crocodile, Sarina; Frank Sharman, Stratford; Clara M. Vollaas, Windsor; Bertha Miller, Walkerville; Nemo, Port Huron; Walter Symmes, Goderich; James Thompson, Toronto; George H., Toronto, and Albert Aspley, Montreal. The nine first mentioned are nearly equal with regard to merit, and some of the others are so little behind that any may yet have a chance of carrying off the prize.

Remember answers to the puzzles in this number must be in by the 5th of November.

OCTOBER PUZZLES.

1

CHARADE.

My first transposed is what we all do, my second contains my first, and my whole is a vessel.

2

SQUARE WORDS.

I

A measure.
Perfume.
A town in Italy.
A country in Europe.

II

A name for Christmas.
A river in the Eastern Hemisphere.
Liquid matter.
Ancient name of Persia.

3

EDUCATIONAL ANAGRAMS.

Nell's pig.
I cheat Trim.
Real gab.
Shy riot.
Nab toy.
My richest.
Ego try me.
I muse on rant.
Moon is topic.—*Tyro.*

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLES.

1. Cross Word Enigma:—Puzzle.
2. Charade:—Pea-cock.
3. Geographical Anagram:—Ontario.
4. Conundrum:—Connect-i-cut.
5. Square Word:—L A N D
A V E R
N E R O
D R O P