

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

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

OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

The letters from our young friends this month were numerous, and many will be eagerly looking for this issue to see whether they have been awarded the prize, as many have answered all the puzzles correctly notwithstanding the slight error which occurred in the sixth line of the enigma. It was indeed a difficult task to decide who should have the prize. The penmanship was in several of the letters very good and the grammatical and literary construction faultless. After due consideration of style and general neatness, we have awarded the prize to James Gill, London.

Correct answers have been received from Hartley J. Doan, Thornton; Mary Sheppard, Berlin; Hannah Kinnisten, Parkhill; Minnie Mulveney, Parkhill; Ida Craig, Walkerton; Ellen Ralph, Goderich, Annie Emery, London; C. M. Stewart, St. Catharines; Laura Tretheway, Stratford; "Rose," Holland Landing; George H., Toroute; Wm. Smith, Ottawa; and John Anderson, Sarnia.

Another handsomely bound story book will be given for the best set of answers in this number. Answers must be in by the 5th of November.

OCTOBER PUZZLES.

1.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

- A vowel.
A covering for the head.
A painter's frame.
A number.
A consonant.

2.

POETICAL PL.

Eth ghetish yb targe emn herdace dan pekt,
Rewe ton tibanode yb dunsed glifh,
Tub yeth, hewil cirth onionscamp pelts,
Erew giltion wrapud ni het thing.

3.

CHARADES.

Each of the following name a county in Ontario:

1. Rind.
2. A nickname; an assembly.
3. An animal; a we ght.
4. A male bovine; to wade through.

4.

SQUARE WORD.

- A direction.
Always.
To wither.
A natural shade.

5.

CROSS WORD.

- In nuisance, not in pest;
In quiet, not in rest;
In east, but not in west;
In good, but not in best;
In trial, not in test;
In search, but not in quest;
In coat, but not in vest.

One of the wonders of the American continent.

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLES'

1. Enigma:—Croquet.

2. Square word:

R O M E
O D E R
M E S S
E R S T

3. 11½.

4. Charade:—Both-well.

5. Arithmetical puzzle:—Ea-gl-a.

Telling Fortunes.

I'll tell you two fortunes, my fine little lad,
For you to accept or refuse;
The one of them good, the other one bad—
Now hear them and say which you choose.

I see by my gifts within reach of your hand,
A fortune right fair to behold;
A house and a hundred good acres of land,
With harvest fields yellow as gold.

I see a great orchard, with boughs hanging down
With apples, russet and red;
I see droves of cattle, some white and some brown,
But all of them sleek and well fed.

I see droves of swallows about the barn-door;
See the fanning mill whirling so fast;
I see the men threshing out wheat on the floor—
And now the bright picture has passed,

And I see rising dismally up in the place
Of the beautiful house and the land,
A man with a fire-red nose on his face
And a little brown jug in his hand!

Oh, if you beheld him, my lad, you would wish
That he were less wretched to see;
For his boot toes they gape like the mouth of a fish,
And his trousers are out at the knee.

In walking he staggers now this way, now that,
And his eyes they stand out like a bug's,
And he wears an old coat and a battered-in hat,
And I think that the fault is the jug's.

For the text says the drunkard shall come to be poor,
And that drowsiness clothes men with rage,
And he doesn't look much like a man, I am sure,
Who has honest hard cash in his bags.

Now, which will you have? To be thrifty and snug,
And to be right side up with your dish,
Or to go with your eyes like the eyes of a bug,
And your shoes like the mouth of a fish?

—Alice Cary.

An Imprisoned Owl.

The owner of a large farm not far from Lancaster had an opportunity in the early summer of witnessing how an interloper is punished by the martin species of birds. A pair of martins had taken possession of a small box, and were building their nest. One day, while they were absent, a screech-owl took possession of the box, and when the martins came home at night would not let them enter. The smaller birds were puzzled for a while, and in a short time flew away, seemingly giving up the fight. But if the owl was of this opinion, he was sadly mistaken, for in a short time the little ones returned, bringing with them a whole army of their companions, who at once set to work, and, procuring mud, they plastered up the entrance to the box. They then all flew away. In a few days the box was examined, and the owl was found dead.—Chatterbox.

The Moss Rose.

The angel who takes care of the flowers, and sprinkles upon them a dew in the still night, slumbered on a spring day in the shade of a rosebush. When he awoke he said:

"Most beautiful of my children, I thank thee for thy refreshing odor and cooling shade. Could you now ask any favor, how willingly would I grant it."

"Adorn me then with a new charm," said the spirit of the rosebush, in a beseeching tone.

So the angel adorned the loveliest of flowers with simple moss. Sweetly it stood there in its modest attire, the moss rose, the most beautiful of its kind.]

Those who are always busy rarely achieve anything; they haven't time.