

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

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

The Baby.

O, this is the way the baby came :
 Out of the night as comes the dawn ;
 Out of the embers as the flame ;
 Out of the bud the blossom on
 The apple-bough that blooms the same
 As in glad summers dead and gone—
 With a grace and beauty none could name.
 O this is the way the baby came.

And this is the way the baby 'woke :
 As when in deepest drops of dew
 The shine and shadows sink and soak,
 The sweet eyes glimmered through and through,
 And eddyings and dimples broke
 About the lips, and no one knew
 Or could divine the words they spoke
 And this is the way the baby 'woke.

And this is the way the baby slept ;
 A mist of tresses backward thrown
 By quivering sighs where kisses crept
 With yearnings she had never known.
 The little hands were closely kept
 About a lily newly blown—
 And God was with her. And we wept—
 And this is the way the baby slept.

Force of Character.

A St. Louis gentleman said the other day: "Joseph Pulitzer, the editor of the *St. Louis Dispatch*, is as remarkable for his ability as a writer as a financier. He is only thirty-five and is the principal owner of the paper that clears over a \$1,000 a week. Then just think how great the success is. Pulitzer came to the country a green lad when he was fifteen. He was first a stoker on a Mississippi River steamboat. While learning our language and acquiring a foothold he did nearly everything. Once when he was penniless in St. Louis during the great cholera year he obtained the job of digging the graves and burying the dead cholera patients. It was difficult to obtain men with courage enough for such a dreadful task. Pulitzer worked all through that terrible season and cholera passed him by. He did not fear it and so he escaped. Then, again, by another strange turn he wore the livery of a coachman, and drove the carriage of a man who still lives in St. Louis. This all illustrates the force of character and ability of the man who has in a few short years accomplished so much. He is so much too lively and vigorous for sleepy old St. Louis."

The Novel-Reading Disease.

Physicians are familiar with a complaint which, although sufficiently specific, has yet no name of its own. The patient suffers from an alarming and morbid thirst, and consumes a perfectly fabulous amount of fluid, almost always of an unwholesome nature. Tea, in a highly diluted shape, raspberry vinegar and water, soda-water, or some other abominable mess, is taken by the gallon, and the unnatural craving is stimulated by indulgence. Wholesome food is refused; no exercise is taken; and the patient finally sinks into a flabby and sickly condition, which nothing but severe and determined treatment will shake off. This dropsical habit or body finds its analogue in the species of mental dropsy which is produced by over-indulgence in three-volumed novels. This terrible complaint is one of the worst evils which modern civilization has brought with it. Its progress is gradual, very insidious, and often almost imperceptible. At first all that is noticed is that the sufferer is apt to be found bent over a novel at unusual hours. Soon, however, the disease becomes more pronounced, and in its worst stage novels are read through at the rate of three or four, or even five, a week, or, at an average, in a severe and chronic case, of some two hundred and fifty, or three hundred a year.—*Good Health.*

OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

Our young friends who take an interest in the puzzle column, are sending fewer letters since we have begun to make the puzzles a little more difficult. This month very few have answered them all. The prize has been awarded to Ruth Jane Stevens, Kirkdale, Que.

Correct answers have also been received from Annie Bailey, Windsor; Rowena T. Bull, Amherstburg; Josie Abel, Windsor; Clara Williams, Windsor; Mary Wilson, Toronto; Bertie, Brooklyn, N. Y.; George H., Toronto; and Walter James, Sarnia.

A similar prize of a handsomely bound story book, will be given to the one sending the best set of answers to the puzzles in this number before July 5th.

JUNE PUZZLES.

1.

SQUARE WORD.

Public Report.
 A man of ancient times.
 Masculine.
 An Ostrich.

2.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant.
 A brightness.
 The musical scale.
 A sort of bed.
 A clump of trees.
 Congealed water.
 A consonant.

3.

HIDDEN TOWNS

He whom you dub Link, you should call Lincoln.
 He will imagine you very good, if you act so.
 Give me high art for delight of the best kind.
 You should not quit old friends so abruptly.

4.

CHARADE.

Three syllables compose my whole,
 Which find you easily can,
 If you will take a word which means
 To have gone past a man.
 And add to this an article,
 Which used by all will be,
 And follow it by the first part,
 Of everything you see.
 My whole when you have rightly placed,
 Together with some care,
 A form in rhetoric you'll have,
 Both common and most rare.

ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLES.

1. Square word:—D R A G
 R O V E
 A Y O N
 G E N T
2. Diamond puzzle:—R
 B E D
 L E A R N
 R E A D I N G
 B R I N E
 O N E
 G
3. Double Acrostic:—D R U M
 O H I O
 M O R N
 I N S T
 N E A R
 I D L E
 O M E G A
 N U L L
4. Enigma:—Cuckoo.