

You'll then see me lay, just ready for tillage;
Twice more behead, you'll then see at length
That I clearly denote to be of some strength;
Now transpose me, and then you will quickly find
My end was the first of my sort in mankind.
—PUZZLE BOY.

110.—Whole, I am a purchaser; behead, and I am a wanderer; behead again, and I am on the other side; transpose my remainder, and I indicate a minister of the Gospel. —J. E. L.

111.—ENIGMA.

What every man prefers to life,
Fears more than death or deadly strife,
What the contented man deserves,
The poor man has, the rich require,
The miser spends, the spendthrift saves,
And all men carry to the grave.

—NORA.

112.—When my mood is soft I go through the land,
And the leaves by me are gently fanned;
I waft the scent of the flowers around,
Till the perfume seems to rise from the ground.
The sailor sings gaily the li-elong day,
As I send the bark on her homeward way;
With studding-sails set she glides o'er the foam,
Each moment I am bringing her nearer his home;
And his heart is light, for he's getting near.
To all on earth he holds most dear.
But I am changed: There's a darkening cloud on high,
And from it a spirit of evil I fly;
I stir up the waves, and laugh with glee
As the ship goes down in the depths of the sea;
Then I rush to the land, and the beautiful flowers
Are things of the past like the vanished hours;
I tear up the trees and where I go
I carry nought but destruction and woe;
These softening down, a dirge I roam
As I wander around the sailor's home;
And the watchers within grow pale with fear
As my wild, mournful cadence they chance to hear,
Till soon with remorse I burst forth amain
And turn to my work of destruction again.
—EDMUND.

113.—GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.



114.—ANAGRAMS.

- Names of flowers.
1. Waste them, Willie.
2. Eat coal, Charlie.
3. Catherine's hat.
4. The King's a victor.
5. Cannot hear it.
6. Ha! love till ye fly.

Answers to August Puzzles.

- 99—Constancy. 99—Lighthouse.
91.—Away, away, your flattering arts
May now betray some simpler hearts.
And you will smile at their believing,
And they shall weep at your deceiving.
92—Tiptown. 93—A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. 94—Matrimony. 95—An unsullied reputation.
96.—Of all the papers that go the rounds,
The FARMER'S ADVOCATE them crowns.
For farmers, house-keepers, children and all,
When they get it they never think
Of scolding, drinking tea or playing ball.
97—
CAP
CAPOT
CAPTAIN
PEACH
SIS
N
98—Croquet. 99—Pen-man-ship. 100—Ingersoll. 101—Salem, Troy, Erie, Endor.
102—
1. Chaste, haste, seat,
2. Wheat, heat, eat,
3. Skate, Kate, etc.

Names of Those Who Have Sent In Correct Answers to August Puzzles.

E. Elliott, Edward A. Binker, Pasty Bolivar, A. J. Taylor, James H. Cross, J. E. Lovekin, Eliza Shier, W. Broughton, M. Rankin, Edith H. Cutlin, Eleanor West, M. Winbiler, J. Shore, G. McKenzie, S. J. Hall, M. Davie, J. Winlow, Isaac Billington, John Bell, W. J. Brown, Andrew Spencer, Stephen Smythe, J. Dart, Henry Smyington, J. M. Taylor, G. E. Enigh, Janet Hartley, Sarah J. Sharpe, James McKim, Robt. Wilson, Isaac Lawrence, A. Hall, Thos. Reynolds, S. Scott, Mrs. McC. Minnie Clash, Jessie Dawson, Jane Winland.

Our Young Friends at the Centennial.

DEAR UNCLE TOM,—The pleasure evinced by you in hearing of the "doings" of your nephews and nieces prompts this epistle. The subject of it is, "A three weeks' visit to the Centennial and seaside."

I left Toronto at 2 p.m., by boat, for Lewiston, situated on the Niagara River, six miles from Lake Ontario, passing on our route old Niagara Fort, and Brock's Monument, on Queenston Heights; thence from Lewiston to Suspension Bridge by rail. The track runs close to the river, in some places within two feet of it. The bank is almost perpendicular, and about 40 feet below the wild, impetuous water is rushing along. The scene was too much for our timid passengers, who speedily moved from the river side of the car; indeed, it tested the nerves of some of the strongest. At Suspension Bridge I procured a return ticket to New York, costing \$9 in greenbacks. About Niagara Falls I will keep silent; every Canadian has seen them, or should have ere this. We reached Buffalo at 6 p.m., and left at 7.30, taking a sleeping berth to New York. Passengers should arrange their tour so as to leave Buffalo at night; then they have daylight for the finest scenery on the route. What kind of country we passed through till we reached Susquehanna, I'll never tell you, for sleep made me unconscious of the landscape we were passing through. From Susquehanna till near New York the scenery was grand. Its diversity, picturesqueness, and beauty eclipses anything I ever saw. Every short distance something new presents itself, and the eyes enjoy a continuous feast of natural scenery. The country is very mountainous; the tops of some of them cannot be seen from the car window, resembling I presume, somewhat the Highlands of Scotland. Looking out of the end window of the train, it would surprise you to see the sharp curves the railroad makes. For miles it follows the Delaware River, and one could scarcely conceive it possible to run a train safely over such a winding track. Jersey City was reached at noon. I then crossed the Hudson to New York, and spent several hours in it, promenading "down Broadway," up to some of the parks, and "bobbing round" the city. This is certainly the American Metropolis. The traffic on the streets is really astonishing. Sometimes it comes to a "dead lock," so great is it that they have railroads built in the air on truss work to convey passengers; and nothing strikes a foreigner so much as the street railway overhead. The city was gaily decorated for the 4th; the streets exhibiting, as far as the eye could reach, a profusion of bunting, streamers, banners, and flags of every nationality—the Stars and Stripes predominating. The shipping is enormous; vessels are constantly plying to and fro. There is more "life" and bustle in New York than in Philadelphia with its World's Fair. I re-crossed the river to Jersey City at 7.30 p.m., paid \$5 for a return ticket to Philadelphia, and very shortly we were steaming through the State of New Jersey, reaching the Quaker City at 11 p.m., on July 3rd.

I arrived in Philadelphia in time to see the ushering in of the 4th of July. The people seemed to have gone crazy. Old gray-haired men were skipping round like children, with small American flags in their hands, unable to contain themselves. Enthusiasm was at its height. Bells were ringing, guns firing, bands playing, fireworks illuminated the sky, and the whole city was on the *qui vive*. A grand procession, carrying illuminated banners (representing every nationality) marched through the streets, together with blacksmiths, shoemakers, and others, working at their different trades as they passed in line, forming the grandest pageant ever witnessed. But the ceremonies in observance of the American Centennial were more appropriately observed on the 4th of July. The central attraction was at Independence Hall, where, one hundred years before, the Declaration of Independence had been proclaimed. In this Hall the first Congress met; the chair and desk, used by George Washington, life-sized portraits of former Presidents, and other objects of interest may be seen. In the rear of Independence Hall was erected a platform seating 4000 invited guests, neatly decorated with the national colors. A special stand had been built for the grand orchestra and chorus; and when all were seated, the scintillating glintings of sunlight along the polished surfaces of 250 instruments, the gradually ascending rows of 1200 singers artistically grouped on the stand, formed a picture which well supplemented the brilliant scene near the historic walls of the Old State House. And when the grand opening overture was

announced (founded on the national air "Hail Columbia") the orchestra answered with a flood of the richest harmony. This sent the patriotic blood coursing through every heart, and each measured bar of the national hymn, found responses in every soul. After prayer, and a few speeches, the song "Welcome to all Nations" sung by a chorus of 1200 voices, accompanied by the full orchestra rose to the skies in one glorious pean. Every note could be heard as distinctly as though rung out from some mighty bell, and as the tones rose and swelled with the tune the very air seemed to tremble with musical sweetness. After some speech-making a procession was formed, the U. S. army, trades' unions, societies, and workmen of all kinds taking part in it. But the grand finale was the display of fireworks at night. It was one of the best pyrotechnic exhibitions ever witnessed on the continent. The heavens were made resplendent with a grand profusion of fire-balloons, pyric bouquets, signal rockets, fusillade of bombs, (dropping ruby, purple, emerald, sapphire, gold and silver stars;) then a pyric piece representing Washington, surrounded by American flags, and the representation of the Old Liberty Bell, concluding with an immense pyric temple, giving an allegorical representation of the rise and progress of America. These lighted up the park like the noon-day sun. But I must stop here, and tell you a little about

THE CENTENNIAL.—It is situated on beautiful lofty ground, overlooking the Schuylkill River. A more suitable location could not be found. In the centre is a delightful retreat, appropriately called the "Hunter's Camp." There is nothing artificial about it like other parks, it is just as nature formed it. With nice shade trees, fine living springs, &c.; it is a pleasant place to rest. The squirrels scamper here and there, and on every side your ears are greeted with notes from those noble choristers of nature's great cathedral. To increase the pleasure, a splendid brass band performs in the afternoon. Every convenience is to be found here. For 3 cents you can travel on the cars round the entire grounds. Rolling-chairs can be had cheap, in which you may take your "sweetheart" through the different buildings, seated as comfortably as if occupying the old arm chair at home. Across the valley, called "The Hunter's Camp," a railway extends to carry passengers, fare 3 cents, thus saving the fatigue of an up-and-down-hill journey. A number of statues, busts, beautiful fountains, &c., are interspersed through the grounds. One New York druggist has a miniature Cologne water fountain in the Main Building, which perfumes the edifice, as well as thousands of pocket handkerchiefs passed under its spray by visitors. In the buildings, seats are placed here and there, and refreshment rooms, toilets, &c., are quite convenient. Caretakers are found in every alley, obliging, and ready to give information—or put you in the lock-up if you don't behave yourself. There is a complete fire brigade, fully equipped, and ready for action, on a moment's notice.

So much for the outside show, but to describe the inside one is impossible. When you enter the Main Building, the eye catches some attractive object; then one more beautiful; another grander, and so on through a succession of wonders, until the end of the building is reached (this took me only two days). When finished, you have a confused or mixed idea of having seen everything, and nothing definite about anything. But after leaving the Centennial and observing different objects, probably in your own village, it recalls to your memory what you have seen there, and makes you a more competent judge between the excellent and the inferior, for everything here is the best that human art can devise; and no one can visit the Exhibition, I care not what business he follows, without being benefitted by what he has seen.

Machinery Hall is an interesting building to go through. All kinds of machinery is there in operation. Everything is made in it, from "a needle to an anchor." Looms and printing presses take up a large part of the building, and are quite an attraction, especially the latter. Glass blowers are at work here, and draw hosts of on-lookers. The Agricultural Hall exhibit is especially good, and in the Horticultural Hall is to be found tropical plants, fruits and flowers of every variety. But the Art Gallery is the crowning feature of all. Here the work of the great masters in painting, sculpture, mosaic work, &c., is to be seen in perfection. Connoisseurs pronounce it to be the best exhibit ever made in the world. Imagination can not conceive of how life-like marble can be made to appear. You can almost fancy them breathing, so true are they to nature. In fact, one figure,

made by signs of life to be rem the window forms quite alone is wor The who here. TH Russian, P man, Fren and color-products, a nationalitie food for a Moors (from their nativ

Visitors hands sho ated 100 m Ocean. A return tick lightful ex Bay; espec But I must ing my ren ters" for a Toronto [N. B.— too late fo

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