

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

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

OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

This month the competition for the prize was almost as close as last. The prize has been awarded to Bertha Miller, Walkerville. For the best set of answers in this number we will give a similar prize, a handsomely-bound story-book.

Correct answers have been received from Mary Sheppard, Berlin; Delie Sawyer, Huntley; Bertha M. Shoults, Parkhill; Bertie John Emery, London; Minnie Mulveney, Parkhill; Hannah Kinnisten, Parkhill; Jessie Johnston, Stratford; John E. Gow, Windsor; Ellen Ralph, Goderich; Willie Nixon, Arva; Ida Craig, Walkerton; Walter Smith, Montreal; George Jackson, Toronto; and W. P. Wells, Ottawa.

Communications for this column must be in by the fifth of December.

Any of our Correspondents wishing to canvass for subscribers for the FAMILY CIRCLE will have an outfit sent free with terms to agents if they will state a wish to that effect in their next letter.

NOVEMBER PUZZLES.

1

SQUARE WORD.

- A coin.
- Always.
- The name of a cruel man.
- An ancient city.

2

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

- A consonant.
- A color.
- A distinguishing mark.
- Perusing.
- Salt water.
- A number.
- A consonant.

3

CHARADES.

A piece of iron and a preposition gives a town in Lancashire.

A cunning animal and an article of apparel gives a plant.

4

REBUS.

G
A night L
E

ANSWERS TO OCTOBER PUZZLES.

1. Diamond puzzle:— E

H A T
E A S E L
T E N
L

2. Poetical P:—

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not obtained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

3. Charades:— 1. Peel -

- 2. Simcoe
- 3. Lambton
- 4. Oxford

4. Square word:— W E S T

E V E R
S E R E
T R E E

5. Cross word:—Niagara.

A Kiss for Mamma.

The car was all ready, the aeronaut saying
A few last words ere he sailed away
To the far, blue sky where the sunbeams straying,
Made perfect the glorious summer day;
While thousands and thousands were gathering nigh,
To wish him good journey, and bid him good-bye.

A wee little maid with her sunny hair falling
Back from her beautiful, childish brow,
Sprang away from her nurse, her baby voice calling:
"And p'ease Mr. Man may I doe now?
I want to doe up wiv 'oo in 'e sky,
To find my own mamma, and tiss 'er dood-bye."

He kissed the sweet face, while the tear-drops were
shining

On many a cheek that was hardened with care;
He unclasped the arms 'round his neck fondly twin-
ing,

And sailed from the little one standing there;
But a clear voice rose to him clear and free,
"Tell mamma I's dood girl, an' tis 'er for me!"

[Author of "Curfew must not ring to-night," in *Wide Awake* for November.

A Cat that Takes its Ride.

It seems to me from the many articles I meet with in scientific journals, as well as in the general press, and from my own observations too, that the cat family are constantly growing in the general estimation in the high qualities of sagacity and affection. In fact, I believe, they stand better than they did forty years ago—all the oburgation of Mrs Swissheim, the champion cat-hater, to the contrary, notwithstanding. Here is our "Nig" for instance, manifesting a trait altogether new, as it seems to me—in this: He likes to ride as well as a coach dog. He cries almost every day to ride to town in the buggy, and is always ready to go out with the team when we are hauling in hay or grain or husking corn, provided he can ride. If one will hold him in his arms he also delights to ride on horseback. His pleasure is manifested in a remarkable degree whenever he is allowed the luxury of a ride, either in any kind of a vehicle or on horseback, and his cries are altogether pitiful when he is told he cannot go. This singular habit seems to have been a natural one with him, for he never had any special training in that direction. While cats are ordinarily frightened out of their wits by any attempt to give them such a ride, "Nig" is never so happy as when he is thus indulged.—*American Naturalist*.

The Moon Running Away.

The little occurrence mentioned here in the girlhood of Mary Somerville, the celebrated astronomer and mathematician, may not have determined her career, but it is interesting: One of her first recollections was of an evening when, as her little brother Samuel lay playing upon the floor, he suddenly jumped up, crying, "O, mamma, there's the moon running away!" while every one hastened to the door to watch the fiery course of the celebrated meteor in 1783. She always remembered the wondering exclamations, how frightened people were, and how they said that this trailing light was sent as a warning that something dreadful was about to happen.

Some Scotch people are very superstitious, and in those days few understood the laws governing the heavens, and it was left for timid little Mary to grow up and teach the world many, many things, which they never could have learned for themselves, about the fulness of the heavens and the earth.

There was a small boy of Tokay,
Who built his snow forts every day;
But when he heard talk
Of shoveling the walk,
'Tis said that he fainted away.

—*Wide-Awake*.