#### A NICE IDEA.

A friend has sent me a copy of a magazine which is published in the interest of the "Shut-in Society." This means the great society of invalids who, from various causes of sickness or lameness, are compelled to give up the pleasure of going out as we do to find our pleasures.

## HERE IS THE GOLD WATCH.

It looks a beauty. Does it not? It is for the young Canadian who sends me the largest number of subscribers on the First of July—Dominion Day. Not a day is to be lost. Make up your mind about the number you will secure every day, and do not let the sun go down till you have got them. Every week send



in your names and addresses, with the money by P. O. Order or Registered Letter. It will all be entered to your name, and kept till the final day. My object in asking you to send them every week is that the new subscribers may get The Young Canadian at once.

THE EDITOR.



### YOUNG CANADIAN TANGLES.

Answers to Tangles.

WILD FLOWER TANGLE-2.

No. 10.

SQUARE.

Rumex.

Grape.

Apple.

Apple.

Salix.

No. 10.

### No. 11.

- 3. -- LEGENDARY TANGLE OF WILD FLOWERS.
- ı. Snow-drop.
- 6. Rose-yellow.
- 2. Twin-flower.
- 7. Elder.
- 3. Lily.
- 8. Narcissus.
- 4. Aspen.
- 9. Cashew.
- 5. Witch-hazel.
- 10. Epigea,

Trailing Arbutus.

My whole--St. Lawrence.

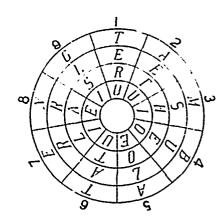
### TANGLE No. 12.

PUZZLET.

B o D

The above forms a sentence of nine words, and describes what Capt. Stairs once saw in the very heart of Africa, much to his amazement.

# TANGLE No. 13.



This puzzle is on the system of a "combination" lock. Supply a letter for the central or innermost circle; then turn each of the outer circles, so that spelling from the circumference to the centre they will name—

- 1. A town in France.
- 5. A Russian Lake.
- 2. A town in Africa.
- 6. A town in India.
- A town in Holland.
   A town in Italy.
- 7. A town in Austria.8. A town in Scotland.
- 9. A town in Norway.

It is almost impossible for a Frenchman to write such bad prose as an Englishman writes easily and with joy; and though there is a strange characteristic about very bad poetry which makes all nations of the earth akin, I am not quite sure that an Englishman can write it quite so badly, with a badness so little relieved by mere absurdity, so little dependent upon technical faults, so sheerly, purely, hopelessly bad, as that which comes naturally to some Frenchmen.