

"Well, and you won't pay him more than an hour and a half, madame?"
 "Not a single solitary moment more than an hour and a half."

The stranger reflected a moment, and then said, severely, "Well, settle it between yourselves; it is none of my business," and walked rapidly away.

Address to Young Men.

Young man, what are you living for? Have you an object to your life, and without the attainment of which you feel that your life will have been a wide, shoreless waste of shadow, peopled by the spectres of dead ambition? You can take your choice in the great battle of life, whether you will bristle up and win a deathless name and owe almost everybody, or be satisfied with scars and mediocrity. Many of those who now stand at the head of the nation as statesmen and logicians were once unknown, unhonored and unsung. Now, they see the air in the halls of Congress and their names are plastered on the temples of fame. You can win some laurels, too, if you will brace up and secure them when they are ripe. Daniel Webster and James A. Garfield and George Eliot were all, at one time, poor boys. They had to start at the foot of the ladder, and toil upward. They struggled against poverty and public opinion bravely until they won a name the annals of history and secured their loved ones palatial homes with many lightning rods and mortgages on them. So may you if you try. All these things are within your reach. Live temperately on nine dollars a month. That's the way we got our start. Burn the midnight oil if necessary. Get some true, noble-minded young lady of your acquaintance to assist you. Tell her of your troubles and she will tell you what to do. She will gladly advise you. Then you can marry her, and she will advise you some more. After that she will lay aside her work any time to advise you. You needn't be out of advice at all unless you want to. She, too, will tell you when you have made a mistake. She will come to you frankly and acknowledge that you have made a jackass of yourself. As she gets more acquainted with you she will be more candid with you, and in her studied, girlish way, she will point out your errors, and gradually convince you, with an old chair leg and other arguments, that you were wrong, and your past life will come up before you like a panorama, and you will tell her so, and she will let you up again. Life is indeed a mighty struggle. It is business. We can't all be editors, and lounge around all the time and wear good clothes and have our names in the papers and draw a princely salary. Some one must do the work and drudgery of life or it won't be done.—*Bill Nye.*

An Ornament to the Profession.

A student applied the other day to one of the district courts for admission to practice, and an examination committee of one was appointed by the judge to ascertain his qualifications. The examination began with: "Do you smoke, sir?" "I do, sir!" "Have you a spare cigar?" "Yes." "Now, sir, what is the first duty of a lawyer?" "To collect fees." "Right. What is the second?" "To increase the number of his clients." "When does your position towards your client change?" "When making a bill of costs." "Explain." "We are then antagonistic. I assume the character of plaintiff and he becomes the defendant." "A suit decided, how do you stand with the lawyer conducting the other side?" "Check, by jowl." "Enough, sir: you promise to become an ornament to your profession, and I wish you success. Now, are you aware of the duty you owe me?" "Perfectly." "Describe it?" "It is to invite you to drink." "But suppose I decline?" Candidate scratches his head. "There is no instance of the kind on record in the books." "You are right; and the confidence with which you make the assertion shows you have read the law attentively. Let's take a drink, and I'll sign your certificate."

Pestered with "contributions in verse" from a persistent rhymester till his patience gave out, an American editor wrote to his correspondent thus:—"If you don't stop sending me your sloppy poetry, I'll print a piece of it some day, with your name appended in full, and send a copy to your sweetheart's father." That poetical fountain was spontaneously dried up.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

We must thank the girls and boys for their labors in studying out the puzzles and sending along their answers. But we want more yet, a number who sent last month and the month before have dropped off the list and new ones are writing to us. We want all our young friends to show their interest by writing us more letters and sending all the answers they can get. The prize this month has been awarded to George H., Toronto.

For the best set of answers to the puzzles in this number we will give an interesting story book; beautifully bound. Answers must be in by the 8th of July.

Correct answers have been received from J. R., Kingston; James A. Wilson, Walkerton; Hattie Jones, Ealing; Annie Emery, London; W. C., London; Jennie Thomas, Montreal; "Bertie" Brooklyn; Henry Watts, Hamilton; Fred Wilson, Sarnia, and a correspondent, in Stratford, who forgot to sign his or her name.

JUNE PUZZLES.

1.

SQUARE WORD.
 A covering.
 A sign.
 To remedy.
 Final parts.

2.

RIDDLE.

There was a man of Adam's race
 Who had a certain dwelling place,
 He had a roof well covered o'er,
 Where no man dwelt since nor before
 It was not built by human art,
 Nor brick, nor lime, in any part;
 Nor wood, nor nails, nor stone, nor kiln,
 But curiously was wrought within.
 'Twas not in Heaven nor yet in hell,
 Nor on the earth where mortals dwell.
 Now, if you know this man of fame,
 Tell where he lived and what's his name.

3.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of eight letters.
 My G, 2, 3, S is nothing.
 My 1, 5, 4, 8 is to yield.
 My 3, 2, 7, 8 is a part of the face.
 My S, 3, 4 is the conclusion.
 My whole is to compress.

—W. C.

4.

EASY SQUARE WORDS.

1.

A fallen tree
 A product of mines
 To obtain.

2.

An individual
 A liquor
 Woven wires or thread.

ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLES.

1. Square Word:—L A C K
 A V O N
 C O V E
 K N E E
2. I. Decapitation:—House, ouse, use. II. Shall, hall, all.
3. Diamond puzzle:—
 T
 S O T
 S T R U T
 T O R O N T O
 R E N T S
 A T E
 O
4. Charade:—King-Stone.
5. Enigma:—Longfellow.