

The Young Canadian

IS A HIGH-CLASS ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF CANADA.

ITS AIM

Is to foster a national pride in Canadian progress, history, manufactures, science, literature, art, and politics; to draw the young people of the Provinces closer together; and to inspire them with a sense of the sacred and responsible duties they owe to their native country.

ITS FEATURES

Are Original Literary and Artistic Matter; Fine Paper; Clear Type; Topics of the Day at Home and Abroad; Illustrated Descriptions of our Industries and of our Public Works; Departments in History, Botany, Entomology, etc., with prizes to encourage excellence; a Reading Club, for guidance in books for the young, an invaluable help to families where access to libraries is uncertain; a Post Bag of questions and answers on everything that interests the young; and a means of providing for the people of the Dominion a thoroughly high-class Magazine of Canadian aim, Canadian interest, and Canadian sentiment.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

Is Two Dollars per annum, in advance, with reduced rates for clubs of ten and twenty. Subscriptions may commence at any time. Money should be sent by P. O. Order or Bank Cheque.

A LIMITED SPACE

Is allotted for high-class advertisements, and as The Young Canadian is the only young peoples' Magazine in Canada, it is the most direct means of reaching their eye and ear.

Address:

THE YOUNG CANADIAN CO.,

BOX 1896.

MONTREAL.



HER MAJESTY'S MAIL.

The postman rings our bell. We jump. We run. He is welcome. He is in a hurry. He can't wait. We get our letter, and tear it open as we speculate as to who has sent it. I wish I had time to linger over the pleasure a letter brings us. Some day soon I must. To-day, however, I want to have you ask me, not who sent it, but how you got it.

That would fill this whole number, and the printer would stare at me, as indeed he often does, when I send him twice as much as he can possibly get into sixteen pages. But we might coax him to let us have a column or so for ourselves this morning for our

POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

The Post-Master-General is at the head of it, and with him a Deputy-Head, and a host of officers of all sorts under them, secretaries, accountants, assistants, superintendents, post-masters, letter-carriers, and many others. To have any idea of what is done by them you would have to think of a great many things that you don't much care about—long rows of figures, for example, and hosts of things that would weary you. Here is one for you. Every year the Department sends letters over 25,756,678 miles. It has 7,838 post-offices, and, of course, the same number of post-masters to look after. One hundred and sixty-seven new offices were opened last year. The letters have to be arranged in bags, taken to trains and steamers, then to the next office, all sorted for delivery, and finally delivered. The officers and men, the railways and steamers, have to be paid. The mail bags and the offices have to be kept in repair. The Money-Order Office is almost a department of itself. So is the Dead-

Letter Office, as well as the Savings-Bank, the Registered-Letter Office, with millions of dollars passing through their desks every year.

There is more than letters, too, that must be looked after. In addition to books, newspapers, magazines, circulars, post-cards, and written and printed documents of endless variety and quantity, there is many an odd and curious thing that our post-office carries for us and brings to us. An absent-minded man has to send back his baggage-checks. A squaw will drop in her bead-work. We all send birth-day presents. We order a package of seeds. We forward brooches, braces, bibs, boots, tidies, clothing, cuff-buttons, drawings, photographs, false-teeth, pens, glass-eyes, ear-drums, spectacles, gloves, furs, fruit, fancy-work, medicine, laces, maple-sugar, tobacco, mocassins, mufflers, neckties, oil, feathers, pen-knives, revolvers, scarf-pins, jewellery, silver-plate, clocks, watches, and piles more, of the old-curiosity shop things people want to send or want to receive.

No trifling work, no small responsibility, is that of the Post-Office Department.

EDITOR.

Ottawa.

ANOTHER PRIZE.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

MY DEAR YOUNG READERS,—Our Wild Flower Club has taken so well, and so many gay and merry little parties of brothers, sisters and cousins have started out over the hills and through the woods in quest of specimens, that I am tempted to ask them to keep their eyes open, while they are out, for more than one kind of trophy. Peeping here and there among the grass you find a beetle. Flitting among your flowers you find a butterfly, and all around you in your evenings you see moths. Did you ever think of them? Have you examined them? Have you ever looked closely at them, or asked them how and why they came across your path?

I am sure you have. If you have not you have lost a great deal of pleasure. I want you to enjoy all you possibly can in your rambles, and to bring home everything you find that is beautiful and wonderful. I have induced a very kind friend who knows all about them to tell us where to find these curious, busy little creatures, how to bring them home, how to preserve them, and how to make a pretty young Canadian museum of them.

I know you all want him to do so. I know you will commence at once to make your butterfly net. And I can see you all start, with your lunch in your basket, and dear old Auntie or Uncle with you for your day's sport. You will have no idea of the fun you will have till you begin, and as you come home rosy with life, and health, and laughter, you will see that the old Editor was right.

I give you now his first "Talk," and to prove to you how good a friend he is to us, I may tell you that he has taken the trouble to arrange that you may each have a package of pins from the only place in Canada where you can get them. Without these pins you could not collect your specimens. You would only break and bruise them with the ordinary pin. So please send me a note with your address distinctly written, and enclosing fifteen cents in stamps, when I shall return to you one hundred pins for your collection.

Elsewhere a Prize is announced for the Wild Flowers. I now have the pleasure of whispering to you that there is going to be one in the Butterfly "Talks" as well, for the best collection at the end of the summer.