

YOUNG CANADA.

HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

Among the many places of interest best known to the average tourist in Europe, is the romantic old town of Heidelberg. Its situation and surroundings render it picturesque. Nestling among hills whose slopes are well wooded and covered with vineyards, with the swift flowing Neckar sweeping past its base the town presents an attractive appearance to the many people who ascend the Rhine and are sure to visit Heidelberg.

As is the case with most places of antiquity in Germany, many authentic and many fabulous legends cluster around the various places of interest in this famous old town. It is the seat of a renowned university, where numerous students assemble, some to study with diligence, others to waste precious time in the frolics common to the Burschen of all German universities. Some of the most learned professors have shed lustre on the famous university of Heidelberg.

Every visitor to this quiet old town is sure to visit the Castle, an engraving of which appears

picture gallery, where the portraits of long forgotten occupants look grimly down upon the many visitors who find their way to this historic pile. The great promenade is much frequented by the citizens, and the outlines of the massive octagonal tower is a conspicuous object. The town built under the shadow of the castle is in harmony with the living present; the massive old ruin testifies of the vanished part.

JACKO AND POLLY.

The great fun was to watch her and Jacko in their contests for the upper perch. Polly, having taken her tiffin, was disposed for an afternoon nap, and she accordingly commenced to mount the rope ladder, but Jacko immediately set up a chatter, savagely showing his teeth meanwhile, and shaking the rope violently to impede the movements of Polly. In spite of this, up she goes steadily, hand over hand, nearer to the coveted perch, on which sits the monkey in a boiling passion, and trembling with excitement. Holding on by his tail and hind legs, he now attempts to get hold of Polly, but she snaps at his hands

rope ladder, down which her stealthy enemy slipped like a serpent, and making a snatch, caught her by the base of her tail. At that moment a well-directed branch of bananas from me hit him in the chest, and down he came, whereupon Polly seized him by the fleshy part of the lower arm, and bit it through. This was a lesson which he never forgot, and although his devilment compelled him to annoy Polly as a source of fun, still he grew to respect if he did not love her.

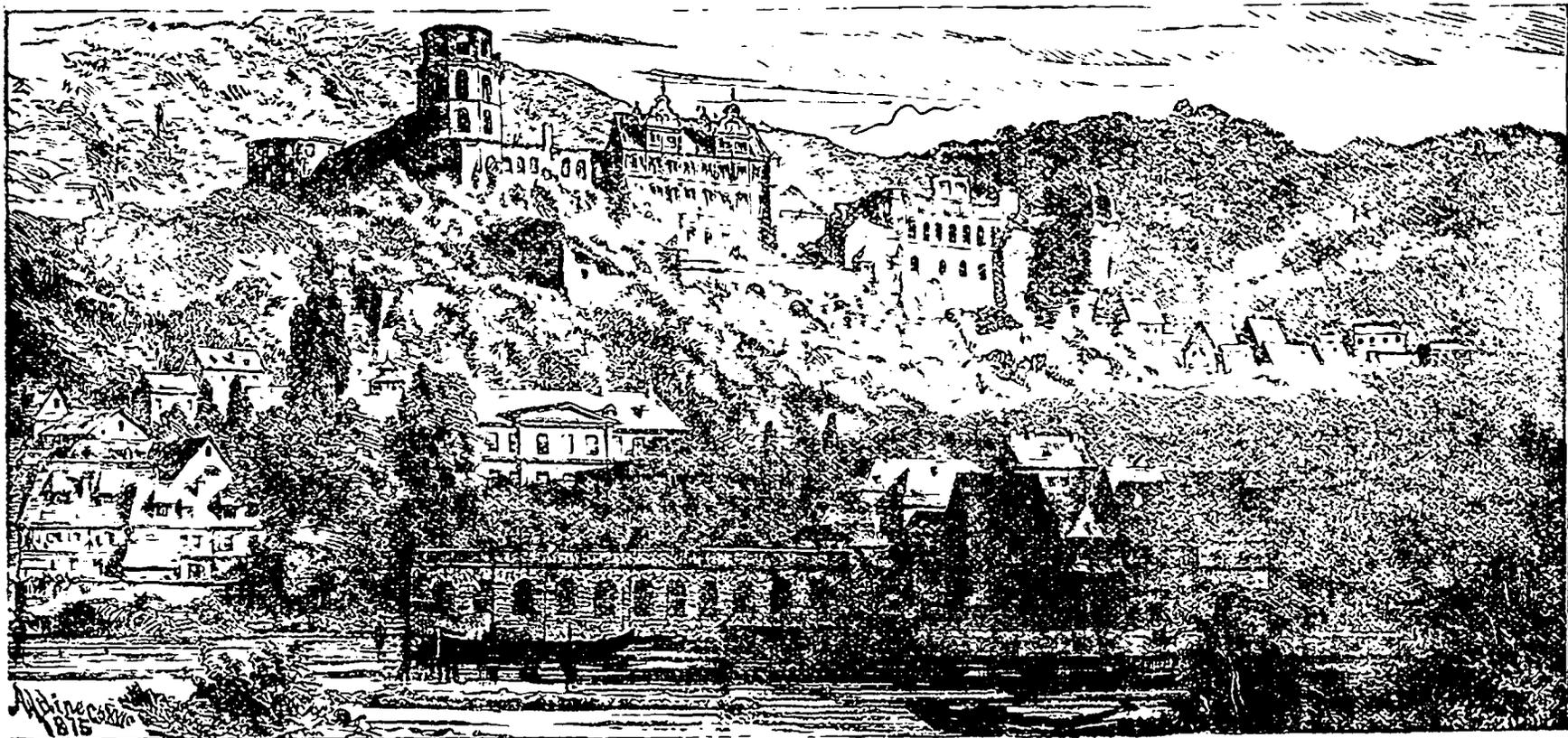
SOME QUEER ANTS.

"What would you think to see an ant carrying a parasol?" said Uncle Fred.

"Oh, uncle!" cried Johnny and Pass at the same time.

"You know an ant could not carry a parasol," added Pass.

Their uncle had just come home from a trip to the West Indies and South America. He had a great many wonderful stories to tell them about the queer sights he had seen. But they thought he must be joking with them now, for they could not believe that an ant could do such a thing.



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in this number. It is now only a vast ruin. Its founder, centuries ago, may not have been much influenced by the beauty of the site, when they made their selection. Strength and capability of defence were the chief requirements in those days. It was built for safety and protection. Many a time it was put to the test, in the numerous wars and the less honourable assaults of the robber barons, who lived by plunder mainly.

One of the most interesting historical associations connected with the castle of Heidelberg is, that for a time it was the house of Elector Frederick and his wife Elizabeth Stuart, grand daughter of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots and daughter of James I., of England. During their residence at Heidelberg, the castle was the scene of great and frequent festivities. Like all the members of the unfortunate race to which she belonged, after a brief season of prosperity her life was darkened by misfortune. She was chosen Queen of Bohemia, but instead of ascending the throne she was cast into a dungeon where she died broken hearted.

The part of the castle not in ruins has been fitted up by the municipality as a museum and

right and left, with a rapidity that is perfectly astounding, and presently a shriek of pain announces that her beak has drawn blood, and down drops poor Jacko like a stone, while Polly takes quiet possession of the perch, when, after repeating a few self-congratulatory notes, she dozes off as if nothing had happened. Jacko, meanwhile, sits upon his haunches examining his bite with a very rueful countenance, but a little petting from me sets him right, and a thorough examination of everything eatable and drinkable having been made, he goes regularly to work to "blow the steam off." Making the rope ladder his centre, he performs a series of splendid jumps to it from all the articles of furniture in the room, much to the disgust of Polly, and then, after a headlong rush round the apartment, he bounds up the ladder like a flash of lightning and makes a grab at Polly's tail, dropping at once to the ground, to escape the consequences of this daring act. The bird, however, was never injured by him in this way, for she watched his every movement. The only time that he ever stole a march upon her was once when she happened to be feeding in the sand tray immediately beneath the

"Well," said Uncle Fred, "their parasols were not made of silk stretched over a wire frame. They were only pieces of leaves from trees, and the ants held them in their mouths in such a way that they covered their bodies entirely. You could not see the ants at all, so the leaves looked as if they were marching along of their own accord. The first time I saw any was in the West Indies. One day, when I was riding with a friend out to his plantation, a great swarm of these ants crossed our road. We watched them a long time. It was a queer sight, I assure you. They did not travel very fast. There must have been thousands and thousands of them, for we could not see either end of the column."

"Where were they going, I wonder," said Johnny.

"They were carrying the leaves to their nests. They do not eat the leaves, but they are very fond of a fungus which grows on them after they have been a little while in their underground nests. The ants are very destructive, and do a great deal of damage. Sometimes they will cut every leaf off a tree."

"Don't we have any here?" asked Pass, who was much interested, and wished she could see some.

"No," said Uncle Fred. "We have some curious ants, but none like those I have been telling you about."—*Our Little Ones.*