

The Dominion Parliament will soon be meeting again in Ottawa. It is a busy time for the Members. The great questions which affect the whole country are discussed there, and the interests of any of the Provinces in so far as they affect those of any other Province. YOUNG CANADIANS have not been taught to bother themselves about these things. This is a great mistake. It is the duty of all our intelligent boys and girls to think a little of what is going on. No Canadian is too young to begin. Few more interesting and profitable topics of household chitchat could be reserved for our Canadian tea-tables than what is best for the country we love so well. Just think of our great Sir John, or our great Mr. Laurier, with perhaps Lady Stanley listening in the Gallery, as they tell Parliament that the sharp eyes of a million YOUNG CANADIANS are watching everything, and that at a million Canadian firesides all public words and deeds shall be praised and imitated. Nothing will be a greater reward to our Parliaments than their approval, as we are sure nothing can be a greater disappointment than their disapproval.

AN item of Dominion News for the week, which is of peculiar interest to our young people, is the advent of a Magazine of their own, all for themselves—their very own selves. It could choose no better time of year to come, and in presenting itself among the other inviting treasures of the happy Christmas-Tide, it does so with its very warmest and heartiest

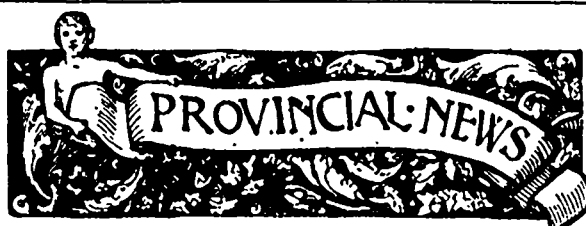
GREETINGS FOR THE NEW YEAR!

That we have now a Magazine of our own is, indeed, for Canada a veritable New Year; and, dear readers, you must see for yourselves that we mean to make it a happy one. The remaining winter months will find us busy in making our departments each more attractive than the other with help in your lessons; advice in your work; stories for your leisure; games for your evenings; what to read; how to dress; how to keep well; where to go for your holidays; how to make home happy; how to make one dollar go as far as two; how to make your country proud of you; and, eventually, if you will, how to become the first man and the first woman in the land.

We have never had a Magazine of our own, and it is quite time that we had. We have writers and illustrators equal to any in the world. We have material within our own domain, from history and from the life, which, for the romantic and picturesque, is unapproached by any other country. We have Sir Walter Scotts, and Shakespeares, and Faradays, and Herschels, burning to announce themselves, restless for the field, panting for the chase, impatient to be off; and we have a host of rosy, valiant, and intelligent young readers waiting to welcome them, to cheer them on, to applaud the competitors, to choose their favourite, and to stand by their country for ever. Let every boy and girl in Canada join hands with us. Let them send us a card with their address for a sample copy, and it will not be the fault of THE YOUNG CANADIAN if every young Canadian has not

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

MARGARET POLSON MURRAY,
Editor-in-Chief.



QUEBEC.

OUR Legislative Chambers in the Capitals of the Provinces, like everything else, have their holidays. When the Sessions are over, and the Members have gone home, the chairs of state are covered up, the blinds are pulled down, and the little army of dust atoms can do pretty much as they please. But there is a rude awakening in store. By and bye keys clink and clash. Servants bustle about. Officials move around in all the pomp of gay uniform. Members once more arrive. Soldiers don their arms and march to their posts of guard. Guns boom. A four-in-hand carriage leaves the Government House and dashes at full speed up to the Parliament Buildings.

So it was at the beginning of the Session at Quebec, and so it was a few days ago at the close. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor stepped out of his carriage, accompanied by his Aides. Soldiers presented arms. Ministers received him with ceremony at the door. A procession was formed to the Chamber of the Legislative Council. His Honor took his seat on the Throne. Ministers and veteran soldiers stood around him, gorgeous in crimson and gold. The Sergeant-at-Arms was despatched to call the Members of Parliament to come and hear what the Governor had to say to them. Immediately they appeared, headed by the Speaker. The Speaker is the gentleman who presides or takes the chair at all debates and discussions, to see that the Members are polite to each other, and that every man has a fair chance to express his opinion.

Then came the Speech from the Throne, when His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor read a long and rather formal statement of the condition of the Province, and of what the Parliament had done in framing new laws and in improving old ones. It is the duty of all present to stand, and to listen to the Speech with great respect, after which the Members of Parliament go back to their own Chamber, and prepare to say good-bye.

The new laws that have been made, and the old ones that have been improved, receive the sanction of the Lieutenant-Governor, who, in this capacity, is acting for our own good Queen. The Speaker of the Legislative Assembly presents his Bill for Supplies, and His Honor accepts it with a routine of formality. The Bill of Supplies is the statement of the amount of money that the Government will require to govern us for the next year, and when the Governor accepts it, that means that he agrees to the Government having it.

Many distinguished ladies and gentlemen are usually present on these occasions, but the weather was so bitterly cold that few people ventured to it. Dignitaries of the Protestant and Catholic Churches were there, and it appears to be the duty of all who can to be present to express their interest in the management of the country.

The members have now gone. The Session is over. The Chairs of State are covered up. The blinds are pulled down, and the little army of dust atoms can once more do pretty much as they please.

STADACONA.