

In this case I took the liberty of writing to our author, Mr. Marquis, and he sends me a card as follows:—

KINGSTON, March 6.

My authority for stating that Vergor was wounded and captured is Francis Parkman. He says "Vergor leaped from bed and tried to run off, but was shot in the heel and captured."

Now, here are two great authorities differing, and I have not got much satisfaction to give you to your nice letter. However, I have written to my friend (I have the honour to call him friend), Dr. Parkman, and perhaps if such a great man has a moment to think of us, he may give us a line in reply.

I am delighted to know that our young Canadians in Nova Scotia are so observant. There are few letters that the postman has brought me that have pleased me more than yours. How nice it will be for me to go into the Editor this morning, when my turn comes, and say, "There is nothing escapes the eye of our young Canadians, see here." I will then read your letter, and see what the Editor says.

Meantime we are glad you liked the "Cotton Mills." I did, too, do you know. I thought that number about the best we have had yet. It was so delicious to get away down among the Sambos. I have always liked the Sambos, and, strange to say, that song about "Massa in the cold ground," and Sambo not being able to work for his tears, was one of my great favourites when I was as young as you are. I used to sing it to my own accompaniment, and you may be sure I thought myself no end of a musician.

As to "The Flour Mills," that is coming too. I see a lot of very pretty pictures in the office, but I don't know what they are all about.

The Editor told me a few days ago that our pictures are so beautiful that already three Magazines in the United States have written to know if they can purchase the cuts.

What do you think of that for our YOUNG CANADIAN?
ED. P. B.

RAT PORTAGE, ONT.

DEAR POST BAG, Thank you very much for your kind and encouraging letter to me. That essay of mine was my "maiden effort." If your letters to the rest of the unsuccessful competitors in the Historical Calendar are as kind as the one to me, you will be the most popular Canadian lady in this fair Canada of ours.

As a young Canadian I thoroughly appreciate your paper. I look forward eagerly for it every week. Every number finds something still more entertaining than the number before.

I enclose you a tiny specimen of nickel from Sudbury. I am sorry I am not able to send you a larger bit, but it is half of what was given to me.

I must not take up more of your valuable time. I wish your YOUNG CANADIAN every success and prosperity.

Yours sincerely,

F. C.

P. S. - I send you a fern from Tyne-mouth, England. I would like to know if the enclosed "tiny" specimen reaches you safely.

F. C.

MY DEAR F. C., Yes, your "tiny" specimen reached me all right, and the fern too in your nice kind letter. My time is never too valuable to write to young Canadians. It is the greatest pleasure I have. I like it the best of all the work the Editor gives me to do.

How nice of you to send me these little souvenirs! I have put them into my own cabinet. I have a beauty just made for the purpose, all full of dainty little drawers. Each drawer has a pretty little handle and a number, so that I know just where everything is. When my friends call to see me, as they sometimes do, I show them my possessions, and the fern and the little bit of nickel have already been exhibited more than once.

We are all so glad that you like our Magazine, and that you think it is improving every day. I think so, too.

Your sincere friend,

ED. P. B.

UPPER CAVENHILL.

DEAR EDITOR,—I thank you very much for the nice pencils you sent us—it was very kind of you to get a special prize for us. I had no hope of getting the prize when I wrote, so it was quite a surprise to me when we got your letters. We like the paper very much, and I have been doing all I could to get others to take it. There is one boy who would like it, but his father is away in the woods, and he will have to wait till he comes home before he knows whether he can get it or not.

I made a snow house this winter, and the other night I made a fire in it and it looked quite pretty. I invited mamma and my sisters out to visit me, but they could not stay, my fire smoked so awfully.

I cannot go to school now, because I have to help papa on the farm. Some stormy day I will write again.

Yours truly,

WILLIE G.

UPPER CAVENHILL.

DEAR EDITOR,—I am very proud of the nice letter you sent us, and the pencils are lovely. A good many of our friends here call Willie and me the twins, so you see it is nice for us to have pencils so much alike. We like THE YOUNG CANADIAN, and will try to get some of our friends to take it. I have looked over the Calendar, and I did not see anything I knew enough about to write, but I will try to write next time. Willie is thirteen and I am twelve, and we had quite made our minds up to write to THE YOUNG CANADIAN before the pencils got here.

I am ever,

Your loving little

DAISY.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS, Such a sweet little sister and brother I have not known for a long time. It makes me so happy to find that our YOUNG CANADIAN brings me such friends in every part of the country. Such a nice time we all shall have when you are grown up a little, and when you come to Montreal to see me. I shall hang out my flag that day, I assure you.

Your old friend,

ED. P. B.

TRURO.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN POST BAG, I like your Paper very much, and look forward every week for its coming. I think that a lovely story—Rebel or Patriot. And I am very glad to see that you are going to give us a Course in Short hand.

I think that you are very kind.

Yours very truly,

W. E. A.

MY DEAR LITTLE WILLIE, I think your letter is just as sweet as it can be, and so neatly written too, and all by yourself.

We have written to the Messrs. Pitman to make haste with the Short hand, as a great many of our young readers are anxiously waiting for it. It will be nice to have it in time for the fine weather.

I myself, old as I am, learned it last summer. And you won't guess how. Sitting in a tent by one of our lovely lakes, sometimes taking a swing in a hammock under shady trees, sometimes going in a busy train, sometimes walking through our woods; sometimes going around visiting my friends, and sometimes in my dreams.

Everywhere and anywhere; every place and any place; till I had it. I was going to say into my fingers but I should say, right into the tip of my pencil.

Your short hand friend,

ED. P. B.