

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 people's Magazine in Canada, it is the most direct means of reaching their eye and ear.

Address:

THE YOUNG CANADIAN CO.,

BOX 1836.

MONTREAL

I have much pleasure in asking all my young friends to hold themselves in readiness for our announcements next month. I trust that all who intend studying the Short-hand Series are getting their pencils ready. Full particulars next week, and all supplies from our office. At great trouble and expense we have prepared this course. The Messrs. Pitman, of Bath, England, have entered heartily into it with us, and we are sure that all will value it accordingly. A course from a teacher will cost at least \$20, and we quite anticipate that our efforts to put it within the reach of all through our Magazine, will be widely taken advantage of. EDITOR.

When you have inflated a paper bag by blowing into it, and then crushed it between your hands, to produce an explosion, have you ever considered how much force there is in your breath? You know this force can be measured by instruments such as you often see at a fair. I simply propose to substitute for this instrument a paper bag. The bag must be long, narrow, and made of strong paper. Place it flat on the edge of the table, the opening turned toward you, put heavy books on it, then blow out the bag, and you will be surprised at the weight which you will be able to raise in this way: to upset two large dictionaries will be a trifle to you.

SOMETIMES a striking word suggests comparisons to childhood's inexperienced minds which are downright amusing.

"We've got a hen that laid twa eggs in yae day," boasted a six-year-old Scotch urchin to a companion. "Oh, that's naething," promptly replied the other, "my father laid a foundation stane the ither day."

In the same amusing line of unconscious humour take the following delightful instance:

"Well, Johnny," said a kindly old man, meeting a neighbour's bairn one day, and clapping him on the head, "how are you getting on at school?" "Fine," was the ready answer. "Are you always keeping dux yet?" "No, I'm keeping doos." (Scotch for pigeons.)

WONDERFUL ECHOES.

An echo is merely a repetition of a sound caused by its reflection from some obstacle of sufficient magnitude. No distinct echo is heard as a rule when the reflecting surface (which is best adapted for the purpose when concave or flat, but not convex) is less than 112 feet off. At that distance it throws back the last syllable of a sentence; when double that distance, the last two syllables; when three times 112 feet, the last three syllables, and so on. When the distance of the impeding surface, however, is less than 112 feet, the direct and reflected sounds are confounded, and a single strengthened effect known as resonance is produced, and this is often observed in halls and large rooms. To kill resonance, all that is necessary is to properly cover the walls with tapestry or other cloth hangings, which are very bad reflectors of sound. The multiple echoes, which repeat the same word or tones several times, are among the most wonderful of their class. An echo of this kind in the château of Simonetta, in Italy, repeats a note thirty times; at Woodstock, in England, there is one which repeats from seventeen to twenty syllables; and a remarkably fine echo occurs beneath the suspension bridge across the Menai Strait in Wales, which returns the sound of a blow with a hammer on the pier in succession from each of the cross beams that support the roadway, and from the opposite pier, at a distance of 576 feet; and in addition to this the sound is many times repeated between the water and the roadway, the whole effect of the series being most peculiar. In the whispering gallery of St. Paul's, London, the faintest sound is conveyed from one side to the other of the dome; and in the Cathedral of Girgenti, in Sicily, the slightest whisper is borne with perfect distinctness from the great western door, where the old confessional used to be, to the high altar, a distance of 250 feet. The echoes of the Lake of Killarney are also world-famous.

THE DOORS OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The Bank of England's doors are now so finely balanced that the clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious unemployed of the great metropolis from robbing the famous institution.

The bullion department of this and other great banking establishments are nightly submerged in several feet of water by the action of the machinery.

In some of the London banks the bullion departments are connected with the manager's sleeping rooms, and an entrance cannot be effected without setting off an alarm near that person's head.

If a dishonest official, during day or night, should take even as much as one from a pile of a thousand sovereigns, the whole pile would instantly sink and a pool of water take its place, besides letting every person in the establishment know of the theft.

An old labourer, whose young wife had blessed him with a very large family, was at the registrar's getting the latest addition to his family registered. "Let me see," said the registrar, "this is the 29th." "29th!" said the labourer, astonished beyond all measure. "Ye maun be wrang, I doot: the wife tellt me afore I cam' oot it wis only the fourteenth." The registrar mollified him by explaining "that he was referring to the date of the month."