

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 1896.

MONTREAL.

NEWS OF THE DAY FROM THE EDITOR'S PIGEON-HOLES.

OUR LETTERS ACROSS THE OCEAN.

Since writing last week, a most important decision has been made, and my young readers will be pleased to know of it. All danger of our not having a means of sending our letters to Europe in our own ships has been removed. The two great Steamship Lines, who have carried the mails across for the last few years, have agreed to do so still, and were only prevented from continuing their contract by a misunderstanding of the offer of the Government. It is all right now. Everything will go on as before.

OUR SECRET.

Do not forget what I told you last week about your birthdays. Turn it up and read it again. You will find it on page 264. My YOUNG CANADIAN Birthday Book is now lying ready. Let us see who gets entered first. Go by the instructions given.

MY SEED PACKETS.

I sent out quite a lot of little seed packages to my dear little gardeners last week. I hope they have arrived. It is time now to sow them, but too soon, my florist tells me, to set out plants yet. The evenings are still too chilly. Nothing is gained by putting them out too early. Indeed, much is lost. The tiny things need all the help they can have in their "flitting." A raw, cool evening or two will be sure to stunt them for life.

NOT FOR OURSELVES, BUT FOR OTHERS.

Send me your name and address on a Post-Card. In return you will get something nice. I want a lot of them—a "fearful" lot.

HERE IS THE GOLD WATCH.

It looks a beauty. Does it not? It is for the young Canadian who sends me the largest number of subscribers on the First of July—Dominion Day.

Not a day is to be lost. Make up your mind about the number you will secure every day, and do not let the sun go down till you have got them. Every week send



in your names and addresses, with the money by P. O. Order or Registered Letter. It will all be entered to your name, and kept till the final day. My object in asking you to send them every week is that the new subscribers may get THE YOUNG CANADIAN at once.

SAVING IS EARNING.

Mr. Quarrier, whom we all know in connection with his "boys," was one day asked to call at a certain address in Edinburgh. On going there, he found an old woman of seventy, living all by herself in one apartment. The room was clean and comfortable, but plain and inexpensive. The old lady had had a long and busy life. But her wants had been few, and she had always had something left over after supplying them. She said to Mr. Quarrier that she had long had an interest in his work among the little "nobody's" darlings of the streets, and had decided to give him her savings to help in his good work. She then handed him cheques for over three thousand dollars. Her profession was that of a washerwoman.

LIKED EGGS, AND WAS PATIENT.

Lord Granville, a distinguished English nobleman, who has just died, had a weakness for eggs—or rather for a certain kind of egg. He scorned the idea of eating one whose pedigree he could not trace, and while in London had always the eggs of his favourite poultry sent up from his country seat. Two eggs were sent to him every morning, in special boxes, and the railway porters, to whom the Earl was always most courteous, had a particular pleasure in taking care of His Grace's eggs and egg-boxes. His Grace had been a martyr to gout for forty years, and still was famous for his amiability of manners.

A NEW CURE.

In the Ontario Agricultural College, the smoking-room was abolished in order to secure certain hall accommodation that was desired. Another room was provided for the purpose, with the new regulation that it should be open only three times a day, for three-quarters of an hour after the three chief meals. At each of these times it was under the direct control of an officer of the College. None but smokers are admitted. Since this new arrangement there have been but three smokers in the College.