

After thoroughly enjoying the time shouting, singing, whooping, cheering, when some new beauty is found, rushing up hill and down hill, climbing, and fooling each other, we all sit down in some pleasant place and "count up" and "trade," until we each have a fair share for our separate collections. Then we put two or three of each kind into our Club Collection. They are put nicely into the drying-papers when we get home. A wash and a good supper, and then enter them in our list as that day's collection.

The cheapest Herbarium to keep your pressed plants in is made of four strips of wood two feet two inches wide and six feet long. Nail them together upright in a square. On the inside of each, nail headless nails, three to an inch. Drive them in all but half an inch. These will hold up your stiff straw-board shelves, on which you place your pressed treasures, according to their Genus and Family. Then on the face of the wood you mark each Family like an index. The stiff straw-board shelf slides on the projecting brads and separates each Family. It is the cheapest and best for our use, and is simply an upright skeleton-frame, with brads to hold the shelves.

DOMESTICATING BEAVERS.

An odd but excellent man, named Collyer, who lives at Beaver Creek, a fine, clear stream that flows into the Assiniboine some distance below Fort Ellice, Manitoba, has a colony of beavers which he took under his protection some years ago. The dam is on his property in a retired and secluded valley where the creek flows through many groves of poplars, the bark of these trees forming the favourite food of the beavers. Mr. Collyer being a justice of the peace, a game guardian, and also a very determined man, has so far succeeded in protecting the colony, and never did Betsy Trotwood show more energy in keeping donkeys off her green than does Mr. Collyer in keeping poachers away from his beavers. He does not wish a stranger even to look at his pets or their works lest alarm should be excited. As all wild creatures, whether birds or beasts, when not injured or alarmed, quickly became accustomed to the presence of man, Mr. Collyer's beavers may soon become in a manner tame, and he will have a rare time of enjoyment in observing the movement and actions of these intelligent mechanics and engineers of the wilderness.—Pilot Mound *Sentinel*.

SOME DINNER HOURS.

In the 14th century the King of France dined at eight a.m., and retired to rest at eight p.m. In the time of Philip the Good, an old verse said—"Rise at five, dine at nine, sup at five, go to bed at nine, and thou shalt live to be ninety-and-nine." In the reigns of Henry IV. and Louis XIV. the dinner hour was eleven a.m. Louis XV. changed the dinner hour to two o'clock. Two o'clock remained the usual dinner hour in France up to the time of the Revolution, after which six o'clock became the fashionable time. In England the upper classes breakfasted at seven in the reign of Henry VIII., and dined at ten a.m. In Elizabeth's reign the dinner hour was eleven a.m., and supper was served about five o'clock. In Germany the fashionable hour for dinner up to the time of the French Revolution was twelve o'clock; afterwards it was fixed at one o'clock.

YOUNG CANADIAN HISTORICAL CALENDAR.

HONOURABLE MENTION IN THE APRIL COMPETITION.

- C. B. B. Raymond, Springfield, N.B.
- Max Aitken, Newcastle, N.B.
- Harry H. Jakeway, Stayner, Ont.
- Jessie Stobo, Quebec.
- Hurley R. Reid, Upper New Horton, N.B.

DUTCH NAMES FOR THE MONTHS.

January	Lauromaand	Chilly Month
February	Sprokelmaand	Vegetation Month
March	Lentmaand	Spring month
April	Grasmaand	Grass month
May	Blowmaand	Flower month
June	Zomermaand	Summer month
July	Hooymaand	Hay month
August	Oostmaand	Harvest month
September	Heitsmaand	Autumn month
October	Wynmaand	Wine month
November	Slagmaand	Slaughter month
December	Wintermaand	Winter month



SARNIA, ONT.

ABOUT BIRDS.

MY DEAR POST BAG,—I write to ask you about some little birds,—sparrows which I have. They have lived in my little box all the winter, and they are now making their nests. We are going to move to another house, and we want to take my sparrows with us. We would be sorry to leave them, and we are sorry to disturb them. So what am I to do? I have fed them, and they love me, I am sure they do.

Your little friend,

CARRIE.

MY DEAR LITTLE CARRIE,—I am so pleased to hear from you, and to know about your dear little pets. But you are quite in a fix, and I am not sure that I can help you much. I think, however, that since you have loved them and fed them, they must really love you in return, and they will trust you if you are kind to them. I should advise you, at sunset, when they are cosy in their box, to place very cautiously a shawl over the whole thing, and you could then carry it slowly and gently along to your new house. In the morning early go out and give them their breakfast, and I am almost sure they will enjoy their new home as much as their old.

This gives me an opportunity of writing to you about a Society I want to start among our young Canadians. I have been watching from my window the first little dickies of the season, and every day, as the editor popped in to say "good morning" I had my Society on the tip of my tongue to speak about. But there always was so much else that had to go in to our Post Bag, that,—well, here it is now, any way. I cannot give it a name. I am going to leave that to you. It is a Society which we are all going to join, every one, to teach ourselves kindness to little birds and to animals that can't tell us how sad they are when we hurt them. We shall all send in our names and addresses, and get enrolled. Then each of us becomes a "recruit,"—that is we go and find others to join. Whether they read THE YOUNG CANADIAN or not, it does not matter. Each recruit sends in the names and addresses to me. I will then enroll them, and they join our army of kindness and gentleness. The recruit who sends me in the largest list of names will receive a