

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.

ST. GEORGE.

There are two versions of the history of this soldier saint. According to one he has won fame by no merit of his own. He contrived to make himself popular by servile flattery to those in power. He made a contract to supply the army with bacon, and managed the affair so unscrupulously that he succeeded in piling up a fortune for himself, but had to skip the country to avoid a few unpleasant exposures. They had skippers in those days, if they had not the word "skip." He took to a new trade abroad, a kind of semi-religious, semi-something else kind of thing, in which he had an opportunity of plundering temples and inhabitants, till his conduct became unendurable. A few ups and downs of this kind led eventually to his being dragged to prison. His dupes, however, thought prison too good for him, broke open the doors, murdered him, and tossed his body into the sea. This death at the hands of Pagans seems to be all the title St. George had to martyrdom, and so to being made a saint. Romance cast a halo around him.

The other story of him is a much pleasanter one, and gives him his title to fame from bold deeds in the cause of religion, and from losing his head in the cause. At all events he has long been held in great honour in England. The festival in honour of his "day" in the Calendar was made memorable by the creation of the noble Order of St. George, or the Blue Garter. It was celebrated by a grand joust. Forty of England's best and bravest knights gave a challenge to the chivalry of Europe, and a magnificent tournament was the result.

A NEW IDEA.

It is a fact that a great deal of study is now being put upon the advertising pages of our leading periodicals. Experts write advertisements, the best artists design illustrations, and it is a matter of considerable interest, therefore, when one of the leading advertising firms of this continent announce that they have published a sample book, in which they show 200 or more different

advertisements they have written and designed for their customers. Alden & Faxon, Cincinnati, Ohio, have just published a book with this title, and will send it on receipt of six cents in stamps. The collection is quite unique, and shows what versatility there is in the American mind, regarding the wants and necessities of people who read newspapers. In addition to the advertisements, information and hints are given to advertisers, whether they are old and experienced, or whether they are just starting on the road to fame and fortune, with the newspapers as their capital.

DO OUR LITTLE TOTS PAY ?

Does a two-year old baby pay for itself up to the time it reaches that interesting age? Sometimes I think not. I thought so yesterday when my own baby slipped into my study and scrubbed the carpet and his best dress with my bottle of ink. He was playing in the coal-hod ten minutes after a clean dress was put on him, and later in the day he pasted fifty cents worth of postage stamps on the parlour wall, and poured a dollar's worth of the choicest white-rose perfume out of the window "to see it wain."

Then he dug out the centre of a nice baked loaf of cake, and was found in the middle of the dining-room table, with the sugar-bowl between his legs, and most of the contents in his stomach.

He has already cost more than \$100 in doctor bills, and I feel that I am right in attributing my few gray hairs to the misery I endured while walking the floor with him at night during the first year of his life.

What has he ever done to pay me for that?

Ah! I hear his little feet pattering along out in the hall. I hear his little ripple of laughter because he has escaped from his mother, and has found his way up to my study at a forbidden hour. But the door is closed. The worthless little vagabond can't get in, and I won't open it for him. No I won't. I can't be disturbed when I'm writing. He can just cry, if he wants to; I won't be bothered, for—"rat, tat, tat," go his dimpled knuckles on the door. I sit in silence. "Rat, tat, tat."

I sit perfectly still.

"Papa."

No reply.

"Peeze, papa."

Grim silence.

"Baby tum in; peeze, papa."

He shall not come in.

"My papa."

I wrote on.

"Papa," says the little voice; "I lub my papa, peeze let baby in."

I am not quite a brute, and I throw open the door. In he comes, with out-stretched little arms and laughing face. I caught him up in my arms, and his warm, soft little arms go around my neck, they are not very clean, little cheek laid close to mine, the baby voice says sweetly, "I lub my papa."

Does he pay?

Well, I guess he does! He has cost me many anxious days and nights. He has cost me time and money and self-sacrifice. He has cost me pain and sorrow. He has cost much. But he has paid for it all again and again in whispering these three little words in my ear—"I lub papa."

Our children pay when their first feeble little cries fill our hearts with the motherly love and fatherly love that ought never to fail among all earthly passions.