

PUBLISHER'S TALKS.

And Every Reader Interested.

THE census competition continues to enlist wide interest among readers of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, and many are taking advantage of the proposition to renew their subscriptions for another term. The question is asked again, How long will the competition remain open? We can say with certainty until June 1st, but it is not likely beyond that. The census is proving a heavier job than perhaps was at first expected, and even after the enumerators have got through their first task of filling their schedules as a result of calling upon the individual, there will be heavy work to follow in tabulating and making up the results. As far as it is possible we are glad to give data on which readers may make their estimates. At the same time it is understood that we assume no responsibility for the calculations made by anyone. Each must exercise their own judgment in figuring up the census. Such data as is contained in the paragraph that follows from a well-known Canadian writer is no exception.

Census Competition.

THE following extract from an article, entitled "Half a Century's Progress," by John Reade, F.R.S.Can., in the April *Canadian Magazine*, will be interesting data to those who are endeavoring to estimate the population of Canada as it will be revealed by the census now being taken. Mr. Reade is a Canadian writer of wide information and authority:—"The population of Upper Canada in 1851 was 952,004; that of Lower Canada, 390,261; that of New Brunswick, 193,800; that of Nova Scotia, 276,854; that of Prince Edward Island (probably) about 65,000. As to the rest of actual Canada, it may be stated in 1849 Assiniboia had a population of 5,391; in 1856, of 6,691. Manitoba's population in 1870 (exclusive of Indians) was 12,228. In 1861 Vancouver Island had a population of 3,024, of whom 2,350 belonged to the town of Victoria or its vicinity. In 1870 British Columbia had a white population of 10,588. In 1874 the population was estimated to be 15,000, thus distributed: Whites, 11,500; Chinese, 3,000; Blacks, 300; Kanakers (Hawaiians), 200. For years the population of British Columbia was like Sambo's chicken—it moved about so much that it could not be counted. The figures above given enable us, however, to estimate the population of all the provinces and territories in 1851, Indians included, as something less than 2,500,000. In 1871 the population was 3,635,024; in 1881, 4,324,810; in 1891, 4,833,239. At the coming census it will probably range from 6,125,000 to 6,250,000. It is not likely to exceed the latter figure."

An Estimate of the Census.

THIS month we are sending out another batch of notices and premium lists to subscribers whose subscriptions are about to expire. We have to thank readers for the ready response that has been made to notices already

Renewal Notices.

sent out, though everyone is not taking advantage of our double premium offer—that is, an additional premium when payment is made within thirty days of receipt of notice. The post card—a second reminder—that is going out to these, calls for a speedy reply if each would be benefited by the generosity that, as publishers, we are aiming to exercise in dealing with readers.

ONE of our newest premiums is a valuable book of about 175 pages, entitled "How to be Pretty though Plain." This is of special value to every lady reader. It is written by a lady, Mrs. Humphry, one who has made a world-wide reputation for herself as a writer on subjects that interest women. It is a practical book, well written, printed on good paper, and in every way attractively gotten up. The recipes contained within its pages, dealing with various matters of interest to women, make it one of those books that every woman will want to keep within easy reach. We bought a special edition of the work or it never could be supplied gratuitously as a premium. Binders are now busy completing the edition, and those who have already selected it as a premium will receive copies without delay.

Our New Premium Book.

HERE is another new premium—words and music of "The Canadian Volunteer," one of the popular military songs of the day, full sheet music and published at 25c. It has been sung in all the leading opera houses of the country and been endorsed by artists like Miss Jessie MacLachlan, the Scottish singer, and others. We have made arrangements with the author for a limited edition for distribution among our readers, and a copy will be sent free to any new subscriber who sends us 50c. for seven months' subscription to the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, or old subscribers, by sending 50c., may extend their subscription for the seven months, and also receive this piece of music without any extra charge.

"The Canadian Volunteer."**A Woman's Constancy.**

NEAR Falun, in Sweden, a peasant woman lately died at a very advanced age, in whose life occurred a stranger, sadder episode than often falls to human lot.

Old Marta, as every one of recent times called her, was a village beauty in her far distant youth, and had a lover named Olaf. The best Swedish copper comes from Falun, and Olaf was one of the hundreds of sturdy young fellows who worked in the mines. He and Marta were to be married on a certain festival of St. Lucia. Two days previous to this great event Olaf started on the trip down into the mine which should be his last before his wedding.

In the black miner's dress—often these poor fellows' burial clothes as well—Olaf in the early, dark morning, called out, joyfully, as he passed under Marta's window, "Don't forget Thursday!" As if the radiant, happy girl was likely to forget her wedding-day!

Then her lover went down into the black mouth of the mine, and never again saw the light of day. In one of the cruel, frequent accidents that jeopardize miners, he was swal-

lowed up, and it became useless to attempt the recovery of his poor, lifeless body.

Marta, in dumb, tearless grief, finished stitch by stitch a black silk handkerchief with a red border which she was hemming for a wedding gift to her lover, and carefully laid it away in lavender with her bridal clothes. Years passed, but she never had a word or smile for the score of young fellows any one of whom would gladly have taken poor Olaf's place. Half a lifetime, half a century spun its long length away. Startling events occurred in the great world outside—the cruel Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, in Russia the emancipation of the serfs, the terrible Civil War in America, the triumph of Germany over France. All these things troubled little the miners digging in the darkness at Falun, and to Marta, faithful through all her long life to the lover of her youth, they mattered not at all.

The time came when a new opening was needed in the mine; digging down in the dark burrow, the men came upon the dead body of a young miner lying in the refuse and vitriol water. The vitriol had preserved form, features and clothing so perfectly that the young man appeared to have died but yesterday, or to have fallen asleep at his work.

They carried him up to the light of day, but no one recognized him. Fifty odd years weed out most of the friends who could remember us if, after that interval, we were to return from the dead. At last Marta, a shrunken old woman upward of seventy, leaning on a crutch, came forward and looked down on the fresh, youthful, dead face. With a cry of joy she threw herself on the lifeless body.

"He is my lover—my Olaf, whom I have bewailed for more than fifty years, and the good God lets me see him once more in the bloom of his youth before my old eyes close on this world!"

Few there were present who looked dry-eyed upon this touching scene. In her lover's coffin the wayworn old woman laid the handkerchief bordered with red which she as a girl had worked for him, and beside his open grave she said, in a voice that seemed to have recovered the sweetness of youth, "Sleep well, my only beloved, till I come."

She lived nearly a score of years longer, and in her hoary age, when other senses were dull and dead, the memory of her lost love still burned like a star in the dark night.—*Rachel Carver.*

An Autograph.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was once asked by a woman who was arranging for a fair in St. Stephen's Church, Pittsfield, for his autograph for the fair. With delicate humor, Holmes wrote a letter in return on a two-page piece of paper, and inclosed a \$1.00 bill. On the first page were these lines:

"Fair lady, whoso'er thou art,
Turn this poor leaf with tenderest care.
And hush, oh, hush thy beating heart—
The one thou lovest will be there."

Turning the page the \$1.00 bill appeared, pinned to the second page, and beneath the bill were these additional lines:

"Fair lady, lift thine eyes and tell
If this is not a truthful letter:
This is the (1) thou lovest well,
And naught (0) can make thee love it better."