

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.

EDITOR'S PIGEON-HOLES.

A GOOD IDEA FOR OUR SCHOOLS.

Dr. Harper, Inspector of Schools for the Province of Quebec, has started a capital idea, and is vigorously putting his idea to the test among the schools under his supervision. With illustrations from a lime-light lantern he lectures in each school, and gives the proceeds to a fund for organizing a library in connection with it. In this way he has already made the nucleus of sixty school libraries in the Province, and in some instances museums have been commenced as well. It is scarcely possible to over-estimate the value of a movement like this, and THE YOUNG CANADIAN tenders to Dr. Harper its sincere appreciation of his efforts. Music, too, the Inspector finds a desirable, if not actually necessary, part of the education of the young, and he has set about collecting or otherwise procuring suitable school songs for our young people. Few things are more necessary, and few so sadly neglected in our schools. We want all our young people to sing— to sing with all their might— in their play, over their lessons, even through their disappointments when they have them. And let the songs be brimful of Canada, of their home, their native land. We shall consider our YOUNG CANADIAN honoured, if it should be the means of aiding such a movement, and we shall gladly co-operate with Inspectors in discussing ways and means of securing the object.

MORE YOUNG SALMON.

Not long ago I told you about the rivers of France being stocked with young salmon, and suggested that we might send them home a few samples of our young Canadian fish to astonish the natives. I have since heard of another opportunity for our hardy young salmon. In the north of Scotland some gentlemen are very fond of lochs and lakes, and when they have none they must make some. The next thing is to fill them with fish. One of these artificial lakes was, two years ago, stocked with fish from Loch Leven, and now an hour's fishing brings in a basket of trout, each weighing one pound.

HINDOO TRAVELLERS.

In imitation of the great western fashion, a project is being started in the east to enable Hindoo gentlemen to see the world, and at the same time to maintain their exclusive caste fastidiousness. Calcutta will be the scene of the first experiment, and as the tours propose to include Europe, China, Japan, and America, we may have an opportunity of letting the distinguished travellers see our Dominion.

MR. GLADSTONE AS HE WAS AND IS.

When the great statesman was a very small boy he went to Eton. The school then had a Magazine, the Eton Miscellany, to which the youthful pupil was a regular contributor, and all through his long and busy life he has maintained his affection for his old school. He has just gone to Eton again, now a famous man, after seventy years have passed, on a visit of a semi-official nature. I am sure the boy of seven dreamed not of the man of seventy.

PRINCE FERDINAND AND THE SECRETARY.

A curious thing lately occurred at Sophia. One of Prince Ferdinand's private secretaries, returning to the palace late one night, wanted to enter through a private door. He was told that he could not pass that way, and on making a forcible attempt to "rush" the sentry, he was arrested and put into the sentry-box till the guard came round. The affair being reported to Prince Ferdinand, he ordered his secretary to apologize to the sentry, and submit to a week's arrest. The secretary refused, and was dismissed. As for the sentry, he was court-martialled, and condemned to six weeks' imprisonment, for not having shot the secretary—a sentence which Prince Ferdinand confirmed, though he afterwards reduced it as an act of grace. The fact is that, Prince Ferdinand's life being exposed to so many dangers, the palace sentinels receive very stringent orders as to dealing with people who try to force their way in. It is strange that the secretary did not know this, and he ought to be congratulating himself on having had a very lucky escape.

TAKE AN IDEA FROM US.

During the recent storms in Britain, all the Railways suffered more than was necessary because they had no appliances for removing snow. With drifts from ten to twenty feet deep, the ploughs used served merely to compress the mass in front and at the sides, instead of clearing it right off.

PERFUME MAKERS.

Grasse, whither Her Majesty has recently gone for a brief rest, is the centre of a great perfume trade. As many as fifty scent factories are in the neighbourhood, and their steam chimneys will soon mar the beautiful landscape. May is the month for distilling from the flowers, and the daily consumption of rose petals for this purpose is enormous. Of orange blossoms, too, a cruel quantity.

NO DOUBT.

A small boy of four summers was riding on a rocking-horse with a companion. He was seated rather uncomfortably on the horse's neck. After a reflective pause, he said—"I think if one of us gets off I could ride much better."