

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

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:

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MONTREAL

We are sure our young people are following with deep interest the fortunes of Ned Darrow. There is something in Ned which we all love and admire.

It is from no rivalry with Ned, but from a desire to let our readers know something of a life very different from his that we commence to-day a Short Serial for our little "Tots," "The Eagle's Nest." Next week we shall have a beautiful illustration of this story all for their own dear little selves.

In calling the attention of our young readers to the Electric Car Service opened recently in Ottawa, we have much pleasure in reminding them that that was not the first of its kind in the Dominion. St. Catharines, Merriton, Thorold, Windsor, Walkerville in Ontario, and other places in others of our Provinces have for some years not only enjoyed the advantages of electric railways, but have shown their enterprise in their establishment.

HOW TO STOP A DISCUSSION.

Dr. Barclay was one day dining with a large party composed chiefly of medical men. As the wine went round, the conversation accidentally took a professional turn, and, from the excitement of the moment, or some other cause, two of the youngest gentlemen present were the most forward in delivering their opinions. Our unfledged M.D.'s gradually got heated in their remarks, and finally settled into a debate, in which they made up in loudness what they lacked in learning. At length one of them said something so emphatic—we mean as to manner—that a pointer dog started from his lair beneath the table, and *barked* so fiercely that he fairly took the lead in the discussion. Dr. Barclay eyed the hairy dialectician, and thinking it high time to close the debate, gave the animal a hearty push with his foot, and exclaimed, in good broad Scotch—"Lie still, ye brute! I'm sure ye ken jist as little aboot it as ony o' them." This remark effectually brought the argument to a close.

THE GIRLHOOD OF THE GERMAN EMPRESS.

The Princess Victoria was remarkable for the zest with which she pursued her various studies, and she quickly developed a decided talent for painting and music, the taste and ability for which latter art she had inherited from her mother. History was also among her favourite subjects, but her father was very solicitous to guard her mind from prejudiced and immature judgment regarding any special nationality. If a fore-shadowing of his daughter's future destiny was already in his mind, he could not have adopted a wiser course. Amid all these provisions for mental culture, physical education was by no means neglected. Early rising and systematic bodily exercise formed a part of each day's duty; every species of self-indulgence was rigidly avoided, and the Prince was in the constant habit of taking long walks in all weathers with his daughters, who were the very models of blooming, stately young maidenhood. The luxury of a private carriage was not included in the domestic arrangements, and when a drive became a necessity it was taken in an ordinary hired equipage.

A HINT.

At home stations the private soldier's washing is usually done by the married soldiers' wives, who are expected to sew on missing buttons and do little repairs, for which a small sum is deducted from the private's pay. Private McGinnis had a great deal of trouble with his laundress. Saturday after Saturday had his shirt come back with the neck button off, or else hanging by a single thread. He had spoken to her on the subject, and she had promised to see after it, but still the button was not on properly. He got out of patience on a Sunday when the missing button had made him late for parade, and exclaimed—"Bad cess to the woman! I'll give her a hint this time, anyhow." He took the lid off his tin blacking-box—about three inches in diameter—punched two holes in it with his fork, and then tied it on the neck of the shirt that was next to be washed. Next Saturday, when his washing came back, he examined his shirt to see if the hint had been taken. It had; she had made a button-hole to fit it.

PATHETIC.

Magpies, like their tropical friend the parrot, can be got to say a few words through hearing them spoken by members of the household. A magpie had a hypochondriac invalid for his master. This gentleman's manservant inquired regularly every morning "How are you to-day, master?" He as regularly got for answer—"Oh, John, I'm dying." The pet magpie, always hearing this doleful answer, learned to repeat it with great distinctness, and in a tone of dejection, the exact counterpart of the owner's voice. When the invalid heard it he was himself much amused, and repeatedly rewarded the bird for its cleverness. This confirmed the accomplishment. One day, however, the poor magpie wandered far from home, and was brought down by a rustic's gun, who mistook it for a wild bird. The sportsman, whose name was John, hurried to bag his prey; but what was his horror, as he lifted the bird, to see it slowly open its eyes, and hear it say, in dismal tones—"Oh, John, I'm dying!" He flung down the bird, happily wounded but slightly, and fled in dismay as if pursued by an avenger.