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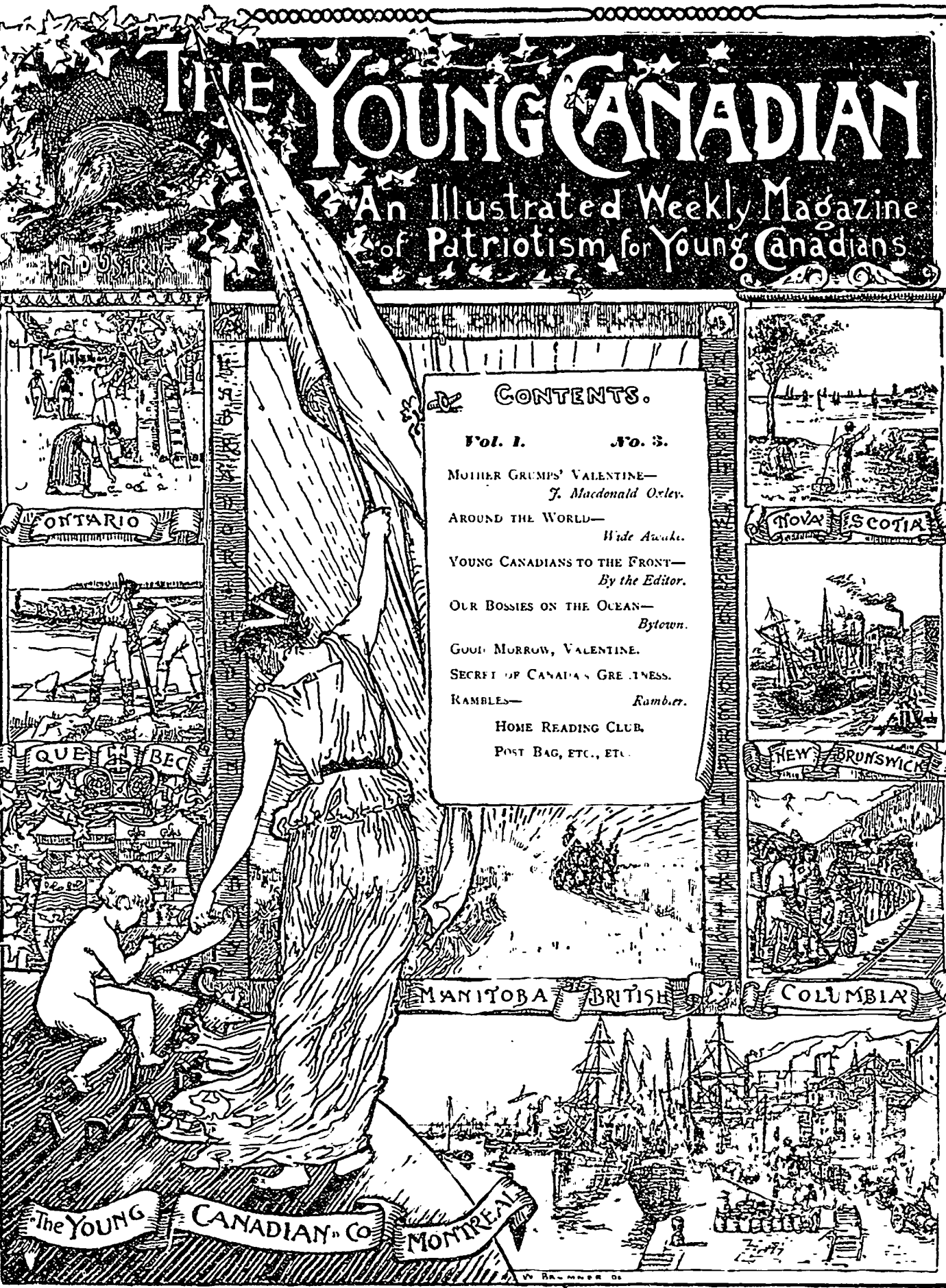
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THE YOUNG CANADIAN

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
 of Patriotism for Young Canadians



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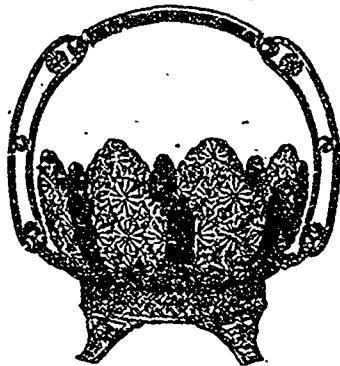
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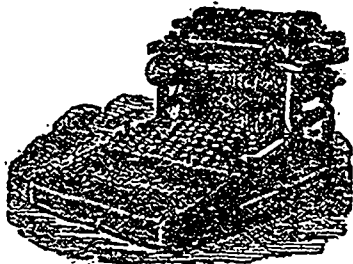
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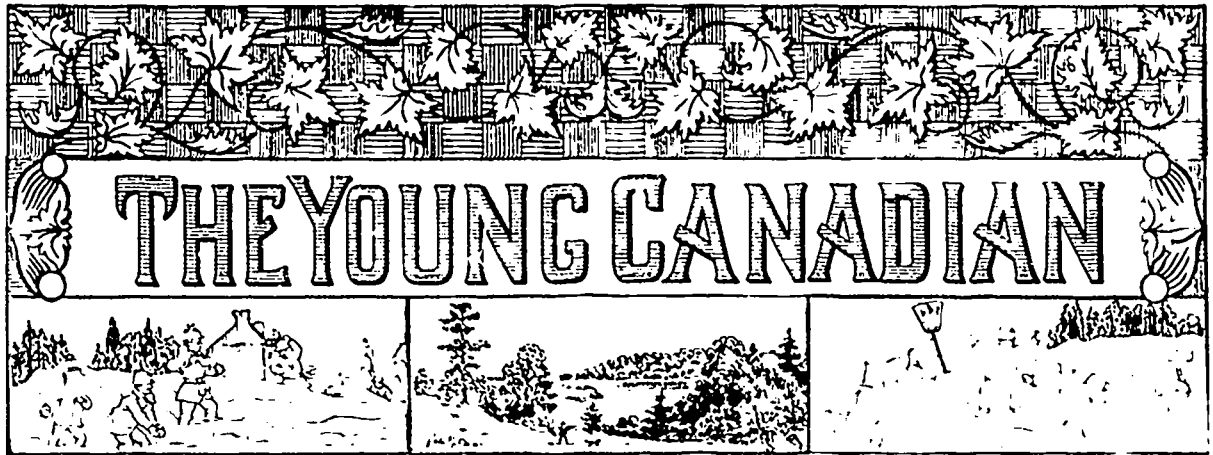
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MOTHER GRUMPS' VALENTINE.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

LD Mrs. Scadding was far from being popular with the young people of Intervale. In the first place, she was very unattractive in appearance, being small and bent of figure, sour and wrinkled of countenance, and always dressed in a curious out of-fashioned way that seemed to emphasize, rather than conceal her many deficiencies.

Moreover she made no attempt to be agreeable, living quite alone in a little cottage that stood off from the main street with a bit of garden and lawn in front she kept for the most part to herself, having no friends and appearing to need none. She did not even go to church, in spite of the minister's faithful efforts to persuade her, giving him no better reason for absenting herself than that folks could find their way to Heaven by other roads as well as through the church door, and she preferred to worship God in her own house.

Of course so odd a character could not go long without a nick name in a place that had as many bright boys as Intervale, and so it came about that Mrs. Scadding was better known as "Mother Grumps" than by her right name. In fact the numbers were not few of those who knew her only by her nick name and would have been sorely at a loss as to how to address her rightly were they called upon to do so.

Not only did the Intervale young people instinctively dislike Mother Grumps' appearance, and way of living, but there was an open feud between the boys and her. The little cottage in which she had lived much longer than any of them remembered was situated in a broad and quiet section of the street where they were wont to gather after school for games of ball, and other amusements, and the noise they never failed to make had a very irritating effect upon her, causing her to sally out from time to time and scold them vigorously.

Now her tongue was sharp enough, but it did not

sting as did the rod that seemed never to be out of her hand at such times, and many a boy had felt it upon his back when in pursuit of the ball he ventured too near her cottage, and trespassed on her beautifully kept bit of lawn.

All such trespassing Mother Grumps had strictly prohibited, and she took the law into her own hands as regarded the enforcing of the prohibition. She even went farther than that, and on two distinct occasions confiscated a ball that one of the players, in his anxiety to make a home run, had batted clear over the fence into the midst of her purple pansies.

The result of these strained relations was that when Valentine's day drew near, the boys, whose appetite for mischief had been brought to its keenest state by the restraint imposed upon it during the winter months, took counsel together one dull cold afternoon and determined to get even with their arch-enemy by sending her such a valentine as would be a warning to her to behave better in future.

Long and earnest were the deliberations as to the most effective form which this valentine should take, and sacredly was the secret kept from the parents of the plotters, and everybody else who would be likely to interfere with their dark design. Tommy Stubbs' suggestion to buy the biggest and ugliest sheet valentine with appropriate verses at Ream's, the bookseller, was promptly voted down. Something much more original and impressive than that must be achieved. Charlie Hall's scheme was to club their pocket money together and have a Jack in the Box prepared on a very large scale, and then have it delivered by the express messenger, carefully tied up, some of the boys peeping in through the window to note the effect when Mother Grumps would unexpectedly open the package. The boys were pleased with this idea, and would have adopted it had not Sydney Lewis, a quiet, reserved

chap, who thought more, and said less than any other of his companions, taken advantage of a lull in the chorus of approval that followed upon Charlie Hall's little speech, to say that he had a plan to propose.

Instantly the others were all attention, for Sydney never spoke without having something to say. His idea in a few words was this: to buy a miniature satchel, and in order to make believe it was full of money, to drop into it a few nice fat mice from the barn.

"Yes," said Tommy Stubbs, "Oh! yes, Mother Grumps hates mice like poison. She'll scream herself into a fit."

A hearty round of applause greeted the unfolding of Sydney's brilliant proposal. The scheme was adopted unanimously, and a committee, on which Charlie Hall was placed in order to console him for the rejection of his plan, was at once struck for the carrying out of the enterprise.

There was no difficulty about this. The material for the satchel was not hard to find, and it was agreed that the mice should be kept upon starvation allowance for a day beforehand. Sydney undertook to catch and starve the mice. The other boys were to get the satchel. Nobody was to breathe a word of the prank. The boys found it hard to keep so grand a secret all to themselves; but somehow or other they managed to do it, and St. Valentine's Day drew near without the slightest hint of what they had in mind getting beyond their own circle.

Up to February it had been quite an ordinary winter in Intervale, but with the first of the month began a series of snowstorms that threatened to make the roads impassible. The 12th was marked by a wild gale that drifted the snow against the houses in huge banks of white, which kept the Intervale folks busy all next day in making paths through them. But St. Valentine's Eve was as fine as heart could wish, a clear bright winter night, just cold enough to be bracing.

Soon after supper the boys gathered at their appointed rendezvous, and having first of all whetted their appetites for mischief by leaving some of the regulation "night-mares" at different doors, finally about nine o'clock proceeded to carry out their design upon poor old Mrs. Scadding. Cautiously they approached the house. Sydney Lewis with careful pride, bearing under his left arm the parcel that contained the curious Valentine that was to be delivered.

"Hello": he exclaimed in a tone of surprise, as they turned off from the sidewalk. "I guess Mother Grumps has not been out to-day, there's no path made to her door."

"The old lady's been too lazy to clear one," suggested Charlie Hall. "We'd better tramp one for her while we're about it."

Through the deep white drifts they made their way only to find the front door buried nearly to the top and not a sign of light or life about the cottage.

This discovery made them hesitate, and hold a whispered consultation, the result of which was that Sydney Lewis volunteered to go around to the back of the cottage and reconnoitre before anything further was done. Charlie Hall accompanied him. The snow lay deep and undisturbed in the yard, but they ploughed through it and on coming into view of the kitchen window were rewarded by seeing a light behind it.

"Ah! ha!" whispered Sydney "Mother Grumps is in her kitchen. Let's try and peep in without getting caught."

As silently as two panthers the boys crept up to the window which happened to have no blind, and holding his breath Sydney gave a quick glance into the room.

He started back at once. Then looked again, crying under his breath; "See, Charlie. What can be the matter with her?"

Charlie put his face to the window. What the boys saw was this. A small lamp burned on the table, and beside it lay an open Bible. An empty rocking chair stood near the table, and on the floor between it and the window was a dark heap that could be nothing else than the body of Mrs. Scadding. Whether she was alive or dead the boys could not tell.

"Let's scoot:" exclaimed Charlie Hall, grasping Sydney's arm nervously. "She may be dead."

But instead of "scooting" Sydney put down the box and made a move towards the door.

"What are you going to do Syd"? asked his companion in a surprised tone.

"I'm going in to see what's the matter with her" answered Sydney quietly.

"Oh! don't come away" urged Charlie, moving off.

"No---I'm going in---Don't be a goose, come along; and the latch of the door clicked as he pressed it open. Very reluctantly Charlie obeyed, and they stood beside the prostrate form. Mrs. Scadding was lying upon her face on the hard floor. Bending down Sydney lifted her head tenderly; "She's not dead" he said "only in a faint. Run and tell my mother to come quick. I'll stay here till you get back."

Off darted Charlie like an arrow from a bow. Dashing past the astonished boys waiting at the front he shouted to them

"Can't stop to tell you. Come along" and rushed on, followed by the whole party. He did not pause until he reached Mrs. Lewis' house, and rapped loudly on the door. Panting out his message to Mrs. Lewis, her kind heart was quick to respond, and in a very few minutes with a basket on her arm and escorted by her husband, she followed Charlie back to the cottage, where Sydney was found still supporting Mrs. Scadding's head in his lap, for he was not strong enough to lift her to the sofa near by. Under Mrs. Lewis' directions the fire, which had gone out, was quickly rekindled, and some water heated. In the basket were restoratives, and wine. The poor little helpless form was gently placed upon the sofa by Mr. Lewis' strong hands, and before long the closed eyes opened, and with a gasp and moan Mrs. Scadding came to herself.

At first too bewildered to speak, she presently found her voice, and then explained that she had been feeling very weak and miserable for several days so that she was unable to venture out of doors to procure the necessaries of life. In fact she had been actually starving, and no one knew of her need. While sitting reading her Bible for comfort, she must have fallen from her chair in a faint, and, as Mr. Lewis said, but for the providential appearance of the boys would undoubtedly have died before morning. Of course the boys had to explain how they came to be on hand, but their intended mischief was readily forgiven, seeing how fortunately matters had turned out.

Under Mrs. Lewis' friendly care, Mrs. Scadding soon regained her strength, and being too sensible a woman not to feel properly grateful to the boys for having been the means of saving her life, so entirely changed in her bearing toward them that the old time enemies and tormentors became friends and benefactors, doing her many a good turn by way of showing their appreciation of her altered demeanor towards them.

No one was better pleased than Sydney Lewis at the unlooked for change in the programme of that St. Valentine's Eve. He meant mischief, but he did good, and he felt profoundly glad that such had been the result, at the same time making a pledge with himself that he would think twice before undertaking anything of the kind again.



Topics of the Day

AT HOME.

AROUND THE WORLD.

BY WIDE AWAKE.

Some of us have friends now on their way round the world, and it is with pleasure that I ask our Young Canadians to take a few minutes trip with me to snatch a peep at the journey. On the twentieth of January they left Liverpool in the *Empress of India*; one of the three magnificent steamers that our Canadian Pacific Railway Company has built for the new mail route to China and Japan. It is the first time we have had a globe-circling tour of our own, and it ought to be a red letter day for our readers. Many distinguished Europeans are on board, and a host of Canadians are enjoying for the first time in their lives, and in Canadian steamers, the trip which is the height of the traveller's ambition, the end-all of his anticipations, until, with a Canadian Jules Verne, he may set out for a thirty day's journey around the moon.

Across the Bay of Biscay, with its fierce North West winds and sailors' nightmares, our friends will rest at Gibraltar, the great rocky promontory, standing up in the sea like a sentinel of marble. Of course all will land, though there is little to gladden the eye. Short and scanty vegetation; few trees; the rocks bristling with guns, with asparagus, capers, aloes, rabbits, partridges, pigeons, woodcock and apes, trying to hide in the crevices. Huge tanks to catch the rain are all the springs of water the people know. I think it is more for honour and ancient prestige that we cling to it, as it grows nothing, can't maintain itself in food, and by no means commands the Straits.

But now they are in the Mediterranean, the Between Sea, with its bright blue water, its green and purple bays and harbours, its coral fisheries, its stirring olden tales of war and commerce, its ancient Egyptian, Phoenician, Carthaginian, Greek and Roman trade, its sunny memories of rest and joy, of peace and song. At Naples they have the poetic sky, the salubrious air, the fertile soil, and grapes, olives, oranges, lemons, citrons, figs, dates, to their heart's content.

At Port Said they will land again. They will trip about in scenes well known; to Cairo with its narrow, crooked, dark streets, all unpaved, and purchase from its well-filled bazaars some presents for us when they return; gaze at the ancient minarets and mosques, and sit in the beautiful groves of orange, citron and palm. Those that are bookish will visit the University—the great seat of learning for the East. Then the Pyramids, one of the seven wonders of the world must be visited, huge structures, tombs of Egyptian monarchs, nobody knows what built for, though of course, everybody has been enquiring.

Meanwhile, to save time, the *Empress of India* waits at Suez, where our friends embark once more, at the northern end of the Gulf, a queer old place, with quaint bazaars revived into trade by the overland route to India. A few miles to the South they will see the spot where the children of Israel crossed in their memorable escape from Pharaoh. In the Red Sea they will know little of the dangers of navigation, the islands, the shoals, the coral reefs, the violent and unexpected winds; at

least let us hope so. In the Indian Ocean they will weary themselves counting the islands, the thousands, the tens of thousands, from Madagascar downwards. If they have friends in Bombay they should call their, to see its shawls, its opium, its coffee, its pepper, its ivory, its variety of gums; and before leaving they should ask about Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, the merchant prince of fabulous wealth, faultless morals, and munificent patriotism.

At Ceylon, they want to stay a month,—a year with its forests of blossoms, its trees of rhododendron, its climbing plants; its mines of sapphires, rubies, topaz, garnet, amethyst, cinnamon stone; its gems of rare value and beauty; its fisheries of pearl. Across the Bay of Bengal they may meet the trade winds, or an occasional monsoon. In the delicious climate of the Straits of Malacca, they are in the region of rice, sago, pepper, fruits, vegetables, rattans, timbers, and tin. A few days at Singapore they will spend pleasantly among spices of every kind, tortoise shells, and gutta purchas. I hope they won't meet a tiger. They are dreadful on the island. Sometimes three hundred men disappear in one year, and nobody dares to ask the tiger any questions that he might resent. At Hongkong I hope they won't stay too long. It is hot and damp in summer, and cool and dry in winter, and not a very nice place for our Canadians. But of course they must see it, and study up its opium trade.

At Shanghai they will be in the chief maritime centre of China. They will see a poorly built town, with palatial residences for the wealthy; lots of temples, Chinese junks, and queer square rigged boats that will look funny to them. At Yokohama, with its granite piers and custom-houses, they will again be tempted to think of us at home. Lacquered work, bronzes, baskets, porcelains, fancy silks, embroideries, curios of all kinds are spread out in fascinating array. As they face the Pacific Ocean they are on their homeward journey. Curious how it got its name. It does not always deserve it. You may as soon have a hurricane, a monsoon, a typhoon (the terror of mariners in the Chinese Seas) white squalls, cyclones, tempestades, and all the rest of it, as a still and glassy pond. But it will be an experience for them. In travelling everything is experience. By Alaska you may be sure the ladies will look out for seals; but before they have time to decide whether they will have one for a museum or for a sacque, the matchless harbour of San Francisco is in sight, and all prepare to land. Back again to familiar scenes and familiar names, Vancouver, Victoria: they have enjoyed their trip; they have gone round the globe; they have seen the world; they have visited every imaginable climate; breathed every kind of air, and spoken (or ought to have spoken) every civilized language. And this at a cost of six hundred dollars. Those of us who could not go with them, may still do so. The *Empress of Japan* follows in a week or two, and again the *Empress of China*. Verily we bring the world to our very garden gate.

The Maritime Provinces offer exceptional opportunities to competent and energetic young farmers. In no part of this continent is fruit growing better understood or more successfully practised than in Nova Scotia. The magnificent apple orchards of the Annapolis valley stand, perhaps, unrivalled. Last year three hundred thousand barrels were exported, and it is expected that this year the quantity will exceed four hundred thousand.

Topics of the Day

ABROAD.

BY SPECTATOR.

Of all things abroad that have happened recently and that would interest Young Canadians, the terrible winter in Europe is perhaps the most wonderful. For many weeks Jack Frost threw his stern mantle over the whole continent, in snow and ice, the like of which has not been known this century. The reading on the thermometers was not what we should call very low. But the people are not accustomed to it and are quite unprepared for it. They do not know as we do the science of resisting Jack Frost; of keeping delightfully warm amid icicles; of laughing at snow-storms; and of rollicking in all sorts of temperatures.

In Europe it is different, at least in many parts. Such weather as has prevailed brings everything to a stand-still. In Berlin the ice on the rivers was thirteen inches thick, and Emperor William had his soldiers parading and reviewing on it. In Madrid the animals in the Zoological Gardens have perished. In Austria the children have been frozen on their way to school. Wolves and bears have so little food in woods that they have come in to villages in quest of sheep. Trains have been completely snowed under. Rivers and canals are solid. Steamers cannot get out or in. Some are drifting in ice. Others are wrecked. Tug boats are sent about to break up the ice. Even dynamite has been resorted to in some instances. Iron plates and huge timbers have been placed across the bows of vessels to save them from destruction by large floes of ice. Many thousands of people have thus been thrown out of work, and their families are reduced to destitution.

The Thames is made into a turnpike with waggons of all sizes crossing. Skaters have an unbroken path for miles. The Hospitals are crammed with sufferers among the poor and the aged. Groups and crowds are gathered round the workhouse doors. Fires are made on the quays for the workmen, and still a stray unfortunate is found dead on the street and in bed. With no fires, no food, no work, their condition has been truly pitiful.

Then the thaw has begun to work havoc, almost as impeding to trade and to comfort as the frost itself.

YOUNG CANADIAN CALENDAR.

FEBRUARY.

1. Battle in Mohawk country between French and English. 1693
2. The English defeated at Grandpré 1747
3. Treaty ceding Canada to England 1763
4. St. Louis founded by Pierre Laclède. 1764
5. Brockville raided by Americans 1813
6. Ogdensburg taken by British. 1813
7. Union of Upper and Lower Canada 1841
8. Quebec House of Parliament Burned 1854
9. Post Office Money Orders introduced 1855
10. New Westminster B. C. founded by Col. Moody 1859
11. Railway from Smith's Falls to Perth 1859
12. Legislative Council abolished in Manitoba 1876
13. Railway from Montreal to Quebec 1879
14. Legislative Buildings in Fredericton Burned. 1880
15. Fishery Treaty between Canada and the United States 1888

In this month's Calendar are many topics delightful to read about and to write about. For the best one column article on any of them the writer will receive a beautiful gold-plated pencil.

TO THE GOWAN.

[The English wild daisy is known in Scotland as the "Gowan."]

Little Gowan, Scotia's flower!

Whence hast thou that dreamful eye
Looking up into the sky,
Where the homeless clouds go by?
Little Gowan, modest, shy.

Little Gowan, poet's flower!

Once I took thee far away,
Planted thee where flowers gay
Smiled upon me all the day.
Yet I chose thee from the rest
(For old Scotland's sake the best),
In my book thy blossom pressed.

Little Gowan, poet's flower!

Couldst not thou thy hills resign?
Every day I saw thee pine
For thy country—thine and mine.
Wintry wind came driving past
Gusts of snow, and in the blast
Thou wert buried, rudely, fast.

Little Gowan, Scotia's flower!

April sun has brought to light
Crocuses and snowdrops white;
Where thy smiling face to-night?
Winds are wailing, sobbing low:—
"Out of reach of frost and snow
Went the Gowan long ago!"

MARY MORGAN.

YOUNG CANADIANS TO THE FRONT.

A MONUMENT TO CHAMPLAIN.

We are now opening our eyes to the greatness of our country and to the greatness of our indebtedness to all who have served it. No name in the service of our beloved land is more brilliant than that of Champlain, the discover, the explorer, the founder of Quebec. Young people love men that are brave and bold and daring, and Champlain's name should be dear to them. How our boys would have gloried had they been with him, sailing up nameless rivers, meeting parties of Indians, and mapping out new villages and towns!

Many a time have we thought of building him a monument. But we have not done it yet. We are going to do it now, and our young Canadians are going to help. We shall all give our brick, and carry it to the spot. *Our* names shall not be left out in the cold.

Twelve years ago a meeting was held in Quebec when a gentleman well-known for his patriotic love made the proposal. All this time the proposal has been simmering. Now it has come to boiling point. A number of very influential gentlemen have formed themselves into a committee to erect the monument. His Honour the Lieutenant Governor of Quebec is at the head; and the Prime Minister of the Province, the Mayor of Quebec, and a large list of Judges, Clergy and merchants, have handed in their names. His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau has given a handsome sum, and the project is enthusiastically started. All nationalities are joining



"THIS TO CHAMPLAIN."

hands to make the monument worthy of Canada, and worthy of the great man and of the great deeds we want to honour and remember.

It is not easy to choose a site for a great monument, and the site for Champlain's is no exception to the rule. So many things have to be thought of. It must be in a position if possible associated with Champlain. It must be on ground not likely to be built closely round. It must command distance, and it must have harmony in its surroundings. The choice in Quebec lies now between two positions. One is facing the Basilica. In



"THIS TO CHAMPLAIN."

connection with this site there is no objection. The City Council has purchased of the Provincial Government this portion, where it is proposed to build the City Hall. By the terms of this purchase three monuments were to be erected, and Champlain's was one. Naturally therefore, the monument should be put there. But there is another spot where it seems more desirable and more suitable to have it, and that is where stood the official residence of Champlain when he was Governor of Quebec, the old historic Chateau St. Louis, now known as Dufferin Terrace, high up on the cliff, and commanding a sweep of the river and the country for many miles. The Rev. Abbé Casgrain and other competent authorities believe that the ashes of the illustrious gentleman repose there.

However the Committee appointed to attend to this will decide what is best—meantime it is our duty to show them what we mean to do. Now what do we mean to do? The monument is to be built. It must be one worthy of us all. It will cost about \$20,000. The Scottish people loved Sir Walter Scott so much that they built him one that cost \$80,000. And Sir Walter never did for Scotland what Champlain did for Canada. This \$20,000 must be collected. Quebec cannot pay it all. She should not. We must all have our share in the honour, however small. The Young Canadian is happy that it can help on such a truly national and necessary project. Young hands, young feet, and young purses can do a great deal. Young tongues can tell so pathetically. Young faces can plead so bewitchingly. Young hands look so soft and plump and inviting when held out to be filled. Would it not be grand if young Canadians could induce these great and influential gentlemen of the committee to give Young Canada a slab, a tablet, or a figure all for themselves. Here's how it would look.

To all time it would stand as a humble but loving witness of our admiration of bravery, endurance, determination, and high motive. Let us begin. Go at once. Choose out first your own one cent, five cents, or fifty cents. Next run,—fly to your cousin, your uncle, your friend, and we shall soon see what can be done. First one plump hand shall be filled; then the other; then your satchel will be called out, and perhaps even that won't be enough. Meantime I have written to the committee of grandees in Quebec to ask how we can best do what we want to do.

THE EDITOR.



OUR BOSSIES ON THE OCEAN.

ALL our young readers who are interested in the sea and in sailors must have heard of a gentleman who lives in England, called Samuel Plimsoll, who was until recently a member of the British House of Commons. He has done so much in Parliament and out of it, to make the life of a sailor safer and more comfortable that he has won for himself the name of 'The Sailor's Friend.' He has frequently visited Canada, where he has very near relatives, and at present he is here once more on very important business.

When you have a chance of visiting Montreal, Quebec, or Halifax, where ships and steamers are coming in from the ocean, you will see a mark, a small circle with a cross in it painted on a prominent part of the side of each vessel. This means that so soon as the vessel sinks in the water to this mark, no more cargo can be put on. Mr. Plimsoll was the man who fought for the sailors in Parliament to get this mark put on, and so it is called the Plimsoll mark. Ships laden far over this mark were most unsafe at sea, and hundreds of sailors were drowned in consequence. This visit of Mr. Plimsoll, though not on behalf of sailors, is still connected with the sea; and as it is on behalf of the cattle that cross the sea, we may now call him

THE CATTLE'S FRIEND,

the friend of Mr. and Mrs. Bossie, who wag their tails across our fences, and graze in our fields, and grow so fat and big that men in England and other countries offer us very high prices for them. It appears that we have been sending hundreds of thousands of our best fat bossies across the ocean for a great many years, and that of course our farmers and steamship companies have been making a good thing of it.

Mr. Plimsoll has been under the impression that the cattle were not properly cared for; that they were even cruelly treated; and he has been anxious to pass a law that no more live cattle shall be taken across the ocean. He is so anxious to secure this that he has written a book about it, and has come out here to see how it can be carried out. Some of the things in Mr. Plimsoll's book are so dreadful that no young Canadian would believe them, and I am happy to say that they should not believe them for they are not true. For example who would believe that when the bossies are taken on board, and are out on the stormy ocean, the men would pour coal oil into their ears to make them howl with pain; or stuff their ears with hay and set it on fire; or that when bossie wanted to lie down and the men wanted her to stand up, they pulled her tail off in anger?

Well, of course, these are serious charges. Our Government could not sit by. They arranged with Mr. Plimsoll that an official investigation should be made; that he should have an opportunity of explaining his statements, and that the men should also have an opportunity of denying them. The investigation

took place in Montreal and the Government sent down from Ottawa Mr. Smith, the Deputy Minister of Marine, to preside. A great many gentlemen were there, those who have charge of sending the bossies on board, and those who have charge of the steamers to take them across the ocean. The investigation was very long and very thorough, and the result is that as I have already said, our young people need not believe about the cruelties.

From all that the gentlemen present said it is quite clear that to carry hundreds of thousands of cattle across the ocean in all sorts of steamers, and in all sorts of weather, is no easy matter. With all its difficulties and dangers, the trade has been conducted not only with gentleness and kindness to bossie, but also with success as far as safety is concerned. It must be admitted that during the past autumn, with its unusually fearful storms, many cattle were lost. But it was also brought out that in other years with less storms to fight against, the loss was only about one in every two hundred and sixty-six. The care in loading; the treatment on board; the arrangements for their stalls; and the supply of fresh air, were all investigated with the most gratifying contradiction to Mr. Plimsoll's book; and some of the steamers were proved to have rules even for changing their course in storms to relieve the sufferings of the animals. Nevertheless all the gentlemen present appeared to admit that the dear bossies, who sometimes have baby bossies with them, should have more care and attention, and they were quite prepared to undertake the trouble and expense that might be considered necessary.

They propose to appoint an inspector who shall be bossie's friend; put in fans to supply fresh air; to pour oil on the waves when they are very angry; to see that men with kind hearts go to take care of the food; and to make the Captain of the ship the master of the men.

One thing did not come out in the investigation, which was a surprise to me: namely, the danger from fire among the rough men that are sent to mind the cattle. I myself have seen them lolling and smoking among the bundles of hay, and, though I'm fond of bossies, and like to see their long rows of heads bobbing out of their stalls in mid-ocean, I should not like the thought of being burned up by a careless smoker.

Here is Mr. Plimsoll, sketched by a young Canadian niece of his.

BYTOWN.



MR. PLIMSOLL.



HOW, WHEN, WHERE, AND WHY WE GOT
OUR BIBLE.

IT seldom happens that a story however wonderful is believed by everybody, and the Bible is no exception to the rule. Many men at all times have declared that they did not believe that the books of the New Testament were written by the men whose name they bear, or that they were written at the time we say. Their ignorance has led them to doubt these things, and their doubts have led them to continue in ignorance. Few things work such cruel havoc in our minds as doubt. Saint James says "He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed." *To waver* is to doubt. Indeed *wavereth* and *wave* come from the same root, and the idea in each is the same. Now let us first see what these men say; —the men who, in trying to tell us when and by whom the New Testament has been written, are like waves tossed about with the wind, rolling and breaking into spray, and never in the same position more than a moment.

They are most bitter against the stories written by St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke and St. John. They say that the Gospels could not have been written during the second half of the first century, as we believe, or until long afterwards, because that in other books written immediately after the days of the Apostles no mention is made of them. If Jesus had been such a wonderful man, surely the story of all he had said and done would have been so remarkable that all the other books of the time would have made some reference to it.

I have just said that we believe the Gospels to have been written in the first century. A century is one hundred years, and the *first century* means the first hundred years after we begin to count. We begin to count the years from the time Christ was born, and therefore the first century means the first hundred years after that important event. Now, these *doubters*, or *waverers*, say that among all the books that were written during that first hundred years, there is not one which makes any reference to the New Testament writings, and that therefore it is impossible that they could have been in existence then.

If, in works composed at the end of the first or the beginning of the second century, no mention is made of the Gospels, then our faith in their date is much shaken. If this be the case, the fact would give us no proof that they did exist then; but at the same time, it would not give us proof that they did not exist, which is a very different thing. However, instead of it being true that there is no mention made, we have abundant proof that there was: and not only so, but that direct quotations from the very language were made, and that the Gospels themselves were treated with the most profound respect and reverence. These proofs are to be found not only among the writings of men who loved the Gospels, but among those who hated them; not only among friends of the New Story and of the Beautiful Life which the story told, but also among its enemies,—the men who might have been but too glad to destroy it forever.

GOOD MORROW, VALENTINE.

BY SWEETHEART.

AKIND of second Christmas it is—an echo of the happy feast, and an echo that it is well to cherish and maintain. We should all send valentines. But we had better not all expect one. The surprise will be all the sweeter, and the disappointment will be lighter.

The shop windows are gay with long rows of prettily coloured cupids, angels, dreams, weddings, hearts transfixed with cupid's dart, and sweetly-honeyed verses. The tables inside are spread over with dainty aristocratic ones, and the postmen go round with heavily-laden bags, carrying from door to door the messages of love. Sometimes as many as a hundred thousand of a day.

It was not always thus. The young people used to congregate in the village green. Each wrote his and her name on a slip of paper. Sometimes a feigned name was given. The names were all shaken together, when the maidens drew, as a lot, from the young men's names, and the young men from the maidens'. The young maiden whose name came to Robin's lot, was Robin's valentine, or companion, and when the entire party was selected, all went off to the confectioner's to indulge in treats of sweets. Robin wore his valentine's name for days next his heart, and his valentine wore his next hers, and sometimes, indeed, it happened that they became valentines for life.

Then as now, individual taste came into play. Names were written in blue and gold. Mottoes with honeyed sentiments were attached. Swains became poetic over the perfections, real or imagined, of their valentines; and sometimes extravagant presents and jewels were enclosed. The idea of the treat or present came in course of time to be an obligation, and many curious ways were adopted in olden days to get relief from this obligation.

Even after this obligation was paid, however, the choice of a valentine persisted in associating itself with a future wedding. As the customs of the day changed, this idea did not. It was the day when the little birds selected their mates. There was something romantic in the day—in the air. Belles got bay leaves and pinned them to their pillows. If happy dreams came to them, the very first youth that came across their path next day was to be their valentine for life. Sly young maidens thought to make it sure by boiling an egg hard. The yolk was taken out and its place filled with salt. The egg was then eaten without speaking, and, what is still more wonderful, without drinking. If the ordeal was patiently endured, the valentine was secured.

The most curious part of the observance of the day is that Saint Valentine himself had nothing to do with the day associated with his name.

FEBRUARY

is one of the two months added to the Roman Calendar when the year was made to have twelve, January being the other one. The name comes from *Februare*, to purify, doubtless referring to the religious expiation and purification that took place among the Romans at the beginning of this month.

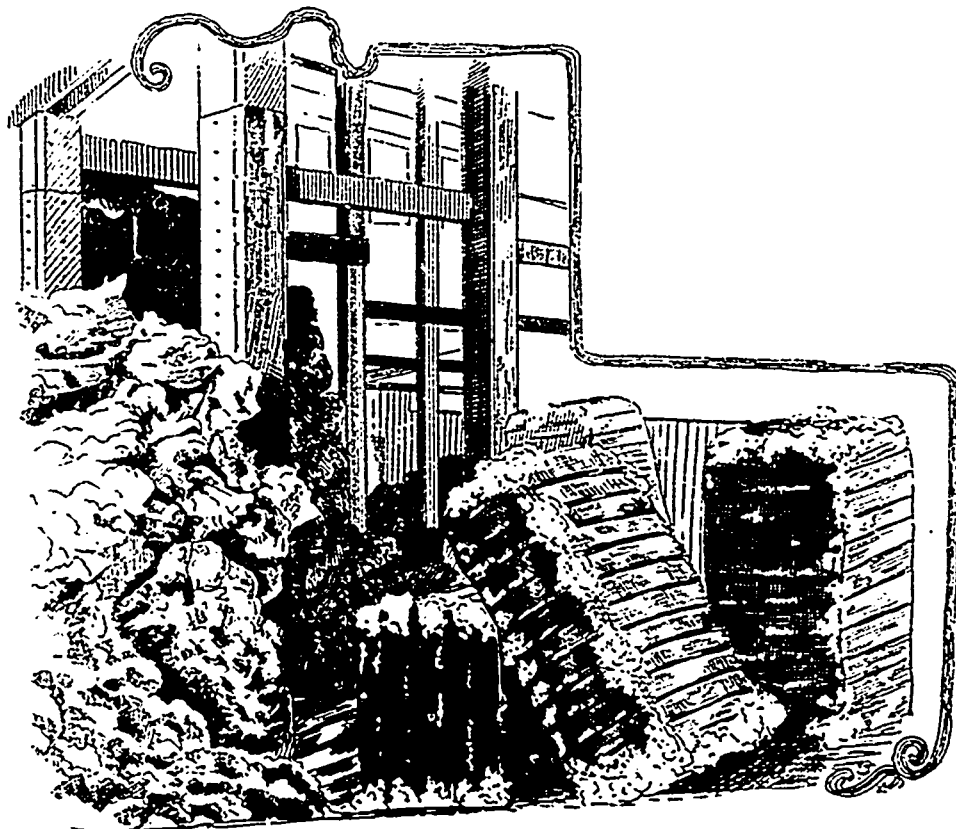
It is a much abused month, a sort of step-bairn in the year, with less than its share of days, and a kind of waste-basket for all the odd days that come along. Why could not the months that claim thirty-one go shares with poor February!

AN AFTERNOON IN OUR COTTON MILLS.

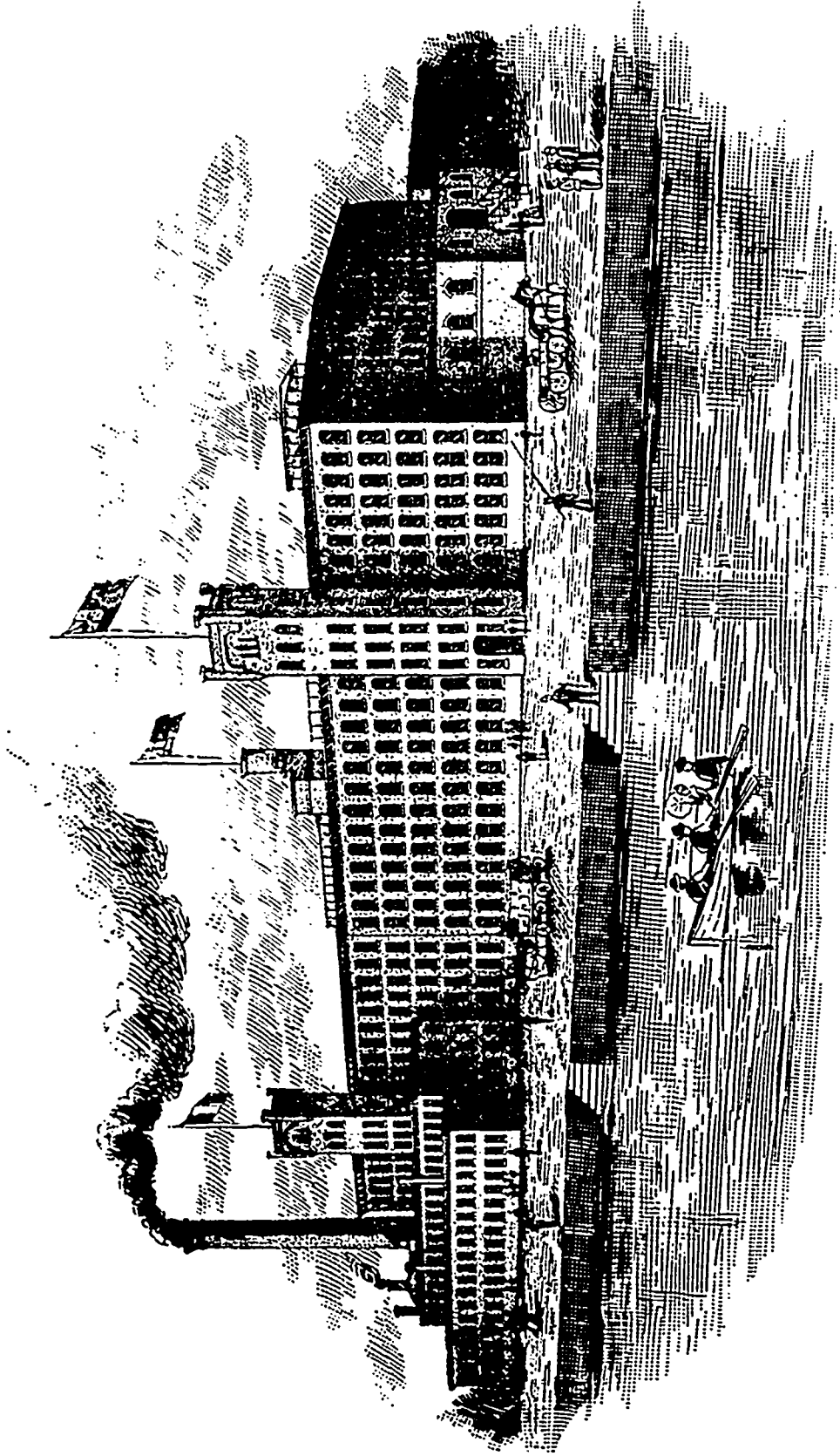
Who has not heard of the Cotton fields, with their romance of song and sunny scenes, where grows the plant that has become almost the most imperious necessity of our modern life! A very delicate plant it is, too, and one that has ways of its own, and needs a good deal of coaxing and wheedling before it will give us enough of soft white bolls to satisfy us. We are very greedy of them. We consume prodigious quantities of them. If you look around your pretty house, and into

your well-stocked wardrobe and bureau you will form some idea of what we use them for.

The fields are prepared during the winter months, and the cotton is sown in March. In five or six days you will see its tiny head above ground, and the men going out to weed and thin it out until only two or three plants remain in one spot. Later you will see them topping the plants—nipping off the ambitious shoots that keep pushing up towards the sunlight. In



“IN GREAT BALES AND BAGS, CLASPED ROUND WITH STRIPS OF IRON.”



ONE OF OUR COTTON MILLS.

this way the plant turns its whole attention to what is left, and puts its entire strength into the cotton instead of into stem and leaf. Most of us, when we are robbed of part of our possessions and aspirations, hopes and desires, follow the example of the cotton plant by staking all the more on what is left.

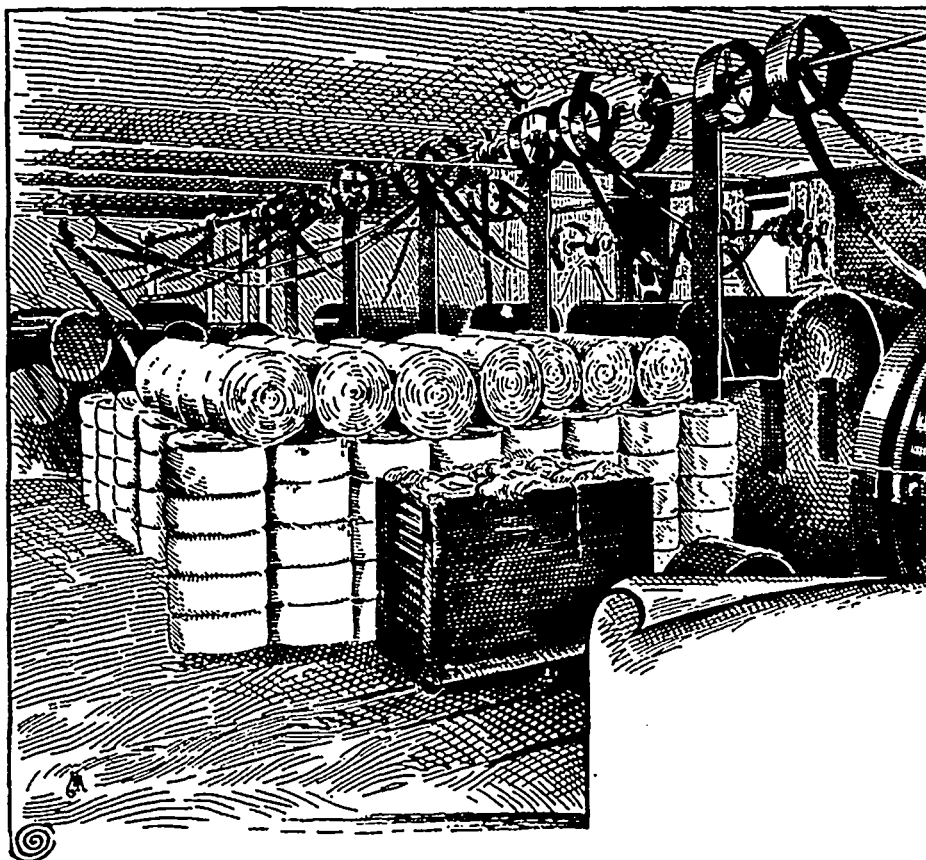
If the weather be warm and moist at first, the little plant thrives well. It likes plenty to drink and plenty of heat. It will bloom in June, and if the weather should get dry later on, the cotton is in its glory,—ready for picking in August, in soft fluffy balls, white and tempting, and will go on ripening and tempting us till the first touch of frost, when it will be so offended at Master Jack that not another pinch of fluff will it give for love or money. It is a busy scene. All the farm hands are at work. Massa is in good spirits, and Sambo works hard. Baskets and bags are quickly filled, and carried off on willing shoulders to make room for more. On they go, Sambo and Dinah with their bags and baskets, chattering, joking, and singing. How we should love to be with them. Not too hot either, only from sixty-eight to eighty-three even in July,—superb,—an oasis of hammock and song. Although India, Egypt, Central Asia, and Brazil have their cotton fields, give me the plantations of the Southern States, with their memories of warm-hearted masters and devoted servants; their idle-busy life; their song and their dance. With “de old-fashioned banjo” “de cabin door” “de boat lying low,” the “’way down upon de Swanee Ribber”: was there ever life or love in the world’s history that pictures so exquisitely the happy contentment of simple unaffected parents and children. There is no country in the world; there is no life but that of the cotton plantations, that has produced anything like the tender filial tie of

“ Massa made de darkies love him,
Cayse he was so kind;
Now dey sadly weep above him,
Mourning cayse he leave dem behind.
I cannot work before to-morrow,
Cayse de tear drop flow;
I try to drive away my sorrow,
Pickin on de ole banjo.”

or that could hear the plaintiff chorus

“ Down in de corn-field,
Hear dat mournful sound:
All de darkies am a weeping,
Massa’s in de cold cold ground.”

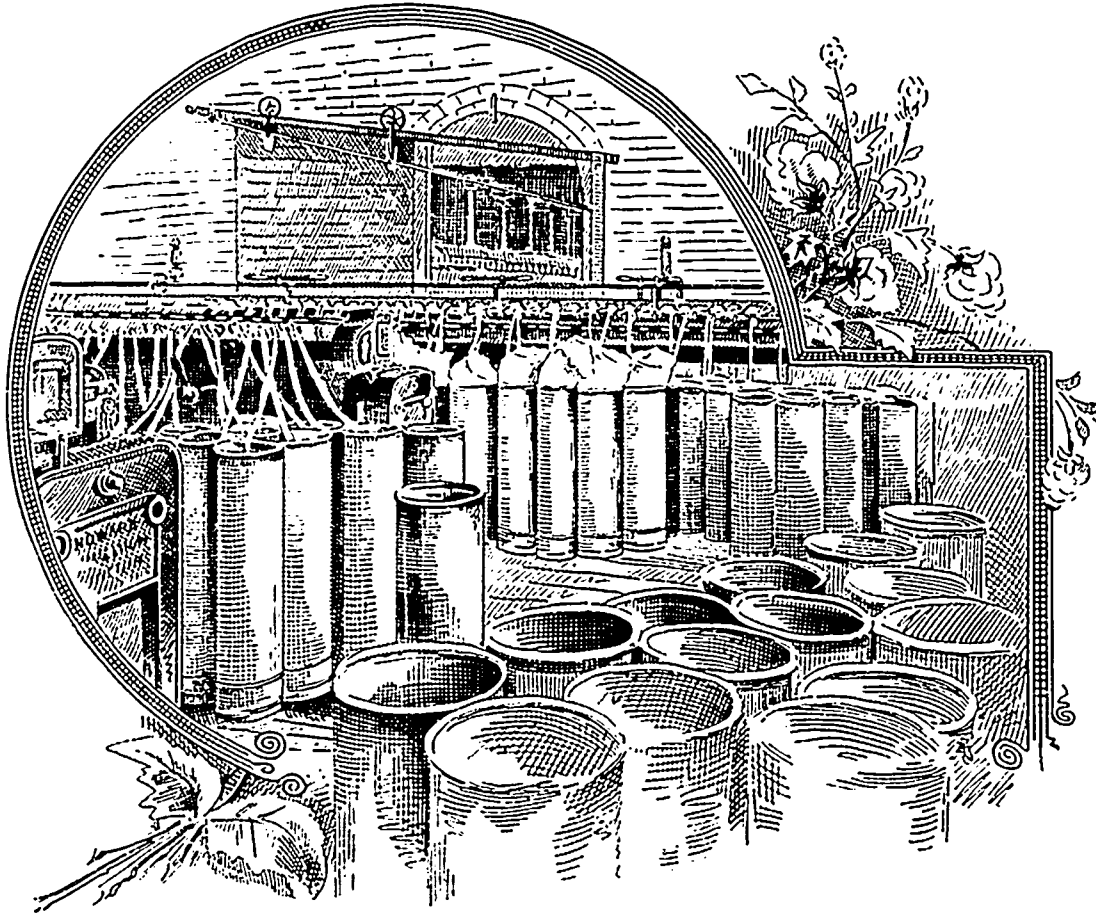
But it is not all sunshine and song with the little cotton plant. It has its enemies in the midst of Sambo’s love. Tiny eggs are laid on the under side of the leaves in May or June, three or four of them on a leaf. In a few days, from each egg out comes a worm to look about it. He gets hungry with the delicious summer air, and, like most of us, makes for the best he can find. Away up at the very top of the plant you will soon find him, devouring the sweetest and tenderest leaves. When he has eaten all the dainty bits there, he springs away to the next plant, and helps himself without saying “thank you” to the fluffy bolls. When he has



“A LAP:—A LARGE ROLL OF SOFT AND WHITE STUFF: VERY PRETTY TO LOOK AT, AND STILL PRETTIER TO TOUCH.”

eaten too much he wraps himself up cosily under the shade of a pretty leaf in a bed of silk, and lies there to sleep. In the midst of his sleep he grows into a moth, and all of a sudden takes to flying around, chiefly at night, and all the time eating and nibbling away. Scarcely has the moth got its wings when it begins to lay eggs, for more worms and moths. It will lay four hundred of these eggs, so you may form some idea of Sambo’s disappointments when he finds his fields devoured. The very juiciest leaves, the very choicest morsels are what it feeds on, at the very centre of the leaf, at the very root of the cotton fluff. Now and again he will fly away and have a sling at some of Massa’s nice ripe fruit, and come back all the more ravenous.

As many as seven broods of these hungry pests will come out of a summer, and they swarm most as the plant is coming into bloom. Nice little nests, too, they make for the next year, under a sheltered log, or in the bark of a tree. And the fragile creatures like best



"GATHERS ITSELF TOGETHER INTO A SOFT CORD OF AN INCH THICK, AND QUIETLY
COILS ITSELF INTO NARROW, DEEP, TIN CANS."

when the winter is cold and steady. Otherwise they fancy too soon that the spring has come; venture out in spring clothing; and get killed.

Meantime, after much inspection and classification of full, half, and quarter grades; fair, and middling fair; good middling and low middling; good ordinary and ordinary; strictly, barely, and fully, the Cotton is on its way to Canada, to distribute itself over our spinning and weaving mills.

The earliest spinning machine was the spindle and distaff. The distaff was a stick with a bundle of soft material fixed loosely on, and which was held in the left hand or stuck in the belt. The spindle was a smaller tapering stick to which the thread was attached. By a dexterous twirl of the hand the spindle was turned and at the same time pushed away from the spinner, the material being pressed between the fore finger and thumb of the right hand.

The idea of this original mode of spinning is the same which has run through all the stages of improvement in more recent times. The spinning-wheel did really the same work as the distaff and spindle, but the spindle was set in a frame and made to turn around by a wheel, either by hand or treadle. The process generally fell to the lot of the women of the household. Indeed no woman was considered ready for her share in life's work until she could spin and weave for herself. It was the "finishing" point of her education, and very proud she was of the achievement. Our word *spinster* is a relic of those days, although we have thrown a

meaning into it which it did not then possess. So late as the beginning of the present century the spinning-wheel, which now decorates our halls and drawingrooms was the bread-winner of many a family of sturdy Scotch children, peasant boys and girls, whose mothers sat in one end of the house and spun for the father in the other end to weave.

Interesting and aesthetic as it may be, the spinning-wheel could give us but one thread at a time, and as the growing needs of the world clamoured for more, invention set to work to improve, until now we can spin many hundreds at once.

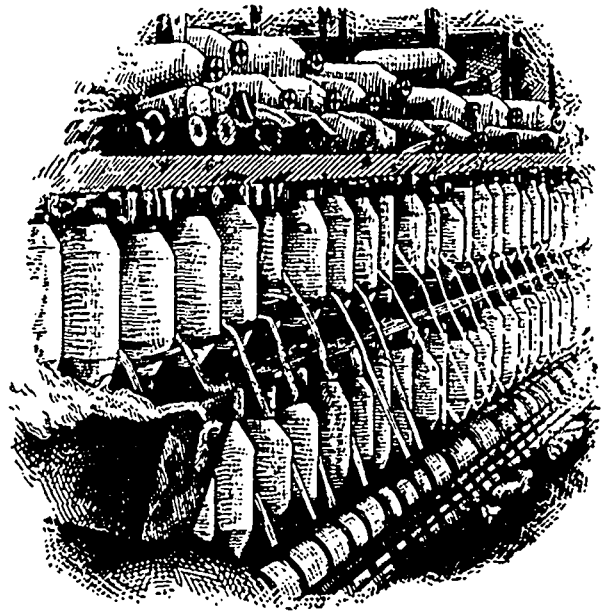
The cotton comes to us in great bags and bales, pressed solid, and clasped round with strips of iron. The first process is the *opening*. It is teased out from its lumpy condition by being passed through rollers covered with small spikes. The raw, dirty, tough cotton is fed in at one end, and at the other it comes out a new creature. Still it is not clean enough, nor loose enough. It is sent through shafts in which a fierce current of air is blown, the result of which is amazing. Before, you don't want to look at it. Now, you want to make its acquaintance, and be good friends. It is then laid, very evenly and smoothly, on a machine which takes it under rollers, and brings it out a layer of cotton called a *lap*, a large solid roll of soft and white stuff very pretty to look at, and still prettier to touch. It is important to weigh the quantity in the lap, as upon that will depend the kind of yarn, the coarseness or fineness of the thread to be spun.

The *carding* room is the next stage, where, I am sorry to say, our little friend of the lap is again torn to pieces. A frame of rollers is waiting to receive it—rollers set closely together and each covered with very fine steel wire points. But they do their duty kindly, very kindly, and by a most beautiful process of rolling and pulling, and pulling and rolling, they convert the lap into a sheet of the finest and daintiest cotton spider web. This, then, almost of its own accord, the whole thing goes so gently, gathers itself together into a soft cord of an inch thick, and quietly coils itself into narrow, deep tin cans waiting to receive it. This is the first indication of the future thread.

It is then drawn out very gradually and ever so gently, with just the slightest of twists, and still as soft and white as snow, sent on to reels which hold a given quantity, and are ready for the

SPINNING FRAME.

The reels are set in the frame. The thread unwinds from the reels, and is drawn through several pairs of rollers, one after the other, until the proper fineness is produced, after which it is gently twisted and wound, ready for the weaver. When wanted very fine, it goes to the *mule-jenny*, where it is treated in a most wonderful fashion. To help it in its dainty refinement the frame here moves backward and forward to take its share of the risk. It runs out for a few yards to make the thread fine, and as it comes back it slyly winds up what it has stretched out and is ready for more. Before the *mule-jenny* was invented to go shares as it were with the thread, we thought we did well if we got two hundred hanks of yarn from a pound of cotton. Now we get seven hundred, and, indeed, a French firm has succeeded, as an experiment, in producing from one pound of cotton as many as four thousand seven hundred and seventy miles of thread. Hargreaves was the inventor of the *jenny*, which, some think, was called after his wife, whose name was Jane. But a descendant of the great inventor says that *jenny* is from *gin*, and *gin* is a contraction of engine.



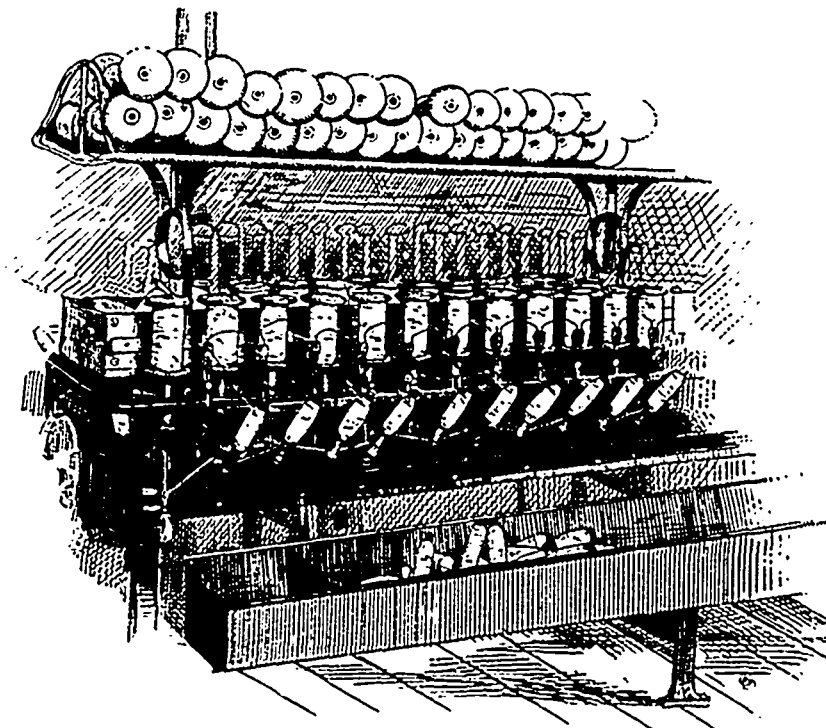
"SENT ON TO REELS, WHICH HOLD A GIVEN QUANTITY."

WEAVING

is simply an interlacing of threads in order to make a cloth. The *warp* threads run lengthwise and the *weft* across. In plain weaving the weft thread runs alternately over and under each thread of the warp. In twills, and other varieties, the effect is produced by the weft taking, instead of each alternate thread, say one and two, or one and three: and as there are sometimes as many as two thousand threads in a warp, the scope for originality in the texture is almost equal to the demand for it nowadays. In spite of the revolution by the application of steam, many of our loveliest fabrics are still made by hand. In India the most exquisite silks are woven by the most primitive form of loom. Two palm trees standing near each other form the frame, and a few pieces of bamboo with some bits of twine complete the outfit.

The loom merely assists the weaver to lift and lower his threads so that the shuttle can pass between. At each end a roller is placed, and the warp is stretched betwixt. The warp is divided into two parts by raising every alternate thread. A smooth rod is inserted to prevent entangling. When one set of threads is lifted, the shuttle, laden with thread, is thrown across, and the other set of threads is raised before it is thrown back. The simplicity, the exactness, the smoothness of the shuttle in its flight are a marvel, and upon its dexterity depends the whole beauty of the cloth.

Then comes the preparation for the market. From the weaving machines the cloth goes to be inspected, and when it passes



"THROUGH ROLLER AFTER ROLLER, UNTIL THE PROPER FINENESS IS PRODUCED."



THE PLANT.

the critical eye of the examiner, it is sent in to be starched. It disappears at one end of a large machine, gets dripping wet, dried and mangled all before you see it again, and comes out in a very tempting condition for the folder. This too is done by machinery, and is put up in yard folds as fast as you could count them. Away along in a quiet and clean part of the house it is stamped with its brand, has a large and beautiful picture stuck on to its face, and a ticket attached to its side. Then the casing and the baling, and the loading into great waggons for the railway, with the fat, sleek horses nodding to one another in their pretty brass harness.

All over the Dominion it goes to our city shops and village stores, in grey and white sheetings, grey and white cottons, pillow cottons, shirtings, prints, canton flannel, grain bags, and I do not know what all; and away down to Newfoundland, to the West Indies, China, and elsewhere.

We have two dozen cotton mills spinning and weaving as hard as they can all the long year; flat after flat of machines, in long rows, disappearing away in the perspective, with thousands of nimble men and women, boys and girls, doing for the machines what they can't do for themselves. Here a drop of oil, there a thread astray. Here an empty reel, there a box of supply. Here a broom sweeping up the fluffy waste, there a bag carrying it off. Now the morning whistle, then the dinner bell. Now the over-hours, on a push, then the Saturday holiday. All the time at their post, the brave

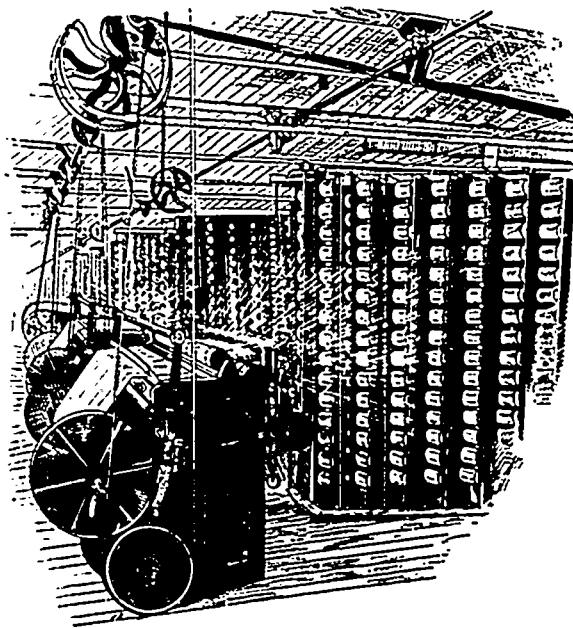
souls, toiling for home and for loved ones. As we skim in our summer canoe in our pretty fancy boating print, or on a wintry night lay our weary heads on a snow-white pillow, let us think of the hands and the heads, the brains and the capital, before we can count our

TWO MILLION YARDS OF COTTON A YEAR.

INDUSTRIA.



THE BOLL.



"HUNDREDS OF REELS AT A TIME."

RAMBLES.

Here is one, — a Cobweb Party. They were quite fashionable at Christmas gatherings in Montreal.

You choose a prominent piece of furniture in your best room, and attach to it a string for each guest you have invited. The more strings the better the cobweb. You then twine them in every conceivable manner around chairs; twist them about the legs of the table; pass them through the key-hole; run them up stairs and down again; into every room and out of it; up and down again; round the table legs once more; and away in a corner each string ends in a pretty little present. The guests are each allotted a string, and the fun begins. They must follow their string. They wander about. They lose themselves and find themselves. They cross and re-cross and entangle with each other almost inextricably; they roam up and down, down and up, and come out all right at the end. The interwindings and funny experiences in the unthreading of the maze — are just the thing for a Christmas or Birthday Party.

PERFUME BY THE QUART.

In circles of extreme fashion in London, ladies are buying their perfume by the gallon. It is enjoyed, not only for the trifling indulgencies of the toilet and the wardrobe, but also for the bath. A devotee chooses her specialty in perfume with as much individuality as she bestows upon her household arrangements, and her face powders, soaps, vinegars, breath pastils, etc., are all perfumed "to match." The rage is for violet.

ABOUT LAMPS

and candleshades, they are still smothered in flowers. Orchids, roses, chrysanthemums are the favourites. An ingenious lamp that turns itself into a flower-stand by day is likely to take the fancy of novelty seekers.

OF SHOES,

the trousseau of the Princess Victoria of Prussia contained an extraordinary supply. As many as twenty pairs were provided by one fashionable firm. Shoes of gold kid, shoes of silver kid, shoes of plush with trimmings of fur, shoes in tartan, shoes in bronze, as well as shoes in black, vied with each other in their coaxing inducements to her royal feet. *On dit* that the said royal foot takes sevens. But I score that out.

Fashions in notepapers are very pretty. The Pompadour has a light blue ground with white stripes across. The Iris is of shot pink and blue brocade. Another beauty has a gold ground strewn with yellow roses and forget-me-nots. I must have a prize for a Canadian notepaper, as beautiful as it will be characteristic.

THE FASHION

in wrinkles is to have them *massaged* away.

RAMBLER.

GOLDEN WORDS OF CANADIAN POETS.

SKATING.

Come to the moonlit lake,
Where rays of silver bright
Their slender arrows break
On the glassy pavement bright!
For hearts are gay, and joy is rife:
And youth and beauty, love and life,
Are out on the ice to-night.

JOHN LOWRY STUART.



In few things more than in reading are the advantages of small beginnings felt. Half an hour, yes, even a few minutes a day, if persistently and conscientiously maintained, will work wonders. It is a simple task. It falls lightly upon the time and attention. The result is incredible. The less-than-nothings-of-time are the greatest things we have at our disposal.

In Our Reading Club our aim is to catch these: to tell them we must have them: to convince them that we cannot do without them: that perhaps they are the most important part of our days. If we are busy all day long and have but half an hour to ourselves it seems scarcely worth while planning out something specially for it. That however is the half hour we want: be it in the morning, in the noon time, or in the evening, we want it to make a bargain with us that when we ask it it will promptly respond and be at our service. I wish I had time to tell you all that a less than nothing of time has done. How in every corner of the globe, among every nation in the world, it has always been the living power in the hands of the men and women that have made the world what it is. The odd five minutes, the stray moments, we have so many of them at our call when we have not an hour or half a day.

Let this be our understanding then, our starting point. We need not interfere with school, or with work, or with play. We need leave no duty undone or half done. We need give up no taste in exercise, in profession, or in pursuit. We have but to consecrate the little moments that sandwich themselves in between our other demands, with persistence and determination and our club will thrive.

Our aim is to give you a taste for reading: to show you what you may do with little time: to urge you on to good reading: and to help you to the habit of regular and conscientious study. In this way our field is divided into three distinct parts. We have our little tots, the sweet little darlings of the family that are all the time asking why and how, to attend to. They shall have our tenderest and most loving care. Then come the boys and girls that go to school: who must romp and play as much as they can, even though we want them in clubs too, for to be a good Young Canadian you must all be first very good animals: boys and girls that can eat well, sleep well, run well, and laugh well. Still you too have your less than nothings to give us. Then we have our young men and women who have more pressure on their time, and who perhaps need us more than all. And last we have our Canadian mothers; those whose work is never done: whose rest is in change of work: and who must have very few indeed of less than nothings to give us, in their long and busy day, or in their long and busy night. But even to them as a softener of toil, as a lightener of burdens, as a gleam of something to take them out of themselves and out of their endless routine of urgent duties, we come with our club to them. It is perhaps the tenderest but truest of ironies that we come to them.

Now be ready. I had intended to tell you this week all about the clubs and their names, badges, etc., etc. But the Editor won't let me. And the Editor's word is law.

PATER.

REBEL or PATRIOT**SERIAL STORY**

OF THE

STIRRING TIMES OF '37,**CHARMINGLY ILLUSTRATED**

BY

OUR LEADING ARTISTS.**Will commence February 18th.**

We must not depend upon our future working itself out, of this help from this country, or of that from another. We must value all intercourse with other countries, but we must look to ourselves to build up our own future. By industry and uprightness; by developing our resources and economizing our energies, we must proceed step by step to that position of respect at home and abroad that is the legitimate and proud aim of national life.

Heaven helps those who help themselves.



HALIFAX, N. S.

I see by your Article entitled "The Young Canadian Post Bag," that you will try to answer any questions put to you. So here goes:—

Which is the best kind of Type-writer, the Remington, the Caligraph, or the Hammond? And I am sorry you have not patronized Kimble's system of Shorthand in your paper. I am learning it, and I think it is ahead of the others. I suppose you could not have both of them.

Yours truly,
H— E— B—

I am happy to answer your questions so far as I can. It is not easy to decide between the rival Type-writers. They each claim superiority, and have each their own individual advantages. I have, however, procured for you

some printed information about them which I now send to you for your perusal. The Montreal agents for the three machines you mention are:—Messrs. Spackman & Co. for the Remington; Messrs. Morton, Phillips & Co. for the Caligraph; and Mr. T. W. Ness for the Hammond. All of them are courteous gentlemen, and will be ready to attend to your order; or if you prefer I shall be glad to help you further in the matter.

As to the system of shorthand which we have chosen for our pages, we prefer Isaac Pitman's, because of its very wide use. I think, however, that if shorthand inventors and improvers could come to some understanding as to a uniform and common system and alphabet, nothing would give a greater stimulus to the study. I am quite sure that it is time that this were thought of. Life is too busy nowadays for the old long hand writing, and those who do not know the fascinating advantages of shorthand have still something to learn.

Ed. P. B.

BADDECK, N. S.

"DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN:—I like your new paper immensely. Just the thing we want. I wonder why no one has thought of it sooner. I have shown my Specimen Copy to many friends who think the same with me.

Fan and I are fond of baking and fussing in the kitchen now and then, and we shall be happy if you will help us sometimes with recipes and useful hints."

Your little friend,

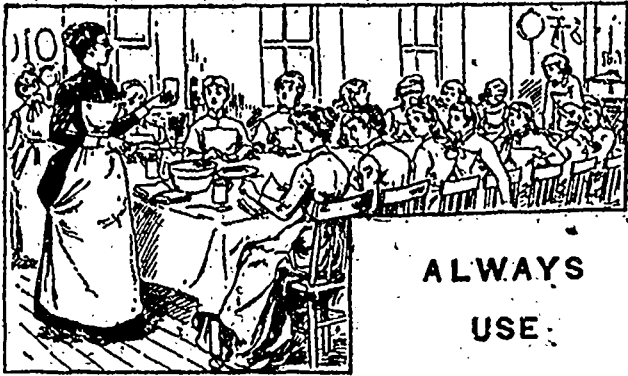
EMMA.

MY DEAR LITTLE EMMA:—I shall be most happy to help you with your cakes and your fussing around. I think little girls look so sweet making cakes, and some little girls' cakes that I have eaten are among the best I have ever tasted. I hope you have a nice big apron, and a pair of sleeves to slip on when you go in to the kitchen, to look tidy and to keep your frock clean. A pair of deep pockets in the apron are an improvement. They are handy in many ways.

Perhaps before I tell you some pretty recipes, I ought to give you some advice about your "fussing around." There should be no fussing around in any kitchen. Your mother won't like it; the cook will rebel; and it is a bad habit for yourself. It is a good rule not to go to the kitchen at all, unless you are sure you won't interfere with its other arrangements. On wash day, or scrub day, for example, you should avoid being "fond of baking;" and there are certain times every day when the kitchen is busier than others. Avoid these. And when you are at your little work there try to be of as little trouble to the cook as possible. Instead of saying "Mary, where is the flour?," remember yourself where it is kept. Instead of asking for your cup and spoon, get them for yourself.—then Mary will look forward to your baking day with pleasure and not with dread. Try also to keep Mary's bright stove as clean as possible. Do not stain her freshly scrubbed table; and "fuss around" as few dirty dishes as you can help. I have done a great deal of baking and cooking, without ever having to ask Mary for a single thing, and with perhaps only half a dozen dishes left to tidy up after me.

Since I have said so much, I will add that you had better look to your fire first, to have your oven ready when you want it. Then your flour, eggs, sugar, butter, raisins, etc., etc., should be looked out, measured and weighed in readiness, before you break an egg or touch the flour. Nothing will spoil your cake, and your good habits, so easily as a bad system of setting about matters.—Ed. P.B.

To my little friend in Eustis Mines who sends me my first Valentine, I return my very best thanks. What a lovely idea of him! and such a beauty it is.—Ed. P.B.



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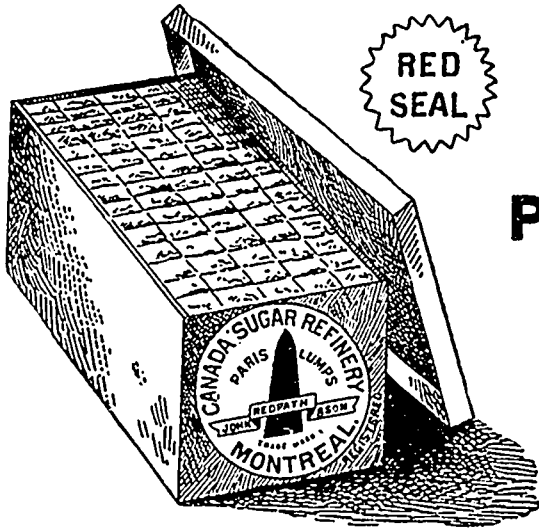
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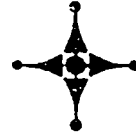
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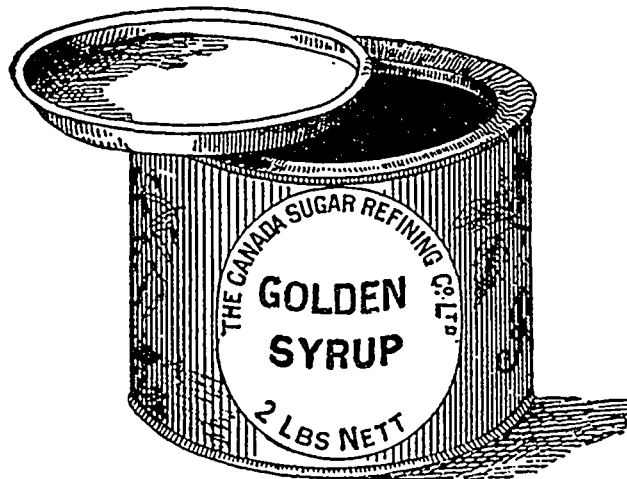
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