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No. 2. Vol. 1.

## CLIMBING THE HEIGHTS

Bi T. (., MARQUIS, KINGSTON, ONT.

The English had determined to end the itruggle with the French on this continent by seaming all their stronghulds with one mighty effort. Chief among these was Quebec, and the task of conquering it de volved upon Admiral Saunders and the young but dauntless solder, General Wolfe. Ihe lremh lis nu means meant to become an eas: pres. At the approach of the Britush fleet, every buoy and mark that made the navigation of the St. Lawrence comparatively easy wa's removed. This somewhat delayed the Enghish, but the skill of a young salur - Captan ( $u$ oh whu wav after wards to become so famous for his vogages round the world, overcame the difficulty, and soun had the channel mapped out to the very base of the rucky citadel.

On June 26th, 1759, the whole fleet safely navigated the narrow channel, much to the amazement of the Frenchmen, and cast anchor to the suuth of the l bland of Orleans. So accurate were Couk ssounding, and ni skillful the masters of the wemels, that not we, muth.小. keel grated the buttum. When the wurh wav completed the jubilant salors, after getung ther vesoels "snug, betook themselves to various sorts of amusement, to work off their surplus energ). On une of the wessels a cruwd of rough laughing fellous iollected about a delicatelooking boy, and teasingly sand, "Now that we've fine weather, you'd better try goin' aloft."

The "bosun" was passing, and overhearing the re mark, exclamed "Is that that young dig. Beaumont ${ }^{2}$ Here, you young coward, take these tlag halyards, and go to the truck."

The peor twes tonk the hallards with a trembling hand. hut sadd, "I can't utr : reall;, I can't" l'ie triecl, and I could never go up"
"Fou can't, ch " Wetl, well see about that Bring 'the cat.' Jerry:"
I burly, cuarse-flaturel youth rushed after the dreaded "eapon, and somin reappeared, gronning with exultation
"Tp you go," roared the 'bn'sum.' "or I'll give ynu a taste of this."

The joung wellor turk the line in his teeth, and wepped mon the regeing He ua- tremblang like oleaf. and not a f. $w$ of the men would willong! hate some onstead He had (limbed hut a hort dotanne when be stopmed and seemed unable to go a trp higher
"L'p yun s", wou lubher'" creed the heartess "bro'sun. " You gos up. Jerry, and see him over the round-top."

The sallor addressell needed no urging' He was the sort of a human anmal that liked to see the weak in agons. perhaps to give him delight in his nwn hrute curage lig comerant 11 hen he reached the lad be gave him a hght wath with the fuint of his hmife lieau mont made a mighty effort, and went a few steps further $\mathrm{H}_{\mathrm{C}}$, wom rearhed the round-tnp, and started to go through the "fubber's hole"
" Xo, you don't" ruared the 'ho'sun" "Over it you go!"
The lad's trembling fingers seized the difficuit ropeladdere and mede an ffirt tosuing himeself nere the top l,ut. In dellis ... 'an huptrap .and womld have fallen 1 . the deck, but tor the lad that was behind hum.
"That's right, Jerry," grinned the "bo'sun." "Keep hom to it: Youll make a sailor of him yet."
"I cant, sir; really, I can't?" piteously cried the boy:
"Take a rest, and at it you go again: I'll have you sliding all over the masts before the royage is over. Make him try it once more, Jerry:"

Just then the door of the eabin opened. and a tall, thin form stepped towards the group. He was a slim, cierkly-looking man, with red hair and homely features; but his eyes had a soldier's sharpness about them, and his mouth was peculiarly determined looking. It was General Wolfe.

In an instant he took in the situation.
"What does this mean?" he sternly demanded of the group.

The 'bo'sun' apologetically repliect.
"The joungster, sir, refused to go aloft at sea. Hes a great coward, and I thought it a good chance to break him in in this smooth water."
"Is it necessary to break him in at the point of a knife? Come down out of that, you rascal "" he commanded, in a voice of thunder, to Jerry. "Here you!" said he to one of the able-bodied seamen," (;o aloft, and see that the boy does not get hurt coming down. If I ever see anything like this again, it will not be my fault if it goes unpunished."

When young Beaumom reached the deck he was deathly pale, and trembled in ewery limb. The men slunk away ashaned, and left him standing alone with the General.
"Well, my lad," said the kind-hearted commander, "how is it you cannot go aloft?"
"I don't know, sir; but every time I go into the rigging I get nervous; I can hardly hold on ; and, if I look down, my head grows diay. I have tried to overcome it, sir," he said respectrully, "lout it's no use !"
"well, my man, you're evidently not cut out for a sailor! I will see what I can do to get you transferred to the army. Would you like that better?"
' Oh, yes, sir! I don't think they could ever call me coward in that case! It's only the climbing that affects me."
"Well, Ill have a talk with your commander, and perhaps we shall be able to arrange matters. Now, rum away and join your comrades. I don't think they.ll bother you much, seeing that / have taken your part:"

The lad respectfully touched his cap, and went below. He had expected to be tormented as usual, but his companions seemed to be only anxious to know what the General had said. Not a few were jealous of the lad's chance of getting into the army, and being under the :mmediate sight of the generous, lion-hearted soldier.
"I expect," said one, " Beauy 'll be a commander before the war's over."
"Not if he has to climb the heights yonder for his rank. Eh! Beaus;" added another.

The lad blushed crimson, but could not answer the remark. He had no fear on land; it was the swaying between heaven and the sea that made him lose his bead.

On the following day the whole lleet was in a state of commotion. The forces had to be landed, and busy boats plied between it and the shore. Scarcely was this task completed when a raging storm came up, and the vessels dragged their anchors and pitched into one another. However, it subsided as quickly as it rose, and much to the chagrin of the French, who had hoped to see the fieet destroyed, only a few were injured by the gale.
The twenty-eighth of June was a busy day for both forces. The English were throwing up entrenchments
on the Island of Orleans, and devising various modes of attack. The French were equally eager in their strenuous efforts to offer a strong resistance and were likewise making giant preparations to amihilate the fleet with fire-ships.

Vaudreuil, the (ionemor of Canada, had seven large mercham-men loaded with combustibles. and made ready. to sweep down upon the enemy. He hoped, by setting fire to them as they neared the fleet, to see them utterly destroy the English vessels. The night was calm, and dark as pitch. The troops on shore were silent, and only the cheery cry of the watch "All's well". broke the stillness.

Suddenly a commotion rises on board the fleet. The seven huge vesochs are seen creeping through the darkness. The tide and a light wind are both favourable. Scarcely are they observed, when sheets of flame dart from the deck of one and another. thll all seven are sheathed in fire. The crash of exploding camon that had been crammed to the muzale is heard, and grapeshot ploughs the water in all directions. On glide the fiery monsters, straight for the flect. lior a moment the commanders stand dazed; and then the ery passes from lip to lip, "Into the boats and grapple them:"

A boat is hatily manned from the ship in which the preceding cpisode had occurred.
"Here, Beaumont:" cried the beatswain, "be of some use : Jump on board and take the tiller:"

With ready agility the excited boy leaped into the boat, and the saitors bent their oars towards the burning fleet. They were soon near the largest and foremost vessel ; but the fierce heat and crashing explosives made them pause.
"It's no use trying to grapple now," said the commander of the boat. "No one could reach her alive."

A splash was heard, and a voice from the water ex-claimed-
"Please, sir, hand me the grappling-iron. I can swim to her:"
"Well done, my lad: Here you are. Now, be careful. Drop it if you find it too heare."

The line was payed-out, and the young swimmer approached nearer and nearer to the floating furmace. Ever and anon a shower of shot dashed the water about him : but he seemed to bear a charmed life, never checking his vigorous stroke for a moment. He quickly reached the ship, and, with heroic courage, grappled the charredirons. while the fire hissed on all sides of him.

As soon as his work was done, he dived into the Hood, and swam almost to the boat under water. In a moment he is on board, and a cheer rises from the lips of every man.
"Now, men, steady:" (ries the commander. "Jon's make a mess of the boys work: There: her course changes: We'll have her ashore in a minute! Stand ready to cut the tow-line: I expect the masts will fall when she strikes. The fire has burned away all the stays."
They had not long to wait. A sudden tightening of the line is felt, and the knife of the sailor, held ready, severs the rope with one rapid sweep. A dull roar follows, and the sailors put a mighty effort into their strokes. They get their boat out of danger, but none too soon. The huge fore-mast snapped and fell in their track.

When the vessel grounded, the troops on the shore and the men on the fleet sent up cheer after cheer. The other boats followed the example of the first, and, in a very short time, all the blazing crafts were grounded,--not one of them doing the slightest damage to the Einglish vessels.

Vaudrenil and his forces watched their fire-ships harmlessly burning out, but could do nothing. More
than a million francs had been sunk in this venture. without any return. The attempt did not even cause the death of a single British sailor. One of their own commanders and seven sailors perished in the flames, heing unable in escape after setting their vessel on fire.
Next day Wolfe, who hast witnessed the heroic conduct of the sailors, enquired of Admiral Saunders who
"! thought so!" he said. " 1 knew there was something in that had. Do you know, Admiral, that brave fellow trembled like a leaf at the round-op the other day; and, had I not come to his rescue, would surely have fallen!"
"Impossible:" exclaimed tire Admiral.
" Not at all! You sailors never will admit that some men are physically unfit to go aloft! Now, Admiral,


was the officer that set the example in capturing the firs:.
"It was not an officer at all, Gencral," retarned the Admiral, "but a beardless boy, named Beaumont. Licutenant Johnson says a tried veteran could not have shown more nerve and courage!"

General Wolfe laughed.
that lad will never make a sailor, so I want you to turn him over to me!"
"As you say, General; but it's too bad to have the navy lose such a plucky fellow !"
"The navy never had him! He would do on deck, but above that never! I want a confidential, intelligent lad, to be near me at all times; and I know of no one
who would suit me better. Could he go ashore with me nozu?"
"Certainly! I will send for him at once."
In a few moments Beaumont appeared, and respectfully saluted his ofticers.

General Wolfe at once informed him that he had succeeded in getting him transferred, and explained what he wanted. The young fellow's eyes beamed with gratitude. The General's kindness had already won his heart, and the prospect of being always near hom gave him the utmost pleasure.

For several months the arduous siege continued. Plan after plan was tried, and failed. Heavy loss occurred on both sides, and a less indomitable spirit than Wolfe's would have given up in despair. Always suffering from ill-health, the worries of the camp prostrated him, and the physicians often feared for his life. Young Beaumont never left him, but was ever near to fulfil his lightest wish. On many occasions, he had proved himself a veritable hero-carrying messages under heavy fire, and being twice slightly wounded.

He had grown wonderfully in character and miltary knowledge, under the immediate instruction of the energetic General, and was now able for almost any task. His grateful heart was deeply pained at witnessing the conflict that raged in his commander's breast. At one moment Wolfe would feel that he must give up the attempt for this year. Then, again, he would see some way of forcing the stronghold to surrender; and, just as he thought he had it within his grasp, dire disease would lay him prostrate, and unfit him for action.

One day, early in September, he said-
"It's no use trying to take Quebec from the front or below. We must get above the city. I feel something might be done from that side."
"Are not the cliffs very hard to scale?" asked Beaumont.
"Yes," replied the General, " but, if we can once get up, the city is ours! I hope you are not afraid of the climb?" he added, smiling.
"No, sir!" replied the youth, blushing; "but I tremble for our forces, if the French should get wind of the attempt!"
"They must never know of it," said Wolfe, firmly.
On the following day the General was taken ill again, and began to feel very hopeless.

However, he rapidly recovered, and prepared to try what he could do above the city.

On the day before the intended reconnaissance, Beaumont asked him for leave. He said he might have to be gone a day or two, and asked for a pass that would let him out of or into the lines at any time.

The General looked amazed, but as Beaumont was not in the habit of asking useless favours, he granted the request without hesitation.

The lad had a daring scheme on hand. He had made up his mind to explore the cliffs above, and see if a landing place could be discovered. For this purpose he hurried along the river, got above the city, until he could see the white tents of the guard on the opposite plains of Abraham. He now secured a boat, and rigging up an anchor, waited for nightfall. The short twilight gave place to pitchy darkness, but he had his course so well mapped out that he had no difficulty in finding his way across to the point he had selected. When he had stealthily rowed to within a quarter of a mile of the shore, he anchored his boat, threw off his outer garments, and noiselessly let himself into the water. He seemed to glory in the tide, and vigorously made his way to the dark frowning cliffs. Reaching land, he rested a moment before trying the ascent. A sentinel
was pacing along the top. He could not see him ; but, every now and then, he could catch his monotonous tread, or hear the butt of his riffe strike the ground when he stopped to rest. A light, gay drinking song reached his ear.
"Ha!" said he to himself, "the commander of the guard is not over watchful! Now for a trip to the top!"

Noiselessly he moved along the shore in search of a path, but, in the darkness, could find none.
"Well, here goes-at random!" said he to himself lightly, as he forced his way through a cluster of bushes. The height was one mass of trees-birch, spruce, and maple jutting out on all sides. The climb was a hard one in the dense shadow. Moreover, the utmost precaution had to be taken, in order to avoid the slightest noise. Once his foot broke a branch, and the vigilant sentinel called out-"Qui Vive?"

In peril of his life he breathlessly maintained his position, and, after a time, he heard the sentinel begin again his dreary rounds-all his suspicions being evidently set at rest.
About half-way up he stumbled upon a path, along which he could crawl without making any disturbance. Nearing the top he rested and listened. The sounds of revelry still caune from the guard-tents. He was shivering with cold in his wet clothes, and felt he must do something to change his position. At the first opportunity, when the sentinel had gone to some little distance, he glided to the top, and, in an instant, was beside the tent of the commander of the guard. He knew a little French, and managed to gather, from the loud talk of the hilarious inmates, that the force on the height was but small, that its commander's name was Vergor, and that he was recklessly confident of being able, with his handful of men, to keep the English back, if they should be so fool-hardy as to try to scale the bank at his position. They were gleefully laughing over their safety, and picturing the fleet returning without attaining any success. While he was listening eagerly, and trying to grasp the purport of their conversation, there was a sudden pause. They evidently intended to break up. He dared not move, but breathlessly crouched in the shadow of the tent. As they said "good night," Vergor, with a hiccup, declared-"I'll hold the Ause du Foulon against all odds! After this, we must break up at twelve, sharp. No one knows when Montealm may turn up. I'd rather reckon with the English than with him!"

Beaumont soon heard the heavy breathing that told that Vergor was asleep, but he was kept a prisoner through the increased vigilance of the guard, made more alert by the breaking up of the party. When all was perfectly quiet again he became less watchful, and the heroic lad slipped back to the wooded path that led to the shore, and carefully; felt his way down. He was not astonished to find entrenchments thrown up and an abatis crected, and took accurate notes of the positions. ifter a perilous descent he reached the shore, and, guessing at the direction of his boat, dropped into the river.

Having made some distance, he began to fear he had missed his craft ; but, on looking about, found it a little above him. He quickly got in, put on some dry clothing that he had in the boat, and, bending to the oars, beat a hasty retreat from the French lines. His young heart bounded with delight. He felt he had good news for his General. It was nearly morning when he reached the opposite shore;'indeed, the light was already beginning to break. Tired and worn, he threw himself down on a mossy bank, behind some lumber, and did not wake until the sun was high in heaven. The sound of voices roused him. He heard General Wolie exchaim-
ing-"Yes, that is a path. I'm sure we might get up there. However, it seems to be pretty well guarded. Those camon over there, and that strong guard above Sillery, look rather threatening. If we get up there, it will have to be by stealth. What think you, Major Stobo ?"
"I think it quite possible to scale the heights at that point," replied the officer; "but a very small guard could keep back a host. That, if my nemory serves me right, is the Anse du Foulon."

Beaumont could contain himself no longer. He rose from his hiding-place, and, saluting his officers, said-
"You are quite right, sir ; that is the Anse dul timbon. I came from it a few hours ago."
"You!" they cried in amazement.
"Yes, sir! Last night I did some scouting. 1 succeeded in reaching the top, and learning something of the guard, and its commander, a man named Vergor."
"An arrant coward!" broke in Major Stolo. "All the better for us, though! It was he who made such an inglorious surrender of Beau. Séjour, in Nova Scotia."
"Well, my brave lad," said Wolfe, unheeding the interruption, "What did you learn?"
"I found the guard over-confident. Vergor spends his evenings in gambling and drinking. He laughs at the idea of the English attempting to scale the cliff, and
keeps but one sentinel on the look-out. The height is difficult to climb, and the path has been protected by entrenchments and an abatis; but, sir, a few brave men could get up, quiet the guard, and clear the path for the army."
Gencral Wolfe looked with delight at the young soldier.
"You speak like a veteran, Lientenant Beanmont $/$ Major Stobo, consides the lieutenant attached to your battalion."
"And delighted I shall be to do so," replied the Major. "We are in need of some brave officers."

Beaumont tried to stammer out his thanks, but failed. The General relicved his embarrassment by asking him a host of questions. This settled the matter. The attempt to land would be made. Should it fail, the fleet would withdraw for this year, at least.
"And," said the General to Beaumont, "if we win, you will have had no small share in the victory."
On the 12 th of September a portion of the fleet, carrying the main body of the troops, managed to get above the city. The French were deceived. Admiral Saunders lay with the greater portion of his fleet below the city, and Miontcalm concentrated his forces on that part.

Colonel Hare, of the Light Infantry, chose twenty brave fellows to lead the scaling-party. Lieutenant Beau-


[^0]mont offered to guide them, and his offer was accepted.
"liake care of yourself," Wolfe said, kindly, as he saw him preparing to depart. "I shall feel myself to blame. if you tall. But is is duty? I shall probably die tomorrow. I an ghad I can face it like a soldier !" And he turned away with a smile.

The hoats were challenged in passing the headland of Samos, but succeeded in evading their sentinels, and the heights were soon scaled.

Just as they reached the top they were detected, and the guard hastily fired upon them. but was speedily over powered. Vergor attempted to escape in his night-clothes. but was shot in the heel and captured.

The troops were soon landed and ranged in order of battle on the Plains of Abraham.

In the memorable fight that for ever ended firench
power on this continent, the darling of the army- Wolfe
was slain. Beammont, who had distinguished himself by his bravery during the batte, stood by him to the last. Before the (ieneral passed away, be took from his poeket al letter, saying "Captain Beaumont, give this to my mother: and tell her I died, as she would have her son die - doing his duty :"

Several officers, who were near, were witnesses of the promotion of Beaumont, who at once took rank as Cap)tain. He returned to Eingland, an honoured officer, on the same vessel in wheh, on the outward vogage, he had horne the stigma of "coward.

Admiral saunders warmly congmtulated him on his success.
"Stick to the land, my lad," he said. "You seem to have no difficult! in climbing the heights, there!"


PEBBILES FROM THE SHORIS OF SCIIENCE.


ETV us draw the curtains it looks so cosy inside ; but not quite it looks so cheerless outside; and we should think of the outsiders sometimes, most of all in winter. Frank will please set my lamp on my favourite table. You know I prefer it to gas. And Loo will put another $\log$ on the fire. There now. That is lovely: The evenings are so delightul the most precjous hour of the day:"

The children swarmed to their own stools, drew them up close to Aunt Mamie, and packed themselves round her, pretty much as boys and girls can do when they expect something nice. It was Aunt Mamie they kept their questions for, she had such a fascinating way with her, they said; and when a poser was put she set it aside in her workbasket for the evening fireside. That morning Tom wondered why he felt so cold when the wind blewAunt Mamie was in a hurry. But she promised-tonight, this very night, and Tom's lessons went merry as a Christmas bell.

After a lot of settling down and nestling together, Aunt Mamic rubbed her spectacles and lifted her knitting, and said:-
"Heat and cold have a tendency to equalize themselves. That is, they go on borrowing from each other, the heat from the cold and the cold from the heat, until
both are equal. There is nothing left 10 lend or to borrow. We feel the cold not because of its actual pressure, but because of the escape of heat from our own bodies into the air. So long as the air is colder than we, it will go on borrowing; and so long as we have plenty to lend we will go on lending. The feeling is a pleasant one, so long as we can create fresh heat as fast as we are lending it. So soon, however, as we are being compelled to lend faster than we can create, the feeling of pleasure is gone. It is replaced by one of pain. In very cold weather, the air goes on borrowing from us. There is no satisfying it. It is a very Shylock, and begs, borrows, or steals, so long as we keep on making heat for it to cheat us out of. This is why we wear clothes-not to make us warm, but to keep us warm-to ward off the persistent attacks of the cold air. You observe how Nature in her tenderness helps those who cannot so well help themselves. by thickening up the coats of horses and dogs.
"When the wind blew on Tom this morning the air robbed him of a much greater amount of warmth than it would have done had there been no wind. It was force added to force. It was like two boys instead of one pushing against a door to get in, or like ten instead of two to get out.
"In this way Tom was like a thermometer, though in another he is more unlike. The thermometer has no store of heat in itself to create for the air. It simply can give what it got from the air an hour or a day before. It goes on lending until the two are equal, but no longer. No matter how close the fight may be, how long the contest, the selfish air gets all it can-the equally selfish thermometer gives as little as it can, and $t .{ }^{\circ} \eta$ there is a dead-lock. The wind begs, the thermometer refuses. The wind threatens, the thermometer smiles. The wind blows, the thermometer turns hard-hearted. Until the air itself first lends to the thermometer, it has nothing to say in the matter.
" But here's my knitting ball finished-my yarn is done."

Aunt Mamie.

## TOPICS OF THE DAY AT HOME.

OUR (.N゙MOHAN li!A(i.

## To the Editor of The Yount; Canaman:

Sir: In art.de in jour lirst issue under the above heading says "One thing we stand in need of, and that is a 'hag, and distinctue heraldic bearings of our own." We have both. (our flag is the same as that of all our sister colonies, the British ensign, blut or red, with the badge or arms of the Coloms in the fly : and, except as: to the badge or arms in the fly, no change can be or ought to be thought of. Your learned contributor's proposal is open to precisely the same objection as he raises to the bearing now in use, only in a less degree: and moreover it contravenes a rigid canon of blazonry, never, I believe, disregarded in English heraldry. i agree in the opinion that the arms of Canada are not altogether suitable to be borne in a flag: it would be an advantage if its use in that way should be discontinued and a simple badge substituted, such as the maple leaf or sprig of three meple leases, or perhaps a beaver. This would be no change of any existing insignin, it would be merely the use of a badge only instead of a complete achievement, which is quite in accordance with heraldic usage as far as flags are concerned.

But the flag is one thing and an armorial achievement is another. Any change in the existing armorial bearings, so far as they are of allothority, should be de precated, for the arms otivicially granted and recorded
-of the four original l'rovinces are compositions in the very best Victorian heraldry, with regard to which I venture to join issuc with Sir Damiel Wilson and to maintain that the are preeminently distinctive in significance, historical and emblematical. With the exception of Manitoba, there cannot be so much said for the newer quarterings, of which perhaps none have been properly authorized: that of Prince Edward Island is well conceived, but in different, and inferior, order of heraldry from the others; the British Columbian would be suitable for a military badge but is quite out of place on a shicld of arms. For the last two Provinces and for the future new l'rovinces, proper bearmgs should be assigned, at least if there is considered to be any necessity for adding a quarter for every new P'rowince. It may be borne in mind that the (ireat Seal of Canada bears only the four origual authorized quartermgs. But as each Province must have its own Seal, there should be a suitable heralde (Victorian) device borne upon th.

The composition which passes current as the Arms of Comada, in which seven quarters are marshalled, has never been authorised, and it is hoped that it never will be in its present form. An instance of the same seven quarters properly marshalled occurs in the heralde decoration of the new Board of lrade building in Toronto; this is the work of one of the architects of that building, who although an American, is an accomplished herald.
The charges borne for I'rince Edward Island are understood by very few and are seldom correctly represented; they are a clump of three small maple trees, emblematic of the Province, consisting of three counties, under the shade of a great oak tree emblematic of British power: motto "I'arva sub ingenti."

Yours, Etc.,
E. M. Chadick.

TOPICS OF THE DAY ABROAD.

## THE JAMAICA SHOP WINDOWS.

BV CUBA.


Kingston, on the most important of the islands of the West Indian group which, like ourselves, belong to our own good Qucen, an Exhibition is now being held at which Canada is occupsing an honorable position, the Canadian Court being the largest of all. The Government of Jamaica, the Land of Wood and Water, has spent a great deal of labour and money upon i.. to make it attractive to exhibitors and visitors, and the result must be the advancement of international manufactures, and an increased exchange of international commoditics. Our Government has appointed Mr. Adam Brown, M.P., as Honorary Commissioner to represent us, and many Canadians have killed two birds with one stone by enjoying a trip to Jamaica's genial climate, and an opportunity of learning something of her productions and requirements.

No surer way of extending our trade. What is trade? Everybody knows that Jamaica has sugar, coffec, spices, bamanas, oranges, cocoa, far more than she could use even if every man, woman and chikd on the Island had the sweetest tooth in the world. We have flour and barley, more than we could eat even if we had all the year round the appetite of the Montreal Winter Carnival. We say to Jamaica "Give us your spare sugar and we shall give you our spare barley and pork." That is trade. And just as our shopmen make their windows brightly laden with their wares to tempt us as we go by, so it is a good thing for countries to put their best fout forward now and then to let the world see what they have to trade with.

On this occasion we have sent to the great shop windows of the Jamaica Exhibition samples of what we can make,--of what we have to trade with, from over three hundred lactories. Of these everything from a needle to an anchor. For the Jamaica kitchen we have semt stoves and washing machines, 'raskets, matches, soap, starch; for the larder we have sent hams, soups, butter, cheese (how the Jamaica mice will smack their tiny lips !), flour, apples, canned salmon, of sters, lobsters, meats, baking powders, spices, condensed milk, and wooden ware; for the West Indian merchant we have sent safes, electro goods, iron, copper, boats, carriages, refrigerators, paper, cottons, leather, harness, agricultural implements, lamps, wall papers, marbles. drugs, furniture, paints, hats; for the young West Indians we have shown them our pianos, organs, hammocks, boats, canoes, bicycles; and we hope they will enjoy them all as much as Young Canacians do.

The Hon. Mr. Foster, our Minister of Finance, has just returned from those interesting islands, where he paid an official visit of inspection and conference. He visited m:any of them, even those that belong to France, Denmark, Spain, and Sweden. They are not all British, although most of them are. Mir. Foster found a cordial welconie from them all; spoke with their leading men; had interviews with the Governments; and made a formal proposal of trade which is to be laid before their Legislative Bodies. Very soon we shall hear of the result.


THIRIY IEARS MiO.

What a fuss we make preparing for a journey by rail. The early breakiast : the hurrying servants : the protest tug valises; the lagard cabloy : the hasty geod-hee; the rush for the tickets : and the sigh of relief as we drop) into the well-cushioned seat of the car, with a "thank goodness, here we are, all right at last." It is sof familiar to most of us. We look round with an air of superiority: for to catch a train nowadays is not so easy as to losic it. fad the car. the cushions, the steam, the officials, are they not all for ourselves? Indeed we may well say we have a "Special."
a "Special" is what it is. So little care has it cost us. So much comfort does it spread oul for our aceceptance. So unconsciously are we transported orer the dificultics of time and space that intervene between us and our destimation.

How did we get about when there was no train? I simply camot tell. Stage conches have their romance as you see in our piciure, the first ( r and Trunk train in Canada. Tedious smailgallop journeys over rough unmade roads in all weathers are an education, they say. But what we did when we could not take a run to see our friends at Chrintmas: when no country cousin could drop in for a wedding; with never a letter but once a month and a daily newspaper once a year: wih fond, cluthes, furniture, bouks, pianos. organs, sewing machines, cook stoves and rom brooms, only from the corner grocery : I simply cannot iell. We are chiddren of sumbier times of the days of liestibule (omparment Drawing Room Cars of the newest desian, with a buffei refreshment service, electric bells, electric lights. an : bluadance of fastidious gentemen in gold butions. and. well pernapss exen a depatation outside on the platform to cheer us off. Everything laut the (iencral Managers private car, and who khows hut that too some day.

Thiry years ago we wriesled about the country as bent we could. My illustration of an old train is a fusuy one. The ear with the load of hazes is filled with sacks of wool to protect the paseengers in the event of an explosion in the locomotive. Such means of loconsotion have two kinds of adoantages. They are useful when we leisurely illusirate the days that are no more: and they help us to sec how we. are moving. Now we step on board
at lortland : see the life among our cousins in Maine: woll through the firench contentment in Quebec; dash through valleys and ower bridges in Ontario; sweep away west by mountan. lake, and river to the region of untold wonder and surprise. The first of our railway bridges erossed the sit. Lawrence at I achine. It consisted of a steamer with a track built on its deck, and which wals called the Iroquois. It carried three loaded cars over at a time, and made the round trip in fifteen minutes. The ferry was a distance of three-quarters of a mile, but the strengeh of the current made the course two miles long. The milway in its advertisements of the day, 155 , claimed among its inducements to passengers. this little ferry bridge, and that it could land the Iraveller in the City of Montwal itself. This tiny ferry was the lorerumner of Victoria lat dege, the second of the two most wonderful liridges in the world.
Thirty years ago the conterprise found difficulty in obtaining money for fuel and stores. Now the annual revenue is twenty millions. Then the Dominion was a stretch of seatlered and detached Provinces. Now we are a united and prosperous Confederation. Then we had a few weak experiments in malways. Now we have a network of four thousand miles. Then six hundred passengers perhaps would awail themselves of the new means of transit. Now six millions a year wander over the network with litte thought of its unseen labour. Then no night trains. Now a population of forty thousand peoplespending the night on the journey with the comfort of home. Then olstacles in strikes, bad hareests, rade depression, bankruptey, and civil war in a neighboring state, to contend with; now peaceful villages, thriving towns, magnificent cities, mills, bridges everywhere. Then the first train of our artist, now the


IN G.DF: TIMES.


THE FIRST TRAIS IN CANADA．
sheep and pigs are carried in double deeked cars．Here and there on a hot day，the hogss get their douche bath．You should nee them half a hundred of them in a car，rolling，rollicking and


 uross the burder，where our pigsten are recened and wet． comed pohtely at oncentance as （amadian Hogs．and as politel！ ushered out at the other as ．American hams．
Then comes the examination of the cars．The sound ones are marked（）．K．and passed on．If a whecl looks tired：if a bolt becomes resiless：if a plank is
restibule which．if it leates anythins to imagine in beatay and luxary，must at least postpone the desire for it im mediate adoption．

Think of the brain and system that governs an array of twenty thousand freight cars，rushing hither and thither to every corner of the country，and that can in a few moments tell exactly where each one of them may be．Some people find it enough to remember where their own head may be．

On the arrival of a freight train the conductor hands in a report of his journes．Cars with goods for the terminus go to their respective sidings．＇Through freight takes its place on route．In the freight gard of Montreal alone two thousand cars a day are handled． A peep inside reveals grain，fruit，flour，cheese，butter， lumber，oats，barley，live catle，live hogs，and live dressed beef．There＇s a whole train of oranges，sixteen cars！How is that for young Comadians，atl the way from France via England，and brought in refrigerator cars： The dressed beef is hanging up in quarters，a hunlred and twenty of them in a car，every car beins ieed and re－iced on the way．A cartakes twice as many dressed as alive，with no labour of feeding or risk of injury： Horses have palace cars for themselves and most com－ fortable apartments they are I can assure you．Live
uncasy ：ofit aces the whole thing to hospital．to be sounded，nursed，doctored，recruted and sent out as good as new．There is no such word as think in the railualy voraloulary．Jhass is the moto．

And the engines．how the men love them，－the great iron horse．．After every trip they go to rest as regularly as the men do．Fires are drawn off．Ashes and clinkers are cleared out．Brasses and steels are polished with more than usual elloow gymmastics．Every three or four runs the whole boiler is washed and scraped clean． Then the engine puffs over to water up，and then to fuel up．If it needs ien tons of coal，it goes to a ten ton shoot：if only fire jt goes to a five ton shoot．The coal is all measured and ready；and the monent the right quantity is shot into the tender below，an identical quantity is bumped in from above in contant succession． Fevery engine goes out in the order im which it came in．

The conductor＇s car on a freight，sometimes dusty and grimy enough outside with work，is a model of com－ fort and comvenience inside．Here is the stove where the savoury loreakfast is cooked：there the cuplooard for the lamps．Here the rack for books；there the bunk and blankets for the night．And the men，how they love the life．See them wave goodhye to each other． see the hobmobling as the American men come in．


How they whistle 'good morning' and snort 'goodnisht.' A railway man is at sea my where else. 'l'he men of the Grand Trunk have an Insurance I'rovidem Socicty amons themselves with welve thonsand five hundred members, and two hundred and thirty thousand dollars invested for their benefit. Theres the ambulance room with reme dies at hand in case of necessity: :and on the other side the auxiliary car the "aye ready" with tools, bolts, ropes. blocks, eversthing from an needle to an anchor for a car off track.

AND THE pASSENGER TRANSA.
think of one thousand cars. and two hundred and cighty thousand people in a week. lmagine more than the entire population of the hargest city in the Dominion passing through the hands of the Railway in a shore week of seven days. look at the ticketsalone: the making, counting, checking: the distribution to clerks: the sale: the conductors check and recheck: the sathering of them .lll back asain; the countus, checking, and arransement in order of numbers: the labelling, classification, and tilingLiery ticket starts from its printing house; passes through the hands of suites of clerks: is despore hed to its propur station - slips into our respective pochets. Iratel along every stage of railway we stumble upon: gets its own mark from every conductor: makes for its lirst home: tells its whole story with frankness and candour: and takes the place that has been kept warm for it till its return. Most of the tind it hard enough to keep arack of one, and too often fail in the effort.

But the (ieneral (Bifices, you should see thom. I camot describe them. The deparments: the heads: the subs: the clerks: the system: the audit and check, and check and audit; and withal the peace and quiet. The mail-room, with its great leathern sacks of mail matter carried in on the shoutders of stalwart porters: the mailmaster distributing it to its deatined boves: the clerks from the deparments coming for their load : and the telephone boy connecting and discomecting the various offices all day, would till our youns: Canadians with wonder.

And Sir Joseph llickson at it, head, just, frank, kind. straightorward, gente: first a railway boy : then agem in Carlisle; assistant-manager at ilamehenter: chief accomant of (i.T.R.; secretary and treasurer: then general manaser : and you may see him ang day leisurely enjofing his summer farm, pating his facourit borses and cows, and so fond of youns (anadians that he was President of the Montreal Carnital one winter. How we all want to homour him. Till he came to the milway it made no dividends: that is, it made no profit; the expenses of ruming equalled the receipts, and sometimes surpassed them. The testimonial in siis.er phate from the London directors a few years age and the Kinighthood from our oun beloved (jueen are not ton much. Now as he has retired from the tremendous responsibility to enjoy the autum, years of his life The Yows Candmas is prond to coum him among the tery first to encourage the enterprise and wishes him many happy years of lecture.

But here is a passenger train whisaing in to the terminus with people from five hundred different stations. l, et us take a peep. As it is during the day the day station master is on duṭ. firom seven to seven he is there, and when be soes home to rest, the night station agent takes his place from sowen to seven. The prople quickly pour out. piek up their belong ings and make off, with never a word of thanks, never a look of acknowledgement. The conductor, engine driver, fireman, trakesman, the chub. by little news boy, what of them? Even the engine and the cars what of them? As we all "specks they growed," so we all "specks they shall ungrow" again. is we smarily and saity trip of the plation, the conductor goes to resister his train. his name, the names of his engine-driver, fireman. brakesman, the number of the engine .md the make up of cars on hes train. liorst in lirst olt, is he hastens in his rest to be ready for the no at call: but if he should fect that he would be bether of . . little extra slepp be writes it down in has register: lammediately it is asranted.

The engine is reveracd. The tran backs out. A arng of men is m watins mght and dan. The cars are turnchont. Cushions are beaten. Il mdows are pohsined. Scrabhing sues on. (ars are rewatered, and re-iced. Firesh ires are made and everything pat in readmess for .umother sourt. lires are now almost altogether a thang of the past. The ars are heated from the engine by steam. The conductor is chici on hes tram. The engineer controls the engine. The fireman mads the fire and the asher. The brakeman sees to the lights. the ear lires, the haggage at the side stations, and the brakes. The brakes are now, however, managed by the ensincer. who by a little turn of his one hand applies the brake to every earriage on the train. An indicator is heins pur imei every car. A bell rings and the name of the next sation :ppears on a card at the end of the car. In the Pullman the conductor is sub. ject to tive condurtor of the train: and the porter has: charge of the hed. boms, fire, water, ice and the cleaning. Divery comductor has his own peculiar punch which is numbered and regisiered as his.

## 

Hon rekkess it all seems to us. It has so bate meaning. What the man is aming at is to deafen us, to startle us needlessly, to at his authonty. Indeed no such thing. Here again the human mind steps in and says law, every where law. One short whiste, to which we are so familiar, means apply the brakes. Fiwo short tells that thes maybe turned off. Three short is back up. Four shor: says sigual for switeh. One long, three short, and nate long cells the conductor that the train has broken lonse. live long recalls the flagman if he should hate gove along the track to survey: one long tells the station master that the trin is at hand and wants a clear path. One lous low whiste warns us we must look out on the platiorm. One long and two short remmds some of us that we are about to approach a level crossing in




SLEFEIPK, AS PARIOR C.SK.

t.IBRARY CAR.
danger. PAnd a series of short successive calls means that there is reason for alarm.

THE: WORKSHOBS.
How many acres are corered by tisem I could not guess. The men smiled when I asked. They were too busy to think of it. A freight car is mogreat beanty but to the man who makes it, and when he turns out thirty bran new cars a week, I am sure, honcuer homely may be their coat of brown paint, they simply shine with splendour in his eyes. As they come back, alier wear and tear of summer min and winter storm, how he nods to them, pats them on the shoulder, calls them by their own number, and bids them keep up their heart. Only a temporary ailment. A few days of their mative air and all will be well.
Then the upper class-the passengers, how surprised you would be if you saw them being built: the fraine, the strength, the finish and up holstery; the decorations, the silver-plating. How you would wipe the dust of jour feet before you ruithlessly enter and slam the door as you gencrally do. Then the leesti-bule,-the Dowager Duchess, of railway socicty, you would be sure to doff your eap as you get within sight. A huundred thousand dollars goces a long way in marbles, but not very far in a Vestibule Compartment Drawing Room Car. Hut I know that you are longing to come to the forges. You would like the blazing fires. You would love

sl.EEIUNG cak MV NIGHT.


DRAWIN゚: ROOM.

to watch the bolts in white heat. with nimble fingers handing them as if they were slate pencils: the great sheets of iron being welded together with huge but silent pressure, -awful in its hugeness and in its silence : the gangs of men lifting engines and carrying them in and out as if they were so many Christmas toys: the iron, the steel, the brass, in their foundings, sawings, and filings, until ready for appointe.! place and duty.

How I wish I could take you all. Perhaps I may some day, - some grand Dominion - Maple Leaf Young Canadian-First of July Day when the company will spread out its bunting, deck its engines with roses, and give you all a trip to the workshops.

If you are not proud of your country then, I sha'n't tell you another thing.

The car and locomotive workshops are distributed over the country for convenience in repairing. When a locomotive has a headache it makes for the nearest. Two thousand five hundred tons of pig.iron a year are reguired for the Montreal works alone. Mixed with scrap-iron it is made up into everything that is needed, from a needle to an anchor. Bridges. great strong boiler plates,
car wheels, stoves, stove-pipes, coalscuttles, spikes, water-coolers, lamps, nuts, bolts, files, nails, taps, tools, and scores of castings and fittings too hard for you to remember, keep fifteen hundred men busy from morning till night. One locomotive a day is repaired. A new one takes a week. Of ten new ones making recently, the first ran its trial trip on November first, and the last of them started on December thirty-first. Now twenty freight locomotives are on the way, the first to run on March fifteenth. They are building abreast of each other, all commenced together, all trying races with each other, and all to be finished off about the same time. Each is worth $\$ 9,000$.

The frame work of cars is of oak from Michigan, and southern pine from Georgia, and red and white pine from our own Ottawa region. Mahoga:ij, white wood, bay wood, maple, ash are used in decorating. A passenger car costs $\$ 5,000$, a box freight car $\$ 500$, and a sleeper is worth $\$ 15,000$. The month's wage sheet of this workshop amounts to $\$ 50,000$, and the material worked up by the men costs as much more. Nearly all the Pullman cars in Canada are made in the Montreal workshops. Next sear the company will commence to build rolling-mills for themselves, the only thing evidently which is wanted to make the system complete.

But it is not all work. Thers is the Reading-Room over there, with five thousand volumes in every branch of literature, and periodicals and magazines of all sorts. A huge album with portmits of the chiefs and the subs, and two volumes from Her Majesty with her Most Gracious autograph, and turned out on special occasions only. See the men and their boys drop in of an evening to look over the news, and take home with them a volume for the fireside. The system of book-check, in its originality, simplicity, and security, seems to be an outgrowth of the general application of the best means towards the end which is the guiding principle of this great corporation. A frame work of small holes represents the library; the holes represent the books. A peg is fitted in each hole, having on one end, facing the outside of the office, the number of the book, and on the inside, facing the librarian, a number corresponding to the member who

has the book out. The two men look through the glass at each other, the reader at the number of the book, the libmarian at the number of the reader. A glance is thus all that is necessary on the part of the reader to know whether he can have a certain book or not, and on the part of the librarian to know exactly who has the said book. The men use their books freely. They are great readers, and generally get through a thousand or two volumes a month. Among the most respected members of the library, and the most constant and varied readers of the service, was the late engine driver, Mr. Birse, who plunged into the frozen river with his hand on the shrostle of his engine during a recent terrible night of snow, to save his passengers from instant and certain death. All honour to his memory: How fondly and reverently the libmrian talked of him! Here are dormitories and coffee for wearied drivers coming in at night, and there hot baths always at command. The Boating and Yachting Clubs are famous for their oarsmen and sailing. The Rifle Association carried off the Minister of Militia's cup last year.

The Fire Brigade system is composed of one hundred picked men, divided into companies of ten, each with its captain and lieutenant and drilling every week. Day and night one company is on duty in addition to the regular watchmen, and little does the outer world know
of the incipient disasters that are nipped in the bud by their watchfulness.
In the workshops of 'Toronto, Stratford, Port Huron, Portland, Goreham, London, for the repair and the manufacture of cars and locomotives, the same system of Reading.Room relaxation and exercise is carried out. Clubs in all branches of athletics, for summer and winter, practise and compete with each other, and the events are always among the most popular of the season. The name, (i. T. R. Crew, is enough to inspire opponents with the necessity of putting their best foot forward, and their great stalwart arms, that swing so well the heavy hammer in the workshop, are as dainty in their aim at the riffe butts as they are powerful in the sweep of the oar, the dip of the paddle, or the reefing of a sail.

Nothing that an intelligent interest in their welfare can suggest is left unthought of. The men love the service. They have been in it for years, and their fathers and grandfathers before them. Proprietors, too, in the neighborhood, many of them are, and if the company can boast that it knows little of the pay-day troubles that cast a shade over the surroundings of men in similar positions in other countries, they owe it to thoughtful arrangements and generous provisions that are unfortunately too rare elsewhere.
industria.


## A MID-WINTER NIGHT'S DREAM.

The snows outside are white and white:
The gusty flue shouts through the night:
And by the lonely chimney light
$l$ sit and drean of Summer.

The orchard bough creaks in the blast, That like a ghost goes shrieking past, And coals are dying fast and fast,

But still I dream of Summer.

Tis not the voice of falling rain, Or dream wind-blown through latticed pane,
When earth will laugh in green again, That makes me dream of Summer.

But hopes will then have backward flown, Like ficets of promise, long oubblown, And Love once more will greet his own ; This is $m y$ dream of Summer.

## BOOK REVIEN:

Simney. By Margaret Dei.and, Author of "John Ward, Preacher." Toronto: William Bryce.

Sidney, the heroine of this story, is an American girl, who has been brought up by her father to believe that God and a future life are unreasonable fictions, and is resolved, therefore, never to love or to marry with the dread prospect of etermal separation at death. The nature, however, which God has formed in all human beings, proves too strong for her sceptical theories, and in her love for a young physician, who dies soon after his marriage with her, she tells her father that she has "found God." The writer of this story will not misunderstand us when we say that it is scarcely the book which can be recommended to Young Canadians; but those older people, who take an interest in the speculative perplexities surrounding our religious life, will find in it the same kind of power which gave popularity to "John Ward, Preacher," and to "Robert Elsmere."

Sea-Sine and Way-Side. Illustrated. By Iutiol McNam Wright. Boston: D. C. Heath © Co.

This Series of Nature Readers for beginners in read ing is not intended as a course of jurenile text-books on the study of Nature. It is rather an adaptation of common sense in the education of children -an attempt to lay before the minds of young readers the beautiful and wonderful things of Nature, clothed in the every day language of child-life, or rather, in make use of the language used in our elementary school books to convey delightful mature studies instead of the rambling, aimless nothings which are the theme of so many weary primers. Miss Wright has succeeded in throwing a new light upon the difficult problem of how to catch the inattentive ear, how to impress the inattentive mind, and how to unite interest and instruction. We can no longer say that Fairyland rules supreme. Miss Wright has made Truth more fairy-like than lairyland itself.

An event, most interesting in the fairyland of science. took place in London, England, a week or two ago, when an underground railway, propelled by electricity, was opened. At a depth of forty feet beneath the surface. beyond the risk of water and gas pipes, or other sub. terranean works, the railway crosses under the River Thames, and runs a distance of three and a quarter miles. The trin is composed of the motor, or carriage with the propelling power, and three passenger carriages, which hold one hundred people. Its weight is forty tons. The carriages are seated like ours, opening from end to end, with seating accommodation along the sides, and from floor to roof measure seven reet. The tumnel is perfectly dark, but each car is fitted with four incandescent lamps, and the atmosphere is reported to be as good as above ground. Ample staircase accommodation, and water-power elevators, holding fifty people, are supplied for going up and down. Hitherto, in our Mother Country, the system of charging per mile has been sacredlykept up. It seems the fairest to all. You get a short distance for one penny, instead of our five cents charge, and as we much oftener go a short distance than a long one, the economy is evident. In this new line, however, the experiment of a uniform fare of twopence has been tried, dispensing with the necessity of numerous clerks.


HOW, WHEN, WHERE, LNI WHY WE GOT OUR BIBIE.

When we hear from our pulpits our estecmed elergymen say that we base our faith on the person and the teachings of lesus, that means that we believe that lesus was actually born into this world. -as actually as you and I have been: that He did actually live on earth among men: that He was at once divine and human, possessing the powers and the perfect character of God as well as the matural feelings and desires of man: that He taught us how we ought to live, to think, to speak and act: that He taught with authority as God: that He willingly offered Himself to die in our stead for our sins: and that He went back again to (iod where He is still waiting to help us and plead for us.
How does it come after almost wo thousand years since Jesus lived in Palestine that we may know Him quite as well ats those did who saw him, and know about him quite as well as those who had the privilege of hearing him speak?
There lived, at the same time is lesus, two men called Mathew and John. These mein were the personal friends of Christ. They went where he went, and did what He did. They were his disciples. his followers. John and Mathew had wo intimate friends whose names were Mark and I ake, and most naturally they told these friends all they had known of their belofed alaster, and the wonderful words they had heard Him speak: until at length Mark and Luke came to know Jesus just as well as if they themselves had heard and seen Him. When Jesus had left the earth and gone back again to His lather, and was no longer near to give comnsel and comfort, these four men began to recall what they remembered about His beantiful life of goodness, and His wonderful lessons. They thought ower it, and talked over it, that it might appear more familiar to them. Then they wrote it all down so that they might never forget it, and that others might know and learn about it.
As this was a long time before the insention of primeing, it took a long time to write a few copies of the story. It would be written on a kind of skin wihh a pen called a stitus. When we speak of the stile of our writing now a days we recall the connection between style and stivus. Although the skin must have been much more durable than paper would have been, there are now, so far as ave know, none of these ancient records still existing. I say as far as ace kinote; for within recent years some remarkable discoveries of early writings have been made. and learned men are indulging the hope that possibly some still more ancient may be lying shut away in a dark and neglected corner of some old convent. But we possess what we call evidence,-proofs which pass from step to step and take us back almost to the days of John and Mathew. When the hopes of learned men are realized, as we trust they may be, the last link in the chain will be found,-the golden chain which binds us at the end of the nineteenth century by clear and unmistakeable steps, to the days of our blessed L.ord Himself.


OST' young people who have healthy minds in healthy bodies, are fond of reading. Every one need not like it. There is no must about it. Tastes in this respect are as varied as they are in other things, and are as justifiable as they are varied. Fom spends his spare hours whittling away at boats. Charlic is passionately given to models. Clara likes nothing so well as cutting out and making up sundry little, garments for her doll. Sam is blind to everyithing but a bicecle. Bella cant give up her paint box. These things are good in their place and ought all to be made educating as well as amusing. 'They tend to form quite as hopeful young men and women as the taste for reading. If you do not have a taste for reading I camot blame you. But l can say you lose a great pleasure. You are deprived of a solace, an inspiration, an elevating motive,

which is worth an effort to secure. Henry Ward Beecher has said that "books are not made for furniture, but there is nothing else that so beautifully furnishes a house." So reading is not an absolute ne cessity for young people, but there are few things that make such good all-round boys and girls. Eispecially in winter do we value the taste. With no birds to sing to us, no flowers to smile for us, no fields and forests to converse with, what should become of us had we no books.

I have no hard and fast rules to give about what young people should read. It often happens they know better than I. When I try to make a list of books for them, I am too apt to make it a list for sombre fifty instead of sweet seventecn. But I know that the young like books about the young, when they can follow the hero or heroine through adventure and dilemma and imagine themselves enjoying the situations. In fact we all like in this way to find a place for ourselves in whatever we read. I do not think it is of so much import-
ance what our young people read as it is that they read. The great point is to encourage the taste, to acquire the habit. The habit will grow with the taste, and very soon we shall find that discrimination comes with the habit. I am not of those that believe that boys and girls deliberately prefer poor hooks. In this, as in most things. old heads come with old shoulders. But it is of much importance that a bent, a direction- be given to the taste.


Here are two men shooting. Both are doing the very same thing. They are using the same powder and the samie gun. One ball will go East, while the other will go West. Why? There is nothing in the powder or in the gun to say how the ball will go. That is evidently decided by the direction given to it from the very first start. But for this direction, this turn, this guide, from the barrel of the gun, the ball might go anywhere. No one could tell where. So it is in our reading. The very earliest tone that is given to what we read and how we read, generally decides the after tone. The first $t_{2}$ direction, then, is the important thing.

Reading is but a means towards an end. The end may be to amuse or to inform. As far as the means is concerned I do not place reading, even well selected reading, on a level with conversation. There is something in the human countenance. in the interest inspired by eje meeting eye, that we cannot get from books. The next best thing is to treat a book as you would an intelligent friend.- that is, converse with it. Kead it. Question it. Talk with it. Ask it for explamations. Do not leave it until you have all you can get out of it. As we all can talk with a friend without conversing with him so we can read a book without deriving anything whatever from it.

Now begin. It does not much matter what; but make a start. Be in earnest. Be persevering. Be regular in your reading. Choose whatever you are fondest of. If it be animals, choose one. If it be biography, fix upon your hero. If it be history, decide upon a period. If it be literature, select your author. If it be adventure,-begin. But remember that your reading is only one means towards an end, and that you have other helps which are of equal, if not of more importance. You have your eyes, they must be wide awake. Your ears must be open. Your mind must be on the alert. You will learn more by an intelligent observation than from most books.

Next week I will tell you how to form your clubs.
Pater.


Cliarlotilitulla．P．l．．I．
Dear Young（anaima．．－I am delighted with your hirst number．llut in your Post l3ag you write to Dick and his Chum， and you do not make any reference to his bad grammar．I hope you will，as all young canadians must attend to this

> Your friend,

## P．R．

It has been a rule of my hfe，when I have been cum pelled to find fault with young people，to do it as ten derly and gently as possible．It would have been unkind to Dick to point out his grammar to the whole country，so I just wrote him a little private and confi dential note telling him how to improve that sentence， and I have a reply thanking me．I am sure lick is a good boy，and there are worse things in life than had grammar．－－ED．P．B．

## Torunio．

Drar Editor：－Have just read sample copy of The Yount， Canadian．Your Editorial starts off first rate；in fact，as you say，it＇s been a want long felt．I am tired of the way some of our socalled Canadians run down Canada．But，now，honest ！you are not going into polities＇－too steep；nor giving way the least bit to some of the popular ideas about annexation，are you？Keep a sharp look out，and give us a good clean sheet all the tume，and （speaking for myself at any rate，as a young Canadian），we will back you up every time．I am going to see what I can do for you with our club（the TB．C．）With this ineroduction，I would sub－ scribe myself a nearly，but not wholly，confirmed
＂Cynic．＂

## 4

My Dear Cynic．－We are not going into politics， you may be sure，any more than we are going in for annexation．But we want our young readers to learn， through us，something of the great questions that influ ence our country．Unpolitical politics，perhaps，you may call it，now and then，and we hope that，as the young Canadians who read them grow up，they may be in an infinitely betur position to form an opinom and take their share in the government of their cuuntry in an unbiassed and unprejudiced manner．I am wery glad that we have secured your sympathy and suppurt，and shall be glad to hear from your club at any tume． Ed．P．B．

## Winnipgg，Man．

Dear You＇ng Canabian：－Papa has subscribed for you， and Percy and 1 are so glad to have a paper of our own every week．Percy is my brother．He is sia years old，and $I$ am seven and a half．Last year santa Claus brought me a part of snow－ shoes，and we had great fun in the snow perharis papa is going to get me a pair of skates．I go to school every day，and we have just had our promotion examination．We have a little dister named Nora．She will le three year uld in March

We wish all your reader．a＂Happy Christmas＂

## Your little friend，

## Fred

My Dear Littie Friend Fret，You have written me a sweet litte letter，and I love it sery much．I have folded it and put it away neatly in my offici．I have
made a pretty file for the purpose，with a label on the top．On the label I have put

## posi bag latatrs．

1 mean to keep them all，and when you come to Montreal you will come to see them．I am very fond of hittle boys like you that are proud of their brothers and sisters．I do hupe you got your skates，and I hope to hear fron．you woon that you have had your first lessons．Guse my love to litte Nora，and tell her I shall have something pretty next week all for her own sweet little selfic．EU．I＇IB．

Mibile Salkillet．，N．S
Ufar dulai Canaman：－I lave received your sample cony If it really proves to be what you have promised to make tt，th whll supply a long felt need．

Keep 1 HF Yot Ni，（ Anabian instructive and ennobling． You will succeed You have our best wishes Our book stores are filled with a lut of sentimental nonsense，not at all adapted to the wants of lwy giowing up to tahe our places in life．

> L W. T.

Embrun， 0.
I vur sample cupy contains so many captivating things that I must write tu you I have already shown it to many of my friends，who find it a beauty．Therefore，I think I shall be able to find you some more subscriptions．I am insearch of a situation as assistant book keeper，ind am a commerctal graduate of the University of Ottawa．

An answer wall oblige，

1 will gladly do all I can to procure you a suitable pinition．Iour dipluma from the C＇niversity of Ottawa homld help you very much．My advice to you，how－ ＂＇ser．is meantime eticken（iet something to do－any－ thmg ．that will teach iou much and lead to something letter 1 would mit bi a day dile if 1 were you．Use－ ful uccupation brings，inceet reward in itself，and it will fit jou for more．Ets．P＇．B．

## いした FISH IN WINTER

hase not such a hard that as mught be magned．The water deep down in alwut as comfortable for them m winter as in summer．The culd dues nut reach very far hewn，and the＂c wheh luehs to us se meserable for the m，is really a mabmifient blanket．They do not uffer to muth from the pussibility of cold as from the －hanne of heang cut off from the supply of oxygen which they must receive from the air through the water．

## OLK PICILRESQUE WINTER．

Sce the snow in smooth wreaths，in gentle ripples． Here a round hill，there a deep gully．Here a gessamer of apiderweh lace．there a yuirkling shower of diamonds． Then there is the rrunching of busy feet on the footpath； the creaking of the sidewalk，the stamping of the car conductor，the Arabian Nights on the window panes， the crust of white on the door handles：the steam from the horse＇s mouth ，the hoar frost on their manes；the tingling cheek．：the incled beard：the smarting toe；the merry sleigh bell，the warm heart，the happy home．

## Mills, the hatter,



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[^0]:    "I SHALI. PROBABLY DIE TO-MORROW; I AM GLAD I CAN FACE IT IIKE A SOLDIER."

