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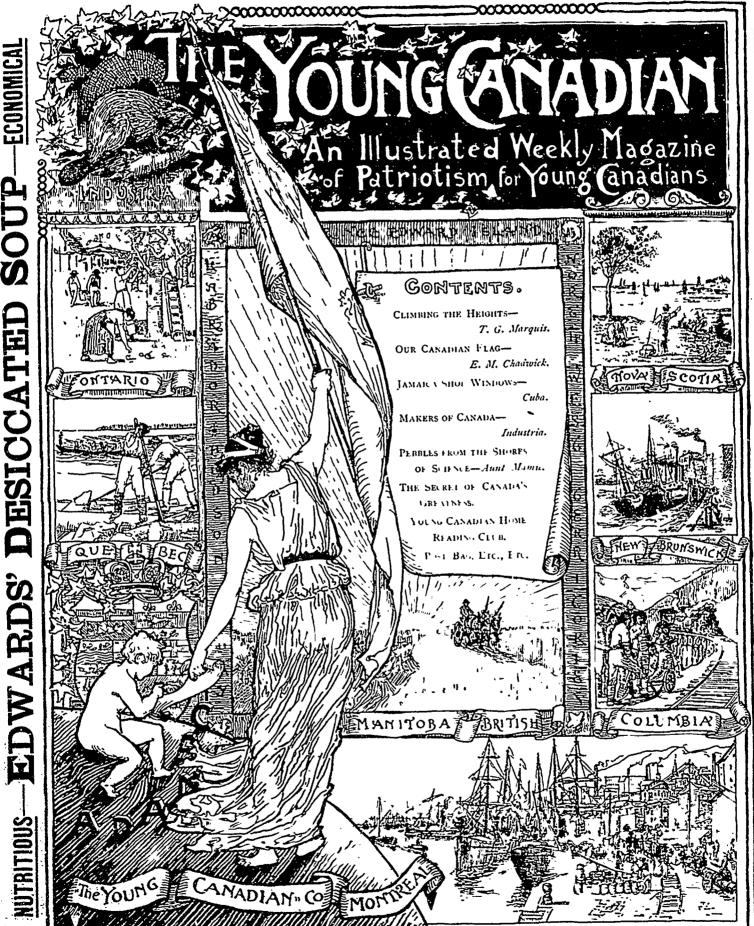


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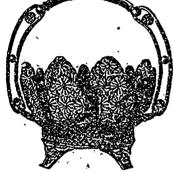
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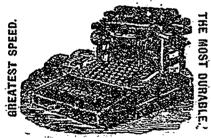
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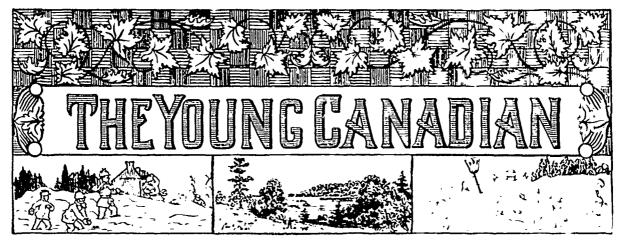
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CLIMBING THE HEIGHTS

BY T. G. MARQUIS, KINGSTON, ONT.

The English had determined to end the struggle with the French on this continent by seizing all their strongholds 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 soldier, General Wolfe. The French by no means meant to become an easy prey. At the approach of the British fleet, every buoy and mark that made the navigation of the St. Lawrence comparatively easy was removed. This somewhat delayed the English, but the skill of a young sailor -Captain Cook who was after wards to become so famous for his voyages round the world, overcame the difficulty, and soon had the channel mapped out to the very base of the rocky citadel.

On June 26th, 1759, the whole fleet safely navigated the narrow channel, much to the amazement of the Frenchmen, and east anchor to the south of the Island of Orleans. So accurate were Cook's soundings, and so skillful the masters of the vessels, that not so much as a keel grated the bottom. When the work was completed the jubilant sailors, after getting their vessels "snug, betook themselves to various sorts of amusement, to work off their surplus energy. On one of the vessels a crowd of rough laughing fellows collected about a delicate-looking boy, and teasingly said, "Now that we've fine weather, you'd better try goin' aloft."

The "bo'sun" was passing, and overhearing the remark, exclaimed "Is that that young dog. Beaumont? Here, you young coward, take these flag halyards, and go to the truck."

The poor boy took the halvards with a trembling hand, but said, "I can't sir; really, I can't! I've tried, and I could never go up."

"You can't, ch? Well, we'll see about that' Bring 'the cat,' Jerry."

A burly, coarse-featured youth rushed after the dreaded weapon, and soon reappeared, grinning with exultation

weapon, and soon reappeared, grinning with exultation "Up you go," roared the 'bo'sun,' "or I'll give you a taste of this."

The young sailor took the line in his teeth, and stepped into the rigging. He was trembling like a leaf, and not a few of the men would willingly have gone instead. He had climbed but a short distance when he stopped, and seemed unable to go a step higher.

seemed unable to go a step higher
"Up you go, you lubber" cried the heartless 'bo'sun."
"You go up, Jerry, and see him over the round-top."

The sailor addressed needed no urging. He was the sort of a human animal that liked to see the weak in agony, perhaps to give him delight in his own brute courage, by contrast. When he reached the lad he gave him a light touch with the point of his knife. Beau mont made a mighty effort, and went a few steps further He soon reached the round-top, and started to go through the "lubber's hole."

"No, you don't'" roared the 'ho'sun' "Over it you go!"

The lad's trembling fingers seized the difficult ropeladder, and made an effort to swing himself over the topbut, in doing so, lost his grasp, and would have fallen to the deck, but for the lad that was behind him.

"That's right, Jerry," grinned the 'bo'sun." "Keep him to it! You'll make a sailor of him yet."
"I can't, sir; really, I can't!" piteously cried the

"Take a rest, and at it you go again! I'll have you sliding all over the masts before the voyage is over.

Make him try it once more, Jerry.

Just then the door of the cabin opened, and a tall, thin form stepped towards the group. He was a slim, clerkly-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

The 'bo'sun' apologetically replied.

"The youngster, sir, refused to go aloft at sea. He's 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, "Go 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 Beaumont reached the deck he was deathly pale, and trembled in every limb. The men slunk away ashamed, and left him standing alone with

the General.

"Well, my lad," said the kind-hearted commander,

"now 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 dizzy. I have tried to overcome it, sir," he said respectfully, "but 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, I'll have a talk with your commander, and perhaps we shall be able to arrange matters. Now, run away and join your comrades. I don't think they'll bother you much, seeing that I 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 immediate 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! Beauy," 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 head.

On the following day the whole fleet 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 fleet 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 annihilate the fleet with fire-ships.

Vaudreuil, the Governor of Canada, had seven large merchant-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 vessels 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, till all seven are sheathed in fire. The crash of exploding cannon that had been crammed to the muzzle is heard, and grapeshot ploughs the water in all directions. On glide the fiery monsters, straight for the fleet. For a moment the commanders stand dazed; and then the cry passes from lip to lip "Into the boats and grapple them!"

A boat is hastily manned from the ship in which the

preceding episode had occurred.

"Here, Beaumont!" cried the boatswain, "be of some use! Jump on board and take the tiller!"

With ready agility the excited boy leaped into the boat, and the sailors 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 com-inder of the boat. "No one could reach her alive." mander of the boat.

A splash was heard, and a voice from the water exclaimed -

"Please, sir, hand me the grappling-iron. I can swim to her!

"Well done, my lad! Here you are. Now, be care-Drop it if you find it too heavy.

The line was payed-out, and the young swimmer approached nearer and nearer to the floating furnace. 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 flood, 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!" cries the commander. "Don't make a mess of the boy's 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 The fire has burned away all the when she strikes.

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. 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 English vessels.

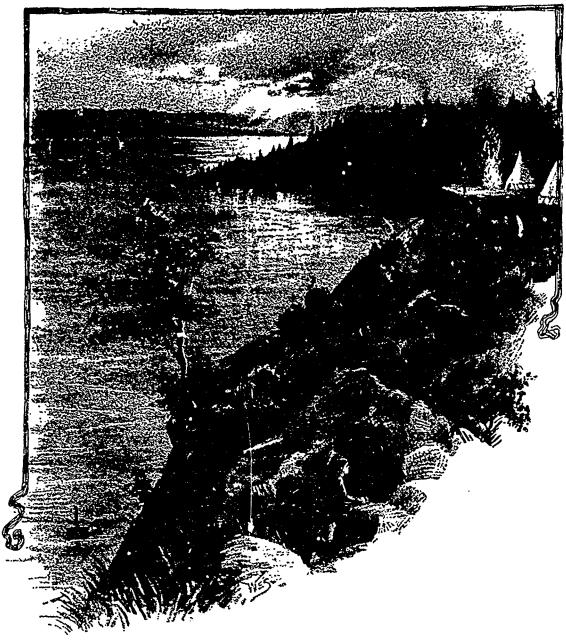
Vaudreuil and his forces watched their fire-ships harmlessly burning out, but could do nothing.

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, being unable to escape after setting their vessel on

Next day Wolfe, who had witnessed the heroic conduct of the sailors, enquired of Admiral Saunders who

"I thought so!" he said. "I knew there was something in that lad. Do you know, Admiral, that brave fellow trembled like a leaf at the round-top the other day; and, had I not come to his rescue, would surely have fallen!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed the Admiral.
"Not at all! You sailors never will admit that some men are physically unfit to go aloft! Now, Admiral,



HIS FOOT BROKE A BRANCH, AND THE VIGILANT SENTINEL CALLED OUT "QUI VIVE."

was the officer that set the example in capturing the

"It was not an officer at all, General," returned the Admiral, "but a beardless boy, named Beaumont. Lieutenant 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 now?"
"Certainly! I will send for him at once."

In a few moments Beaumont appeared, and respectfully saluted his officers.

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 grati-The General's kindness had already won his heart, and the prospect of being always near him 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 military 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 Beau-

"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. 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 rifle 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 evi-

dently 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 came 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 he 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 Anse du Foulon against all odds! After this, we must break up at twelve, sharp. No one knows when Montcalm 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 erected, and took accurate notes of the positions. After a perilous descent he reached the shore, and, guessing at the direction of his boat, dropped into the

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 wake until the sun was high in heaven. voices roused him. He heard General Wolfe exclaiming—"Yes, that is a path. I'm sure we might get up there. However, it seems to be pretty well guarded. Those cannon 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 memory 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 du Foulon. I came from it a few hours ago."

"You!" they cried in amazement.

"Yes, sir! Last night I did some scouting. I succeeded in reaching the top, and learning something of the guard, and its commander, a man named Vergor."

1. Probe in Major Stobo. "All

"An arrant coward!" broke in Major Stobo. 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

General Wolfe looked with delight at the young

"You speak like a veteran, Lieutenant Beaumont! Major Stobo, consider 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 relieved 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 12th 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 Montcalm concentrated his forces on that part.

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



"I SHALL PROBABLY DIE TO-MORROW; I AM GLAD I CAN FACE IT LIKE A SOLDIER."

mont offered to guide them, and his offer was accepted. "Take care of yourself," Wolfe said, kindly, as he saw him preparing to depart. "I shall feel myself to blame, if you fall. But it is duty! I shall probably die tomorrow. I am glad I can face it like a soldier!" he turned away with a smile.

The boats 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 French

power on this continent, the darling of the army---Wolfe was slain. Beaumont, who had distinguished himself by his bravery during the battle, stood by him to the last. Before the General passed away, he took from his pocket a 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 Captain. He returned to England, an honoured officer, on the same vessel in which, on the outward voyage, he had

borne the stigma of "coward.

Admiral Saunders warmly congratulated him on his

success.

"Stick to the land, my lad," he said. "You seem to have no difficulty in climbing the heights, there!"



PEBBLES FROM THE SHORES OF SCIENCE.

ET 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 fav-

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 delightful the most pre-

cious 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 blew-Aunt 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 Mamie 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 to 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 then 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.

TOPICS OF THE DAY ABROAD.

OUR CANADIAN FLAG.

THE JAMAICA SHOP WINDOWS.

To the Editor of THE YOUNG CANADIAN:

SIR: An article in your first issue under the above heading says "One thing we stand in need of, and that is a 'flag, and distinctive heraldic bearings of our own.' We have both. Our flag is the same as that of all our sister colonies, the British ensign, blue or red, with the badge or arms of the Colony 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 maple leaves, or perhaps a beaver. This would be no change of any existing insignia, 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 authority, should be deprecated, for the arms officially granted and recorded -of the four original Provinces are compositions in the very best Victorian heraldry, with regard to which I venture to join issue with Sir Daniel Wilson and to maintain that they are pre-eminently distinctive in significance, historical and emblematical. 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 shield of arms. For the last two Provinces and for the future new Provinces, proper bearings should be assigned, at least if there is considered to be any necessity for adding a quarter for every new Province. It may be borne in mind that the Great Seal of Canada bears only the four original authorized quarterings. But as each Province must have its own Seal, there should be a suitable heraldic (Victorian) device borne upon it.

The composition which passes current as the Arms of Canada, 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 heraldic decoration of the new Board of Trade 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 Prince 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 "Parva sub ingenti."

Yours, Etc.,

E. M. CHADWICK.

BY CUBA.

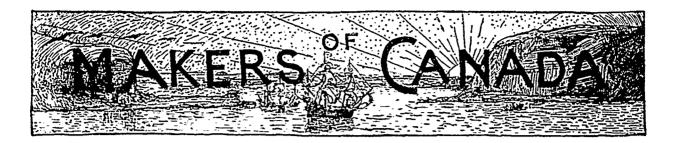
T Kingston, on the most important of the islands of the West Indian group which, like ourselves, belong to our own good Queen, an Exhibition is now being held at which Canada is occupying an honorable

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, coffee, spices, bananas, oranges, cocoa, far more than she could use even if every man, woman and child 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 foot 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 factories. Of these everything from a needle to an anchor. For the Jamaica kitchen we have sent stoves and washing machines, baskets, 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, oysters, 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 Canadians 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 many of them, even those that belong to France, Denmark, Spain, and Sweden. They are not all British, although most of them are. Mr. 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



THIRTY YEARS AGO.

THEN AND NOW.

What a fuss we make preparing for a journey by rail. The early breakfast; the hurrying servants; the protesting valises; the lagard cabby; the hasty good-bye; 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 so 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 lose it. And 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 out for our acceptance. So unconsciously are we transported over the difficulties of time and space that intervene between us and our destination.

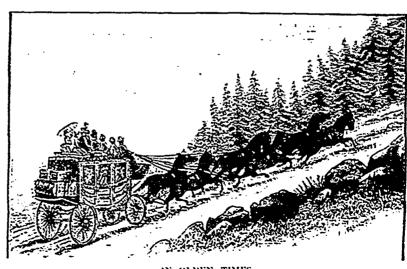
How did we get about when there was no train? I simply cannot tell. Stage coaches have their romance as you see in our picture, the first Grand Trunk train in Canada. Tedious snail-gallop journeys over rough unmade roads in all weathers are an education, they say. But what we did when we could not take a run to see our friends at Christmas; 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; with food, clothes, furniture, books, pianos, organs, sewing machines, cook stoves and corn brooms, only from the corner grocery; I simply cannot tell. We are children of sunnier times—of the days of Vestibule Compartment

Drawing Room Cars of the newest design, with a buffet refreshment service, electric bells, electric lights, an abundance of fastidious gentlemen in gold buttons, and well perhaps even a deputation outside on the platform to cheer us off. Everything but the General Manager's private car, and who knows but that too some day.

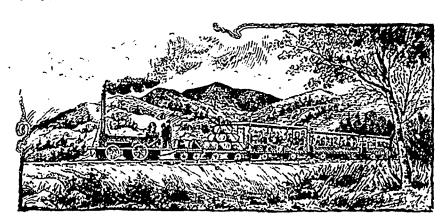
Thirty years ago we wriggled about the country as best we could. My illustration of an old train is a funny one. The car with the load of bags is filled with sacks of wool to protect the passengers in the event of an explosion in the locomotive. Such means of locomotion have two kinds of advantages. They are useful when we leisurely illustrate the days that are no more; and they help us to see how we are moving. Now we step on board

at Portland; see the life among our cousins in Maine: roll through the French contentment in Quebec; dash through valleys and over bridges in Ontario; sweep away west by mountain, lake, and river to the region of untold wonder and surprise. The first of our railway bridges crossed the St. Lawrence at Lachine. It consisted of a steamer with a track built on its deck, and which was 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 strength of the current made the course two miles long. The railway in its advertisements of the 1856, claimed among its inducements to passengers, this little ferry bridge, and that it could land the traveller in the City of Montreal itself. This tiny ferry was the forerunner of Victoria bildge, the second of the two most wonderful bridges in the world.

Thirty years ago the enterprise found difficulty in obtaining money for fuel and stores. Now the annual revenue is twenty millions. Then the Dominion was a stretch of scattered and detached Provinces. Now we are a united and prosperous Confederation. Then we had a few weak experiments in railways. Now we have a network of four thousand miles. Then six hundred passengers perhaps would avail themselves of the new means of transit. Now six millions a year wander over the network with little thought of its unseen labour. Then no night trains. Now a population of forty thousand people spending the night on the journey with the comfort of home. Then obstacles in strikes, bad harvests, trade depression, bankruptcy, 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 OLDEN TIMES.



THE FIRST TRAIN IN CANADA.

vestibule which, if it leaves anything to imagine in beauty and luxury, must at least postpone the desire for its immediate 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 journey. Cars with goods for the terminus go to their respective sidings. Through freight takes its place on route. In the freight yard of Montreal alone two thousand cars a day are handled. A peep inside reveals grain, fruit, flour, cheese, butter, lumber, oats, barley, live cattle, live hogs, and live dressed beef. There's a whole train of oranges, sixteen cars! How is that for young Canadians, all the way from France via England, and brought in refrigerator cars! The dressed beef is hanging up in quarters, a hundred and twenty of them in a car, every car being iced and re-iced on the way. A car takes twice as many dressed as alive, with no labour of feeding or risk of injury. Horses have palace cars for themselves and most comfortable apartments they are I can assure you. Live

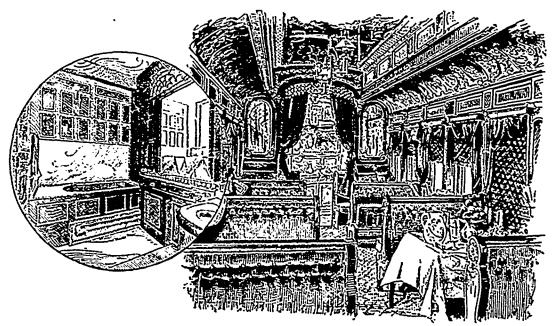
sheep and pigs are carried in double decked cars. Here and there on a hot day, the hogs get their douche bath. You should see them half a hundred of them in a car, rolling, rollicking and grinning with content. Alas that they should be on their way to those celebrated establishments across the border, where our pigges are received and welcomed politely at one entrance as Canadian Hogs, and as politely ushered out at the other as American hams.

Then comes the examination of the cars. The sound ones are marked O. K. and passed on. If a wheel looks tired: if a bolt becomes restless: if a plank is

uneasy: off goes the whole thing to hospital, to be sounded, nursed, doctored, recruited and sent out as good as new. There is no such word as *think* in the railway vocabulary. *Must* is the motto.

And the engines, how the men love them,—the great iron horses. 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 elbow gymnastics. 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 ten tons of coal, it goes to a ten ton shoot: if only five it goes to a five ton shoot. The coal is all measured and ready; and the moment the right quantity is shot into the tender below, an identical quantity is bumped in from above in contant succession. Every engine goes out in the order in which it came in.

The conductor's car on a freight, sometimes dusty and grimy enough outside with work, is a model of comfort and convenience inside. Here is the stove where the savoury breakfast is cooked: there the cupboard 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 goodbye to each other. See the hobnobbing as the American men come in.



DINING CAR.

How they whistle 'good morning' and snort 'goodnight.' A railway man is at sea any where else. The men of the Grand Trunk have an Insurance Provident Society among themselves with twelve thousand five hundred members, and two hundred and thirty thousand dollars invested for their benefit. There's the ambulance room with remedies at hand in case of necessity: and on the other side the auxiliary car the "aye ready" with tools, bolts, ropes. blocks, everything from an needle to an anchor for a car off track.

AND THE PASSENGER TRAINS.

think of one thousand cars. and two hundred and eighty thousand people in a week.

Imagine more than the entire population of the largest city in the Dominion passing through the hands of the Railway in a short week of seven days. Look at the tickets alone: the making, counting, checking: the distribution to clerks: the sale: the conductor's check and re-check; the gathering of them all back again; the counting, checking, and arrangement in order of numbers: the labelling, classification, and filing. Every ticket starts from its printing house; passes through the hands of suites of clerks: is despatched to its proper station slips into our respective pockets, travels along every stage of railway we stumble upon: gets its own mark from every conductor: makes for its first 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 us find it hard enough to keep track of one, and too often fail in the effort.

But the General Offices, you should see them. 1 cannot describe them. The departments: 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 shoulders of stalwart porters: the mail-master distributing it to its destined boxes: the clerks from the departments coming for their load: and the telephone boy connecting and disconnecting the various offices all day, would fill our young Canadians

with wonder.

And Sir Joseph Hickson at its head, just, frank, kind, straightforward, gentle: first a railway boy: then agent in Carlisle; assistant-manager at Manchester; chief accountant of G.T.R.; secretary and treasurer; then general manager: and you may see him any day leisurely enjoying his summer farm, patting his favourite horses and cows, and so fond of young Canadians that he was President of the Montreal Carnival one winter. How we all want to honour him. Till he came to the rail-way it made no dividends: that is, it made no profit; the expenses of running equalled the receipts, and some-times surpassed them. The testimonial in silver plate from the London directors a few years ago and the Knighthood from our own beloved Queen are not too much. Now as he has retired from the tremendous responsibility to enjoy the autumn years of his life THE YOUNG CANADIAN is proud to count him among the very first to encourage the enterprise and wishes him many happy years of leisure.



FERRY-BOAT BRIDGE,

But here is a passenger train whizzing in to the terminus with people from five hundred different stations. Let us take a peep. As it is during the day the day station master is on duty. seven to seven he is there, and when he goes home to rest, the night station agent takes his place from seven to seven. The people quickly pour out, pick up their belongings and make off, with never a word of thanks, never a look of acknowledgement. The conductor, engine driver, fireman, brakesman, the chubby 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. As we

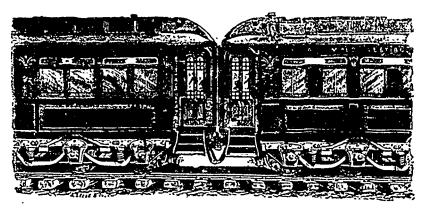
smartly and gaily trip off the platform, the conductor goes to register his train, his name, the names of his engine-driver, fireman, brakesman, the number of the engine and the make up of cars on his train. First in first out, so he hastens to his rest to be ready for the next call: but if he should feel that he would be better of a little extra sleep he writes it down in his register.

Immediately it is granted.

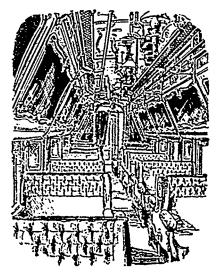
The engine is reversed. The train backs out. A gang of men is in waiting mght and day. The cars are turned out. Cushions are beaten. Windows are polished. Scrubbing goes on. Cars are re-watered, and re-iced. Fresh fires are made and everything put in readiness for another start. Tires are now almost altogether a thing of the past. The cars are heated from the engine by steam. The conductor is chief on his train. The engineer controls the engine. The fireman minds the fire and the ashes. The brakeman sees to the lights, the car fires, the baggage at the side stations, and the brakes. The brakes are now, however, managed by the engineer, who by a little turn of his one hand applies the brake to every carriage on the train. An indicator is being put into every car. A bell rings and the name of the next station appears on a card at the end of the car. In the Pullman the conductor is subject to the conductor of the train; and the porter has charge of the beds, boots, fire, water, ice, and the cleaning. Every conductor has his own peculiar punch which is numbered and registered as his.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE WHISTLE,

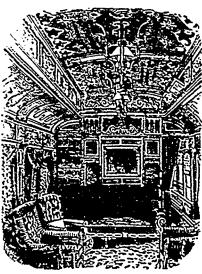
How reckless it all seems to us. It has so little meaning. What the man is aiming at is to deafen us, to startle us needlessly, to air his authority. Indeed no such thing. Here again the human mind steps in and says law, every where law. One short whistle, to which we are so familiar, means apply the brakes. Two short tells that they may be turned off. Three short is back up. Four short says signal for switch. One long, three short, and one long tells the conductor that the train has broken loose. Five long recalls the flagman if he should have gone along the track to survey; one long tells the station master that the train is at hand and wants a clear path. One long low whistle warns us we must look out on the platform. One long and two short reminds some of us that we are about to approach a level crossing in



VESTIBULE CAR.



SLEEPER, AS PARLOR CAR.



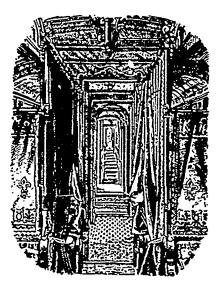
LIBRARY CAR.

danger. And a series of short successive calls means that there is reason for alarm.

THE WORKSHOPS.

How many acres are covered by them I could not guess. The men smiled when I asked. They were too busy to think of it. A freight car is no great beauty but to the man who makes it, and when he turns out thirty bran new cars a week, I am sure, however homely may be their coat of brown paint, they simply shine with splendour in his eyes. As they come back, after wear and tear of summer rain 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 native air and all will be well.

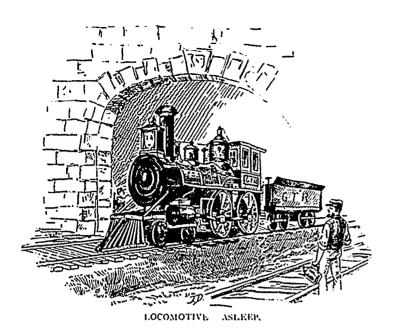
Then the upper class-the passengers, how surprised you would be if you saw them being built: the fraine, the strength, the finish and up holstery, the decorations, the silver-plating. How you would wipe the dust of your feet before you ruthlessly enter and slam the door as you generally do. Then the Vestibule,-the Dowager Duchess of railway society, you would be sure to doff your cap as you get within sight. A hundred thousand dollars goes a long way in marbles, but not very far in a Vestibule Compartment Drawing Room Car. But I know that you are longing to come to the forges. You would like the blazing fires. You would love



SLEEPING CAR BY NIGHT.



DRAWING ROOM.



to watch the bolts in white heat, with nimble fingers handling 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 appointed 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 required 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, coal-scuttles, 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. Mahogany, 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 year 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. There 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 portraits 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



LOCOMOTIVE-AWAKE.

has the book out. The two men look through the glass at each other, the reader at the number of the book, the librarian 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 throstle 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 librarian 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, G. 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 rifle 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
I sit and dream of Summer.

The orchard bough creaks in the blast, That like a ghost goes shricking 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 fleets of promise, long outblown, And Love once more will greet his own; This is my dream of Summer.

-WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL

BOOK REVIEW.

SIDNEY. By MARGARET DELAND, 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 eternal 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-SIDE AND WAY-SIDE. Illustrated. By JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

This Series of Nature Readers for beginners in reading is not intended as a course of juvenile 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 everyday language of child-life, or rather, to make use of the language used in our elementary school books to convey delightful nature 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 Fairyland 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 subterranean works, the railway crosses under the River Thames, and runs a distance of three and a quarter miles. The train 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 tunnel 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 sacredly kept 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.



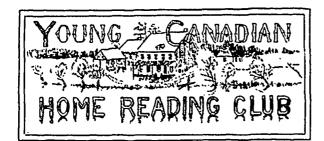
HOW, WHEN, WHERE, AND WHY WE GOT OUR BIBLE.

When we hear from our pulpits our esteemed clergymen say that we base our faith on the person and the teachings of Jesus, that means that we believe that Jesus 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 natural 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 God where He is still waiting to help us and plead for us.

How does it come after almost two thousand years since Jesus lived in Palestine that we may know Him quite as well as 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 as Jesus, two men called Matthew and John. These men were the personal friends of Christ. They went where he went, and did what He did. They were his disciples. his followers. John and Matthewhad two intimate friends whose names were Mark and Luke, and most naturally they told these friends all they had known of their beloved. Master, 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 Father, and was no longer near to give counsel and comfort, these four men began to recall what they remembered about His beautiful life of goodness, and His wonderful lessons. They thought over 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 invention of printing, it took a long time to write a few copies of the story. It would be written on a kind of skin with a pen-called a stylus. When we speak of the style of our writing now a days we recall the connection between style and stylus. Although the skin must have been much more durable than paper would have been, there are now, so far as we know, none of these ancient records still existing. I say as far as we know; 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 Matthew. 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 Lord Himself.



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 books. 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.



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. Tom spends his spare hours whittling away at boats. Charlie 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 everything but a bicycle. Bella can't 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 cannot blame you. But I 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 necessity for young people, but there are few things that make such good all-round boys and girls. Especially 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 seventeen. 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-

Here are two men shooting. Both are doing the very same thing. They are using the same powder and the same 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 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 eye 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. Read it. Question it. Talk with it. Ask it for explanations. 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.



CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN.—I am delighted with your first number. But in your Post Bag 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 life, when I have been com 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 Dick is a good boy, and there are worse things in life than had grammar. -- ED. P.B.

TORUNTO.

DEAR EDITOR: - Have just read sample copy of THE YOUNG CANADIAN. Your Editorial starts off first rate; in fact, as you 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 so-called Canadians run down Canada. But, now, honest! you are not going into politics?—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 time, 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 introduction, I would subscribe myself a nearly, but not wholly confirmed scribe myself a nearly, but not wholly, confirmed

"CYNIC."

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 influence 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 better position to form an opinion and take their share in the government of their country in an unbiassed and unprejudiced manner. I am very glad that we have secured your sympathy and support, and shall be glad to hear from your club at any time. ED. P.B.

WINNIPEG, Man.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN :- Papa has subscribed for you, and Percy and I are so glad to have a paper of our own every week. Percy is my brother. He is six years old, and I am seven and a half. Last year Santa Claus brought me a pair of snowshoes, and we had great fun in the snow Perhaps 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 sister named Nora. She will be three years old in March We wish all your readers a "Happy Christmas"

Your little friend,

FRED

My DEAR LITTLE FRIEND FRED You have written me a sweet little letter, and I love it very much. I have folded it and put it away neatly in my office. I have made a pretty file for the purpose, with a label on the top. On the label I have put

POST BAG LETTERS.

I mean to keep them all, and when you come to Montreal you will come to see them. I am very fond of little boys like you that are proud of their brothers and sisters. I do hope you got your skates, and I hope to hear from you soon that you have had your first lessons. Give my love to little Nora, and tell her I shall have something pretty next week all for her own sweet little selfie. - ED. P.B.

MIDDLE SACKVILLE, N.S.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN:— I have received your sample copy. If it really proves to be what you have promised to make it, it will supply a long felt need.

Keep THE YOUNG CANADIAN instructive and ennobling. You will succeed. You have our best wishes. Our book stores

are filled with a lot of sentimental nonsense, not at all adapted to the wants of boys growing up to take our places in life.

L W. T.

EMBRUN, O.

Your sample copy contains so many captivating things that I must write to 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 in search of a situation as assistant book keeper, and am a commercial graduate of the University of Ottawa

An answer will oblige,

I will gladly do all I can to procure you a suitable position. Your diploma from the University of Ottawa should help you very much. My advice to you, however, is meantime to begin. Get something to do-anything, that will teach you much and lead to something hetter I would not be a day idle if I were you. Useful occupation brings a sweet reward in itself, and it will fit you for more. En. P.B.

OUR FISH IN WINTER

have not such a hard time as might be imagined. The water deep down is about as comfortable for them in winter as in summer. The cold does not reach very far down, and the ice which looks to us so miserable for them, is really a magnificent blanket. They do not suffer so much from the possibility of cold as from the chance of being cut off from the supply of oxygen which they must receive from the air through the water.

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See the snow in smooth wreaths, in gentle ripples. Here a round hill, there a deep gully. Here a gossamer of spider web lace, there a sparkling shower of diamonds. Then there is the crunching 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 icicled beard; the smarting toe; the merry sleigh bell, the warm heart, the happy home.

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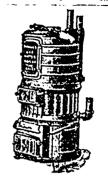
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