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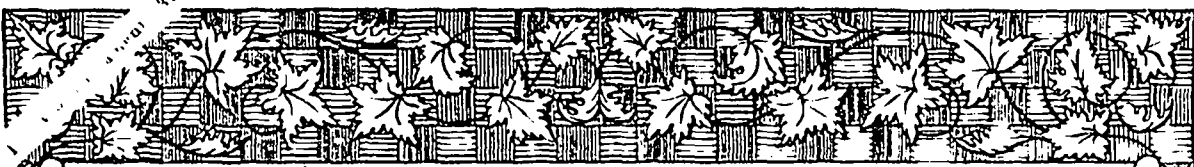
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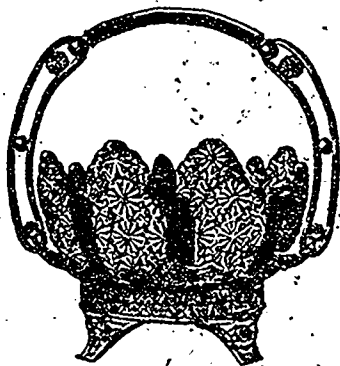
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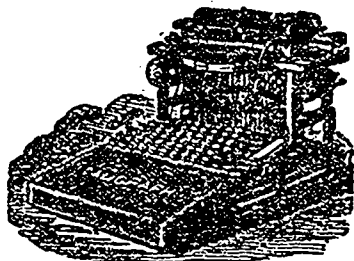
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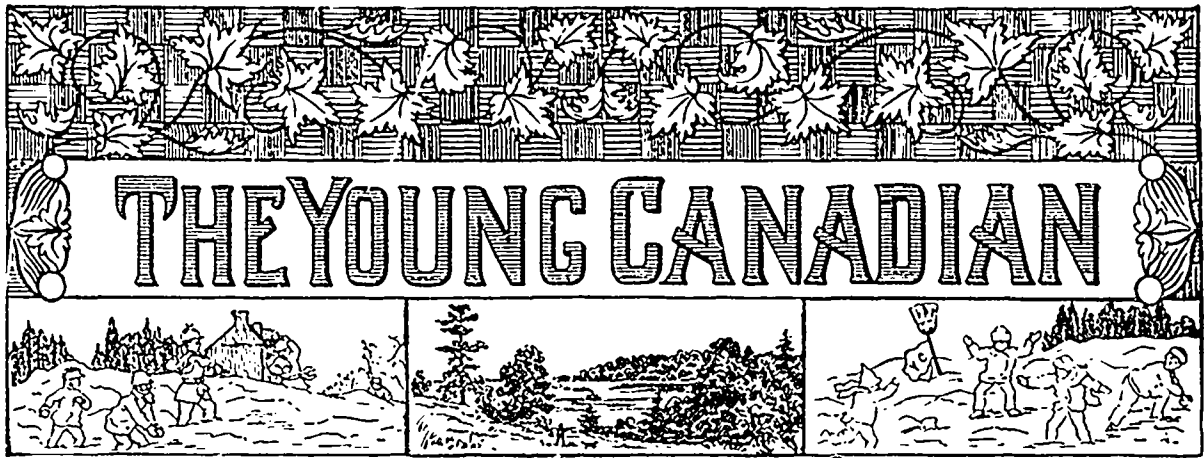
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THAT THE FATHER COULD FIND COMFORT AND PLEASURE IN THE SOCIETY OF ANOTHER,  
NEARLY BROKE HER HEART.

BOTH IN THE WRONG.

CHAPTER I.

**A**RTHUR TREMAINE was bringing home his bride.

The autumn sunlight was slanting through the trees, whose foliage was changing from green to gold and russet brown; the broad, shallow river crept silently through the meadows and the cornfields, from which the harvest had already been gathered, the afternoon breeze blew damp and chill as the carriage drove through the high street of the little village, where the people were standing at their doors

and windows, with smiles and bows and curtsies, to see the bride pass.

From the tower of the old church came a peal of merry bells, ringing a glad welcome, and startling the solemn rooks, whose homes were in the tops of the trees that grew in the churchyard.

The little children shouted with glee as Mr. Tremaine laughed at them and flung them handfuls of copper; while their elders regarded curiously the dignified, handsome girl at his side, who was to be the mistress of the Towers, and their future Lady Bountiful.

"She's handsomer than our first dear lady," said one old woman, with a doubtful shake of the head. "Yes, no doubt she's more of a beauty than our dear dead lady, but she don't look as kind and gracious to my thinking."

"Oh, but she's just lovely, Mrs. Drake," responded a young mother, holding her first-born in her arms. "Did you never see how she looked at my little Harry and smiled, as kind and pleasant as you please?"

"Ah, but you don't remember the first Mrs. Tremaine, Molly," answered the old woman; "it's six years since she died, poor dear! and you hadn't come to live here then. Ah! *she* was an angel, if you like!"

Meantime the carriage had passed swiftly down the village street, passed the porter's lodge, where the porter's wife, with a brood of shy, apple-faced little children, curtsied her smiling welcome, and up the winding drive that led to the entrance to the Towers, an ancient red-brick building, turreted and lichen-grown, with a noble façade that gave upon a broad sweep of velvet lawn, dotted over with magnificent timber.

In the entrance-hall was assembled a whole *posse* of servants, radiant in new liveries and white satin cap-ribbons, men and women, waiting, with pardonable curiosity, to greet their new mistress.

Mr. Tremaine sprang from the carriage almost before the footman could open the door, and then turned to hand out his wife.

"Welcome to the Towers, dearest!" he whispered, as she alighted with her hand on his arm; "and may it be a very happy home to you!"

He had a smile and a pleasant greeting for the servants as he passed through their midst, while the bride smiled in gracious condescension in return for their respectful greetings.

"Lead the way to the drawing-room, Martin," said Mr. Tremaine to the housekeeper, bustling and important. "Mrs. Tremaine will like to rest by the fire awhile and have a cup of tea."

So, with his bride on his arm, he passed down the hall, and led her up the shallow oaken staircase to the drawing-room, with its range of windows overlooking the lawn and the park. It was a stately room, draped in pale amber, with furniture of ebony and rich stores of rare and costly china. A cheerful fire, burning in the wide, old-fashioned grate, with its brass "dogs," lent a pleasant light and warmth to the apartment, and upon a low table drawn up in front was set out a dainty tea-service, with the silver kettle bubbling and hissing.

"You won't refuse a cup of tea after your journey, Evelyn!" said Mr. Tremaine, as he placed his wife in a luxurious easy-chair, and prepared himself to fill her cup and bring it to her with tender care. "I wonder where Sophy is? She would have come to meet us, I thought. I want to introduce you to your new daughter. Martin," turning to the housekeeper, who was standing by, smoothing her hands over her black silk gown, "where's Miss Sophy?"

"She's in the schoolroom, sir," answered the old lady, with perceptible hesitation. "May be she don't know you've arrived, sir."

A shade of annoyance crossed the master's face as he heard the reply.

"She *must* know we have arrived," he said, half to himself; "she is always the first to run out to welcome me." Then, in a louder tone, "I will go and bring her to you, Evelyn, if you will forgive my leaving you for a few moments. I dare say the poor child feels shy."

The schoolroom at the Towers was a long, low room, with mullioned windows, a broad, blue-tiled hearth; light oak furniture, upholstered in well-worn green morocco; a cottage piano, and rows of bookshelves plentifully supplied with volumes, mostly bound in faded calf.

By one of the windows, absently watching the little pink-edged clouds that were scudding across the darkening blue of the sky, stood a young girl—a girl of sixteen, who had scarcely yet grown out of childhood; with a

slim tall figure, a proudly-poised head crowned with a crop of short brown curls, that shone here and there with golden threads; small brown hands, and a sun-burnt face lighted by a pair of large-limpid blue eyes.

The blue eyes were brimful of unshed tears, though the head was thrown back proudly, and there was a look of angry defiance upon the childish mouth.

An elderly lady in widow's dress sat near, watching the girl with an expression of tender anxiety. Neither of them had spoken for some time, but at length the elder lady broke the silence—

"It is ten minutes since we heard the carriage drive up to the door," she said: "I think, Sophy, you ought to go and meet them."

The girl's only reply was to toss her curly head and avert her face still further from the speaker.

Then the elder lady rose from her seat, and approaching, laid one hand caressingly on the child's shoulder.

"I think you ought to, my dear," she said, gently. "Mr. Tremaine will miss you, and I am afraid he will feel hurt at your not going to meet him."

"Oh, no he won't," answered the girl, speaking sharply and quickly to hide a quiver in her voice. "He'll never miss me; he's got some one else he cares for far more than he cares for me now."

"I know you have got a kind and most affectionate father, my love," replied Mrs. Gray, in gentle reproof; "and I am afraid he will feel that you are unkind in not going to meet him and bid him welcome."

"And so I would," cried the girl, facing round suddenly, and speaking in a tone of suppressed passion—"so I would if he were alone; but he isn't; he's got some one else—some one who has come to take my own dear dead mother's place, and to make my life miserable; for I shall hate her always—I know I shall, for teaching papa to forget my own mother!"

"Hush, Sophy! hush, my child! You must not say such things; it is very, very wrong, and you will be sorry for it afterwards."

"I don't care!" cried the girl, rebelliously; "I was first to him until she came between us, and now I can never be the same to him again. I have lost my father, and he will never be the same father to me that he was. And you know it, too, Mrs. Gray, though you are like everyone else, and side against me. But I'll never, *never* call his wife mother; never, as long as I live!"

"My love, my love!" replied Mrs. Gray, in a tone of pained reproach, "how can you say such things? Do go and meet your father, my child. He will be grieved, I am sure, if you are not there to give him a welcome."

What reply Sophy might have made was cut short by the opening of the door, and the entrance of Mr. Tremaine himself. Sophy turned hastily, hesitated a moment, and then, springing forward, flung her arms round her father's neck, and, hiding her face on his shoulder, burst into a fit of passionate tears.

"Why, little one," he said gently, as he smoothed the brown curls, "were you never coming to give me a welcome? How was that?"

She made no reply, only clung the closer to him, with convulsive sobs.

"What, not a word of welcome?" he went on, a trifle reproachfully. "I shall begin to think you are not glad to see me home, Sophy. Is it so?"

"Oh, papa, I am so glad to have you back!" with a scarcely-perceptible emphasis on the "you."

"Then why did you never come to tell me so? Why do you leave me to seek you out? That is not like my own little Sophy."

"I did not think you would want me, papa," answered the girl, in a low voice. "I did not think you would ever miss me, and so—I did not come."

Mr. Tremaine raised the tear-wet face, and looked at his little daughter searchingly. "Was it jealousy?" he asked himself, and the idea perplexed and annoyed him.

But all he said was—"Come and be introduced to your new mother; she is longing to make your acquaintance, and you will soon be the best friends in the world," speaking with a confidence he did not quite feel.

"Thank you, papa," Sophy answered, withdrawing herself from his embrace, "but I think I would rather not. Mrs. Tremaine will not care to see me, and you will not miss me. I would rather stay here with Mrs. Gray."

"Nonsense!" cried Mr. Tremaine, sharply. "I will not hear of such a thing. Don't be shy and silly, child, but come with me without any nonsense."

The tone was sharper than he had ever used to his little daughter, and the girl winced at it. But she made no reply, and followed her father in perfect silence from the schoolroom which had felt such a safe refuge to her. Down the corridor they went, up the oaken staircase, and into the amber drawing-room, where Mrs. Tremaine, in her tasteful travelling-dress of Paris manufacture, was warming herself before the fire, and toying with her fragile cup and saucer, while she glanced round the room with pleased curiosity.

"Here, Evelyn, I've brought my shy little girl to make your acquaintance." And Sophy, as the words were uttered, caught a glimpse of the graceful figure, fair face, soft brown eyes, and golden hair. Then the lady arose, and with gracious condescension, held out both hands to the shrinking girl, and drawing her to her side, kissed her on both cheeks.

Sophy did not return the embrace, nor did she lift her eyes from the ground after that momentary glance. She felt as if she hardly could have done so if it had been to save her life. The gracious kisses seemed to burn her cheek; her whole being revolted against the caress. To her unreasonable young prejudice, the very beauty and graciousness of the young bride were so many offences.

Young Mrs. Tremaine's face showed some little surprise at the manner in which her salute was received. She was unaccustomed to have her favours met so coldly; besides which, her husband had given her a very different idea of his only child. He had always painted her as a gentle, timid little creature, docile and meek, and capable of being led by the least kindness, so that his bride had come prepared to greet her step-daughter full of kindly benevolence and gracious condescension, and at the outset she was met by this chilling rebuff. Arthur had deceived her, or else he was egregiously mistaken in his estimate of his daughter's character.

This latter conclusion was the right one. Sophy entertained a most profound love and admiration for her father, which had always made her meek and submissive in his presence. It was her absorbing affection which made it her pleasure to wait upon him meekly at all times, try to anticipate his slightest wish, and find her greatest happiness in making his will her law.

But it did not follow that this ready and loving allegiance was to be transferred to his bride—to her whom Sophy regarded as an interloper between her father and herself, and the destroyer of her own happiness. The girl's heart was far too full of angry jealousy and impotent rebellion to dream of submitting meekly to the new rule, and her father had yet to learn the strength of purpose and stubborn will in his daughter's character, whose existence he had never guessed at hitherto.

He marked Sophy's cold reception of Mrs. Tremaine's advances, and his brow clouded over with vexation at her treatment of his bride. A flush of annoyance had spread, too, over the young wife's face, but it faded almost immediately, and she addressed the rebellious child as calmly as if she had greeted her with ordinary politeness.

"Oh, you and I will soon be very good friends, Sophy; you will be such a nice companion for me when your father has to attend to his duties and engagements away from home. Won't you have a cup of tea with me, by way of commencing our friendship?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Tremaine," answered the girl, in a cold, constrained voice, "but I am going to have tea directly with Mrs. Gray in the schoolroom. I am going back to her now, and so will say good-afternoon to you."

"Nonsense, Sophy!" cried her father; "I'll not have you running away directly you have come. It's absurd for you to pretend to be shy. You shall dine with Mrs. Tremaine and me in honour of its being our first evening at home; and see if you cannot dress yourself to a little more advantage. You might have honoured us by paying a little more attention to your toilette, my dear," eyeing with disfavour the well-worn serge dress, usually devoted to the schoolroom, which Sophy had made no attempt to lighten or embellish.

"Very well, papa," she replied, meekly. "I had not thought you would care about seeing me: but I will dine with you if you wish it."

"Of course I wish it," he answered; and he watched her as she left the room, with a puzzled, anxious expression on his face. He hardly understood the girl's manner, and wondered vaguely what ailed her, and whether his marriage was going to bring trouble and dissension into his household. Mr. Tremaine was a kind-hearted, easy-going man, who hated trouble and annoyance with all his heart, and would have sacrificed almost anything rather than see the domestic horizon overcast and its peace broken.

Sophy came down to the dinner-table very cold, very pale, and very silent. She had followed her father's wish, so far as putting on another gown went, but the black velvet was plain almost to severity, relieved by nothing but a simple collar and cuffs, and innocent of the least ornament of lace or flowers.

She was a striking contrast to the young bride in her pale-blue dress, pearl ornaments, and the knot of glorie de Dijon roses at her throat. She looked very young, very bright, and very lovely; but to poor Sophy's jealous heart her every charm was an offence, for, with grudging admiration, she was bound to confess to herself that her new mother was both charming and beautiful.

The poor girl was in no enviable state of mind as she sat through the courses of dinner, listening in stony silence to the light talk which her father and his bride kept up between themselves, after sundry ineffectual attempts to draw her into the conversation. She was lonely and sore at heart, at war with herself and all around her, and feeling—unreasonably enough—that she had been grievously ill-used by her father.

Dinner came to an end at length, and as Mrs. Tremaine rose to go to the drawing-room her husband rose too.

"You don't fancy I'm going to sit alone over my wine, Evelyn, do you?" he said, as he passed his hand through her arm, and went upstairs with her, Sophy following behind.

"I do not want to show you over your new home until to-morrow," he said, as they seated themselves by the hearth, on which a goodly pile of logs was blazing cheerily. "I want you to see it by daylight; besides, you will be tired after our journey. Come and sit down

by my side, Sophy." holding out a hand to his daughter, who stood sullenly aloof, "and we will tell you all we had not time to write about."

Sophy could not resist the invitation, but she came slowly and unwillingly, and could scarcely summon up any show of interest in her father's talk. She was longing to get away all to herself, where she could relieve her feelings by a hearty fit of tears. She did not care to hear what her father said, when his young wife kept chiming in with her clear, soft tones. She had no pleasure in holding his hand in hers, while his attention was diverted from her, and all the time he was looking with fond admiration into the bright, animated face, with its crown of golden hair. She did not care to have her father unless she might have him all to herself. It broke her heart to think he could be happier in the company of some one else, rather than in that of his little girl. So she slipped quietly away to the other end of the room when at last, at a request from her husband, Mrs. Tremaine rose, and, going over to where the piano stood, sat down and began to sing.

And here, again, Sophy was compelled to give a grudging admiration. Her execution was brilliant, and, when she began to sing, her voice, powerful and well-trained, was full of subtle sweetness and tender, pathetic melody. She sang a song which was strange to Sophy, a song with a wild, weird accompaniment, whose mournful refrain caught the girl's ear, and seemed to harmonize with the feelings of her heart:—

"Happy sound of a bye-gone day,  
It rings in my heart for aye."

She caught herself repeating the dirge-like lines to herself, and they seemed to bring back a past long since dead—a past when she was a merry little child, and when her own mother, who was lying in a shady corner of the old churchyard now, was sitting in that very same low chair by the hearth, the loving sharer of all her childish joys and troubles, her friend and companion, whose memory was still as green as ever in her daughter's heart, though it was six long years since she had bidden good-bye to husband and child, and gone to sleep, with folded hands, under the long green grass of the churchyard. It seemed treason to the girl's fond heart that any one else should have come to fill the place left vacant by her dead mother: treason to her memory that her husband should find comfort and pleasure in the society of another.

The blue eyes filled with tears, and a choking sob rose in the girl's throat. She could bear it no longer—she must go away, and be alone somewhere; she must slip away from the brightly-lighted room, with its cheery fire, its flowers and its music. They would never miss her. No; they were too full of each other to have a thought to spare for her. Her father was bending over the piano with looks of the fondest love and admiration at his bride; while she, with her jewelled fingers straying over the keys, had changed the song, and now, with suppressed passion and feeling, was singing the time-honoured old air—

"Du, du liegst mir in herzen;  
Du, da, hast du dein tron,"—

as if her whole heart were breathed forth in the words.

Sophy felt as if she could not bear it another moment, and, slipping quietly past them, she opened the door, and fled to the sanctuary of her own little room, where, kneeling upon the broad window seat, she gazed up at the cold, star-lit sky, feeling desolate, lonely, and forsaken, while her whole heart went up in a helpless, passionate, yearning cry—"Oh, mother, mother, come back!"

(To be Continued.)

## A CIGAR-BOX BANJO.

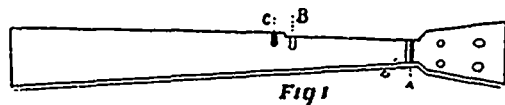
BY JOHN RICHARDS.

A cigar-box banjo is something which most boys have heard of, and some have attempted, with more or less success, to make. Possibly their older relatives have ridiculed the home-made instrument, and it has had to contend against prejudice, which, as we know, is almost fatal to success. Nevertheless such a banjo, if carefully made and properly strung, can be made to give forth very musical tones, and where the "real thing" cannot be had, the combination of cigar box and broom-stick makes a good substitute. If you would like to try your hands at it, I will tell you how to go to work.

Procure a cigar box eight and a quarter inches long, four and three-quarter inches wide, and two and a quarter inches deep. This is the ordinary size of a box used to contain fifty cigars.

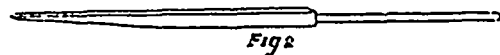
The bottom of the box forms the head of the banjo, thus allowing the cover to be opened or shut. In each end of the box cut two round holes, three-quarters of an inch in diameter, half an inch from the top and an equal distance from the two sides of the box.

With a lead-pencil mark off, on a piece of soft wood nineteen inches long, four inches wide, and half an inch thick, the shape of the handle, as shown in Fig. 1. Before sawing the handle out, the four key-holes should be bored, each hole being a quarter of an inch in diameter. Then shape the handle according to the outline of the diagram, and across the top of the handle cut a groove three-sixteenths of an inch wide and equally deep (A, Fig. 1); this is to hold a small bridge to keep the strings from touching the handle.



In the side of the handle drill a hole half an inch above the angle (B, Fig. 1)—this is to hold the fifth key; and just below the angle a groove three-sixteenths of an inch wide and equally deep should be cut for the purpose of holding a small bridge for the fifth string (C, Fig. 1).

From an old broom cut a piece of stick twenty-four inches long; whittle this flat on one side, and on the other side, eight inches from the end, cut the stick away so that it will slope and become flat at the end (Fig. 2).



Eight and three-quarter inches of the other end of the stick must be cut away, so as to fit snugly the holes in the cigar box, the end projecting slightly. This broomstick is the backbone of the handle, which is fastened to it by two three-quarter-inch screws, as shown in Fig. 3.



Five keys shaped like Fig. 4 can be cut out of tough pieces of wood, each piece being half an inch thick, two and a quarter inches long, and one inch wide. Make those belonging to the key-board fit tightly in their holes. The key for the fifth string can be cut half an inch



shorter than the others. Each key should have a hole bored through it, as shown in Fig. 4.



The small bridge is a piece of wood a quarter of an inch high and three-sixteenths of an inch wide, which is made to fit the groove (Fig. 1, A), with four notches cut in to conduct the strings. A similar bridge, with only one notch, and a quarter of an inch long, will answer for the fifth string.

The large bridge is made of a piece of wood two inches long, five-eighths of an inch wide, and a quarter of an inch thick. The shape of the bridge can be seen in the illustration of the finished banjo. Five notches an equal distance from each other should then be cut in the top edge of the bridge.

The tail-piece is the piece to which the strings are attached at the lower end of the instrument. It is made from a piece of hard wood an inch and a half long, an inch and a quarter wide, and a quarter of an inch thick. Five small holes an equal distance apart and a quarter of an inch from the end of the piece of wood must first be drilled, and through the small end two holes a quarter of an inch apart and three-eighths of an inch from the end should be drilled to allow a piece of wire about six inches in length to pass through them. A piece of tin an inch and a quarter long and three-quarters of an inch wide, bent so as to fit on the edge of the box, will be required. Strings can be purchased at almost any music store.

Having purchased the strings, begin to put the various parts together by fitting the handle through the holes in the cigar box and the small bridges in their respective grooves. The tail-piece is then fastened close to the end of the box by twisting the wire around the projecting piece of broomstick and staying it. Place the piece of bent tin on the edge of the box, under the wire holding the tail-piece, thus preventing the wire from damaging the box. Fit the keys in the key-board and the short key into the hole in the side of the handle. Knot the strings before threading them through the holes in the tail-piece. Before tightening the strings the last bridge is placed under the strings, two and a half inches from the end of the box, and your banjo is finished.



Some little folks are apt to say,  
When asked their task to touch,  
"I'll put it off, at least to day;  
It cannot matter much."

Time is always on the wing;  
You cannot stop its flight;  
Then do at once your little tasks;  
You'll happier be at night.

But little duties still put off  
Will end in "Never done;"  
And "By-and-by is time enough"  
Has ruined many a one.

— Well Spring.

JACK RICKABY'S FIRST FIGHT.

**J**ACK RICKABY was the smallest man in the regiment. Indeed, he was not a man at all, but a fourteen-year-old drummer boy, and he would not have been accepted, even for the drum corps, had not his father begged the colonel, who was a friend of the family, to take the boy, for the purpose of curing him quickly and thoroughly of the war fever. The two men agreed that Jack would take chills and fever soon after the regiment reached the field, that home-sickness would follow as a matter of course, and then Jack, discharged because of physical unfitness for his duties, would gladly return to his home, and never again want to leave it.

But this ingenious plan did not work as was expected. Jack did not take the chills at all. Whether he was fit for the service, however, the Colonel sometimes doubted. Two soldierly qualities he quickly developed in fine style. One was an enormous appetite, and the other a steady objection to getting up in the morning, but neither of these was of any special service to the cause. At losing drumsticks, tearing his clothes, and burning his shoes when trying to dry them, he had not an equal in the regiment. He was always in urgent need of something which could not be had, always late at roll-calls, and on inspection his knap-sack could be depended upon to display more disorder and trash in a given space than any other, even in the drum corps. And yet he was so good-natured and cheery, so full of chatter about the boys he had left behind, that the fathers and brothers of these same boys spent a great deal of time in trying to keep him out of trouble.

Like most boys of that period, he was "spoiling for a fight," although he had nothing to fight with, and learned, to his sorrow, when the regiment got into its first severe battle, that the duty of drummers was to stay in the rear and carry the wounded to the surgeon. But this first battle was long in coming, and Jack made quite a nuisance of himself by expressing his mind as to the slowness of the generals and the unfitness of the government to manage a great war. Whenever the regiment got into a skirmish it was Jack's luck to be left in camp, either on duty with the guard, or by the intention of his Captain, who, like the Colonel, was a friend of the boy's family, and did not want to have to write sad news to his parents.

But the coveted opportunity came unexpectedly one night. The company to which Jack belonged was on picket duty, and Jack was with it. It was a pleasant summer evening, and the reserve—the men not actually on post at the time—were lying on the ground, chatting, joking, and grumbling, according to their respective tastes, when crack! crack! went some rifles on the picket line. Up sprang the reserve, and none too soon, for back through the underbrush and trees came the pickets. At first there seemed more of them than had gone out; then, by the moonbeams that straggled down through the tree tops, the reserve saw that the greater part of the crowd wore gray uniforms. It was not a time to ask for explanations, for the visitors outnumbered the reserve at least ten to one, so there was a lively scrub-race for a breastwork a couple of hundred yards in the rear.

Then the firing became very lively. The enemy, who were apparently making a strong reconnaissance, did not care to charge the breastwork in the dark, but they kept up a steady fire from behind trees and logs whenever they saw a head, and the pickets returned the compliment when they thought they saw a gray elbow.

Finally, reinforcements reached the breastwork, crossed



it, and slowly pressed the enemy back. In half an hour the shots sounded so far away that the Captain of the picket company was sure that no scattering shots could reach his men, so he shouted—"Fall in, men. Sergeant, call the roll."

The roll-call showed that, as was usual during night attacks upon pickets, the enemy's bullets had done more damage to trees and bushes than to flesh and blood. Every name was responded to until the sergeant called, "Rickaby."

There was no response. The sergeant moved a little to one side, and shouted—"Jack Rickaby!"

Then the Captain, who was standing near the sergeant, exclaimed—"Where is that boy? Does any one know?"

No one answered.

"Go on with the roll-call," said the Captain, clasping his hands behind him, and sauntering away. The remaining men answered to their names, but they did not speak as loud as the others had done, and as soon as the company broke ranks there was a general interchange of opinion.

"I hope he's merely captured," said old Browley, whose own boy had been at school with Jack.

"It won't take long to find out," said the Captain. "Attention! Deploy as skirmishers; forward—march! Go slowly; look over the ground carefully."

There were very ugly thoughts about the enemy as that skirmish line moved forward. Soon after leaving the breastwork one of them stopped and stooped down; several others were about him at once, but the body on the ground was not Jack's; it was that of a wounded enemy, who begged for water and a surgeon. Some one gave him a canteen as the line moved on. Another halt proved a false alarm, caused by an overcoat lying on a log; but a moment later old Browley's voice was heard from end of the line to the other, and the whole company felt solemn at once; for what Browley said was—"Oh! isn't this awful?"

The men nearest Browley saw the old man kneel and place his hands on a figure which they recognized as that of the little drummer. Jack was lying on his breast, his arms outspread; and as the men drew near they heard Browley say—

"Cold and stiff! He must have been killed by one of the first shots. Oh, boys, this is awful! He was just the age of my Tom; and Tom wanted to enlist, too."

"Recall the line," said the Captain. "Bring him to the rear—carefully."

Two or three men handed their guns to others, and stooped to pick up the body, but old Browley said—"One man can do it better than more." Then he put his arms around the figure, which hung limp as it was raised from the ground. Suddenly the company was startled by a single utterance. It came from Jack Rickaby. It was pitched very high, and it sounded thus—

"Ow-w-w-w!"

"Only wounded, thank Heaven!" exclaimed old Browley. "Where are you hit, little chap?"

"I'm not hit," said Jack Rickaby, "but I'm squeezed almost to death. It's real mean to tease a fellow just because he's sleepy."

"He doesn't know what's happened," muttered Browley. "He fainted as soon as he was hit, like lots of them do. Don't get excited, boy; tell us where it hurts."

"My ribs!" screamed Jack. "You're breaking them. Let go of me!" and the supposed corpse wriggled and kicked until it got out of Browley's arms and upon its feet, where it stood erect, rubbed its eyes, and then indulged in a long yawn.

"You little scoundrel!" exclaimed the Captain, seizing the drummer by both shoulders, and shaking him soundly; "why didn't you retire with the rest of us?"

"Retire?" drawled Jack; "when?"

"When the enemy advanced, of course."

"What enemy?"

"The only enemy there is in this part of the country. Didn't you hear the firing?"

"What firing?"

The Captain made an impatient gesture, and exclaimed—"Don't you know enough to wake up when a whole brigade tramples on you?"

"What brigade?"

"Attention, company!" roared the Captain, abruptly. Then he marched his men back to the breastwork.

As soon as arms were stacked and ranks broken, old Browley seized Jack's arm and said—

"See here, little fellow, next time you go to sleep while you're with the picket, just be obliging enough to lie on your side, won't you, and put something under your head for a pillow; instead of sprawling like a dead man? I want you to understand that you've nearly killed me."

"And the rest of us too," muttered the Captain.

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#### TALKS ABOUT INSECTS.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF PROF. FLETCHER, THE  
DOMINION ENTOMOLOGIST.

BY W. HAGUE HARRINGTON.—NO. 2.

"Among  
The silver-tasseled poplars the brown bees  
Murmur faint dreams of summer harvesties."

—Lampman.

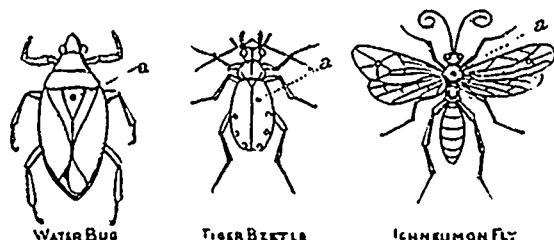
The winter existence of our insects is one of inactivity and apparent lifelessness, a state which exists also among many larger animals, such as the bear, who retires to his den during the cold weather, and is popularly reported to subsist by sucking his paws. This torpid state, known as hibernation, enables animals to survive the winter which would otherwise perish from cold and lack of food. Insects hibernate, or pass the winter, in one or other of the four stages of their existence—egg, larva, pupa, or imago—the stage varying with the different kinds of insects. Among those which do so in the imago, or perfect form, are a few butterflies, and many beetles, bugs, ants, etc. On the first warm sunny day after the snow has gone, the air will swarm with tiny forms, which have awakened from their sleep of half a year, and which seem as glad as ourselves to find that the cold winter is ended.

It is now time for us to start off to find our little friends, and to watch their curious modes of life. To understand them properly we must have collections to study, and if these collections are properly made and cared for, they will always be full of interest to their makers, and will enable them to give pleasure and instruction to their friends when the winter evenings come again.

Our first collections will be chiefly of beetles, unless we go in for ants, of which a great many varieties may now be found under stones. As the days become warmer other forms will rapidly appear, until they be-

come so numerous that it is often difficult to decide what to catch. Before commencing a collection you must learn how to catch and kill your specimens. You will need, for butterflies and moths, a bag of coarse muslin, about one foot across the mouth and about twice as long. This bag-or-net, is put upon a stout wire ring, and fastened to a light stick about three feet long, and is useful for catching any flying insects such as bees, wasps, dragon-flies, and grasshoppers. Many beetles and other insects can be taken without a net, but one made of stout cotton, and of the size above given, is very useful for "beating" or sweeping up such species as live upon foliage or in grass, and which even the brightest eyes find hard to detect. For those which live in ponds and streams the net may be smaller and shallower, and must be made of some fabric that will let the water drain out rapidly. Having provided a net suited to the prey we intend to capture, we only need a few boxes and bottles to complete our outfit.

Now that we are ready to catch the insects, you are anxious to know how to kill them without marring their beauty of form or colour. For nearly all kinds their is nothing better than a "cyanide-bottle," which is made by putting a few small lumps (pea-size) of cyanide of potassium in the bottom of a wide-mouthed bottle, for which you have a good sound cork. Pour in enough dry plaster-of-paris to cover the cyanide, and then mix some of the plaster with enough water to make it pretty thin. Pour it on top of the dry plaster to the depth of about a quarter of an inch. It will harden at once, and your killing-bottle is ready, for the fumes of the cyanide (which you must remember is a deadly POISON) rise through the porous plaster, and will almost instantly suffo-



cate and kill any ordinary insect. If the bottle is kept tightly corked it will last a whole season or longer. One objection to this method of killing is that it requires, though only once a year, the buying and handling of such a powerful poison. The next best form of killing-bottle is one containing two or three spoonfuls of alcohol, either pure or mixed with about its own bulk of water. Insects die speedily when plunged in this bottle, and can be preserved in it for a long time. As it is so easy, however, to spill the contents of such a bottle, it is not a bad plan to use one half-filled with sawdust damped with alcohol. These methods answer very well for beetles, bugs, and grasshoppers, but all species having delicate wings, like flies and wasps, or coated with scales or hairs, like moths and bees, are greatly damaged by being wetted, so that perfect specimens of such insects can hardly be obtained without a cyanide-bottle. A very simple way of killing any hard insect (and the quickest for very large, vigorous ones) is to dip them into boiling water for a moment. This instantly kills them, and gives fine specimens, but cannot often be used, as in bringing home insects alive they bite and mutilate each other.

Having caught and killed our insects, the next thing to find out is how to keep them so that, when they become dry and brittle, their legs and antennæ may not be broken off, and their grace and beauty spoiled. We shall require for this some pins and a box or two. The

common pins such as mamma uses are too short and stout, although they can be used sometimes when the proper sort cannot be obtained. Those used by entomologists in Canada are made in Germany expressly for this purpose, and are long and slender. Their length is one and three-eighths inches, and they come in various sizes from No. 00, which are very fine, and used for small flies, etc., up to No. 6, which are stout enough for the largest beetles or moths. The most useful sizes are Nos. 2 and 3, and young collectors are advised to use one of these, No. 3, being perhaps the better. When practice has been had in pinning specimens, and when certain small forms are collected, the finer pins can be used. Even for a very small insect, instead of taking a fine pin it is generally better to use a No. 3 and a small narrow triangle of card. The pin is passed through the base of this triangle, and the tiny insect is gummed upon the point. Care must be taken in pinning our captures not to break them, and experience has taught that all kinds cannot be pinned in the same way. Beetles are pinned through the right-hand elytra, or wing-cover, the pin being inserted near the base, so as to pass through the most solid part of the beetle. Bugs which have their wings thickened and folded back over the abdomen are pinned through the scutellum, or little shield-like portion of the thorax, which is usually of a triangular shape, but which is sometimes so enlarged as to entirely conceal the wings. All insects, which, like bees, flies, and moths, have the wings separated or extended when at rest, are pinned through the thorax between the wings. The figures made to show where the pins should be inserted are of *Zaitba fluminea*, a water-bug found commonly in our ponds and streams; *Cicindela sex-guttata*, the beautiful green, six-spotted tiger-beetle, often seen in woodland paths; and *Hoplismenus morulus*, a black ichneumon-fly, which has been bred from the hairy cocoons often found under stones, and which are made by the caterpillar of a moth. The dotted line from the letter *a* terminates at the hole made by the pin. As insects have no bones, their outer skin is made tough and horny, to give the necessary firmness to their bodies, and this outer skeleton is sometimes so hard that a pin will scarcely penetrate it. Care must be taken to insert the pin steadily and firmly, so as not to break or crush the armour in which these small creatures are clad, and to have each insect pinned so that its back may be level, and so that the pin will project above it a uniform distance, say three-eighths of an inch. Unless care is given to these apparently trivial points, your collection will not have a tidy and uniform look.

Boxes in which to place the pinned insects require to have tightly-fitting covers to exclude dust and certain little insect pests that often destroy valuable specimens, and the bottoms must be of soft wood, or covered with a thin layer of cork, so that the pins may be easily stuck in. The cork used for this purpose comes in thin sheets, such as bootmakers use for soles, an eighth or a quarter of an inch thick, and costs from ten to thirty cents a square foot, according to quality.

Science as taught at Board Schools doesn't seem to go into matters of detail as it ought to. A farmer's wife recently wanting to give a neighbour of hers "a good start" in return for some offence that she had received from her, put five or six loaded revolver cartridges into a cabbage, and sent it to her adversary as a present to boil. It was boiled, but hot water doesn't as a rule explode gunpowder, and the offence is as yet unpunished.

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MONTREAL

### EDITOR'S PIGEON-HOLES.

NOT FOR OURSELVES, BUT FOR OTHERS.

Send me your name and address on a Post-Card. In return you will get something nice. I want a lot of them—a "fearful" lot.

### OUR SECRET.

Do not forget what I told you recently about your birthdays. Turn it up and read it again. You will find it on page 264. My YOUNG CANADIAN Birthday Book is now lying ready. Let us see who gets entered first. Go by the instructions given.

### HERE IS THE GOLD WATCH.

It looks a beauty. Does it not? It is for the young Canadian who sends me the largest number of subscribers on the First of July--Dominion Day. Not a day is to be lost. Make up your mind about the number you will secure every day, and do not let the sun go down till you have got them. Every week send



in your names and addresses, with the money by P. O. Order or Registered Letter. It will all be entered to your name, and kept till the final day. My object in asking you to send them every week is that the new subscribers may get THE YOUNG CANADIAN at once.

THE EDITOR.

## YOUNG CANADIAN TANGLES.

TANGLE No. 14.

### TELESCOPIC PUZZLE.

Replace crosses with letters, and get in the top tube:—

1.	X	X	X	A beverage.
2.	X	X	X	A monkey.
3.	X	X	X	To be indebted.
4.	X	X	X	To be obliged for.
5.	X	X	X	Latin salutation.
6.	X	X	X	An unit.

Shut the first tube inside the second, and get—

1.	X	X	Numerical accounts.
2.	X	X	Backs of necks.
3.	X	X	To sink.
4.	X	X	Points of spurs.
5.	X	X	To mix up.
6.	X	X	A fast runner.

Shut first and second tubes into the third tube, and get—

1.	X	X	Oldest.
2.	X	X	The reverse of the dactyle.
3.	X	X	Flourishing parts.
4.	X	X	Masons' tools.
5.	X	X	Journeys.
6.	X	X	Cinctures.

Answers next week.

### ABOUT A DIAMOND.

The story of the Star of South Africa, discovered at the Cape of Good Hope, is thus related by Mr. Murray:—

"Albania was a portion of the Griqua territory, settled by Dutch colonists under terms made with Waterboer. One of the colonists was a Mr. Van Niekirk. Mr. O'Rielly, who was returning from the interior to Colesberg, called upon Mr. Van Niekirk, and remained with him over-night. In the course of the evening, one of Van Niekirk's children, a little girl, was playing on the floor with some of the pretty pebbles which are common in the neighbourhood of the Vaal River. Mr. O'Rielly's attention was directed to one of the stones which threw out a very strong light, and which in Mr. O'Rielly's eyes seemed unusually bright. He accordingly took it up from the floor, and at once offered to buy it of the owner. The simple-minded Boer said he would take no money for a stone, but that if Mr. O'Rielly had a mind to it he could have it. The latter, however, said that he believed it to be a precious stone of value, and would not consent to take it for nothing. He gave Mr. Van Niekirk half its estimated value (made by a jeweller at Grahamstown), namely, five hundred pounds, and it was subsequently sold to Messrs. Liliensfield Brothers, of Hopetown, for eleven thousand two hundred pounds sterling." This lucky wind-fall, we see, was quite accidental. The Star of the South, sold for eighty thousand pounds sterling, was picked out by a negress when at work in the mines of Minas-Geraes. The Austrian Yellow, lost by Charles the Bold at the battle of Morat, was picked up by a peasant, who, taking it for a piece of glass, sold it for a florin. The Abbas Mirza was used by a beggar of Khorassan as a flint for his steel, and weighed one hundred and thirty carats. It cost ten thousand pounds to cut it at Teheran.

A SAD STORY.

Four little mousies found their way  
Into a pantry one fine day.

Through a hole in the plaster wall,  
What do you think befell them all?

One jumped up to help himself  
To cheese he smelt on the highest shelf.

Alas! 'twas set in a dreadful trap,  
Which finished that mouse with one quick snap.

The next was frightened, and ran and ran,  
And fell down splash in an earthen pan.

'Twas filled with milk to the very brim—  
Poor mousie! that was the last of him.

The next one barely had time to squeak,  
When pussy, quiet and sly and sleek,

Sprang from her seat upon the floor;  
That poor little mouse will squeak no more.

What became of the other one?  
He started off on a lively run,

With a dismal squeak and a woeful wail;  
And that's the end of my mournful tale.

ANON Y. MOUS.

“THE ALMIGHTY ‘PENNY.’”

Boxes have been attached to many of the letter pillar-boxes in England, in which by an automatic machine a postage stamp can be got. From the supply of chocolate, perfume, and opera-glasses, the nickel-in-the-slot machine goes on carrying everything before it. This new one for postage stamps is as ingenious as any of its predecessors. It is twenty inches high, and five deep, and has the advantage of being able to be fixed on to any pillar-box, no matter its shape or height. In a slot at the top the penny is dropped. A handle is pulled at the side. This handle is slowly pushed back again, and the stamp comes out at the back. The stamp is carefully stuck in the corner of a small note-book which may, in an emergency, be used as note-paper, or as an envelope.

Another scheme is a-foot by which “one penny” will provide good reading on railway journeys. A Scotchman has invented a penny-in-the-slot library. An oblong box is divided into sections, each of which is covered with glass, through which the name of the book may be read. The penny is inserted; a small lever is touched; the outward frame opens, and the book comes out. The frame remains open and cannot be closed till the book is returned to its place. Each compartment of a train is to have two boxes with eight books, and every train will have the same set of books at one time, so that the book may be found on another journey to finish. Every three months the books will be changed. Special writers have been engaged to write for the company who are managing this investment. Contracts are to be made to supply steamers, hotels, and so forth. Volumes to the extent of 74,000 have already been ordered.



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

In the course of years our language changes very much. Indeed few things change more. We need new words, and they are coined. We cease to use others and they drop out of sight. Some have their meaning changed, and not a few have it completely reversed. “To let me go,” means now “to allow me to go.” There was a time when it meant “to prevent me from going.”

In this way there came a day when Wyclif's Bible suffered from this general change in language. The English people began to feel this. It was a serious matter. And, besides, their Bible was only the translation of a translation. More men could now read Greek and Hebrew. A translation of a translation was a second hand sort of thing not to be endured in a question so dear to the people. They were hungering and thirsting. A new Bible they must have. It must be in English. It must be in an English which the common people might understand; and it must be a translation from the tongues in which it was originally written. All the labour, and care, and scholarship which the country could supply, should be bestowed upon it.



TYNDALE.

The man who undertook this task was William Tyndale. But as no man could read the scriptures, much less translate or publish them in England without running the risk of punishment, he was driven from his native land, and compelled to seek a foreign shore for his work. Taking with him £10 which he had earned, and receiving now and

again from unknown friends further small supplies of money to maintain himself, he went first to Hamburg, and then to Wittenberg, where he labored at his translation with quiet perseverance.

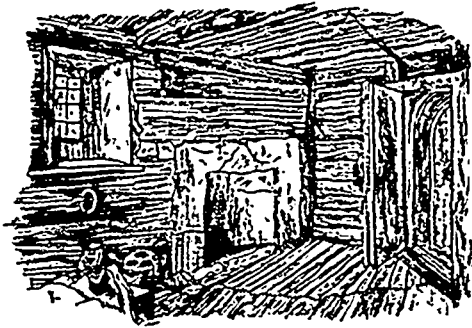
Meantime a revolution in publishing books had taken place by the invention of the art of printing. Tyndale did not require to have his new Bible copied and re-copied as was necessary with Wyclif's. He was able to take it straight to the printer, and at Cologne he found a printing-press, where he had the intense joy of seeing his cherished book at length getting into shape for the people. Just at this point, however, his movements attracted attention. Questions were asked; whispers got abroad. A bitter enemy revealed Tyndale's intention. The news was carried to England. The printing was ordered to be stopped. But Tyndale had time to gather together his papers, and hurry away. He left Cologne

and went to Worms, where he began anew, and was able to complete his work.

Few men knew how the book had been translated or printed. No man could tell how it came about. But true it was that large quantities were smuggled into England. The people bought them up eagerly. Although very few men could read, as many as 10,000 copies must have been sold. As eagerly as the people bought it, just as eagerly was it denounced by the Church. Bishops met in conclave. The books were ordered to be collected for destruction. Crowds gathered in London. A huge fire was lit. A long sermon was preached reviling the book. In piles it was tossed into the thirsty flames, and every man who refused to surrender his copy was put out of the church for ever.

But more and more was it purchased, and more and more was it read. An enthusiastic bishop offered to pay for every copy that was brought to the fire. A friend carried the message over the water to Tyndale. Tyndale acted; his machine printed on; pushed his trade; and the money of the bishop paid the expenses.

To burn out such a book they must burn such a man. He was invited to return. He was coaxed. He was threatened. But all to no purpose. He knew the secret meaning of the alluring invitations. At length orders were issued to apprehend him. He hid. He was nowhere to be found. He must be courted again. Invited to dine with a friend, he was entrapped on the way



LOMBARD PRISON.

to the house. He was caught, thrown into prison, and eventually followed the fate of his precious Bibles. Out of his ashes his work arose with double power. The Bible he translated in his retreat at Hamburg; printed, through all the threats of the Church, at Cologne; and poured into England at the point of the sword and the crackle of the fire, is the foundation of the edition of the Bible which to-day goes hand in hand with the English language in its unending March of civilization.

### TOPOLOBAMBO.

A NEW NAME AND A NEW PLACE.

Topolobambo is the name of a projected colony on the west-coast of Mexico. It has been settled in order to shake the old systems to their foundations. By Americans it was planned, and to test modern notions of co-operation. Every man is to be employed by the community, and for the community. The land, and all it grows will belong, not to a favoured few, but to the public in general; and the entire business of the colony,

as well as its farming, transportation, building, drainage, insurance, education, and so forth, will be under the control of the town and county councils.

Securing land on a bay in the Gulf of California, the colonists set to work four years ago, amid the most disheartening obstacles. The land was poor. Water was scarce. Sickness invaded their tents. But perseverance never forsook them. Fresh men joined them, who, on their arrival, were kindly treated and supplied with a "good square meal" of beans, fish, corn and wheat bread, sweet potatoes, squash, and oranges. Their Christmas dinner consisted of roast chickens, custard-pie, cookies, radishes, sweet potatoes, butter-beans, fresh pork, light biscuits, coffee, tea, and milk. As to crops, the list is formidable, if not actually incredible—cabbages, tomatoes, pumpkins, squashes, melons, pease, beans, onions, various kinds of potatoes, bananas, figs, coconuts, dates, grapes, lemons, oranges, rice, sugarcane, tobacco, cotton, sorghum fodder that can be cut every seven weeks, and ten harvests of clover in a year.

The people live in bamboo houses thatched with native grasses. The floors are spread with bamboo mats, and the walls and partitions are made of the same. Strangers, on their arrival, are provided with tents. A house may be built for one hundred dollars. A city plan of twenty-two square miles has been laid out, with wide avenues, and where the cars and all machinery will be driven by electricity. The cooking, too, is to be by electricity. They have their own newspaper already. Factories will be run by members of the colony. The community will supply the material. The articles when made are to be conveyed from the factories to the shops by electric cars. From the stores to the houses they will be despatched by pneumatic tubes. New members are expected to purchase city lots, and take stock in the colony, although no man can hold more than one lot, and that only for his own use. No rents. No landlords. The neighbouring Mexicans look upon the intruders kindly. Their children attend the colony school. Exchange visits are paid among the seniors, and the civilized world is watching the experiment.

### ON THE OVERLAND TRAIL.

BY AN OLD "FORTY-NINER."

It has been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that after the mormons located at Salt Lake they bent all their energies to two things—making friends with the Indians and seeking to prevent white people, not of their own faith, from penetrating into that country. They did gain the good-will of the several tribes of Indians with whom they came in contact to such a degree as made it safe for a mormon to go anywhere. Once in a while one was killed before he could identify himself, but the man who proved himself a mormon need have no fear of the savages who had been trained from infancy to hate a white man and take his scalp whenever opportunity offered. This was accomplished in various ways. They made common cause with the Indian against the remainder of the white race, promising him all the scalps and plunder. They made him presents, caused him to believe that they were persecuted because they espoused his cause, and in other ways got such a firm hold on his affections that he became the most powerful ally they could have selected. They made him arrow heads and lance heads, they provided him with his first firearms

and best tomahawks; they fed him when he was hungry, and helped to outfit him when he went to the war.

When California's gold fever began to push long waggon trains across the country the mormons saw what the result would be unless they could stop the rush. Left to themselves the savages would no doubt have attacked in every case where there was hope of success, but not one person would have been killed where ten yielded up their lives but for the assistance of the accursed Danites. These were the "good men and true" of the mormon church—the enthusiasts and fanatics who could be depended upon to carry out any order and preserve the secrets of the church with their last breath.

They knew the country, the trails, the streams, the ravines and valleys, from Council Bluffs or St. Joseph to their own doors in Salt Lake City. They were strung out all along the overland trail, and in constant communication with the Indians. They acted as guides—were elected as captains of trains—sought every position which would enable them to play into the hands of their allies and work the destruction of trains. This was not even suspected, however, until they had worked fearful slaughter among the gold-seekers. No living man will ever be able to give figures on the train people murdered during the years in which the overland trail was in daily use.

The first train I went out with, consisted of fifteen waggons and fifty men, women, and children. Of these twenty-two were full-grown men and well armed, and each one fully realized the perils which beset the route. It would seem the height of folly for a husband to invest his all in a span of horses and waggon and set out for California with a sickly wife and three or four children, but plenty of men did so. Indeed there was no train without its women and children, and their presence always increased the dangers.

Previous to leaving St. Joe we had to elect a captain of the train, a "boss," whose word should be law until we reached the end of our journey. This position naturally fell to some veteran—some hunter, scout, or Indian fighter, who was posted as to the route and the ways of the Indians. Some such man was always going out with a train. In our case the choice lay between two—one an old trapper of many years' experience, who looked honest and seemed to have had plenty of experience, and a man who was a stranger to all, but who was loud in his boasts of how many Indians he had killed and what a brave, careful man he was.

I disliked him at first sight, as I know he did me, but though I did all I could to defeat him, he was elected to the position of captain. He was a fellow with an ugly, sulky look to his face, eyes which were constantly roving about and could never look you square in the face; and in my heart I believed he meant us ill. I found one or two others who entirely agreed with me, but the majority were perfectly satisfied that he was all right, and it would not be prudent for us to say anything until we had a better foundation than mere suspicion. It would have been rebellion to speak against him or refuse to obey his orders, as he had the power to disarm us and put us under guard.

At that date, the train which progressed one hundred miles into Kansas was sure to find the advance guard of the Indians. On the fourth day out we sighted some at a distance, and I narrowly watched our captain. He closed the train up in good order, stationed the defenders where they could do the most good, and exhibited such nerve and caution that I began to feel ashamed of myself for having suspected his loyalty.

But for one circumstance I should have banished all suspicion. We saw the first Indians about two hours before sundown. None of them came nearer than half a mile, seeming to be content with an inspection of our

strength. An hour later, and when within two miles of the spot where we proposed to camp, the captain, whose name I have neglected to state was Baker, ran up a green flag on one of the waggons. This flag, as we afterward concluded, he must have secreted about his person.

He explained that if we ran up a flag the Indians would conclude that there were soldiers with the train and haul off, and no one—no one but me—questioned the truth or policy of the proceeding. It struck me that he raised the flag for a signal, and when I stated my suspicions to two others of the band, they agreed with me that he could have no other object. From that time we watched his every movement with the eyes of a fox, but he made no further sign for many hours. When we went into camp he took all the precautions the most timid could suggest, and I do not believe he slept two hours between dark and dawn.

The night passed without an alarm, and it was after noon the next day before we saw Indians again. We had been travelling for an hour after the noon halt when we came to a singular bit of ground. It was a ridge about fifty feet wide, with heavy washouts or dry ravines on each side of it. This place could be avoided by turning to either the right or the left, but Baker, who was mounted, as most of the rest of us were, led the way right along this ridge. I was watching him, and I saw that he was farther ahead than usual. I also saw him make a curious sign. He raised his right arm or a line with his ear, bent the forearm across his head, and held it thus for a few seconds with the palm opened and toward his horse's head. Looking ahead and to the left I thought I caught a brief glimpse of a dark object—something like a black head peering above the bank of the ravine. I was close to the head waggon, and I asked the man to halt, and in twenty words made him understand that I firmly believed the Indians had prepared an ambuscade for us. I had made him understand this when Baker halted and turned to us with the query:

"What's the matter now?"

"The route looks dangerous," I answered.

"The route is all right, bring your waggons."

"Why can't we go to the left or right," I asked.

"Look here," he began, as he rode back, "is this train under my orders or yours?"

"Yours, sir."

"Then you be careful. If you attempt to interfere with me I'll order you under arrest. Come on with the waggons."

He turned and galloped forward. As he did so I rode to the right, and a companion to the left, to reach a point where we could see into the ravines. We both saw the same thing—the dry ditch crowded with Indians, and we both cried out together:

"Shoot the villain! He has led us into an ambuscade."

I don't know who killed him. Five or six of us fired together, just as he had put his horse on a gallop, and he toppled from his saddle and fell to the earth. The Indians, seeing that they were discovered, sprung up and made a dash at us on foot. Although without a leader, we did just the right thing. Every man rushed to the front, leaving the rear of the train to take care of itself, and we gave the savages a volley which broke them up and left nine of their number dead on the ridge.

The living sought cover, ran down the ditches behind a rise where their ponies were concealed, and made off without firing another shot, although there were eighty-four of them in the band. Had we got the train strung out on that ridge every soul in the train would have been murdered within ten minutes. Baker was, I found out several years later, an active Danite, and had led more than one hundred emigrants to slaughter.



## AN AFTERNOON IN A PAPER MILL.



When the old Egyptians gathered the papyrus stems on the banks of the Nile and stuck them together in sheets with the water of their famous river, they struck an idea that was a monopoly to them in the paper trade. Nile water was supposed to be

sticky. Nobody else had a Nile. They

were in no hurry to disabuse the popular mind, and the monopoly was maintained to the immense and long-continued profit of the Egyptian people. It took long years before other nations came to see that one water was about as good as another, and for that part of it that

one papyrus, or one plant, was as good as another. It was many a day, however, before such bold innovations as palm leaves, various barks, marsh grasses, came in handy; and centuries before such things as coconut fibre, flax, gutta-percha, hay, mosses, seaweeds, thistle-down, straw, sawdust, silk, or leather, were thought of. But the manufacture has gone on, the demand for paper is so great, and the machinery and processes so improved, that hundreds of thousands of tons of stuff that formerly was not worth carting away to be burned, is now eagerly bought up for making paper, and, indeed, in some cases, is charged with duty.

Pondering these things in my mind the other day, I thought an account of the way in which the paper is made, on which *THE YOUNG CANADIAN* is printed, would be interesting to its readers; therefore, sought and obtained permission from Messrs. A. Buntin & Sons to visit and inspect their mills at Valleyfield, Que.

As I stepped into the car and was whirled over the grand new railway bridge at Coteau, I was preparing myself for a few surprises. Once upon a time I thought I knew everything, or at least most things, and that what I did not know, was not much worth enquiring about. Since I have become your *Industria*, however, I have slowly and surely come down from that pinnacle to the foot of the ladder of knowledge—the very foot.

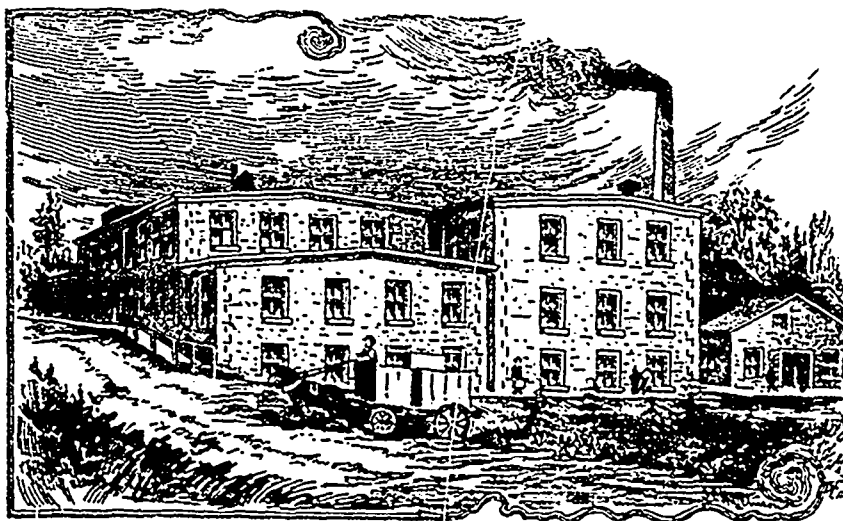
By the courtesy of the Messrs. Buntin & Son I was allowed to enjoy a great treat, and when I told the Manager my visit was for young Canadians, he smiled and said he was interested in some young Canadians, had a house full of them at home. Later on I saw a few of them happily paddling each other in the river.

"From the beginning, I suppose?"

"The very beginning, please," I said, as we entered the huge buildings with their great and constant water-power rushing in; "the very beginning; the material first, if you please."

In the Sorting Room we saw immense bundles of cotton and linen, bales of jute from India, and stacks of old paper, discarded newspapers, and used-up railway tickets that could have told us many an interesting romance if we had had time to listen, besides quantities of every imaginable kind of paper, in every imaginable colour and ink. These were being assorted into different classes, by rows of girls in tidy aprons and caps against dust. All this stuff has to be separated into "what's-what," as every "what's-what" has to be prepared in its own special manner, and mixed only according to what is required, and not by chance.

When the material has been assorted it is put into



THE MILLS.





SORTING ROOM.

machinery where it is torn up in very small pieces, into very shreds, and put through continued processes of cleaning. Immense steam boilers are waiting to receive it next, where it is boiled, and boiled, and boiled, till the old cotton and linen rags, or the old railway tickets grow into a curious substance like porridge. Sometimes strong chemicals are put into this mixture to help to clear out the colour and the hard fibres that won't be boiled down for anybody—not even for the Manager.

The pulp is then sent into very ingenious wash-tubs, with broad flat pans that move slowly round. Enormous quantities of washing are necessary, and enormous quantities of water. These tubs are so arranged that a broad flat layer of pulp is kept constantly moving around, while a fresh supply of water is kept as constantly flowing in, and the impure water as constantly flowing out. In certain cases chemicals are, here too, used to help the bleaching, when, of course, more water is needed to wash out every vestige of bleaching liquid or powder. The pulp, which may have once been put into these tubs of a deep-brown colour, gradually gets clearer and clearer, and eventually comes out a white and inviting mass of soft spongy substance.

So far the various materials go through a somewhat similar process, although the bleaching may be carried on longer in the finer and whiter papers. Now the scientific mixing takes place, and the mixing is a very scientific one, and a process in which I saw there lay evident scope for originality and invention. Pulp made from different sources, that is, from cotton, linen, jute, etc., when mixed in certain proportions, produce the varieties of paper to which we have grown so accustomed, that if a week goes by without a new brand on the market to tempt us, we consider

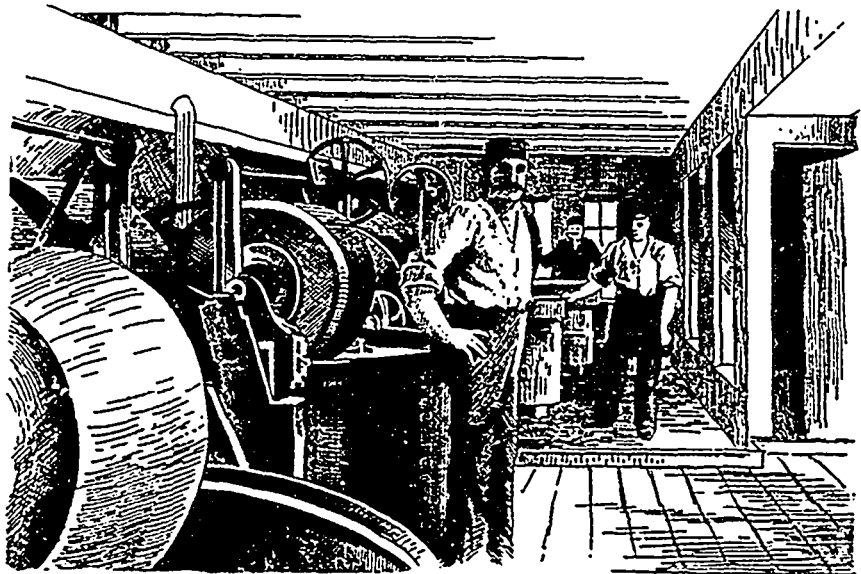
ourselves neglected by the paper-makers. They are wool-gathering, and not paper-making.

Until the introduction of the present improved machines the processes were largely carried on by hand. Indeed, the hand still holds its own against the best machine. You have all seen on the pretty packages of note-paper in the shops, such marks as "cream-laid" and "cream-wove." That does not mean that one has been woven and the other not. It means that one has been put on a frame that has had its wires "laid" from side to side, while the other has been consigned to a frame that has had its wires "woven" across each other. Hold a sheet of "laid" paper up between you and the light, and you will see the marks of the wires which the paper has main-

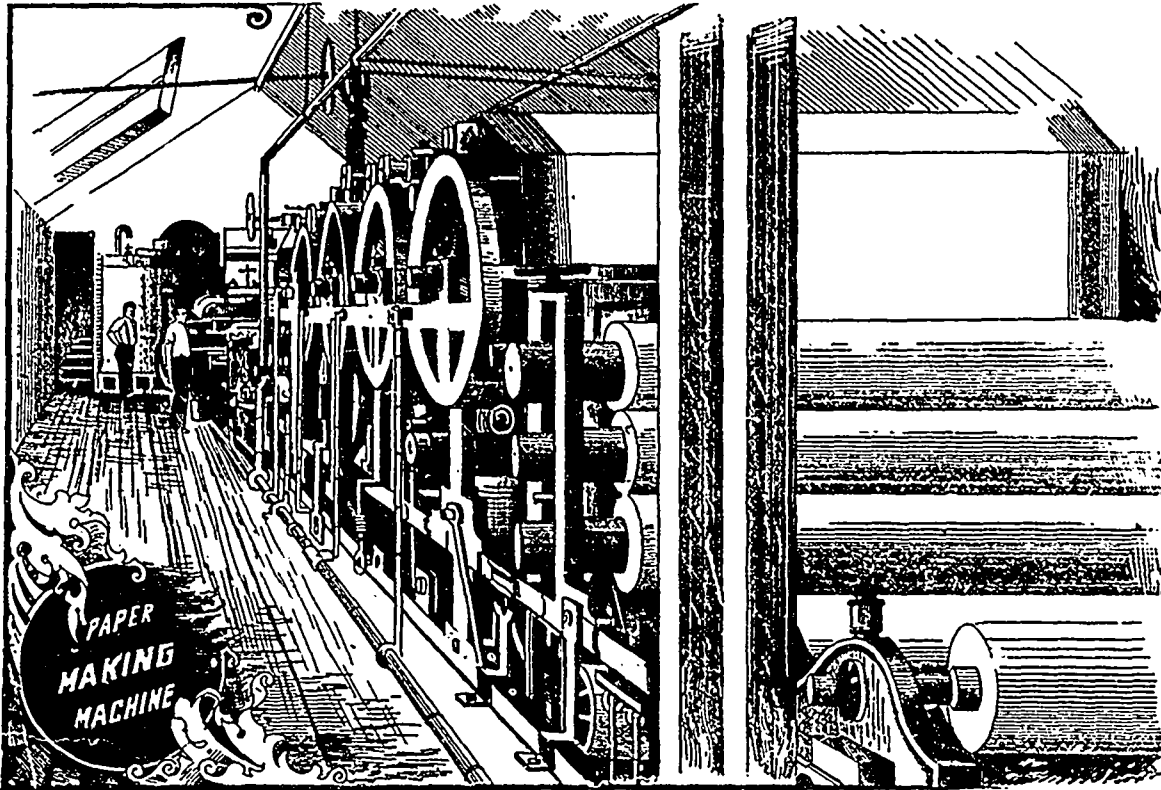
tained all through the machines and processes which it had to pass through after.

The pulp has now been mixed. The proper length of fibre has been secured. Some "size" has been added, and perhaps a little colour if necessary. The material has been prepared. Now it is to be made into paper. We are now ready to see what to me was one of the most wonderful and ingenious pictures I had ever enjoyed, something that came nearer the human than much that is human—a long machine, or rather a house with a succession of machines, where the pulp was fed in at one end, and the paper was carried out in long white rolls at the other. A second and a third time I went back to this as the "pièce de resistance" of the manufacture; cool, wet, soaking, dripping, at one end, and hot, dry, crisp, at the other. How I wish you had all been with me—every one.

At one end were great tubs of pulp—that is, of water with the merest suggestion of white in it, the fibres from the cotton and linen rags so broken up and so purified that you could hardly have seen them in the water. If you had taken a cup full of water in your hand, you would have said it was water in a cup where there had



PULPING ROOM.



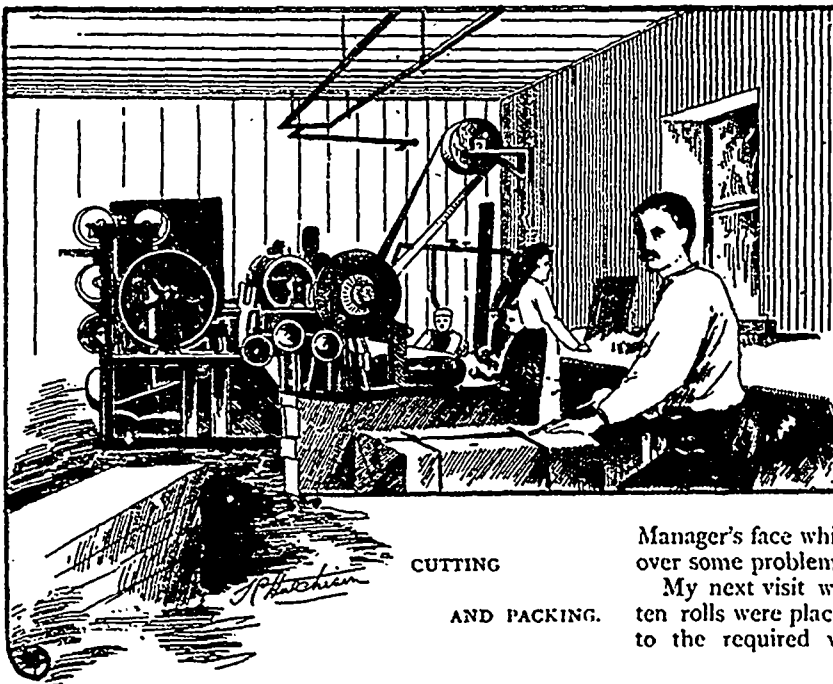
been milk. This substance was made to pass, not to flow, in equal and regulated quantities on to a frame of wire gauze which was kept slowly moving along to make room for more. On the frame moved and moved, and on came more and more of the pulp, while there was a curious motion of shaking to keep it from settling too soon. Passing on and on the water gradually oozed out through the wire gauze, until at one point there was a clever arrangement of suction-tubes to draw the water off by air-pump. A series of brass rollers were turning under the frame to keep it perfectly level, as upon this depends the regular and even thickness of the paper. The speed is very nicely calculated, or rather the slow-

ness, for here the whole process is slow, quiet, tender, almost loving. The wire gauze keeps moving on with its delicate burden, until at length it slips it on to a frame of blanket. This also is in motion, and carries its burden on and on, round cylinder after cylinder, till the first glimmer of paper appears in a thin film of delicate material, too dainty to look at. The most cautious glance would break it. I had to peep through my spectacles to soften my gaze. Soon it comes into contact with a gentle heat. By-and-bye it gets a slight pressure, and the drying, smoothing, and polishing go on till at the end the men are waiting to carry out the great white rolls of creamy-white paper—this paper, for example, of THE YOUNG CANADIAN. The machinery merely turned round. It was the pulp itself that did the moving, from the pulp to the gauze, from gauze to blanket, from blanket to blanket, from blanket to roller, from roller to roller, till at length from pulp to paper in two minutes.

A curious thing I noticed at the end, just where the paper was rolling itself out. A current of electricity played around the roller, quite visibly drawing towards it the pages of my notebook as I held them near. The Manager told me that Sir Henry Tyler, on a recent visit, received quite a shock as his hand inadvertently came into contact with it. But I saw a look on the

Manager's face which told me that his mind was busy over some problem of utilizing it.

My next visit was to the cutting-room, where eight or ten rolls were placed in a machine to be cut lengthwise to the required width, and crosswise to the desired



CUTTING  
AND PACKING.

length, and fed over to boys and girls, who caught it and guided it into piles. From these the paper was carried to long tables for folding. I wish you could have seen the girls counting the sheets as they put them up into quires and reams. With the left hand they caught a pile of sheets and bent them up at the edge. With the right hand they had an astoundingly rapid and ingenious way of throwing in their fingers in the right place. Right in after each other their winged fingers went, never making a miss in the number. Four finger-fulls of five and one of four made twenty-five. Five of these made one hundred. Again, five of these made five hundred, or a ream. Men came along and lifted the piles of sheets, tied them up into packages, and set them into large scales to weigh. A car stood outside in readiness to ship direct to Vancouver. Yesterday the load went to Halifax.

INDUSTRIA.

PROMPT PAYMENT.

While the dressmaker sewed, little Carrie kept watch  
With the sharp eyes which childhood possesses,  
And her dolls, black and white, soon were wearing  
new suits,  
Made from bits of her Aunt Kitty's dresses.

Then I said, "My dear Carrie, Aunt Kitty will charge,  
If so many big pieces she misses,"  
With a sweet upward look little Carrie said, "Well,  
Will it do if I pay you in kisses?"

CATHARINE S. HOLMES.

OUR LITTLE ONES.

Master Winnie,  
Little man,—  
Find one brighter  
If you can!

Full of mischief,  
Like all boys,  
Yet not always  
Making noise.

Earnest, active,  
Full of glee,—  
Over the fence and  
Up a tree.

Seldom needing  
Much reproof,  
Once he mounted  
On the roof!

Fond of reading,—  
Wise man yet,  
Papa's pride, and  
Mamma's pet.

Darling Bonnie,  
Blue-eyed miss,  
Ever tempting  
One to kiss.

Dimpled cheeks, and  
Golden hair,  
Falling on a  
Neck most fair.

Loving, trusting,  
Little one:  
Hear her prattle,  
See her run!

Fond of stories,  
Pictures, too,  
Knows of verses,  
Not a few.

Sleeps with Lily,—  
That's her doll,  
Says her prayers,—  
Prays for all.

FRANK J. BONNELLE.

MARK REED'S ESCAPE.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN I came to myself the first thought I had was of a bad dream. It must be nightmare. But the feel of my clothes and the hard floor soon convinced me that I was not in my bed; and as I moved, my aching head and sore limbs soon brought to my recollection all that had happened.

I opened my eyes; a faint light shone down upon me, and, looking up, I saw a skylight, through which the pale moon and stars were visible.

Gradually I made out I was in a small closet, between the front and back attics, lighted by a portion of the skylight belonging to the larger room.

I rose from the corner where I had lain huddled up, as I had been flung by my cruel captor. I felt my way to the door; it was locked. I listened; all was silent as the grave.

Gradually I realised my situation. These people whom I had seen could not be merely annoyed at my looking in upon their surreptitious cooking, as I had at first supposed. Evidently there was some dread of their operations being observed. They had caught me spying, and in revenge had imprisoned me here after the cruel beating, which was no doubt only a sample of the punishment in store for me.

Could they be thieves? There was nothing certainly to steal in the empty house; but that might be their rendezvous—the depository of their booty.

And suppose they meditated some robbery—maybe to break into my master's place—old Betty's deafness would give them full opportunity. But I knew there were no valuables of any amount. Books, as I was well aware, were too heavy to be easily stolen in any numbers. There were our tools, it is true; they were costly to purchase.

But what could I do? Here I was, separated only by a few feet from my home, where robbery—even murder—might be perpetrated, for poor old Betty's savings might even be an object, and the ruffian who could so treat a defenceless lad would show no mercy.

You may guess I did not sleep upon these thoughts. The dawn crept in at the skylight far above my head and lighted up gradually the four bare walls of my prison.

The dust of years had drifted into it, cobwebs hung from the ceiling; there was no fireplace nor cupboard, not a vestige or anything to show that the place had ever been inhabited, only the blank whitewashed walls and the begrimed skylight overhead.

The hours passed; no sound was to be heard. From a dread anticipation of the appearance of the wretch who had captured me, I came to long for even his visit, the stillness was so terrible, the suspense so unbearable.

As noon passed, and the day wore on, still without sight or sound of any living thing, came the thought, What if these people had gone off entirely and left me here to take my chance? No one would miss me; poor old Betty, with her deafness, would not understand; would think, as likely as not, that I had gone to stay at Gates's for the three days. Mr. Timms for certain would be absent till Tuesday; Banks the same.

True, Harry was to call for me on Sunday morning, but Betty would be sure to make some lame explanation of my nonappearance, very likely would let him fancy I had gone with Joe Banks.

There was just a chance that Gates might go up to my attic and have a look at the pigeons; but then, how was he to guess I was here, within a stone's throw of

him, a prisoner? I might lie here and starve to death, without a creature ever dreaming of seeking me!

At that thought I raised my voice and shouted with all my might. I shook the door and beat upon it with my fists. I took off my boots and banged away upon the walls of the room on each side. The plaster came off in patches. I had made several holes in the surface of the wall and hallooed myself hoarse before I remembered that the room was enclosed between the staircase and the larger attic. No sound I could make would travel beyond the walls of the echoing old house itself.

In despair I hurled my boots at the skylight, and as they fell back, with a shower of glass, upon the floor, I repeated my attack until nearly the whole of the panes were shattered.

But to what purpose? Had I only a chair, a box, anything to have aided me to reach nearer to that open space, so tantalising, so far above me! Liberty before my eyes, and unattainable!

Desperately I sprang up, with extended arms, of course only to fall back again bruised and trembling. I shouted again and again. My voice seemed to die away as it reached the outer air.

It was like being buried alive. I sat down beneath the shattered skylight, I was sick with hunger.

I tried to think of any way by which I might hope for help to reach me. But I could not.

Even should I be missed and a search set on foot, there was very little chance of my being found in time, I believed. What with my aching head, the want of food, and anxiety, I was already feeling a dull faintness creep over me which I imagined might be the forerunner of death.

By Tuesday morning no doubt I should be past help. Starved to death, or perhaps my brain turned by the horror of my situation.

I turned out my pockets; a few pigeon-peas I found and devoured eagerly. Now I recollected with satisfaction that I had left plenty of grain strewn on the floor of my attic. At least my birds would not want food.

To-morrow, Sunday, Harry would come. He might go up to the roof, might hear me, might seek so far.

There was a chance, and in that I found some comfort. I prayed more earnestly than, I fear, I had ever done. Then I lay down in a corner and tried to sleep, but in vain.

Cold and hunger kept me waking. How long the night seemed! Then with the morning came the renewed hope of Gates's visit.

The sun shone warm and strong above my prison. Now and again the flap of a wing and a quick passing shadow told me my pigeons were taking their morning flight.

My hunger was now something dreadful. Oh! boys, I do not suppose you ever knew what it is to feel that fearful agony of hunger, without a prospect, ever so distant, of satisfying it.

To be intensely hungry, with the anticipation of a good meal, even at a distance, that is nothing—is indeed a pleasure. But to feel the grip of starvation right in you—to know that food is within easy reach, but that you cannot get it—oh, it is indeed awful!

As the morning wore on I several times shouted at the top of my voice. I took off my socks, and rolling each into a small ball, I threw them up through the open space above me, thinking thus perhaps to attract notice.

By-and-by the bells from the different churches began to ring for service. I knew that the time for Harry's visit must be gone by, as he was to have come early, and we were to start before church time.

Then the sun passed away from the roof, and the day had turned into afternoon.

I was beyond shouting now; my voice felt, like every thing else inside me, shrivelling up; my legs and feet were full of pins and needles, as we say, and I was drowsy, yet could not sleep.

The bells rang again for evening service, and I, under the broken skylight, knelt and prayed.

Then I must have dozed, and after a bit something soft came against my face, and I put up my hands and dear old Puck nestled into them.

I do hope, boys, you won't think any the worse of me if I tell the truth, which is that I fairly cried over my pigeon as I held him there; it did seem such a comfort in my forlorn case.

I was sorry now I had eaten the few peas in my pocket. I felt again, and I did find two; one of them I gave to Puck, and then I let go of him, for I wouldn't make him a prisoner, and as he had come in by the broken skylight so he could go free again.

That night I did sleep, but my slumber was broken by dreams of food. The most delicious things, which I am certain I had never eaten of, were before me. Not that I coveted them; a bit of bread would have been luxury enough.

But all at once a thought flashed upon my mind, and I sat up quite awake and full of a new hope. Why had I not thought of it before?

I slept no more. Even the pain of hunger was lessened in the brightness of the idea which had come to me.

Daylight seemed long in coming, but at last it was there, and then I began my preparations.

Tearing a strip of calico from my shirt, I wrote on it in thick black letters with the bit of pencil in my pocket these words:

*"Mark Reed is starving in the empty house, 10, Steel Street, Merton. Help!"*

Presently the sun rose bright again. It shone warm upon the roofs, and soon came my poor pigeons over my head. They had exhausted their stock of food, and having found their master, were appealing to him in their dumb way.

They sat on the edge of the skylight, dressing their feathers and cooing softly, but Puck came boldly down and lighted on my shoulder.

Then I rolled up the bit of linen I had written on, very small, and with one of my boot-laces fastened it under his wing as well as I could.

The creature remained perfectly still while I did this, as though understanding. Then when I let him free he went up through the skylight, rose like a rocket in the air, and I lost sight of him. And my hope seemed to vanish with the bird. It had looked so promising when the idea first occurred to me. Gates had told me of the experiments he had made, and how Puck had carried messages between his friends and himself. We were to have tried it only this very holiday; but then what a slender chance there was of the bird going to any one who would understand.

Puck had never been to the new house of the Gateses, and they were now away.

*(To be continued.)*

— ♦♦♦ —

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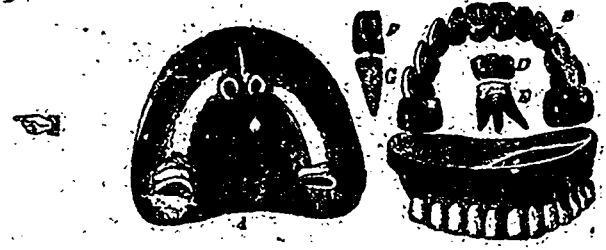
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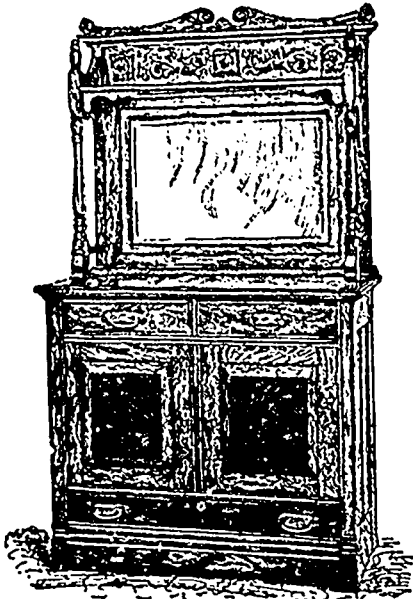
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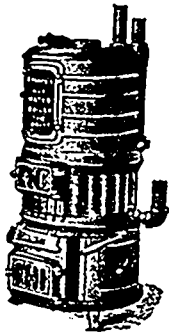


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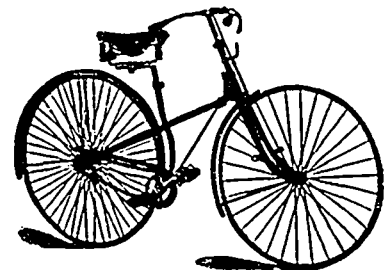
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