

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

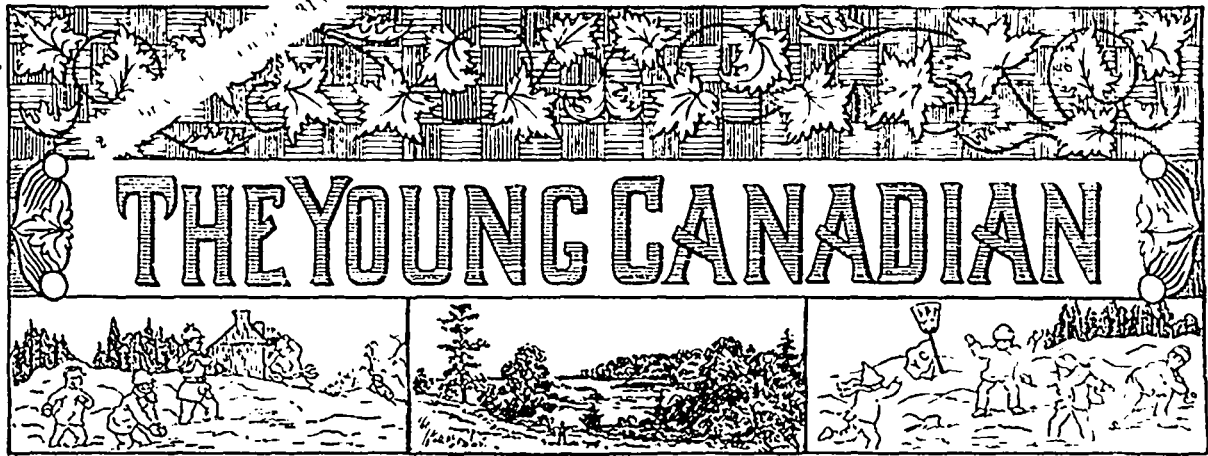
10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X



Absolutely free from anything unhealthful.
Best Value in the Market.

The Favorite in Canadian Homes.

McLAREN'S COOK'S FRIEND, the only genuine.



NUTRITIOUS—EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP—ECONOMICAL

NUTRITIOUS—EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP—ECONOMICAL

Pear's Soap



INSIST
ON HAVING
PEARS'
SOAP!

Substitutes are some-
times recommended by
druggists and storekeepers
for the sole purpose of
making greater profit.

There is nothing so
good as

PEARS' SOAP.

It has stood the test for
one hundred years.

"MATCHLESS FOR THE COMPLEXION."

REMINGTON TYPE-WRITER.

"I advise parents to have all their boys and girls taught shorthand writing and type-writing. A shorthand writer who can type-write his notes, would be safer from poverty than a great Greek scholar."—CHARLES KEADE, on "The Coming Man."



SPACKMAN & CO., OTTAWA BUILDINGS,
245 St. James Street, MONTREAL, P. Q.
GEO. BENGOUGH,
4 Adelaide Street West, TORONTO, Ont.
JAMES JACK,
120 Prince William Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Stanley's Great Book, "IN DARKEST AFRICA."

G. F. CODDARD, 750 Craig Street, - - Sole Agent for Montreal.

ILLUSTRATED MONTREAL, } THE BEST SOUVENIR PUBLISHED!
 A CONCISE HISTORY OF THE CITY. UPWARDS OF 40 CHOICE ENGRAVINGS.
 No Canadian should be without it, and no Visitor should fail to secure one.
 AT ALL BOOKSELLERS, OR OF THE PUBLISHER, WINDSOR HOTEL TICKET OFFICE.
 PRICE, 75 CENTS.
 IN COVER READY FOR MAILING.

ROBERT REID,

Corner St. Catherine and Alexander Streets, - - Montreal.
SCULPTOR

IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

MARBLE AND CRANITE WORK.

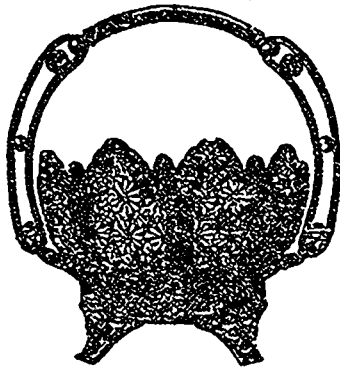
Encaustic Tiles for Hearths, Fireplaces, Flooring, &c., always on hand.

Brass Goods, Fenders and Irons, Fire Sets, Coal Hods, &c., &c., Mantel Pieces in Wood, Marble and Slate always on hand, and made to order. Designs and Estimates furnished promptly on application.

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.

18 & 18 DeBresoles Street,

MONTREAL.



Tea Sets, Butter Dishes
 Waiters, Wine Stands,
 Cruets, Epergnes,
 Pickle Costers, Fruit Stands,
 &c. &c.

Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors of the celebrated Wm. Rogers Knives, Forks, Spoons, &c.
 MANUFACTURERS OF THE

FINEST QUALITY SILVER-PLATED WARE.

DWELLING AND HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE RISKS SOLICITED.

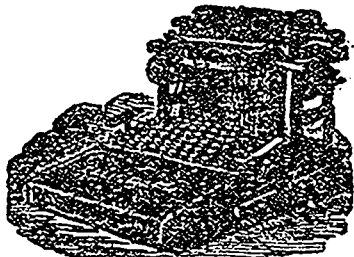
PHENIX FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF HARTFORD, CONN.
 CANADA BRANCH H. O. 114 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

GERALD E. HART, General Manager.
 AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE DOMINION.

CALIGRAPH!

GREATEST SPEED.



THE MOST DURABLE.

Best for Manufacturing. 100,000 Daily Users.
 CIRCULARS ON APPLICATION.

AGENTS FOR QUEBEC AND EASTERN ONTARIO

MORTON PHILLIPS & GO.,

Stationers, Blank Book Makers and Printers,

1755 & 1757 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL.

STAINED GLASS
 OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
JOS. SPENCE & SONS
 ECCLESIASTICAL & DOMESTIC
 GLASS PAINTERS,
 METAL DECORATORS
 100, RUE DU QUAI, MONTREAL.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
 Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians.
 Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.



No More Broken Handles!

BEAUTIFULLY NICKEL-PLATED.

SUPERIOR IN EVERY WAY TO WOOD.

Sold with the genuine Mrs. Potts' Irons, or separate.

ENQUIRE OF YOUR HARDWARE DEALER

H. R. IVES & CO.

MONTREAL,

Manufacturers of Stoves, Ranges, Iron Bedsteads, Architectural Iron Work, &c.



BEST OFFER EVER Made on printed on 18 1/2 x 12 1/2 inch Cards for only 10 Cts. Army's Complete Outline of the Great B.C. Fringe, Envelopes, Photographs, plain & fancy Envelopes, Cards and our large Illustrated Program will given Free with every order. No Cash. Crown Card Co. Canada

LIVE BOOKS FOR LIVE BOYS.

HENTY'S LATEST!

By England's Aid, \$1.50
 Maori and Settler, 1.50
 ALL HENTY'S POPULAR BOOKS:

GEO. McDONALD'S LATEST!

A ROUGH Skating, \$1.50

We keep in stock the largest selection of Boys' Books in Canada, and receive all the new ones as issued.
 Write us for lists and prices.

W. DREYSDALE & CO.

The Boys' Booksellers,

282 St. James Street, - - MONTREAL.

EDNA LYALL'S BOOKS.

Donovan,
 A Hardy Norseman,
 We Two,
 Knight Errant,
 Won by Waiting,
 In the Golden Days,
 and Derriok Vaughan.

RUDYARD KEPLING'S BOOKS:

The Phantom Rickshaw,
 The Story of the Gadsby's,
 Soldiers Three and Other Tales,
 Plain Tales from the Hills.

All of the above books are published in Lovell's "STAR" SERIES at 25 cents each. Sent by mail on receipt of price, if not to be obtained of your bookseller.

JOHN LOVELL & SON,

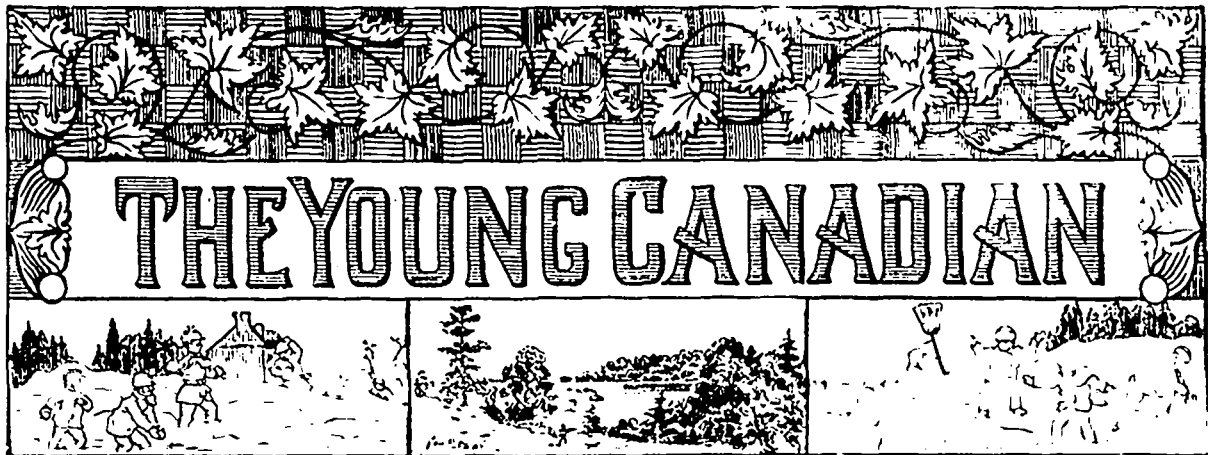
Publishers,

JANUARY, 1891. - - MONTREAL.

ASK FOR CHADWICK'S SPOOL COTTON } TAKE NO OTHER. THERE IS NONE BETTER.

CUMMING & BREWIS The West-End Art Studio.
 CABINETS BEST FINISH \$3. PER DOZ.

Call and inspect our work before going elsewhere.
 117 & 119 MANSFIELD STREET
 Second door above St. Catherine St
 MONTREAL.



Printed and Published by THE YOUNG CANADIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY—H. P. MORRIS, Secretary, 111 MARKET STREET, MONTREAL.

No. 12. Vol. I

Montreal, Wednesday, April 15, 1891.

Five cents a copy
\$2.00 per annum, in advance

HALF-HOLIDAY TALKS ON ANCIENT HISTORY.

PAPER II.

BY JOSEPHINE H. GRAHAM, B. A., WHITBY.

ON the following Wednesday afternoon Ted brought his chum Tom upstairs into Anna's pretty little sitting room.

The truth was both boys were somewhat diffident, Ted as to the success of this plan of historical study, in which he was the prime mover, and Tom well, Tom would have found his reasons difficult to define.

For one thing he didn't know much about girls, especially the "grown up kind," but he had a feeling that they were all more or less given to "frills." Frills, as Tom used the word, was a phrase descriptive of manner rather than of costume.

But from the moment he heard the pleasant voice say,—

"I am glad to see you Master Tom. Teddie has told me so much about his friend that I feel as if I had known you for a long while."

Tom made up his mind that he liked Ted's big sister.

In a few minutes the three were cosily seated around a small table on which lay a portfolio of sketches and photographs, several books of travel, and a small atlas.

"You have chosen a good position boys," said Anna, "from which to take your first look backward into the mists of antiquity. On the eastern bank of the river Euphrates, a few miles from the modern Hilleh, is a vast ruin called by the natives El Mujelibah, the overturned.

"That ruin most archaeologists are agreed in believing to be the Tower of Babel, built soon after the Deluge, about the twenty third or twenty fourth century before Christ. While I look for Doctor Mignan's picture of Babel restored, will you turn to the map of Asia and trace the windings of the two great rivers, the Tigris and the Euphrates, until you come to the point of their junction a little above the Persian Gulf

"Now it is in that fertile valley that tradition says the garden of Eden was situated. North of that towers Arrarat, and again tradition says here rested the ark. Be that as it may, here is our Tower of Babel, and from this valley of the Euphrates went forth those whose feet turned eastward, and who gave the world the great empires of China and Japan, those whose motto was 'Westward Ho!' and whose leader MEXUS laid in the Nile Valley the foundations of the venerable Egyptian civilization, those who braved the winds that swept down upon them from the north, and pitched their tents beyond the Hindu Koush Mountains. There they lived, that hardy race whose history is the history of the world.

"From the great Aryan hive swarmed the nations that have attained the highest intellectual development, have made the greatest progress in science, art, literature and political freedom. At the time when we look at them they are just beginning their conquering march across the continent.

"But now let us look once more at the cradle of the race, this fertile strip that lies between the Tigris and the Euphrates. The Greeks called it Mesopotamia, the Hebrews Shinar. And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar, and they dwelt there, this the story of Genesis tells us.

"Now in this broad basin were three great monarchies, each having its own territorial and political division. These three kingdoms, the Chaldean, the Babylonian, and the Assyrian were all absorbed in Persia in the 6th century B.C.

"Who were the Chaldeans Anna?" said Ted, "and why do you put them first? I thought you said that the Babylonian fellows were the oldest."

"Babylonian was a political division Ted, and embraced

all the territory of the early Chaldean kingdom. It was not until Chaldea and Babylonia were united into one kingdom, gathering in and amalgamating many scattered tribes, that we have our first chapter in the authentic history of the Tigro-Euphrates basin. The Hebrew records say that the founder of this kingdom was NIMROD, the son of Cush.

If you will turn to the tenth chapter of Genesis, Master Tom, and read the eighth, ninth and tenth verses, you will see how there was later a confederation of four cities which ruled over this empire established by 'the mighty hunter' Nimrod. This Tetrapolis, or confederated group, was composed of the cities of Babylon, Erech, Accad, and Calneh, and all of these places have been identified within the last half-century. The spade and shovel have given back to us buried cities, whose temples and tombs are rich with stories of the mighty kings of mighty nations.

"When the *Assyrian* kingdom was at the height of her power she swallowed up all of Babylonia, a large part of Palestine, Arabia, and Egypt. This we know from the records which we find engraved on slabs and cylinders.

But the reason why I gave Chaldea the first place, Teddie, is because it possesses the earliest *secular* historic records. When Alexander the Great conquered Babylon (331 B. C.) he found there an unbroken series of astronomical observations taken by the Chaldeans,

and these records covered a period of nineteen thousand and three years. Now add that sum to the year of Alexander's conquest and you see that puts us back into the year 2234 B. C.

"But you must remember boys, that we have taken the oldest monumental building of which there is any record, and we have done our best to see where men went and what they did after God's hand had scattered them abroad. We say that this dispersion of the people followed hard on the Confusion of Tongues, an event which we suppose to have been about the twenty-third or twenty-second century. We cannot be sure of any of these dates.

We know that when Abraham visited Egypt, about the twentieth century, he found a civilization of a high order, he was within the borders of a vast monarchy ruled by the strong hand of a Pharaoh. And Abraham must have stood in the shadow of the Pyramids, for modern scholars are agreed in saying that Egypt was a civilized country 3,000 years before the Christian era.

So you see our dates are only approximate. Egyptian civilization is shrouded in the mists of antiquity. Nobody knows when the Pyramids were built, and nobody is quite sure *why* they were built; but, from the top of the tallest of them we shall, on our next half-holiday, take a bird's eye view of the world and see what progress it made during the thousand years that followed the call of Abraham.

THE BABES IN THE FLOOD.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

BY MRS. CLARK MURRAY.

After six months of almost uninterrupted possession of the River St. Lawrence by Jack Frost, something more is needed to shake the power of the retiring winter than a few batteries of heat from the advancing spring. Sometimes the battle is long and protracted. Repeated scouts and skirmishes of rain and warm winds are necessary before the sun and the current, bringing up the rear of the attack, compel the winter in sullen silence to yield up the keys of the fort. Again it is forced, under a constant and heavy artillery, to come to terms of immediate surrender amid dying groans and agonies. It is then that Jack Frost, like other vanquished despots, loves revenge. In sulky defeat he scorns the sun; he laughs at the rain; makes jams and bridges of his straggling ice blocks; and, in imperious imbecility, wreaks his retreating rage upon the advancing waters, sending them helter-skelter, panicstricken, over the land, in very terror seeking refuge on the wharves, along the streets, in the very dwellings of the people.

It is Nature pitched in battle against herself.

Thus it was in the spring of last year. The morning broke bright and warm over the City of Montreal. The river was still a frozen mass, though here and there patches of blue water sparkled in the sunshine, and only the fool-hardy were seen to trust themselves on the treacherous ice.

Mrs. Mearns left her two fatherless children in the morning, with a little bread for their dinner, and proceeded to one of the up-town houses to work for the day,

promising all sorts of good things to them on her return in the evening. Shortly afterwards Cottie, whose age was about eight, and her little four-year old brother Frankie put their simple repast into their pockets and sallied out to the sunny air. Already hoops, tops, balls, and other harbingers of spring were in vogue, and a roaring trade of exchange was going on about the doors. Suddenly a band of children came rushing round the corner, shouting and screaming.

"Hillo! hillo! hillo! for the flood? Who's coming to the flood? It's all coming up the street; up, and up, and up."

Cottie and her brother joined the party, took to their heels and flew like the wind. A strange sight met their young eyes. The streets they knew so well were nowhere to be seen; neither doorstep nor sidewalk was visible; and the houses were standing mute in their own dismay. Already many young arabs were afloat on the gleaming water, pushing themselves about on planks, or heartlessly worrying the thousands of rats who had been ruthlessly disturbed in their slumbers and were struggling for their very life.

A loud noise startled the young adventurers as they revelled in their unwonted sport. Raising their eyes they saw a huge tide of water come rushing towards them, roaring like thunder and bearing everything before it. Men and women shouted, children screamed in terror, hastening by hook or by crook to get out of the way.

Cottie and Frankie were standing near an old shed, and had time only to seek safety upon the beams. They clambered up by the posts to the loft which was composed of rickety boards, and contained a few bundles of straw. The novelty relieved their sudden alarm, and they began to amuse themselves by exploring the corners and crevices of their new quarters. A pile of sawdust proved an endless source of attraction. They made gardens, erected forts, built whole cities, never dreaming of their companions, of their home, or their dinner. Frankie was so pleased and happy that he went quietly to sleep, his little curly head rolling over the apple-trees in his garden, and his feet demolishing Cottie's fort.

The silence was too much for Cottie. She longed for his merry chatter. She felt sad and lonely, and burst into tears. Looking down through the boards she saw the water still there. She could see no street at all. Not a voice or a hush was heard.

"Oh! Frankie, Frankie, wake up. I'm going home. Come. Come. We must go home."

But Frankie was too happy in his dreams to heed his sister's voice. She wept louder and louder, calling to him again and again.

"I'm going home now, Frankie. It's dinner time. Frankie! Frankie!"

When Frankie did wake up, he was so refreshed by his dreams and his sleep that he firmly objected to going home.

"Me play more, sissy, me play more."

"Oh! no, Frankie; it is dinner time. We *must* go. Oh! we must go," said Cottie bitterly, bursting into tears again.

"Oh go, bring dinny here. Me play more. Me eat dinny here. Good sissy, go."

Cottie remembered the bread in their pockets, and thinking that she could more easily induce her little brother afterwards, she produced it and sat down beside him. The bread disappeared as it does among children who do not see too much of it, and who seldom know the relish of butter or preserves. But Frankie was slow to give up his gardens, and the afternoon was wearing into evening when Cottie tried to clamber down. The fearful reality of their condition flashed an instantaneous terror to her young heart.

They were alone. They were far from their homes and their mother. They were surrounded as far as her little eyes could see by water. There was no sign of life but their own misery.

She tried to console herself by comforting her brother, who now clung about her neck weeping bitterly, calling on his mother, and beseeching his sister to take him home. The night stole on, and they wept themselves to sleep; no birds twittering and bringing leaves to cover their little limbs from the dewy air;—no blue sky or twinkling stars to tell them of the angels' watchful care;—only darkness and gloom.

The Convent bells next morning roused the two sleeping children.

"Cottie! me hear a noise."

"Yes. Mothing lighting the fire" replied Cottie only half-awake.

"Oh! yes. Mother! mother! breakfast soon mother? me want breakfast now" said Frankie, rousing himself, and crawling over to his sister.

"Oh! Frankie! don't bother me. I want to sleep more. Lie down a little longer; there's a good child."

But Frankie was bright as the morning sun, and would have no more sleep. Cottie rubbed her eyes wide open, and her strange surroundings made the events of the previous day rush in upon her little soul. Many a brave effort did she make to cheer herself.

Many were the games she started for her brother when he clamoured for his breakfast; but as it grew to clamouring for dinner, and eventually for supper, her little heart could stand out no longer. She could do nothing now,—nothing but weep bitterly, and call as loudly as her failing courage enabled her on something, some one, anything but the awful silence, and loneliness and hunger.

The angels looked down from the twinkling stars, as they have looked down for ages, and closed once more the sad and weary eyes in sleep.

* * * * *

Her day's work over Mrs. Mearns expended part of her well-earned wages, and started for her humble home.

"Now," she said, "we'll have to-morrow together, my children and myself. Thank the Good God for the Sundays;" and the gladness at her heart prevented her from attending to remarks about "flood," "water still rising" which were abroad in the evening air.

But, lo! no sooner had she turned into the long street in which she lived than the water stopped her way. The people were crowding in excitement and looking on with saddened faces, whilst rafts of every imaginable contrivance were being pushed about.

"Oh! Sir!" she said, turning to a kindly-faced old gentleman, "this is terrible. What shall I do? My two children are all alone in my house. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

The old gentleman looked at the woman and then across the water.

"It can't last long, my woman. I think it's falling now. I expect every minute the whole thing will go away as fast as it came."

"I'll take you home, missus" cried a lad on a raft close by.

The woman's heart bounded for joy. No fear of the dangerous craft troubled her. Her children alone filled her mind. If she only could know they were safe, could be with them to protect them, could have them once more in her arms.

"For five dollars," added the lad with a knowing look, and keeping his raft at a safe distance.

"Five dollars!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "you should be ashamed of yourself, sir," and turning towards the woman he advised her to wait an hour or two, the neighbours would be looking after her children, and the water *must* go soon.

An hour or two! made up of minutes like these! Then her children may be drowned! *Now* they may be drowning! The thought maddened her.

Five dollars! it seemed a fortune. She knew not how much it was. She had never possessed it; yet she did not feel it would be too much if she had had it to give.

"I cannot give you five dollars, but I'll give you what I can" said she, holding out her bread. "Here's our supper and to-morrow's dinner."

"Phew" whistled the lad. "I'm not hungry."

"Take me to my children, my poor lonely drowning children, and here's ten cents more,—all I have in the world."

"I'm too busy, missus. There's a band of young ladies with their sweethearts who want a paddle round for a dollar apiece, I've no doubt" said he, poling himself in the direction of the party. "I must make hay when the sun shines. The water may go at any moment and leave me high and dry for my good intentions."

"For Heaven's sake take me with you" cried the

poor woman; "have you no heart? Think of my children starving, —perhaps drowning. Oh! God! Oh! God! you have no heart, you cruel, cruel wretch!"

"To-morrow morning you'll have better manners" replied the lad coolly pushing his raft over and loading it with young ladies.

"I'd really advise you to wait, my good woman" said the old gentleman as he walked off: "by to-morrow at least the water is sure to go."

An hour or two! To-morrow! The words sank into her soul like lead. Every moment seemed an hour, every hour an age. And a whole day of such hours had passed already, carrying with them their unknown tale, their uncertain dread, their horrible possibilities.

"Oh! is there no one will take me to my children? For pity's sake? For mercy's sake? Oh! my children! my poor children!"

She seated herself on the pavement and gazed down the street. It was dark and dismal. Here and there a lighted lamp, bent and twisted by the ice, threw its glare over the black water. The merry chatter of people coming and going seemed a bitter mockery of her desolation. The receding plash of the raft with the gay young ladies dispelled her last hope, and sent a chill to her heart. Long into the night she sat gazing and listening, waiting and longing. Wearied and numb with fear and dread, she gathered her shawl closely about her, laid her head against the trunk of a tree, and thanked the Good God for at least the warm balmy air of spring.

The dawning rays of the Sunday morning broke over the deserted street, and tinged with a rising hope the clouds which enveloped the lonely woman's heart. The cruel plash of the raft became mellowed by the rest of mind and body she had snatched under the leafless tree. The early Convent bells wafted a comfort over her spirit. She felt that surely her children were safe. But still the water was there. Something *must* be done. Scarcely a foot was astir in the sleeping city. The twisted and crooked lamps still threw their glare into the daylight. It might be hours before a chance of help came by, and the thought of her children famishing, even if safe, gave her a definite purpose.

She tore a plank from the sidewalk and pushed it into the water. But the moment she set her foot upon it she reeled and sank. Seizing another she laid the two together and hoped to float herself along. But one went one way, one another, leaving the poor woman standing in the water. She tore up a third, and with strips rent from her shawl succeeded in lashing the three together in a way which rejoiced her heart. Making a knapsack of the remnant of her shawl, into which she placed her bread and her ten cent piece, she swung it over her shoulder and pushed off. Her hopes were rising. Daylight was before her. All would still be well.

With herculean strength she pushed and poled herself along, sometimes so vigorously that now she was under water and again she was losing her balance. Men and women were gradually turning out to prayers, and the presence of human life gave her a new vigour. On she struggled down the street, turning and winding on her unmanageable craft in many a sorry way, till at length she found the depth beyond her pole. She cast her eyes onwards, — backwards. She was half-way. She was more, — almost three-fourths of the way. Nothing daunted she seized the pole by the centre, and, with her bended knees on the cold wet raft, stroking to the right and then to the left, she brought her floating benefactor to the step of her door.

"My children! my children! Where are you?"
No answer.

"Cottie? Frankie?"

Still no answer.

She hastened to their little beds, and searched in every cupboard, calling wildly,

"My children! oh! my children."

Thinking that the neighbours below might have taken her little ones she flew down as quickly as she had come up. But a foot and a half of water lay over the floor; chairs and tables, mattresses and blankets were floating about, and not a sign of human life was visible. She called her neighbours by name. Her voice sounded through the empty house and echoed over the water.

Madly she rushed up again, throwing open the window, and gazing over the silent houses, and up the watery street. No one, nothing, — nothing to answer her question, the question which was now bursting her very heart. Relieving herself of her knapsack she sat down bewildered. It was then she knew how cold and wet and exhausted she was. A few sticks lay by the stove, with which she made some fire and prepared herself a cup of tea to fortify herself for another voyage. Her children must be somewhere, perhaps even somewhere near. And she once more descended to the flooded doorway. But, alas! her raft had drifted far beyond her reach. With hands clasped she looked up to Heaven.

"Oh! my good God! Help me. Help me to find my darling helpless infants."

That day and the next wore wearily by. *How*, only those can know who have had their hearts torn by a protracted suspense and a hopeless misery. Every moment she listened for the plash of a passing raft, for the sound of a human voice, for the rush of the departing water, for the cry, even if in distress, of her two children. There was nothing to answer her but a vast, unbroken, oppressive stillness.

Monday evening was closing in. The poor woman well nigh yielded to despair. Her eyes were blind with gazing; her ears were deaf with listening; and her heart was throbbing with an endless unrest.

But, hark! is it her own heart? Or is it a distant plash? Something certainly is borne on the breeze. A voice! a child's voice!

"Oh! Sun! stop in your sinking! Give me but an hour's more light! One short hour!" cried the distracted woman in her trembling hope.

Every nerve she strained to listen, to see. Yes! No! Yes! Something there *was* in the air. Ah! how the darkness would creep on to pale her flickering joy. Was it her fancy that saw a black thing, something blacker than the water? Was it coming nearer? Or was it only gilded by the glory of the hope she wove around it?

Distinct voices were now heard but, alas! in laughter. A chill ran to her heart. It was not her babes. It could not be. It was some other gay young ladies on a dollar boat-ride. But at least it was life, and she feared she might die of anxiety ere it could come to her.

A child's voice! Several children's voices! She fancied she saw their figures glimmering through the twilight.

"For God's sake, children, come here" she cried.

No answer. Only merry chatter.

"Children! children! come here, oh! come here; only for one moment."

The raft could now be clearly seen, thrown out by the light on the water from the flickering lamps, and she could discern the figures of four or five boys pushing and poling along. If she could only attract their attention and get them to take her. Where? Anywhere. No matter.

"Oh! children! do come here! Here by this crooked tree."

"We're coming as fast as we can, missus."

"Oh! make haste. Come and take me with you."

"We have too many as it is, you would sink us."

"Oh! for mercy's sake take me."

"Can't be done, missus, till we get rid of our load."

"Then you'll come back, for goodness' sake. Promise me."

"Don't know about that. We've taken two hours to come this length, and guess we must go home now. We've a load for the next house here."

"Perhaps they're *her* children?" suggested another boy to the spokesman of the party.

"What? Have you got some children? Oh! God! Come close,—closer!"

There on the raft sat two boys making a bed of their knees for the prostrate form of little Frankie; Cottie, stupified, crouching beside them.

"I guess the little chap's dead, missus; and the other is pretty near gone. But we found them a-howling and crying, and we brought them off home."

How she got through the watery passage she never knew. She only remembered walking upstairs with the half-dead Frankie in her arms, and Cottie on her back.

When the bells of the Great Convent next broke in upon the stillness of the morning air, the water had gone; the busy wheels of traffic were once more rumbling along; Cottie and Frankie were sleeping quietly in their simple little beds; and the grateful mother was keeping a watchful lookout for the faces of the young deliverers. But she never saw them more.

THE SPRING ANGEL.

BY ANNIE G. H. WHITE.

"**A** STORY, Mamma, a story!" cried little six-year old Conrad, cuddling down beside me, his big blue eyes fixed on my face, waiting for "Jack, the Giant-killer," or he of the "Bear-stalk;" but I did not feel in the humour to tell of those wonderful heroes of the Land of Nowhere. The coming of April had brought thoughts of the dawning of Spring, and I looked about me, inside and out, for a subject that would accord better with my fancy, which persisted in wandering off to burrow under the snow and dead leaves, to find what all the little grubs, and worms, and plants were thinking about just then.

I glanced around the room. It is a very funny room, by the way. We call it the "Den." It is filled with all kinds of odds and ends that boys delight in. In one corner camps my little Yorkshire terrier, Miss Halifax, with her tiny puppy, in their pink tepee. In another grows a bed of cress sown on cotton batting. Here sings a bird; there hangs a carrot hollowed out and filled with water to make the delicate fern-like leaves sprout. Again, the bow and arrows of a fierce Kiowa chief hang beside the curious nest of that curious insect the Praying Mantis. Altogether, it is a very funny room.

Well! Glancing around I found an inspiration where I had tacked up on the wall those cards of Prayers—the children's heads with wings, around which I had tucked some cards on which an artist friend had painted a series of Canadian Wild-flowers, grouping them according to season, and had given each charming head the blossoms best suited to it. So I started the story for my boy.

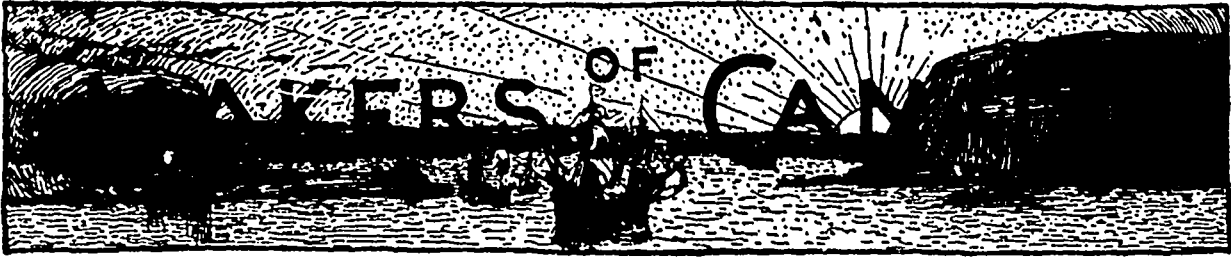
Away up above the clouds, among the stars—those "forget-me-nots of the angels," live three little sister-spirits, and they watch over the flowers and fruits that grow on the earth. When the cold winter is over and the snow is disappearing, the lovely little spirit with the blue eyes and golden hair flies down the path of sun-beams and whispers to the trees and flowers that it is time to wake up. The trees sigh softly, feeling the warmth of her breath, and the blood runs up from their roots, away under ground, where the cold drove it at the beginning of winter. It rushes up through their trunks and branches, to the tips of the twigs, just as when you come in out of the cold, and feel the warmth of the fire, your blood runs into your fingers and toes, and makes

them tingle; for trees have blood as well as you, only it is not the same colour, and it is called sap. When you eat maple sugar you are eating the blood of the maple tree boiled down.

If you watch when the sap runs through the trees you will see the little buds begin to fill, and soon tiny leaves burst out. As soon as the trees are roused up, the little spring-spirit bends over the flowers, covered up warmly under the leaves that the trees threw down to them last Fall for a bed-quilt, and they yawn and stretch, and rub their little eyes, quivering to the very tips of their rootlets. The little seeds that the flowers shook down last year, that have no rootlets yet, squirm around and at last break the shell like chickens coming out of eggs—for they all know who is calling them, and hasten to obey like good children when they hear mamma's voice. On goes the bright little angel. Wherever she steps, the green sprouts shoot up, and when she flies the air grows warmer, the buds turn greener, and the bees, the Katy-dids and frogs wake-up, and everybody feels glad, and says it is Spring.

Then you go out to the woods, and bring back the beautiful white square flower of the Blood-root, that you know the story of, and the daintily-tinted Hepatica, with its three-lobed brownie-green leaves, the sweet-scented, delicate Arbutus, and later the golden-crowned Marsh Marigold. How you enjoy yourselves! But very few know, or think, how hard the dear little angel has worked to brighten this old gray world with these pretty blossoms, and naughty people, little and big, sometimes pluck them very rudely, and throw them down to wither and die. Think how sad it must make the dear spirit to see the flowers she loves so much plucked and thrown carelessly away.

But still she works on, and watches, sending the rain and dew to freshen the colours, and keep the pretty things from turning dry and faded as the sun shines warmer, and at last she goes to rest, leaving her sister Summer to go on with the work of making the world beautiful. Sometime I may tell you about the brown-haired Summer and dark-haired Autumn; but now the little Sleep-angel is putting her fingers softly on Conrad's eye lids, and the "fringed curtains" are slowly dropping. So off to bed, and dream of all the little angels that God sends to hover around, making life fair for little boys and girls.



THE SUN AS AN ARTIST.

BY INDUSTRIA.

He is an artist, and a very wonderful one, and he never seems to be weary of making his pictures.

Whenever the clouds let his rays stream through, he is on the alert to commence his pictures. You see them all around. They are traced on the footpath, and drawn on the green sward. They are etched on the hill side and stamped on the meadow.

How he changes his pictures, too, to suit the passing breeze. If the wind is asleep the sun has all his own way of it. Every leaf is drawn in shadow, every twig, every flower. Let the wind stir and ruffle them, it makes no difference. The sun draws the ruffles all the same, and very pretty the ruffles sometimes are.

Now, the sun is a very old artist—a very old master in the art. But it was long centuries before the world began to take lessons from him, to study in his method, to work in his *atelier*. It came at last, though. We did wake up to admire and utilize his processes, if not actually to imitate them.

Amid all the varied occupations of men, there is one in which most of them are all engaged at the same time. That is *to find out*. Of course we choose different things that we want to find out, but we are all trying our best, our level best, to do it. To find out how to get fun; how to get our lessons, perhaps quickly, perhaps well; to find out how to beat Jim at marbles, or to surpass



A VERY HANDSOME STUDIO.



JUST SO, PLEASE.

Kate at ball ; how to grow big fast enough, and how to dress well enough ; how to make money, gain power, attain position, or whatever it may be, we are all pretty certain to be finding out.

It has always been so. In olden times, as now, we have been trying to find out a perpetual motion—a something that once started would keep going forever, without steam to start it afresh every morning, or electricity to poke it up at night.

It often happens that we discover what we are after. It much oftener happens that we do not. Stranger than all, it sometimes happens that we find out something so very different from what we expected that we are astounded, and the world comes petting us, as if we had deserved it all.

Many of the most wonderful inventions have been stumbled upon in this way, and one of them is what I want to tell you about to-day.

In ancient times wise men were all trying "to find out" what they called the elixir of life. They were crazy about it. They did not find it, however, but they found one day that a certain chemical substance turned black when they exposed it to the light of the sun. They were very much puzzled over it, but they had the good sense, at least, to give the substance a name. They called it "horn silver."

We have never let go their idea. We have kept it. We learned how the sun made the substance black, and then went on to get the sun to do it for us when we wanted him, and we can now coax him to do it in the very exact manner we want it.

This is what we do when we have our photograph taken. We could hardly believe it. It all seems so

simple. Only name an hour. Only put on your best coat, your best collar, and your best smile, and nothing else—except, perhaps, the bill to pay.

A few trifles, in the shape of operators, studios, dark-rooms, etc., are not of much account. The main thing is—how we can look our best, and how best distribute the dozen among our admiring friends.

I used to think so too, although, to be quite candid, I have given up distributing sun pictures of myself. The sun, of course, knows how to do justice to my personal attractions. But the man behind the black velvet persists in having his own way, and so—well, never mind. Lots of other people do it, if I don't. And I may here add, by way of comment, that among the patrons of the sun-picture art men are more numerous than women, a very prevalent opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.

Well, the "horn silver" was a great thing. As early as 1777 many simply beautiful and beautifully simple experiments were made with it, showing that light, which was passed through a prism, made the horn silver black sooner in the violet ray than in the others.

Then the experiments went on to study the nature of light, and its properties. After that there came the difficulty of getting that nature and these properties to do for us things that we wanted. We caught up the shadows as it were—the shadows that the sun had been making since the first day he shone on this lovely world of things to shine upon. We humoured and coaxed him to make them as pretty as he could.

This we tried to do by giving him the right kind of surface to make the pictures on. We gave him paper, glass, metal, anything that he was pleased to prefer. We coated the paper or the metal with chemical after chemical, we even soaked and saturated them in our experiments.

We also did our best to "fix" for our benefit what the sun gave us of shadow, so that it would be permanent—that what he shadowed would remain, and that what he did not shadow should not become shadowed by anything else. Varnishes we tried, without number, but they were slow and tedious. Chemical washes too, innumerable, were experimented with. Everything helped on the movement, until a very important gentleman appeared on the scene, or rather two of them, who gave the world a great lift in the right direction.

These two men found that they were experimenting with a similar object in view, and they very sensibly made a partnership, and worked together. One of them has made his name famous even till to-day in the word daguerreotype. His name was Daguerre, and the French Government gave him a handsome pension for his labours.

We are inclined to smile as we look on

AN OLD DAGUERRETYPE.

We are inclined to relegate it to our categories of old China—to our cabinet of curios—that steal away from the present and the future their share of glory and fame. But a daguerreotype was an achievement. Its author was dissatisfied with the limited sensitiveness to the sun's pictures that we had arrived at in the surfaces that we prepared. He introduced a plate of silver, polished as highly as it could be polished. He strengthened it by backing it with a plate of copper, and exposed the whole to chemical vapours, which formed a coating on the plate.

This was put into the camera for twenty minutes. I should add "only:" but you might smile, as you are now accustomed to see it done in one minute. But before Mr. Daguerre, it took hours! At the end of the twenty minutes the plate was taken out. There was no apparent image on the surface. You could have seen



THE NEGATIVE ROOM.

nothing. But it was there all the same. It came out all right after it had been "developed" by more chemicals. I need not tell you the names of these. They are always hard things to pronounce, and by no means easy to spell, and I do not like the printer to have a laugh at me. That would never do.

When the latent image was taken, when it was made apparent by the chemicals, there remained but to make sure that the portions of the plate that had not been impressed should be removed.

From then till now—from that to this—a wide stride has been taken. A new art has almost been created. We can hardly believe it, as we look at our "carte-de-visite," our "cabinet," our "panel," our "life-size," as we think of our grand composition pictures, with hundreds of figures grouped in the most artistic fashion, all taken separately, and then the whole re-taken at once, or the panorama photograph requiring a room all for itself.

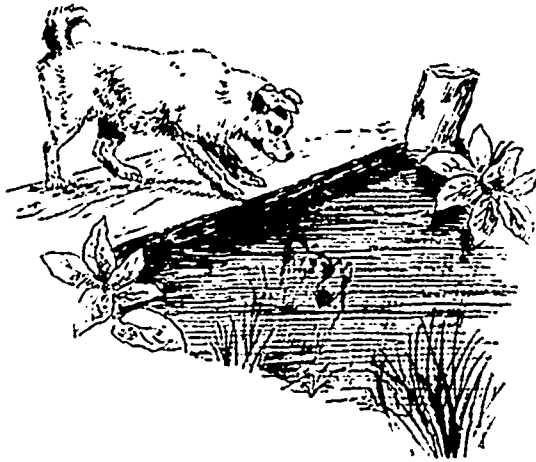


DEVELOPING.

Of course there are photographs and there are photographs. There are processes and processes. There is finish and there is finish. But is there any like ours? We may not be what is called "vain" about our personal attractions, but we are hard to please in a photograph. We have trained ourselves, or our photographers have trained us up to it, to be so hard to please, that somehow we have become famous for them. Travellers make a

memo. of it. Tourists sketch their "connections" accordingly. As well think of crossing the ocean without landing, as of coming to Canada without taking away a photo.

There may be something in the atmosphere, but there is more in the care, the skill, the materials, the watchfulness, the artistic abreast-of-the-age-ness, that swells the long list of our photographers' "distinguished patrons."



A VERY PRETTY PHOTOGRAPH.

YOUNG CANADIAN HISTORICAL CALENDAR.

FIRST PRIZE FOR MARCH.

BY GRETA MURRAY, MONTREAL.

MAISONNEUVE DEFEATING THE IROQUOIS AT MONTREAL.

It is well-known that the Indians were very fond of fighting. Indeed, I might almost say that the very height of their happiness at one time was war. They were always at war amongst themselves, one tribe against another. The way they used to find pleasure in killing one another is almost sickening for us to read.

When Canada began to be colonized by civilized people from England and from France, the Indians showed the same spirit to them that they had shown to one another, and they seldom lost the chance of a good fight. So much so, that the colonists, wherever they went, were compelled to build strong fortresses, or palisades, around their settlements.

Step by step the colonists had to fight their way and protect themselves, in order to maintain the advance they had made. All over the country we find the scenes of these early conflicts.

The item in No. 2 of THE YOUNG CANADIAN Historical Calendar is about one of them that took place at Montreal in the days of Maisonneuve.

Maisonneuve was the founder of Montreal. Of course he and his men required a great deal of food, and many a time they helped themselves to what they could find in the woods, at which the Indians were very angry. They thought, of course, that the new-comers had no right to it.

The Indians would hide for days waiting for any unfortunate person who might be outside the palisades. Though Maisonneuve was as brave as any man could be, he knew that his men were not match for the enemy,

because he did not know much about the Indian warfare: so he thought it best to keep his men as near the fort as possible.

The Indians, however, thought that he stayed in on account of cowardice. So Maisonneuve determined that he would remove that thought as soon as possible from the minds of the Indians.

He therefore ordered his men to prepare to attack the Indians, and said also that he was going to lead them himself.

He went forth at the head of thirty men, leaving M. d'Aillebout with the remaining soldiers to hold the fort. After they had waded through the snow for some distance, they were attacked by the Iroquois, who killed three of his men and wounded several others. Maisonneuve and his men held their ground until their ammunition began to fail, and then he gave orders to retreat, he himself remaining till the last. The men struggled onward for some time facing the enemy, but finally they broke the ranks and retreated in great disorder towards the fort.

Maisonneuve, with a pistol in each hand, held the Indians back for some time. They might have killed him, but they wanted to take him prisoner. Their chief, desiring that honour, rushed forward, but just as he was about to grasp him, Maisonneuve fired and he fell dead. The Indians, fearing that the body of their chief would fall into the hands of the French, rushed forward to secure it, and Maisonneuve passed safely into the fort.

From that day no man ever dared to impute cowardice to him.

The Young Canadian

IS A HIGH-CLASS ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE FOR THE
YOUNG PEOPLE OF CANADA.

ITS AIM

Is to foster a national pride in Canadian progress, history, manufactures, science, literature, art, and politics; to draw the young people of the Provinces closer together; and to inspire them with a sense of the sacred and responsible duties they owe to their native country.

ITS FEATURES

Are Original Literary and Artistic Matter; Fine Paper; Clear Type; Topics of the Day at Home and Abroad; Illustrated Descriptions of our Industries and of our Public Works; Departments in History, Botany, Entomology, etc., with prizes to encourage excellence; a Reading Club, for guidance in books for the young, an invaluable help to families where access to libraries is uncertain; a Post Bag of questions and answers on everything that interests the young; and a means of providing for the people of the Dominion a thoroughly high-class Magazine of Canadian aim, Canadian interest, and Canadian sentiment.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

Is Two Dollars per annum, in advance, with reduced rates for clubs of ten and twenty. Subscriptions may commence at any time. Money should be sent by P. O. Order or Bank Cheque.

A LIMITED SPACE

Is allotted for high-class advertisements, and as The Young Canadian is the only young people's Magazine in Canada, it is the most direct means of reaching their eye and ear.

Address:

THE YOUNG CANADIAN CO.,

BOX 1896.

MONTREAL.

TWO POEMS.

BY A. J. O., A VERY YOUNG CANADIAN.

1. HIS CHOICE.

"Where do you think," said she,
"The world's fair ought to be?"

He drew her to his side,
And hugging her, replied--
"I'm satisfied, my dear,
To hold the Fair right here."

2. AN ICE SIGHT.

Pretty girl
On the ice!
See her whirl,
Oh! how nice!
Mid ha-ha's
Down she goes!
She sees stars!
We see hose!

EMINENT YOUNG CANADIANS.

LIEUT. W. G. STAIRS, R.E.

HIS PEN IS AS MIGHTY AS HIS SWORD.

It is with no small pleasure that we ask our young Canadians at home to give some attention to young Canadians abroad. In any circumstances we want to remember them, and to watch their career with interest. Even if they leave their own Province for another, their own country for another, or their own Continent for another, our brotherly love should follow them. Tidings should be eagerly expected from them. Our congratulations and best wishes should be borne to them on the wings of patriotic good-will.

The world is so busy with itself, and our country is so occupied with its Old Canadians, that nothing has been done to maintain the cords of attachment between us and our young people who wander away by accident, or start off by inducement, to carve out name and fame for themselves abroad. THE YOUNG CANADIAN has undertaken this important duty, and we claim for ourselves not a little honest pride as we think of the good things thus in store for our young readers.

Already we have tracked young Canadians to England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Russia, India, Japan, South America, and the Isles of the great Oceans. They are all thinking about us. They are all writing for us. We want to know them all, and watch them all. They have been pleased to know that THE YOUNG CANADIAN is looking after them, and that it has hunted them out in their busy haunts with its warm and hearty tidings of home.

We have even bearded the lion in its den of

DARKEST AFRICA.

Even there we find young Canadians. Even there we have followed them, and the distinguished services rendered by a young Canadian to that great Expedition which has made the world wonder, justifies us in placing at the head of our

"SERIES OF EMINENT YOUNG CANADIANS"

the name of Lieut. W. G. Stairs,

THE HERO OF THE GREAT DARK FOREST.

This has been no easy matter. A soldier's life is a busy one. The routine of camp work leaves little leisure for literature. But our YOUNG CANADIAN tells its own story and makes its own appeal. We wrote to Lieut. Stairs in Halifax. He had gone. We followed him to his camp at Aldershot. He was too busy.

"Every moment of my time is precious as gold," he said. "My military work keeps me going till 4.30 p.m. each day. The evenings are the only moments I can claim as my own. I have to do all this work at night after my daily duties are over."

Too bad. We felt it was. To ask our brave young soldier, after his years of toil in Africa, and in the midst of his arduous duties in camp as lieutenant and adjutant in the Royal Engineers, to sit down in his evenings and

write for his young fellow-countrymen at home—it did seem cruel.

But we loved our young Canadian. We wanted our Magazine to be the first on this continent that he should write for, and we were anxious that young Canadians should be the first to hear his own story from his own pen. We ventured once more, and to our delight we were victorious.

THE YOUNG CANADIAN

had won. It is the first and only publication in America that has shown appreciation of Lieut. Stair's services not only to America but to the world, and the first to have the honour of securing his own descriptions of his journey and experiences through the dreaded and endless forests of Central Africa.

We all know the story of how it came about. It was a mission of relief for Emin Pasha. It was a herculean task, and few were equal to it. Mr. Stanley had been in Africa before. He was lecturing in the United States, when a telegram reached him from Sir William Mackinnon, Chairman of the Committee for the proposed Expedition, calling him back to take charge of it.

In spite of angry and disappointed agents, he gave up his tour. He cabled to England, and sailed. A large fund had been raised. The Expedition was promoted and supported by the most eminent people in England, and active preparations were immediately commenced.

We have all some idea of the fuss we make if we go to visit a friend in the next town for a week. The valises, the purchases, the packing up, the good-byes, the jolting cab, the rush for the ticket, the dash into the impatient train, and the consciousness of the things we have forgotten after all, come up vividly enough to our mind at the very suggestion. Should our plans include a month at the sea, or half a year in England, the whole household runs a chance of a total earthquake.

Here was an Expedition to go through unknown regions, to penetrate impassible forests, to live by the way, to bring back in safety a party larger than the Expedition itself, or to leave with it sufficient protection if it chose to remain. It would take months. It might take years. Everything they needed had to be taken with them. If Emin Pasha and his party decided to come back with the Expedition, that meant a family of six hundred added to them, a complete little town by itself. They had to be fed by the way, and clothed, and housed, and doctored, and I do not know what not.

Here are a few of the small sundries that made up the preparations:—Two hundred porters to carry rice; six hundred couriers; forty packs of donkeys; ten riding asses; saddles to match; a steel boat built in sections; hundreds of rifles; tons of powder; hundreds of thousands of percussion caps, cartridges, and rounds of ammunition; hundreds of shovels, and hoes for breast-works, and axes for palisading; hundreds of bill-hooks for building; nine chests of medicine, for in Africa Europeans are never well; tents for the night, dipped in a preparation that would make them last for three years; forty carrier loads of provisions, in tea, coffee, extract of beef, etc.; and cloth, shirts, and beads by the ton to barter with the natives for food by the way—grain, potatoes, rice, Indian corn, bananas, and plantains.

Of course, for such an Expedition officers and assistants were required. The name and the fame attracted hundreds who were eager to become attached to the staff. One gentleman was willing to pay one thousand pounds for the privilege of joining. And here is the point where we young Canadians become still more deeply interested. A young gentleman of the Royal Engineers, from Halifax, was fired with ambition. He applied by letter.

"His concise style and direct application," Mr. Stanley says, "appealed strongly in his favour."

He was accepted—the first to be accepted. A young Nova Scotian, the first to be chosen for this world-famed Expedition!

Now we are deeply interested, and now we follow with a fresh pride the wonderful experiences of the party. All the world was looking on. The greatest minds in England were met to discuss and to decide the route. The men were criticised. The dangers were anticipated. The probable success was debated. The Princes of the Royal House of England listened with attentive interest as Stanley laid before them the route and explained his project. Crowds cheered the party off. A nation bade them God-speed.

At Zanzibar they doffed their London uniforms, and packed them away in camphor against moths. The men embarked in barges. Steam launches towed them out to the transport steamer which waited to carry them to the Cape of Good Hope. The Sultan gave them a "send off," and they were gone.

Gone? Whither? None of them knew. What they did know was that there waited for them unknown rivers and lakes to cross; limitless forests to penetrate; hordes of savages, hostile tribes, deceitful and intriguing nations, thefts, wars, and massacres to face.

THE PATH.

The habit of the natives of Africa is to march through their forests in single file along a path which they tramp out for themselves—a twelve-inch shallow winding gutter, down which the rain rushes and scours pretty well out of it what might have been soft and pleasant to the feet; a rough, stony, torrent bed, instead of what we think of as a path through the woods. We can hardly imagine this brave band of men, trudging on, on, on, with flag and trumpeter, bill-hook and axe, finding their path, or making one when there was none to find, the call from head-quarters being always on, on, quick, quick. Trees had to be felled to cross streams, and one day seventeen streams were crossed. Weary? Never mind. Old? No matter. Sick? Go ahead. No food? Perhaps some to-morrow. Then came the taunts of the disappointed; the jeers of the irritated; and the craft of the wily; the bitter tongues of a hungry and hopeless crowd. Still on! The forest so dense that often objects only a few feet ahead could not be seen. It was nature, undisturbed since nature first was law. And the darkness so continued, so oppressive, that their souls were filled with despair of ever seeing sunlight again. Then the startling screams of wild animals affrighted; the moans from weary, ulcered feet; the anguish of dying companions; the faces steeped in misery, and stupified with terror from hunger, woe, sickness, loss of friends, rain, thunder, and lightning. The rain, in pitiless torrents, cold, dripping from the leaves in drops the size of a dollar-piece, with fogs, quagmires, and tempests, the people crouching under plantains, leafy sheds, straw mats, saddles, or anything that might even pretend to cover them; parrots jabbering in mockery; insects stinging to madness, that might well strike the very concentrated essence of wretchedness into the most dauntless souls.

And the food? The days and weeks that the Expedition went supperless to their haunted sleep—to get up again to a breakfastless morn! Nothing in the forest even for the donkey. The very dog grew into a skeleton. Roast rats, cooked beetles, boiled slugs, were dainty morsels. Men had to be left to die on the path. Others grew idiots from starvation. When the donkey died, he was devoured to the very hoof. His very bones were ground up and eaten. The hoofs were made into soup.

At dawn the wake-up was sounded by trumpeters and bugles. At six the march began. Headed by fifty pioneers, the advance guard filed out. The main body followed in fifteen minutes, led by the officers in turn, and guided by the "blazing" of the forerunners. Then the rear guard brought up the stragglers and protected the whole from attack from behind. The aim was ten miles a day. The tents folded, each company under its captain, and each company carrying its own stock of goods set off. It did not take long to get into trouble. Natives with spears and knives, bows and poisoned arrows, harassed them on all sides. When a weary man happened to touch a neighbour, the neighbour, too, was so weary, that he turned to strangle him! From weariness to starvation, from starvation to sickness, and from sickness to death, was the tale told with every setting sun. Every porter carried sixty-five pounds of ammunition, nine pounds of rifle, four days rations of rice (when they had it), his own kit, and from four to ten pounds of cloth, etc., for barter.

A very good march was three quarters of a mile per hour. A poor one was four hundred yards. At eleven a halt was called for lunch and rest, and half-past twelve found them on the way again till four o'clock. The Advance Guard "blazed" the way. Creepers had to be slashed. Tangle had to be torn down. Messages had to be sent back to guide, to warn, to encourage. The tendency to straggle was one of the great trials, as the darkness of the forest was certain death to such. The camp for the night was built, bushed and fenced round with trees, always on the alert. Precaution was better than fool-hardihoodness. The camp was two hundred and fifty feet in diameter. The tents and baggage were piled in the centre. The advance commenced the work. As other companies came up they fell in. Scout parties went in quest of food. Fuel had to be gathered. Tents had to be pitched. There was a post for every man.

Imagine this life for five months without seeing a blade of green grass! Hardly a peep at the sky! Nothing but endless, dark, cold, cruel forest! With endless, dark, cold, cruel hunger!

In the heart of it all we find our young Nova Scotian. If a dangerous part had to be played, he was there. If a responsible position had to be filled, he was chosen. Carried high unto death in a hammock; his breast streaming with blood, and his side pierced with poisoned arrows: still the words are

"Everywhere Stairs at his duty;"

"Stairs sick, cannot move, but wishes to go on;"

"Stairs always saw to the night guards;"

"With unqualified delight I acknowledge the services of my friend Stairs:"

"His devotion to duty is as perfect as human nature is capable of:"

"How I valued the ready and prompt obedience of Stairs;"

"Stairs at all times, night and day, eager for and loving work;"

"Stairs is a splendid fellow, painstaking, ready, thoughtful, and industrious, an invaluable addition to our staff:"

"Stairs is the military officer, alert, intelligent, who understands a hint, a curt intimation, grasps an idea firmly, and realizes it to perfection:"

"No leader had ever to bless his stars as I;"

AND,

"If I were to try to form another African State, such tireless, brave natures would be simply invaluable."

This then is the young Canadian from whom we are to have an account of the Expedition, and this the Expedition that he will write about.

THE EDITOR.

TALKS ABOUT BOOKS.

A marvel of cheapness is that published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., one of their large and well-known Cook Books in their *New 25 Cent Series*, in paper cover. PETERSON'S NATIONAL COOK BOOK contains nearly Six Hundred Cooking Receipts for cooking and preparing in all the various ways, and in the very best as well as the cheapest methods, Soups, Fish, Oysters, Crabs, Lobsters, Terrapins, Clams, Meats, Poultry, Birds, Venison, Rabbits, Pigeons, Salads, Vegetables, Sauces, Pickles, Catsups, Pastries, Puddings, Pot-Pie, Sweet Dishes, Tea and Breakfast Cakes, Sweet Cake, Preserves, Jellies, Jams, Marmalades, Dishes for the Sick and Convalescent, and Miscellaneous Receipts of use to every Housewife. It is done up in a very handy shape, and is an excellent guide in these important affairs.

Mr. Herbert Crosskill, of Halifax, has sent us a neat little book of information about his Province, intended for the use of people who are on the look-out for a new home in a new land. There is no better land they could choose than Nova Scotia. Its climate is salubrious. Its soil is fertile. Its resources are unlimited. It would take a whole YOUNG CANADIAN to tell it all.

However, just look at the apples. We are all so accustomed to full granaries of wheat and barley, of oats and

rye, of buckwheat and Indian corn, of potatoes and turnips, of beans and hay, that we hardly take time to think what it means. When we are so sure of the bread and butter for the land, we commence to think of the sweets. But when we have an hour some day soon, we should like to pile up the bread and butter, to see what it amounts to, and to sing a song in its honour.

Our Nova Scotian apples are finer and larger than any grown in any other part of the world. Their flavour and their size are at the top of the tree—not the apple-tree, but the tree of comparison. The climate and soil are peculiarly adapted to develop the finest kinds. Think of one apple weighing over a pound, and think of fifty thousand barrels of them growing in one County. We shall soon have to get special barrels. And that the variety of flavours and sizes is as conspicuous as the quantity, is evident from the long list that our cousins in Nova Scotia find it pays to cultivate:—Nonpareil, ribston pippins, golden russets, pomme-gris, bishop pippins, northern spy, greenings, harvey delaware, newton pippins, baldwins, spitzenbergs. How our teeth water at the very names! How we should like, just now with the snow still in corners, to have a munching bee! Make haste, Nova Scotia apple blossoms. We must pay court to your orchards in the autumn.



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

A long and difficult task lay before M. Tischendorf. Long journeys must be undertaken. The way was untried and unknown. It might take years of time. And money, -he had none. Through influence among friends he secured one hundred dollars to start with, and the promise of another hundred for the next year. With this modest prospect, full of faith and confidence he set out for Paris in 1840.

Supporting himself by his pen on the way he spent two years in exploring the libraries of that great city for original documents. In 1843 he went to Switzerland, and then to Italy, where he searched Florence, Venice, Modena, Milan, Verona, and Turin. The following year he pushed on to the East, to Egypt, Arabia, Palestine and Greece. These journeys cost him the enormous sum of 5,000 dollars, all of which he succeeded in raising from services performed by the way.

On Mount Sinai stands the Convent of St. Catharine. In a corner of the great hall stood a large basket of old parchments, -papers mouldy with age and decay, waiting for a convenient moment to be burned. M. Tischendorf's eye lighted on the rubbish, and his eager soul begged permission to examine it. His search was rewarded by a number of sheets of a copy of the New Testament in Greek, which he suspected to be one of the most ancient he had ever seen. To his earnest enquiries came the reply that huge baskets of similar rubbish had already been consigned to the flames, but if the rest of the pile in the hall was of any use to him he might have it. His dismay at the thought of what he had lost soon gave place to joy over what he might still discover. But his joy made the authorities of the Convent suspicious. Further presents were refused, and he was compelled for the time to satisfy himself with what he had got.

Returning to Saxony, he handed over to the Saxon Government his treasure of fragments, as a recognition of aid received, and deposited in the Library of the University of Leipsig, fifty manuscripts, to which he gave the name of Codex Frederick Augustus, in honour of the King. Without saying where he had found them, he had them published by lithography, every letter, and every stroke being exactly reproduced.

Having thus made sure what he had so far succeeded in discovering, M. Tischendorf bethought himself of what might still be lying hidden as a reward for further perseverance. He endeavored, through a friend at court in Egypt to procure the remnant of the documents in Mount Sinai, but the monks had become alive to their value, and would listen to no proposal for their delivery. The only thing to be done was therefore once more to set out to copy them, and early in 1853 he stood once more at the Convent door. Much that was valuable he did secure, but no further trace of his priceless gem of 1844, excepting, in a roll of papers, a small scrap on which eleven lines of Genesis were written. This forced

upon the sanguine soul of M. Tischendorf the bitter reflection that he had started too late; the cruel baskets must have contained the entire Old Testament, and the greater part of it must have perished in the flames of the Convent fire.

In 1856 he applied to the Emperor of Russia, for whom all Eastern monasteries had a great reverence. To this august personage he submitted his plan for systematic research. But for two whole years the fates were against him. That he, a foreigner, a Protestant, should seek the patronage of the Emperor of the Greek Church for a mission Eastward, aroused the jealousy and opposition of St. Petersburg. Eventually, however, the Emperor was induced to look favorably on the proposal, and with the official commendation of such a high authority, he arrived once more at the Convent.



ANSWER TO PATRIOTIC WORD PUZZLE.

TANGLE III.

- My whole National Progress.
- My 2 A Nation.
- My 3 Less.
- My 4 Great.
- My 5 Patriots.
- My 6 Earnest.

ANSWER TO WORD PUZZLE.

TANGLE IV.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

ANSWER TO CANADIAN CALENDAR.

- 1 C ognia C
- 2 A lask A
- 3 N egrai L
- 4 A lsaac E
- 5 D umoo N
- 6 I dulaba D
- 7 A cadi A
- 8 N icoba R

ANSWER TO TANGLE V.

- 1.
- 1. Little 2. drops 3. of 4. water;
- 5. Little 6. grains 7. of 8. sand,
- 9. Make 10. the 11. mighty 12. ocean
- 13. And 14. the 15. beauteous 16. land.

2.

- 1. Thus 2. the 3. little 4. minutes,
- 5. Humble 6. though 7. they 8. be,
- 9. Make 10. the 11. mighty 12. ages
- 13. Of 14. eternity.

3.

- 1. Thus 2. our 3. little 4. errors,
- 5. Lead 6. the 7. soul 8. away,
- 9. From 10. the 11. path 12. of 13. virtue
- 14. Oft 15. in 16. sin 17. to 18. stray.

4.

- 1. Little 2. deeds 3. of 4. kindness,
- 5. Little 6. words 7. of 8. love,
- 9. Make 10. on 11. earth 12. an 13. Eden
- 14. Like 15. the 16. Heaven 17. above.

ANSWER TO TANGLE VI.

Hugenot. Acadia. Cannon. Honey. THE YOUNG CANADIAN.

ANSWER TO TANGLE VII.

THE YOUNG CANADIAN.

WILD FLOWER TANGLES.

No. 9

1. OVAL.

The central letters read downwards give the answer.

```

X
X X X
X X X X X
X X X X X
X X X
X
    
```

- My 1st is found in every church and school in Canada, and in every boy's and girl's pocket.
- My 2nd is the common name of a Family of Wild Flowers, named after a celebrated Greek doctor, who went with the Roman Army into many countries, gathering wild flowers.
- My 3rd is a common roadside yellow flower, flat like a vest button, with strong odor when crushed, and the old women make tea of it for sickness.
- My 4th is a plant whose greenish flowers grow in clusters. The fox is fond of its fruit. From the fruit is made something which brings bad luck, disaster, and death. Our Lord bles.ed it, but many curse it: it is one having both good and evil.
- My 5th is how you think that orchids bloom.
- My 6th is found in all places--the sea, land, water, earth, air, and heaven.
- My whole is a name you love, and for which you would fight and die.

YOUNG CANADIAN TANGLES.

No 8.

THE A DIAMOND PUZZLE.

```

X
X A X
X A X A X
X A X A X A X
X A X A X A X
X A X A X
X
    
```

For each cross substitute a letter, and thus form words which will read alike, both across from left to right, and downwards. The different lights are:—

- 1. A letter. 2. A card game (also the nick-name of a deceased English statesman). 3. A lady's title. 4. Relating to a part of the month. 5. A place mentioned in the Bible. 6. A promontory. 7. A place where the Israelites murmured. 8. Three-fifths of a weapon. 9. One thousand.



FROM THE FEBRUARY PRIZEMAN.

SPRINGFIELD, KINGS CO., N. B.

DEAR EDITOR,—Accept my sincere thanks for the handsome gold pencil which you sent me as a prize for the best essay in the February Calendar.

Your magazine, being full of fresh and bright stories of Canadian life, deserves to meet with a wide circulation.

Wishing you every success,

I am,

Yours truly,

C. B. B. RAYMOND.

ABOUT GRAMMAR AND SOME OTHER THINGS.

NANAIMO, B. C.

DEAR POST BAG,—I like your Paper very much. I have been taking Chatterbox right along till now, but I stopped it because it did not come regularly. I like your clubs that you are forming, and hope they will be a success.

Yours truly,

C. McK.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND,—I am very glad to hear from you, all the way from British Columbia, and that you like our YOUNG CANADIAN. Our clubs are now all well started, and we hope that in Nanaimo you will get up one. You have beautiful wild flowers in your part of the country, and I am sure many of your young friends

would enjoy rambling off in the woods to look for them and to find them. You will be surprised to see how many you will find. How nice it would be if you found the very first that peeps its head out of the brown earth to see what is going on around it above ground. Then after you secure the first, you must not miss the second. If you get the second, you will be sure to get the third, for you will be so happy running all over the meadows and wandering through the woods that you will think it the very best fun you have had for a long time. How I should like to join you in your expeditions. Perhaps I may some day in the summer, as I want to take a run to British Columbia and you may be sure that if I do I will come to see you how you are getting on.

Now, get three or four little friends and start. The Wild Flower Club is going to have a beautiful prize offered for the best collection of plants secured by the end of the season, before they all go back to their little winter sleep again. Don't miss the first flower.

Your friend,

POST BAG.

TORONTO, ONT.

DEAR POST BAG,—I have received all the numbers up to date of THE YOUNG CANADIAN, and I think it is going to be a fine paper. It is no use of my saying that "it supplies a long felt want," but such is the case. I have learned more about my own country from these numbers than I have from reading anything else. I believe if I was to write something on some of the articles in the YOUNG CANADIAN Calendar I would improve still more. There are many subjects in that Calendar which I did not know the first thing about till I read them there in your YOUNG CANADIAN.

At present I am not a subscriber, but I intend subscribing when I get the money together, as I am dissatisfied with the way I receive it from the newsdealers. It is very annoying when a fellow wants his Paper soon, not to get it through the newsdealer.

I like the Paper fine; my only objection being to the *nom de plumes* of some of the authors. I would like to see the writers come out over their own names, and not the titles they have. I am not the only one here who thinks this. There are several others who would like to see the names attached.

The following questions I would like to see answered in your Paper:—

(1) What is the best grammar to study in learning the English language?

(2) Name a number of works that would be useful adjuncts in the study of grammar.

(3) Name the best work on composition.

Do you believe that a person could study Greek or Latin with English and find English any easier to learn? I have heard you can. But I think the best way is to study English first, and after that any other language you want to learn.

I am studying grammar, and I sometimes find it pretty hard, but when you look at the advantages which you gain by understanding it, the labour does not appear so hard.

I am learning the printing, and it is very useful to understand grammar in that trade, although many printers do not. By knowing it you can become better than an ordinary compositor. You can rise to other positions. It is my ambition to become something better than an ordinary journeyman. I hope some day to shine in the world of literature. It is strange that when I went to school I detested grammar more than anything else.

Your answer to the above will be thankfully received.

Yours respectfully,

Young Canadian,

W. R. A.

P. S.—I will write soon again and tell you how I am getting on.
W. R. A.

MY DEAR W. R. A.—Your nice letter makes me feel that I want a whole long morning to answer it. I like so well to have my young readers tell me all they think, and ask me to help them in any way I can. It is a great pleasure to me to help my little friends.

And first, let me tell you that *you help me* in return, and the oftener you write to me the more you help me. The one great work I have in my life is to be of use, of real genuine use, to our young Canadians, and I can do that ten times better and ten times oftener when they

write to me freely to show me how I can be of use to them. So never think that I am too busy to listen or to write.

Of course I am glad you are pleased with our Paper. It is no small pride and pleasure to us to receive so many kind letters telling us that. I wish I had time to tell you all we are doing to make the Paper worthy of all your good opinions. For we know that our young readers are good judges. Indeed I think that they are the best judges. To be sure it is very gratifying for us to get letters from the parents telling us that *they* like our Paper, and because I am talking of them I use that big word "gratifying." And it has been very gratifying indeed. You will see to-day, too, that the grandparents are writing to tell us that they like it for their grandchildren. Now, you see, we have some excuse for feeling gratified. But it is so sweet,—the sweetest of all, when our own young people, just the ones the YOUNG CANADIAN is made for, come and say to us such nice things. Even Mr. Old Grub, comes in and rubs his hands, and has such a smiling face as he chuckles all over. You should have seen him yesterday as he came in from his rambles in the woods. I could hardly ask him to step in to my nice office, where I have two pretty new rugs on the floor.

I think you are right about the Calendar. It has been most useful, and in more ways than one; because not only does it stimulate the study of our history, but it helps our young competitors to improve their style of composition. I should, therefore, like very much to receive from you a competition for the next prize. The Editor tells me that a very curious thing has been observed in the preparation of these Calendar studies, namely, that as the spring and summer months come on there are so many important items to put into the Calendar, that there will be great difficulty in selecting what may be best. This seems to suggest that our country is a country of summer development,—that our best life and most influential transactions are those that are connected with summer rather than with the winter. I shall look out, therefore, for something from you in the Calendar.

About the irregular receipt of the magazine that you complain of, I am sorry that it has happened. Of course at your distance, especially in the winter, there are many possible interruptions in the railway. This however should not be expected now that the snow and ice have gone, and I have no doubt that by this time you are receiving it all right.

The next point is the *nom de plume*. A few of our good writers have preferred this plan to that of signing their own name. It has been a favourite custom with writers, and one which many of the most successful and brilliant writers have maintained till the very end of their career. Still I am inclined to take your view of the case, and especially in a new magazine like ours and in a country like ours that has not been supposed to be cultivating literature so much as potatoes. It would help us to have our eyes opened to the excellent ability in this respect that we possess. The plan of the Editor, in inserting with each name the town and Province that they write from, is a help in this direction, as we thereby learn that the excellent ability I have referred to is not confined to one town, or to one Province, or even to the great centres of education, but is distributed as far east and as far west as there are Canadians to be found.

Still we have had the most of the names attached, and our young readers will see from these the quality of the writers that are standing by THE YOUNG CANADIAN to make it something we may be proud of.

Now—your questions. A very learned gentleman, to whom I submitted your question, says that Morell's

Grammar is the best, especially for the study of syntax, that is the part of grammar that teaches us the proper arrangement of our sentences. A gentleman, who is engaged in the trade of supplying such books to students like yourself, says that MERKLETON'S GRAMMAR (seventy-five cents), BIGELOW'S PUNCTUATION (fifty cents), HOW TO WRITE CLEARLY, by Dr. Abbott (forty-five cents), and NICHOL'S PRIMER OF COMPOSITION (thirty cents) are all excellent books for your first three questions. I might add BAIN'S ENGLISH COMPOSITION and RHETORIC, which, however, is more advanced.

The study of Latin and Greek would not help you much in learning grammar. But as they are models of grammatical construction, their study is an invaluable assistance in the study of our English language. To illustrate what I mean, let me take an example in your own profession. Suppose that you have your present aspirations to rise higher and higher, not to be satisfied with being, as you say, an ordinary compositor, or an ordinary journeyman, but, to aim at the highest position within your reach. You would arrive at the desired position very very slowly indeed if you set about studying the most beautifully printed book you have heard of. It would captivate your admiration. It would stimulate your perseverance. But it would at the same time bewilder you. It might even, from its very beauty, discourage you, and throw you into despair. You might say to yourself "I could never do anything like that. I shall not try at all."

On the other hand if you set your beautiful book before you as an inspiration; look at it now and then, to cheer you on, but do not dream at present of comparing yourself with it, it will then become your good fairy, your guiding angel, the aim of your ambition. The only way to reach it, however, would be by beginning with something simple: by taking the first lesson, the most easy and unimportant thing, and by doing that as well as you possibly can. The next step is easy. It is certain. And the next; and the next; until, well until you can go to your beautiful book, set yours by its side and enjoy the comparison.

So with Latin and Greek in your grammar. Get a good stock of English words. Learn by degrees when to use them best. Then the Latin will come in like the beautiful book, as your guiding angel.

Do let me hear from you again, how you are getting on.

Yours very sincerely,

ED. P. B.

DR. PARKMAN ON THE HISTORICAL POINT

MY DEAR YOUNG CANADIANS OF OSBOENE SCHOOL, In our number 10 of April 1, you called my attention to a variation in two important authorities on a matter in our story "CLIMBING THE HEIGHTS." Our author said that "Veigot attempted to escape in his night clothes, but was shot in the heel and captured", while Watburton in the Royal Reader, No. 5, says "The Captain, M. de Veigot, alone, though wounded, stood his ground," and you very naturally asked me which of the statements is correct. I was a young author who, in reply, gave me, as his authority, Dr. Francis Parkman. I was bold enough to address Dr. Parkman on the question, and I have the pleasure of giving you his answer from Boston—

"The accounts of the Veigot affair differ, as might be expected. The best evidence goes to show that he was shot in the heel and captured. This is stated, among others on the French side, by the Chevalier Johnstone, aide-de-camp of Montcalm. On the English side, the author of the authentic account of the Expedition against Quebec, who was a volunteer in Wolfe's army, says that Veigot was wounded and captured, without saying in what part of the body the wound was received.

Yours sincerely,

F. PARKMAN

EDITOR P. B.

A YOUTHFUL POET.

To all my young readers I have much pleasure in giving, through the Post Bag, the following verses sent me by a young subscriber. I hope that the "leafy month of June" will bring many such visions of "faces bright with rosy smiles," and "faces hidden with golden curls," "dimpled chins," and "sparkling eyes," all the "very pattern of girls." Our "sunny ways" have hundreds of the realization of our young poet's dream, and I am very glad indeed to receive from my friend R. H. this very honest and natural expression of the power of our pretty rosy faces. Few things in life are so pretty.

MY MAGGIE.

'Twas late in the month of June,
The city clock had just struck noon,
When from adown a sunny way,
Came skipping bright and gay
My Maggie.

She came and went like a tale that is told,
As on her homeward journey rolled
My sweetheart from the Fairy Isles,
Her face alive with rosy smiles,
My Maggie.

Whose face is hidden with golden curls,
The very pattern girl of girls,
Above whose little dimpled chin,
There is a mouth so sweetly prim,
My Maggie.

And when her eyes with sparkling looks,
More readable than gilded books,
Upon me do they turn their gaze,
I wish there were a darkened haze,
Between me and my Maggie

R. H.

The only little criticism I shall offer to my little friend is that in some of the lines there is an irregularity in the way the accented and unaccented syllables come in which jars on the ear, and which is worthy of his attention. I am nothing of a poet myself, but to put my friend on the right track, I shall give two versions for him to compare.

1.

'Twas late	(1)	in the month	(2)	of June	(3)
The city	(1)	clock	(2)	had just	(3)
When from	(1)	adown	(2)	a sun-	(3)
Came skip-	(1)	ping bright	(2)	and gay	(3)

2.

'Twas late	(1)	in the month	(2)	of leaf-	(3)	y June,	(4)
The city	(1)	clock	(2)	had just	(3)	struck noon	(4)
When from	(1)	adown	(2)	a sun-	(3)	ny way,	(4)
Came skip-	(1)	ping, hap-	(2)	py, bright	(3)	and gay	(4)

Of course great poets sometimes break through these rules of construction, but to all youthful minds the great spell of a rhyme is its good beat of rhythm, or tune, in its syllables.

ED. P. B.

UNION ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

A. D. 1714,
OF LONDON, G. B.
Total Funds exceed \$11,000,000.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Canadian Branch Office:
55 St. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, - MONTREAL
T. L. MORRISSEY, Resident Manager

A Food! A Drink! A Medicine!



JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

HAS THREEFOLD USEFULNESS

As Beef Tea,
As a Stimulating Tonic,
As a perfect Substitute for Meat.

IT CONTAINS THE VITAL PRINCIPLES
OF PRIME BEEF.

Alexander

CHAS. ALEXANDER. PURE CONFECTIONERY.

LUNCHEON AND COFFEE ROOM.

Candies and Bon-Bons, own manufacture. Wedding Cakes a specialty

219 St. James Street, - - MONTREAL.

TRY ALEXANDER'S COUGH DROPS.

- - WELL RECOMMENDED - -

ROYAL CANADIAN PERFUMES.



Arbutus,
May Blossom,
Prairie Flowers,
White Violet, &c.

The only Canadian Perfumes
on the English Market.

London Depot:

NO. 1 LUDGATE SQUARE.

A HANDSOME CARD and descriptive circulars
of the whole line. Sent free, on application to

LYMAN, SONS & CO., - MONTREAL.

The "Skrei" Cod Liver
Oil, pure, pale, and al-
most tasteless. No other
Oil to compare with it.

Kenneth Campbell & Co.

PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE
CHILDREN

ARLESS & CO., 261 St. James St.

GLASGOW DRUG HALL,

1780 NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.

HOMEOPATHY.—A full stock of
Genuine Medicines and Books; also Hum-
phrey's Specifics, all numbers.

SHEET WAX, and all materials for
making Wax Flowers. A large assortment
always on hand. Country orders promptly
filled.

J. A. HARTE DRUGGIST.

TELEPHONES: DALL 1150
FECERAL 554.

JOHN FAIR,

Notary.

Temple Building, - - Montreal.

RIDDELL & COMMON,

Chartered Accountants,

22 St. John Street, - - Montreal.

CHARLES HOLLAND,

Real Estate Agent,

249 St. James Street, - - Montreal.

JOSEPH LUTTRELL & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

(BY STEAM POWER)

Biscuits and Confectionery.

678 TO 684

ALBERT STREET.

ST. CUNEGONDE, MONTREAL.

MARTIN'S PHOTO STUDIO,

141 St. Peter Street, (cor Craig Street), Montreal.
Photography in all its branches. Enlargements in
ayon, Pastel, Water Color or Oil a specialty

WALTER I. JOSEPH,

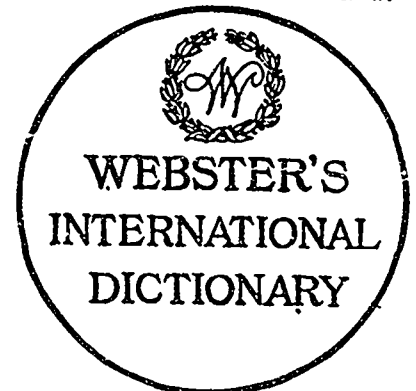
80 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET.

MANAGER

UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO'Y,
MONTREAL.

THE NEW WEBSTER

JUST PUBLISHED—ENTIRELY NEW.



WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

The Authentic "Unabridged," comprising the
issues of 1864, '79 and '84, copyrighted property
of the undersigned, is now Thoroughly Re-
vised and Enlarged, and bears the name of
Webster's International Dictionary.

Editorial work upon this revision has been in
progress for over 10 Years.

Not less than One Hundred paid editorial
laborers have been engaged upon it.

Over \$300,000 expended in its preparation
before the first copy was printed.

Critical comparison with any other Dictionary
is invited. GET THE BEST.

G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Publishers,
Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

Sold by all Booksellers. Illustrated pamphlet free.

ORDER THE NEW

WEBSTER DICTIONARY

DIRECT FROM

F. E. CRAFTON & SONS,
BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS, MONTREAL.

All Editions. Send for Circulars.

CASTOR-FLUID

Registered—A delightfully refreshing prepara-
tion for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps
the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes
the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the
family, 25¢ per bottle.

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,

122 St. Lawrence Main Street.

THE
INGRES-COUTELLIER
MONTREAL BRANCH
207 ST. JAMES ST.
SCHOOL OF
LANGUAGES

NO MORE TOOTH-ACHE!

A LONG-FELT WANT SUPPLIED.

Use SALOL TOOTH WASH. The Best Antiseptic Known.

Ask your druggist for it; see you get it; take no other. Price, 25 cts.

Prepared only by JOSEPH E. H. QUIPP

Dispensing Chemist

- 41 Windsor Street MONTREAL.

TEES & CO'S. OFFICE, PARLOUR and LIBRARY DESKS are the best.
TEES & CO., 300 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

WM. NOTMAN & SON, Photographers, 17 Bleury Street, MONTREAL,

Dealers in PHOTO SUPPLIES, KODAK CAMERAS, CANADIAN VIEWS, &c.

A. J. PELL,
80 & 82 VICTORIA SQUARE,
Carver and Gilder,
MIRROR AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTURER.

This factory is noted for its FINE GOLD WORK,
being Superior in Quality to any other in the
Dominion.
All OLD FRAMES RESILT and made as good as new.

H. A. MILLER,
House, Sign & Window Shade
PAINTER.
Paper Hanger and Decorator.
GILDING, GLAZING, GRAINING,
WHITEWASHING, &c.
1996 St. Catherine Street,
MONTREAL.



BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY
THE QUEEN.

WM. POLSON & CO'S
Corn Flour
and
Mustard.
PAISLEY AND LONDON.
GENUINE AND DELICIOUS.

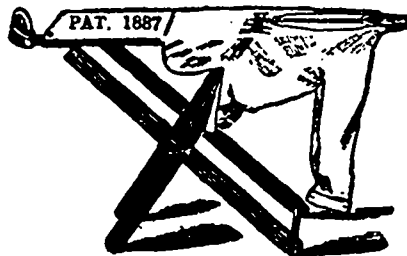
THE
BURLAND LITHO. Co.
(LIMITED),
MONTREAL,

Engravers & Fine Color Printers

SPECIALTIES:

Map Engraving.
Photo-Litho. Reproductions.
Illustrations for Books.
Illustrations for Advertising.
Photo-Zinc Engravings.

9 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.



The Little Jewel
IRONING TABLE.

Always ready for use.

ADVANTAGES: — It forms a steady, firm
table in itself, folds up, easily movable,
durable and light.

It is the best article for ironing Ladies' Skirts,
Gentlemen's Shirts, and all other
laundried goods.

Superior in all respects. Price within reach of all.

Ask your dealer for it, or apply direct to
BROWN & GLASSFORD
Glenora Building,
1886 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

GEO. R. HEASLEY,
2087 ST. CATHERINE STREET
(2 Doors East of Bleury.)
MONTREAL.

PICTURE FRAMER
PICTURES OF ALL KINDS
LUSH GOODS
PHOTO ALBUMS
PHOTO FRAMES
LATED SILVER WARE
LATE GLASS MIRRORS

OUR SPECIALTY:
RE-COVERING!



Have your Umbrella re-covered with our
GLORIA SILK, which we warrant for three
years' wear.

The Dominion Umbrella Factory,
714 CRAIG STREET,
A FEW DOORS EAST OF VICTORIA SQUARE.

N. B.—We are the only Importers of the GENUINE
GLORIA Silk in Canada.

Bedding Patented for its Purity!

EVERY DESCRIPTION

Bedding and Mattresses,
Brass and Iron Bedsteads,
and Children's Cots.

- WISE PEOPLE. -

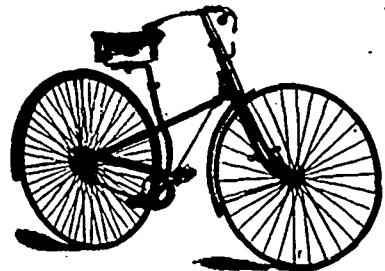
For HEALTH'S SAKE, get their Bed Feathers
PURIFIED and dressed, and their MATTRESSES
PURIFIED and REMADE

At TOWNSEND'S,

No. 1 Little St. Antoine Street, Corner
St. James Street ONLY.

BELL TELEPHONE 1906.
FEDERAL " 2224.

SAFETY BICYCLES!



We have taken the agency for a fine line of these
goods. Inspection cordially invited.

FISHING TACKLE,
LACROSSES, TENNIS, BASEBALL,
The Best Stock in the Province.

The WIGHTMAN SPORTING GOODS CO.
403 ST. PAUL STREET.

E. AULD'S
PURE
MUCILAGE
Sticks Everything
BUT THE BUYER.
Also, Lithogram
Composition in 2 and
3 lb. tins. Note, letter,
and foolscap sizes.

OFFICE AND FACTORY:
759 Craig Street, MONTREAL.

OBJECT:—To recover lost keys, with no expense to owner—owner's name not known to finder. Each member furnished with metal tag, with directions on. Terms of membership, 50c. per annum.

THE KEY INDEMNITY COMPANY OF CANADA, H. H. DATE, Manager, 664 Craig Street, MONTREAL.

TEES & CO'S. PARQUET FLOORING and BORDERS are Elegant and Durable.
TEES & CO., - The Desk Makers, - 300 St. James Street, MONTREAL.