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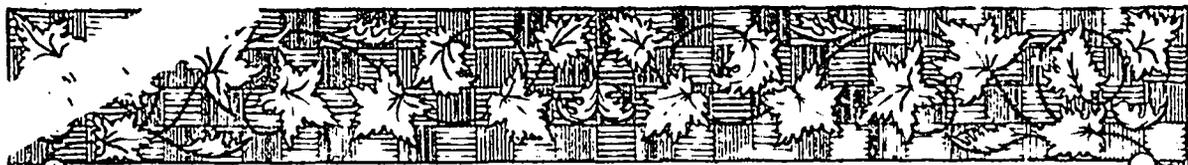
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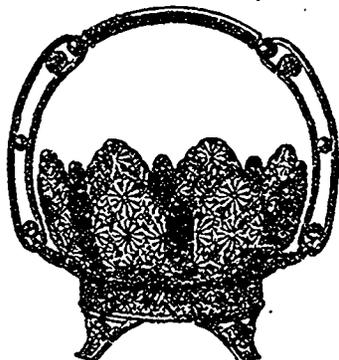
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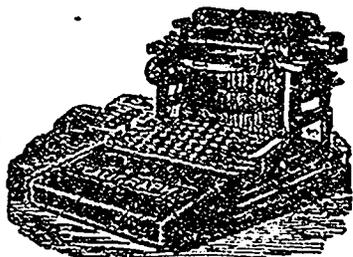
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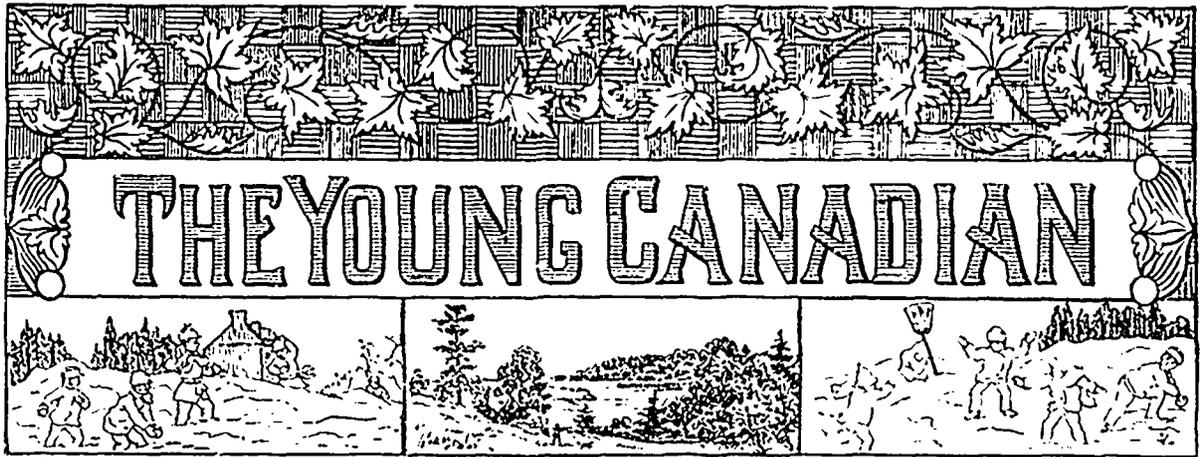
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A BEVY OF SCHOOL GIRLS IN CHARGE OF THE MASTER OF A YACHT.

NED DARROW;
OR,
THE YOUNG CASTAWAYS.
CHAPTER XXX.

SANDY FLAT.

THE place where Sandy Flat was located was half a day's journey by steamer down the coast, and the ensuing morning found Professor Ballentine, Mr. James, Ned, and the remainder of the school at the little village, near which lay the hundred-acre piece of land which constituted Ned's heritage.

The Professor selected a spot on the beach some distance from the town, and left some of the smaller boys in charge of the refreshments, allowing the older lads to visit at will the points of interest in the vicinity, and to report later in the day for dinner. The youngsters left behind at once entered into a barefoot race on the sand.

The occasion was destined to be a pleasant one, for a bevy of school girls, in charge of the master of a yacht, came to the beach shortly afterwards, and, being made completely at home by the young representatives of the Ridgeland grammar school, formed an agreeable addition to the picnic party.

At last, when the Professor, his brother, and Ned returned from a mysterious visit inland, the young ladies

had spread out the refreshments in a tasteful manner, and all enjoyed a pleasant day.

Mr. James had refused to tell Ned any particulars about Sandy Flat until he and Professor Ballentine and Ned had left the picnic party behind.

As they reached a desolate spot, which was an alternation of yellow sandy ridges, Mr. James said:

"There lies the object of our visit, Ned."

"This is Sandy Flat?"

"Yes."

Ned looked disappointed. Certainly a more desolate spot he had never seen.

"And you hinted that it had become a—what was the word?"

"A bonanza," smiled Professor Ballentine.

"That means that it has some value?"

"Yes."

Ned looked incredulous.

"I don't understand it at all," he said, with a perplexed air, "unless it is that gold has been found here."

"No, Ned, there is no gold here."

"What makes the land valuable then?"

"Chrome. It's a long story, Ned, but the whole point of it is contained just in two words—yellow chrome."

"Yel-low chrome! yel-low chrome!" repeated Ned, bewilderedly. "What's that?"

"We won't keep him mystified any longer, James," broke in Professor Ballentine. "In a few words, Ned, we have discovered that all this seemingly valueless pile of yellow sand comprises one of the richest deposits of yellow chrome in California."

"Is yellow chrome a mineral?" inquired Ned.

"It is a substance employed for various important uses, and so rare that only three places of deposit have been found—in Turkey, Maryland, and California. Yellow chrome is the base of all artist's colours; it is extensively employed in the refining of sugars, and is that which gives the tensile power to steel. The great Brooklyn bridge owes its great strength to chrome, of which the supply here is exhaustless. Your land to-day is worth a fortune, and the crude sand run through a mill will sell on the markets of the world as staple as flour, at a figure which will make you rich."

Ned Darrow was dazed, stupefied. He could scarcely believe his good fortune.

"Me, rich?" he murmured, vaguely. "Then I can continue at school. Oh! Mr. James! I owe to you all this."

"To me? No, Ned, your brother left you the land."

"But I know you have not learned its value without trouble, and I do not forget that your prudence prevented its sale for a trifle."

"I only acted as any careful man should. When John Markham robbed me of the papers my suspicions became certainties. I determined to find the true reason for his wanting the land. I watched him closely without his knowing it."

"Did he claim the land?"

"No, for the deed he stole was, to his disappointment, on record. Then he claimed that you were dead, as no trace could be found of you, and that he was the heir, but the court demanded proofs."

"What did he do then?"

"Disappeared when the Aldine brought the news of your being alive. There will be no contesting of your claim. Your title to the land is perfect, for it is conveyed to me as guardian for you."

"And a faithful one you have been," said Ned, warmly. "But how did you learn of the value of the land?"

"It seems after Markham swindled your brother, and after his death, some scientists discovered the true character of the soil. Then Markham determined to buy it back. I have been to some scientists of San Francisco and learned all about it. In fact, I am now negotiating with a capitalist to purchase a half-interest and sell the chrome, so that even at a distance your interests will be protected."

Ned became sad as he reflected on his dead brother's misfortunes, but was gratified to learn that John Markham's evil schemes had been completely foiled through the fidelity and shrewdness of Mr. James.

Until sundown, after their return to the beach, they had a pleasant time, and the grammar school boys and the seminary girls parted with many a regretful adieu after what they decided was one of the most enjoyable days of their lives.

They reached San Francisco on the return trip after midnight, and went to their hotel. Here the Professor decided that the day following they would start on the return journey to Ridgeland. The one day left before their departure the boys were allowed to take a carriage trip into the country. They returned weary after a day of travel and enjoyment, and they retired to their rooms early.

Ned happened to glance from his window as he was about to go to bed. His room looked down on an extensive court-yard. As he looked casually down he started and drew back. A man, skulking back in the shadow of the next building, was looking up at the windows of the hotel. And at a glance Ned recognized him as John Markham, his old-time enemy.

(Concluded in next issue.)

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN WOODWARD.

BY THOMAS WALKER.

In the year 1791, Woodward sailed from Boston in the ship Robert Morris, Captain Hay, for the East Indies. On his arrival there he was employed in making country voyages until the 20th of January, when he sailed as chief mate in an American ship from Batavia bound for Manilla.

In passing through the straits of Macassar, they found the wind and current both against them, and after beating up for six weeks they fell short of provision. Captain Woodward and five seamen were sent to purchase some from a vessel about four leagues distant. They were without water, provisions, or compass—having on board only an axe, a boat hook, two penknives, a useless gun and forty dollars in cash.

They reached the ship at sunset, and were told by the captain that he had no provision to spare as he was bound to China and was victualled for only one month. He advised them to stay until morning, which they did. But when morning dawned, their own ship was out of sight even from the mast head, and with a fair wind for her to go through the straits of Macassar. Being treated coolly by the captain, they agreed with one voice to leave the ship in search of their own. On leaving the vessel, the captain gave them twelve musket cartridges and a round bottle of brandy, but neither water nor provision of any sort.

They rowed till twelve o'clock at night, in hopes of seeing their own vessel, and then drawing near an island, they thought it prudent to go there to get some fresh water. They landed and made a large fire in hopes their

ship might see it. But not being able to see anything of her in the morning and finding no water or provisions on the island, they continued their course in the middle of the straits six days longer, without going on shore or tasting of anything but brandy. They soon had the shore of Celebes in sight, where they determined to go in search of provisions and then to proceed to Macassar.

As they approached the shore they saw two proas full of natives, who immediately put themselves in a posture of defence. The sailors made signs to them that they wanted provisions, but instead of giving it the Malays began to brandish their creeses or steel daggers. Three of the men jumped on board a proa to beg some Indian corn, and got three or four small ears. The chief seemed quite friendly and agreed to sell captain Woodward two cocoanuts for a dollar, but as soon as he had received the money, he immediately began to strip him in search of more. Captain Woodward defended himself with a hatchet and ordered the boat to be shoved off, the chief levelled a musket at him, but fortunately it missed him.

They then stood off, went round a point of land and landed out of sight of the proas, when they found plenty of cocconut trees. Captain Woodward while engaged in cutting them down, heard the man whom he had left to take care of the boat, scream out in a most bitter manner. He ran immediately to the beach where he saw his own boat off at some distance full of Malays and the poor fellow who guarded it lying on his back with his throat cut, and his body stabbed in several places.

They now fled immediately to the mountains, and finding that they had lost their boat, money, and most of their clothes, they concluded that their only chance of escape was to get to Macassar by land. Being afraid to travel in the day time they set out in the evening, taking a star for their guide bearing south. But they soon lost sight of the star and at daylight found themselves within a few rods of the place, where they had set out. They had travelled on the side of a mountain and had gone quite round it instead of going straight over it. They started again and travelled by the sea shore six nights successively, living on berries and water found in the hollows of trees.

On the sixth they arrived at a bay where they saw a party of Malays fishing. Here Captain Woodward found some yellowish berries which were to him quite palatable, but his men not liking them eat some of the leaves.

On the next day they concluded to make a raft and go to the small island on which they first landed, thinking that they might be taken off from it by some ship passing that way. But they were obliged to abandon this project, for in the evening the men who had eaten the leaves, were attacked with violent pains and were crying out in torture during the whole night.

Although they got better towards evening yet they were so weak and dejected that Captain Woodward was convinced that they could not reach the island and asked them if they were willing to surrender themselves to the Malays. On reflection they all thought this the best course which they could take; and forthwith proceeded to the bay where they had seen the Malays in the morning, in order at once either to find friends or to meet their fate.

At first they saw no one, but Captain Woodward soon saw three of the natives approaching him; and ordering his men to keep quiet, he advanced alone until he had come within a short distance of them, where they stopt and drew out their creeses or knives.

Captain Woodward fell on his knees and begged for mercy. The Malays looked at him for about ten minutes with their knives drawn, when one of them came towards

him, knelt in the same manner and offered both his hands. More natives now came up and stripped them of their hats and handkerchiefs and even the buttons on their jackets, which they took for money.

They were now taken to Travalla and carried to the court-house or judgment hall, accompanied by a great concourse of people, including women and children who made a circle at some distance from them. The chief soon entered, looking as wild as a madman, carrying in his hand a large drawn cress or knife, the blade of which was two feet and a-half long and very bright.

Captain Woodward approached so near to him as to place the foot of the chief on his own head, as a token that he was completely under his power and direction. The chief after holding a short consultation, returned to his house and brought out five pieces of betel nut, which he gave to the sailors as a token of friendship.

They were now permitted to rest until about eight o'clock when they were carried to the Rajah's house, where they found a supper provided for them of sago-bread and peas, but in all hardly enough for one man. Their allowance afterwards was for each man a cocoa nut and an ear of Indian corn at noon, and the same at night. In this manner they lived about twenty days, but were not allowed to go out except to the water to bathe.

The natives soon began to relax their vigilance over them, and in about four months, they were conveyed to the head Rajah of Parlow. They had not been there long when the head Rajah sent to a Dutch port called Priggia, which is at the head of a deep bay on the east side of the island and which is under the care of a commandant who was a Frenchman, and had been thirty years in the Dutch service.

He arrived at Parlow and sent for Captain Woodward. He wished him to go with him to Priggia where he resided, but Captain Woodward refused, being apprehensive that he should be forced into the Dutch service. The commandant then enquired where he intended to go. He answered to Batavia or Macassar and thence to Bengal. He did not offer Captain Woodward or his people either money, assistance, or clothes, but seemed quite affronted.

The Rajah now gave him the liberty of returning to Travalla, taking care, however, to send him in the night for fear that he should get sight of Dungally, where there lived a Mahomedan priest called Juan Hadgee. This priest had been at Travalla, and offered a ransom for Captain Woodward and his men, but the natives were unwilling to take it, and were fearful that their captives would try to escape to the town where the priest lived.

It happened however, that they were becalmed off Dungally, so that Captain Woodward could observe its situation. On arriving at Travalla, he attempted to escape alone by water, but the canoe being leaky, he came very near losing his life. But not discouraged he started immediately for Dungally by land, and reached it just as the day dawned.

Juan Hadgee received him kindly and provided him with food and clothing. In the course of three days the chief of Travalla learning that he had gone to Dungally, sent after him, but the old priest and the Rajah of Dungally refused to let him go. They told him that in the course of three months they would convey him to Batavia or Macassar, and also desired him to send for the four men he had left at Travalla. This he did by means of a letter which he wrote with a pen of bamboo, and sent by the captain of a proa, who delivered it secretly.

The men made their escape from Parlow at the time of a feast, early in the evening, and arrived at Dungally at twelve o'clock the next day. They were received with great rejoicing by the natives, who immediately

brought them plenty of victuals. And this fortunate circumstance revived their hopes of reaching some European settlement, after many narrow escapes and difficulties.

Juan Hadgee now informed Captain Woodward that he should set off in about two months, but that he must first make a short voyage for provisions, which he did, leaving Captain Woodward in his house with his wife and two servants.

They soon began to suffer exceedingly for the want of provisions, so that the natives were obliged to convey them up the country, there to be supplied by some of the same tribe, who regularly went from the village into the country at a certain season to cultivate rice and Indian corn.

But the Rajah of Parlow making war on the Rajah of Dungally, because the latter would not deliver them up, they were soon brought back to Dungally. There was but one engagement, and then the men of Parlow were beaten and driven back to their own town.

Provisions again growing scarce, Juan Hagee was bound for another port called Sawyah, situated about two degrees north of the line. He gave Captain Woodward permission to accompany him, provided the Rajah was willing, but the latter refused, saying that he must stay there and keep guard. Captain Woodward now mustered his men, and taking their guns they went to the house of the Rajah and told him they would stand guard no longer for they wished to go to Macassar. He immediately replied that they should not.

Being determined not to live longer in this manner, and finding no other means of escaping, Captain Woodward came to the resolution of stealing a canoe, to which all the men agreed. They were lucky enough to obtain one and seemed in a fair way to make their escape, but just as they were getting into it they were surrounded by about twenty natives and carried before the Rajah, who ordered them to account for their conduct. They told him that they could get nothing to eat, and were determined to quit the place on the first opportunity that offered.

The Rajah refusing to let them go with Juan Hadgee they determined to run away with him, which they were enabled to do, as the old man set out at twelve o'clock at night, and there happened luckily to be a canoe on the beach near his own. This they took and followed him as well as they could, but they soon parted from him, and in the morning discovered a proa close by them filled with Malays. They told them that they were bound with the old man to Sawyah.

The Malays took them at their word and carried them there instead of to Dungally, which was a lucky escape to them for that time. Whilst residing at Sawyah the old priest carried Captain Woodward to an island in the bay of Sawyah, which he granted to him, and in compliment called it Steersman's Island, steersman being the appellation by which Captain Woodward was distinguished by the natives. After staying some time in Sawyah and making sago, which they bartered for fish and cocoa-nuts, they left the place and proceeded to Dumpolis, a little to the southward of Sawyah. Juan Hadgee soon left the place for Tomboo about a day's sail south, where he had business. Here Captain Woodward and his men also followed him. The old priest was willing to assist them to escape from here, but was evidently unable to do it.

Fortunately they succeeded in stealing a canoe in the night, and once more shoving off, they directed their course to a small island in the bay, where they landed at daybreak. Not being able to find water here as they expected, they landed at another point of land which they knew to be uninhabited. Having obtained water and repaired their canoe, they directed their course to

Macassar, which was then about five degrees to the southward. After coasting along the island for the space of eight days, during which time they were twice very nearly taken by the Malays, they arrived at a part of the island of Celebes, which was very thickly inhabited.

They passed many towns and saw many proas within the harbours. Having observed a retired place, they landed to procure some fresh water, but they had hardly got a draught each, when two canoes were seen coming to the very place where they were. They immediately shoved off and kept on their course all day.

Just as the sun went down they discovered two canoes not far from them fishing. As soon as the natives saw them they made the best of their way to the shore. Captain Woodward wished to inquire the distance to Macassar, but not being able to stop them he made for one of two canoes which he saw at a distance lying at anchor. Being told that the captain was below and asleep he went down and awakened him. He came on deck with three or four men all armed with spears, and inquired where they were going. Captain Woodward told him to Macassar and enquired of him the distance to that place. He answered that it would take a month and a day to reach it. Captain Woodward told him it was not true and made the best of his way off. The Malays however made chase, but Captain Woodward and his men by putting out to sea and making great exertion, soon lost sight of them and were able again to stand in towards the land.

At daylight they discovered a number of fishing canoes, two of which made towards them. They let them come alongside as there was only one man in each. One of them came on board and Captain Woodward put the same question to him respecting Macassar. He first said it would take thirty days to reach there and asked them to go on shore and see the Rajah. But they declined doing this, and he afterwards acknowledged that a proa could get there in two days.

They then left the canoe and sailed along the coast. At evening they perceived a proa full of Malay men set off from the shore. It was soon alongside, and four of them jumping into the boat nearly upset her, and thus Captain Woodward and his men were again prisoners of the Malays. They were carried to a town called Pamboon and then conducted to the Rajah's house.

The Rajah demanded of them whence they came and whither they were going. Captain Woodward answered the same as before; he also told him that he must go immediately, and must not be stopped. They had now become so familiar with dangers and with captures, and were also so much nearer Macassar than they could have expected after so many narrow escapes, that they became more and more desperate and confident, from the persuasion that they should at last reach their destined port.

In the morning Captain Woodward again waited on the Rajah, and begged to be sent to Macassar; telling him that the Governor had sent for them, who would stop all his proas at Macassar if he detained them. After thinking on it a short time, he called the captain of a proa, and delivered the prisoners to him, telling him to carry them to Macassar, and if he could get anything for them to take it, but if not to let them go.

The proa not being ready they stayed in the canoe three days, being quite overcome by their many hardships and fatigues. Captain Woodward having had no shirt, the sun had burnt his shoulder so as to lay it quite bare and produce a bad sore. Here he caught cold, and was attacked with a violent fever, so that by the time the proa was ready to sail he was unable to stand. He was carried and laid on the deck without a mat or any kind of clothing. The cold nights and frequent showers of

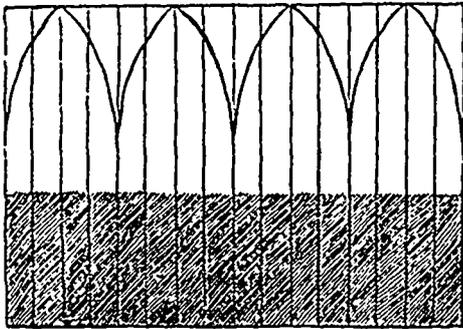
rain would without doubt have killed him, had he not been kept alive by the hopes of reaching Macassar, the thoughts of which kept up all their spirits.

They landed at Macassar on the 15th of June 1795,

after a voyage of about nineteen days from Tomboo, and after having been two years and five months in captivity; the reckoning which Captain Woodward kept during that time, being wrong only one day.

HOW TO MAKE A FAN.

In commencing our Pastimes for Aunt Rose's happy young girls, we choose an article which gives the finish to their dress, or to the decoration of their room. A Fan is a pretty trifle, but an important one. Since the influx of everything Japanese, we have had fans in all colors and styles, and in great profusion, and very effective they are. But in every home there are always scraps of pretty colored material which it is hard to know what to make of. These we propose to utilize.



PATTERN FOR DAISY FAN.

and if we can learn their value, our time will be well spent. Queen Elizabeth was so fond of fans, that she was called the "Patron of Fans," and she made a rule that no present but a fan should be accepted by a Queen from her subjects.

Although our summer days are now almost over, the usefulness of a pretty fan is not gone. With a gay ribbon, or a pretty tint, it will serve its purpose still, either on our walls, or hanging gracefully by our side.



DAISY FAN.

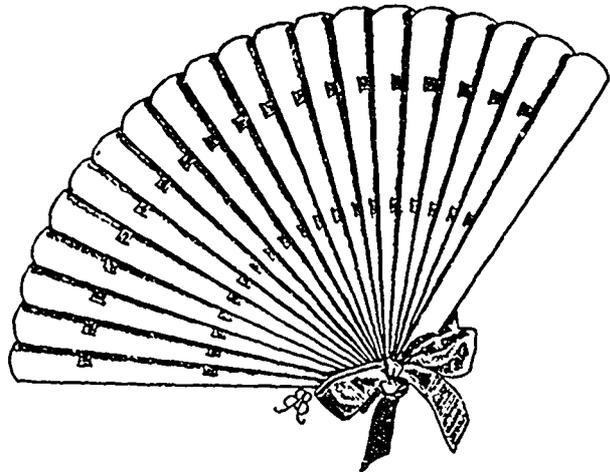
Our first illustration shows a fan made in the shape of a daisy. White paper should be used, and it must be laid in thirty-four plaits, which will give the flower fifteen whole and two half petals, the half petals being at each end.

The tinted part of pattern indicates where it is painted yellow to form the centre of the daisy.

For a plain round fan no pattern is needed. It is made simply of a strip of

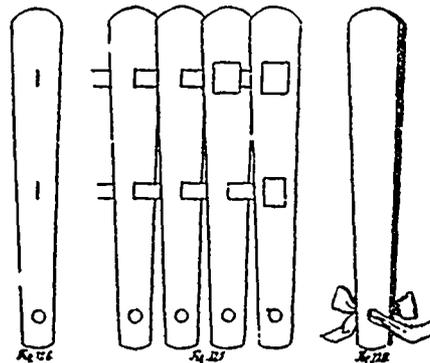
paper, of the width used for the other fans, and has about thirty plaits. When fans of this kind are made of colored paper in solid tints they are very pretty. Pieces of bright, figured wall-paper left from papering a room can be utilized, and quite effective fans be made of them to use for decoration.

Another style of fan is represented in our last illustration. It is made of twenty slats of cardboard.



slats are joined together at the top and centre with narrow ribbon passed through the slits cut for it. Over the ribbon where it passes through the top slits, on the wrong side of the fan, square pieces of paper are pasted, which holds the ribbon down securely at these points. The paper is pasted only at each end of the ribbon in the middle row. It is best to leave one end of this ribbon loose until the fan is joined at the bottom; then opening the fan, and drawing the ribbon until it fits the fan smoothly, it can be cut the right length, and the loose end fastened down. A ribbon is also used to hold the slats together at the bottom; a bow at each side keeps them in place.

When a large fan for decoration is desired, the slats should be about eighteen inches long, two and a half inches wide at the top, and one and a half inches wide at the bottom. The fan may be larger still, in which case it may be used as a screen to set before an empty fireplace. For this purpose the slats have to be two feet long, four inches wide at the top, and two and a half inches wide at the bottom.



CONSTRUCTION OF CARDBOARD FAN.

The proportions for a small hand-fan are eight and a half inches long, one and a half inches wide at the top, and one inch wide at the bottom. The large fan should be made of heavier carboard or pasteboard than that used for smaller ones.

Colored cardboard, which can be bought at almost any stationer's, is the best to use, but the slate of ordinary white cardboard may be covered with colored paper if more convenient.

These fans may be varied to suit the taste of the girls who make them. Instead of a solid color, one can be made with alternate slats of red and white, blue and yellow, or any other colors that harmonize. Another may show all the tints of the rainbow.

Some will look especially handsome if prettily painted. A dark-red fan with a branch of dogwood blossoms painted across it makes a charming wall decoration, as does also one of light blue with pine-branch and cone painted in brown or black.

A gilt fan lightens up a dusky corner beautifully; it can be curved around to fit the place, and catching and reflecting the light at all angles, as it does, is quite effective.

POETIC JUSTICE.

THE BOYS HAD AN AWFUL TIME, AND IT SERVED THEM RIGHT.

"Father, what is poetic justice?" asked Fred Stanley at the tea-table.

"Bless the boy! What put that into his head?" said mother.

"Why, there was something about it in our reading lesson to-day, and when I asked Miss Thompson what it meant, she said we should see how many of us could find out for ourselves, and give her an illustration of it to-morrow; but I don't know how to find out unless you tell me, father."

Mr. Stanley looked thoughtful for a moment, and then smiled, as if struck by some amusing recollection.

"Poetic justice," he said, "*is a kind of justice that reaches us through the unforeseen consequences of our unjust acts.* I will tell you a little story, Fred, that, I think, will furnish the illustration you are after.

"I recall a summer afternoon, a good many years ago, when I was not as large as I am now. Two other boys and myself went blackberrying in a big meadow several miles from home. On our way to the meadow, as we paddled along the dusty highway, we met a stray dog. He was a friendless, forlorn-looking creature, and seemed delighted to make up with us, and when we gave him some scraps of bread and meat from our lunch basket, he capered for joy, and trotted along at our side, as if to say—'Now, boys, I'm one of you.' We named him Rover, and, boy like, tried to find out how much he knew, and what he could do in the way of tricks; and we soon discovered that he would 'fetch and carry' beautifully. No matter how big the stick or stone, nor how far away we threw it, he would reach it and drag it back to us. Fences, ditches, and brambles he seemed to regard only as so many obstacles thrown in his way to try his pluck and endurance, and he overcame them all.

"At length we reached the meadow, and scattered out in quest of blackberries. In my wanderings I discovered a hornets' nest, the largest I ever saw—and I have seen a good many. It was built in a cluster of blackberry vines, and hung low, almost touching the ground. Moreover, it was at the foot of a little hill, and as I scampered up the latter I was met at the summit by Rover, frisking about with a stick in his mouth. I

don't know why the dog and the hornets' nest should have connected themselves in my mind, but they did, and a wicked thought was born of the union.

"'Kob! Will!' I called to the other boys; 'come here; we'll have some fun.'

"They came promptly, and I explained my villainous project. I pointed out the hornets' nest, and proposed that we roll a stone down upon it, and send Rover after the stone. 'And, oh cracky, won't it be fun to see how astonished he'll be when the hornets come out,' I cried in conclusion. They agreed that it would be awfully funny. We selected a good-sized, round stone, called Rover's special attraction to it, and started it down the hill. When it had a fair start we turned the dog loose, and the poor fellow, never suspecting our treachery, darted after the stone with a joyous bark. We had taken good aim, and as the ground was smooth the stone went true to its mark, and crashed into the hornets' nest just as Rover sprang upon it. In less than a minute the furious insects had swarmed out and settled upon the poor animal. His surprise and dismay fulfilled our anticipations, and we had just begun to double ourselves up in paroxysms of laughter, when, with frenzied yelps of agony, he came tearing up the hill toward us, followed closely by all the hornets.

"'Run!' I shouted, and we did run; but the maddened dog ran faster, and dashed into our midst with piteous appeals for help. The hornets settled, like a black, avenging cloud, all over us, and the scene that followed baffles my power of description. We ran, we scratched, we rolled on the ground, and we howled with agony, till the meadow was, for the time being, turned into a pandemonium.

"I have never known just how long the torture lasted, but I remember it was poor Rover who rose to the emergency, and with superior instinct showed us a way to rid ourselves of our vindictive assailants. As soon as he realized that we too were in distress, and could give no assistance, he ran blindly to a stream that flowed through the meadow not far away, and, plunging in, dived clear beneath the surface. We followed him, and only ventured to crawl out from the friendly element when we were assured that the enemy had withdrawn. Then we sat on the bank of the stream and looked at each other dolefully through our swollen, purple eyelids, while the water dripped from our clothing, and a hundred stinging wounds reminded us what excessively funny fun we had been having with Rover.

"The poor dog, innocent and free from guile himself, judged us accordingly, and, creeping up to me, licked my hand in silent sympathy. Then some dormant sense of justice asserted itself within me.

"'Boys,' said I, 'we've had an awful time, but, I tell you what, it served us right.'

"Neither of them contradicted me, and, rising stiffly, we went slowly homeward with Rover at our heels.

"That, my boy," said Mr. Stanley, in conclusion, "is a good instance of poetic justice."

PAPER HORSESHOE.—A new horseshoe has been made in Germany. It is constructed of parchment paper, or a paper prepared by a saturation of oil, turpentine, etc., and impenetrable to dampness or moisture. Thin layers of such paper are glued together until the desired thickness necessary for the horseshoe is attained by an agglutinant, which is indifferent to the action of moisture, and which will not get brittle when dry. The fact of its getting rough gives the paper horseshoe a great advantage in preventing the slipping of the horse on smooth and slippery places.

SCRAPS OF FUN.

A man married a wife who, in course of time, presented him with eighteen children. One evening he found in the street a little boy of five or six weeping bitterly. "What is the matter with the little man—eh?" inquired he, caressing him. "I have lost my way!" sobbed the youngster. "Then come home with me, and I'll give you something to eat and take care of you." Accordingly the kind-hearted man took the little fellow home, and said to his wife, "See, wife—I have brought you this child that I found all alone in the street. One more or less won't make much difference; and, if nobody claims him, we will treat him as if he were our own." "Why, you stupid," exclaimed the wife, "don't you know him? It's our Willy!"

THE DISAGREEABLE PASSENGER.

D. P. (to commercial traveller sitting looking out of open carriage window)—"Excuse me, sir, but that open window is very annoying."

C. T. (pleasantly)—"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to grin and bear it."

D. P.—"I wish you would close it, sir."

C. T.—"Would like to accommodate you, but I can't."

D. P.—"Do you refuse to close that window, sir?"

C. T.—"I certainly do."

D. P.—"If you don't close it, I will."

C. T.—"I'll bet you won't."

D. P.—"I'll ask you once more, sir, will you close that window?"

C. T.—"No, sir, I will not."

D. P. (getting on his feet)—"Then I will, sir."

C. T.—"I would like to see you do it."

D. P. (placing his hands on the objectionable window)—"I'll show you whether I will or not, sir."

C. T.—(As disagreeable passenger tugs at window)—"Why don't you close it?"

D. P. (getting red in the face)—"It—appears—to be stuck."

C. T.—"Of course it is. I tried to close it, before you came in." And then the disagreeable passenger looked foolish, and the other passengers had a right good laugh at his expense."

Waiter—"What do you wish for dinner?" Guest—"Bring me a beefsteak, but a big one, because I am very short-sighted."

"Is your father in?" "No; he's in the country." "Ah! gone away on a vacation, I suppose?" "No; on a tricycle."

Mistress (to new servant)—"Did you tell those ladies that called just now that I was not at home?" Servant—"Yes, mem." Mistress—"What did they say?" Servant—"They said, mem, 'Oo fortinit.'"

Max O'Rell sarcastically declares that "the population of the United States consists of over sixty millions of people—mostly colonels."

De Gillie—"Bobby, did your mother make any derogatory remarks about my singing after I was gone the other night?" Bobby—"N-n-n-o, she didn't make any derogatory remarks." De Gillie—"I'm glad to hear that." Bobby—"But she nearly died laughing."

We are told in a poem that "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." This is, no doubt, a pretty sentiment; but the author ought to know that about eight women out of ten rock the cradle with their feet.

HEALTH IN A NUTSHELL.

The redness of the nose and hands after exposure is caused by weakness of circulation.

Do not blow the food to cool it for children: the breath is often impure, and will make the food injurious to the child.

Innumerable mistakes have been made through persons getting up at night to take or administer a dose of medicine in the dark.

CARE OF THE FEET.

Above all things keep the feet thoroughly clean and well rubbed and manipulated. This will prevent lame joints and nearly always prevent corns.

A COUGH CURE.

For a cough, boil one ounce of flaxseed in a pint of water, strain, and add a little honey, one ounce of rock candy, and the juice of three lemons; mix and boil well. Drink as hot as possible.

A RESTORATIVE BATH.

Nothing so quickly restores tone to exhausted nerves and strength to a weary body, says an author, as a bath containing an ounce of aqua ammonia to each pail of water.

AN APPETISER.

Often after cooking a meal a person will feel tired and have no appetite; for this beat a raw egg until light, stir in a little milk and sugar, and season with nutmeg. Drink half an hour before eating.

An old doctor tells us that breakfast should be taken as soon as possible after rising, because the system at early morning is more susceptible of morbid causes or infection than at any other period of the day.

A wise physician has been holding forth on the evils of "catching the train," or, what is still more dangerous the failing to catch it. This sport, or pursuit, kills a hundred time more people than tiger hunting, yet very little fuss has been made about it.

PEA SOUP AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR BEEF TEA.

Dr. Ris, of Switzerland, emphatically recommends pea soup as an excellent substitute for beef tea for invalids, convalescents, and especially for patients suffering from cancer of the stomach, or diabetes melitus.

CHANGE OF OCCUPATION.

"Change of occupation is better than rest;" in fact, rest is simply a change of occupation. Rest for the body is attained by a change of posture, lying in bed, instead of sitting or standing. Rest for the mind is attained in the same way, by fixing it on something different from that which has wearied it.

"When I lived in Scotland," said John Ruskin, in a somewhat melancholy tone, "I used to take porridge every day, and then I was ruddy and robust; but now you see what a poor dyspeptic man your English beef and mutton have made me!"

DANGERS OF SEA-SICKNESS.

Dr. G. Parsons says that although sea-sickness is usually a trivial affection, yet when long continued, or when occurring in debilitated subjects, it may occasion dangerous exhaustion. It may also be followed by an attack of *delirium tremens* when occurring in persons of intemperate habits.

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MONTREAL

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A most fascinating Story, in six chapters,—"Adventures on the Spanish Main,"—will be commenced October 7th.

A COMPLETE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION IN SHORTHAND, from plates purchased of Isaac Pitman & Sons. An intelligent and diligent student can master it without a teacher. The whole world is drifting in the direction of Shorthand. It ought to be taught in every school. At great expense we are supplying it to our readers. Outfit may be had from our office for fifty cents.

While I have so many nice prizes for my young people, here is another—but, this time, it is for our big brothers and sisters, and so, of course, it is a big prize.

\$500.00.

We have no History of our country for our young Canadians—not a book that we can put into their hands, or pick up to read to them, about the land they love so well, and about the wonderful and romantic things that happened before our country was what it is.

THE YOUNG CANADIAN wants to get one for its little favourites, and offers \$500.00 for the MS. that will suit. I have only four instructions, namely:

1. The History must be from a Dominion and not a Provincial standpoint.
2. In interest, it must rivet the attention, and take a front seat among the most fascinating reading of the day.
3. The judges will be chosen from Professors in our Colleges.
4. MSS. will be received till November, 1892. That is all. The rest lies with the author.

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description of the holiday trip enjoyed by our young readers. I shall take it as a special compliment to myself if every one of my young Canadians will take part in this.

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THE EDITOR.

Quite recently we gave our readers some idea of the value of the refuse of the streets of New York. Here is an interesting item respecting Paris:—

PARIS STREETS.

The rag-pickers discharge a duty of primary importance. Working at night, busy under the gas-lights with hook and panier, the value of what they collect is estimated at \$10,000 each day. Population is very close; the tall houses are crammed with inhabitants; there are no gardens, as with us—there are but the houses and the streets. The Parisians have a way of emptying all kinds of lumber and refuse into the streets and then the rag-pickers gather in their harvest. A use is found for everything, and metamorphosis never ceases. All the details are interesting, though some are rather disturbing. Rags, of course, go to make paper; broken glass is pounded, and serves as the coating for sand and emery paper; bones, after the process of cleaning and cutting down, serve to make nail-brushes, tooth-brushes, and fancy buttons; little wisps of women's hair are carefully unraveled, and do duty for false hair by-and-by. Men's hair collected outside the barbers' serves for filters through which syrups are strained; bits of sponge are cut up and used for spirit lamps; bits of bread if dirty are toasted and grated, and sold to the restaurants for spreading on hams or cutlets; sometimes they are carbonized and made into tooth powder. Sardine boxes are cut up into tin soldiers or into sockets for candle-sticks. A silk hat has a whole chapter of adventures in store for it. All this work employs a regiment of rag-pickers numbering close on 20,000 and each earning from twenty pence to half a crown a day.

The most charitable thing that can be done for some people is to lie about them when you are asked to tell the truth.

Topics of the Day

AT HOME.

THE CENSUS.

Young Canadians probably hear their friends talk a good deal about the Census; and, if they read the newspapers, they will see something more on the same subject. They may therefore want to know, and it is but right that they should know, what all this talk is about. Well, the census is a numbering of all the people in Canada. It is necessary, for many purposes besides mere curiosity, to know exactly how many people there are in the country. But as some are dying, while others are being born every day, and some are leaving, while newcomers are constantly arriving to take their place, it is impossible to tell the precise number of the people at any time except by actually counting them. So every ten years men are sent round the whole country to count the number of the people, and this counting is called a *census*.

While the men are counting the people, they find out a good many things besides their number. For instance, they ask the age of everybody, the country where they were born, the church they belong to, and so on; while they also find out how many people are blind, how many deaf, and other facts of interest.

You may well believe that it takes a great many counters to go over all the country to get this information. Even though our population is not very large, it took more than four thousand men to count; but in countries with more people the number required is much greater. Britain, for example, takes ten times as many as Canada. British India, again, had nearly a million counters; but then its population comes up almost to three hundred millions.

Everybody seems surprised and disappointed because our population is so small. Of course, all Canadians, and young Canadians especially, want to grow into a great nation: and it was generally taken for granted that we were growing much faster than the census shows. Many expected to find our numbers over six millions, while it turns out that they are under five. It seems clear that we *ought* to have grown more rapidly than we have done; for evidently many have left the country whom we should have retained, and we have not succeeded in attracting as many people from other countries as we should have liked. What is the cause of this, it would take a wise head to tell with certainty; but there is one thing clear, and that is this, that all Canadians, young and old, should unite in making their country as attractive as possible, both to its present inhabitants and to newcomers, so that, when the next census comes to be taken, ten years hence, we may have reason to rejoice over our growing numbers and our growing prosperity.

SUPPOSE.

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head;
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose were red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas dolly's,
And not your head that broke?

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS FOR OUR BOYS.

HEAVEN HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES.

Let no young Canadian despise the lot in which he is actually placed. Let him think twice before he forsakes the farm for the town, the workshop for a profession. The great procession of our successful men comes from the ranks of patient, persevering work. The large majority of our men at the tops of our trees have not come there by chance, much less by birth. The metal out of which our young nation shall be built lies more in raising our occupation to our own earnest level than in a false notion about imaginary levels of labour. Though we hear more of the captain than of the private, it is the private's work and not the captain's that tells. The *unwritten life, the unsung history, is, after all, the backbone* of national strength. Every young Canadian who does his best where he is—just where he is—and makes himself an indispensable factor in his own peculiar circumstances, does more for the realization of a grand future for Canada than if he broke free and rushed madly after deeds of prominent service. The inspiration of his character, the influence of his industry, live and grow to all time.

Alas! that there are two sides to the picture! That the inspiration of his unmanliness, and the influence of his idleness, should also live and grow to all time!

Conscientious work is the great school of success. It is the training for the top of the commercial tree. Great men are not secured from great men. They are created from great workers. Luxury enfeebles. Difficulties sharpen the intellect. A steadfast purpose, an unconquerable perseverance, carry everything before them.

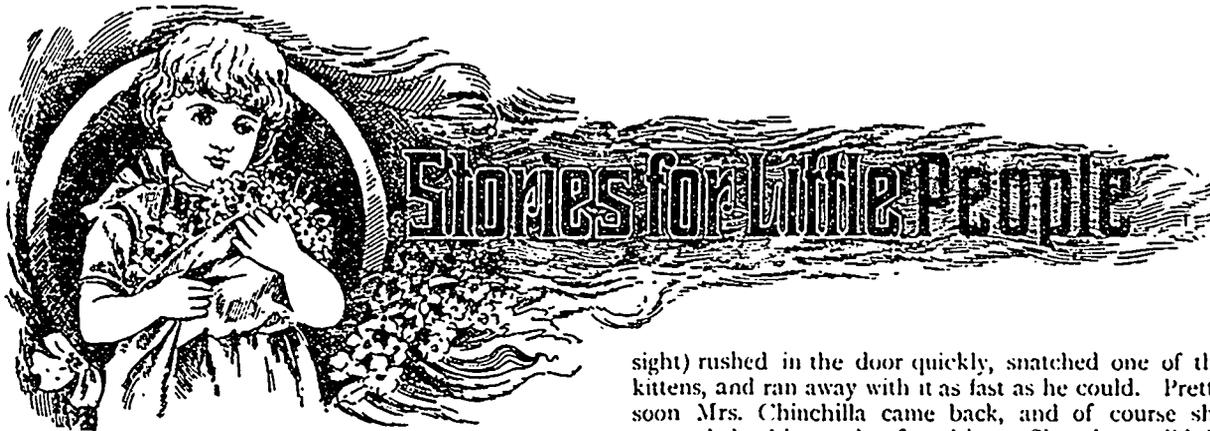
In my talks with my boys, this will be my key-note. Let them learn it well. Let them accept it once and for good. Then let us see how we can apply it to the various trades and professions.

UNCLE DICK.

THE ENGLISH FLAG IN THE UNITED STATES.

Most people have heard of the American Arctic explorer, Dr. Kane, but few know that the *English flag* was carried through the streets of Philadelphia, at his funeral, for the first time since the old days of the Revolution, when the United States became an independent country. It happened in this manner. At the time of Dr. Kane's death some Englishmen were residing in Philadelphia, and they thought that, in consideration of Dr. Kane's efforts in behalf of Sir John Franklin, some mark of respect should be shown by the English residents. Accordingly, application was made to the authorities for permission to carry the English flag in the funeral procession. This being granted, the next thing was to obtain a flag, but this was difficult; the one at the consulate was old and shabby, and there were but few English vessels in the harbor. Just as one or two of them were wondering what they should do, an English vessel, with a handsome standard flying, was seen in the distance. Two of the Englishmen immediately got into a small boat, went alongside the vessel, and made their request to the captain, that he would lend them his flag to carry at the funeral. The captain not only lent his flag, but he lent two of his sailors to carry it, and the English flag, borne by English sailors, formed an interesting feature in the funeral train of the American explorer.

The ravages of intemperance are greater than the combined ravages of war, pestilence and famine.



MRS. CHINCHILLA.

BY KATE WIGGIN.

MRS. CHINCHILLA was not a lovely lady, with a dress of soft gray and a chinchilla muff and boa. Mrs. Chinchilla was a beautiful cat, with fur like silver-grey satin, and a handsome tail to match. She had a comfortable home in a fine drug-store, with one large bay window to herself and her kittens.

She had three cunning fat dumplings of kittens, all in soft gray like their mother. She didn't like any other color in kittens so well as a quiet lady-like gray; but sometimes they had four snow-white socks on their gray paws. Mrs. Chinchilla didn't mind that, for white socks were really a handsome finish to a gray kitten, though it was a deal of trouble to keep them clean.

At the time my story begins the kits' eyes had been open only a day or two, so Mrs. Chinchilla had to wash them every morning herself. She had the most wonderful tongue! It had in it a hair-brush, a comb, a tooth-brush, a nail-brush, a sponge, a towel, and a cake of soap! And when Mrs. Chinchilla had finished those three little catkins, they were as fresh and sweet, and shiny and clean, as any baby just out of a bath-tub.

One morning, just after the little kits had had their scrub in the sunny bay window, they felt, all at once, old enough to play; and so they began to scramble over each other, and run about between the colored glass jars, and began to chase and bite the ends of their own tails. They had not known they had any tails, and of course it was a charming surprise. Mrs. Chinchilla looked on lazily. It had been a good while since she had felt gay enough to chase *her* tail.

Now, while this was going on, some one came up to the window and looked in. It was the Boy who lived across the street. Mrs. Chinchilla disliked all boys, but she was afraid of this one. Instead of stroking cats, he rubbed their fur the wrong way, and hung tin kettles to their tails, and tied handkerchiefs over their heads.

When Mrs. Chinchilla saw the Boy she humped her back, and said "Sft!" three times. When the Boy found that she was looking at him, and lashing her tail, and yawning so as to show her sharp white teeth, he suddenly disappeared. So Mrs. Chinchilla gave the kittens their breakfast, and they cuddled themselves into a round ball, and went fast asleep. They were rolled so tightly, and so tied up with their tails, that you couldn't have told whether they were three or six. When their soft *purr-r-r-r* had died away, Mrs. Chinchilla jumped down out of the window, and went for her morning airing in the back yard. At the same time the druggist passed behind a tall desk to mix some medicine, and the shop was left alone.

Just then the Boy (for he had just stooped out of

sight) rushed in the door quickly, snatched one of the kittens, and ran away with it as fast as he could. Pretty soon Mrs. Chinchilla came back, and of course she counted the kittens the first thing. She always did it. To her surprise and fright she found only two instead of three. She knew she couldn't be mistaken. One chinchilla gone! What should she do?

She had once heard a lady say that there were too many cats in the world, but she had no patience with people who made such wicked speeches. Her kittens had always been so beautiful that they sometimes sold for fifty cents apiece, and none of *them* had ever been drowned.

Mrs. Chinchilla knew in a second just where that kitten had gone. It makes a pussy-cat very quick and wise to train large families of frisky kittens, with very



THE BOY WHO LIVED ACROSS THE STREET.

little help from their father in bringing them up. She knew that Boy had carried off the kitten. Looking at her claws, she found them nice and sharp, and Mrs. Chinchilla slipped out, with one backward glance, as much as to say, "Gone out: will be back soon."

Then she dashed across the street, and waited on the steps of the boy's house. Soon a man came with a bundle, and when the door opened Mrs. Chinchilla walked in. She hadn't any visiting card with her; but then the Boy hadn't left any card when he called for the kitten.

It was a very nice house to hold such a heartless boy. The parlor door was open, but she knew the kitten

wouldn't be there, so she ran upstairs. When she reached the upper hall she stood perfectly still, with her ears up and her whiskers trembling. Suddenly she heard a faint mew, then another, and then a laugh; that was the Boy.

She pushed open a door that was ajar, and walked into the nursery. The Boy was seated in the middle of the floor, tying the kitten to a tin cart, and the poor little thing was mewling piteously. Mrs. Chinchilla dashed up to the Boy, scratched him as many long scratches as she had time for, took the frightened kitten in her gentle mouth, because if she carried it in her forepaws she wouldn't have enough left to walk on, and was out on the front doorstep in a twinkling. When she got that catkin home in the sunny bay window, she washed it over and over and over so many times that it never forgot, so long as it lived, the day it was stolen by the Boy.

When the Boy's mother hurried upstairs to see why he was crying, she told him he must expect to be scratched by mother-cats if he stole their kittens.

"I shall take your pretty Fauntleroy collar off," she said; "it doesn't match your disposition."

The Boy cried bitterly until luncheon time, but when he came to think, he knew that his mother was right, and Mrs. Chinchilla, too; so he treated all mother-cats and their kittens more kindly after that.

THE LANGUAGE OF MONKEYS.

By the aid of the phonograph, Professor Garner, of England, has learned to speak the language of monkeys. He was led to this interesting but peculiar study by an accident.

Seven years ago, in the Zoological Gardens, he became impressed by the conduct of some monkeys who were frightened by a rib-nosed mandril. He observed that every movement of the mandril was closely watched and reported to those in the other compartments. This led him to conclude that the monkeys had a system of language, and that it would be possible to learn the monkey tongue much in the same way as men learn the language of a strange race of mankind.

His first difficulty was to utter the sounds he heard, next to recall them, and finally to translate them. By means of the phonograph, he found that monkeys perfectly understood sounds uttered by other monkeys when not in their presence, for he recorded the sounds of several animals, and had the record repeated to others that were separated. In this way he kept up a conversation between monkeys in different rooms.

After trying the experiment with the various tribes, he took to studying the sounds with a view to acquiring and understanding them so as to converse, if possible, with the animals. The first trial was successful beyond his expectations, while the astonishment of the monkeys at being spoken to in their own tongue by a biped is said to have been intense.

His conclusions are summarised under sixteen heads. The monkey language, he finds, has about eight or nine sounds, which may be changed by modulation into three or four times that number. Each race or kind has its own peculiar tongue slightly shaded into dialects. When caged together, one monkey will learn to understand the language of another kind, but does not try to speak it. They use their lips very much the same as men do when speaking, but rarely speak when alone or when not necessary.

Their speech, compared to their physical, mental, and social state, is in about the same relative condition as that of man by the same standard.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

"Keep to the right," as the law directs
For such is the rule of the road;
Keep to the right, whoever expects
Securely to carry life's load.

Keep to the right, with God and His Word,
Nor wander, though Folly allure;
Keep to the right, nor ever be turned
From what's faithful, and holy, and pure.

Keep to the right, within and without,
With stranger, and kindred, and friend;
Keep to the right, and you need have no doubt
That all will be well in the end.

Keep to the right in whatever you do,
Nor claim but your own on the way;
Keep to the right, and hold on to the true,
From the morn to the close of life's day.

IRISH WIT.--Some time ago, while I was trading in a village store, one of the clerks came to the junior partner, who was waiting on me, and said:

"Please step to the desk. Pat Flynn wants to settle his bill, and *wants a receipt*."

The merchant was evidently annoyed.

"Why, what does he want of a receipt?" he said; "we never give one. Simply cross his account off the book; that is receipt enough."

"So I told him," answered the clerk, "but he is not satisfied. You had better see him."

So the proprietor stepped to the desk, and, after greeting Pat with a "Good morning," said:

"You want to settle your bill, do you?"

Pat replied in the affirmative.

"Well," said the merchant, "there is no need of my giving you a receipt. See! I will cross your account off the book;" and, suiting the action to the word, he drew his pencil diagonally across the account. "That is as good as a receipt."

"And do ye mane that settles it?" exclaimed Pat.

"That settles it," said the merchant.

"And ye're shure ye'll never be afther askin me fur it again?"

"We'll never ask you for it again," said the merchant, decidedly.

"Faith, thin," said Pat, "I'll be afther kapin' me money in me pocket, for I haven't paid it."

The merchant's face flushed angrily as he retorted:

"Oh, well, I can rub that out."

"Faith, now, and *I thought that same*," said Pat.

It is needless to add that Pat got his receipt.

A SIMPLE REMEDY FOR POISON.—Persons disposed to the swallowing of poisons should cut this receipt out and paste it in their hat. A poison of any conceivable description and degree of potency, which has been intentionally or accidentally swallowed, may be rendered almost instantly harmless by swallowing two gills of sweet oil. An individual with a very strong constitution should take nearly twice the quantity. The oil will most positively neutralize every form of vegetable, animal or mineral poison with which physicians and chemists are acquainted.

SAVED BY PLUCK.

A STORY OF THE EASTERN SEAS.

BY WHITCHURCH SADLER. IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

HERE were only four of us left, and I suppose a more cadaverous-looking set never existed.

Never mind! our faces might be yellow, and our voices weak and quivering that evening, as we sat on the fore-castle of the old Polly, but what did it matter? The last cask of palm-oil had been shipped, the last pair of elephants'-teeth stowed away, and to-morrow we should leave the broad African river, where we had been idly waiting six months for our cargo, and make sail for old England.

"Yellow Jack" had pretty well taken command of the ship; and out of our small crew the chief mate and four seamen had found sailors' graves beneath the muddy waters of the Camaroons. Captain Southport, well-seasoned to the climate by previous voyages, had long held out, but even he had at length been attacked, and was now lying in his cabin half-delirious.

We could see the blacks well enough as they sat in a circle round a large fire, and I leaned over the side for some time watching their antics, until aroused by the mate's voice, as he laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Come, Tracy, never mind those niggers. Have some grog: it's a poor heart that never rejoices."

And first taking a long drink himself, he handed the pannikin on to me. Then, staring with all his eyes, he exclaimed—"Hallo! youngster; what do you mean by wasting good liquor like that?"

Yes, I was only a youngster, and this was my first voyage, but I had seen quite enough mischief done by this miscalled "good liquor;" and so, much to the mate's surprise, instead of raising the fiery fluid to my lips, I had quietly canted it overboard.

I waited a little bit longer on the fore-castle, hoping the men would turn in after another glass or so. With one of them, a fine young west-countryman, only two or three years older than myself, I had struck up a real friendship, and I tried hard to get him away.

"Come, Borlase; think what a head you will have in the morning! and we get under way at daylight."

"All right, I'm coming. Just one last glass to a fair breeze and a quick passage home to old Bristol."

So the "one last glass," which always leads to many more, was taken; and seeing that heavy drinking was setting in, I left the fore-castle and walked aft. The captain was asleep, at least his eyes were closed; but he was terribly restless. It seemed as if it were impossible for his head to keep still, and the gaunt, yellow face turned backwards and forwards on the pillow without cessation. There was no one but me to look after the sick man. I held some water to his lips, which he just managed to drink, and then stretched myself on the deck of the cabin.

"Prick for the softest plank" is a well-known saying among sailors, and often enough had I slept through a whole night watch when there was a steady breeze blowing and all was snug aloft, with nothing between me and the bare deck. But that evening, turn and twist about as I might, there didn't seem one soft plank in the cabin.

Then there were the cockroaches! Real monsters, these tropical torments: some two or three times the



"I SAW THE MATE LYING ON THE DECK, FACE DOWNWARDS."

size of the creatures bearing that name at home, which, if you take a lighted candle into the kitchen when all is quiet and the servants are gone to bed, you will see by hundreds scuttling away on the floor. There was no fear in these big fellows; a couple of dozen would suddenly take flight—for they not only have wings like all the beetle tribe, but they know how to use them—and then settle on your face, entangle themselves in your hair, and cling to your fingers as, shudderingly, you tried to brush them away.

Half a dozen rats pattered across the cabin to see if I was asleep, and finding I wasn't, pattered back again; but the ship swarmed with rats, and we were getting used to each other. The worst plague of all the murderers of gentle sleep that night was the smallest there was no escaping the tiny proboscis of the bloodthirsty mosquito. Giving yourself a sounding slap on the face, you congratulated yourself on having annihilated the enemy. No! the next morning he alighted on your marble forehead. Dislodged with unnecessary force from thence, he returned to the attack, and drew the ruby blood from the tip of your nose.

However, in spite of bite of monster cockroach, of pattering feet of rat, and hum of mosquito, at length I fell asleep; the latest sound in my ears being the roaring of a drunken chorus from the men forward, all now too far gone to give a thought to their sick captain.

It was broad daylight when I awoke, and I don't think my eyes were quite open before the remembrance rushed into my mind—and a very cheery thought it was too—that we were really and truly going to sail for dear old England on that day.

Jumping up in a moment, I leaned over the captain's cot. If anything, he seemed better; at all events he was sleeping quietly, and didn't look so feverish; so I went on deck with a light heart, nearly knocking my head against that of the young Cornish sailor who was coming down the little companion ladder as I was going up.

"Now then, Borlase, what is the matter? You look as yellow as a guinea! Don't you wish you had taken my advice last night, and turned in, instead of drinking all that vile rum?"

I spoke in a chaffing sort of manner, thinking he would answer in the same way, but the young fellow didn't say a word, only beckoned with his head towards the fore-castle. He looked frightened as well as ill, but I don't know that I thought much about it at the time. Anyway, we had to go on the fore-castle to see about getting the anchor up, so I walked forward with him, carelessly enough.

"You had better get below and call the mate."

But even as I spoke I saw the mate lying on the deck, face downwards, close to the fore-mast.

Now I began to understand the reason of that frightened look which the young sailor wore, and an awful chill crept over me as I stooped and lifted up the mate's head.

He was quite dead—struck by the "pestilence that walketh in darkness." The breath of the poisonous African swamps had destroyed him as he lay senseless on the deck after the drinking bout.

It was very horrible, but nothing could be done; so covering up the poor fellow's body with a flag, we went to the other side of the fore-castle. The remaining two men of the crew were stretched out at full length on the deck, looking deathly pale.

"They are sure to have the fever," said Borlase.

There was no doubt about that, I felt, as we rose from the deck after trying hard to rouse them from their insensibility, and gaining in return only the low mutterings of delirium.

What to do with these sick men was a puzzle. To carry them down one by one into their bunks in the fore-peak would be a difficult matter; and even if we did succeed at last in getting them safely below, the heat of the place and the foul smell of the bilge-water would be enough to take away all chance of recovery. Better far that they should remain on deck, where the fresh sea-breeze would blow over them.

So we fetched some bedding, and then with a spare sail contrived to rig up a sort of awning that would keep the burning rays of the tropical sun off their heads.

"There! That is all we can do for the present. Now let us man the windlass and get under way."

It was all very well saying that, but how the heavy anchor was to be got up to the bows, and sail to be made on the vessel, by two such small hands as Borlase and myself, I didn't exactly know. However, the young sailor seemed to look up to me, young as I was, as his commanding officer, and fetching up a couple of handspikes, he shipped them in readiness.

Then we manned the windlass—at least, if it could be called "manning," when I was only a boy, and my companion not much more. How we strained at those handspikes! We didn't do so badly at first, for there was a long scope of cable out, hanging in a bight, and the links came *clinking* in pretty freely through the hawse-holes.

But by-and-by, as the cable tautened, and the ship came closer up to her anchor, it was terribly hard work, and at length, when the cable was "up and down" (quite perpendicular), tug and strain as we might, the windlass refuse to turn one inch.

"It is no use, Borlase: knock off," I said at last, putting down the handspike.

I don't believe he could have given another heave, even if I had not said this, so white and exhausted he looked, as he leaned panting against the windlass, with the great beads of sweat pouring down his face.

What to do I knew not. But I was determined to get away from this pestilential river somehow or other, and at last I thought I saw my way clear. Evidently there was no hope of bringing the anchor up to the bows. Well, then, let it stop where it was, and slip the cable.

There were one or two things to be done first, though, and, unluckily, young Borlase seemed quite unable to move. So, by the time I had cast loose the jib ready for setting, gone aloft to let fall the fore topsail, and come down again, the sun was getting pretty high in the heavens, and scarcely a breath was left of the land wind.

Now it was this land wind which was wanted to waft us down the river. It might be awkward, seeing I was "captain, crew, loblolly boy and all," if it fell dead calm. Should I put off the undertaking for another day?

One glance at the sick men, and the young sailor, now beginning to look almost as bad as his messmates, decided the question. Not one other night should the old brig remain in the Camaroons.

Taking some blacksmith's tools in my hand, I went below, making my way to the bottom of the ship, where the chain cable was secured round the heel of the fore-mast. It was awkward work using that big blacksmith's hammer, and I knocked my finger nearly as often as I did the links while trying to strike out a rivet; but at last I succeeded, and the chain was cast loose.

Then I went on deck again, and "unpalling" the capstan, set the cable free to run out.

How the chain rushed out of the hawse-holes, twisting about the deck in convoluted folds, like a huge serpent!

At last the final link disappeared beneath the waters, and the ship was free.

The force of the current was tremendous; trees, native huts, mangrove swamps seemed to glide past, as the brig, broadside on, floated rapidly down the river. The jib must be set at once, but it took fully five minutes to hoist the little sail with my own hands; although on ordinary occasions a couple of us would run away easily with the jib halyards. Then after a little manoeuvring with the helm I managed to turn the vessel's head in the right direction down the stream. After this it was all plain sailing, although it took half an hour's good work setting the fore-topsail, hauling in one sheet at a time. In a few hours we were clear of the river, and the brig Polly, with her freight of living, dead, and dying was afloat on the broad ocean.

I don't suppose it has chanced to many people as it did to me that day, when I brought the Polly down from the fever-haunted Camaroons into the open sea, to be virtually in command of a ship before their sixteenth birthday had struck.

The command did not give me much pleasure at the time, I know—considering that the three last of my mess-mates were lying fever-stricken on the deck close by—and my troubles began with the sea-breeze, which set in directly we were clear of the river.

Very pleasant was this refreshing breeze, but unluckily it blew dead on shore, and the first puff threw the brig flat aback. In this predicament there were just three things that wanted to be done at the same time. However as I could not be in three places at once, I was obliged to do them one after the other.

The first was the helm. This at all events I was compelled to quit for the present. So I made the wheel fast, which was all I could do. Then I ran forward, and with great difficulty managed to trim the fore-topsail, so that it should be all right when I got the vessel on the starboard tack. Luckily there were two reefs in the sail before it was set, else it would have been altogether beyond my powers. Then, after attending to the jib, which all this time had been flapping violently, I went back to the wheel, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the vessel once more gathering way and slipping—slowly enough—through the water.

Soon I found, however, that although jib and fore-topsail did very well when coming down the river with a fair wind, yet now that the brig was close-hauled some sail further aft was absolutely necessary. She would scarcely steer at all, and kept falling off before the wind.

Now it was no use attempting to do anything with the main-topsail; it was altogether too big an affair for me to manage. But I did contrive, with much trouble, to set a corner of the boom-mainsail or spanker, and after that the difficulty in steering vanished. In fact I found that by giving her the least bit of lee helm, the vessel would steer herself. A great comfort this; for, making the wheel fast, I was able to run forward and have a look at the sick men. So full of work had I been all this time, that I had almost forgotten the existence of any one on board except myself and these poor fellows, so that hearing the tinkle of a bell while giving some drink to Borlase—the other two were quite insensible—I started up in sudden surprise.

It was the bell in the cabin. Going below, I found Captain Southport, to my great relief, quite sensible, and able to speak, although his voice was but a whisper.

"When did we get under way?" he asked—of course, he could tell by the motion of the ship that we were at sea.

"At eight o'clock this morning, sir."

"Then where are we now? and how is her head?"

"Sou' west and by south; close-hauled on the star-board tack, under fore-topsail, jib, and spanker."

I saw at once, before the answer came, what a mess I had made of it. "Foretopsail, jib, and spanker! Why doesn't the mate make more sail? Send him to me."

I was afraid, while the captain was in such a weak state, to let him know suddenly all our misfortunes, so I replied that the mate was too ill to come below. But I suppose my manner betrayed me, for after a little while he said, kindly, "Don't be afraid, Tracy; tell me all."

(To be continued).

THE MONEY GAME.—A person having in one hand a piece of copper, and in the other hand a piece of silver, you may tell in which hand he has the silver, and in which the copper, by the following method:—Some value represented by an even number, such as 8, must be assigned to the copper, and a value represented by an odd number, such as 3, must be assigned to the silver; after which desire the person to multiply the number in the right hand by any even number whatever, such as 2, and that in the left hand by an odd number, as 3. Then bid him add together the two products, and if the whole sum be odd, the copper will be in the right hand, and the silver in the left; if the sum be even, the contrary will be the case.

EXERCISE FOR THE LUNGS.—The following exercise in the fresh air is one of the best known:—

Hold head up, shoulders back, and chest out; inflate the lungs slowly through the nose until they are brimful; hold until you have counted ten, without opening your lips; exhale quickly till your lungs are as nearly empty of the bad air as it is possible to get them.

Repeat same exercise, trying to hold the lungs full while counting twenty. Try it again, and see if you can hold your breath half a minute. Finish up with three or four deep, long-drawn inspirations.

One of the best times for taking this exercise is when you are going to and from your work or studies. Hold your breath while walking ten steps, then twenty, etc. The advantage of being in the open air and sunshine is that the air is fresher than is generally found indoors.

Take this medicine three times a day, either before or after meals. If taken after, it will be found to greatly help digestion. If this exercise should make you dizzy at first, take it in smaller doses, until your blood can stand the stimulation of its purifier.

The daily practice of this out-door breathing exercise has been known to increase the size of the chest two inches in one month.

UNKIND.—A gentleman, finding that the diminution of his wood-pile continued after his fires went out, lay awake one night in order to obtain, if possible, some clue to the mystery. At an hour when "all honest folks should be in bed," he cautiously raised his chamber window, and saw a lazy neighbor endeavoring to get a large log into his wheelbarrow. "You're a pretty fellow," said the owner, "to come here and steal my wood while I sleep." "Yes," replied the thief, "and I suppose you would stay up there and see me break my back with lifting, before you'd offer to come down and help me."

Mrs. Bond—"Did you tell Mrs. Jawsmitth that I was out, Norah?"

Norah—"I did, mum."

Mrs. Bond—"Did she say anything?"

Norah—"She said, 'Thank goodness,' mum."

THE LITTLE BIRD TELLS.

IT'S strange how little boys' mothers
 Can find it all out as they do,
 If a feller does anything naughty,
 Or says anything that's not true :
 They'll look at you just for a moment,
 Till your heart in your bosom swells,
 And then they know all about it--
 For a little bird tells !

Now where the little bird comes from
 Or where the little bird goes,
 If he's covered with beautiful plumage,
 Or black as the king of the crows ;
 If his voice is as hoarse as the raven's,
 Or clear as the ringing bells,
 I know not ; but this I am sure of--
 A little bird tells !

The moment you think a thing wicked,
 The moment you do a thing bad,
 Or angry, or sullen, or hateful,
 Get ugly, or stupid, or mad :
 Or tease a dear brother or sister--
 That instance your sentence he knells,
 And the whole to mamma in a minute
 That little bird tells !

You may be in the depths of the closet
 Where nobody sees but a mouse ;
 You may be all alone in the cellar,
 You may be on the top of the house ;
 You may be in the dark and silence.
 Or out in the woods and the dells--
 No matter ! Wherever it happens,
 The little bird tells !

And the only contrivance to stop him
 Is just to be sure what you say--
 Sure of your facts and your fancies.
 Sure of your work and your play ;
 Be honest, be brave, and be kindly,
 Be gentle and loving as well,
 And then you can laugh at the stories
 The little bird tells !

A FEW TOO MANY.—The Emperor Adrian, going to the public baths one day, saw an old soldier, who had served under him, rubbing his back against the marble wall. The Emperor, who was a wise, and therefore a curious, inquisitive man, sent for the soldier, and asked him why he resorted to that kind of friction. "Because," replied the veteran, "I am too poor to have slaves to rub me down." The Emperor was touched, and gave him slaves and money. The next day, when Adrian went to the baths, he could see all the old men in the city rubbing themselves against the marble as hard as they could. The Emperor sent for them, and asked them the same question which he had put to the soldier. The cunning old rogues, of course, made the same answer. "Friends," said Adrian, "since there are so many of you, you will just rub one another."

TO CLEAN WALL PAPERS. The value of stale bread for the purpose of cleaning wall papers is very generally known, and its service more largely requisitioned than that of all other substances. It is splendid for the job, and deservedly in favor, but in many respects is not equal to the comparatively unknown "dough" process. The latter is cheaper, quicker, leaves no dust or crumbs about, and, with moderate care, will make an equally good job with a far less expenditure of labour. The dough for this purpose is simply a mixture of coarse flour and water, the coarser the flour the better, of rather stiffer consistency than for a pudding. About 1 lb. or 1½ lbs. of flour will be sufficient to clean the walls of, at least, one good-sized room, even though the paper be very dirty.

The loose dust on the walls should first be removed by a soft broom or brush, and then the lump of dough passed lightly over the paper, when it will be seen to remove the dirt in its path as effectively as an india-rubber squeegee removes liquid mud from an asphalt road. The dough in use works soft, and in consequence it will be found desirable to have some flour in a bowl to roll it in occasionally.

If not intending to wash the ceiling, it may with advantage be treated the same as the walls, though, if thus done, it will not, of course, have the brilliant whiteness of a fresh-washed ceiling.

By this means, in less than an hour, you will clean the walls and ceiling of a room 14 ft. by 12 ft. by 8 ft. The walls and ceiling may be very dirty and smoky, and the walls show in very pronounced patches the parts that had been covered by pictures, pier-glass, furniture, etc., but when finished they will present an evenly clean appearance, suggestive of new paper; the ceiling will also look very clean and presentable, though previously blackened by smoke.

Certainly, for simplicity, ease, cheapness, and the facility with which this work can be done by any one without any previous experience of such, this method of cleaning must commend itself to all who are actively desirous of securing a clean, attractive and healthy home.

ALL-A-RIGHT.—She was just a little clerk in a store, a novice at the work, but very willing to be taught, courteous and obliging to everybody, and with one phrase that seemed to fill all places and conditions. When she made one of those trifling mistakes which the new clerk always makes, and was reprimanded for it by the general manager, she would listen carefully, and, when he had finished, would nod her head, and answer pleasantly, "All-a-right."

Not knowing our speech well, she was chary of using it, and although she smiled on all her fellow-clerks, she had little to say to them. They liked her, and were at pains to tell her the rules of the house, and she would listen, and in the sweetest way imaginable utter a soft "Thank you."

For the crowds of shopping women who handled her goods, and kept her taking down bales and bales of them for their inspection, she had always the one happy phrase, even when they told her they did not want the goods: "All-a-right."

One day there was an accident. Going home at the noon hour, the girls stepped under a scaffolding that came crashing down upon them. Only one was hurt. The ambulance was soon there, and loving hands prepared to lift her tenderly into it, although all knew that her hurt was mortal. But she, brave little woman, looked with wide-open, far-seeing eyes into the blue noon sky, and as her whitening lips moved, and a smile settled on her face, they heard the quaint old phrase, her last words on earth: "All-a-right."



YOUNG CANADIAN TANGLES.

Tangle Prize for September. "IDENA," a book of beautiful stories. Competition commences Tangle No. 42 in this number, and closes October 14th, with answer to Tangle No. 57, the last given for September. Competitions must be sent in weekly, and must be mailed before the answers appear.

ED. TANGLES.

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 45.—MISSING LETTER PUZZLE.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.
Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long.
So making life, death, and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song."

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 46.—BURIED COUNTRIES.

1. China. 2. Tibet.

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 47.—SQUARE WORD.

A	R	C	H
R	A	R	E
C	R	A	B
H	E	B	E

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 48.

FLOWERS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. Bluebell. 2. Hollyhock. 3. Sweet William.
4. Wallflower. 5. Foxglove. 6. Primrose.

TANGLE No. 52.—WHEEL PUZZLE.

Draw a wheel with eight spokes; in the centre place a vowel, the last letter of each word. Number all the spokes, beginning at the top and going down the right side. If the letters on the rim are read in the order given, they will form the name of a famous general. The following are the words for the spokes.—1. A girl's name. 2. To refer to. 3. That which is hard to find out. 4. A fruit. 5. A town in India. 6. Part of a train. 7. A river in North America. 8. A stinging plant.

TANGLE No. 53.—SINGLE ACROSTIC.

My initials, read downwards, form the name of a river in Africa.
1. A county of Ireland. 2. A river in Russia. 3. A girl's name. 4. An island of Africa.

TANGLE No. 54.—CHARADE.

My first is the cause of my second; and my whole is made sacred by God.

(Answers in No. 37.)

DR. TAIT'S JOKE.

Preaching a trial sermon in the presence of an audience of only two persons must, in any case, be a trial to one's nerves, especially so when the two happen to be the late Dr. Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the late Dean Stanley. We read of such an unfortunate young candidate for priest's orders so preaching in that awful presence. In his confusion he stammered out, as he began "I will divide my congregation into two, the converted and the unconverted." Dr. Tait interrupted him with "I think, sir, as there are only two of us, you had better say which is which."



It is always a genuine pleasure for me to hear from my young friends on any point on which they have anything to ask.—Ed. Post Bag.

DAN. HURON.—Spinach was first cultivated in Arabia, and peas are supposed to be of Egyptian origin.

K. G.—The island of Montreal was first visited by Jacques Cartier, on the 2nd of October, 1535. The Algonquin village of twelve hundred was then named Hochelaga, and the Frenchman was well received, supplies of fish and maize being freely offered in return for beads, knives, small mirrors, and crucifixes. Hochelaga was even then a centre of importance, having eight or ten settlements subject to it. After Jacques Cartier's visit nothing was ever heard of it till 1611, when Champlain left Quebec for Hochelaga, with the intention of establishing there a trading station. During this visit the fertility of the ground was tested, and before returning to Quebec, Champlain held conferences with many Huron and Algonquin Indians, who had come to meet him in the vicinity of the present Laehne Rapids. Two years later, Champlain visited Hochelaga again, but it was not until 1640 that a permanent establishment was attempted on the island of Montreal. In that year a society, designated "La Compagnie de Montreal" was formed in Paris for the promotion of religion in the colony. This company consisted of about thirty persons of wealth, who proposed to build a regular town and protect it against the Indians by means of fortifications. Maisonneuve, a distinguished and pious soldier from Champagne, was chosen to lead the expedition and direct the Company. The sanction of the King of France having been obtained, priests and colonists were sent out, and on the 17th of May, 1642, Ville-Marie was solemnly consecrated. The spot chosen for the ceremony was near the foot of the mountain.

BOBBIE.—The velocity of sound was determined experimentally, by the members of the Bureau of Longitude, of Paris, in June 1822. A cannon was placed on a hill near Paris, and another on a plateau at a distance of 61,045 feet. A gun was fired at each station twelve times at intervals of ten minutes. Observers, by means of accurate and delicate watches, noted the time which elapsed between the flash and the sound. The mean of the observations gave 546 seconds. This was the time the sound required to travel from one station to the other.

R. N.—The electric eel is so called because it has the power of delivering electric shocks. It is a native of South America. When full grown, it attains a length of five or six feet. It is captured by an ingenious but somewhat cruel process. A herd of wild horses are driven into the water. The alarmed eels call forth the terrors of their invisible artillery to repel the intruders, and discharge their pent-up lightnings with fearful rapidity and force. Gliding under the frightened horses they press themselves against their bodies, and by shock after shock generally succeed in drowning several of the poor animals. They have then spent all their powers and can be taken without danger.

NOVA SCOTIA.—Not long ago I heard it stated that a musk-rat is enabled to travel under the ice of a frozen river or lake for a considerable distance by breathing against the ice roof, where the bubbles of gas collect, and where it thus gets a fresh supply of oxygen.

J. H.—The fastest speed run by a railroad train was a mile in 10½ seconds.

M. W.—The fur of hare and rabbit skins is used to make the ordinary felt hats. In England, men and boys make a regular trade of going around to collect the skins, in much the same way as men do here for rags and bottles.

BAD MEMORY.—Some kind friend has written to me, saying—"Tell Bad Memory to write what he wants to remember across his looking glass with soap. With me it has never failed."

PUNCTUATION.—Points were first used about 200 B.C., by Aristophanes, a grammarian of Alexandria, but did not come into general use for many years. The modern system of punctuation was invented by Manutius, a learned Venetian printer, at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

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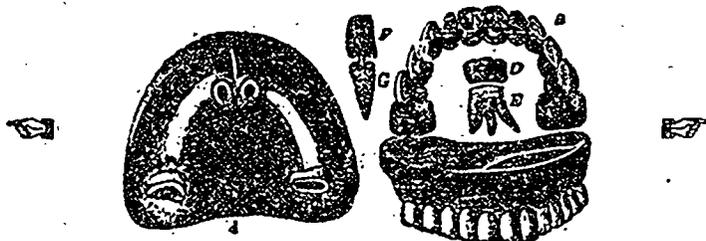
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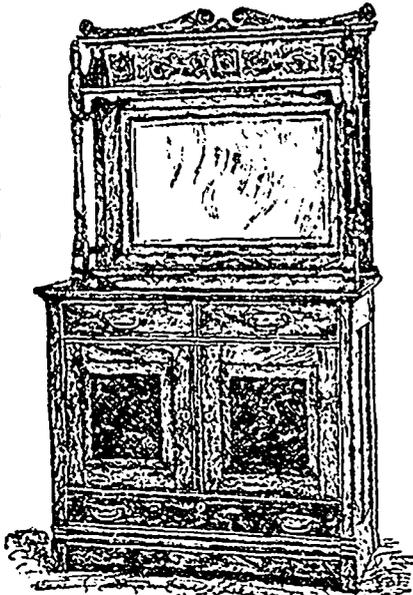
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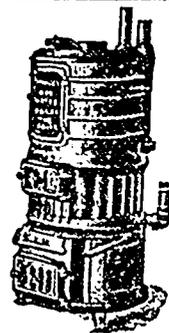
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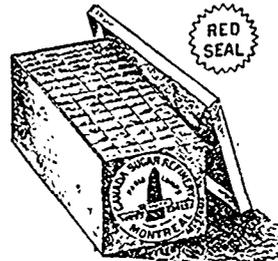
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