

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

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

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

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

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.

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

COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER

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

Vol. 1. 1st Issue 31 Jan 1911



THE YOUNG CANADIAN

No. 28.



+ INSIST ON HAVING +

Pearl's SOAP.

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

There is nothing so good as

PEARL'S SOAP.

It has stood the test for 100 YEARS.

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 READE, on "The Coming Man."



SPACKMAN & CO., BARRON BLOCK

104 St. James Street, MONTREAL, P.Q.

GEO. BENGOUGH,

4 Adelaide Street West, TORONTO, Ont.

SHORTHAND INSTITUTE and Remington Type Writing School,

MRS. J. BULLOCK, Principal.

5TH FLOOR, ROOMS 97A TO 99A TEMPLE BUILDING.

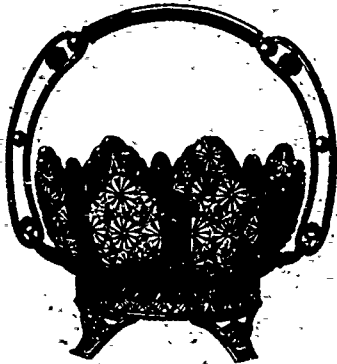
ILLUSTRATED MONTREAL,
 THE BEST SOUVENIR PUBLISHED!
 A CONCISE HISTORY OF THE CITY. UPWARDS OF 40 CHOICE ENGRAVINGS.
 No Canadian should be without it, and no visitor should fail to secure one.
 AT ALL BOOKSELLERS, OR OF THE PUBLISHER, WINDSOR HOTEL TICKET OFFICE.
 PRICE, 75 CENTS.
 IN COVER READY FOR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

SECURITY. Organized 1850. LARGE PROFITS.
THE UNITED STATES LIFE
 INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK
 Issues all plans of old-line Life Insurance, also the favorite business man's policy, the CONTINUABLE TERM. Write or call for particulars.
 E. A. COWLEY, Manager Prov. of Quebec.
 INDISPUTABILITY. 180 ST. JAMES STREET. PROMPT PAYMENTS.

CHAS. ALEXANDER.
Alexander PURE CONFECTIONERY.
 LUNCHEON AND COFFEE ROOM.
 Candles and Bon-Bons, own manufacture. Wedding Cakes a specialty.
 219 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

TRY ALEXANDER'S COUGH DROPS.
 WELL RECOMMENDED

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.

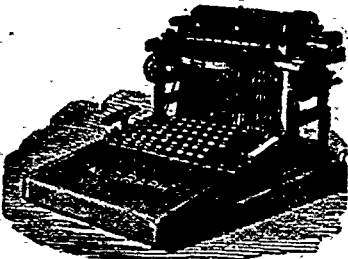


16 & 18 DeBresoles Street,
MONTREAL.
Tea Sets, Butter Dishes,
Waiters, Wine Stands,
Cruets, Eperones,
Pickle Costers, Fruit Stands.
 REPLATING A SPECIALTY.

Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors of the celebrated Wm. Rogers Knives, Forks, Spoons, &c.
 MANUFACTURERS OF THE
FINEST QUALITY SILVER-PLATED WARE.
 A. J. WHIMBEY, Manager for Canada.

CALIGRAPH!

GREATEST SPEED.



THE MOST DURABLE.

Best for Manifold; 100,000 Daily Users.
 CIRCULARS ON APPLICATION.

AGENTS FOR QUEBEC AND EASTERN ONTARIO

MORTON PHILLIPS & CO.,

Stationers, Blank Book Makers and Printers,

1755 & 1757 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL.

BOY'S SCHOOL SUITS

—IN—
TWEED AND SERGE.

Stylish! Durable!! Cheap!!!

AT SPECIALLY LOW PRICES.

CALL EARLY AND SELECT.

JOHN AITKEN & CO.,

1757 NOTRE DAME STREET.

Bell Telephone 1982. Established 1847.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address: E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

OLD COINS.—P. N. BRETON, the popular Numismatist, buys and sells Rare Canadian Coins, and makes a specialty to provide Museums and Institutions with Collections, at reasonable prices; also, the publisher of Breton's Illustrated Canadian Coin Collector, 313 illustrations, for 50 cents. Address 1664 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Can.

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.

DR. FULTON cures by LETTER or INTERVIEW all forms of Piles, Pimples, Catarrhs, Skin Diseases, Nervous Complaints, Tumors and Enlarged Glands, WITHOUT OPERATIONS. Enquiry FREE. Hours 1 to 10 p.m. 2444 St. Catherine street, Bell Telephone, 3351.

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, *post free*, on application to

LYMAN, SONS & CO., - MONTREAL.

LOVELL'S

CANADIAN COPYRIGHT SERIES OF CHOICE FICTION.

LATEST ISSUES:

| | |
|---|--------|
| Name and Fame, by Adeline Sergeant..... | \$0.30 |
| Alas, by Rhoda Broughton..... | 30 |
| A Double Knot, by Geo. Manville Fenn..... | 30 |
| Lady Maude's Mania..... | 30 |
| A Hidden Foe, by G. A. Henry..... | 30 |
| Brooke's Daughter, by Adeline Sergeant..... | 30 |
| The Risen Dead, by Florence Maryat..... | 30 |
| Pretty Miss Smith, by Florence Vardon..... | 30 |
| A Life for a Love, by L. T. Meade..... | 30 |
| Good-Bye, by John Strange Winter..... | 25 |

CANADIAN AUTHORS' SERIES:

| | |
|--|----|
| A Daughter of St. Peters, by Janet C. Conger..... | 30 |
| Marie Gourdon, by Maud Ogilvy..... | 50 |
| Brighter Spheres, by Spiritus..... | 30 |
| The Crime of Paul Sacristan, by Arthur Campbell..... | 30 |
| When the Shadows Flew Away, by Bernard..... | 30 |

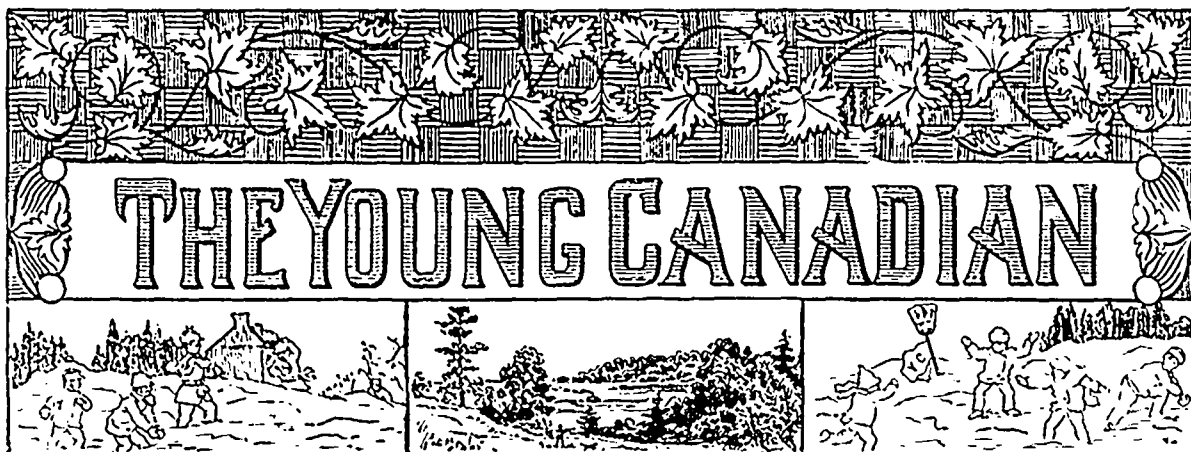
* Sent by mail on receipt of price; if not to be had of your local bookseller.

JOHN LOVELL & SON,

MONTREAL, April, 1891.

Publishers.

DECKER BROTHERS' THE STANDARD AMERICAN PIANOS.
 AWARDED BRONZE MEDAL, PHILADELPHIA, 1876.
HEINTZMAN & CO., TORONTO, Canada's Standard Piano Makers.
 C. W. LINDSAY, 2270 St. Catherine Street, MONTREAL.
 SOLE AGENT FOR THESE CELEBRATED PIANOS.
 TERMS EASY.



Printed and Published by THE YOUNG CANADIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, — M. P. MURRAY Secretary 111 Mackay Street, Montreal.

No. 28. Vol. I.

Montreal, Wednesday, August 5, 1891.

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

THE SERFS.

FROM THE GERMAN BY JAMES F. COBB.

CHAPTER I.

AT the beginning of the present century the kingdom of Prussia, now so vast and formidable, was crushed and powerless. Her armies had been utterly shattered and dispersed by Napoleon on the field of Jena, and by the peace of Tilsit she had been robbed of more than half her dominions. But beside the oppression and tyranny of a foreign conqueror, Prussia suffered from still worse evils: the peasantry were ground down and shamefully treated by the nobles; serfdom existed in all its horrors, men and women born on the estates of landed proprietors were really the slaves of their masters; there was no law to protect them, they had no liberty of action, they had to endure every kind of hardship, and were often treated with barbarous cruelty.

It was during this period of Prussia's deep degradation that a good and great man, a true patriot, set to work to restore life and power to the state. He saw plainly enough that it could only be strong where it was supported by the goodwill of the people, when the citizens were independent, contented, and strong, and the peasantry free and happy. He determined, therefore, to effect a thorough reform in the Prussian constitution; but the one grand measure which he proposed and never rested till he carried out was the abolition of serfage throughout the whole of the Prussian States. This he happily accomplished in the autumn of 1807. This famous statesman was Baron von Stein. Berlin has erected a noble statue to his memory, an honour of which he is certainly worthy.

It was late in the summer of 1807 when our story begins. Serfdom was in full force, and no one then had any suspicion that Von Stein was planning its abolition.

In the small room of a cottage in a village of Silesia a blooming young girl of about eighteen was sitting at a window, occupied in her work. Her face was bright and cheerful, and as she sat there a smile played round her mouth. Only now and then, when she turned her head and gazed at a very old man, who sat bent down behind the stove, did a shadow pass over her merry features.

The old man was the girl's grandfather, and had been blind for many years. His deeply-sunk eyes were com-

pletely closed. Not age alone, but sorrow and trouble too, had graven numerous and deep furrows in the old man's face.

He grasped a staff in both hands, upon which, bending forward, he supported himself. He, too, often turned his head towards his grandchild. His blinded eyes indeed could not see her, but his wonderfully keen ear seemed to take in all her movements.

Life had dealt hardly with the old man, and deeply bent him down. Once he, too — although he was a serf, and his work and his life belonged to the master of the soil alone — felt happy, for wife and children had surrounded him, and he had not always been blind. His wife had died long since, and of all his children only a son had been left to him. But he had married, and now he, too, as well as his wife, had been dead for years, and the aged man was left quite alone, with their only child, his granddaughter.

The young girl repeatedly got up and went to look out of the window.

"Well, what are you looking at, Marie?" asked the



HEINRICH'S RETURN FROM THE CASTLE WITH GOOD NEWS.

old man, who had noticed her movements. "What is there outside?"

"Nothing," replied Marie.

"Child, you must have some reason for going so often to the window. Or do you think that my old ears can deceive me? My eyes, indeed, have never seen you, but I heard the beating of your heart when you were scarcely an hour old. I know your inward feelings, your heart, as well as I know my own, for one who has been deprived of eyesight has a keen and sharp sense of hearing."

The girl was silent. Slightly blushing, she looked down on her work.

"Marie," continued the old man, "do you no longer trust me?"

There was a gentle reproach in his words.

"Yes, yes, indeed, grandfather!" exclaimed Marie, springing up and going to him. She put her hand on his shoulder. "You know, indeed, that I trust you always, and in everything. Heinrich was with me this morning and promised me that he would go to the Castle to ask the consent of the Lord of the Manor to our marriage. He must be there now; he may return any moment; and, therefore, I was looking out of the window for him."

The old man contracted his eyebrows gloomily. He heaved a deep sigh.

"And you believe that the Count will give his consent?" he exclaimed. "You think he will allow you to be made happy? Child, if so, he must during the night have become a very different man from what I have known him to be for so many years!"

"I still hope we shall be happy," the girl interrupted him. "His kind and gracious daughter has promised to intercede for us with her father, and what can he have to say against it? Why should he not give his consent?"

"Why not? Because he never grants a joy or happiness to any of his serfs; because he does not carry with him a heart possessing any feelings of humanity; because he treats us, his serfs, worse than his dogs."

"You hate him, grandfather," exclaimed the girl.

"Yes, I hate him, because I know him, because I have known him ever since he was a boy. Even then it was his greatest pleasure to tread down and destroy the fruits and seeds of the poor serfs. With his dogs he drove away from the Castle-yard any who came to his father to beg for his fruits. Oh! more than once has his mocking laughter penetrated to my ears, when his savage dogs have torn down a poor peasant! Look, now he has become a man and his heart is still more hardened. I often lament over my blindness, and yet I rejoice that I can no more see him. Yes, I hate him; I hate his whole race; for no kindly blood flows in their veins. You are young, child; you still believe what you hope for; willingly would I sacrifice my old life, if thereby I could purchase your happiness. Do not build any hopes on the Count, put no trust in him. It cuts doubly deep into the heart, when one has confidently expected a happiness and nothing has come out of it in the end."

In spite of the old man's words the girl did not lose her cheerful confidence; an inner voice seemed to call out to her, "The Lord of the manor will, nevertheless, give his consent."

A young man at this moment rushed into the room. Joy and happiness beamed from his eyes. Marie sprang up and hastened to meet him.

"Heinrich! Heinrich!" she exclaimed, "has the proprietor given his consent?"

"Yes, he has given it," he replied. "Now you are mine, mine indeed, and in four weeks our wedding will take place," he continued in a tone of most joyous excitement. "I scarcely know how I have come hither from

the Castle. I have run so fast that I might be the first to tell you this good news."

"And was the Count friendly with you?" inquired the girl anxiously.

"Friendly! Oh, no! But now everything is indifferent to me, since you are mine!" exclaimed the lad. "On my way up to the Castle I felt, indeed, somewhat heavy at heart. You know that I am not timid, but still I feared to present myself before the Count and make my petition to him. He can be so fierce and savage, nothing will ever make him relent. Then the gracious lady, his daughter, met me in the Castle-yard, nodded kindly to me and told me not to be afraid, for she had said a good word for us to her father. This gave me all my courage back again, and I stood undaunted before the Count. He looked at me, indeed, very morosely; her reproached me for thinking myself better than the other lads in the village, and because I seemed to pride myself on being able to read and write. Still, I was to remember that I was nothing more than his serf, and that if he gave orders I must tend his geese till my dying day. Hard, indeed, did his words fall upon my heart, but I mastered myself and thought only of you, and in nothing betrayed to him the anger I felt at such words. At last he became quieter and granted me his consent. Next Sunday our names will be published in church, and in five weeks you will be mine for ever--my wife!"

In silence the old man listened to everything. Now he arose, and leaning on his stick stood upright.

Full of tender affection, Marie hastened up to him and threw her arms around him. "See, grandfather," she exclaimed, "you did make a mistake. You told me I was not to hope, but my heart called out so loudly within me that I could not be deceived."

"Child! child!" exclaimed the old man in a deep voice as he passed his right hand over her forehead, "God grant that I may be wrong; still, I cannot yet believe in your happiness: indeed I cannot. Do you think that the Count will ever forgive Heinrich for being cleverer than the other serfs, because his father had him taught reading and writing by the pastor? You don't know him as I know him. He has promised you a happiness in order to wound you all the more deeply by disappointment; no heart beats in his breast, he knows no compassion, no pity. Fear him, hate him, but do not hope for anything from him!"

"You go too far, Rude," Heinrich interrupted him. "Neither Marie nor I have done him any injury that he should bear a grudge against us."

The old man laughed bitterly.

"Ha! ha! He hates you because you are his serfs, as he hates all serfs. Done him no injury, indeed! If you had he would have had you whipped,—whipped to death! Oh, he knows well enough how to handle the whip himself! You have not tasted it yet, he has spared you hitherto, therefore you believe that he is not cruel! Children, look at my blind eyes—but, no, no," he interrupted himself, "I will carry it with me to the grave. You would not believe it, you could not understand how a man could be so inhuman! May God preserve you from the wrath of this man!"

Heinrich and Marie left the room. They sat down on the bench before the humble cottage, clasping each other's hands.

"Do you believe the Count could really be so cruel as to withdraw his consent and break his promise?" Marie inquired of her lover. "Could he have given us his consent only in order to make us more miserable?"

"I don't believe it," replied the young man. "Your grandfather has a strange hatred against the Lord of the Manor and his whole family. He must at one time have suffered some grievous wrong from him, or the old man

could never be so unforgiving, for to all other persons he is so good and gentle."

"Often has my grandfather remarked that the Count has destroyed the entire happiness of his life," remarked Marie; "but what he did to him I know not."

They talked now of the happiness of the future, of the bright, pleasant days which they would spend in their own peaceful home.

"My heart is so full and happy," exclaimed Heinrich, "that I could shout for joy! Now no one shall snatch you from me—no one! And if your grandfather were really right, if the Count had only given his promise in order to wound us the more, he shall not attain his object. If it really come to that, then, Marie, we would flee! Calm yourself, my dear girl; do not be frightened. Only yesterday I read in the paper which the pastor takes that in other lands the peasants are no longer serfs, that they are as free as the citizens in the towns, as free even as the nobles. We will flee then, together, to another land. Work I can find everywhere, and you know that I can work. Day and night will I exert myself, so that you may be comfortable. Yes, Marie, at my side you shall never suffer want—no, never!"

For years they had loved each other deeply and faithfully. They had played together as children, and the bond which had begun in the children's hearts had more strongly and firmly bound them together as they grew up.

At last Heinrich rose.

"I must go, Marie," he said, as he took the girl's right hand in both his own; "my father knows that I had gone to the Castle, he is expecting me, and I do not want to delay any longer telling him of our happiness. I know how it will delight him, for he seemed to have very little hope, though he did not confess so to me."

They parted.

The girl remained standing at the house-door, to watch her lover as he passed through the village. How proudly and boldly the lad walked! Yes, he was the handsomest youth in the whole village, everyone must confess; and the cleverest, too. Though his father was, indeed, a serf, like all the other peasants, yet he was not without some property. He had several horses, and the best corn always grew upon his fields.

Thrift, industry, and prudence had done this for him. He ranked as the first in the village, and all that he possessed above others he had attained by his own efforts. And no one envied him on this account, because he readily helped everyone who applied to him. Schober (such was his name) had not, indeed got the goodwill of the Count, nor of his bailiff. Both had a grudge against him, because they knew too well that the peasants listened more to his words than to their commands. Schober did not trouble himself about it, for his was a firm, straightforward character. Much as his serfdom vexed him in secret, he never forgot the circumstances in which he lived, and which he could not alter. Often when the peasants complained to him about the hard labour and the bailiff's severity, and it only required a word to drive them into rebellion, it was he who calmed them down.

"Endure it, as I endure it," he would say to them; "we are only serfs, and cannot change our condition. See, the bailiff oppresses me even more than you, because he dislikes me; but I do my work with patience, and because I give him no cause for anger he cannot punish me. What can't be cured must be endured."

His entire happiness Schober sought for in his family. Besides Heinrich he had a daughter, and on these two children all his love was centred. For their sakes he would bear the hardest things himself.

"Only endure and bear it," he often said to them. "You are still young, and, if I am not greatly deceived,

you will see better days than I have ever known. Serfdom must some day come to an end, and you will surely live to see the blessed day, though I may be in my grave before it comes.

Three weeks had passed away since the day when Heinrich had received the permission of the Lord of the Manor for his marriage. Twice had his name and Marie's been called in church, and the day on which they were for ever to be united to each other was approaching very near.

Schober's house was full of bustle and activity. Preparations were being made for the coming wedding. Schober determined to spare no expense that they might celebrate this day as merrily as possible.

"No one can reproach me if I spend more upon it than others can afford to do," he said cheerfully. "What I possess I have earned myself by the sweat of my brow, and it is my full, free property. When I was married myself it was very different, for my father was poor. I was wedded as quietly as possible and did not even have a new coat to go to church in. But I have learned that happiness does not depend upon a coat, for I have lived many a year happily with my wife, and a blessing has always rested on my house."

In old Rude's house Heinrich and Marie were to set up their new home. All was already made neat and comfortable for them there.

"Now my good girl," exclaimed Schober to Marie, as she entered his house and he held out his hand to welcome her, "one can see by your eyes that you are to be married in a few days, they are so bright with joy."

"Should I not, indeed, rejoice?" said Marie.

"Yes, indeed you ought," replied Schober. "Things must be bad indeed if you put on a sad face; only keep your cheerful spirit for later years, that is the best dowry that you can bring to Heinrich. And what does your grandfather say to it now? Does he still fear that the Count will withdraw his consent?"

"He says no more about it, but I know that he still has that fear."

"Do not let yourself be troubled about it, child," continued Schober; "the old man has had so much sorrow in his life, and such sad days, that he dares not hope for any happiness. I cannot share his anxiety. For several days past the bailiff has been kinder to me than ever before, and I shall take care to avoid doing anything that may annoy him."

At that moment the bailiff entered the house. Little reason as Schober had to fear him, yet he could not help an involuntary shudder at the sight of this man. It was he who carried into execution all the cruelties of the Count, and urged him on to greater severity. To torture the poor serfs was his greatest pleasure, and when he entered any house in the village he always brought bad news with him.

His appearance, too, was enough to inspire aversion. He was ugly and the coarsest vices were stamped in his features. Given up to drink, his eyes had a fixed, unpleasant look. There was no pity in them. Rough, domineering and cruel towards the serfs, to the Count he was cringing and submissive.

His cunning eye had noticed Schober's shudder, and a smile curled round his lip.

"Well everything here seems already arranged for the wedding," he said, glancing round. "I hear that you are doing everything to celebrate the day as grandly as possible."

"He is my only son," replied Schober; "it is his wedding-day, so I will do everything which can give him joy. You would certainly do the same."

"Indeed I should," replied the bailiff; "such a day does not come every year, and when my son marries, no

one shall say that I have acted the miser. But I want to speak to you, Schober."

The peasant looked at him inquiringly.

"Not here," continued the bailiff. "I want to speak with you alone."

"Come into the room with me then," said Schober leading the way. "What have you to say?" he inquired when they had entered the room.

For a moment the bailiff appeared to be seeking for words.

"Well, I will tell you without any further hesitation what has brought me to you," he said at last. "I came to you in my son's name; the lad has fallen in love with your daughter, and cannot get the girl out of his mind. I should have liked it better had he chosen a free maiden out of the town; however, he believes that he can only be happy with your daughter, and I will not put any hindrance in the way of his happiness."

"With my daughter!" exclaimed Schober, astonished and terrified at the same time.

"Yes, with your daughter," continued the bailiff. "The lad had not the courage to come and speak to you himself,—you know how shy he is, so I had to come myself to demand your daughter's hand for him."

"For my Anna's hand?" repeated Schober.

The blood had vanished from his cheeks, with fixed eyes he stared at the bailiff.

"Yes, indeed, with your Anna. You have but the one girl!" said the bailiff angrily. "Why do you stare at me in such amazement?" he added. "Does the honour of being father-in-law to my son appear too great for you? The Count has promised him that he shall succeed me in my office, and I think that a bailiff in the Castle here need never want to change with any burgher in the town."

Schober still could not master his amazement. His child, his daughter, to whom he was devoted with his whole heart, could he give her to the son of the man whom he despised and hated? And was this son any better than his father? Did he not always look on with the greatest joy when any of the serfs were beaten and punished?

"Come, give me your answer to my demand," continued the bailiff.

"My daughter is not suitable for your son," replied Schober, trying to avoid the question. "I do not even know whether her heart is free, whether she could love your son."

"Ah! ah! that can soon be settled," the man interrupted him, laughing rudely. "Have you so little power over your own child that you dare not say to her, 'You must take him for a husband?' And why is not the girl suitable for my son? I will help him to make an excellent housewife out of her. You have, indeed, spoiled the girl somewhat; but my son, thank God, is not so very soft-hearted, he will show her he has a will of his own when she becomes his wife. Now speak plainly—yes or no!"

For a moment the peasant struggled within himself, then he replied, calmly and decidedly, "No. I cannot give my child to your son."

The bailiff started back. He did not seem to have expected this. Fury rose within him; however, he concealed it beneath a bitter smile.

"You cannot?" he exclaimed. "Indeed! indeed! and why can't you? You will, at least, tell me your reasons. I am curious to hear them."

"Yes, you shall hear them," replied the peasant, who could no longer repress his indignation. "I will tell you my reasons. My child is too dear to me, and too good, for me to give her to your son! She is too good to become the wife of a bailiff; who tortures his brothers and

sisters, and treats them with cruel harshness. Yes; don't look so darkly at me: I know that you will now hate me more than ever, but I will not, I dare not, purchase your friendship at the price of my child's misery, and therefore I will never give my consent, even were my daughter blind enough to wish it!"

Loudly and bitterly laughed the bailiff. Coming close up to the peasant he stood before him in a threatening attitude, his whole figure trembling with rage.

"And this is your decision to my request? this is your last word?" he inquired.

"It is my last word," replied Schober, in a suppressed voice.

"You shall repent it then more than any words you ever spoke in your life!" said the bailiff, breaking out into fury. "I will break down your pride! I will bend your neck! Ha, ha! Your girl too good to be the wife of my son! On your knees shall you implore me that he should take her! You are a miserable serf, and nothing more. This very day, if the Count orders it, I can swing the whip over your back; and I give you my word for it, you shall soon make its acquaintance. Upon your back will I write every word in blood which you have spoken to me to-day!"

Schober's cheeks were pale; he, too, trembled with excitement.

"I know that you will revenge yourself on me," he replied: "do it; I shall bear it; but at least you shall not destroy the happiness of my child's life."

In the most violent rage the bailiff left the room and the house.

With hasty steps the peasant paced up and down the room. The threatening clouds which were hanging over his head filled him with anxiety, and yet he must confess that he could not have acted otherwise, that he could not sacrifice his child.

An hour before, how cheerfully and happily had he been looking forward to the morrow! now suddenly all his happiness seemed to be destroyed, as well as all the peace and welfare of his family, for which he had toiled for many long years.

He passed his hand over his brow as if to drive away the trouble which so heavily weighed down upon him. For himself he did not tremble; he would bear everything with composure, but for his family he was in dismay. For many years he had known the bailiff, and he knew how savage he was if he had been offended. Heinrich burst into the room in consternation.

"What has happened, father?" he inquired; "the bailiff has just left the house wild with excitement and breathing curses!"

Schober was silent. Should he tell his son everything and thus embitter the joy of his approaching marriage? He hesitated, and yet he could not conceal it from him. He could not tell him an untruth. How could he otherwise explain to him what had happened?

"Heinrich, calm yourself," he replied, trying to compose himself, while the trembling of his voice only too plainly betrayed how deeply he was himself affected. "You know how easily the bailiff breaks out into fury and excitement."

"But not without reason," interrupted Heinrich.

Schober hesitated with the answer.

"Father, you may trust me," said Heinrich. "I am no longer a boy, and can bear what afflicts you. What have you embroiled yourself with the bailiff about?"

"He demanded from me your sister's hand for his rascally son," replied the peasant.

"Anna's hand!" repeated Heinrich amazed.

Schober nodded.

"And you refused his request?"

(To be continued.)

NATURAL HISTORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

MORE FLOWERS OF THE SEA.

ADAPTED FROM JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

JELLY-FISH.

Some jelly-fish are the size of a dime, of a dollar, of a plate, and so on, up to the size of a huge wheel. They are of many shapes. They are like balls, fans, bells, bottles, plumes, baskets, cups, flowers.

And now, here is another odd thing to tell you. The jelly-fish stays in one place, and grows fast, when he is young, but when he has grown up he swims about wherever he chooses. Some of the young jelly-fishes come from an egg. Some of them come from what is called a bud. The egg at once fastens to some solid thing on the sea-bottom. It grows into what looks like a plant with stems and branches. On these branches are little cup-shaped buds. These buds are so many little jelly-fish growing on one stem.

After a time these buds open, and a young jelly-fish breaks from the slender stem, and at once goes swimming away, as happy as a jelly-fish knows how to be.

In the picture you see one with thin, crooked arms. He is called a sand-star, because he likes to lie close to the sand on the sea-bottom.

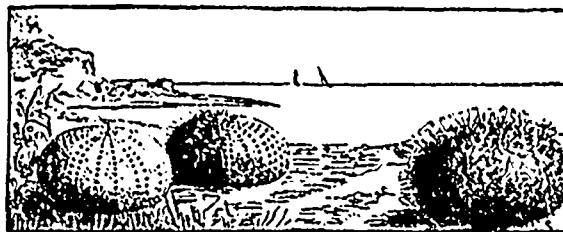
The one with the curled arms, like plumes, is called the brittle-star, because he breaks so easily. He is a very queer fellow. When things do not please him, he drops all to pieces. There is no other creature that breaks itself so readily. It is very hard to get a brittle-star out of the water. As soon as it feels a net or scoop or the upper air about it, or a pail of fresh water rising gently around it, it breaks into many pieces. On the end of every ray is a little sharp eye. When you frighten Mr. Brittle-Star, off swim his legs, every one by itself, and each has its one eye to look out for it. I never saw anything else so queer; did you?

The star-fish seek their food as they crawl slowly about. Star-fish are very greedy. They are always hungry. They make the fishermen much trouble by eating the fish-bait off their hooks. They also devour oysters. When they get into an oyster-bed they are as bad as the drill. When an army of star-fish go to a part of the coast where oysters grow, the oysters are soon killed. The star-fish are of many bright and pretty colours. They are green, brown, gray, red, pink, or with several colours on the same star.

The star-fish lay a great number of eggs. They are not dropped one by one into the water, or strung on threads like chains. They stick to the under-side of the parent fish, which settles on the sand or rocks, resting on its back, and bends up its five rays, like a basket, to hold and protect the eggs. You see that in this state the parent can neither walk nor eat. And although star-fish are greedy, when they have eggs to take care of, they patiently lie quiet for ten days, until the eggs hatch.

There is a very pretty star-fish called the Sea-Egg, or Sea-Urchin. This creature has not points or rays; it is in the shape of a ball, somewhat flattened.

The cover is not tough and skin-like: it is hard and shell-like. If you look at it, you will see that it has lines of knobs and dots set in double rows. But do not think that you can see these marks as soon as you find a sea-urchin. By no means! The sea-urchin wears a fine thick overcoat, which hides his shell.



WELL DRESSED.

I knew a boy who found a number of sea-eggs lying on the beach. He cried out—"Oh! look at all the chestnut-burrs in the water!" The sea-egg, when it is alive, looks much like a chestnut-burr ripe, but not open. It is covered all over with thorns or prickles like the burr, and the water gives it the dark-brown colour.

The sea-urchin has hard, sharp spines, which cover all the shell, and look like a rough coat. In the picture you see the urchin with his shell bare, with his shell half-bare, and with his full overcoat of quills. On every tiny knob is placed a spine, and the urchin can turn and move his spines, in all directions, just as easily as you can move your arm at the shoulder-joint. When the urchin is alive, the quills stand out all about him. After he is dead, the quills drop off.

The sea-urchin walks on his spines. But as the quills of the urchin are all around him, like a ball-cover, his walk is a roll! He can cling to the rocks. He can climb up their sides. The sea-urchin grows. It has not a soft skin as you have, yet his shell is never too tight. It is made-up of a great many little plates, or scales. As the urchin within grows and needs more room, these little scale-plates grow larger all around.

Here is a strange thing. It takes lime from the seawater and builds it into more shell. It adds new plates. I think your mother would be glad if she could find you a coat to grow with the growth of your body.

The urchins are able to bore holes even in the hard limestone rock. They bore these holes to live in, and, as they grow, they make the holes larger, but not the openings. So, after a time, they are shut into a prison which they have dug for themselves. On the coast of Spain you will find the rocks covered with these urchins, fixed in holes. No doubt they feel that stone walls are safe walls. If they had wished to get away, and go and come freely, I think they could have made their doorways as large as themselves.

There is much more to be learned about sea-urchins. You will do well to study them when you can. The longest life is not long enough in which to learn even what is to be learned of very simple and common things.

At our special request, one of our first scientists has undertaken the supervision of this charming Department. A Question Box has been opened, and the Editor has much pleasure in asking the co-operation of parents through this means. Address letters—"Natural History Question Box," YOUNG CANADIAN, Box 1396, Montreal.

(To be Continued.)

Two cyclists were discussing the cushion tyre problem the other day. Both are very well known—one being an Irishman and the other an Englishman. After "going through" the various kinds of tyres, the Irishman said to the Englishman—"What kind do you ride?" The Englishman (who should have been an Irishman) replied:—"I ride a solid tyre with a round hole in it!"

A WORD TO YOUNG CANADIAN SKIPPERS.

While boat-sailing cannot be taught by precept alone, an intelligent knowledge of the theory of the art will enable any one, with a little additional practice, to handle a boat with skill, freedom, and perfect safety. The limits of so brief an article will not admit of minute instructions bearing on every situation likely to arise, yet the few practical hints and details that follow will, if carefully noted, be found of service to the youthful mariner. The latter will understand that the principles of true seamanship apply with equal force to all boats, of whatever size, build, or rig. These remarks will in great part have reference to the sloop — a simple type of craft, with a single mast, mainsail, and jib.

HELM.

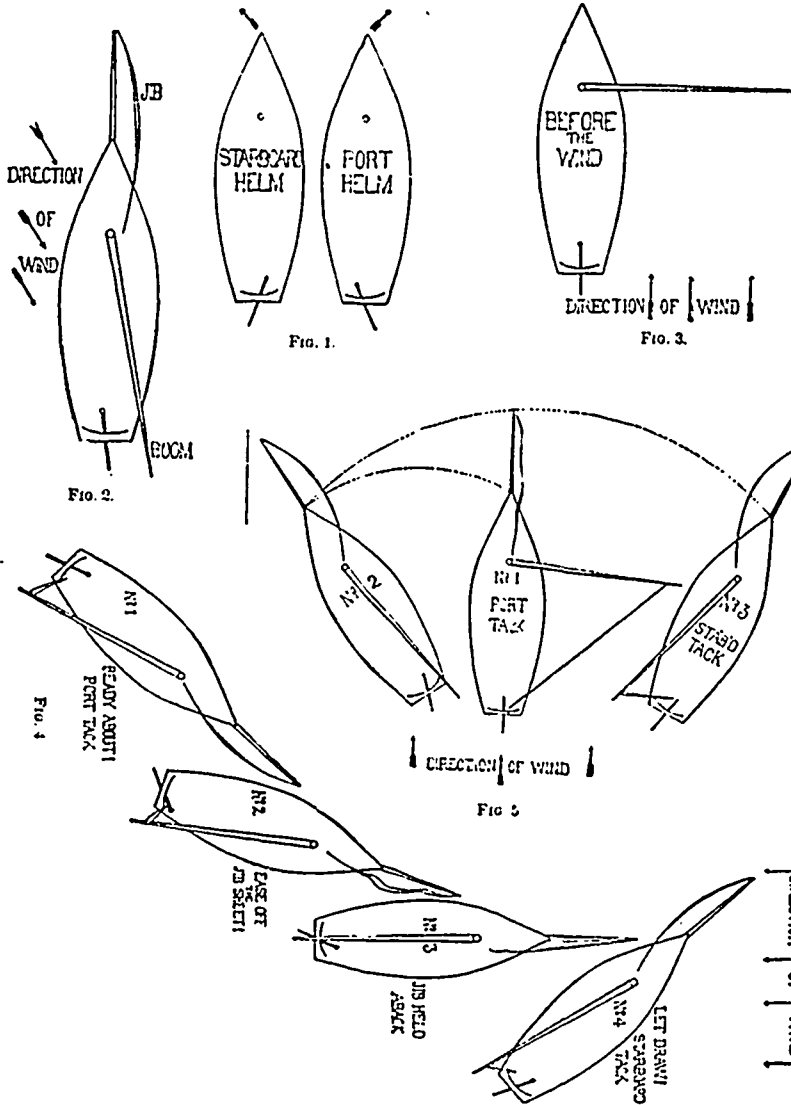
This is a term applied to the steering-gear, including the rudder and tiller (or wheel). When a boat carries a *weather-helm*, her head has a tendency to come up "into the wind," or nearer the direction from which the wind blows, necessitating an action of the rudder to keep her on her course. This troublesome habit is generally caused by too much after-sail or a faulty stowage of the ballast. To carry a *lee helm*, or an inclination to fall off or away from the wind (the opposite of that just described), is even a worse trait, and should be counteracted, if a smaller jib, a shorter bowsprit, or a larger mainsail will remedy a defect due to too much head-sail.

When the helm is "put to starboard" or "port" (to right or left), the tiller handle is moved in the direction named, but the boat's head is carried the contrary way by the operation of the rudder. Fig. 1 will illustrate this point, the arrows denoting the course the vessel will take with each helm. When the boat is pressed backward through the water (what is called *stern-board*), the action of the rudder is reversed.

THE CARE OF THE SHEETS.

Sheets are ropes that confine and trim the jib and mainsail when set. They usually lead along the deck to

the helmsman, and in squally or threatening weather should never be so tied or made fast that they cannot be eased or cast off at a moment's warning. It has been truly said that the main-sheet is the key to the whole science of boat-sailing, and for that reason great care should be exercised in its proper management. No good boat will capsize unless the sails are hampered by the sheets. A skilled boatman will take advantage of every change of the wind, however small, to trim the sheets so that the sails will stand full and receive the most favourable pressure.



CLOSE-HAULED, OR BY-THE-WIND (FIG. 2).

This is the situation a boat is in when she is pointing as near the direction or "eye" of the wind (with the sheets trimmed flat aft) as will insure her progress through the water. The boom is kept at a small angle with the keel, as shown in the cut. A well-balanced craft will sail within five points ($56^{\circ} 15'$) of the wind. If the boat gets too close, an experienced eye will detect a ripple along the forward edge of the mainsail, owing to the fact that the wind is pressing the opposite side of the canvas. When the sail "shakes" in this way, the helm should be put up by moving the tiller slightly toward the side upon which the wind blows, allowing the boat to go

off a trifle, so that the sails will stand full. To keep a craft up to her work, without letting her shake or fall off, is one of the surest signs of a good helmsman, and many a race has been won, or bad weather saved, by skilful management in "beating to windward." A boat's sails can be trimmed flatter aft in smooth water than in rough, as it is impossible to sail so near the wind with a lumpy head-sea against you; neither will she lie so close after reefing.

BEFORE THE WIND (FIG. 3).

When the sails receive the direct force of the wind from astern the boat is said to be "running before it," or "scudding." With a sea on, and the boat first rising on the top of the wave, and then burying her bowsprit under at the next moment, this will be found the most difficult situation for steering. Great care should be

taken not to let the main-boom *jibe*; that is, allowing it to swing around on the opposite side by the sail getting aback (the pressure coming on the forward surface) either by a shift of wind or bad steering, which would easily happen to a heedless yachtsman. Such a manoeuvre might carry away your mast in a jiffy.

TACKING (FIG. 4).

The process of putting a vessel about by working her up against the wind, so that the latter will act on the opposite side. When the gear is all clear, the sails full, and plenty of headway, give the order, "*Ready about!*" then put the helm down by pressing the tiller end *a-lee* (in an opposite direction to that from which the wind blows), and as the boat starts into the wind, "*Ease off the jib-sheet!*" When nearly head to the wind the jib is borne out to leeward and held aback to assist in sending the bows around. As the craft gets past the direction of the wind, and the main-sail begins to fill, pass the word to "*Let draw!*" and at once trim down the jib-sheet. If the boat gets sternway (goes stern foremost), the helm has to be shifted. Pushing the main-boom over to windward as soon as the jib-sheets are let go will aid a sluggish craft in this manoeuvre.

JIBING, OR WEARING (FIG. 5).

This is a delicate evolution, and should only be adopted, unless by the most experienced, in light summer winds. When the boat will not go about by turning to windward, the helm is put up, and she is allowed to go off before the wind. With the latter pretty well on the quarter, haul the main-boom rapidly amidships, and as the helm is gradually shifted, the sail will take on the other tack, and the main-sheet may be slackened. If the boom is carelessly allowed to jibe, it will whip round with force enough to part the sheets or snap the mast. It is a good plan before jibing to settle or lower the peak of the sail.

REEFING AND FURLING.

As soon as the boat begins to wet, it is a safe plan to reef, and always before bad weather sets in. Bring the boat to the wind by putting the helm down. In reefing a jib lower away on the halyards so as to tie the reef-points beneath it, lash the outer clew to the bowsprit, and shift the sheets. To shorten a mainsail lower it a trifle below the boom in order to get at the reef band; stretch the foot out by means of the reef pennant, make fast the tack, and pass the points last (tying with a square knot) either around the boom, or foot of sail, or to a jack-stay on the boom, according as the boat is rigged. The boat is kept hove-to (stationary), head to the sea, by securing the tiller *a-lee*. In shaking out a reef (the boat being brought to the wind), first undo the points, then cast off the tack, and lastly the reef pennant. Always keep to windward of the sail.

GETTING UNDER WAY.

Hoist the main sail and loose the jib; heave away on the cable until it is *short*. If in a tide-way, cast the boat's head in the direction you want to go, by means of the rudder; break out the anchor and set the jib. If there is no tideway, cast the boat's head with the sails.

ANCHORING.

On the approach of a thunder-shower it is advisable to go quickly to a harbor. If caught in a gale of wind, however, on a bad shore, often the safest plan is to anchor at once, if you can find a good place. Let the boat come to the wind, haul down the jib, and as soon as she has sternway let go the anchor, and pay out considerable

cable before checking it; then veer away as much more as will hold her. Furl the main sail and make everything snug.

SOME PRACTICAL ADVICE.

Be particular about the sails being properly set: get the wind out of a sail if you want to manage it. Do not sit on the gunwale, stand on the thwarts, or let go the tiller. If caught in a hard squall, put the helm down at once, let fly the sheet, and lower the sail. Do not over load a boat; keep weights amidships; a laden vessel carries her way (progress through the water) longer than a light one. Endeavor always to maintain steerage-way, and do not put the helm down suddenly or too far over. Abstain from all reckless exploits; the best sailor is the one who shows the greatest caution. Be cool in emergencies. Keep the halyards and sheets clear. Do not attempt to navigate strange waters without a chart and compass. *Learn to swim* before sailing, and never play pranks in an open boat.

THE CAT AND THE CROWS.

BY G. T. BUCKLAND.

There is some fun in a crow, at least in an Indian crow, even if it be a love of mischief. In Calcutta I had a large garden surrounded by shady trees, in whose branches many crows used to roost at night. As soon as daylight appeared, they all flew off to their favourite resorts, where they lived upon the garbage of the city; and it must be admitted in their favour that they are most useful scavengers. But, when sunset came, they used to return to their roosting-place, and sometimes they gave me an unwelcome evening serenade. Coming home late and tired from office, I used to sit on my lawn, and a very large white Persian cat would come out to keep me company. Then the cat and the crows used to have a little game of their own. The cat would stretch itself out and flick his long, furry tail about. Some twenty or thirty crows promptly accepted the challenge, and quickly alighted round the cat, with the intention of pulling his tail. Some of them hopped up in front, as near as they could with safety from the cat's fore-paws, others stood at the side, and several of the best players took their position behind the cat. They evidently acted in concert. The crows in front crept up as close as they dared to secure the cat's attention, and then one of the crows behind the cat made a dash at the tail, which the cat skillfully guarded by flirting it from one side to the other. It was very seldom that a crow succeeded in getting a mouthful of the cat's fur. The cat, meanwhile, had really an eye to business, and if one of the birds in front of him came within practicable distance, he made a spring that sometimes had a fatal result, and the game terminated among the terrified cawings and clamour of the survivors, who saw their unlucky comrade torn to pieces before their eyes. But in the course of twenty-four hours they seemed to have forgotten the mishap of their brother, and they came again to renew their diversion with the cat, who was always ready to play the game, in which it might be said that his motto was "Heads I win, tails you lose."

The first stone of Victoria Bridge, at Montreal, was laid in July, 1854, and the first passenger train crossed over on December 19th, 1859. The total cost was \$6,000,000.

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

A NEW STORY.

We have much pleasure in presenting to-day the first chapter of "THE SERFS," a charming story of old life in Germany, full of touching endurance and high moral courage. After our young readers read it, let them lend it to their friends.

A FORTUNE OF GOOD HEALTH.

In training up our young nation, we are too apt to forget the physical—that is, the purely physical. the regular bouncing, eating well, and sleeping well part of our education. This can only be secured in youth. In after years we may make up for a lost year at school. When we lose a fortune we may redeem it—buy it back again by hard work and thrift. But not only has a weak physical frame a very risky chance of bettering itself in the future, but there is one period, and only one period in life when a stock of health can be laid in. That period is youth. If our youth slips by while we have been neglecting our opportunities to build up the foundation of a fortune of health, no amount of diligence and thrift afterwards will alter the balance-sheet against us.

Much is being done for us. We have sports, and games, and romps. The more the better, and the more in the open air the better. We are pleased to know that at length our schools are taking up the question, not so much in providing more play as in enforcing less work, and in recognizing the fact that what is play to one boy or girl may be work to another, and what is play to one boy at one time, may be hard work to him at another. Scientific committees are being appointed all over the world where there are boys and girls in the question. The children are measured and weighed at different ages and under different school regulations.

From seven to eight years of age they grow rapidly. From nine to thirteen the growth is somewhat checked. From fourteen to sixteen growth again sets in both in height and weight. For a given age children of well-to-do parents grow more than the children of the poor. All grow more in summer than in winter. As the year, in school go, the number of children who suffer from the work increases. As the mental strain increases, the physical power diminishes, and this is especially so with girls, who, as a rule, are more ambitious to excel than boys.

These results ought to impress the mind of every teacher and every parent. THE YOUNG CANADIAN gladly opens its columns to all interested in our growing children, and we shall consider one of our chief aims secured if we have aroused any slumbering disregard to this important matter.

We are sure all are delighted with "Ned Darrow." There is something in him which attracts us towards him through all his wanderings. "Christy and the White Dove" is a sweet story for our dear little "Tots," and the "Word to Young Canadian Skippers" comes in very *à propos* after our papers on "How to Make a Canoe, Sails, etc."

The Prizes for the Calendar competitions have, curiously enough, been equally divided between our boy and girl competitors. See who gets it for August.

WATCH GLASSES.

In the production of common watch glasses the glass is blown into a sphere about a meter in diameter, sufficient metal being taken to give the desired thickness, as the case may be. Discs are then cut out from this sphere with the aid of a pair of compasses having a diamond at the extremity of one leg. There is a knack in detaching the disc after it has been cut. A good workman will, it is said, cut 6000 glasses in a day.

APPLES FOR FOOD.

The highest medical authority asserts that cooked apples, either boiled or baked, are the best food for patients in the fevered condition of small-pox, typhoid fever, and erysipelas. Apples are now considered to contain far more brain food than other fruit or vegetable, and to be much more nutritious than potatoes, which enter so largely into the component parts of every meal. At present apples are principally used in the form of puddings, pies, tarts, and sauces, and are also eaten raw, in which state they are more wholesome than when mingled with butter, eggs, and flour. But they are very delicious when simply baked, and served at every meal, and, substituted for pickles and such condiments, they would surely be found beneficial. Sweet baked apples are a most desirable addition at the breakfast and tea table, and are far more healthful, appropriate, and sustaining than half the dishes usually esteemed essential at such times. Served with milk and bread they make the best dish that young children can partake of, and are very satisfying in their nature. Baked apples without meat are far more substantial food than potatoes can possibly be made.

MABEL ON MIDSUMMER DAY.

"Arise, my maiden, Mabel,"
 The mother said; "Arise,
 For the golden sun of midsummer
 Is shining in the skies.

"Arise, my little maiden,
 For thou must speed away,
 To wait upon thy grandmother
 This livelong summer day.

"And thou must carry with thee
 This wheaten cake so fine,
 This new-made pat of butter,
 This little flask of wine.

"And thou canst help thy grandmother;
 The table thou canst spread—
 Canst feed the little dog and bird;
 And thou canst make her bed."

A fond mother in South America, having heard that the cholera was coming along the coast, sent her boys to a friend in the country to escape it. After a few days she received a note from her friend, saying—"For any sake come and take your boys away, and send along the cholera instead."

JAPANESE "ENGLISH."

Japanese "English" is among the most curious of all known species of the language. A firm, dealing in fishing tackle, having sent a circular to a merchant in Tokio, Japan, received the following communication:—

"DEAR SIR IN YOURS,—We should present to your company the bamboo fishing-rod, a net-basket, and a reel, as we have just convenience; all those were very rough and simple to you laughing for your kind reply which you sent us the catalogue of fishing-tackle last, etc. Wishing we that now at Japan there it was not in prevailing fish gaming, but fishermen, in scarcely there now, but we do not measure how the progression of the germ of the fishing game beforehand. Therefore, we may yield of feeling to restock in my store, your country's fishing-tackle, etc. Should you have the kindness to send a such farther country's even in a few partake when we send the money in ordering of them, should you?"

"I am yours, yours truly—"

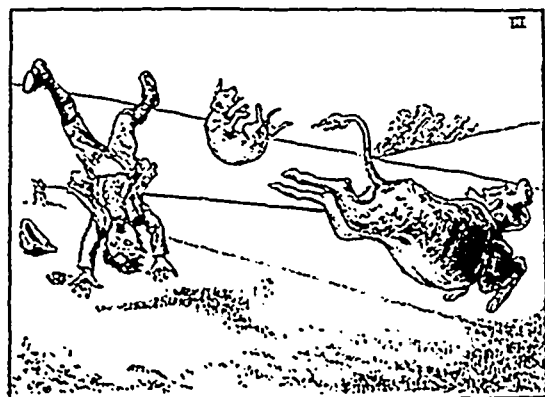
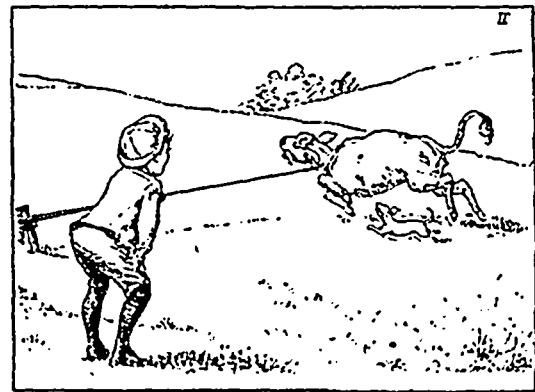
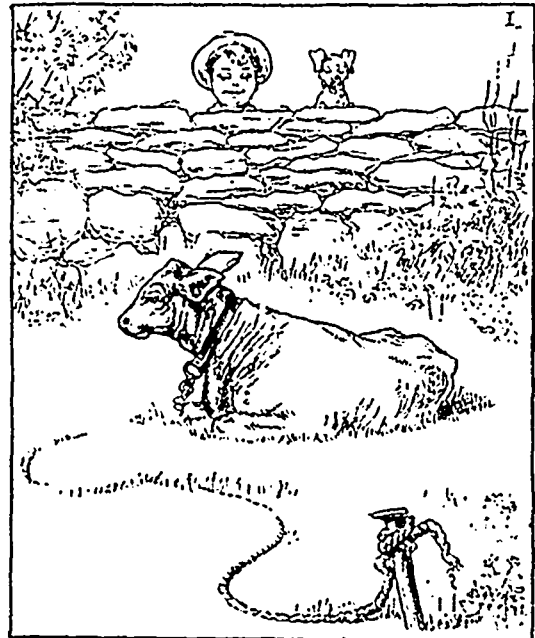
It would appear that the writer, through a "yielding of feeling"—whatever that may be—is inclined to give an order. Also, he hopes for a development of sport in the form of "fishing game" in Japan.

Writing of Japan reminds us of the prospectus of the Cooli Contracted Company, which was recently issued from the town of Yokohama in that region. "The object of the company," it appears, "is to evacuate an evil conduct of the coolies, which had been practised many years, while we will reform their bad circumstances. As the object is the above, we will open the works very quickly and kindly as we possible, without any measure more or less."

The company further promises to undertake such business as "transactions of general goods relating to marine, land, and house removal—a accompanying man in going and coming of funeral rite and marriage ceremonies."

THE CIRCUS SEASON.

AN AMATEUR PERFORMANCE IN THREE ACTS.



In a village in the South of Scotland, an apprentice joiner experienced great difficulty in getting up in the morning, and it was his habit to start work at seven o'clock instead of six. One morning his master remonstrated with him, and told him that he would either have to start work at six o'clock or leave. "What!" replied the lad, "ye wadna hae me comin' doon here sleepin', wad ye?"

NED DARROW;
OR,
THE YOUNG CASTAWAYS.

CHAPTER XIII. *Continued.*

Half an hour more he knew the contents of the box. He had cut and torn away one end of it, and reaching in found a dozen or more pasteboard packages.

He drew one forth and lit the candle, eagerly surveying the prize. It was a package of oatmeal.

He pulled a wry face at the prospect of a dry meal, but he was hungry, and the knowledge that he could not starve with such a prolific store, made him feel relieved and happy again.

But an hour later a new demand caused him untold anxiety. An intolerable thirst had seized him. At first he grew alarmed, then he reflected that although the probability of the storage of water below decks was very remote, some of the numerous casks and barrels around might contain some thirst-satisfying liquid.

His first effort on a small cask held tightly in place by other parcels around it, was a failure. He bored a hole in the head of the cask. A tiny stream dripped from it, a strong pungent odour penetrated the hold.

"Liquor!" he ejaculated, as he hastily plugged up the tap. "Better no water than that."

Ned was not discouraged. He immediately selected one of the largest barrels. It was with some difficulty that he penetrated the head. A few drops fell on his hand, and then as it became augmented to a small stream, he applied his lips to the orifice.

"Water!" he gasped, tumultuously, a grateful sob escaping him.

It was water, brackish and bitter to the taste, warm and unpalatable, but it assuaged his thirst. He stopped the stream with a wooden peg, and sat down contented.

The water was undoubtedly mineral water from some

spring in California, and its unpleasant taste Ned ascribed to possible medicinal qualities represented by the presence of strong chemical elements.

Day and night were alike to the imprisoned lad, but he calculated that several days must have passed when the monotony of his existence was broken upon by a number of strange and startling episodes.

Twice the ship had stopped in some port, as he could determine from the motion of the same. He hoped that she was about to unload her cargo, but the hold was apparently not visited.

It was, seemingly, about a day after the last stop of the ship, that Ned noticed that her course became more erratic. She seemed to progress more rapidly, and at times would twist and roll so that he was several times flung clear across the narrow space he occupied.

He could hear the chains rattle and the timbers strain and creak, and he feared at one mighty lurch of the schooner that the cargo would topple over and crush him.

"There must be a terrible storm raging," he murmured, concernedly.

Ned was unable to sleep, and was quite ill from the motion of the Neptune, which seemed to be struggling with a violent gale at sea. He suddenly felt a perceptible moisture on the slippery floor. It increased to a slight flood a few moments later.

At first he feared the barrel of water was leaking, but he found the peg intact. Then, as the water became ankle deep, he uttered a cry of awful dread.

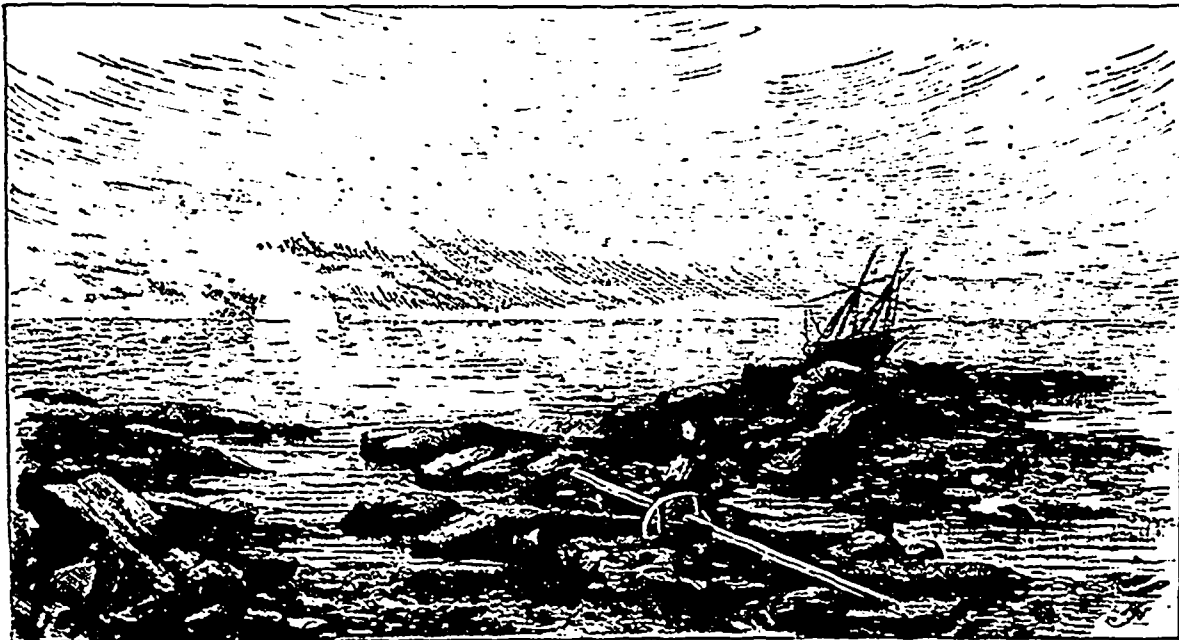
There could be but one reasonable theory as to the presence of the water.

The Neptune had sprung a-leak, and the water was fast filling the hold.

Death in a new form menaced him. In the face of this peril, hopelessly abandoning himself to his fate, Ned Darrow fell to his knees and prayed long and fervently for courage and deliverance.

Suddenly he started, and fixed his eye on the blank darkness before him. Abruptly before his vision a dim chink of light seemed to appear.

It grew in luminous radiance, it outlined a square space in the wall of merchandise. A box was withdrawn from its place, and Ned, transfixed with joy, saw two rough faces appear beyond the opening.



A LONELY WRECK UPON A LONELIER SHORE.

He did not speak, but stood staring curiously, breathlessly, at his deliverers. One of them held a lantern, while his companion was pulling the boxes aside and flinging them behind him.

"It must be here," Ned heard him say. "Drat a temptance captain, anyway!"

"Yes," growled his companion. "He expects us to weather a storm like this without a drop of spirits."

"Ridic'ulous," commented the other. "He's had the keg of liquor put way back here."

Ned shrank back and watched the men closely. He saw one of them reach the cask he had found the liquor in, and drag it from its place.

"I've got it," he cried, triumphantly. "Now to smuggle it on deck. We need it more than the fever sufferers at Panama, eh, Jack?"

The other chuckled serenely. Ned saw them creep away from the spot, dragging the cask with them.

He climbed to the opening the men had made, he crept over a mass of merchandise in their very tracks.

They disappeared through an opening into the forward part of the ship, and the lantern was extinguished.

Ned, following in their wake, felt the breath of a chilling blast on his face, he heard the shrieking tempest without.

It held no terrors for Ned Darrow at that moment. His long imprisonment was terminated: the voyage in the dark, amid the horrors of the hold, had come to an end at last.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN DEADLY PERIL.

On the deck of the Neptune a weird and terrible scene was in progress.

Like darkness and havoc suddenly transforming a sunny, smiling landscape into gloom and ruin, the transition from safety to peril, from enjoyment to dread, had come with fateful rapidity over Professor Ballentine and his students.

The voyage, for several hundred miles down the coast from San Francisco, had been unmarred by one unpleasant incident. The Neptune had stopped at two ports, and then set snowy sails for the broad waters off shore, bound for a South American port and return.

The days glided by like a dream, until one morning, as he came on deck, the Professor found Captain Barr too busy to speak to him, and, with a serious face, consulting the barometer and compass.

The sea was chopping and ugly, the sky gray and overcast, the ship close-reefed and almost notionless. There was an ominous moaning of a high breeze to the windward, while quick, stern orders were issued to the crew, who obeyed silently, with anxious faces.

The Professor discerned a difference in the ensemble of the deck to the evening before. He looked intently at the captain as he came hastily forward and addressed him.

"You will keep the young gentlemen below until further orders, if you please, Professor Ballentine," said Barr.

"There is danger, then?" asked the Professor, anxiously.

"There will be," replied the captain, pointing to a low bank of clouds in the west. "A storm will soon break upon us."

The Professor did not impart the information he had

received to the boys in the cabin. It was not long, however, before he realized the truth of the captain's prediction.

Soon the tempest broke upon the schooner with terrific fury. The wind whistled through the rigging, and drove the ship before it like a being sentient with mortal terror. For the first time since leaving the land, the passengers knew foul weather.

Through that day the boys were kept close prisoners in the cabin. When night fell the usual merriment of the evening hour was absent. The boys clustered together in little knots, anxiously discussing the situation, or lay in their bunks, sick with the rolling of the ship.

Professor Ballentine ventured up the cabin stairs shortly after dark. The wind had risen to a hurricane, the mainsail was in tatters, while huge waves lashed over the deck of the ship.

Captain Barr, weather-beaten and hoarse-voiced, shook his head ominously as the Professor gravely inquired—

"Is the storm abating any, captain?"

"It's getting worse, and I fear we are in for a time of it," was the depressing reply. "The mainsail is gone, and the crew are worn out. I just had to send two men below."

What Captain Barr had said was no exaggeration. The ship was suffering terribly from stress of weather. Half the crew had gone below exhausted, and only Ben Banks, the old mate, and the captain worked with the energy the needs of the hour required.

Twice the men had demanded liquor to revive their spirits, and as often they had been sternly refused.

"Let the cook get you hot coffee. No liquor in a time like this. You'll need all your wits before morning, if I don't mistake," said the captain.

He heard the grumblings of the crew, but he was unalterable in his decision. He did not dream, however, that the sailors had determined to obtain the coveted drink; that while he was manfully breasting the tempest two of the number had gone into the hold and secured the hidden cask of spirits that was a part of the cargo.

When the relief crew came again on deck, however, he knew the truth. Not a man of them was fit for service. They were reckless and mutinous, and refused to obey orders unless he put for shore.

"Avast, ye lubbers!" yelled the captain, wild with rage at the condition of his men. "Drunk when ye are needed, useless when any minute may send us to Davy Jones' locker! Below, I say, you worthless cattle, or I'll flog you with a belaying pin! We'll carry her through alone, Ben Banks, and iron those lubbers for mutiny at the first port, as sure as my name's Dick Barr! Hear them singing and drinking below, and the ship in peril. They must have reached the hold and got the cask for Panama. Steady! A light ahead!"

"Where away?"

"On the larboard. The shore, too. We are doomed!"

Captain Barr seized an axe and cut loose the rigging overhanging the side of the ship, so that it dropped into the sea.

Then, as a second mass of spars fell to the deck, the shore faded, the lights of the land disappeared, and the schooner flew forward at terrific speed.

The crash of the timbers had brought Professor Ballentine again on deck. He clung to the rail of the hatchway, his face white with anxiety.

"Go below!" shouted the captain. "You can do no good here. Every soul of the crew is drunk, and we are at the mercy of the waves. When Ben Banks drops

at the wheel the schooner's gone, for there ain't a lubber aboard sober enough to help him."

"I will help him."

A form had sprung mysteriously from the neighbourhood of the fore-castle, the form of a boy, hatless, coatless, with disordered attire and disheveled hair.

"You?" cried the captain, amazedly "Who are you; where did you come from?"

Professor Ballentine stared wildly at the uncouth figure before them, clinging to the rail for support, adjudging the appearance of the new comer a delusion of the senses.

For it was Ned Darrow.

CHAPTER XV.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

Well might Professor Ballentine be amazed, to be suddenly confronted by the boy he believed to be safe at home in the academy at Ridgeland.

For the moment he was speechless, while Captain Barr turned sharply on Ned.

"A stowaway, eh?" he muttered. "Get below; this is man's work."

"Please let me help you, sir," pleaded Ned. "I'm strong and willing, and I know I can help that poor old man at the wheel yonder."

"Go lively then, and get swept overboard, the first big wave."

Ned Darrow ran across the deck and managed to reach the wheel.

He slipped and fell twice, but regained his footing, and astounded grim Ben Banks with the words--

"I'm to help you, sir."

"Take hold, then."

The delighted Ned grasped the handles of the wheel with a hearty will. He heard old Ben chuckle and utter something about "the idea of that chick doing anything; he'd soon get tired of it."

But he soon changed his mind. Ned worked manfully. It was the overbalancing effect of his efforts that so lightened the mate's labours that his grizzled face beamed more kindly in the flare of the ship's lantern.

"You're getting wet through, lad," he said. "Go and get a coat and hat. There won't be much let up to this for a time. I'm thinking."

Ned tumbled across the deck to a box indicated by the mate, and secured a stiff coat and hat.

He presented a comical appearance as he donned the articles, several sizes too large for him, but they were weather-tight and protecting.

About to return to the wheel, Ned paused with a cry of affrighted recollection. He hastened to the spot where the captain stood.

"He must come below; he is one of my scholars," Professor Ballentine was saying at that moment.

"He's got the pluck of a sailor all the same. What is it, my little man?" inquired the captain.

"Oh, sir! I forgot to tell you, but the ship's a-leak."

Captain Barr looked startled.

"You don't mean it, lad?" he uttered, huskily.

"Yes, sir. It's in the hold, where I was hidden."

The captain hastened to the fore-castle, with an ominous face.

A huge wave sent Ned into the lee scuppers as he spoke. Professor Ballentine's face was white with ap-

prehension until he saw Ned reach the mate's side in safety. Then he went down into the cabin.

Ned resumed his place at the wheel, a post from which he never flinched for many an hour.

Captain Barr had managed to arouse some of the sailors, and the pumps were rigged. The men, however, worked without discipline, and in a state of mutinous inebriety drank and worked only as they deemed their own safety demanded it.

It was a serious instance to Ned Darrow of the soul-deadening power of drink.

Captain Barr stormed and worried, and at last came to the mate.

"It's no use, Ben Banks," he said. "Those lubbers won't work, and they're talking about pulling off in the long-boat."

The mate snorted angrily, and gave the wheel an extra twist, as if he was torturing the recalcitrant sailors.

"Look away, captain!" spoke Ben. "The crew are up to mischief."

Sure enough, half a dozen of them were loosing the davits of the long-boat. They laughed at the captain when he ordered them back to the pumps. Liquor had made demons of them.

"You cowards, will you leave the passengers to perish?"

"You look to them and yourself, Captain Barr," was the defiant response. "We didn't ship except to carry cargo, and the ship's been doomed an hour since. Take the other boat if you want to. We'll trust to the open water now."

Ten minutes later the long-boat, containing every member of the crew, fell astern, and the last thing dropped into it was the half-filled cask of liquor.

"Poor wretches!" muttered Barr. "Their boat can't live an hour in that angry sea."

During all these occurrences the boys in the cabin were for the most part unconscious of their real peril. More than one face had blanched, however, when the ship lurched and rolled, and they saw the Professor, pale and concerned, watch the cabin door as if momentarily expecting an announcement from the captain that all was lost.

Ralph Warden added not a little to the Professor's cares. He was wild with terror at times, and bemoaned aloud the adverse fate that had sent him into peril.

There was no sleep on board the Neptune that night, for the Professor kept the boys around him, ready for any contingency.

On deck, all through the night, the captain, the mate, and brave Ned Darrow, saw the ship plough the waters like a rocket.

Every sail was gone, yet the wheel was never deserted. It was about four o'clock in the morning that Ben Banks uttered a groan of dismay.

The wheel chain had broken, and the rudderless wreck suddenly tossed in the arms of the storm like a play-thing.

The desperate fight for life and safety had terminated. They were at the mercy of the storm now.

"She's struck!"

As Captain Barr uttered the ominous words, the schooner crashed upon some rocks, while every timber shivered and bent as if being crushed to pieces.

"Land ahead!" sang out Banks, staring through the darkness.

"The boat!" cried the captain. "We'll beat to pieces on these breakers in five minutes."

"Aye, aye, sir!" and the mate sprang forward to execute the order.

The next few moments were like hours of agony to Captain Barr.

One by one, amid the howling tempest, the darkness and the peril, the boys were led across the deck and dropped into the life-boat by the captain.

They huddled together in mute terror, blinded by the salt waves, not even noticing that Ned Darrow was among them.

Poor Professor Ballentine tried bravely to control his anxious emotions for the safety of his charges.

"Hold this line," called Ben Banks to Ned, as the last one of the passengers reached the life-boat.

He clambered again on deck to fling some provisions and water into the boat, not trusting to the apparent proximity of land.

At that moment the ship freed herself in a mighty swoop of the waves, and slid back into the sea.

Ned Darrow released the cable.

"Cling to the boat for your lives!" he cried to his terrified companions, as the waves, mountain-high, carried them shorewards.

Into the darkness and gloom of the night the sinking schooner and the life-boat separated, faded suddenly from view, on that wild waste of waters.

Captain and mate saw that the Neptune was fated. They lashed together a few boxes, launched the frail raft, and trusted themselves to the mercy of the angry waves.

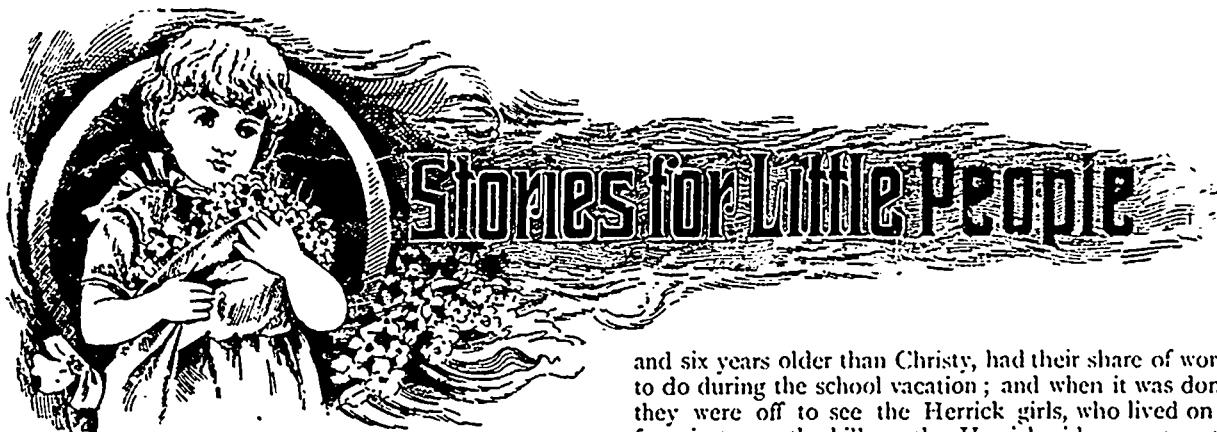
The Neptune drifted about two knots over a rocky bottom, came to a stand-still, and fell over on her side.

The storm abated as the hours wore on. The moon, sinking from sight beneath the horizon, gleamed through the breaking clouds.

The desolate coast showed no signs of life. The staunch old Neptune, stranded and dismantled, alone broke the monotony of the rugged scene.

And as the day dawned, only the shattered ship told of the wild experience of the night previous—a lonely wreck upon a lonelier shore.

(To be Continued.)



CHRISTY AND THE WHITE DOVE.

FANNIE M. JOHNSON.

CHIRSTY BROWN was often a rather lonely little fellow, though he was one of a large family. He was much younger than the others, and they always seemed to be so very, very busy.

It was only a year since the family had moved from the village to this large, beautiful Maplewood farm. There were sunny meadows through which a pretty, laughing river, breaking out from the dark woods above the farm, rippled between the green banks over the yellow sands and white pebbles. There was a lovely orchard, and pastures where berries grew ripe and sweet, and hills from whose summits many fair views were seen. Christy would have been perfectly contented and happy here if only there were some one who could stop to talk and play with him a little more.

The Browns were all very fond and proud of their new home. There was only one draw back—it was not wholly paid for; and all the grown-up members were trying their hardest to pay the balance of the debt. Father Brown and the boys were working on the farm from morning to night. Mother Brown and Sue were just as busy, making cheese, packing butter, canning fruits or preparing berries for market. They couldn't possibly stop to answer a little boy's questions. Even Delia and Julia, the twins, who were twelve years old

and six years older than Christy, had their share of work to do during the school vacation; and when it was done they were off to see the Herrick girls, who lived on a farm just over the hill, or the Herrick girls were over to see them. Either way, they seldom seemed willing to have Christy around. Delia and Julia would have been surprised and indignant if any one had said they were not fond of their little brother. Indeed, Julia sometimes proposed that they should take him along with them, as they often used to do when they lived in the village; but Delia was very prompt and decided about it.

"Now, you know, Julia Brown," she would say, "it would spoil all our fun. He's so little and chubby that he can't keep up, and we should have to keep stopping and waiting for him and helping him over all the fences, and the girls won't like it one bit if we are always and forever bringing a boy along." So Christy was usually left behind.

Christy was sitting out under the apple-tree near the sitting-room window one day just after dinner, and as the window was open he heard the twins talking about a picnic they were going to have with the Herrick girls and Katie Mayhew in the grove on the Herrick farm. He learned that Joe Herrick had put up a swing for them in which two could swing at once, and that there would be berries with sugar and cream, and real lemonade, and the twins were going to carry a sponge cake which mother had baked that morning.

In his honest little heart Christy couldn't realize that he was to be left out of so much pleasure. He was often disappointed nowadays, but his faith in his sisters always returned.

"I s'pect they forgot to tell me about it," he said. "But when they get ready to go, I'll go."

He remained under the apple-tree, waiting and expect-

ing to see them come out at the front door. A great bird soared over the tree and Christy watched it skimming the air till it disappeared from sight beyond the hill. Then a flock of sheep passed down the road, and he got up and leaned over the fence looking after them till they were out of sight. When he went back to his seat under the tree, the talk in the sitting-room had ceased, and, pretty soon, looking over the fields, Christy saw the twins climbing the stone wall across the mowing lot.

"Why, they went out of the side door and never told me at all," he said. Then he began to cry, but stopped directly, and started to run after them.

The artist has made a quaint study of Christy as he looked that summer day in the comfortable but rustic costume that little boys in the country wore at that time. His plump feet and ankles were bare below his little blue jean trousers, and he wore a round, long-sleeved apron of blue-checked gingham, starched and ironed smoothly, for Mother Brown always kept her little boy clean and tidy, however busy she might be. His big straw hat, set far back on his head, made a frame for his innocent face—a round bud of a mouth, a little nose sprinkled with freckles and big brown, honest eyes.

Christy was not thinking at all of his looks or his clothes as he scrambled over the fence, and ran as fast as his little legs would carry him across the lot after the girls. They were so far in advance that Christy could not possibly have overtaken them if they had not stopped to pick some raspberries which were hanging, ripened, on a bush by the pasture-wall. They were starting to go on when Christy appeared before them, rosy and panting from his hard run.

"Why, Christy Brown!" said Delia, rather sharply. "What *did* you follow us for?"

"I—I want to go to the picnic," panted Christy, "along with you and Julia."

"But you can't go," said Delia. "We can't possibly take you this time."

It's a girls' picnic. There won't be a boy there—not a single boy."

The tears gathered in Christy's eyes.

"I'll be real good. I won't make a bit of trouble," he pleaded.

Julia's tender heart reproached her when she saw Christy's tears.

"Don't cry, Chrissy-boy," she said soothingly. "We'll bring you some nice things from the picnic. Go back home, like a good little boy, and I'll give you my china weather-man when I come home to-night."

"Yes, go right along back," chimed in Delia, decidedly. "We can't let you go. Now if you make a fuss about it I'll tell mother how you bother us."

Christy turned back with a dreadful pain and disappointment swelling in his heart. He could hardly see

where he was going, the tears came so fast. While the twins hurried on their way he slowly stumbled across the pasture, crept over a wall, tumbled down the other side into a bed of brakes and ferns, and lay there, sobbing, broken-heartedly.

The breezes fanned his hot little cheeks, bees went humming and buzzing over his head, and across the fields came the sweet odors of ripening apples and new-mown clover. By and by Christy's grief grew a little lighter and he began to think of Julia's promise to bring him something nice from the picnic. He wondered what it would be.

Turning over on the brakes he half-opened his eyes, then opened them wider and wider and sat up. There on a stump only a few feet away was perched a beautiful white dove, holding its head on one side and watching him with one bright eye.

"Pretty birdie, pretty birdie!" said Christy, reaching out his hand and speaking very softly, quite expecting that the dove would fly away. Instead of that, it hopped from the stump and came nearer and nearer. Plainly it was very tame. Christy looked about, and seeing a cluster of berries hanging from a bush by the wall picked them and reached out his hand to the dove. The pretty

bird hopped nearer and nearer and began to peck them from his hand. Christy was delighted. He was very fond of pets, and there were none on all the farm excepting the sober gray cat and Jim's speckled calf.

"I will carry the pretty bird home and perhaps some rainy day papa will make me a dove-house," he thought.

But when he tried to take the dove, it fluttered out of his hand and skimmed away several rods across the field. Christy followed, stepping carefully to avoid frightening it. He had almost caught it again when it made another flight, and again Christy followed. So, led by the bird, Christy crossed the field and reached the edge of the wood—the great, dark wood where he had never yet been.

Once he held the dove for a few minutes in his hand. He smoothed its soft feathers, felt how its

little heart fluttered, then took off his hat and placed the bird in it; but it quickly rose, spread its wings and flew into the wood—and into the wood Christy followed.

The trees in the meadow were casting long shadows toward the East when Mother Brown blew the big dinner-horn to call father and the boys up to supper. Everything about the farm-house was tidy and sweet. The breeze fluttered the white window-curtains and lifted the corners of the table-spread in the big sitting room where a tempting supper was waiting. There was cream toast and stewed chicken, and cherry sauce, and some of Mother's splendid gingerbread, fresh from the oven.



"It looks very nice, but I don't believe I can eat a bit of supper, I had so much cake and lemonade this afternoon," said Delia.

The twins had just come home from the picnic. Father came up through the garden with his rake over his shoulder. He stood it up beside the kitchen door, then washed his hands and came in to supper. The two oldest boys soon followed him into the house. The rest of the family were all at the table when Jim, who was usually the last, came slowly around the corner of the house, holding something in his hand which threw out a shower of drops as he shook it over the door-step.

"What have you got there Jim?" asked Sue.

"Christy's hat," said Jim, giving it another shake, "I should like to know how it came into the river."

Mother Brown, who was just dipping out a spoonful of toast, dropped the spoon and looked around quickly.

"Christy's hat! Why, where is Christy?" she asked, with a sharp ring in her voice.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Jim, "I saw his hat floating by in the river and fished it out. I haven't seen Christy himself since dinner-time."

"Hasn't he been with you this afternoon in the meadow, Henry?" asked Mother Brown, turning to her husband.

"Why, no, I haven't seen him for several hours," he replied, laying down his knife and fork and looking from one to another of the children.

"Girls, don't you know where he is?" he asked, appealing to the twins.

"No, sir," answered Delia and Julia together.

"Where did you see him last?" inquired the mother.

"Why, just as we were going to the picnic," replied Delia, "he started to follow us."

"And we sent him back," added Julia.

At the look of startled reproach which the mother gave them, a great fear came into the hearts of the twins. Then in a moment the whole family rose from the table, moved by one impulse, and followed the mother, who had rushed from the house and was hunting and calling for Christy.

Little brother, little brother, where are you hiding? Not under the apple trees where the lonely little child had so often sat watching the drifting clouds and the soaring birds; not in the garden where his chubby feet had daily pattered; not in barn or loft or meadow or orchard or in any of the familiar places could be seen the little brown head, the round, innocent face, above the blue-checked apron. Hunting, calling in vain through all the familiar places, father, mother, brothers and sisters hurried in distressed alarm, and then, impelled by a dread fear, turned toward the river—the sunny, laughing, dreadful river.

Hand in hand the twins followed, the tears streaming down their cheeks and great sobs choking them as they ran.

"O, Delia, if we'd only let him go with us," cried Julia. "Poor little Christy!"

"It was all my fault," sobbed Delia. "You would have taken him, only for me. If we only find him alive, I'll be so good to him next time, I'll never send him back again!"

The river lapped softly over the white pebbles, the trees stretched longer and longer shadows toward the hills and from tree-top to tree-top the birds were twittering in their nests. Little brother, little brother, where are you? Did you feel neglected and unloved, too small to be cared for or missed? What value now is farm, or pleasure, or money, weighed in the balance with the pet lamb of the flock, the little lad who for so short a time had played among these sunny meadows?

The searching party pressed forward to the wood, the father's face set and anxious, the sisters weeping, and

ever in advance Christy's mother, her white lips forming over and over the words, "O, my little boy! My baby, my baby!"

In the dim wood the river no longer ripples and smiles, but creeps through stilly places, forming here and there dark pools where no light glimmers. Tremblingly, fearfully, the father draws his rake through these dim pools, bringing it out with nothing but weeds and dead leaves clinging. "Not there, thank God, not there!" and again they hurry on.

They have reached the deepest hollows of the wood, crept through the underbrush, explored the open glades and the densest thickets. It was growing darker and darker.

"We must go home and get some lanterns and call the neighbours" said Father Brown at last, with a look on his face that his children had never seen there before.

Hark! What was that joyful cry just behind them? It was Jim's voice. Jim, who was always a few paces behind the others, who looked longest and last and was surest of finding what he sought.

It was a little hollow set around with small pines—a hollow so tiny it seemed as if a lamb could scarcely nestle there. Soft moss lined it, great trees shaded it; and there in the bosky shadow, sleeping as sweetly as if in his crib at home, nestled the little lost Christy, his round bud of a mouth framed in a smile and the white dove on his breast.

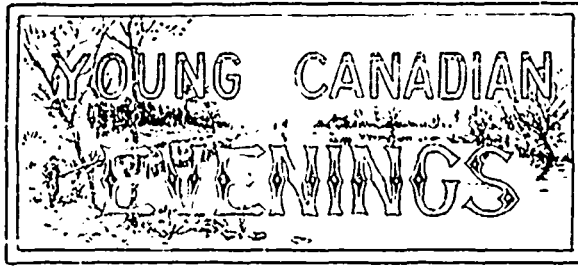
YOUNG CANADIAN HISTORICAL CALENDAR.

AUGUST.

| | |
|--|------|
| 16. Port Royal taken by Sedgwick | 1654 |
| 5. Massacre at Lachine | 1659 |
| 11. De Varennes defeated Schuyler at La Prairie | 1691 |
| 4. Treaty with the Indians at Montreal | 1701 |
| — Louisbourg founded by the French | 1713 |
| 11. Oswego taken by Montcalm | 1756 |
| 9. Fort William Henry taken by Montcalm | 1757 |
| 8. Rogers' scouts victorious at Fort Anne | 1758 |
| 27. Fort Frontenac taken by Bradstreet | 1758 |
| 25. Fort Levis taken by Amherst | 1760 |
| 5-6. Battle with the Indians at Bushy Run | 1763 |
| 15. Nova Scotia "Gazette" founded | 1766 |
| 16. British defeated at Bennington | 1777 |
| 12. American vessels captured at Fort Erie | 1811 |
| 5. Tecumseh defeated the Americans at Brownstown | 1812 |
| 9. British defeated at Maguaga | 1812 |
| 16. Detroit captured by Brock | 1812 |
| 14. Americans defeated at Fort Mackinaw | 1814 |
| 7. St. John, N.B., Suspension Bridge fell | 1837 |
| 19. Steamer "Ontario" descended Lachine Rapids | 1840 |
| 3. Telegraph between Montreal and Toronto | 1847 |
| 2. Victoria, B.C., incorporated | 1862 |
| 15. Quebec Ship Labourers' Riot | 1879 |
| 11. Railway from Montreal to Toronto, by Smiths' Falls | 1884 |
| 5. First Bag sent to England by Parcel Post | 1886 |

Prize for the best description of any one of the above important events in the Calendar for August will be—"THE STARLIGHT RANCH AND OTHER STORIES," full of adventure and interest. For instructions to beginners, see YOUNG CANADIAN for June 3rd, No. 19.

She (with delight)— "He talks like a book!"
He (growlingly)— "What a pity he doesn't shut up so easily."



YOUNG CANADIAN TANGLES.

PRIZE.

A beautiful copy of "ROUND BURNS' GRAVE" will be given for the best Solutions in August. Answers to Tangles will be published two weeks after insertion, and all Competitions must be mailed before the Answers are inserted.

We publish on Wednesdays, and competitors are reminded that their answers must be mailed before the Wednesday in which the solutions appear. In all cases they must be mailed, and post marked before the answers appear.

Address solutions to
Tangle Editor, YOUNG CANADIAN, Box 1896, Montreal.

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 21.

FLOWER PUZZLE

May-flower of Nova Scotia.

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 25.

KNIGHTS MOVE PUZZLE.

Montreal. Ottawa. Toronto. Quebec. Halifax. Saint John.
Winnipeg. Charlottetown.

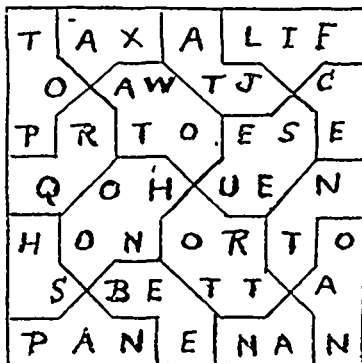
ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 26.

FLOWER GARDEN

- 1..... F l a G
- 2..... L o b e l i a
- 3. O p h i R
- 4..... W e e D
- 5..... E d g E
- 6.... . . . R h o d o d e n d r o N

TANGLE No. 30.

PATCHWORK PUZZLE OF CANADIAN TOWNS.



Transpose the sections of the above puzzle, so that when re-arranged in another square the letters will name seven Canadian towns, the position of each letter in the sections to remain unaltered.

(Answers in No. 30.)



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.

MOTHER'S HELP.—It is generally believed that the sewing machine was originated by an American, Elias Howe. This is a mistake, however. The first sewing machine was patented in England by Thomas Saint, on July 17, 1750, twenty-five years before Howe was born.

ENQUIRER.—If you desire a direct answer from the Post Bag.

W. M. A.—Your suggestion that we should have a department to tell "what are the principles that a boy should cultivate in order to foster and exhibit manly conduct" is an excellent one. We have indeed been working up just such a department. Many of our leading men in commerce, politics, the professions, and science have promised to help us in conducting it, by writing for it, giving us their experience on what conduces to manliness. We are in hopes that the series will commence very soon.

AUNT MATILDA.—No premium prize of a piano is offered in connection with THE YOUNG CANADIAN. We are not interested in the sale of pianos. What we are interested in is the building up of a first class magazine, and we do not believe that selling pianos would do that. There are other people who think so, however, and they are entitled to their own opinion.

FRANK WELLS.—You have not only our permission to call your canoe "The Young Canadian," but our best thanks for the compliment. We hope the little bark will live up to its name.

TEACHER.—Our Course in Shorthand is to commence in September, immediately after the holiday season. The average speed of speech is 125 words in a minute. Your progress will altogether depend upon your diligence.

WILLIE MARSHALL.—All letters in the Post Bag are answered as much as possible in the order in which they come. It is only when time is necessary to give a satisfactory answer that there is a breach of this rule.

FANNY WHITE.—The story "Ned Darrow" commenced in No. 23, July 1.

AMATEUR.—The best instruction book for the guitar that I know is the Guitar School of Madame Sidney Pratten. Books of instruction on the banjo may be had of any sheet-music dealer.

MISER.—A fortune of \$10,000,000 is not considered very great now a days. John D. Rockefeller possesses \$125,000,000; Wm. Astor \$125,000,000; and Jay Gould \$100,000,000. Vanderbilt is credited with having said that if you possess \$3,000,000 you are about as well off as if you were wealthy. The following may be of interest to you in this connection: The Rev. Drs. Hall, Storr, Gregg, and Behrends of New York have each \$10,000 a year, and Dr. Talnage has \$12,000.

SCHOOL BOY.—THE YOUNG CANADIAN is for girls as well as for boys. Our stories and departments are of interest to both.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.—A ruby lamp for developing your photographs may be made as follows: Take an empty cigar box. Line it carefully with blank paper. Very carefully cut out of one side a square into which adjust a piece of orange-colored glass. Make a small tin socket for a candle, and secure it on the bottom, which will be in one end of the box. In the top cut a small hole, to carry off the heat. Cover it with a cone-shaped piece of tin perforated with tiny holes. You will find it work as well as one that will cost you a dollar.

AUNT ELIZA.—The letters R. S. V. P. which we find in the corner of an invitation card, mean "Repondez, S'il Vous Plait," and P. P. C. should read "Pour Prendre Conge."

NELLIE.—For freckles which are common in this weather, scrape horse-radish into a cup of butter milk. After standing for a day or so it is ready for applying to the face and hands.

PASSY.—Pull your lavender and other sweet-herbs when they are ripe and dry. Pound them to powder. Fill your sachet with it.

MILLS, THE HATTER,

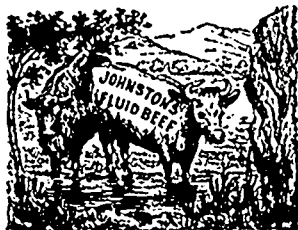
2397 ST. CATHERINE STREET, (Near Windsor Hotel), MONTREAL.

QUEEN'S HALL BLOCK,
 Cor. St. Catherine and Victoria Streets.
 Is Furnished with the LATEST and
 BEST Appliances in the Art
 of Photography.
WALFORD'S STUDIO

All seeking recreation by Lake, River or Mountain,

SHOULD SUPPLY THEMSELVES WITH

JOHNSTON'S



FLUID BEEF

Which will materially assist in restoring Exhausted Vitality.

CONVENIENT FOR CAMPING-OUT PARTIES—IN SMALL COMPASS, SUPPLYING GOOD MEAT DIET.

H. A. MILLER,

House, Sign & Window Shade

PAINTER.

Paper Hanger and Decorator

GILDING, GLAZING, GRAINING,
 WHITEWASHING, &c.

1996 St. Catherine Street,
 MONTREAL.

USE THE ROYAL LEVIGATED
TOILET SOAP.

This Soap is the best ever introduced to the public; it is manufactured from the PUREST OILS, it contains no lye, or anything else injurious to the Skin. It is especially recommended to the public for the removal of

Tan and Freckles from the Skin.

IT CURES

BLOTCHES, PIMPLES AND ALL OTHER HUMORS
 IN THE SKIN.

Leaving it Soft, White and Pliable.

For INFANTS' BATHS. It is superior to any other Soap in the market. It is also highly recommended for Barbers' use for shaving and shampooing.

THIS SOAP IS THE CHEAPEST.

Being a Powder, it contains no water—all Bar Soap contains thirty per cent. water, and manufactured of grease obtained from goats and hospitals.

It is put up in nice boxes, doing away with the use of a soap dish. When once used, it will never be dispensed with, being the Cheapest and Best in the market.

Price, large Boxes, 50c. Small Boxes, 25c.
 Liberal Inducements offered to live agents. Samples post-paid upon receipt of price, 25c.

Address, **W. M. RAMZA,**
 Molsons Bank Court,
 196 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

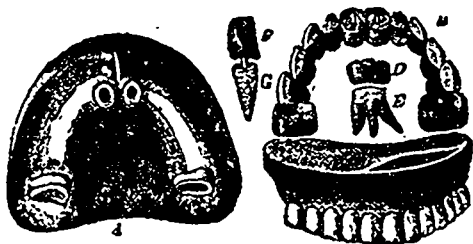
DIXON'S

ARTIFICIAL TEETH WITHOUT PLATES!

If but four firm roots still remain in the jaw in proper position, we can attach an entire set of teeth to these roots, and restore the mouth to its original usefulness and beauty without the use of a plate.

Models showing how the Tooth-Crown and Bridgework are attached to the Teeth.

EXTRACTION AVOIDED



Comparatively Painless.

A.—Mouth with Roots prepared to receive Artificial Teeth. B.—Bridge with Teeth ready to be attached to Roots. C.—Represents the Teeth firmly and permanently cemented to the Roots. One can masticate on these Teeth the same as upon natural Teeth. D.—Gold crown put on a broken down molar root, and the masticating surface restored. E.—Root prepared for crown. F.—Porcelain crown for attachment to root of Front Tooth which has been broken off, and crown restored without the use of a plate. G.—Root prepared for Crown.

Everything known to the Art of Dentistry at more reasonable rates than the same class of work can be procured elsewhere.

JOHN C. DIXON, Dental Expert,
 62 Beaver Hall Terrace.
 TELEPHONES: Bell 3423, Federal 1028.

Late with the distinguished specialists, Dr. T. B. Sheffield, D. H. E. Van Horne, New York.

The Medical Hall,

(DRUG DEPARTMENT)

COLONIAL HOUSE,

is now open and ready for business.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS -

PROMPTLY PREPARED

An inspection of the MODEL DISPENSING DEPARTMENT is invited.

BEST STAMP CO.—Montclair, N. J.
 Sheets on approval at 50 per cent. discount. Deposit or reference required.

EAGLE STAMP CO.—31 N. 1st Street, Kansas City, Kan. Sets, Packets and Albums. Approval sheets at 25 per cent. commission. Price list free.

DREW CHAS.—P. O. Box 3250, New York City. Low priced approval sheets at 25 per cent. commission a specialty. 10 page price list free.

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 **TOWNSHEND'S,**

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

BELL TELEPHONE 1906.
 FEDERAL " 2224.

MARTIN'S PHOTO STUDIO,

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

JOHN FAIR,

Notary,

Temple Building, - - Montreal.

THE DOMINION

GLASS BENDING WORKS!

Painting in all its Branches.

T. POLITO, 356 St. Hypolite St.

Bell Telephone 6728.
 Federal Telephone 1544.

CASTOR-FLUID

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

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,

122 St. Lawrence Main Street.

CAMERAS for AMATEURS!

NEW AND SECOND-HAND.

INSTRUCTIONS and use of DARK ROOM free to all.

A rare chance to buy at from 10 to 25 per cent. below regular prices. Write for particulars or any information desired in reference to *Photography*, or better still, call and examine.

STANDARD DRY PLATE WORKS,
 688 Craig Street, Montreal.

UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. of PORTLAND, Me.
 30 St. Francois Xavier Street, MONTREAL.
 WALTER I. JOSEPH, Manager.
 3011 Telephone 2365.
 ISSUES THE MOST LIBERAL CONTRACT IN AMERICA
 Insurance extended in case of lapse, after payment of Three
 Annual Premiums, by means of MAINE NON-FORFEITURE LAW.
 SEND FOR PARTICULARS.

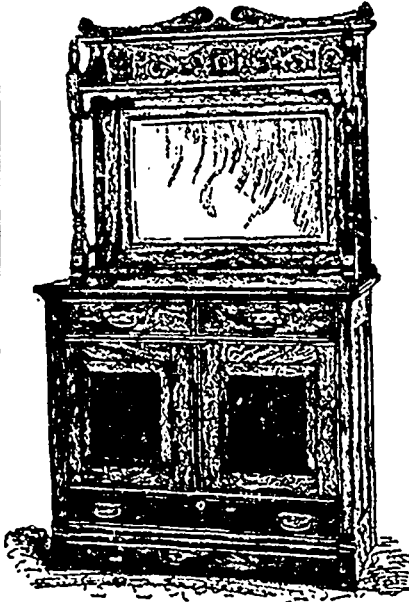
W.M. NOTMAN & SON, Photographers, 17 Bleury Street, MONTREAL,

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

ALWAYS ORDER

GURD'S

GINGER ALE, SODA WATER,
APPLE NECTAR, &c., &c.
CHAS. GURD & CO., MONTREAL.



OUR \$22.50 SOLID
QUARTERED OAK SIDEBOARD,

Oil Polish, with a Large Bevel Plate. Workmanship and material of the best.

RENAUD, KING & PATTERSON,
652 Craig Street.

MOODIE, GRAHAM & CO.

The Universal Warehouse,

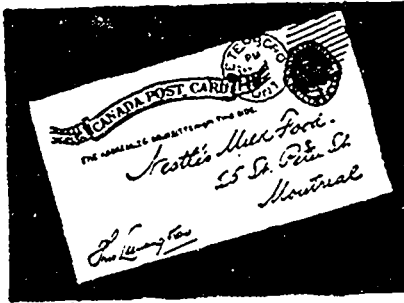
IMPORTERS AND GENERAL DEALERS IN

Choice Groceries, Fruits, &c.

2567 ST. CATHERINE STREET,
Corner of MacKay,
MONTREAL.

FEDERAL TELEPHONE 1299.

BELL TELEPHONE 4690.



TO any Mother sending us her name and address on a postal card, we will send two sample tins of Nestlé's Milk Food, sufficient for four meals. Nestlé's Food requires the addition of water only in its preparation. The best and safest diet to protect infants against Summer Complaints.

Talk with your physician about it.

THOS. LEEMING & CO., Sole Agents,
25 St. Peter St., Montreal.

J. PICOT, PARIS, SOLE PROPRIETOR.

LESSIVE PHENIX

- Makes Hard Water Soft.
- Makes White Clothes Whiter.
- Makes Flannels Soft and Clean.
- Makes Fruit Stains Vanish.
- Makes Tin Like Silver.
- Makes Paint Like New.
- Makes Glassware Brilliant.
- Makes Earthenware Spotless.
- Makes Windows Like Crystal.
- Makes Baths and Sinks Clean and Bright.

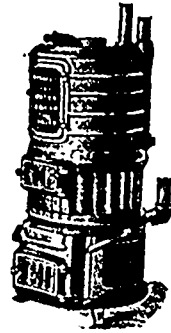
THE ONLY ARTICLE THAT WILL CLEAN ZINC.

For sale by Grocers and Druggists Everywhere.
FACTORY IN MONTREAL.

EVANS & SONS, SOLE AGENTS.

A. DEMERS.

C. BRUNET.



DRAPEAU, SAVIGNAC & CO.,

Finemiths, Plumbers, &c.,

140 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET,
MONTREAL.

DRAPEAU, SAVIGNAC & Co. undertake all kinds of work, such as Slate, Tin and Galvanized Sheet Iron Roofing, also repairing, at very moderate prices.

SPECIALTY.—Fitting up and repairing hot water and steam Furnaces.

R. SUMMERHAYES, 1 Bleury Street,

Photographer,

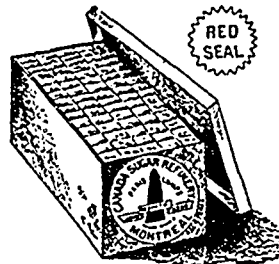
ALL STYLES OF PHOTOS. THE VERY FINEST FINISH.
Children's Pictures a Specialty.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co.

Redpath (Limited),
MONTREAL.



Finest Sugar Syrups in 8 and 2 lb. tins; very superior in purity, consistency and flavour; an excellent substitute for butter, preserves, etc.



PARIS LUMPS.

Lump or Loaf Sugar of very finest quality in 5-lb. boxes.



FEATHERSTON'S \$3.00 SHOE.

Guaranteed equal to any four dollar shoe imported. King's calf; whole foxing; solid stock; three widths. Delivered to any express office in Canada at \$3.25. Send for a pair.

A. M. FEATHERSTON 1 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET & 2243 ST. CATHERINE 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.