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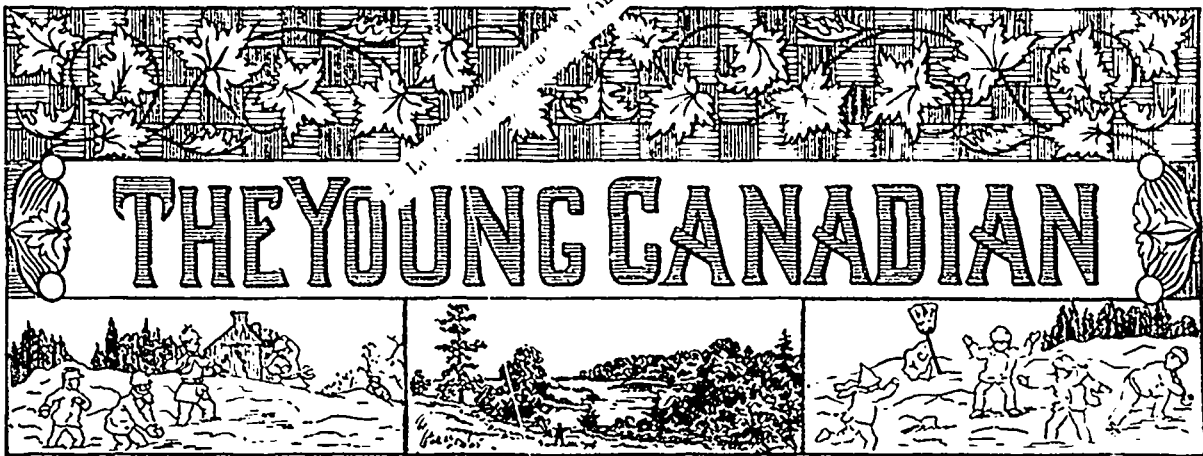
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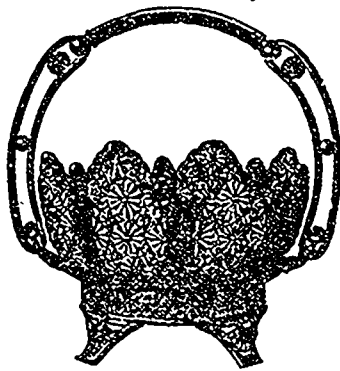
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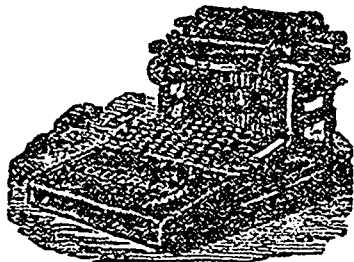
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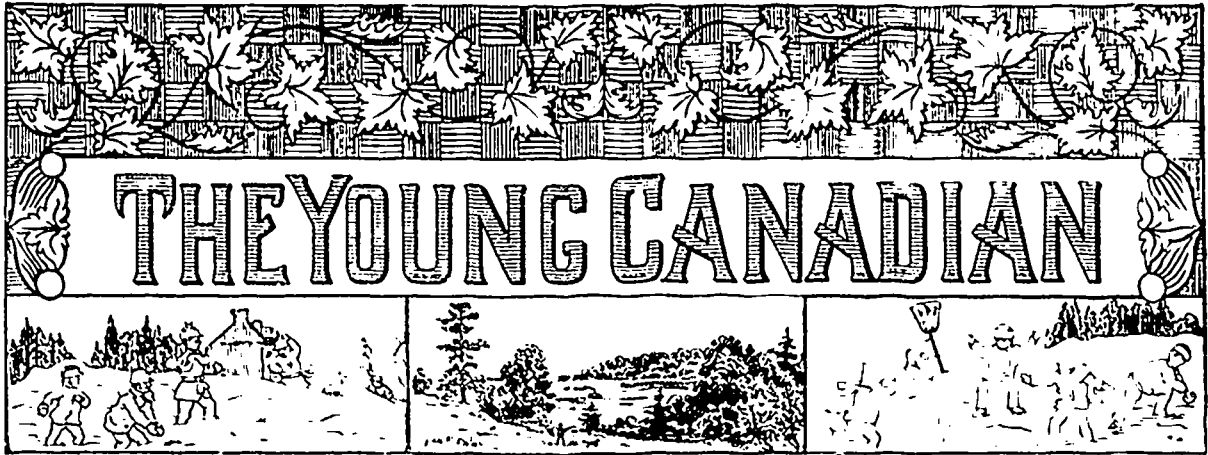
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A STARTLING POSITION.

## MARK REED'S ESCAPE.

### CHAPTER I.

ONE day last week a man came into my shop. In his hand he carried a small cage, of foreign workmanship, containing a bird unlike any I had ever seen before.

So many of the creatures have passed under my eyes, that a glance generally suffices to tell me at once what breed or kind it is likely to belong to, but this was so new to me that I left what I was about, and came across to the front shop to look closer

But my attention was fixed upon the cage, and, as the fellow had set it on the counter, and was wiping his face with his handkerchief, I stooped to gaze at the bird.

I had just opened my lips to ask him a question (the man, not the bird), when, with a loud cry, I might say a yell, and an exclamation, which I could not write down, he grabbed the cage, and rushed from the shop as though he had a mad bull at his heels.

I looked up in amazement, and there stood my son

Mark, who had come in by the door at the back of the shop, and who now stood staring with wonder like myself.

"Why, I must have scared him," cried Mark, laughing heartily. "The moment he set eyes upon me he bolted."

Simultaneously we both did the same thing.

Our staircase has a window opening over a lane, which by a sharp turn leads up into the main street that the houses front.

Mark and I both ran to this window. The thought had flashed through the mind of us both, that if this bird-selling fellow was up to no good, as seemed not unlikely, he would most probably avoid a straight course up the broad high-road.

We were right. He had dodged round the first crooked corner he came to. As we reached the window there he was, hurrying along at a steady trot, his hat pulled low down, and muffled, with his big coat, up to the chin.

Suddenly a heavy drop or two of rain fell, and he quickly turned his face upwards. His scowling eyes and lowering black brows were plain to see.

Then I remembered the face.

A sick feeling ran over me. I pulled Mark back from the window.

"Come along, my boy," I said. "We're leaving the shop to take care of itself. Come!"

Mark looked at me.

"Why, dad, it's you are scared now. What's it all about? Do you know him? He looks an arrant scoundrel."

"Ay," I replied, and I tried to laugh, though I did not for the moment feel much like it. "He does not look worse than he is."

"Then you *do* know him," said Mark, as we returned to the shop.

There is a small looking-glass hangs behind our parlour door, and I looked at myself in it, though I am not a vain man.

I had a long gaze at my boy, too, when he was not noticing me. Something to be proud of there, for Mark is as handsome a fellow for his sixteen years as you might see, and as good as he is handsome.

"I have never believed them when they say you are like me, Mark," I said, later on, when we sat at tea, "but I must believe it now!"

"Like what you *were* at his age," put in Mark's mother. "Well, you have found out something. And what has opened your eyes all at once?"

By-and-by I told them the story.

\* \* \* \* \*

To begin, I must go back a good many years. I was apprenticed to a bookbinder in a big city, miles away from the quiet country place where I was born and had lived the best part of my fifteen years.

Neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, had I. If ever a lad was a stranger, and alone, that I was, in the days I am now speaking of.

Yet it was a piece of good fortune had placed me where I was, for in the general break-up of affairs, following my father's sudden death, there was not left even the wherewithal to pay a premium for me to learn a trade, and it was only through an acquaintance speaking to a friend of his for me, that I was taken as an apprentice, without fee or payment of any kind.

I had one fellow-apprentice, and I did not see much of him. He had a home, parents, sisters, and he rather looked down upon me, I expect.

He went away every Saturday and came back on Monday morning. Our master always slept at home

with his family, a few miles out of town, so, after working hours, we lads had the place to ourselves, with old Betty, who kept the place clean and did for us. She was deaf, and lived mostly in the kitchen.

We might have been better friends, Joe Banks and I, but our tastes were quite unlike. He did not care for books, further than the binding of them—our business. I was always dipping into them when I got a chance; often, I am afraid, to the neglect of my work. Indeed, it was my fondness for reading which had made me so readily follow up the chance of learning a trade that took me, as it were, into the thick of it.

Joe was fond of playing the dandy. He had a ring, and a cane with a tassel to it, and his ambition was to go into the park of a summer evening, and gaze at the grand equipages and mix with the smart people as much as he could. I went with him once, but I could see no fun in it, and I gave him the slip and went home. Well, we are not all alike in our tastes. Perhaps my ways seemed just as unaccountable to him.

I used to get a dip into one book and another as they came through our hands. Old volumes that we would have to re-bind sometimes I could manage to get a good way into, between whiles, and of evenings. History and tales, biography, and voyages and travels. Nothing came amiss. I seldom managed to finish anything—only when an odd volume happened to be left with us, and by some chance was never called for again.

But of all the books, what took my fancy most was Natural History. Any mortal thing bearing on birds, beasts, or fishes, took hold of me to that extent that I cannot describe. One time, when the master was away, and allowed us boys so much to board ourselves, I half starved myself (living on bread and dripping) to buy a book I had only been able to get a glimpse of as we were binding it. It was about pigeons, and that it was turned the scale.

Often I had felt lonely and miserable enough when Joe Banks started merrily away to Greenleigh. He had asked me once to go down home with him, but I felt at that time too shy and miserable to care for going among strangers, and afterwards—well, to tell the truth, my clothes got very shabby. I grew fast, and altogether I did not fancy myself smart enough to be introduced to Master Joe's fine friends.

"You're all right, with your books and things," he said, one fine Saturday, as he prepared to leave.

"Oh! I'm all right," I made answer, as merry as could be.

It was not very cheerful, though, up in the garret where we slept, and where, more than once, I believe I blubbered a little, watching Joe out of sight, swinging his cane, and sticking out his little finger for the ring to glitter in the sunshine.

But after that day, when I got the book I have spoken of, I never had a dreary moment, nor envied Joe his home or his friends. I forget the name of the book or its writer now, but I know it began with a wonderful account of the way the Persians used to tame and train their pigeons, the messages they sent, the fun they had with them; and then it went on to tell all about the feeding; and the breeding, and the keeping of them, and what sort to buy, and so on. I made up my mind there and then. I had no more idea *how* I was going to carry out my plan than you may have how to catch an ostrich, or tame a whale, but I was going to do it—*to keep pigeons*.

First thing I made up to old Betty. She was as deaf as an adder, and, in answering my questions put to her, you might be sure only of one thing—she never by any chance lighted on the right one. So when I now asked her could I have "those bits of wood?"

"Good!" she screamed. "You allus are good, my boy."

Then I changed the word to board.

"Sword! Lawk-a-mussy, who's got a sword?" she cried.

At last, in despair, I got her to follow me to the old brew-house, and pointed out the pieces of lumber I coveted. I knew the mouldy stores which half filled the place were Betty's perquisites, for I had heard her imploring the dustman to cart away a lot one day, when he, grumbling, declined, his cart being full.

"That?" shouted the old woman, when I had made her comprehend what I wanted. "My goodness, yes, you can have it; and that, and *that*, and these, too," piling up a lot of miscellaneous articles, for which I could devise no possible use.

"Make a bonfire of the lot," Betty went on, "that's what I wish you'd do. I want the room for my tubs, I do."

Gladly I carried off my coveted treasure, dragging the wood up to an empty garret, next the one we boys occupied. During the remainder of that afternoon I was as happy as, I was going to say, "a prince," but no prince was ever so elate as Mark Reed that Saturday, when he laid the foundations of his first pigeon-house. I could not have had any very definite idea of where the inmates were to come from, but that did not trouble me. I had made up my mind that I was going to keep pigeons; and I have always believed to a great extent in the saying that where there's a will there's a way.

On Monday, when Banks returned, I showed him my work.

"Bookshelves!" he exclaimed. "I never did see such a one as you are! Where are the books to come from?"

"*Bookshelves!*" I was too indignant to say any more.

However, I had a request to make of my companion, and I soon imparted to him my designs.

"Sleep in that place, with a skylight instead of a window!" He pulled a face. "Oh, I say!"

"Will you ask Mr. Timms?" I went on earnestly: "he won't refuse you."

"But I don't want to sleep in that hole of a place," Joe urged.

"No, no, I don't want you to; the garret is never used. If I might have my bed in there——"

"Oh! I see. I shall tell him you snore so—and you do, you know," he added.

I don't believe I did; but I would not contradict him, and that evening he got leave of our master for me to remove the little truckle bed on which I slept into the small back garret with the skylight. An old box or two and a chair I fixed up for steps, and was out at that skylight in double-quick time—at least my head and shoulders were.

There I planned a place for my pigeon-house; and I could have fancied I already saw the beautiful creatures skimming away in the air, or sunning themselves in the morning rays which played among the chimney-pots.

They say it is only the first step which costs anything. I found it the contrary; for, turning round to descend, I kicked over the top-box, and came down with the whole lot, and such a crash that Mr. Timms sent Joe up in a hurry to see what was the matter.

When I limped down, the master turned on me sharply.

"When you want to clean that skylight again just you take the steps; don't go smashing my boxes and your own limbs."

"I wasn't cleaning the skylight," I began, meekly; when Mr. Timms interrupted me.

"Now, look sharp; you've to take these books to Bennet's Close, and mind you get a receipt for them."

It was a hot day; the load was heavy, and I had "barked" my shins and bruised my back.

The way to Bennet's Close had never seemed so long; never had I so often paused to shift my burden or to marvel at the weight of a few dozen octavos. If I had known what was awaiting me, how little that burden would have moved me to murmurs! My speed would have been greater, whereby, not unlikely, my good fortune would have missed me.

At the door of the office in the Close stood the principal. John Mister was his name; and it seemed so awkward calling him Mr. Mister that we boys had got into a way of saying "The Mister." A real good-natured man he was, though sharp enough if any want of punctuality annoyed him.

"Now, then, Timms," he said, in a loud voice, as I panted up with my load, "late as usual: these were due on Saturday! Won't do, you know—I *cannot* have it. If you are not punctual you make me forfeit my word. Here, Bates!—Wood!—take these: let them be packed off at *once!* Go on, my boy, go on."

I dare say I looked tired, and none the cooler for his sharp reception. He glanced at me, and took part of the books out of my arms, handing them to the clerks, who came forward.

"Warm work, eh, my lad? Here, sit you down a minute. I seem to know your face. Been long with Timms?"

I told him.

"Hum!—ha! I fancy I've heard your name. Reed, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir—Mark Reed."

"That's it—ha! well, I hope you do, too, mark well all you do read, and read all you can, eh?"

He laughed at his own mild joke. So did I, very heartily, no doubt.

"Well, now," said the old gentleman, beginning to move off, "don't waste your time—that is, your master's time, rather. Never forget that, Mark Reed—it is not *your* time. Your time will come by-and-by. But, here, *that* is your own."

He had put something into my hand and had bustled away before I had time to thank him, or, indeed, to see what it was he had given me.

Outside the door I looked.

A bright half-crown!

I suppose many of you, when you have a thing very much at heart, have felt that you don't care to talk about it to any one. Some I know do prefer to share their plans and ideas, and are ready to confide in all who will listen.

I cannot help fancying that those plans are least likely to succeed where there is so much talking over. Any way, as a boy, I was always very quiet about my little projects. But then, again, I had no one who would have sympathised in them.

I had never told a soul of my yearning as regarded the pigeons, and, with all I had read, I had no notion how much they would cost or where to buy them. Of course this precious coin I held in my hand was destined for the purpose. How many, or if but one, or half of one, I could almost have said. But with it I was bound to start my stock of bird-fancying.

There was a poulterer's shop in the next street to ours. Rows of pigeons hung by the feet; trays of the birds trussed ready for roasting. I lingered a minute or two, gazing thoughtfully at the window. Out came the poulterer's man. It was a leisure time.

"Now, then, what is for you, my lad?" he cried, half in jest.

"How much would they cost alive?" I asked, pointing to the birds.

"Ha! how much?" was the reply, jeeringly "as much again as half, I expect. Look here, you'd best get on to your own business, and not be fooling here."

"I only asked," I said, in a mollyfying tone. "You don't have live ones, do you? I want to buy some."

"Ha! I have quite enough to do with dead ones," the man answered. "You'll have to go to Barter's Cut for what you want."

And he turned away. So I had learned something. Barter's Cut was at the other end of the town, and did not bear a very good name. If any boy or man was an especially rough customer, it was said of him that he was one from Barter's Cut.

But there I must go for my pigeons. And how I longed for the next Saturday which should give me the opportunity!

*(To be Continued.)*

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### JAKE AND THE MINISTER'S BICYCLE.

IT'S perfectly outrageous for a minister of the Gospel to be makin' an exhibition of himself, a dartin' and flyin' round on one of them pesky things. He will break his neck one of these days. It would serve him right. It's runnin' right into the face of Providence, to ride on a concern that won't stand alone without being held up.

In the store the men were talking of the minister's new horse: one said it was the fastest in town. Jake is a great horse-jockey. He had just bought a fast trotter. He interrupted the conversation by saying, with a round oath, "If the parson ever comes my way with his new-fangled machine I'll run him down with my sorrel."

"You can't do it," shouted several.

"If I don't, I'll---I'll---I'll go to church every Sunday for a year," shouted Jake. "I'll try hard enough, for church-going aint in my line, you know," he said, with a wink, as he left the store.

One day the minister rode by Jake's house just as he drove his sorrel, in a light beach wagon, out of the stable. Some one must have told the minister what Jake said, for he smiled and bowed and said, "Good morning, Mr. Jones."

"Get out of the way, parson. I'm comin'."

He hit his horse a great lash and drove toward the minister at a furious rate. Such a race you don't often see.

They flew by our house-- we live two miles from Jake's house, you know--so fast it almost made me dizzy. The minister was a little ahead and gaining every minute. I ran out into the yard and waved my apron and shouted like a foolish girl. They came to a long, steep hill. The minister swung his feet over the handles and let his machine go itself. It flew like a bird skimming the water. Jake stopped at the top of the hill and watched the minister in amazement as he flew along. He muttered to himself--

"I'm beat;--you might as well race with the wind."

He stopped at our well, to get a drink. The minister rode up and said as he dismounted, "Mr. Jones, there is not another horse in town that could have given me such a race as that. If it had not been for the hill, I guess you would have beaten me. I will ride back with you, if you have no objection."

Before Jake could say a word he had put his bicycle into Jake's wagon and sprang into the seat by his side. You will hardly believe it, but Jake asked the minister to take dinner with him, and he spent all the rest of the

day there. When I went to town, about four o'clock, Jake was sitting on the step, smoking his pipe, his wife by his side, laughing as if he were crazy, as the minister taught Jim, his oldest boy, how to ride the bicycle. Just as I got to the gate, the machine tumbled, and Jim, the minister, and all, went rolling over on the grass. I can hear Jake's shout yet, as he held his sides and rolled to and fro in delight. The minister had family prayers with him, and made him promise to send all his children to Sunday school.

BRIDGET.

\*\*\*

### HOW HE DRESSES THE BABY.

--

All family men fancy that they can dress the baby much more deftly and expeditiously than the mother can perform the same operation. That is, if they only set themselves about it.

"Of course there is no doubt of that," says the man to himself; "a man can do anything better than a woman, and not make half the fuss and talk about it. Women wear themselves all out talking things over. Why, a woman will talk more about making a flat-iron holder than a man would about building a meeting-house. When a man is going to do anything he goes to work and does it. He doesn't have to run all over the neighbourhood to ask every one he knows about it, and then do as he has a mind to, as a woman will do."

And so, having heard him boast of his capabilities for years, some fine morning, when his wife's head aches, and the feminine deity of the kitchen has given notice, the mother of the family invites him to dress the baby.

The baby is big enough to walk around and have a finger in every pie, but it will be "the baby" till a later addition appears.

The man who knows it all smiles triumphantly to himself. He is delighted with the opportunity of showing his wife how much quicker he can do it than she can. And he'll see if that baby is going to run all over creation after cats and things, and cry half the time while he is doing it. Discipline is what is needed with children.

He calls the baby to him.

"Stand there, Freddy, while papa finds your clothes, like a good boy."

Freddy places himself in position while his pa goes in quest of the raiment belonging to the juvenile. Freddy spies a bird on the top of a tree in the yard, and he climbs on the piano to get high up at the window, and he knocks down a couple of bundles of sheet-music, his sister Fanny's new hat that she left there last night when she came home from the party, so tired that she could hardly get upstairs to bed: and then poor Freddy slips and grabs the window-shade to save himself, and brings it down, fixtures and all, and draws a double-tracked railroad on the polished rosewood of the piano with his wildly clutching finger-nails, and lands safely on the floor, howling with rage at not having been able to get the bird.

By that time his pa has found most of his clothes and is ready to begin. But Freddy isn't ready. He wants to see the pictures in the album. Then he insists on hearing the watch tick. Then he wants to catch the dog by the tail and give it a good pull, to see if it is on fast. Then he wants to kiss mamma.

"Stand still!" says his pa, putting on the severe look that he uses on his insubordinate clerks in the dingy down-town office, "and see if you can keep your tongue still while I dress you! Don't wiggle so, Freddy! Stand still! Put down your foot! Let that cat alone! Here, you little mischief, stop chewing that lead pencil!

Hold up your head, can't you? Put this hand through—no, that one! Good gracious, it is strange that women will make pants for babies wrong end to! And more buttons on 'em than would be needed to button up a regiment of men! Now, then, for the waist! Humph, that is made the same way, all the buttons in the wrong place. No arm-holes, no nothing! Freddy, hold still! I tell you it doesn't hurt you! Yes, 'tis on right. It can't be on any other way. By jove, I've forgot the drawers and the stockings! Here, put up that foot. Good gracious, Freddy, can't you stop wiggling your toes? Hold your leg stiff. There, now. Now, we'll put on the little man's collar. What an outlandish contrivance to fasten a collar. It doesn't stay put anywhere. Let's see, the bow goes under it? No, it must go over it. Keep your hands still. What are you bobbing so for? Lift up your arms, Freddy! Why, what the deuce is the matter with this child's arms? He can't move 'em. Don't cry, Freddy. Let me look. Do stop that bawling. This all comes of your mother's humoring you so. I say, Fred, stop this noise! Stop it, I say! I shall be crazy—I——"

And about at this juncture his wife appears on the scene, and she finds that Freddy's pants are hind part before, and one of his arms has been put through the neck space, and the other one through one arm-hole of his waist, and his collar, which was made to turn down, stands up, and his stockings are on wrong side out; and his pa will never own that there is anything out of order about the proceeding, but the next time he dresses the baby he doesn't dress it—he always has something to see to that prevents him.—*Kate Thorne Papers.*

### SOME HOPE YET.

There are hired girls and hired girls and one of them applied to a very nice woman indeed, on Trumbull avenue, last week for a position.

"So you want a place?" inquired the lady very politely.

"Yes'm," was the quiet reply.

"Cook, wash and iron?"

"Yes'm."

"Do you play the piano?"

"No'm," said the girl with a start.

"Nor the banjo?"

"No'm."

"Do you take lessons?"

"No'm."

"Got a young man coming to see you every other night?"

"No ma'am," exclaimed the girl with an emphatic blush.

"Will you want the sitting room to receive your friends in?"

"No'm."

"Got enough dresses so you won't have to use mine when I'm away?"

"Yes'm."

"Will you want six afternoons off every week and every other Sunday?"

"No'm."

"Are you willing to try to do things the way I want you to?"

"Yes'm."

The lady looked at her for two minutes hesitatingly.

"Well," she said at last, "I guess I'll take you. I'm not used to the kind of a girl you are, but I'll see if we can't get along together for a while anyhow. Come on, I'll show you your room, and you can bring your things around to-night."

### YOUNG CANADIAN CALENDAR PRIZE FOR MAY.

VILLE-MARIE FOUNDED BY MAISONNEUVE.

BY GRACE E. B. RICE, WEYMOUTH, N.S.

During the early and middle part of the seventeenth century Canada was an object of interest to all Frenchmen. Then it was that a vision appeared to Dauversiere, a citizen of La Fleche, in Anjou, telling him to found a new colony on the island called Montreal, and establish a new Order of hospital nuns there. At the same time a vision appeared to a priest named D'Olier, telling him that he was to form a society of priests in the same island. Now, Dauversiere hardly wanted to leave home, for he had a wife and six children. D'Olier was very anxious to begin the enterprise at once. As neither of these men had half enough money to carry out an expedition, D'Olier found three people, and Dauversiere one, who were willing to form the Association of Ville-Marie. Sufficient funds were collected for a beginning, but it was necessary before embarking to look out for a woman who was willing to become their housekeeper. Scarcely was the wish expressed before it was gratified, for a young woman named Mdlle. Jeanne Mance, equal in courage and devotion to Maisonneuve himself, undertook the task.

The expedition also wanted a soldier governor to take charge of the men. They found one in Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve. Suddenly D'Olier and Dauversiere became very much dejected, and Dauversiere almost wished he had never undertaken the scheme, but their former zeal soon returned to them.

The expedition set out in the year 1642, under the command of Maisonneuve, for D'Olier and Dauversiere both remained at home, so they could at any time send aid and provisions to the little colony and look out for its interests at home. They had a very pleasant voyage, the sun shone brightly all the time, soft breezes stirred at night, and the French began to think that the savage Indians might be all a dream; but still, after entering the St. Lawrence, they kept watch for any sign of habitation on the land. They never dreamed that in six months from that time they would be fighting Iroquois.

At last they landed at Quebec, the Governor of which place—Montmagny—was very jealous of Maisonneuve, and wanted him to occupy St. Orleans instead of Montreal, because, as the two towns were nearer together, they could often assist each other in time of war, but Maisonneuve said he had not come hither to deliberate but to act. Maisonneuve was a good soldier and a wise leader, and his men were all very fond of him, as indeed they had reason to be. Just before setting out Montmagny and Maisonneuve had a little quarrel, which resulted from Maisonneuve's men firing a salute from their cannon in honour of his birthday, which Montmagny said they ought not to have done without his consent. So he arrested one, Jean Gory, the principal offender, and put him into irons, but he was released a few days later, and Maisonneuve gave a feast to his men in honour of Jean Gory, at the end of which he said:—

"Jean Gory, you have been put in irons for me; you had the pain, I the affront. For that I add ten crowns to your wages." Then he turned to the others saying—"My boys, though Jean Gory has been misused, you must not lose heart for that, but drink all of you to the health of the man in irons. When we are once at Montreal we will be our own masters, and will fire our cannon when we please."

Thenceforth there was much coldness between the powers of Quebec and Montreal. On the 8th of May



Maisonneuve set sail for Montreal. On the 17th of May, 1642, they saw it for the first time. Montmagny was with them, and delivered the island to Maisonneuve, who was the representative of the Associates of Montreal. On the following day they sprang ashore, and fell on their knees singing songs of thanksgiving.

After they had taken the baggage and arms ashore, the priest addressed them thus :

"You are a grain of mustard seed, that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land."

Such was the birthday of Montreal, which is now the largest Canadian city.

\*\*\*

"Now, George, you must divide the cake honourably with your brother Charles." "What is honourably, mother?" "It means that you must give him the larger piece." "Then, mother, I'd rather that Charles should divide it."

"Mamma, may I give what's in my savings bank to that beggar-man?"

Mamma—"You dear, sweet, little cherub! Do you want to give all of that money your uncle gave you? There was over a dollar."

"I spent some of it, mamma,"

"Did you? How much is there left?"

"There's a twenty-five cent piece left, but the cindy man said it was bad."

\*\*\*

## BEECH AND I.

### CHAPTER II.

"Ah, Mr. Spottiswood, you got our telegram then?" the senior clerk said, as I appeared in the office, looking cold and miserable.

"Yes, sir; I hope nothing is wrong."

"Come in," he said, pushing open the door of a private room which led to the principal's room, and leading the way; Mr. Barron, senior, is here, and his son will be here in half an hour; they want to see you."

"Can you tell me what it is about, sir?" I asked, anxiously.

"I would rather not open the subject until we are all together. Here is a paper for you to read until he comes," and the chief clerk withdrew, leaving me to imagine all kind of horrible things for the longest half-hour of my life. I heard from where I sat of the arrival of Mr. Barron, jun., and then, after a conversation with the chief clerk, the door of the waiting-room was opened, and I was ushered into the presence of the partners. The senior partner, a benevolent-looking old gentleman, sat on one side of the table, and his son on the other the latter reading the "Times," which he lowered as I entered. Several books were on the table, the one on which I usually worked was spread open before Mr. Barron, sen.

"I have told Mr. Spottiswood that you wished to see him, sir," the chief clerk said, by way of opening the conversation. "These are the entries that require explanation," and he pointed as he spoke to the open book.

Standing there with an undefined dread of some terrible misfortune in my heart, I felt downright ill, and

must have looked as guilty as any thief that ever stood in the dock. If the partners, when they looked at me, construed my distress into evidence of guilt, they could not be blamed, for I felt as though I ought to be guilty, if I was not.

"It appears from this book," said the old gentleman, looking at it again through his eye-glasses. "that for several months past ingenious entries have been made, by which the book shows that we spent more money in postages than we really did by about ten pounds. It was only because Mr. Beech was taken suddenly ill yesterday morning that the book came under the notice of the chief clerk, and he, in looking through it, discovered these alterations; otherwise, the account would not have been checked until the end of the quarter."

"I know nothing of it, sir."

"But surely you must have had access to the book; and you must have known that the entries were not correct."

"Beech always kept it in his own desk, sir, and balanced it. I never made any cash entries in it."

"But you kept the cash?"

"I did, sir; but I was not always in the office."

"Had Beech access to the money in your absence?"

"He had, sir!"

The junior partner now put his paper away, and asked me a question.

"Have you been at all pressed for money lately?"

I flushed up, and hesitated. It is an awful crisis in a young fellow's history when he is brought face to face with what appears a damaging fact in his life, and has to tell the truth about it—or the reverse. Thank God I had strength to tell the truth: it saved me many a pang afterwards, as it does always.

"Well, sir, if I answer honestly, I must say I have been."

"Indeed! Why did you not ask us for help?"

"I was such a short time here, sir. I didn't like to do so."

"What caused you to run short?"

This was a thrust that made my blood run cold. Again, to tell the truth seemed terribly hard, but I must do it.

"My lodgings were more expensive than I could afford, sir, and I was new to the ways of London, and spent too much money. But I did not run in debt, and it was only because of my going home that I wanted a few pounds."

"Of whom did you borrow?"

"Of Beech, sir."

Both partners looked surprised.

"I did not know that he could afford to be a lender," the old gentleman said, "he has very poor parents and is in debt himself."

This was new to me. I had always understood that Harry's relatives were well off, and that he received an allowance from them. He was in debt too!

"How much did you borrow?" the junior partner asked.

"Two pounds, sir."

"Then, never under any circumstances do such a thing again. If you want money come to us, and if your application is genuine we will help you."

These few words brought me great relief. It did not appear from them that I was considered the thief.

"Do you know anything of young Beech's associates? You lodged with him, I think," said the old man.

"I did, sir, but I was not always with him."

"Did he gamble?" asked the junior partner.

"He played cards sometimes, sir."

"Did you?"

"No, sir."

"Never played cards, and you in his company so frequently! Did he never invite you to play?"

"I had promised my mother, sir, that I would never play, and I never did," I answered.

"I wish all mothers were like yours, or all sons like you," the old man said, kindly.

"I don't deserve any credit for it, sir; I was quite as anxious to play as Beech, only I could not break my promise."

"We have heard from his doctor this morning that he is seriously ill, and must be kept perfectly quiet for the present. We are willing to accept your statement of the case until he is well enough to attend here, but you must return to your duties immediately. Perhaps for to-day you had better go to your lodgings and see after Beech; you may be able to do something for him or learn something about this very unfortunate affair."

I withdrew, in a better frame of mind than I went in, but still it was clear that I was under a cloud, and that the matter was only postponed.

I found the landlady in a great excitement about her lodger. She had not received any money from him for a considerable time, and now, what with the doctor ordering delicacies, and the prospect of a long illness, she was driven almost to despair. I did what I could to reassure her, and then I crept up to Harry's room. The blinds were down, the shutters closed, the curtains drawn. It was as dark as midnight almost.

"Who is it?" asked the invalid, sharply and nervously.

"It's Spot, Harry!"

He raised himself by a great effort. "Why have you come back?" he asked.

"They wanted me at the office?"

"Then why are you here at this hour?"

"I was anxious to hear how you were."

"It's more than that; they have discovered something!" he said, his eyes glaring out wildly at me in a state of terror. "I feel as if I should go mad! They tell me I must keep quiet; but they don't know my disease. Have you read the letter I left for you last night?"

"No, Harry; I have not seen it."

"It's downstairs in the sitting-room. Go and read it. I am dreadfully weak, Spot; I don't think I'll ever get over this—at least, I hope not!"

"Harry, don't talk like that, it's downright wicked!"

"Wicked! What else have I been? Death would be better now than recovery and disgrace. I wish I was dead with all my heart!" and he sank back upon his pillow exhausted.

Even in the dim room I could see how terribly ill he looked, and I could not but feel for the unhappy fellow in his great distress. I found his letter in the small sitting room, and opened it with anxiety. It ran thus.

"Dear Spot,—I feel so ill to-night that I don't know what may happen. I want to leave in writing something that will clear your character of all suspicion if anything should occur, and yet I don't know how to tell you of my great folly. Your mother made you promise never to gamble. Oh, Spot! I wish mine had! When I look back upon my life and see how step by step I was led on, and how I might have led you on, to destruction, I can only wonder that I could be such a fool. I was so pressed for money everywhere that I borrowed of the money in your drawer, hoping to win enough at play to put it back, but my luck turned, and I lost more and more. Then I made alterations in the book to make it appear that more money had gone out, and that made your money balance. I can hardly writ it for shame, Spot, but I became what I am now—a thief! God keep you from ever becoming that! I haven't asked Him to keep me from anything, for I have felt like stone lately.

I wish when you put those cards on the fire that night that you had made me promise never to play again—I think I should have promised you.

"Your miserable friend,

"HARRY BEECH."

Tears came into my eyes, and I crept back to the room.

He made no sign, his head was covered.

"Harry, I have read your letter; I pity you. It is known to the partners; I think you ought to tell them everything."

These sentences I uttered at intervals of a second or two. He made no remark, and did not move his head.

"May I show them your letter? It would do more than anything else to make them overlook your offence."

"You may, Spot."

He did not say more, so I left him after a few minutes, and hastened back to the City, where the partners were still to be found, although preparing to leave. I explained in a few words what had occurred, and then showed them the letter. They were both visibly affected.

"Unhappy lad!" said the old gentleman. "He really appears contrite, but it is an offence that cannot be overlooked. It would be destructive of law and order."

I told them how destitute he was, and being both humane men, the story touched them exceedingly. They called me into their room later on, and put five sovereigns in my hand for his immediate necessities, and then the old gentleman asked me what I thought of his case, and whether he was really dangerously ill.

"He seems to me, sir, to be dying of shame," I answered.

The partners looked at one another, and then after a moment's consideration the old man said,

"I think I'll go and see him myself. Just call a cab and come with me."

We were soon rolling away in the direction of Islington, he chatting pleasantly and very kindly about his early life, and I listening with respectful interest. When at length we approached our lodgings he said,

"You must prepare the way for me. It would be too great a shock were I to go in unannounced."

The doctor was in the hall just coming out. When he heard that we were visitors, and wanted to see Harry, he held up his hands.

"I won't answer for his life if any one exits him now, he said.

A few words of explanation from Mr. Barron, and the doctor yielded. I went up to the room, and kneeling down by the bedside, whispered,

"Harry, a kind and generous friend has come with me from the City to see you. Can you bear an interview?"

He looked at me inquiringly. "Surely not Mr. Barron?"

I nodded.

"Live or die, I will see him," he said, eagerly, and I left the room.

What transpired never was told.

Harry recovered, after a long and painful illness, and returned to the firm of Barron and Company, Mincing Lane, to be one of their steadiest and most conscientious clerks. The secret of his sin was known only to the four who had met in the inner room, and each of these, as they watched his steady demeanour, his thoughtful care, his modest bearing, grew to like him more and more, and to value his friendship. One of them, after living with him for many years, was his best man at his wedding, and still calls him with pride his friend Harry. He still speaks in friendly familiarity of "dear old Spot."

## The Young Canadian

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YOUNG PEOPLE OF CANADA.

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MONTREAL.

## YOUNG CANADIAN HISTORICAL CALENDAR.

### JUNE.

1. Labrador discovered by John Cabot . . . . .	1497
2. Ottawa River discovered by Champlain . . . . .	1613
3. Hudson's Bay discovered by Albanel . . . . .	1672
4. Fort Monsipé taken by d'Iberville . . . . .	1685
5. Louisbourg taken by Pepperell . . . . .	1747
6. Louisbourg taken by Amherst . . . . .	1758
7. Fort Presqu'Île taken by Indians . . . . .	1763
8. Americans defeated at Three Rivers . . . . .	1776
9. Americans defeated at Stony Creek . . . . .	1813
10. Americans surrendered at Beaver Dam . . . . .	1813
11. Cornwall Canal opened . . . . .	1843
12. Welland Canal enlarged . . . . .	1850
13. Legislative Council appointed for British Columbia . . . . .	1863
14. Fenians defeated at Ridgeway . . . . .	1866
15. First Meeting of Dominion Parliament at Ottawa . . . . .	1866
16. Post Cards Issued . . . . .	1871
17. Railway from Toronto to Owen Sound . . . . .	1873
18. Union of Presbyterian Churches in Canada . . . . .	1875
19. First Session of Supreme Court . . . . .	1876
20. First Canadian Cardinal appointed . . . . .	1886
21. First Steamer of Canadian Pacific Railway arrived at Vancouver from Yokohama . . . . .	1887

Our June Calendar provides a very charming and tempting choice of subjects. As they are mostly of recent date, no doubt our young competitors will enter the lists brimful of information. The essays given in so far have been exceedingly good. Indeed, we are rather proud of them. In order to encourage those who may be hindered from competing by not knowing exactly how to set about it, we have asked our friend "Pater" of the Reading Clubs to give us a few hints. This he has kindly done, and his advice is found on another page in this number.

The prize for June will be a book containing eighteen beautiful stories, by one of the most charming writers on this continent. So far the boys have taken three out of five prizes. Let us see if the June prize cannot level up a little by going to a girl.

## A BOY'S MOTHER.

My mother she's so good to me,  
Ef I was good as good could be,  
I couldn't be as good—no, sir!—  
Can't any boy be good as her!

She loves me when I'm glad or sad;  
She loves me when I'm good or bad;  
An', what's a funniest thing, she says  
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me.  
That don't hurt—but it hurts to see  
Her cryin'. Then I cry; an' den  
We both cry an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts and' sews  
My little cloak an' Sund'y clothes;  
An' when my Pa comes home to tea,  
She loves him most as much as me.

She laughs an' tells him all I said,  
An' grabs me up an' pats my head;  
An' I hug *her*, an' hug my Pa,  
An' love him purt'nigh much as Ma.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

## EDITOR'S PIGEON-HOLES.

### NOT FOR OURSELVES, BUT FOR OTHERS.

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

### OUR SECRET.

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

### ANOTHER STORY BOOK.

My friend, Miss Maud Ogilvy, has another Canadian story for us. Like her last, the scene is in the Lower St. Lawrence region. It is a story of "The Keeper of Bic Light-House." Of course, we shall all want to read it for two important reasons—because it is about Canada and because it is by a Canadian.

### OUR GOOD FRIEND, MR. LEMOINE,

is going to give us a book with all his wonderful knowledge about our Canadian Birds. Any one who has heard him "talk" about birds will know how delightful his book must be. Please be quick, Mr. LeMoine, as we are much in need of it.

A NICE IDEA.

A friend has sent me a copy of a magazine which is published in the interest of the "Shut-in Society." This means the great society of invalids who, from various causes of sickness or lameness, are compelled to give up the pleasure of going out as we do to find our pleasures.

HERE IS THE GOLD WATCH.

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



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

THE EDITOR.



YOUNG CANADIAN TANGLES.

ANSWERS TO TANGLES.

WILD FLOWER TANGLE—2.

No. 10.

SQUARE.

- 1 ..... Rumex.
  - 2 ..... Grape.
  - 3 ..... Apple.
  - 4 ..... Sa l i x.
  - 5 ..... A v e n s.
- My whole—Maple.

No. 11.

3. --LEGENDARY TANGLE OF WILD FLOWERS.

- 1. Snow-drop.
  - 2. Twin-flower.
  - 3. Lily.
  - 4. Aspen.
  - 5. Witch-hazel.
  - 6. Rose—yellow.
  - 7. Elder.
  - 8. Narcissus.
  - 9. Cashew.
  - 10. Epigea,  
*Trailing Arbutus.*
- My whole--St. Lawrence.

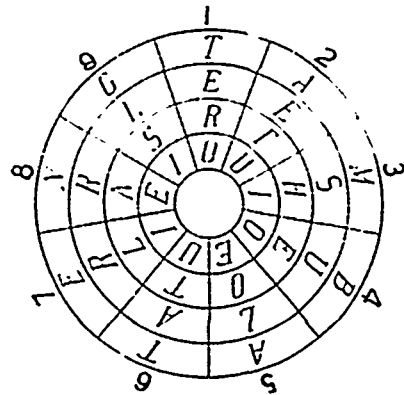
TANGLE No. 12.

PUZZLET.

B  $\frac{o}{e}$  D

The above forms a sentence of nine words, and describes what Capt. Stairs once saw in the very heart of Africa, much to his amazement.

TANGLE No. 13.



This puzzle is on the system of a "combination" lock. Supply a letter for the central or innermost circle; then turn each of the outer circles, so that spelling from the circumference to the centre they will name—

- 1. A town in France.
- 2. A town in Africa.
- 3. A town in Holland.
- 4. A town in Italy.
- 5. A Russian Lake.
- 6. A town in India.
- 7. A town in Austria.
- 8. A town in Scotland.
- 9. A town in Norway.

It is almost impossible for a Frenchman to write such bad prose as an Englishman writes easily and with joy; and though there is a strange characteristic about very bad poetry which makes all nations of the earth akin, I am not quite sure that an Englishman can write it quite so badly, with a badness so little relieved by mere absurdity, so little dependent upon technical faults, so sheerly, purely, hopelessly *bad*, as that which comes naturally to some Frenchmen.



## A WALK THROUGH THE SILK MILL

OF

MESSRS. BELDING, PAUL & CO. (Limited.)

I am safe in suspecting that the ambition of most of my young girl readers is to be grown up, and her ambition to be grown up is more connected with the possession of a silk gown than anything else. My boys—well there is nothing so decidedly luxurious as silk suits in store for them, but they take a quiet peep now and then at a silk lining, a silk collar, a silk umbrella, silk hose, and so forth. Of course your bigger sisters are now revelling in the realization of these dreams, and have united with their mothers in extending their tasteful wishes in the direction of lots of pretty things in silk for the house.

Now, I wish you had been with me one day last week. Seldom have I wished it more. Of all the pretty sights

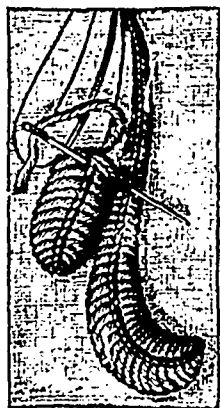
that, as your Industria, I have enjoyed for your sake, my walk over this Silk Mill was one of the very delightfulest. Excuse the new word, but, when a thing is particularly beautiful, I think we ought to be allowed to make a word when the old ones don't tell all we want them to.

You remember when we went over the Cotton Mills we had to go down to Sambo and his plantations, and work ourselves all the way up through many curious and wonderful things before we had the cotton in our mills, and through the still more curious and wonderful things that the cotton experienced before we had it in our shops. You will not have forgotten that the cotton came from a plant. This time our material comes from a worm. Yes, it really does. In China, Japan, Italy, these worms are in clover—in their natural element munching away at mulberry leaves, and spinning, as fast as ever they can, the lovely soft silk that is the ambition of our young girl readers, and the topic of our MAKERS OF CANADA to-day.

The worm is from three to four inches long, of a yellowish-grey colour, and has a little horn at one end. He takes from forty-six to sixty days before he begins to spin the silk. He is a very hungry fellow, and sets to greedily whenever he comes into existence, nibbling the leaves and tender parts wherever he can pick them out. Lettuce, too, he likes, but as the mulberry makes the best silk, we coax him to keep his eye most on it. While he is a worm he changes his skin four or five times, and at those times he is sleepy and too lazy to eat much. The skin bursts at one end. He then wriggles out, twisting his old skin away back, and leaving himself in a new coat, as bright as a new pin, although the poor fellow sometimes kills himself in the effort. He lives as a caterpillar for six weeks, and, if he survives his new coat process, he commences to weave around him a cocoon of soft silky thread, about as big as a pigeon's egg. It takes him five days to weave it, and then he goes to sleep again for three weeks. After this nice rest he comes out a moth, of a pretty white colour, one inch long, and with pale brown stripes on his little wings. Immediately the moth sets to laying a great many eggs, very small, the size of a pin head, every one of which will grow into another worm for the next summer, he in his turn to nibble the mulberry, throw off his old coat, go to sleep, and come out a moth all over again.

He is a very extravagant fellow, the silk worm is. He not only throws off his four or five coats, but he leaves his beautiful silken bed to the beggars.





A VERY PRETTY STITCH.

So we, like clever beggars, as we are, pick them up, and make them into well. I haven't come to that yet.

The rearing of worms for the silk they can give us is best carried on in their own native element. When he begins to make his bed of silk the worm attaches himself securely to a leaf. Commencing with the outside first, he turns himself over and over, paying out his silken cable as he goes. The poor little fellow goes on and on, until he has nearly spun himself to death. He has spun a thread of five hundred yards, and has made it into a snug little house for himself. But

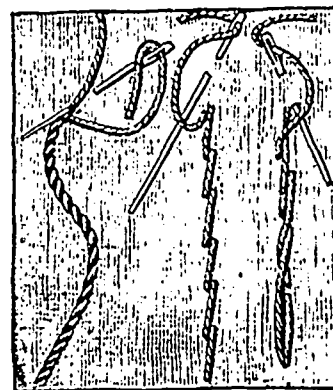
his long sleep refreshes him after his hard work. He wakes up, and finds he is no longer a worm, but has grown into a beautiful moth.

We have observed, too, that when the moth leaves the cocoon, there is a hole eaten in it for him to creep out by, and this hole, however convenient for his majesty, spoils the silk for us. So we gather them before the hole is made, plump them into boiling water, and thus kill the poor fellow before he can spoil the silk for us. Of course we save enough moths for next year. We do not kill the goose that lays the golden egg. These we put on a cloth in a darkened room, and heat the room to a certain temperature. The moth by-and-by comes out, lays its eggs, and then dies. It has performed all that nature intended it to do.

The rearing of worms in this way, for the silk they give us, is now carried on with all the benefit of study and observation. It is most successful in the open air and in their native country, but it can be done also in buildings for the purpose, where they are fed and attended to with skill and care. In addition to the countries I have mentioned, I might add those of Turkey and Greece, and artificial rearing has been tried in England, but with little profit. The quantity required for trade is simply enormous. Many million pounds a year are imported by manufacturing countries. It takes sixteen hundred worms to make one pound of silk.

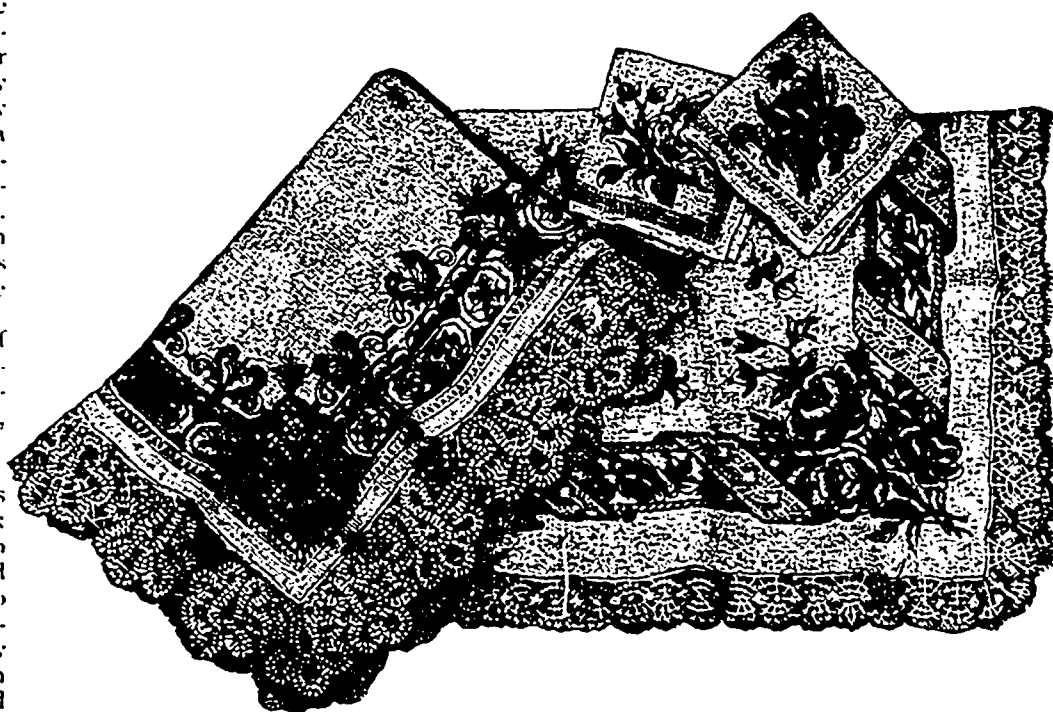
The culture of silk was attempted by the Spaniards in Mexico, so long ago as 1522. In 1619 King James shipped silk worm eggs to Virginia, and passed a law to enforce the planting of mulberry trees. Any man who neglected this law was fined

in twenty pounds of tobacco. For every pound of silk raised, a premium of fifty pounds of tobacco was offered. In Georgia, South Carolina, and Pennsylvania, the attempt was also made in 1725, and in Connecticut in 1732. In 1747 the Governor of Connecticut tried the cultivation of silk himself, and in three years had enough to make a silk gown for his daughter. The experiment is now being tried in California.



ANOTHER.

In old times men placed the eggs in bags which they carried in their bosoms to keep warm. This is now done by stove heat, and as the worms are inclined to be quiet, and not so restless as many other tiny insects, their cultivation is easy and pleasant. The eggs are washed and set in trays. Contrivances are made over-head for the caterpillar to spin within slips of wood put up very like the frames we see in our large market egg-cases. In feeding, leaves are chopped up fine, and scattered so that the little chaps will not crowd too much together. One swarm is not allowed to mix with another, as the bigger fellows are inclined to gobble up all the food of the small ones. As soon as no sound is heard within the cocoon, it is ready. Its occupant has gone to sleep. The cocoons are now gathered and assorted. They are put into hot ovens or dropped into hot water, to kill the occupants, so that they cannot wake up to eat the hole through the silk. Some have been so evenly spun that they can be unwound. Others have to be carded. For unreeling, six to ten cocoons are placed in hot water to



EMBROIDERED TABLE LINEN.

loosen the gum that the worm had used to plaster up his house with. The ends are tied together, the reel is turned, the cocoons are all unwound and made into one unbroken thread. It is then put up into skeins, or hanks, called "books," and is now ready, as "raw silk" for the manufacturer.

It comes to us in bales of different shapes and sizes. The silk from China is white, that from Italy yellow. But it has to go through a great variety of processes before we get it as thread, and still more so before we see it as a beautiful silk gown. The first thing to be done is to "sort" the raw silk into lots of the same thickness. A good deal of "soaking" and "washing" has to be done to remove the gum. This makes it very soft and pliable, and ready to be "wound" upon large bobbins. It is then put upon a "doubling" machine,



A MANTLE DRAPE.

to bring a lot of thin tiny threads into what is called a "strand." A "strand" is the division or twist of a rope or cord. This is then "spun" to make it strong, and the work is done so rapidly that I hardly thought the spindles were moving. The manager called them "flyers," a very good name. After spinning, several threads that have been spun are "matched"—that is, thrown together to form a thread for sewing with. Two threads are "matched" for sewing silk, and three for machine twist. These then receive a gentle "twist" to keep them together.

As the thread is likely to be thicker at some points than at others, it is put through a stretching machine and "evened," while it is wet. After this it has to be "dried." Another machine measures the length of three hundred and fifty yards. This is called "reeling," and after being reeled it is weighed, and the weight determines the letter by which the thread will be known. This weighing is called "dramming." So you see that the processes are very wonderful, ingenious, and varied, and their names form a small vocabulary of their own.

Some manufacturers use silks that need a great deal of "cleaning," which is apt to injure the quality. A better raw material, though more expensive, of course, produces a better silk, and Messrs. Belding, Paul, and Co. prefer to do away with this risk to the product, and so secure the very smoothest and most even quality of thread. The "dyeing," too, shows the same care and experience, where with woods from South America, the West Indies, and the Southern countries of Europe, all the lovely colours are produced that are such a pleasure for our eyes to dwell on.

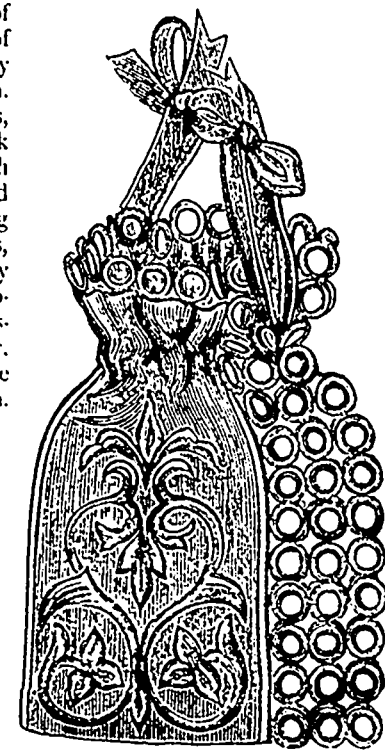
Then comes the "spooling," the "skeining," the "labelling," the "packing" into boxes, all of which keep a busy crowd of clever girls at work, and the great horses with their huge waggons are neighing at the doors, eager to be off with their beautiful and valuable burden.

Everywhere my eye was delighted with lovely colour. Everywhere my fingers were tempted to wander on to

the soft luxury of the great masses of creamy silk in every stage of preparation. Here, a flat of looms, weaving fine silk linings, edged with stripes of red and gold; there, long rows of ribbon looms, with twenty or thirty different kinds dropping into their respective boxes below, as fast as the eye could follow them. Red ribbon and yellow ribbon; all shades of blue, and brown, and grey; edges of the newest fashion, and widths of the most fastidious variety. Here, machines for stamping the spools with the name and guarantee of the firm; there, great workshops for invention and repair. Here, electric applian-

ces; there, sprinklers in case of fire. Here, cloak-rooms for the girls: there, clean and cool work-rooms—everywhere comfort and health.

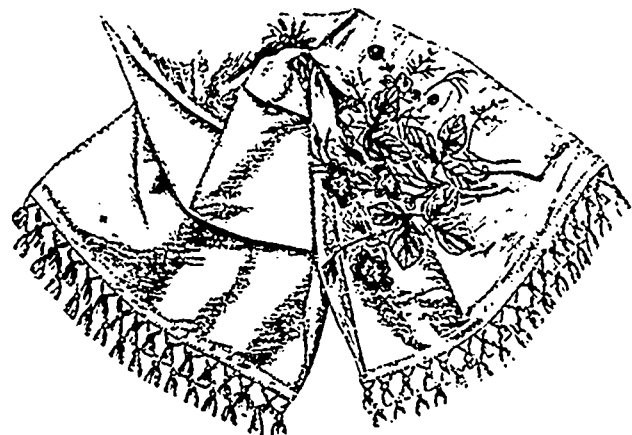
But I was impatient. I had known of the specialties of the Mill, and was longingly watching for the first glimpse of the pretty skeins which the fair fingers of our young Canadians toss over on the counters of our fancy stores, and convert, as if by magic, into the hundred and one useful and ornamental things of Christmas, Birthday, and Home decoration.



A HANDSOME BAG.

#### THE ART SILKS.

I know well I cannot do them justice. I ought to have had Angelina with me for the artistic, the poetic. But I saw enough to make me run the gauntlet at least. Baskets were filled. Boxes were overflowing. Tables were piled with an accumulation of beauty that I had not anticipated to find in any workshop. Rows of girls



A BEAUTY.

were spooling, skeining, labelling, boxing, packing, numbering, piling, such stuff as surely only fairies should weave in their flights of fancy. Silks for shoemakers, dressmakers, tailors—on spools, in hanks, in bundles. Silks for the home, the machine, the crochet-needle, the knitting-pin—in colours that made one half-dead with envy. I wanted to touch it all, to handle it, to fondle it, to sketch it, to immortalize it. I wanted to take it into my arms and give it one long affectionate hug. I thought I should henceforth have everything of silk, *with* silk, *by* silk. I would knit young Canadians their socks of it, with plain or fancy touches in leaves, vines, insertions, and edgings innumerable. Mitts and mittens, too, with fingers and half-fingers; jackets, for the small fry, of soft and cosy pattern, tied up in dainty ribbon; caps, capes, hoods, tuques, slippers, why, hardly a thing I should not make of silk—so soft, so warm, so bright, so pretty, so durable. And at home, there is the sideboard cloth, the chair cover, the tidy, the lamp-shade, the mantel, the fancy bag, the footstool—these, too, should be all of silk, knitted, crocheted, every way, any way, so long as I could only have these colours. Cushions, too, and curtains, tapestries for that part of it—what all could not I do with the wonderful skeins! Here, a cushion of flowers in etching silk to give the outline; there, a screen filled up with filosele. Here, a pattern of solid embroidery, blending, as in nature, colours that once would have taken a life-time. I should now have completed by the end of the week; and there, plush handkerchief-cases and sashes of satin, folding-screens, door-screens, fire-screens, rose up in tempting array.

The stitches? Well, you must see them yourself. Mr. Paul gave me a book on the subject that suggested to me a new field of literature. Some of them I have by heart. Here are half a dozen: Blanket-stitch, chain, fancy-chain, button-hole, French knot, coral, feather, crow's-foot, pointe-de-minute, and pointe-de-Russe. So hard by name, but so easy to learn. Every article has its own stitch. Every new fashion has its new twist, wonderful in softness, in smoothness, in shining richness. An old housekeeper tells me that she has her table-cloths, napkins, d'oyleys, done in Belding's Canadian silks. They wash, she assures me, like a pocket-handkerchief, that is, if you get the right kind, with the guarantee-label. And her house is perfection. I have held it up to Angelina as the model of hers—I mean ours. With a few yards of linen, some hems, a row or two of tucks (you see she has me initiated already), and scraps of plush, silk, velvet, ribbon, lace, fringe, that would otherwise find their way to the family rag-bag, with flowers, birds, scenes, designs, and monograms, you shall see the house we shall have—the prettiest and cosiest in the Dominion.

INDUSTRIA.

REST FOR WOMEN.

No woman can rest thoroughly in her own home with her work ever before her eyes; involuntarily she carries the details in her mind, and is in consequence nearly as tired as if she had actually done the work. Let her go away to rest even to some place less comfortable than home, where she can join in a good dinner she did not cook, sleep in a bed she did not make, and forget her weariness in other people's cares and pleasures. Thousands of bottles of patent medicine are swallowed annually by women who had much better have spent the same money in change of scene. To get away from herself is the desire of the nervous, tired-out woman. To see how other people live suggests new ways of doing things, and makes one contented with much that before seemed irksome.

A SUGGESTION.

The first thing to be done with our Historical Calendar Competition is to read over the list of subjects several times. Know the titles well. Be quite familiar with them. Think over in your mind which of them you would take most interest in. Be it a Battle, a Discovery, a Railway Opening, a Great Event, you should carefully choose a topic that you are sure you will be fond of. There will likely be two or three that you like almost equally well, and you do not find it easy to decide. Perhaps it will help you if you put them into the next scale, namely—the access you have to good reading on one more than on another. This should make you decide at once.

The next step is to set about reading on the subject. Have a sheet of foolscap paper by you. I prefer foolscap, because the page is long and gives you good space for seeing at a glance afterwards. As you read make notes thus:—Divide your page into two, or three columns. In one column note only a few words to recall your idea. Let us take an example. Suppose I choose a Railway Opening, I should make, perhaps, three columns. I would head one "Before," another "The Railway," and another "After." As I read I should keep these three divisions in mind. If I came upon something that told me of the difficulties before the line was built, I would note down under "Before" the two words "great need." When I came to write out my essay those two words would serve to recall what I wanted to say. Then my next point might refer to the stimulus given to the country by the Railway, and this would go under "After." When I had got all my facts down in this fashion, very briefly expressed, I would take the "Before" column, and read over a few times all the notes. I should keep them in mind all at one time, and then number them 1, 2, 3, and so on, in the order that I thought they would tell well. After having completed my columns in this way, I would set the whole thing aside till the next day. If I worked on at it I might grow sick of it. Then the next day I would get myself into a nice mood for telling the whole thing from beginning to end—smoothly, prettily, and grammatically. In this way I should be surprised at myself when it was finished. And after a few essays done in this method, I would grow so dexterous that fewer columns and fewer notes would suit me, my style would become more natural, and by-and-by the words would seem to flow out of my pen.

PATER.

FUNNY NAMES.

A few weeks ago I gave my young readers the Dutch names of the months. Here are the Danish:—

January...	Glügmaaned	Lighthole month.
February.....	Blidemaaned	Mild month.
March.....	Torömaaned	Thor month.
April.....	Faaremaaned	Sheep month.
May.....	Majmaaned	Youngleafmonth.
June.....	Skjøersommer	Midsummer.
July.....	Ormemaaned	Worm month.
August.....	Hostmaaned	Harvest month.
September.....	Fiskemaaned	Fish month.
October.....	Sædemaaned	Sowing month.
November.....	Slaghemaaned	Slaughter month.
December.....	Christmaaned	Christ month.



## HER POCKET-BOOK.

It holds so very many things :  
 Some postage-stamps, two finger-rings.  
 Her cards, the programme of a play -  
 Cut out and kept to mark the day--  
 A button-hook, a photograph,  
 A pen-knife that would make you laugh,  
 Some pins and a few scraps of verse,  
 And a receipt in accents terse,  
 "To keep a Husband Home at Night,"  
 And one "To Make the Hands Grow White,"  
 Some samples small of silk and lace,  
 A bit of powder for the face,  
 Three Bridge tickets, a faded flower,  
 Some bonbonettes of lemon sour,  
 A dry goods bill that would appall,  
 And thirty centlets--

That is all !

## AN EXPENSIVE HAT.

An American Senator has received a most curious present--a hat which cost 17,000 dollars. The hat is white, and weighs twenty ounces. It is made out of cancelled dollar bills to that amount.

## MRS. MAYBURN'S TWINS.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

(By special arrangement with Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.)

FRED looked honestly into his mother's eyes for an explanation, but failed to get it ; so he dropped sullenly upon the sofa, and looked daggers at his shoe-toes. As for mamma, she went through every by-path and puddle in the valley of humiliation. She understood it all now. She had seen the interiors of certain city squares as she had passed up and down town over the elevated roads ; her husband had told her of the little, squalid tenement-houses built in the rear of larger ones ; she had seen the lines full of clothes hung out to dry, and her boy had become familiar with such neighbourhoods and their occupants ! Mamma had given many a package of clothing to charitable societies to distribute in such places, but now she wished that--well, she breathed a small prayer that she might be kept from hating the people who, according to the Bible and the Declaration of Independence, were just as good as herself. Then followed some moments of most painful silence : then mamma said :

"My boy, you cannot invite Stringey and Whopps to the tea-party : and you must not play with them any more."

"I don't care," said Fred : "I think that's real mean, anyway."

"You must allow mamma to be the judge of that."

"Then whom can I invite?"

"Any one about whom I know everything. Invite some nice children."

"Well," said Fred, after pondering for a moment, "may I go ask Adolphe?"

"Where does he live?" asked mamma. "In a nice, quiet house with ropes on wheels under the windows?"

"No," said Fred ; "he lives just around the corner from the avenue--on the same block with Mrs. Millston, you know."

This seemed to mamma to insure at least outward respectability to Adolphe, and, as the conversation distracted attention from the little stockings, mamma consented, and instructed the children to hurry and deliver their invitations personally while Bridget prepared the refreshments, otherwise supper-time would arrive before the dining-room could be cleared.

"Bobboker 'awnts to tevite somebody," fell upon mamma's ears while Fred and Bertha hurried away.

"You invite 'The Jefful, beeboy," said mamma, as she called Bridget, and gave directions for the feast. Then she succeeded in disposing of several little stockings before Fred and Bertha returned and the collation was served. The children begged her to come down and see how lovely everything looked, and she thought at first that she would do so, but the passion for working had grown by what it fed upon so she remained in her chair, and instructed the older children to place Bobboker at the table, and be sure that all his wants were gratified. As for the Jefful, she seemed to know that her mother was busy, for she just curled up in a Turkish chair in the happiest way in the world, and made lovely noises, without manifesting the slightest inclination to tumble from the chair to the floor. As for mamma, she was none the less happy, because through open doors she heard childish voices in animated, but not quarrelsome conversation. She recognized them all ; there were the emphatic tones of her glorious Fred, the numberless inflections with which Bertha always rendered whatever she had to say, even if it was only a request for a pin ; she heard the ladylike monotone of Bertha's friend, Ellie : the irregular, but delicious jabber of Bobboker ; and another voice, so rich, full, and melodious, that she was fully satisfied that Fred's friend, Adolphe, was a child of fine birth and training. She dropped into a delightful reverie about the friendships and prospects of her children, but not a moment did her needle rest as she dreamed. Suddenly she heard Fred exclaiming : "I'll ask mamma," and a moment later the boy himself appeared, and asked :

"Mamma, can't we have sliced oranges with powdered sugar?"

"Oh, Fred," said mamma, "I can't call Bridget away from her work again ; do eat your oranges as they are."

"Well, I don't like to give them to company in that way, to muss their fingers all up, and their nice clothes too."

"Your company will have to be careful, my boy," said mamma. "I can't call Bridget from her work, nor drop my own either."

"Then let Bertha and me slice them ; we can do it as well as any one."

"Very well ; you may," said mamma. "Be careful not to cut your fingers."

"All right," said Fred, as he flew out of the door, and encountered with a forcible bang his twin sister, who was just entering. The children carefully imitated each other in most things : but the discord that arose when they cried in unison showed that they still had something to learn. As they screamed, mamma hurried to their assistance, to find Fred with a bleeding nose, and Bertha with a cut lip, which also was bleeding.

"Bertha's a -boo -hoo--a hateful old thing, to run bang into me that way," said Fred, taking his hand from his wounded nose to wipe his eyes, and smearing his face

as he did so until he was a little more hideous than a Piute chief with all his war-paint on.

"You're a hateful old thing yourself," cried Bertha, her own visage bathed in tears. "You——"

"Be quiet, children," commanded mamma. "It was an accident; no one is to blame, unless you, Bertha, did wrong to come upstairs. Why did you leave the table?"

"Well, mamma," said Bertha, "if we're going to have fruit, I think we ought to have fruit-napkins too."

"You must not be so particular, my child," said mamma. "You are not having a regular dinner; it is only a sort of lunch, you know."

"Well, we're making believe it's a big dinner, any how; the first sandwich apiece we made believe was soup, and the next was fish, and——"

"Never mind, dear," said mamma; "do your best with what you have, and make believe the napkins are fruit-napkins."

"We can't, unless they're coloured," said Bertha, "and——" The remainder of her sentence was extinguished by the wet towel which mamma passed over her mouth as she washed the tears from her daughter's face. Then Fred, who had been operating upon his own face at the basin, displayed a spot of blood on his collar, and was ordered to redress his neck, which change he made only after considerable grumbling, while mamma resumed her work. In about ten minutes Fred descended, and a second later a loud remonstrance in his voice was wafted upward, followed by this pointed conversation:

"You'd no business to do it."

"I had."

"You hadn't."

"I had, too."

"You hadn't, either."

"You're a mean, ugly, hateful thing."

All this came up the stairs before mamma could reach the hall, and call down in her most authoritative tones:

"Children, stop quarrelling this instant. What will your little friends think?"

"Well, mamma," said Fred, running out into the hall and looking up, "Bertha has been and sliced all the oranges—my half of them and all."

"What do you want me to do about it, my boy—put them together again?"

Fred dropped his head and muttered: "No."

"Then run back and make yourself agreeable to your company."

Fred returned to his seat and mamma to hers. There was but one more little stocking now, and, although mamma had left this until the last, because it was the very, very worst, she felt that victory was as good as achieved, and her heart exulted as it had not done since a fortnight before, when she finished one of Bertha's dresses on which work had dragged in a most discouraging manner. But the end was not yet, for again Fred's voice came up the stairs:

"Mamma, where's the powdered sugar

"In the bowl."

"Well, the bowl's empty."

"Then go down to Bridget and ask her to fill it."

"She isn't there; I did go down."

"You can use ordinary sugar then. You won't know the difference."

"Why, mamma," whispered Fred, though loud enough to be heard by his visitors, had they been out of doors; "do you think that's a nice way to treat company?"

Mamma dropped the stocking, and went down; she found Fred in the hall hugging the sugar bowl, and led

him to the kitchen floor, filled the bowl, and hurried back to her work, to find that The Jefful had imagined herself deserted and was wailing pitifully. Mamma had the distressed baby on her breast in an instant, and said:

"Did ze hateful o' mamma wun away f'om her poo' ittie an'zel Jefful? Was a awfoo' unkind mamma, an' ought to be isopped up into a fousand pieces—so s'e ought."

Nobody knows how these well-selected words comforted The Jefful: the little thing stopped crying at once, and looked so happy that mamma kissed her again and again, and conversed with her so satisfactorily that no one knows when she would have stopped had not Bertha appeared.

"Bertha!" exclaimed mamma; "go down again this instant."

Bertha burst into tears.

"Oh, well," sighed mamma: "what is it?"

"Why, you see, mamma, there were six pieces of cake, and, after each of us took a piece, there was one left, and Fred wants to cut it in two and give half to Adolphe and half to Ellie: but I think it ought to be cut into five pieces, or else you can give us four more pieces. Anyhow, all of us ought to have a share."

"Cut it in five—no, do as Fred suggested. You should be ashamed of yourself to quarrel about such a little thing. No, stop; bring it up here, and let Jefful have a share in the tea-party."

Then Bertha's tears burst forth in floods, and her emotions were so uncontrollable that she sobbed aloud, as she started slowly down. Mamma sprang from her chair, seized Bertha's shoulder, led her back, and closed the door.

"Now, my daughter," said she, "if you don't stop crying this instant you shall go to bed at once, and stay there until morning."

Bertha stifled her sobs, kneaded her cheeks and eyes industriously with her knuckles, and at last became sufficiently composed to say:

"It was *our* cake, and I think we ought to share it around."

"Bertha!" exclaimed mamma, stamping impatiently, "one would suppose that you had never seen or tasted cake before. How dare you be so greedy and silly?"

Bertha's tears started again, for she was a tender-hearted little girl, and very sensitive to blame or praise.

"Stop crying!" said mamma, "or go to bed. Make up your mind this instant which of the two you prefer to do."

Bertha made a desperate effort; she staunched her tears, swallowed her sobs, wiped her face with a towel, and went below looking like a very bad case of erysipelas to which the sufferer is compulsorily resigned. Mamma's complexion was somewhat erysipeletic, too, as she picked up that dreadful last stocking once more, and it took several moments of vigorous tugs and plaintive pleadings by The Jefful to bring mamma back to the semblance of tranquillity. Finally, however, the stocking, which had steadily grown hateful during the last quarter-hour, was finished, and mamma's exultation was resumed as she placed it with its mate, and assorted the others into pairs, and put them into the proper drawers, after first proudly contemplating the entire heap.

Then she thought it would be pleasant to take The Jefful, descend to the dining-room, and give the children a final treat in the shape of some figs and nuts. So down she went, and just in time, for the company had already arisen, and were in a glorious heap on the floor in some sort of play that only children understand and

appreciate. Mamma, for one, could not see anything amusing about it, and she proceeded to disentangle the children, her energy being stimulated by the cries which proceeded from Adolphe, who was not only at the bottom of the heap, but whose face was dark enough to suggest imminent danger of strangulation. At last the heap was resolved into its component parts, and Adolphe scrambled to his feet: but even then his face did not assume a particularly brilliant complexion, and as mamma noted his hair, which was a mass of jet-black kinks of extreme tightness, she determined that he might not have been in danger of strangulation after all, for Adolphe's ancestors had evidently emigrated, probably under compulsion, from Africa's sunny climes, and had preserved in all its intensity the original family complexion.

Within a very few hours mamma was thoroughly ashamed of herself for the heart-sinking and subsequent indignation which followed this discovery. In these cooler moments she saw clearly that Adolphe's extraction had not prevented his being a boy of exquisite manners, a carriage more graceful than that of either of her own children, an innocent, honest, child face, and a voice that was music itself. But, within a moment of her first full view of Adolphe, she had the elbow of Fred's jacket tight between her thumb and fore finger, and was moving into the front parlour with a tread so determined that Fred was terrified even out of asking what was the occasion of the demonstration. The sliding-doors were closed with a crash. Fred was quickly twitched into a chair in some way that he did not exactly understand, and then he saw before him his mamma with eyes ablaze and uplifted finger, and heard her say:

"How could you do it?"

"Do what?" asked Fred, hurrying through his mind to recall the latest dreadful act of his own that had not yet been discovered, and that he had not collected courage to confess.

"Do what?" echoed mamma so loudly and sharply that Fred shivered uncontrollably. Then mamma paced to and fro with her hands behind her back and Fred confided to Bertha at bed-time that mamma looked just terrible while she was doing it. Then mamma repeated, "Do what?" before Fred had recovered from the first shock, and, as she continued her walk, she imagined just how Ellie, who came of a tall tale family, would tell her mamma that the Mayburn children invited little darkies to their house, and Ellie's mamma would tell every one she knew, making special tours of calls for the purpose, and everything would be dreadful. Mamma knew one thing very distinctly; she could never again hold up her head among her own friends, and she was just going to tell her husband when he came home that she should go house-hunting at once in Brooklyn, or Jersey City, or some other suburban town where she was not known.

As for Fred, he began to gain courage, partly from mamma's silence, and partly because he could not for the life of him recall any particularly wicked act of his own, so he began also to feel aggrieved, and he asked:

"What's it all about, mamma, anyhow?"

"What is it about?" was the reply, as mamma stopped short and fiercely faced him. "It's about that boy—that—that—Mamma had herself enough in control to remember that she came of a family of abolitionists, so she concluded with, "that Adolphe."

"I don't see anything the matter with him," said Fred. "What do you see?"

"His colour," said mamma, shortly.

"Why, you always said you doted on dark com-

plexions," said Fred, "which I don't think is very nice of you, seeing we children are all very light."

"There are different degrees of dark," said mamma, while Fred disappeared behind a great pout, and muttered that he wished there was any way for boys to find out how to please their mammas.

"You said he lived just around the corner from the avenue," resumed mamma, ceasing for a moment her restless walk.

"So he does," asserted Fred, "and over the hand-somest stable I know of. And *don't* his papa drive a splendid pair of black horses, and sit on a very high seat to do it?—oh, my!"

Mamma's tramp recommenced, and with a step considerably quicker than before. A short period of silence was broken by Fred asking timidly:

"Don't you think his hair curls perfectly lovely?"

"No, I don't," mamma answered with extraordinary decision. Then she stopped, drew a chair to Fred's side, and said:

"My dear little boy, I can't say that you have done anything wrong, but you have made a great blunder. You mustn't bring Adolphe here any more; I am very sorry you brought him this afternoon."

"Why?" asked Fred.

"You can't understand now," said mamma, "but you must trust me and obey me. I wonder if—but no." Mamma had thought to ask him to ask Ellie to consider the tea-party a great secret, about which nothing was to be said by any one; but remembering how leaky are the receptacles of children's secrets, she refrained, and determined to make an early call upon Ellie's mother and many other ladies, and take the sting out of the story by telling all, as a laughable illustration of childish ignorance. This inspiration so comforted her that she kissed Fred, and returned to the dining-room with him to bid the guests good-bye. Adolphe had really a very attractive face, so mamma relented as soon as she saw him, she even put oranges into his pockets for the two sisters she learned he had at home. Then, seeing it was after five o'clock, she managed to dismiss the visitors without seeming to send them away, and the spectacle of Adolphe escorting Ellie home so delighted her that she wished she could follow them and see how acquaintances of Ellie's family would regard the two as they met them on the street.

As she stood smiling in the doorway, however, glancing after the couple, she heard a sound which reminded her that she had left The Jefful sitting upon the dining-room floor, so she hurried back to her baby to find that enterprising infant badly mixed up with a high chair which she had toppled over. To console The Jefful was not a hard task, and then mamma flew upstairs with the young lady, undressed her, fed her, and, in spite of a thousand maternal promptings, which made her hate Fremdhoff more than ever, she put the baby to bed and dressed to receive her husband's guest. When in the midst of the mysteries and miseries of her toilet, she remembered with horror that the beer and Lamberger cheese, which her husband had requested, had not yet been purchased, so Bridget was summoned to her own disgust from her preparations for supper, and was begged to hurry out and purchase the detested delicacies. Bridget, in turn, impressed Fred into the household service, and his memory failed him so badly that he brought back Brie instead of Lamberger, because all that he could remember of his instructions was that the cheese he was to buy was "the devil's own, an' smelt that bad that no chaze in the wurld cud hold a candle to it." So Fred, forgetting the name, had asked for whatever cheese smelled worse than any other.

(To be continued.)

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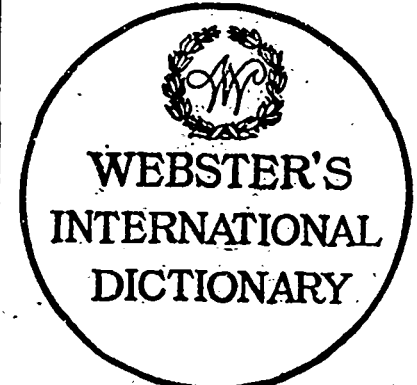
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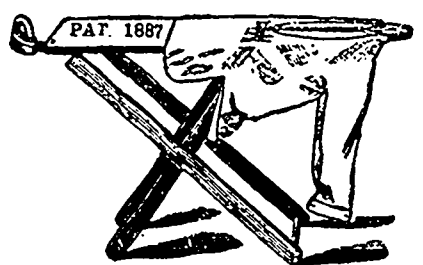
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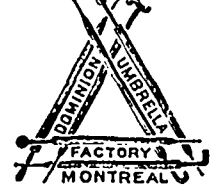
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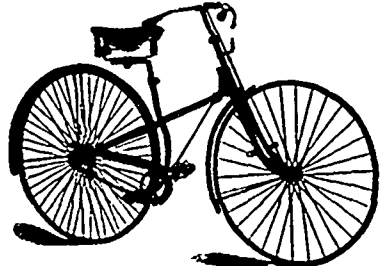
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