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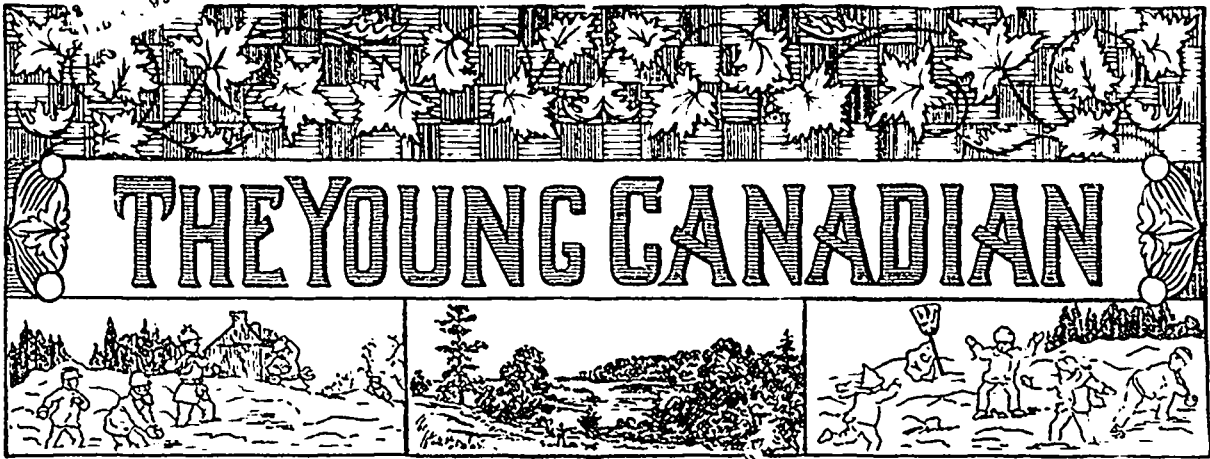
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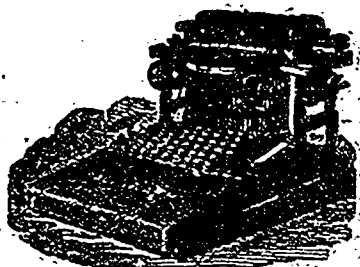
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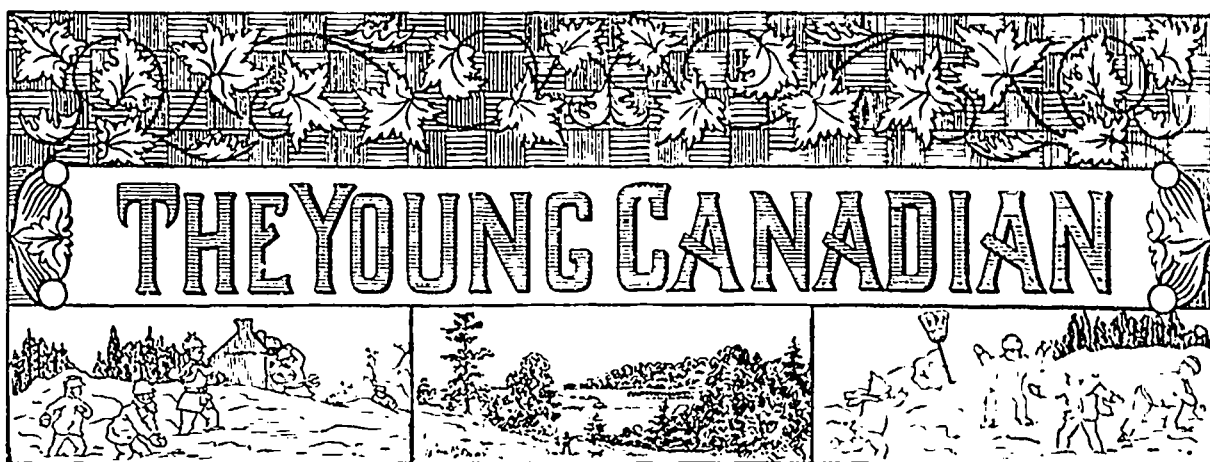
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PAPER CHASING.

BY GEORGE E. O. HEMING.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR H. H. HEMING.



NOW, boys, as spring will soon be upon us, I think a short article on "Hare and Hounds" or "Paper Chasing" would not be amiss, for I believe every young Canadian understands something about these field sports, and for the benefit of those who do not, I will give an account of one of the paper chases my brother and I took part in last spring.

But before relating my narrative, I will give my young friends a few pointers that will no doubt be of service to them when taking part in these outings. If any of my readers should ever take part in any of these chases, I would advise them not to follow a road for any length of time, but to cross it and enter fields and go through a bush whenever practicable, by so doing the hounds are compelled to follow on foot, whereas if you kept to the road they could follow you in any vehicle that might happen to be going in your direction.

This reminds me of a chase I took part in a few years ago, and I don't think I shall soon forget it. It appears that the hares secured the services of a cab from which they scattered the scent along the road, while they lolled lazily about the seats puffing cigarettes as they rolled along. On their return they laughed at the hounds who had followed them for a couple of hours along a dusty road, several of the hounds were very indignant at this, and vowed that if they were chosen for hares on the next occasion, they would not be out done even if they had to hire a sleeping car and pay the

porter to scatter the scent, while they laid in bed at their ease; but up to the time of this writing they have not carried their threat into execution.

Now for a few words in regard to the costume usually worn on these occasions. It should consist of a light peak cap, woolen jersey, knee pants, stockings, and ordinary rubber soled lacrosse shoes. These I consider preferable to any other kind of shoes, for this purpose.

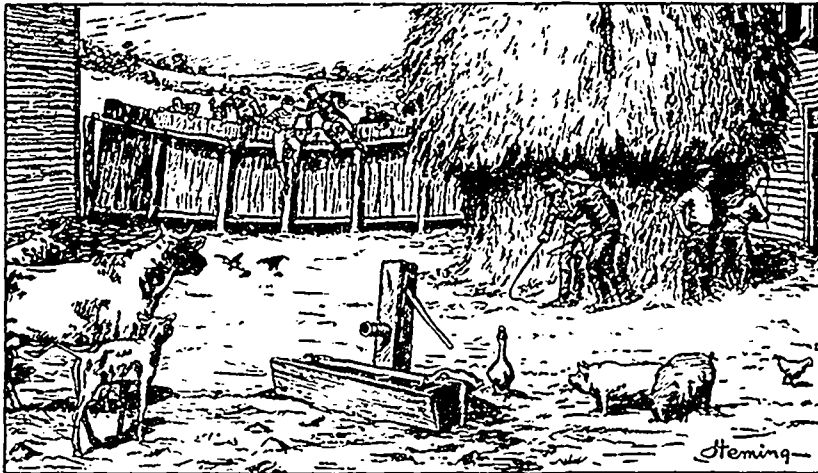
When starting I would advise you not to run fast, but set an easy pace, which will preserve your wind and enable you to come in at the finish feeling comparatively fresh, especially if you run flatfooted where the ground is heavy or uneven; coming up on the toes when on a dry field or a road where the running is good, take it easy when going up hill, and make up for lost time when descending.

The paper may be torn to about the size of ordinary postage stamps, or in strips from six to ten inches long. The former is the most popular size, but if you are crossing open country in windy weather, I would advise the use of the latter, because it has a tendency to cling to the tufts of grass and shrubbery, and will remain visible for a long time. A good way for the hares to carry the bulk of their paper is to place it in school bags, strapped to the back to prevent them swinging about, while one of the hares has his bag hanging at his side, which enables him to scatter the scent freely, relying on the others to replenish his supply.

The chase I am about to refer to, took place at Hamilton, fifty-two members of the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium taking part on this occasion. Three of the best runners were selected for hares beforehand. The start was made at 2.30 p. m. from the gymnasium, the hounds following five minutes later.

The hares took to the mountain south of the city, and when they reached the summit, some of the hounds who were running too fast were almost up to them. But they had overtaxed their staying powers, and were compelled to drop out soon afterwards from sheer exhaustion, while the remainder of the pack were still comparatively fresh. Then the hares led the pack along the brow of the mountain for about half a mile, again turning south heading directly across the country, taking the hounds through pools of water, over fences and ditches, finally coming upon a barnyard surrounded by a rickety high board fence, on the inside of which were a farmer and his daughter engaged in milking.

Judge of their surprise, when they beheld three hares scramble over the fence and run through the herd of cows, causing them to upset the milkpails and scamper wildly about with fright? The farmer was at first surprised, but anger soon took its place, and it was well for the hares that they did not hear the language that was hurled after them. In the meantime the farmer set to work to give the hounds a warm reception, because they had annoyed him before on one occasion, and he thought he would teach them a lesson this time, and



THREE HARES SCRAMBLING OVER THE FENCE.

thus prevent any further repetitions in the future; so he called his son and a couple of hired men to help him, and after each had armed himself with a whip, they hid themselves behind a straw-stack and awaited their coming.

Of course the unfortunate hounds had no idea that they were running into a trap, or I'm inclined to think they would have gone round by another way. In less time than it takes to tell, some ten or fifteen boys began to scramble over that fence, and were just on top of it, when it gave way with a crash, and the next moment they were rolling on the ground. Then the old farmer and his men bounced out on them, and administered one of the most severe cowhidings it has been my misfortune to witness for some time; the screeching and yelling that followed was something beyond description. Some of us who were "cornered" showed fight, but were speedily vanquished by a few blows from a black-snake.

Finally we managed to break away from our assailants, and as we rushed up the lane, it made me sad to think that so many young men had, presumably, mistaken their vocations in life, as sprinting was evidently their forte; for I believe that any one of us could have

made a record on the cinder-path, judging from the speed in which we flew up that lane.

Shortly after leaving this barnyard, the hares turned westward and ran through the woods, where it was difficult for the hounds to trace them, thus enabling them to gain considerably on their pursuers; and when they emerged from the woods again, the hounds were a long way in the rear.

Not long after this, one of the hares began to show signs of distress, and it was just a matter of a very short time ere he must be captured, as the hounds were rapidly gaining ground, and were now about two hundred yards in the rear. Then the race began in earnest, and soon two of the hares began to forge ahead, leaving number one to his fate. But number one did not want to be taken until he had made another effort to evade his pursuers, so he ran for a fence near at hand; first throwing his bag over, which was secured about his neck by a cord with a noose in it, thus succeeding in choking what little breath he had left, out of him, and in making him an easy prey to his captors.

In the meantime the two remaining hares led the pack into a newly-ploughed field, which, however, had the effect of checking their speed considerably, for they sank at every stride; and some of them had their shoes pulled off by the mud. After they had crossed this field, they turned north-westward for a couple of miles, then northward, which brought them to a ravine, that led down the mountain side to a point opposite Dundas. It was while coming down this ravine that the second hare was taken, he having fallen headlong down a steep path, and before he could recover himself some of the foremost hounds were upon him.

We only had one more hare to capture, and thought it would be just a few moments before he gave out also.



SHOES PULLED OFF BY THE MUD.

In this we were evidently mistaken, for off he darted apparently as fresh as ever, still retaining his untiring gait, and when about six miles from home, he seemed to be gradually leaving us in the rear. We were now just about played out ourselves, and began to feel rather indifferent about trying any more; soon after this we caught sight of him as he was disappearing over a knoll, but we never saw him again until we arrived at the gymnasium at 4.45 p. m. and found he had arrived there twenty minutes ahead of us, having covered slightly over fifteen miles.

Every one of us had wet feet, were plastered with mud from head to foot, and felt decidedly uncomfortable. To avoid taking cold, we went at once to the bath-rooms, where we enjoyed every comfort that a first-class bath-room can afford. At six o'clock we sat down to a bountiful supper, after which songs were sung and speechmaking indulged in. Thus ended a never-to-be-forgotten paper chase.



HAVING COVERED FIFTEEN MILES.

TOPICS OF THE DAY ABROAD.

THEY SHALL COVET THEIR NEIGHBOR'S INDIANS

BY HUGH COULTHARD.

Nations, like individuals, have their foibles. An envious world has always seemed to be perfectly well-informed concerning ours, so we may pass at once to a more interesting subject—that of our neighbours across the line.

It is called Spread-Eagleism. They have the greatest country, the most remarkable history, the longest railroad, the smartest politicians, the prettiest women in the world, and as a tribute to the eternal fitness of things, the most pestilent Indians. They would be very glad to dispense with this last factor of their national greatness, and keep up the superlative by having on their reserves the most peaceable and contented red men on the continent. But this desirable type of savage is, unfortunately for them, a ward of the Dominion Government.

Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, says that Americans spend for the Indians one hundred dollars where Canadians spend one. Hence the incensed American taxpayer asks why they have so much trouble when we have none! Why the settlers in the valley of the Saskatchewan are never in terror of their lives! Why the Indian buries the hatchet, smokes the peace-pipe, and contentedly lies down in amity beautiful to contemplate under the paw of the British lion, and keeps up such a perpetual row under the out-spread wing of the American eagle! Why will he insist on amusing himself with "ghost dances" south of "49," and be willing to do his own ploughing and get in his own hay north of it?

Even the turbulent Sioux transplanted to Canada have experienced a change of heart. After the Minnesota massacre of 1862 a party of them took refuge on this side of the boundary line, and would not yield to any persuasion of either government to return. They asked for reserves which, as they behaved themselves well, were given them. Their good behaviour was not

temporary, for in 1877 the Report of the Minister of the Interior says—"The Sioux who are resident in Canada appear to be more intelligent, industrious, and self-reliant than the other Indian bands of the North-West." Where, with the same material, widely different results are obtained, it is but fair to conclude that there is some difference in the method of working. Let us look first at the difference in results.

A few examples will show the most important phase of the question—the feeling between the races. Before giving these examples it will be well to quote a sentence from a report of Captain Pratt, of the Indian school of Pennsylvania. He says—"I have little hope of much success in elevating the Indians until the Indian is made an individual and worked upon as such, with a view of incorporating him on our side."

This is just what is being accomplished in Canada. When the Prince of Wales visited Canada in 1860, he took home with him an Indian youth, to be educated at Oxford University. This youth, named Oronhytekh, chose the profession of medicine, and returned to Canada to become a successful physician and one of the leading temperance workers of Ontario. In honor of his efforts in the cause of temperance several societies have been named after him. No one who read his speech at Chicago the other day, in which he referred to the death of Sitting Bull, could have failed to be impressed by his calm and intelligent judgment.

The terrible Iroquois, of Parkman's histories, are loyal and peaceable subjects of the realm, settled in the richest part of Ontario, and prosperous in every way. They possess fine farms, comfortable houses, good roads, churches, schools, every necessity of civilized life. The county of Brant, in which their reserve is situated, is named after their celebrated chief, Joseph Brant—(Thayendenaga). His monument, erected in 1886, is the handsomest ornament of the city of Brantford. It

is a magnificent memorial to a good and great man, of whom both nations are justly proud—the one to number such a renowned warrior and statesman among their ancestors, the other that their forefathers had the generosity of mind to recognize his great qualities and the foresight to enlist them on their side.

The monument stands on Court House Square, and was designed and executed in detail in England by Percy Wood, from portraits painted of Brant in native costume by celebrated artists, during his visit to England in 1775-85. The bas-reliefs on the pedestal represent typical and historical scenes from Indian life. The gun-metal, of which it is composed, was given by the English Government. The remainder of the expense was jointly borne by the Dominion Government, the City of Brantford, and the Six Nation Indians. Rather a pleasanter state of affairs to have the historic Iroquois devoting their spare funds to beautifying the streets of their nearest city than plotting to massacre its inhabitants. Among these inhabitants many well-to-do families of Indian blood are honored citizens, in whose homes every comfort and refinement is found. Four miles from the city is the Mohawk Church, the first temple erected for the worship of the true God in Upper Canada, built by Chief Brant, and containing the silver communion service, presented to the Mohawks by Queen Anne, and which they took with them when they removed from the Mohawk Valley to their present location.

From Anne to Victoria! Who knows how much history this piece of silver has made since good Queen Anne gave it to the struggling mission of the New England Company?

What we do know is that the Mohawks are true to the British. Among the pleasant fields on the banks of the Grand River, in this quaint old church, with Scripture texts in Indian on the walls, a choir of Indian voices in the chancel, the organ played by an Indian organist, a congregation largely composed of young Indian students from the neighboring Mohawk Institute, amidst these surroundings it would be a dead heart that would not thrill with the thought of all the tragic past that went to make the happy present—of the devoted martyrs, Brebeuf, Lalemant, Chaumonot, and many others, whom these very people tortured to death. French courage and devotion laid a good foundation, which honest rulers since have wisely built upon.

Monuments and churches tell a story well, but living men and women tell it better. Any day on the streets of Montreal may be seen two sons of a late Mohawk chief, whose handsome and distinguished appearance would attract attention anywhere. They hold good positions in insurance companies and move in the best society. This need not be wondered at, for the manner of the civilized Indian is perfection. Repose, dignity, and low musical voices—qualities that in other nations are the outcome of generations of culture—are to them the free gift of nature. The Indian pride of race still lingers in them. The elder son frequently appears at fancy dress balls and carnivals in a magnificent chief's dress belonging to his father. Their sisters are beautiful and accomplished women. One of them, a writer of high promise, is already well-known in literary circles as the author of the most exquisite poetry we possess.

Literary ability is not confined to the Mohawks. The agent of the Mississaugas band is their own chief (Kakewagonaby), Dr. Jones, graduate in medicine, of Queen's University, Kingston, who, in addition to his duties as agent and physician to his own band, finds time to contribute to the journals of the day. An elder brother was editor of the Brantford *Expositor*, and a very clever writer. His health failing, he obtained an easier and more lucrative position in the Customs, which

he retained until his death a year or two ago. Their late father, known by the English as the Rev. Peter Jones, was the author of an interesting work on the Ojebways, containing personal reminiscences of his travels, and written in a style of English, beautiful, clear, simple, and forcible.

In the new provinces west of the great lakes it is only twenty years since the Canadian Government bought out the Hudson Bay Company and turned their vast possessions from boundless hunting-grounds into agricultural provinces. In that time seven treaties have been made by which the Indians have given up their title to the whole of the immense territory from the shores of Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains. The loyalty and good-will of the Indian tribes throughout the whole North-West have been peaceably secured. The spirit in which the Government entered into these treaties was beautifully expressed by Governor Archibald at the conference preceding the first one. Here are his words:—

"Your Great Mother the Queen wishes me to do justice to all her children alike. She will deal fairly with those of the setting sun, just as she would with those of the rising sun. She wishes her red children to be happy and contented. She would like them to adopt the habit of the whites, to till the land, and raise food and store it up against the time of want. But the Queen, though she may think it good for you to adopt civilized habits, has no idea of compelling you to do it. This she leaves to your choice, and you need not live like the white man unless you can be persuaded to do so of your own free will. Your Great Mother, therefore, will lay aside for you lots of land to be used by you and your children for ever. She will not allow the white man to intrude upon these lots. She will make rules to keep them for you so that, as long as the sun shall shine, there shall be no Indian who has not a place that he can call his home, where he can go and pitch his camp, or if he chooses build his house and till his land. When you have made your treaty you will still be free to hunt over much of the land included in the treaty. Until these lands are needed for use you will be free to hunt over them and make all the use of them which you have made in the past. But when these lands are needed to be tilled or occupied you must not go on them any more."

Are Indians capable of understanding and reciprocating these sentiments? An extract from an article by a well-known Canadian litterateur will show:—

"Sweet Grass, who might well be called the silver-tongued orator of the Crees, in signifying their assent to the terms of the treaty, placed one hand upon the Commissioner's heart and the other upon his own, and then uttered those beautiful words, which, let us hope, contained not only a promise but a prophecy—'May the white man's blood never be spilt on this earth. I am thankful that the white and red man can stand together. When I hold your hand and touch your heart, let us be as one. Use your utmost to help me and help my children, so that they may prosper.'"

Another chief, in announcing the acceptance of the offered terms, concluded as follows:—

"And now, in closing this council, I take off my glove, and in giving you my hand I deliver over my birth-right and lands, and in taking your hand I hold fast all the promises you have made, and I hope they will last as long as the sun goes round and the water flows."

To the credit of our Government these promises have been kept, and it has paid us well. *We* have no war-cloud hanging over our north-western horizon. And yet opportunities for making trouble have not been wanting had our Indians been discontented. If they had

joined the Riel rebellion to the extent the Metis expected, Canada would have had a different history during the last six years. How many times have the American Sioux sent messengers to induce their brethren on this side of the line to help them and failed? The answer has always been—“We are contented.”

It is a fixed idea with most people that the Indians as a race are dying out. The fact is that they are increasing in numbers, notably so in British Columbia. The total Indian population of Canada in 1860 was 102,358, in 1886 it had risen to 128,161. Our Report on Indian Affairs is mostly taken up with statements of the Indians' progress in agriculture and handicrafts, the increasing comfort of their homes, the regularity of their children's attendance at school, the subjects they prefer to study, their amalgamation with the rest of the population. Their loyalty and peacefulness are rarely if ever mentioned. *Cela va sans dire.*

It is a different story south of us, and not without reason. What does it matter if the Americans spend a hundred dollars to our one on the Indians, if it is squandered away before it reaches them. A thousand to one would do no more good if dealt out by the same system. A physician at one of their agencies was called to attend a sick Indian whom he found suffering from pneumonia, and lying in his hut absolutely naked though it was in the depth of a Dakota winter, with bales of blankets in the storehouse of the agency waiting for distribution. Flour was sent to another band one autumn. It was delayed and returned. Orders were issued and countermanded, and the flour reached its destination the following spring.

Oh, for a Mrs. Stowe to write an Indian “Uncle Tom's Cabin” of those months!

Martin Chuzzlewit's criticism of the English Parliament applies exactly to the U. S. Government management of Indian Affairs—“They know so well how not to do it.” Last autumn a petition was set on foot in Philadelphia praying the Czar of Russia to adopt measures to alleviate the miseries of his exiled subjects in Siberia, and informing him—“that, in the punishment of some of his subjects Russia, whether from causes peculiar to her people or on account of ancient custom, is not in harmony with the humanizing spirit of the age.” If the official report of the massacre at Wounded Knee, describing the shelling of tents where only women and children were lodged, and that Philadelphia petition could arrive at the Court of St. Petersburg together, what a commentary the one would be upon the other! The Czar would then have an opportunity of learning what “the humanizing sentiments of the age” are.

It is the boast of Americans that under their flag and according to their constitution all men are born free and equal, and yet what is the position of an Indian before their courts? Here are the words of one of their own authorities, Governor Horatio Seymour. “Every human being born upon our continent or who comes here from any quarter of the world, whether savage or civilized, can go to our courts for protection—except those who belong to the tribes who once owned this country. The cannibal from the islands of the Pacific, the worst criminals from Europe, Asia, or Africa, can appeal to the courts for their right of person and property—all save our native Indians, who, above all, should be protected from wrong.”

Our Canadian Indians have every protection in our courts that whites can have. They have more. Their helplessness is taken into account and wise provision; have been made by the Crown to protect them against more civilized people. By the Indian Exemption from Seizures Act the only article seizable on an Indian is the actual effect sold to him by the prosecuting creditor.

Judgment to this effect was recently given by Judge Charland of Montreal in favor of a Caughnawaga Indian whose effects had been seized in payment for a harmonium. The creditor was allowed to take his harmonium but nothing else. Not only are their civil rights secured but political privileges are granted them. The Dominion Electoral Franchise Act of 1885 states that “The expression person means any male person, including an Indian.” Those having the necessary qualifications can vote for member of the House of Commons. By the Indian Advancement Act, Indians who are prepared for it may have municipal government. Provision is made for those who wish to separate from their tribes and settle on their own lots of land like white settlers but conditions are imposed preventing the sale or mortgaging of their property.

It would be beyond the mark to say that Indians have never been defrauded in Canada. They undoubtedly have. Canada can not be called ‘The Indians’ Paradise,’ but they have not been *continually* moved from place to place, cheated, and starved. A kinder and more conciliatory spirit has been shown them which costs little and pays well. The trouble with the Americans is that they promise too much and then their chief concern seems to be how to avoid the fulfilment. Red Cloud characterized their policy exactly when he defined Heaven as “a land where white men cease to be liars.” Another caustic criticism was the reply of Sitting Bull to a general of the U. S. army who was urging him to conclude a land treaty with the government, “Tell them at Washington if they have one man who speaks the truth to send him to me and I will listen to what he has to say.” And what a tale is told by the law of the Cherokee nation that “The discovery of a mine shall be punishable with death.” No fewer than sixteen treaties were made with this people every one of which was broken. So the dreary record goes on. The history of American dealings with Indians has been one of injustice, fraud, cruelty, and oppression against which the only redress is war. What is the price of these wars? There is not a hundred miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific that has not been the scene of an Indian massacre. In these wars ten white men have been killed to one Indian, and each Indian killed has cost the government one hundred thousand dollars. This is one kind of economy. Here is another: In 1851 they bought twenty-five millions of acres of the best land in the Mississippi Valley from the Sioux for six and a quarter cents an acre! A still cheaper bargain was the strating or appropriation so called of eleven millions of acres without paying a cent. The day of reckoning came in the campaign just closed, at a figure of \$2,000,000, sufficient to have given the Sioux the \$100,000 annual appropriation promised them for a period of twenty years. And what was the occasion of the outbreak? An Indian killed a cow. Some Americans accused him of having stolen it and took it from him. He insisted that the animal belonged to him, which was proved to be correct. But the match was set to the tinder. Sitting Bull was murdered. The massacre of Wounded Knee was perpetrated, and the end is not yet.

“But,” says some Young Canadian, “this problem is not for us. What is the use of telling us of these wrongs?” Simply to impress upon your minds *one* of the reasons why you should be proud of your own country, government and laws. We are proud to form part of the Empire that led the way in negro emancipation; that Canada was for many years a sure refuge for the fugitive slaves of the south; and that we have all along shown to our Indians a policy so different to the Americans. Let us hope that our example may in time have its effect even beyond our borders.

FUN FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

A BEAR HUNT.

BY PROF. SPLITAROKSKI.

"Hurrah boys! come along and I will show you where I had the greatest bear hunt of my life," thus spoke the learned old explorer, Her Von Splitarokski who, for years had been one of the most energetic mineral hunters in all Canada, to a group of young boys, who, with him, were making a canoe trip through the countless lakes that beautify northern Ontario.

"Now," said a stout chunk of a boy about fifteen years old "Papa is off on that yarn of his again I've heard it a score of times but it is always good, as he gets it different every time somehow"—and with a laugh to his companion he followed his comrades, who all eagerly crowded around their old friend as he made his way to a bluff on the north side of the small island, where they had been collecting specimens of wild-flowers, insects and minerals and on which they had prepared their camp for the night.

"Pointing towards the north," said the Professor "Do you see that bluff, and do you notice that great big dead pine fallen down on its face, the root up the hill? Well look carefully near the butt of it and you will see a black spot. That is a big hole, the tree is hollow."

"What has that got to do with it?" asked some one.

"Wait and you will hear. Sit down on this rock now, and I will spin you a yarn."

One time, long before any of you rascals were born, I was up here exploring for an English company for graphite, that is what they make lead pencils of, and I found an abundance of it; but in a different form to what is generally discovered. I had two Indians, two dogs, a rifle and gun, and a birch bark canoe. I had my chemicals in bottles which I carried around my waist in a belt, acids, crucibles, and in fact a whole chemists shop "barrin'" the fixtures and profits.

"He is a funny fellow, and I think he must be a little of an Irish man," thought one of the boys.

"Each of the Indians had a tomahawk and sheath hunting knife, in his belt. One was Peter Cut Nose, the other Johnston Podash, son of old Chief Podash of the Hiawatha Reserve, Rice Lake Indians.

It was about five o'clock as we paddled around the shore of this island and pointed our canoe for the low ground over there, by the sandy shore, to camp for the night. As we swept silently around the point there, our eyes and hearts were gladdened by the sight of three big black bears, in the water, swimming towards the main shore, from the island where they had been eating huckleberries all day. They had had a good feed, as you fellows have had, and were going home to their den for the night, no doubt. After them we put, the three paddles going with might and main, and the canoe just skimming along like a swallow. The bears had a long start of us, and, now being alarmed by our dogs who partook of the excitement, eagerly strained every effort to reach the shore, the dogs yelping and trying to climb out after them. To quiet them I threw a bed quilt over their heads. We gained on them rapidly and were soon within easy rifle shot, when the Indian Cut-Nose yelled,

"Bear touch bottom' shoot belly quick!" and swerved the canoe around to give me a fair shot.

The bear, the largest, and she was a whopper, began to jump as she touched bottom, and just as I got a good bead on her shoulder, as she rose out of the water, the confounded dogs made a bold leap out of the canoe towards the bears. Bang went my shot, and the two

combined capsized us. Over we went, guns, ammunition bag and baggage, canoe and all. Fortunately it was only waist deep and we could get the traps.

Having found we could wade, we hastened after the dogs in pursuit of our game, the Indians drawing their tomahawks and knives, I with the wet discharged rifle. It was useless, but I held on to it instinctively. The double barrel gun was like your friend Mr. McGinty, at the bottom of the sea. I felt I had not made a good shot, but full jump we go after the bears, the dogs leading. They were in close pursuit of the other two, the large one having pushed rapidly into the bush, limping from the shot I had given it. The dogs chased the cubs so hotly that they made each for a tree, and succeeded in scrambling up out of the reach of the dog's fangs.

Cut-Nose and I made for the nearest bear which was up a spruce tree about as thick as your leg snarling and snapping at the dog below. Cut-Nose lost no time, but jumped for the tree, and mounted up, his hunting knife between his teeth, and tomahawk in his hand. As he mounted, the bear climbed higher and higher, and when at last he could not with safety get up further, he turned and showed fight. Cut-Nose was in a very awkward position to fight; but he made a swipe at the bear with his knife, which Bruin easily dodged. Over and over he lunged up at the snarling brute but without touching him. Then I shouted, "Try your axe."

And Peter, putting his knife again between his teeth, struck at the bear with the axe, in one hand. Again and again he struck. The bear parried and dodged, and finally, becoming exasperated at his failures and my laughter, he paused, took what he thought was a firmer foot hold, steadied himself, put both hands to his axe, and gave a vicious blow up at his enemy which ought to have settled Bruin's fate. But alas! in doing so, his footing gave way, the axe struck the tree with such a shock, that, down upon his head tumbled the bear, who grabbed him about the shoulders.

Cut-Nose was quick enough when slipping to grab the tree, and there they were. You would have died with laughter. Cut-Nose hugging the tree and vainly endeavoring to gain a foot hold frightened to death, at the poor bear, who fast on his back was hugging him so tightly and scratching about with his feet to get a claw hold of Cut-Nose's breeches, which I know he did by the grunts and howls of the Indian.

These added terror to the bear, who was not accustomed to riding on the backs of Indians, which he showed by the frightful squeals he kept up without cessation. Cut-Nose, not being able to use his hands, just hung on to the tree and howled. The bear hung on his back, and squealed. The dog below barked like fury, and I leaned against a tree and held myself up while I laughed and laughed until I ached in both sides, jaws and back.

Presently I noticed Cut-Nose's tomahawk tumble down from a branch where it had stuck. This I got, and then, calling to him, bade him come down the tree with his precious pack on his back. Slowly he moves his hands. His head is ducked down between his shoulders out of the way of the bear's teeth, then his feet, then down he swings oh, so carefully, he wouldn't offend that bear for the world. I encourage him to come on, and tell him when I give the word to hang on like grim death to the tree, for I intended to kill the

bear with the axe while on his back. He has got his courage back and is coming steadily down. At last he is within six feet of the ground, and the bear has caught sight of me. Now is the time for action.

"Hang on!!" I cried, and leaping up, with a sure and steady blow I drive the axe into the back of the bear's head and he drops to the ground, leaving Cut-Nose clinging convulsively to the tree uncertain what to do, and thinking he had been hit, not the bear. After a few seconds, he looked around, and, seeing his enemy stretched lifeless below, jumped to the ground, the most relieved man I ever saw. Wiping the perspiration from his face, he exclaimed:

"Waugh! Pete, nebber hunt bear like chip munk 'gen'l; me Big-Fool Injun. You belly good shot wit tommy axe," while he was still growling, and searching for his hunting knife that had dropped out of his mouth when he had to yell at the claw hugging of his late antagonist.

I hurriedly made my way to where Podash and his dog were fighting the other, about fifty yards along shore, in the woods, Cut-Nose following with his slurt and breeches freely admitting the evening air, through the tearing made by the bear. Podash was a great hunter, calm, impassive, relentless in pursuit. He was famed far up to the Nipissing wilds, as the boldest, and most courageous and untiring hunter, shewing in the arts of peace the same grand qualities which had won for his sires the chieftainship of the warriors who so successfully fought their lives away—in defence of their Great Mother the Queen, in the troubled times of early Canadian history. He could kill more wolves, bears, foxes and wild cats—than any ten Indians of his tribe.

Instead of them being up and facing his enemy like Peter Cut-Nose, he beckoned us to keep back and call his dog away. This we did and he commenced chopping away at the butt of the tree the bear was up, with the back of his axe. This alarmed the bear so much that turning head downwards, he scrambled down to get out of such an insecure place. When he would see the Indian, he would put back up the tree like sixty, only to be scared down by the pounding of Podash's axe. This curious proceeding had gone on for some time and the bear was evidently in a very excited state. Not so, Podash, however. He was as cool as if he had his pipe smoking. Then, we watched him silently lie down close to the tree, and draw a large green branch over him, that had been broken off the tree. Here he lay five, eight, ten minutes as quiet as a mouse. Then, we noticed a movement in the tree, the bear is coming down. Bruin thinks the coast is clear, and he might try and get down the other side of the tree from where he last saw the Indian. Around the tree he quietly crept and looked below. All is clear except the branch he had broken off. Now his head comes out below the lowest branch. Now his shoulders. Breathlessly we wait.

"Now Podash! great hunter, quick or you'll lose your chance. You'll miss him," I cry, but not a stir out of the Indians. He is like a dead man flat as a flounder. Will he never move?

"Watch him brush. Podash move two, tree feet. Fool bear don't know. Look!" whispers Cut-Nose. The green brush has moved a foot, two, yes four feet from where I first saw it, and yet I had my eyes on it every second and did not see it stir. Wonderful! the patience and skill of the Red Man! The bear crawls down still another few inches, and is evidently preparing to spring to the ground and risk a rush for thicker woods, when, like a flash of lightning, the tomahawk glints through the air, hurled with the truest and deadliest aim and cleaves the skull of the bear, sinking

deeply beyond sight, and Bruin dropped to the ground, dead.

It was marvellous! It was wonderful! One second had not passed from the time that Indian was lying absolutely passive on the ground, until he had sprung into position, aimed, and with gathered strength flung his tomahawk, clove that bear's skull and stood over its lifeless body.

A steel trap never made better time, boys, than that Podash. How he silently smiled when I told him about Cut-Nose's giving the ride to his bear.

We then carried this fellow, a good sized chunk of eighty pounds, to where the other lay, and proceeded to recover our things—in the shallow water where we upset. While doing so, my attention was attracted by a furious barking of the dogs further up the woods—which were quite low and heavy, further in from the shore. Leaving the Indians to get the things ashore, I went into the woods towards where the dogs were. They were pitching into something, for the barking was half bark, half fight, and an occasional howl. I hurried on by an old open trail, and came upon the dogs fighting the big bear, wounded, which had got into a mud puddle about twenty feet across,—to stop the bleeding I guessed from the rifle shot I had given it.

There it was sitting on its haunches half hidden in the mud, and showing a fierce and snapping front to the attack of the dogs. I had no weapon. Our powder and caps were wet. What were we to do? I noticed that no matter how fierce the dogs worried it, it never got up, but pegged around on its fore feet, and would smash at the dogs viciously with both its fore arms and paws, but not both at the same time. I at once concluded that the bullet had injured the hind quarters somehow, and that it couldn't get out of the mud hole. My shouting soon brought my valiant Indians to the spot, and a debate took place. A brilliant Plan of Campaign of my own suggesting, I am proud to say, was adopted. First, we selected a tree about a foot in diameter near the pool, and with the axes soon had it felled across the pool, behind the bear. Then a smaller one was felled across this at right angles. Next, cutting down a long ash tree four or five inches at the butt, and about twenty feet long, we had the implements to vanquish our enemy, who was showing such unmistakable evidence of willingness to tear us limb from limb, that we had to be mighty careful what we were about.

Then, out along the largest of the felled trees, I carried the large end of the young ash, Peter and Podash holding up the small end as high as they could. I shoved my end into the mud beneath the cross of the two trees. This brought the ash tree right over Bruin's neck, and when it was securely stuck in the mud I let it fall on the monster's neck. Running around, we all threw our weight onto the ash, which, acting as a lever, drove the head of the brute beneath the mud and water, pinning it down, so that Podash leaped into the pool fearlessly, and with one drive of his knife—finished Bruin number three. This last was a monster,—the largest and most powerful I ever saw.

After a brief rest we hauled off my patent bear trap—and dragged the huge animal to the camp, well satisfied with our exploits.

"But I don't see what that old pine tree has to do with it yet" said the same boy who asked before.

"Oh Fred," answered the Professor's son laughing, "Papa hasn't begun the real bear story yet"—and the crowd of boys raised a shout of laughter at Fred's impatience.

"Go on Professor, if you please,"

"There ain't any more," said another,

"Proceed, Professor,"

"Encore,"

"Man, those were 'bully.'"

"How I'd like to see Peter Cut-Nose, with the bear on his back,"

"It ain't so hard to kill a bear as I thought."

Such were the eager comments of the boys. The last one had caught the Professor's ear, and he said—with a very solemn expression—

"No, Giglamps, it is not hard to kill a bear if you know how. An old friend of mine, Mr. Harvey, who was a great hunter in the wilds of Muskoka, many years ago, told me of a plan to kill bears with a jack-knife, that he had used with great success for many years."

"What was it?"

"Oh, let us have it,"

"I have a jack-knife," came from the boys, and being thus urged the Professor said,

"Old Harvey used to show how it was done; this way; you open your jack. When you see the bear rise up on its hind legs and come to hug yer, just turn yer knife with the edge down and the back up, and jab it inter him jest below his breast bone, and hold it thar stiff. It 'ill pain him right smart, and he will lift up his hind leg, and with his paw try to scratch yer hand away. Jest hold yer blade stiff, and he will tear yer arm down do ye see? and as he does, yer knife comes with it and yer opens his gizzard from top to bottom and there he is—

do'ye see? All you got to do is, to hoid the knife, he does the killen, do ye see?"

At this the boys set up a roar of laughter that echoed around the lake and scared the ducks and loons off to one where there wasn't such a boisterous crowd. (no pun intended boys.)

"There is more yet," whispered his son to his comrade, and immediately a chorus of,

"Go on Professor please"

"Let us hear about the old pine tree."

"Hurry up"

"Keep quiet boys"—was set up by the boys, while "Giglamps" was seen with his jack-knife open going through this pantomime of Harvey's easy method of killing bears.

"Oh," said the Professor laughing,—“you have had enough for the present, and it is near grub time, so come along and let us cook supper and I will tell you the rest of our adventure after. Giglamps you go and dress half a dozen of those trout for a fry. Jowler you get a fire lit near the tent; Fred, fill that tin pail with water and get it boiling. You three scalliwags, take your tomahawks and cut down some balsam trees, and bring the branches to make our bed, and I will get our traps ready to set and fix up our collections.” Every one piled in to do his part, eager to get their supper over and hear the Professor continue his thrilling story.

YOUNG CANADIAN HISTORICAL CALENDAR.

A P R I L .

1. War between England and France	1629
2. Treaty of Utrecht; 1. Hudson's Bay. 2. Acadia. 3. Newfoundland	1713
3. De Levis defeated by Murray at St. Foy	1760
4. Terrible Fire at Montreal; its Lessons	1768
5. Upper Canada "Gazette" established	1793
6. Events in April during War of	1812-1814
7. York taken by the Americans	1813
8. Bank of Upper Canada founded.	1821
9. Guelph founded by John Galt	1827
10. Riot in Newfoundland	1841
11. Halifax incorporated as a City	1841
12. Montreal Houses of Parliament burned	1849
13. Rebellion Losses Bill	1849
14. Post Office transferred from Imperial to Canadian control	1851
15. Five cent postage adopted in Canada.	1851
16. Telegraph established at St. John, N.B.	1851
17. Charlottetown incorporated as a City.	1855
18. Fortnightly Steamships from Liverpool to Quebec.	1856
19. Gold found in British Columbia.	1858
20. Discount stamps first used	1859
21. Three cent postage adopted	1868
22. Guelph incorporated as a City	1879
23. Railway from Montreal to Sorel	1882
24. Quebec Houses of Parliament burned	1883
25. Rebels at Fish Creek	1885

Our young readers are invited to study our Calendar for April, and to write upon any topic that they like best, or on more than one. The essays should be in simple, clear style, telling as much as possible, and from two to four sheets of foolscap in length. The best essay will be published, and the writer will receive a beautiful pocket-knife of the best quality.

The essays sent in on former Calendars were all charming. It was a pleasure to read them, and to find

so very many of our young people interesting themselves in the History of their own Land.

We have found our suggestions of books so useful to our young competitors, that we have pleasure in giving a few again for the April Calendar.

The manner in which these topics are interesting our readers, both young and old, shows that we have already been successful in our aim—namely, to foster and draw out patriotic love among the young people of Canada.

A friend has written to us to say that his whole household, including a lovely old lady called "gran'ma," are all busy every evening reading, teaching, and writing on the items.

Another friend writes to say he has made THE YOUNG CANADIAN a text-book in his school.

Well done! YOUNG CANADIAN!

AUTHORITIES FOR APRIL.

3. Smith Garneau. LeMoine. Captain Knox's "Historical Journal of the Campaign, Vol. II."
4. "Motives for a Subscription towards the Relief of the Sufferers." "The Care of the Canadians."
5. Kingsford's Canadian Archaeology, p. 77.
6. Collin's "The War and its Moral." Also "History of the War," by G. Auchincloss.
9. Autobiography, by John Galt, Vol II.
10. History of Newfoundland, by Rev. Chas. Pidley.
12. Sandham's "Montreal Past and Present." See also "The Montreal Star," an old file.
19. "Vancouver Island and British Columbia," by Matthew Macfie.
25. The North-West and Its Troubles, by G. Mercer Adam.

A P R I L
 By Charles Morse.
 A REQUIEM is in our ears,
 OLD WINTER dies in fields and meres;
 MARCH'S mood hath turned to fear,
 APRIL'S come again!
 TEARS that yield to laughing hours,
 RAINBOWS glint through falling showers;
 PRESAGE sweet of June's bright bowers,—
 April's sun and rain.

Robins pipe to sleeping-birds
 Wooten close them to, do off their hoods —
 Glosely wrap through winter's floods —
 Now that APRIL'S here.

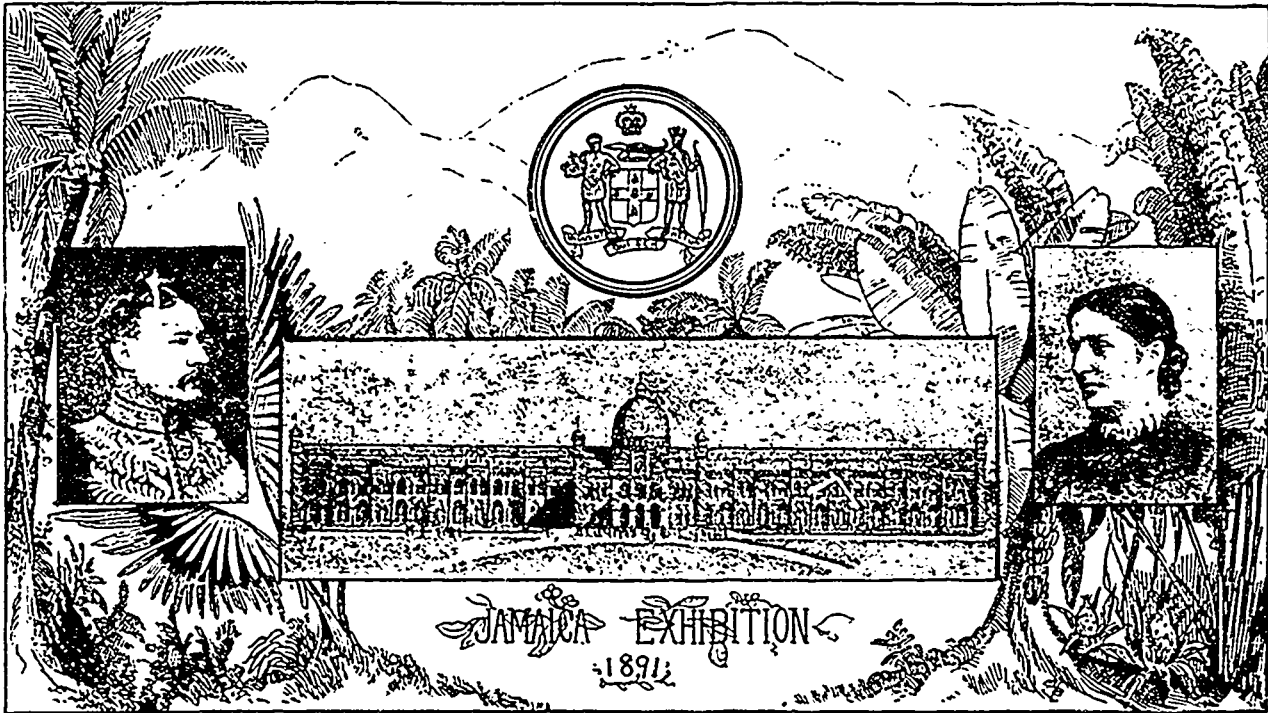
Hardy call to flow'ret one! —
 Arbutus shy betimes hath blown
 Clinging to the snow-clad stone,
 April's Messenger!

Linnets' notes are in the wold,
 Tender plaints come from the fold,
 Ploughshares turn the gleaming mould,
 Truly April's come!

Pine trees blend their murmurous tune,
 SEA-WAVES thunder on the dunes,
 OLD EARTH sings her EASTER rune,
 APRIL'S Welcome home!

S.M. Morse
 Del.





OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER IN JAMAICA.

JAMAICA, February 26, 1891.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN, Apologizing for the time which has elapsed since the date of my last epistle, I cannot now perhaps do better than describe the city of Kingston and environs, as seen en route from the steamer to Constant Spring Hotel. I will condense as much as possible. Were I to enlarge on much that I have seen in a drive of a few miles, you would scarcely find space for my letter within the limits of your YOUNG CANADIAN.

Kingston is not an attractive city, as you may have read before, but it was a very busy one as I saw it, on the eve of the opening of the first Exhibition held on the Island. Its streets were thronged with pedestrians of every shade of colour, from the fair-skinned and light-haired Caucasian type, through all the intermediate tints, to the deep, sombre, honest, shiny black, which distinguishes the descendants of the purely African tribes, the latter predominating largely in numbers.

The streets have no pavements at the sides, or these are so high that flights of steps are necessary to reach them, and breaks are so frequent, compelling one to be constantly mounting and descending, that few people use them. The walkers take to the roadway as naturally as ducks to the middle of the stream. The high pavements prevent the shops from being flooded during the rainy season.

The roadway is invariably well graded and smooth, and there being no system of underground drainage, a surface channel runs on each side, and sometimes down the middle, especially in the lanes. These are flushed by an abundant supply of water from the distant hills.

Cabs, or busses, as they are called, are numerous, suitable for three persons and the driver. You meet them everywhere but on a stand, the owner on the qui

vive for a fare. Lines of Street Railways, with open carriages drawn by a pair of mules, also claim right of way in several of the business streets, and run some miles into the open country. Then there are the more sumptuous conveyances of the wealthy, drawn by pairs of horses, and embracing occupants of all shades of colour. One is struck with the numbers of people in the business streets, and the shops are almost equally crowded. The shops, except in a few rare instances, are not confined to any special line of trade, but supply, under the same roof, a conglomeration of all kinds of wares. In most of these establishments you can buy all you want, from the most substantial necessities of life to the tiniest nick nack known in Canada under the name of Fancy Goods. The chemist may have in his window not only medicines and perfumes, but sausages and shoes.

The street architecture is unattractive, especially in the business parts, which cannot be said to have any thing worthy of the name at all. The finest specimens of them, even at their best, wear a rusty dusty aspect. It is difficult to tell if the buildings are of stone or of wood, and when they are made of brick, they are smothered up in a coat of drab paint. There do not appear to be many buildings of stone. Wooden houses prevail, but there are some of brick, and frequently they consist of a combination of both. They are light in structure, as the object is not strength and solidity as with us, but coolness. As you leave the business parts and drive up Duke street there are private residences with a certain neatness and finish about them, in keeping with themselves. The wood work which is co-extensive with the entire mansion, is painted in white and light green. The houses stand off the street and considerably above it, and the enclosing walls are more

solid than the buildings themselves. These are of brick, with piers of the same in drab, and an iron or wooden gate. Kingston mansions are in general large and square, and always light and cheerful looking. Surrounding them are a variety of trees of interest to the stranger. The cocoanut of graceful stem towers over all, relieved by a banana or two, or by a tree covered with a mass of flowers of magenta hue.

In our progress we have gradually risen from the sea level, until we pass a large square laid out in walks and trees, with a statue at each of the four entrances. One of these represents Rodney of heroic memory, and another Sir Charles Metcalfe, once Governor of the Island, and later, Governor-General of British North America, which we know so well.

Continuing, we reach the Plains of the Liguanea, a perfectly level surface of a mile or two in width, and the Exhibition Building rises into view, which in point of design and colour is a perfect success. I will have more to say of it and of its contents later, and will only here remark that it is built of wood, has a long nave and shorter transept, over the centre of which is a beautifully shaped dome. Turrets rise above the body of the structure at the extreme points. It is coloured with drab and pink. Large flags float from the turrets, one of which, you will be happy to learn, is that of the Dominion, over the east end, which holds the Canadian Court. The Building was designed in Jamaica and put up by contractors here, the timber coming from the Coast of the Southern States. It is a matter of regret that Canada was not asked to tender for it.

Our road skirts a race-course which lies between us and the building, as we travel westward and soon leave it and Kingston behind, remarking that there is not a good public building in the place, unless it be the Parish Church and Victoria market, which I confess I have not seen. The City Hall and Post Office are shabby in the extreme.

We are now travelling in the open country on an excellent road, though dusty from the drought that has prevailed. The sides are planted with hedges, set on the top of a bank of earth several feet higher than the road. These are of two kinds, the neatest being the cylindrically-formed cactus, or prickly pear, an edible fruit, each stem forming, as it were, a perpendicular paling three or four inches in diameter and bristling with small prickly thorns. Some of these are cut neatly to a uniform height and are close, and highly defensive against man or beast. Others are neglected and show unrightly gaps, shooting up to ten or twenty feet in height. This hedge is so easily repaired that there is little excuse for allowing it to fall into disorder. You have but to cut off a section of the plant, and lean it against the hedge where the gap appears. The end touching the bank of earth will begin to form roots and grow upwards to the height required. In this way it may be seen in double, and even in triple rows, in the process of growth. The other kind of hedge, which is quite as commonly seen, is a distinct species of cactus, and of very different form being a multitude of thin pointed blades, like swords, springing from a centre, curving and tapering, the two edges of each blade being set with small thorns an inch or more apart. It is called the Pinquin. When young, and free of weeds, it is pretty enough, but when old and withered, dried up and choked with weeds it has a disorderly look, and is not to be compared to the cactus described, which is always green, and does not appear to suffer from the drought.

As grass does not grow on the ridge of earth in which the Pinquin is set, it has a curious sort of unfinished look, for of course it is never trimmed.

But there is a sight more interesting on the roadway. Hundreds of peasant women, all black of course, many of them mere girlings, are marching to the Kingston markets, with their flat round baskets on their heads, filled with yams, plantains, bananas, oranges, pine apples, or it may be a load of sugar cane. Their arms are left perfectly free, swinging by their sides: their figures are erect: their step is firm: and their feet are bare. With swinging elastic motion they glide over the dust of the road in strings, in single file, or in little groups, partly formed by patient and equally plodding donkeys. The donkeys are driven before by a string and carry baskets filled with produce. The skirt of the girls is worn short; the chest is protruded, and the neck, head and burden are poised to perfection. To complete the picture, a brightly coloured bandana handkerchief covers the forehead and hair in graceful folds, the ends gathered in behind and hanging down in a careless easy fashion that might be the envy of the fairest of their sex. I was told that in this manner these girls will cover their twenty or twenty five miles without fatigue.

Along this route are the West End Villas, here called Pens. They are some distance from the road, are surrounded by trees, and enclosed by cactus hedges. At the main entrance there are piers of stone or brick and a handsome gate. On these pillars the name of the house is given. You read "Dunrobin" "Laurel Lodge," and other appellations indicative of aristocratic associations.

At some points along the route there are the less pretentious, but scarcely less interesting, cottages of the coloured people, and at the cross road a shop or two is sure to be found, the fronts of which are entirely open, the contents of the shelves being visible as you pass by. The contents are chiefly bottles, and liquids seem to be the principal articles of trade.

Halfway Tree is a notable point on the road. Here we change cars and go on our way, getting glimpses of the rich foliage of the gardens or native enclosures. An avenue of cocoanut trees, with the fruit aloft and the fronds waving in the breeze or a group of bananas whose leaves are so attractive both in outline and in colour, are sights to be remembered.

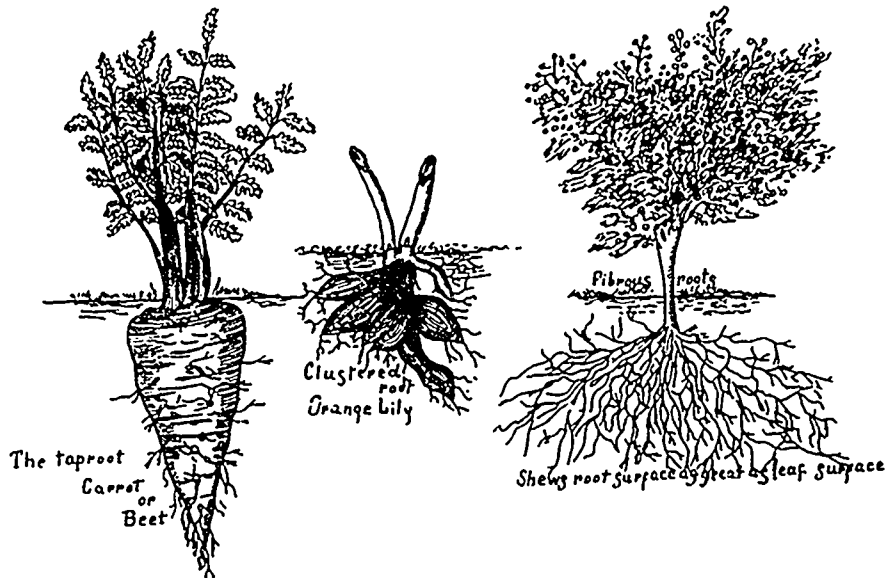
At length we are in front of the Constant Spring Hotel, a very long range of three and four storey buildings, with a park in front, studded with the tall palms, and in the rear the mountain range with a great variety of outline and surface. There are sixty acres of land attached to the hotel. A few years ago this was a sugar estate. A quarter of a mile in rear of the hotel may still be seen the aqueduct and other works in stone. The supply of water from the hills furnishes splendid swimming and other baths, which are among the luxuries of the place. It also supplies the west end of Kingston.

Many new hotels are being built in desirable situations for the accommodation of tourists, the Government guaranteeing a certain amount of the expenditure. Five companies have availed themselves of this arrangement, two in Kingston, of which the Constant Spring Hotel Co. is one, and three in other parts of the Island.

Your Special Commissioner

S.

SEE LIEUT. STAIRS
IN
DARKEST AFRICA
NEXT WEEK.



YOUNG CANADIAN WILD FLOWER CLUB.

AMONG OUR WILD-FLOWERS.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod,
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God." —Longfellow.

PAPER III.

ROOTS.

Our last paper described the bursting of the seed and the growth of the germ into the ascending and descending parts.

We will take up the descending part, which is called the *Root*.

The *Root* is the part of the plant that draws the nourishment out of the ground and sends it up to be changed by the leaves into food for the plant. The root next extracts different things out of the earth for the support of the plant, such as water, lime, carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, phosphates, silicates, and other things.

These are all sucked up by tiny little hair roots and sent up through the stem to the leaves (which are the lungs and stomach of the plant), and there they are all mixed together to make new substances which the plant wants for its use.

I said before that most people didn't think much of roots. That is a mistake. If you take a plant by the stalk, the roots on one end would have nearly as much surface as the leaves on the other, and perhaps more. As the roots grow and spread, the leaves do also. When the leaves fall away, the roots die, so as to keep up the balance in the seasons. Their old mother, Dame Nature, is not like some mothers who give the most to one of the boys or girls. She deals out her gifts on the square, so that the leaves don't get more than the roots.

However, sometimes the leaves are more beautiful, or

think they are. But she pays up to the roots by giving them something extra. She gives them, in some cases, loads of provisions for the use of the next year's leaves and flowers, so the roots can have a good time then while the leaves are working hard, and feeding out of the store-houses in the roots. Now, these store-houses are of many shapes. Those roots which have not store-houses are called fibrous roots, and they only work one summer. Those flowers which come up new from seed every year (annuals) generally have fibrous roots.

Fibrous roots are like this, made up of hundreds of little roots, twisted and crinkled, wriggling their way down into the earth, and every one having lots of littler ones growing off all along their length.

It is wonderful how a little rootlet can work its way down among the hard earth and stones and other things. But Lady Why says they have to do it, and of course Madame How has to find a way. You all know how the snow-plough clears a track, or how a machine for drilling wells is made. It is hard and pointed. Well, Madame How just puts a little snow-plough, or earth-plough, or drilling-machine on the tip end of the rootlet, as then it can drive right through or around anything.

I started to tell about the roots of plants. Well, there are several different kinds of roots. Some of them are the Tap-root, the Clustered-root, the Tuberous-root, the Fibrous-root, and the Rhizoma. I have explained what the Fibrous-root is like, and will now explain the others.

The Tap-root is a long, conical root, filled with food for the plant next year to make seeds with, as the carrot, or parsnip, going away down into the ground.

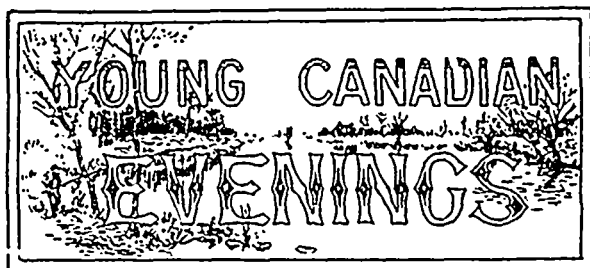
The Rhizoma is a long root which creeps near the surface of the earth, and every year sends up a sprout. When the sprout dies it breaks off at the root, and leaves a mark. The sketch we have given is that of Solomon's Seal.

The Tuberous-root has a number of long, slender radicles, with one large bulb on the end of each. It looks something like the Fibrous-root, with bulbs put on the ends of some of the rootlets, in which the germs and food for them are stored.

The Clustered-roots are bunches of fleshy tubers, just beneath the ground, and are not connected by a radicle to the stem. All these are store-houses of food for the plant, which the plant wants for the next year, and people often use them for food for themselves.

Besides these simple things mentioned as being taken up by roots, these dear little hungry roots will also suck up substances already made on the earth. Some big scientific gun says there are kinds of fungi, or something, that get around the tiny rootlets and work the food in the earth into a form, easy for the rootlets to absorb, pretty much as a cook-stove makes our food.

Funny old woman is Madame How.



TANGLES.

ANSWER TO LEGEND OF A BIRTHDAY.

PUZZLE II.—IN EASTER NUMBER.

Georgie Stewart, of Quebec.

TANGLE III.

PATRIOTIC WORD PUZZLE.

1.

My whole two words of eight letters each, make one of the chief aims of THE YOUNG CANADIAN.

2.

My 7, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, of the sixteen letters is *what we are*.

3.

My 8, 14, 15, 16, is *what we shall never be*.

4.

My 12, 13, 14, 2, 3, is *what we shall become*.

5.

My 9, 2, 3, 13, 4, 5, 3, 15, is *what we must be*.
So let us therefore be,

6.

14, 2, 10, 1, 14, 15, 3.

TANGLE IV.

WORD PUZZLE.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My whole names one of the Departments of THE YOUNG CANADIAN, of great chronological interest.

1.

My first is a town in France celebrated for its wine.

2.

My second is the most northerly portion of the United States.

3.

My third is the most westerly point of Jamaica.

4.

My fourth is a Province taken from France.

5.

My fifth is a watering-place on the Clyde, Scotland.

6.

My sixth is a town in Hindostan, India.

7.

My seventh is the old name of Nova Scotia.

8.

My eighth is a group of Isles in the Indian Ocean.

TANGLE V.

BY A VERY YOUNG CANADIAN.

My whole is a piece of poetry consisting of four verses all very familiar and well beloved. There are four lines in each verse.

VERSE 1.

My 1. Adjective meaning small. 2. The smallest quantity of liquid. 3. Preposition. 4. What the ocean is made of. 5. Adjective meaning small. 6. Particles. 7. Preposition. 8. Earth. 9. Form. 10. Definite article. 11. Adjective meaning strong. 12. Very large sea. 13. Conjunction. 14. Definite article. 15. Adjective meaning lovely. 16. What we walk on.

VERSE 2.

1. Adverb of manner. 2. Definite article. 3. Adjective meaning small. 4. Portions of time. 5. Adjective meaning lowly. 6. Conjunction. 7. Third personal pronoun, plural. 8. Verb for are. 9. Form. 10. Definite article. 11. Adjective meaning great. 12. Length of time. 13. Preposition. 14. For ever.

VERSE 3.

1. Adverb of manner. 2. Possessive pronoun of the first person plural. 3. Adjective meaning small. 4. Mistakes. 5. Draw. 6. Definite article. 7. Spirit. 8. Far off. 9. Preposition. 10. Definite article. 11. Road. 12. Preposition. 13. Goodness. 14. Contraction for often. 15. Preposition. 16. Wrong-doing. 17. Preposition meaning towards. 18. Wander.

VERSE 4.

1. Adjective meaning small. 2. Acts. 3. Preposition. 4. Goodness. 5. Adjective meaning small. 6. Sayings. 7. Preposition. 8. Kindness. 9. Form. 10. Preposition. 11. World. 12. Indefinite article. 13. First home on earth. 14. Denotes resembling. 15. Definite article. 16. Celestial City. 17. Overhead.

TANGLE VI.

No. 1.

Here is a Canadian Puzzle for the boys and girls:—

I am composed of sixteen letters.

I am a Fighter for "Boys' Rights."

My 2, 6, 8, 3, 7, 5, 1, is the name of a Church Party

in Europe, driven from their homes by persecution. They were led by one of the bravest of heroes.

My 12, 9, 15, 13, 14, 10, is the name of part of America, whose people were likewise driven from their homes.

My 9, 15, 11, 7, 5, 16, is what an enemy in Canada would be driven out with.

My 2, 5, 16, 3, 4, is a secretion driven out of a plant.

If you cannot find my name from these, you ought to be driven out.

TANGLE VII.

No. 2.

My 1st	is in	metal	but not in	ore.
" 2nd	"	hillocks	also in	shore.
" 3rd	"	pebbles	but not in	rock.
" 4th	"	poultry	" "	stock.
" 5th	"	mountain	" "	hill.
" 6th	"	fountain	" "	rill.
" 7th	"	many	" "	few.
" 8th	"	slaughter	" "	slew.
" 9th	"	scamper	" "	frisk.
" 10th	"	safety	" "	risk.
" 11th	"	window	" "	light.
" 12th	"	glasses	" "	sight.
" 13th	"	pride	" "	vain.
" 14th	"	light	" "	pane.
" 15th	"	swallows	" "	flight.
" 16th	"	gentle	" "	slight.

Into my whole every boy should peep,
For without my fun he never could sleep.

Answers next week.



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

The Apostles wrote the stories of Christ which we call the Gospels. Very soon after, it was necessary to make copies of them. This was the only means of preserving and multiplying them until sixteen years later, when the pen was relieved and aided by the invention of printing. This important task fell to the lot of the monks, who were almost the only men who were educated enough to do it. It is evident that, in copying and recopying, mistakes might occasionally be made by a monk, and that, if he did not quite understand the

meaning himself he might feel himself justified in making a slight alteration in some expressions.

When his manuscript came to be copied by another monk many years afterwards, we can easily imagine that if similar little mistakes, or similar slight alterations of expressions were made, we might eventually come to be in doubt as to what the Apostles had actually written. Again and again men were puzzled. Again and again an attempt was made to reconcile the differences; but all so fruitlessly that it was at length found that the only satisfactory method was to set all the monks' manuscripts aside, and go back to the most ancient sources of information which the world possessed.

Fifty years ago, in 1839, Constantine Tischendorf, a devoted student of the literature of the Bible, that is, of its history, and of the books which tell us of its history, was brought into notice by two prize essays which he had written. His fame spread among other great men so much that he determined to spend his entire time and strength in the pursuit of his favourite study, and make an effort to reconstruct the original text as it came from the pen of the sacred writers. To study slowly and carefully all old documents; to revise with the utmost care the most ancient manuscripts of the New Testament which were known to exist; to publish with the greatest exactness the most important of them, in order that they might become public property and be secured against perishing should the originals ever be lost; this was the purpose of his life.

Paris possessed one of the most important MSS of the Greek text, on parchment, dating from the 5th century. In the 7th century it had been retouched; renewed in the 9th; and in the 12th, it had been first washed and then pumiced, in order to receive some treatises on our old Father of the Church. Some centuries later, one theologian after another had attempted to decipher some traces of the original letters. Powerful chemicals were used; but in vain. It was decided that the MS had become illegible.

It was after all this that the celebrated document came under the searching and trained eye of M. Tischendorf. He resolved to try his skill upon it, and in 1842, at the age of twenty-seven he had the marvellous fortune to decipher it completely, even to distinguishing the dates of the various writers who had been engaged upon it,—an achievement which brought the honours of the civilized world to his feet.

For ages, industrious monks had not only copied, but had collected manuscripts of the Sacred Writings. The Convents of the East were the treasures of this wealth, and it occurred to M. Tischendorf that some precious document might lie hidden away in dust and darkness. In quest of such a possible prize, eagerly hungering and thirsting after success, he determined to set out.

APRIL.

Pale season, watcher in unvexed suspense,
Still priestess of the patient middle day,
Betwixt wild March's humoured pestilence
And the warm wooing of green-kirtled May,
Maid month of sunny peace and sober grey,
Weaver of flowers in sunward glades that ring
With murmur of libation to the spring.

As memory of pain all past is peace,
 And joy, dream-tasted, hath the deeper cheer.
 So art thou sweetest of all months that lease
 The twelve short spaces of the flying year.
 The bloomless days are dead, and frozen fear
 No more for many moons shall vex the earth,
 Dreaming of summer and fruit-laden mirth.

The grey song-sparrows, full of spring, have sung
 Their clear thin silvery tunes in leafless trees.
 The robin hops and whistles, and among
 The silver tasselled poplars, the brown bees
 Murmur faint dreams of summer harvestries.
 The creamy sun at even scatters down
 A gold green mist across the murmuring town.

By the slow streams the frogs all day and night
 Dream without thought of pain or heed of ill,
 Watching the warm long hours take flight,
 And ever with soft throats that pulse and thrill
 From the pale weeded shallow trill and trill,
 Tremulous sweet-voices, flute-like, answering
 One to another glorying in the spring.

All day across the ever-cloven soil
 Strong horses labour, steaming in the sun,
 Down the long furrows with slow straining toil,
 Turning the brown clean layers ; and one by one
 The crows gloom over them, till daylight done
 Sends them asleep somewhere in duskèd lines
 Beyond the wheat-lands in the northern pines.

The old year's cloaking of brown leaves that bind
 The forest floorways, plated close and true,
 The last love's labour of the wearing wind,
 Is broken with curled flower buds, white and blue,
 In all the matted hollows, and speared through
 With thousand serpent-spotted blades upsprung,
 Yet bloomless, of the slender adder-tongue.

In the warm noon the south wind creeps and cools,
 Where the red-budded stems of maples throw
 Still tangled etchings on the amber pools,
 Quite silent now, forgetful of the slow
 Drip of the taps, the troughs, and trampled snow,
 The keen March mornings and the silvering rime,
 And mirthful labour of the sugar prime.

Ah, I have wandered with unwearied feet
 All the long sweetness of an April day,
 Lulled with cold murmurs and the drowsy beat
 Of partridge wings in secret thickets grey,
 The marriage hymns of all the birds at play.
 The faces of sweet flowers, and caseful dreams
 Beside slow reaches of frog-haunted streams ;

Wandered with happy feet, and quite forgot
 The shallow toil, the strife against the grain,
 Near souls that hear us call, but answer not,
 The weariness, perplexity, and pain,
 And high thoughts cantered with an earthly stain ;
 And now the long draught emptied to the lees,
 I turn me homeward in slow-pacing ease.

Cleaving the cedar shadows and the thin
 Mist of grey gnats, that cloud the river shore,
 Sweet even choruses, that dance and spin
 Soft tangles in the sunset, and once more
 The city smites me with its dissonant roar ;
 To its hot heart I pass, untroubled yet,
 Fed with calm hope without desire or fret.

So as to the year's first altar step I bring
 Gifts of meek song, and make my spirit free
 With the blind working of unanxious spring,
 Careless with her whether the days that flee
 Pale drouth or golden-fruited plenty see,
 So that we toil, brothers, without distress
 In calm-eyed peace and god-like blamelessness.

--ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

BELFORD'S MAGAZINE for March, (The Belford's Magazine Co., New York,) is an excellent number.

The post of honour is given to the Hon. Grover Cleveland's speech delivered at the Reform Club, New York, some weeks ago, and as the subject is "The Campaign of Education," it supplies much matter for thought on the part of all Canadians interested in training minds. Two other striking articles cannot fail to attract attention,—"Reformed Civil Service" by Charles A. Choate, and "Cash versus Credit," by Charles B. Rouss. Many Canadians who are interested in the highest political welfare of the United States will read the former, not too carelessly, and the latter is as much to the point in the Dominion as elsewhere. We have much pleasure in calling the special attention of our young manufacturers to it.

Every topic in the fields of science and literature finds its expression and in romance perhaps one of the very freshest is "How I Made a Match."

LOVE'S LABOUR WON : T. B. PETERSON AND BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Southworth's New Book, "Love's Labor Won," is issued by her publishers, in uniform shape, style and price with her "Tried for Her Life," "India," "The Missing Bride," "The Changed Brides," "Cruel as the Grave," "The Family Doom," "The Maiden Widow," "Miriam," "The Bride's Fate," "The Bridal Eve," "How He Won Her," "Fair Play," "The Discarded Daughter," "The Captive Bride," "Britomarte ; the Man Hater," and "Retribution," already published by them, and selling at the low price of twenty-five cents a copy, each, retail. At the low price at which "Love's Labor Won," is now published, it should have a very large sale, as it no doubt will, for all will want it, it

having never before been published to sell under \$1.50 a copy, but now, to place it in the hands of the "million," it has been published to sell at the low price of twenty-five cents a copy. There is no use of recommending Mrs. Southworth's works, as their fame is well known over the entire world.

MARRIED IN HASTE. Same publishers.

We are in receipt of another new volume of this popular series of fiction which is a cheap and good collection of novels. A great deal of charming and excellent reading matter is given in sufficient variety to please young and old, grave and gay—in short, all classes of romance readers. The works are by some of the leading writers of this continent and Europe, and not a single volume has been chosen that is not first-class in every respect, and now number nearly one hundred. Everybody should read them and everybody can afford to have the entire series, thus securing for a moderate outlay sufficient good and entertaining literature to last them for months.

MAPLE LEAVES AND HEMLOCK BRANCHES. By MARTIN BUTLER: printed by the "GLENER," Fredericton, N.B.

Is a little volume presented by a patriotic Canadian to the Province in which he writes. The "Leaves" are poems written "at odd hours," and are specially addressed to the country people of the Province. Mr. Butler finds as much pleasure in wandering in verse all over his native Province, as he did for many years in wandering over it in the flesh. It is very neatly got up, and every line breathes a healthy mountain air.



HALIFAX, N.S.

MY DEAR POST BAG,—I fear I am too late for your prize for February, as I have had a lame hand since I began my essay. But please put it in your Post Bag, to let me know that you will excuse me for being so late.

Your friend,

BEAVER

MY DEAR BEAVER,—I am very sorry to tell you that your essay is too late for this competition— all the more so as it is so good. It would have had a fine chance of the first prize. But do try again, dear, and I hope your hand will not get in the way this time.

Your loving friend,

ED. P. B.

POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDERS IN CANADA.

Long ago, if any person wanted to send money to any other person in a distant place, almost the only way was to wait till he had a chance of sending it by somebody who might be going to the place where he wanted to send it.

Another way was to send it through a bank. But the banks did not like to be troubled with such small sums as one might wish to send sometimes.

At a very early date for so young a country, Canada introduced the money-order system. The United States did not make this convenience for their people till ten years later than we did, and then it was pretty much our system that they copied.

The Postmaster will not give the money to any person if he does not know him, without his bringing somebody to identify him. And he must also tell from whom the money was sent.

In applying for a money-order, the surname and initial, at least, of one Christian name of the sender, and the name of the person to whom the money is payable, must be given.

The signature of a firm is enough, and the name of the person to whom the order is payable may be withheld if it is to be paid through a bank.

A money-order lapses, if not presented for payment before two months pass from the time when it was issued. A second commission for a new order will be necessary after that time.

If an order is not paid before the end of a year, all claim to the money is lost. Sums coming from lapsed orders go into the Post-office funds.

It is well to use post-office orders, because they enable us to send money to any part of the world without the risk of losing it.

A very old friend, a Government gentleman, gave me a peep into the Blue Books—these are the books that the Government publishes every year with statements of what work has been done and what money has been expended. They are called *blue* from the colour of the cover of the binding.

They are very funny old things, arranged with figures from beginning to end, and not very interesting to young Canadians. But I picked out a few figures that will give us some idea of how much the money-order system had been taken advantage of in one year. The year is 1889:—

PROVINCE.	NO. OF ORDERS ISSUED.	AMOUNT OF MONEY.
Ontario	365,824	5,547,482
Quebec	74,195	1,321,589
Nova Scotia	99,727	1,764,088
New Brunswick	55,493	954,767
North West Territories	11,153	270,562
Manitoba	25,823	558,430
British Columbia	34,227	718,891
Prince Edward Island	7,371	130,108
	673,813	11,265,917

BEAVER.

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

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JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

HAS THREEFOLD USEFULNESS

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

IT CONTAINS THE VITAL PRINCIPLES
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Prairie Flowers,
White Violet, &c.

The only Canadian Perfumes
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Oil, pure, pale, and al-
most tasteless. No other
Oil to compare with it.

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phrey's Specifics, all numbers.

SHEET WAX, and all materials for
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CHARLES HOLLAND,

Real Estate Agent,
249 St. James Street, - - Montreal.

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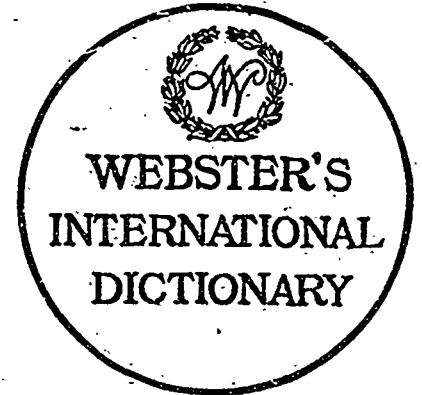
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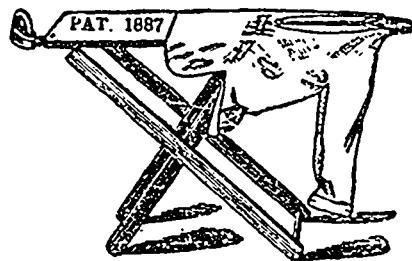


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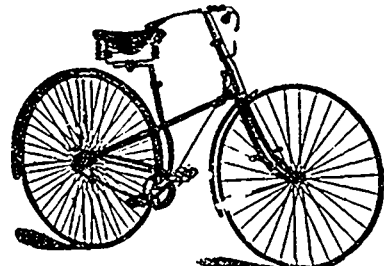


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