

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

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

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

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

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

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

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

Showthrough/
Transparence

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

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

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

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

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

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
									✓		

COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER

Absolutely free from anything unhealthy.

Best Value in the Market.

The Favorite in Canadian Homes.

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

NUTRITIOUS—EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP—ECONOMICAL

NUTRITIOUS—EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP—ECONOMICAL

THE YOUNG CANADIAN

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
of Patriotism for Young Canadians



CONTENTS.

A NARROW ESCAPE—
Mower Martin, R.C.A.

GREETING.

QUEBEC PARLIAMENT—
Stadacona.

YOUNG CANADIAN HOMES—
"Invisible Foes."

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

YOUNG CANAD'N READING CLUB
IN OUR WOODS IN WINTER -
An Old Grub.

RAMBLES—
Rambler.

TOPICS OF THE DAY AT HOME—
Sir Daniel Wilson, I.I.D.

TOPICS OF THE DAY ABROAD—
Prof. Thomas Shaw, Guelph.

YOUNG CANAD'N CALENDAR
ONE OF OUR BRIDGES—OVER
THE OCEAN—*Industria.*



ONTARIO



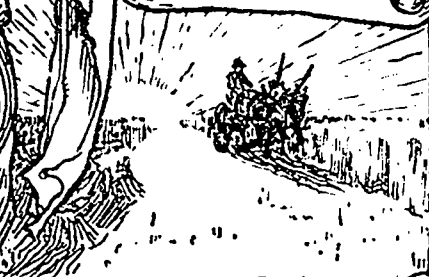
QUEBEC



NOVA SCOTIA



NEW BRUNSWICK



MANITOBA BRITISH



COLUMBIA



The YOUNG CANADIAN CO MONTREAL

REMINGTON TYPE-WRITER.

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



SPACKMAN & CO., OTTAWA BUILDINGS,
245 St. James Street, MONTREAL, P.Q.

GEO. BENGOUGH,
4 Adelaide Street West, TORONTO, Ont.

JAMES JACK,
100 St. Street, ST. JOHN, N.B.

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

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

ROBERT REID,

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

SCULPTOR

IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

MARBLE AND GRANITE WORK

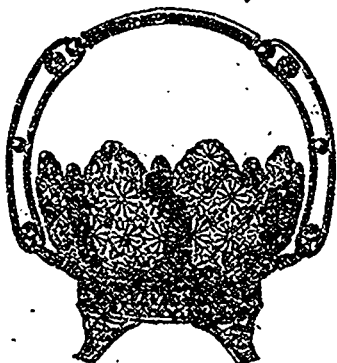
Encaustic Tiles for Hearths, Fireplaces, Flooring, &c., always on hand.

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

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.

16 & 18 DeBrosses Street,

MONTREAL.



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

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

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

FINEST QUALITY SILVER-PLATED WARE.

DWELLING AND HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE RISKS SOLICITED.

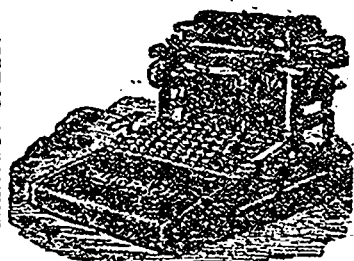
PHENIX FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

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

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

CALIGRAPH!

GREATEST SPEED.



THE MOST DURABLE.

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

AGENTS FOR QUEBEC AND EASTERN ONTARIO:

MORTON, PHILIPS & CO.,

Stationers, Blank Book Makers and Printers,

1755 & 1757 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL.

STAINED GLASS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
T. SPENCE & SONS
ECCLESIASTICAL & DOMESTIC
GLASS PAINTERS
& MINERAL DECORATORS
CARRIAGE FINISHING & METALS
CORNER NEURY & JURGAS STREET
MONTREAL

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

CATARRH

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

THE

BURLAND LITHO. CO.

(LIMITED),

MONTREAL,

Engravers & Fine Color Printers

SPECIALTIES:

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

9 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.

LIVE BOOKS FOR LIVE BOYS.

HENTY'S LATEST!

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

GEO. McDONALD'S LATEST!

A ROUGH Skating, \$1.50

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

W. DRYSDALE & CO.,

The Boys' Booksellers,

232 St. James Street, - - - MONTREAL.

EDNA LYALL'S BOOKS.

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

RUDYARD KEPLING'S BOOKS.

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

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

JOHN LOVELL & SON,

Publishers,

JANUARY, 1891. MONTREAL.

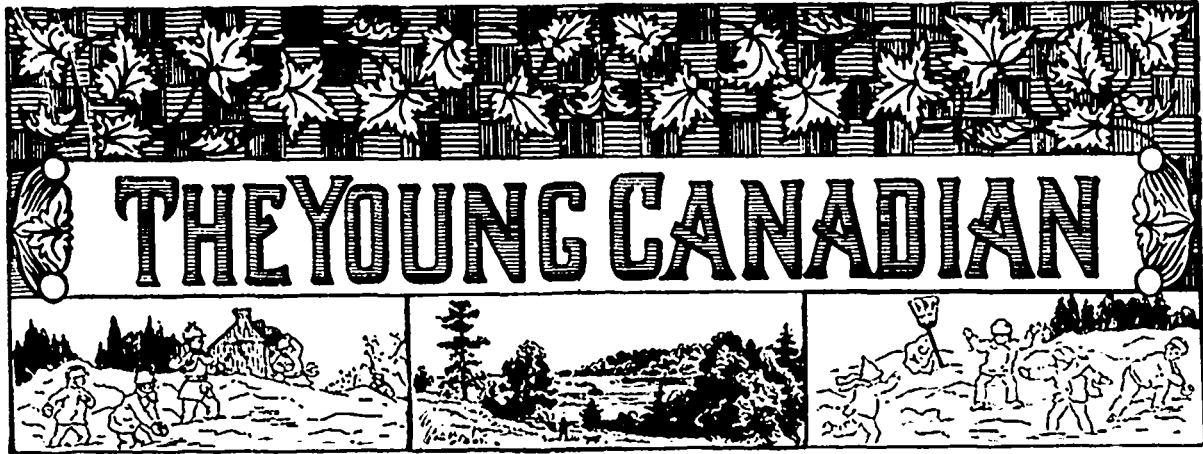
CUMMING & BREWIS

The West-End Art Studio.

CABINETS' BEST FINISH \$3. PER DOZ.

Call and inspect our work before going elsewhere.

117 & 119 MANSFIELD STREET,
Second door above St. Catherine St.,
MONTREAL.



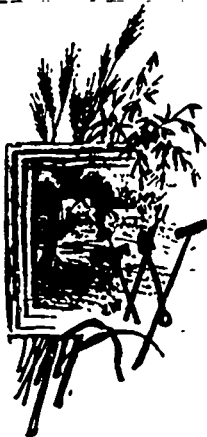
THE YOUNG CANADIAN

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1891, by M. P. MERRIS, at the Department of Agriculture.

No. 1. Vol. I.

JANUARY 28, 1891.

\$2.00 per annum.



A NARROW ESCAPE.

BY MOWER MARTIN, R.C.A.

"HAT I'm going to tell you happened long ago," said the old farmer, "when this part of the country first began to be settled, and I and Jim Ronan were the two first that took up land in this township. He pitched on to lot 29 on the 3rd Concession, mostly because that was the only concession opened up, but I wasn't quite satisfied with the land there; rather too light, as I judged, and too much pine and soft wood in the bush all along them concessions. So I followed the surveyor's line in through here; and all round where them wheat fields lie, and round back o' the barn, away down through the corn there down to the river, was as pretty a piece of hard wood bush, mostly maple too, as ever you laid eyes on. So I reckoned this would suit me, and I wanted Jim to come and take up lot 6, right here next to mine, but his wife wouldn't let him. We were both young men then, and just married; in fact, we'd married two sisters, but there was a good deal of difference atween 'em. She's been dead now these ten years, but she was one of them loud talking kind that's always got such lots to say, and is so anxious to be saying of it, that they won't give anybody else a chance to speak. You might speak to Jim about anything, it didn't much matter what; but ten to one you'd get your answer from Mary Jane. So when I says to Jim for him to come over and take up lot 6, afore he could answer she breaks in, 'You don't catch me a livin' way back in the woods, miles off the road, with never a livin' soul to speak to, not if I know it you don't.' Well, the end of it was, as I said, that Jim, he took upon the road and I began chopping away over here, the fact is, I didn't want to be too close to Mary. I was a little bit afraid she might influence her sister, and one of that kind's enough for a whole township. But still we used to visit and be friendly enough, specially when the women had their babies to show each other and comparing of 'em together and such like. Well, I used to find it was hard work to get them to come and see us. They always wanted it to be the other way and she used to complain of the road being so bad. Well, of course, it wasn't any too good of a road. I had to make it all by myself, and there was a good two mile of it and over. You see it's

near the width of two concessions, and a concession in this township is a mile and a quarter. So we used to have some talk sometimes as to whose turn it was to visit, and I says to Jim one night, as I was driving by his place on my way home from the village, that Em'ly (that's my wife, you know) was expecting 'em for Christmas. Jim was standing in the road by the waggon, and she was in the doorway of the shanty, but she heard me and says she, "No, you don't, it's Emily's turn to come here." Now, as this was the first Christmas, I told 'em it wasn't anybody's turn, but I'd toss up for it to begin and then we'd take turn and turn for the Christmases that was to come. "All right," says Jim, afore she rightly understood it, and I threw up a copper. "Heads," he says, and so it was. "Well, we'll come," I says, and away I drove, for I didn't want to stay supper 'cause Emily was easily scared if I didn't get home afore dark. It had been raining a good deal that fall, and there was a bad place where a swale crossed the road and the water used to come down pretty strong after a storm, though it wasn't a regular creek; I had been going to mend that place and put a bit of cross-ways down, but though I had got the logs cut for it and piled at the side of the road, I was waiting till I could get Jim to help me, and he was so busy this fall getting in his crops and underbrushing before the snow came, and I was just as busy myself, for it makes a deal of difference when you come to chopping if the underbrush is well cut down out of the way. Still an' all, I found the water so deep that night going home that I thought I'd have a try to get through with it; so next day down I goes with my axe and got a lot more logs cut and piled 'em the best I could alongside where they were wanted, but it takes two men to pile logs right, only I thought it wouldn't matter as we should put 'em in their places afore the snow. I put in the best part of the day at it, and went home thinking I'd get Jim to come the first of the week and help fix it.

That was the fifteenth of November and we'd had a fine open fall after the frosts in the middle of October, but that very night the weather changed cold, the wind went round to the North-West, and in the morning everything was froze up. The ground was that hard I couldn't finish banking up my stable that I'd been building, and had to pile manure and straw round it to

keep the poor brutes warm, for I'm not one of those that believe in having my cows and horses standing shivering in the cold wind, though I've seen plenty of such farmers in my time. Snow came the next day, and snow kept on coming, unusual deep it was and quite a job to break the road out through to the front, however it fixed the bad place in the swale better 'n I could, and I soon had a good track made by hauling out some saw logs to the mill, for Dennis was going to cut on shares that winter, and I wanted a lot of lumber to put up a barn next summer after planting time.

The logs I cut for the crossway rolled down into the road once or twice, and I had to lift 'em out of the way with a handspike afore I could haul my logs by. Another thing I noticed, I don't rightly know why, but there was an uncommon lot of wolves about that winter, and I noticed tracks all round our place after every fresh snow.

It got on to be near Christmas and got colder all the time, and when Christmas-day come I do believe it was 40° below zero, though we hadn't any thermometer in them times, and had to guess at it. We'd arranged to start in the morning and make a day of it, and they'd invited another family that had moved in since, and we expected to have a good time. So we made a good start after I'd fed the cow, the two heifers, the old sow, and the geese and chickens. I shut 'em all up tight afore I left and then I laid some wood for a fire in the cook-stove, for I don't think there's anything more miserable than to come in late on a regular cold night and have to go hunting wood and kindling to make a fire. I laid it all ready for a match and lifted Em'ly and the baby into the sled where I had a lot of straw and a buffalo robe, besides two sheepskins to keep 'em warm. They was wrapped up to that extent they looked like a big mummy



"I'D TOSS UP FOR IT TO BEGIN."

Now I never was afraid of wolves, for bigger cowards I never see. I caught one in a trap that fall, and he just crouched down and turned his head away. I couldn't get him to look at me when I went to shoot him; and many a time I've heard 'em howling when I've been coming home late at night, but never felt a bit of fear, and one time I come slap on four of them when I was out looking for a good tree for shingles. I had nothing but an axe with me, but they made off without stopping to snarl at me. Well, this winter they were more plentiful and bolder than ever I knew 'em. They used to take the bones and bacon rinds that we threw out in the back yard, and they'd howl of an evening, sometimes you'd think they were all starving. My wife Em'ly got so frightened that I had to come home by daylight every day or else I thought she'd go crazy. She'd got it into her head that they were after the baby.

cuddling a little 'un, the horses didn't care to stand still any longer so off we went, and as the road was good and the snow hard, we soon covered the two miles, the only trouble was we were nearly thrown over by some of those logs that had slidden into the road at the swale. Well, we got there all right, and had a first-class time, and about as good a Christmas dinner as ever I eat. It was a sucking pig, stuffed and roasted, followed by a Christmas pudding, and I must say that Mary was a good cook. The visitors, that is, the new come visitors, were Dutch people, and a good sort of people they are, good-tempered and hard working, they make good settlers and first rate farmers. There's only one thing I have against 'em, they're too apt to kill the women with hard work, they work 'em like horses. Many a time I've seen that same woman, Soucy Snider, logging with a handspike like a man. She's dead now, poor woman, and he's a rich old man

still living on the same farm, and it seems to me that he's turned his wife into so many dollars that he's got in the bank, and that are no more real use or good to him than his wife in the grave, for he's saving and laying up money every year. However, that isn't my story; we sat and talked, and laughed and told stories all the afternoon till it began to get a little dusk, and Em'ly wanted to go for home. Well, the others wouldn't hear of it, for the Dutchman had just got out his accordion, and Em'ly had been singing, with him a-playing and putting in the bass. Em'ly was a fine singer in those days, and they wouldn't let her go, besides, they hadn't had supper, and they wanted to have a game at cards and snap dragon, so as to have it look like Christmas. So she gave in, as she most always does, bless her, and the singing went on, and the Dutchman and his wife sang some songs about the Christ child, and so on, and it was very pleasant. I don't know how it is, but it seems to me that folks away in the woods get more fun out of such meetings than city people; perhaps it's because they're so scattered, and don't see each other so often, but maybe I'm wrong. Well, anyway we had the cards, and played with beech-nuts, for I don't believe in taking a man's money if I haven't given him something for it, and we had the snap dragon, and the women compared their babies (they all had babies) till it got to be ten o'clock, and when the clock struck a lot of wolves began to howl outside, and my wife jumps up and says, 'Oh, I wish I was home!' So they wanted her to stop all night, but she wouldn't do that, and I went out and put the horses to and drove the sled round to the door. Of course, the women talked and talked, and I had to call out to Em'ly, for I didn't like to leave the horses, it was such a stinging cold night, and they seemed so skeary.

I had driven up close to the door, so as she could step in easily, and as she got in she handed me a packet, and says, "Put this in your pocket, John." So says I, "What's this?" "Only some red pepper for the pickles that you said weren't hot enough." "All right," I says, and off we go. "Hold the baby safely," says I, "for we'll have some hard bumping; it's as much as I can do to hold the horses." Well, they did pull; I believe they were frightened by the wolves howling out in the bush. It was most too cold to talk, for when it's away below zero it's best to keep your mouth shut, and we rattled along; the horses knew well enough they were going home, and wanted to get into the stable again as soon as possible.

We'd gone maybe a third of the way when Em'ly pulls my arm. "John," she says, "there's something behind us," and sure enough there was. It was a moonlight night, and away back on the hill we'd come down, not more than a hundred yards behind, I could see near a dozen wolves galloping along after us, and gaining at every step. Now, some people will tell you about wolves howling away as they chase a deer; they don't do anything of the kind. When they're running they haven't any breath to spare for howling. No, sir, they just give their mind to running, and don't utter a sound. I whipped up the horses, while it was terrible to hear my poor wife, as she clutched convulsively at my arm, and said, in a hoarse voice, "Oh, hurry, John, hurry, they'll get the baby." I don't believe, even then, she once thought of herself. No need to tell me to hurry, the horses were doing their best, and the runners seemed to shriek as we flew over the hard snow, but they were rapidly gaining still. As I looked back I thought there was something dreadful and horrible in their very silence. I could see their eyes, now, and their tongues hanging out, whatever should I do? I had no gun; an axe we always carried in those days, to chop-out fallen trees, and I began to feel for it with one hand, while I held the reins with the other.

I had given the horses their heads, and they were galloping away as if they knew what was the matter; we had been going up-hill for a time, but now we began to descend towards the swale, where the logs were piled; we were nearing home, but they would catch us first, surely. While feeling for the axe my hand came in contact with the paper parcel my wife had given me. Red Pepper! Ah, if I could shake that in their faces, but no, it could not be done; two of them were in front of the rest, they were very close. I tore open the package and flung it at them; they fell back, or I thought so; but just at this time the sleigh jolted over those accursed logs, and we all bounced up in the air. I thought we should have been thrown out, and caught hold of my wife with my left hand; there was a rattle of falling logs, the whole pile seemed to have slipped into the road, started by the concussion; this frightened the horses still more, and they tore along, in another minute or two dashing into our yard, and bringing up at the very stable door, as if they wanted to get into shelter, where no wolves could reach them.

"Now, Em, we're home!" I cried, as I jumped out, "sit there a minute while I unhitch; I guess you're warm enough, aren't you?" She didn't answer, but I supposed she was too wrapped up to speak. In a minute I had the horses in the stable. "And now" says I, "I'll carry you in; come on, hold the baby tight, but when I went to catch hold of her she was lying back in the sleigh as if she was dead, she had fainted! I carried her in and laid her on the bed, and then went back for the baby. It wasn't there!! I couldn't believe it, I wouldn't believe it, I searched, I threw out the robes, no, it wasn't there! Now for the first time I lost my head; I rushed into the house and seized my revolver, and picking up the axe as I came out, I tore out on to the road and back to the swale as hard as I could run. I think I must ha' been mad for the time.

Wolves! I only longed to meet 'em; they might kill me and welcome if I could only get among 'em. It wasn't more'n a quarter of a mile from the house, and, as I came rushing down the hill, I could see three or four wolves sneaking across, and across the road they stood looking at me a minute; as I came nearer they began to go off, three or four more were pawing and smelling round the logs and I fired twice into the middle of them, then they got out of the way, and as I fired again they set off at a gallop, and as the sound of the pistol died away I heard, yes, I heard the sound of a baby's voice, crying; Ah! I never thought to be so glad to hear a child cry; I never thought to hear that baby cry again! By this time I was at the spot, and there it was somehow right under the logs, it had fallen down when the sleigh bumped and slid between two logs that were lying in the snow, and when the pile slipped down a big one had rolled over and rested on these two, so it was as safe as if it had been in bed. I tell you I did the biggest lifting that night I ever did in my life. I had to lift six logs off before I could get at her, but my blood was up and I think I had twice as much strength as usual. I got her out at last, and those cussed cowards of wolves were looking on in the distance all the time and came sneaking along behind me when I started for home. Twice I stopped for 'em to come up closer but they stopped too, they wouldn't come nearer than a hundred yards, and fell off altogether as I got within sight of the clearing.

The missis was just coming to when I come in, so I put a match to the fire and lit the lamp and made believe I'd just been carrying the baby to quiet it. She was so well wrapped up that she wasn't any the worse for her tumble, at least she don't look like it, for that's the young woman over there, the tall one with the curls, a-coming to call her old father to tea.



The Dominion Parliament will soon be meeting again in Ottawa. It is a busy time for the Members. The great questions which affect the whole country are discussed there, and the interests of any of the Provinces in so far as they affect those of any other Province. YOUNG CANADIANS have not been taught to bother themselves about these things. This is a great mistake. It is the duty of all our intelligent boys and girls to think a little of what is going on. No Canadian is too young to begin. Few more interesting and profitable topics of household chitchat could be reserved for our Canadian tea-tables than what is best for the country we love so well. Just think of our great Sir John, or our great Mr. Laurier, with perhaps Lady Stanley listening in the Gallery, as they tell Parliament that the sharp eyes of a million YOUNG CANADIANS are watching everything, and that at a million Canadian firesides all public words and deeds shall be praised and imitated. Nothing will be a greater reward to our Parliaments than their approval, as we are sure nothing can be a greater disappointment than their disapproval.

AN item of Dominion News for the week, which is of peculiar interest to our young people, is the advent of a Magazine of their own, all for themselves—their very own selves. It could choose no better time of year to come, and in presenting itself among the other inviting treasures of the happy Christmas-Tide, it does so with its very warmest and heartiest

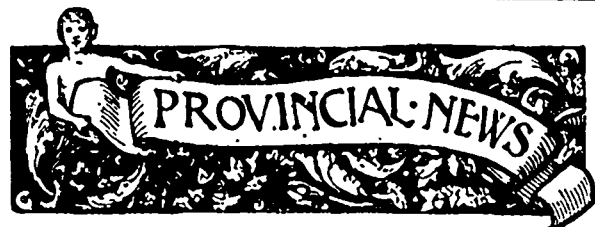
GREETINGS FOR THE NEW YEAR!

That we have now a Magazine of our own is, indeed, for Canada a veritable New Year; and, dear readers, you must see for yourselves that we mean to make it a happy one. The remaining winter months will find us busy in making our departments each more attractive than the other with help in your lessons; advice in your work; stories for your leisure; games for your evenings; what to read; how to dress; how to keep well; where to go for your holidays; how to make home happy; how to make one dollar go as far as two; how to make your country proud of you; and, eventually, if you will, how to become the first man and the first woman in the land.

We have never had a Magazine of our own, and it is quite time that we had. We have writers and illustrators equal to any in the world. We have material within our own domain, from history and from the life, which, for the romantic and picturesque, is unapproached by any other country. We have Sir Walter Scotts, and Shakespeares, and Faradays, and Herschels, burning to announce themselves, restless for the field, panting for the chase, impatient to be off; and we have a host of rosy, valiant, and intelligent young readers waiting to welcome them, to cheer them on, to applaud the competitors, to choose their favourite, and to stand by their country for ever. Let every boy and girl in Canada join hands with us. Let them send us a card with their address for a sample copy, and it will not be the fault of THE YOUNG CANADIAN if every young Canadian has not

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

MARGARET POLSON MURRAY,
Editor-in-Chief.



QUEBEC.

OUR Legislative Chambers in the Capitals of the Provinces, like everything else, have their holidays. When the Sessions are over, and the Members have gone home, the chairs of state are covered up, the blinds are pulled down, and the little army of dust atoms can do pretty much as they please. But there is a rude awakening in store. By and bye keys clink and clash. Servants bustle about. Officials move around in all the pomp of gay uniform. Members once more arrive. Soldiers don their arms and march to their posts of guard. Guns boom. A four-in-hand carriage leaves the Government House and dashes at full speed up to the Parliament Buildings.

So it was at the beginning of the Session at Quebec, and so it was a few days ago at the close. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor stepped out of his carriage, accompanied by his Aides. Soldiers presented arms. Ministers received him with ceremony at the door. A procession was formed to the Chamber of the Legislative Council. His Honor took his seat on the Throne. Ministers and veteran soldiers stood around him, gorgeous in crimson and gold. The Sergeant-at-Arms was despatched to call the Members of Parliament to come and hear what the Governor had to say to them. Immediately they appeared, headed by the Speaker. The Speaker is the gentleman who presides or takes the chair at all debates and discussions, to see that the Members are polite to each other, and that every man has a fair chance to express his opinion.

Then came the Speech from the Throne, when His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor read a long and rather formal statement of the condition of the Province, and of what the Parliament had done in framing new laws and in improving old ones. It is the duty of all present to stand, and to listen to the Speech with great respect, after which the Members of Parliament go back to their own Chamber, and prepare to say good-bye.

The new laws that have been made, and the old ones that have been improved, receive the sanction of the Lieutenant-Governor, who, in this capacity, is acting for our own good Queen. The Speaker of the Legislative Assembly presents his Bill for Supplies, and His Honor accepts it with a routine of formality. The Bill of Supplies is the statement of the amount of money that the Government will require to govern us for the next year, and when the Governor accepts it, that means that he agrees to the Government having it.

Many distinguished ladies and gentlemen are usually present on these occasions, but the weather was so bitterly cold that few people ventured to it. Dignitaries of the Protestant and Catholic Churches were there, and it appears to be the duty of all who can to be present to express their interest in the management of the country.

The members have now gone. The Session is over. The Chairs of State are covered up. The blinds are pulled down, and the little army of dust atoms can once more do pretty much as they please.

STADACONA.



INVISIBLE FOES.

DURING this time of year, when the thermometer keeps provokingly among the "bellows," the popular prejudice against fresh air crops up. Double windows are on, the so-called ventilators are slammed down, and the last hope of a chink is diligently plastered up.

Without going too deeply into science, there is the effect on the air of the household from the breath thrown off from every pair of lungs; from the pores of the skin; from the clothing, the sweeping, the dust from fire and furnace, and from every gas or lamp we use. Every jet of gas consumes as much oxygen as three people, and most furnaces do double damage by drying up the air as well as contaminating it. Night and day, this process goes on. If it came with a flourish of trumpets we might take warning. On the wings of silence its snare is complete. In the prime of strength we may resist it. In childhood and in old age we are helpless. Even after a long day of fresh air outside, a night of such a contrast is more than enough. With the shortened daily outing that is practicable to most of us, the evil is intensified; and if we add the occasional chance of illness, the danger is increased a hundred-fold. A man when sick needs three times as much air space as when well. How much less sensible were we in the days of mud cabins, windowless walls, and chimney-less roofs?

The bad air must be coaxed to go out, and the good entreated to take its place. Plenty must go out, and abundance must come in. The question of how it is to be done is no more important than where it is to come from. I should be inclined to think that an official census of winter ventilation in Canada would reveal the fact that the air supplied to our houses comes from the kitchen floor, with the dust of cinders, the aromas of cookery, the odours of wash-tubs, and the filterings of drains; and with a prodigality of the most deliciously pure air in the world tapping at our window for admission!

Now, a draught is not ventilation. Cold air is not necessarily pure, any more than hot is necessarily impure. And it is only the half of reason when we yield to the coaxings of the outside atmosphere by day, and shut our hearts to its pleading by night. The contamination being constant, the remedy must be constant. Although more care is requisite at night in the admission of air that has been robbed of the blessings of sunlight, it is then at least the only air on the market, and better half a loaf than no bread. A regular and systematic supply by night as well as by day, and a means of escape for the enemy, should form one of the prime duties of every Canadian mother. It should be admitted high up instead of low. The amount of the friend coaxed in should equal the amount of the foe to be expelled. The entrance and exit should be on opposite sides of the rooms. They should be of different heights. They should be many and small instead of few and large. And they should be constantly attended to.

DRIFTWOOD.



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

TO TRACE THE HISTORY OF THE MSS. AND TRANSLATIONS OF THE SACRED BOOK, AND TO ENTER UPON ITS PRACTICAL STUDY.

BEFORE introducing our young readers to the study of "How, When, Where, and Why we got the present edition of the Holy Bible," a word of explanation is necessary.

Ever since we knew anything at all we have been accustomed to see the Bible, to hear about it, to listen to it read, to have it impressed upon us, and set before us as the guide and the rule of our lives. We have come to regard it with reverence, as something we must talk of with bated breath, as we do of our wonderful origin at the beginning of time, and of our wonderful destiny at the end of all things. We know that we can think, and speak, and write; and those gifts are so common, and are so unconsciously and gradually acquired, that we consider them our natural right. But there was a time in the history of man as a whole, when he could not think, and read, and write, as he now does, just as there was a time in the history of every boy and girl when these powers were less possible to them than now. They may be possessed in a latent and rudimentary form, but they are of no value until they are developed.

We look at our Bible; at its familiar form, its succession of books, chapters, and verses; its varied editions and bindings, to meet the special tastes of young and old, rich and poor, learned and unlearned. We think of the stories that for hundreds and hundreds of years have fascinated our baby fancies, touched our childish hearts, inspired our youthful visions, strengthened our prime of life, and gladdened and comforted our declining years. We have little to remind us that there was a time when the world had no Bible; no "sweet stories of old;" no "sweet singer of Israel;" no "apples of gold in pictures of silver;" no "Jesus, Gentle Shepherd;" no "Light to lighten the world;" no "Rest to your souls" when the way was weary; no folding of hands and uplifting of trustful eyes to "Our Father which art in Heaven."

How, where, and when, then, did we get it? How came we to possess this Book of story, of example, of precept, of promise, which soothes us when in pain, and comforts us when sad; which lightens our path when it is dark, and smooths it when it is long; which is so simple that a child may know it, and so deep that the most learned and scholarly cannot get to the bottom; whose laws teach the peasant how to become a prince, and the prince how to become a peasant; which takes the sting out of our hearts when we have sinned, and plants in our souls the germ of eternal life?

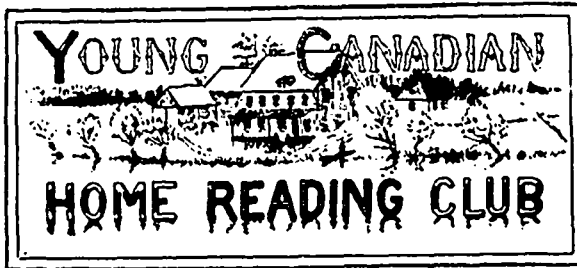
Apart from the interest attached to it as the only real help and guide we can have in building up our character, the Bible is a collection of writings the most remarkable that the world has ever seen. They are of all writings the

most ancient, and, even on this ground alone, possess a strong claim upon our attention and our reverence. And whilst we must not content ourselves with a passive admiration for the manner in which they have come down to us, for the form in which we now enjoy them, or for the treasures of wisdom and comfort they contain, we believe that a study of that manner, that form, and those treasures, will lead all young Canadians reverently and joyfully to bow before this wonderful Book, to put themselves under its influence, and to adopt its purity, counsel, and help, as the bread and water of their everyday life. So that the

"SECRET OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS,"

that greatness of the greatest country in the greatest period of the history of the world, shall become

"THE SECRET OF CANADA'S GREATNESS."



In our experience in preparing the way for a Magazine for the young people of the Dominion, we have been met at every turn by the want of a history of our own country, written expressly for the young. There is absolutely nothing of this kind to put into their hands. Our history is bright with romance and inspiration, and our young people should be taught to glory in it. For their special benefit, and in order to supply this great national oversight, THE YOUNG CANADIAN will shortly make one of the most important announcements ever made in Canada.

EVERY BOY HIS OWN LIBRARIAN.

THEN.

RENSIVELY dreaming over my childish days how often do I sigh as I think of the treatment my books received from me. About my school books I have little to upbraid myself with. They were such dry, unfeeling, unsympathetic old things, deaf to all entreaty when a fellow was due at cricket, or had a chance of a fortune in marbles; when a picnic was on the tapis, or a birthday in the wind. But my own genuine friends, how I abused them, and how sorry I am for it. My Robinson Crusoe, my Dickens, my Thackeray, my Midshipman Easy, and a whole regiment of others, how I slammed them on the shelf, or tossed them on the floor, or shied them at my chums! How I sat on them, stood on them, besmeared their faces with ink, and tore their very heart out of their body! Still they clung to me. Still they loved me. Always ready to make friends again, and never peached.

Now.

The sight of one of them as I go back to the old home melts me to more than tears. There it is! the friend of my lonely hours; the guide of my wayward path; the solace of my disappointments; the confidante of my inmost thoughts. And just how lonely we can feel, just how wayward, how disappointed, let all our youngsters tell. Take my advice, young friends, be warned by my present chagrin.

Look up every book you possess. No matter how tattered and battered, how stained and crumpled, how wounded and maimed. If even the cover be left, take it up daintily. Patch them. Mend them. Doctor them. Recruit them. Cherish them. Respect them. Love them. Honour them. You will seldom be able to replace them. By-and-bye, you will remember what I have said.

For anything you respect, and love, and honour, you must find a home. They are not proud. They are not exacting. A quiet, cosy little corner will do, so long as they may call it their own, and may know that you won't forget them. It does not cost much; a few boards three-fourths of an inch thick, from the lumber yard; a few nails; a pot of varnish; a hammer, a saw, a plane, a foot rule—an hour or two on an afternoon, and the thing is done. The home is prepared for your best friends. You have your first book-case. The low shelf should be for dictionaries—say eleven or twelve inches high; the next ten; then nine; then eight. Each space should be an inch higher than the books require to let you get at them, and a strip of leather, or imitation leather, keeps the dust out.

One thing more, and you are ready for our Reading Club. Take a card, an old invitation will do. Write out the following rules. Tack the card on a prominent place on your book-case. Resolve that you will pay the most courteous attention to the rules, and never see a friend disobey them without a gentle reminder:—

1. In opening a book do not bend it back so far as to break the spring of the leaves.
2. Have a neat little marker to slip in if you go away in a hurry.
3. Have a scrap of paper in your book to jot down questions you would like to ask, etc.
4. Never run your finger through as a paper-cutter.
5. Never wet your finger to turn a page.
6. Never dog-ear your books.
7. Never leave a book open, turned upside down.
8. Do not leave them on your shelves sloping at an angle, but stand them upright. If there are too few to fill the shelf, invent some better means than letting them lean on each other.
9. Always treat them with reverence, whether on the shelves or on your table.
10. Discourage the habit of lending or borrowing books.

PATER.

GOLDEN WORDS OF CANADIAN STATESMEN.

The power of adapting means to an end is what we call practical power, and in proportion as we can adapt means to an end, are we a practical people.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, M. P.

IN OUR WOODS IN WINTER.

WHEN the panes of the windows are gleaming with a fairyland of lace work; when Jack Frost has built up the most exquisite tracery of ice-castles and snow-caves; and all the world seems hushed to sleep, Nature is at rest, but she is not idle. Silent and unseen she is working towards her magnificent spring. Important changes are going on in the sap and juices of plants and trees. Weak, fragile parts are being secretly strengthened. Roots are preparing themselves for shooting up. The larvæ of beetles and the pupæ of moths are hiding beneath the bark. The woodpeckers are boring for them, loosening the tree bark, poking and raking for them among the rotten wood. Listen to his harsh note! He prefers dead trees. There is more food there for him. He knows when the tree is dead sooner than we do, and he sends his bill deep down for the authors of the mischief.

See how some trees are more riddled with holes than others! How many feasts this tree-scavenger has had. He renders good service by devouring the grubs, but we can ill spare the beautiful tree. See his feet for clasping the bark! The sharp-pointed tail to balance his body against the tree! The beak shaped like a wedge, and as strong as steel! The tongue like a pick-hook, with its wonderful mechanism of stretching itself out to probe in and draw out the victims!

There is the noisy, clattering, screaming blue jay, with his bright violet coat, his long tail, his pointed crest! Watch his ridiculous manners, as he parades his beauty before your admiring eyes. A very conceited fellow is the blue jay. You never find him taking a back seat, he must always be soaring among the tops of the trees.

The winter brings a new coat to the fur animals, and in the mild days of spring you will see it rubbing and dropping off again. In animals which give us fur a new layer of soft warm down grows next the skin in winter, and this is why the fur of cold climates is more valuable than others.

The evergreens appear much fresher in winter than in summer. There are no brighter greens about them to interfere with their colour, and the contrast of the browns and greys of the trunks of trees, and of the white of the snow is very pretty. That noise in the woods, like the report of a gun, is the trees expanding. Small crevices, perhaps the holes made by woodpeckers and maggots, get filled with water. This freezes and expands, and bursts the structure of the wood. Further and further down the water trickles and freezes, until a great gap is made in the tree.

HERE'S A LITTLE EXPERIMENT WITH SNOW

before we go home. Seek out a pile of snow. With a stick make a long, narrow, deep hole in it, having the entrance to the hole away from the light. The light passing through the snow into the hole will be of a bright blue colour—a pretty light blue if the pile is not very big, and a darker shade if the snow is deep.

AN OLD GRUB.

Peace is better than joy. Joy is an uneasy guest. It is always on the tip-toe to depart. It tires and wears us out. Peace is not so. It comes more quietly. It stays more contentedly, and it never exhausts our strength, nor gives us one anxious forecasting thought.

GOLDEN WORDS OF CANADIAN
POETS.

THE SILVER FROST.

A breath from the tropics broke winter's spell
With an alien rain which froze as it fell,
And ere the Orient blushed with morn,
A beautiful crystal forest was born.

BARRY STRATTON.

RAMBLES.

I have often been puzzled to know why men need so many pockets, and women can do with so few, and why women, who have, perhaps, only one to their name (or to their mantle), will insist upon placing it where they cannot reach it without losing their temper. The formal search which takes place in a street car, for instance, among our prim and sim young ladies, or the fussy rustling and poking which our stout and well-taken-care-of dames indulge in before they can find a five cent piece for an exasperating conductor, will, however, soon be a thing of the past. Gloves are being made with a small pocket in the palm, wherein a car-ticket or small change can be easily stowed away, and as easily found.

To be sure there is the satchel, the catch-all for notes, handkerchief, pencil, purse, spectacles, and the infinite variety of sundries in shape of patterns to match with which our young women arm themselves when they go shopping. But why our sisters should be fettered all day long in crowded streets and shops by a general receptacle for things which our brothers usually distribute over a dozen pockets, is one of those matters of fashion which, like many another matter of fashion, is as the law of the Medes and Persians.

We talk of the law of the Medes and Persians as if we took afternoon tea with them every day of our lives. We forget that that law had no reason for its existence, except the fact of its existence. All that a Persian King did or said was deemed worthy of being recorded, and was recorded simply because it had been done or said by him. He was surrounded by men whose duty it was to take note of his actions and words. His word was law. It was "written in the king's name, and sealed with the king's seal; and the writing which is written in the king's name, and sealed with the king's ring, may no man reverse." And sometimes his majesty was led by his own word into what we should now call a fix, and a very undignified fix, too. One of these ancient despots bearing the awe-inspiring name of Aga Mohammed Vihan, while in camp with his soldiers, said he would not move till the snow went off the mountain in the neighbourhood. Dame Nature, whose laws, by the way, are above those of Persia, treated his majesty rather cavalierly. She made the winter cold. The king held on. She made it long. He held on still. She made it tell on the men. They sickened and died. Still the king held out. He had spoken and he would perform. Till the snow removed, he would not. At length multitudes of men were sent with shovels to clear away the snow. The king marched on. His subjects bowed before him. He was worshipped as a deity.

RAMBLER.

The Young Canadian.

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

ITS AIM:—To foster a National Pride in Canadian Progress, History, Manufactures, Science, Art, Literature, and Politics; to draw the youth of the various Provinces together; and to inspire them with a sense of the sacred and responsible duties which they owe to their Native Country.

Canada has made an enormous advance as a Nation among the Nations. Not only does she now occupy the proud position of the Brightest Jewel in the Crown of the British Empire, but her relative standing among other countries is something not always accorded to a colony of such comparative youth. Her development is watched with solicitude abroad, and her resources and future destiny constitute one of the leading questions of the day at home.

Whether that destiny lies in a New Political Connection with Britain; in a Closer Commercial Tie with our Great Neighbour; or in Individual Nationality; it is evident that, as a people, we are now consciously, or unconsciously, engaged in working out that destiny. We ARE a Nation. We DO possess an Individuality. We shall not *drop* into our destiny, but *work* into it. Whatever may be that future, it can only grow out of, and be an improvement upon, our present; and we shall prove ourselves worthy of it only by diligently building up the present.

Much is said and written about our want of patriotic sentiment. We accuse ourselves of a divided affection. So long as our parents retain a greater love for the old regime, than they cherish for the new, it is hard for us in the new, to claim credit for the patriotism we possess. We blame not our parents for *their* love for *their* native country. We make it the excuse for *our* love for *ours*, and we follow their example when we strive loyally to perform every duty which that love requires of us.

It is not a day too soon that "THE YOUNG CANADIAN" undertakes the high and important National duty of fostering a national sentiment among the young, of concentrating it, of animating it with the spirit of vigorous and hopeful life.

It will teach the young people of the Dominion about themselves,—what they are, what they possess, what they are doing, how they are growing. Its field is OUR COUNTRY, OUR PEOPLE, OUR INTERESTS, NOW, ALWAYS, and FOREVER. It will aim at drawing the Provinces together, and at building them up in a living bond of brotherhood. It will instil principles of honesty of purpose, of simplicity of life, of the dignity of labour, of loyal obedience to law, of unflagging determination and perseverance, and will devote its best energies towards the suppression of the use of intoxicating beverages and noxious weeds.

The management makes a confident appeal for support and encouragement. Our country is young, our material needs are pressing; but to be truly great, mental culture must go hand in hand with manual training. We have no dearth of Magazines, English and American, for our young people. The day has arrived when we must have one of our own.

"THE YOUNG CANADIAN" firmly believes that it has but to announce its appearance and its aim to secure an enthusiastic reception, to open up for itself a patriotic record, and to inaugurate for Canada a work which has been too long neglected, and which will meet with a welcome and a response from every Canadian heart.

"THE YOUNG CANADIAN" will be published every Wednesday, the first number to appear in the Holiday Season. It will consist of 16 pages double demy, of fine paper, and clear type, with a cover embellished by a full-page design, specially drawn by one of our own Royal Academicians. The illustrations, from the life of the people, will be drawn by the very best talent in the Dominion, and no expense or trouble will be spared to secure and to maintain, in the matter and in the illustrations, the very highest literary and artistic standard.

To ensure the widest interest and patronage, the price has been put at \$2.00 per annum; \$1.00 for six months; 50 cents for 3 months, cash in advance.

Your influence and support are respectfully solicited on behalf of this National Enterprise.

Send all remittances by money order, express order, or registered letter. Never send money without registering it.

THE YOUNG CANADIAN CO.,

M. P. MURRAY P. O. Box 1896,

MONTREAL.

SECRETARY

REFERENCES:

HIS HONOR LIEUT.-GOVERNOR SCHULTZ, Government House, Winnipeg.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, G. C. B., Premier of the Dominion of Canada.

THE HON. CHAS. C. COLBY, President of the Privy Council of Canada.

THE HON. EDWARD BLAKE, Q.C., M.P., Chancellor of the University of Toronto.

THE HON. SIR DONALD A. SMITH, K.C.M.G., President Bank of Montreal, Chancellor McGill University.

SIR JOSEPH HICKSON, General Manager Grand Trunk Railway.

W. C. VAN HORNE, Esq., President Canadian Pacific Railway.

W. W. OGILVIE, Esq., Glenora Mills.

BANKERS:—The Bank of Montreal, Montreal.

TOPICS OF THE DAY AT HOME.

OUR CANADIAN FLAG.

BY SIR DANIEL WILSON, C.M.G., LL.D.

THE rank is anew claimed for Canada, in the prospectus of "THE YOUNG CANADIAN," as "The Brightest Jewel in the Crown of the British Empire." While cherishing a genuine Canadian spirit, with all its eager longings for a grand future for our Dominion, we can still rest proudly in our share of the common glories of the great Empire of which Canada forms so important a member. We cannot divorce ourselves if we would from the grand and glorious historic memories which are our inheritance as Canadians.

But there is one thing we stand in need of, and that is A FLAG, AND DISTINCTIVE HERALDIC BEARINGS of our own. England, Scotland, Ireland, and each Province of the Dominion has its Arms. But as for Canada as a political unit, all that has been done is to patch together the heterogeneous blazonry of Quebec, Ontario, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and all the other Provinces, into a conglomeration that lacks all distinctive significance. Every additional Province increased its obscurity, till already it looks, for all the world, more like an ill-matched bit of patch-work bed cover, than a genuine Dominion Flag. When Assiniboia, Regina, and all the prospective Provinces of our great North-West follow in the wake of Manitoba and British Columbia, all discernible meaning will vanish from the multiform piece of nondescript quarterings.

Yet there should be no difficulty in devising a piece of genuine historical and emblematic heraldry for the Dominion as a loyal member of the Empire. It might be blazoned thus:—

- 1st Quarter: The Union Jack.
- 2nd Quarter: On a field argent, six fleurs de lys, three and three.
- 3rd Quarter: On a field azure, seven maple leaves, gules, two, three, and two.
- 4th Quarter: On a field or, within a double tressure, the Beaver proper.

Such a heraldic combination would tell of the history and growth of the Dominion; with the Imperial emblem of Union, the Lilies of France, the Maple of Canada, and the Beaver, a favourite emblem of the land of the old *coureur de bois*, and of the trappers of the great fur companies who laid the foundation of the North-West, and carried their enterprise beyond the Rocky Mountains. It would, moreover, present a distinctive flag, pleasing to the eye, and expressive in its emblematic heraldry. If a better can be suggested, let Young Canada try its hand, and devise a flag significant and acceptable to all. It involves no slight on the Imperial flag of the Empire that for a thousand years has floated in triumph by sea and land. We have already a Canadian flag, but one lacking all character; suggestive of no distinctive national or historical significance; and in no way calculated to awaken Canadian sympathies if it met our eyes in other lands. If we are to have a flag at all, let us have one that shall symbolise this Young Dominion; even as the Red Cross and the Leopards of England, the Ruddy Lion and the Thistle of Scotland, the Harp and the Trefoil of Ireland mark the distinctive individuality of those older members of the British Empire, "The Mother of Nations."

TOPICS OF THE DAY ABROAD.

GETTING READY FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR OF 1892.

BY PROF. THOMAS SHAW, AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, GUELPH.

One of the greatest Exhibitions that the world has ever seen will be held in Chicago in 1892. It is of the utmost importance that Canada be creditably represented there. In some respects at least this preparation cannot be made in a single season, and should therefore be begun without delay.

That we possess a country wonderfully rich, in what is good in many of the lines of live stock, is well-known to our southern neighbors of the western country, but this is not known generally throughout the great Republic, nor is it known as it should be throughout the world. It may not be generally known amongst our own people that this country, especially the Province of Ontario, possesses more valuable stock than any other country of equal size on the North American Continent. We find evidence of this from two sources: First, the chief purchasers of our pure bred stock are Americans from the West, and second, our stockmen almost invariably win, when showing against Americans, on their own ground.

For nearly fifty years past our breeders have been visited in autumn or in winter by American purchasers, who have readily bought up their products and paid them good prices for the same. This has happened as regularly as the migrations of our forest birds to the sunny south, and it is going on even now, though not quite to the same extent as formerly in some lines of production. It applies to nearly all the breeds of cattle which we have, as the Shorthorn, the Hereford, the Aberdeen Poll, the Galloway, the Devon, the Ayrshire, and the Jersey. The Holstein is perhaps the only bovine race which has come to Canada through the United States. It applies likewise to the Clydesdale, the Shire, the Cleveland Bay, and to other breeds of horses. The same is true of sheep. A very large proportion of the foundation blood of the Lincoln, Leicester, Cotswold, Southdown, Shropshire Down and Oxford Down breeds of the West were taken there from Ontario. Likewise much of the blood of the Berkshire, the Yorkshire, and the Essex breeds of Swine, have been furnished by our people.

That our farmers have been successful in American showings is beyond dispute. The only animal ever bred on this continent which was victorious in the living and dead meat classes at the Chicago Fat Stock Show, was reared at Bow Park, near Brantford. In the Autumn of 1889, the Shorthorn herd from the same place, had a triumphant march throughout the Western States, although competing against all breeds. The Southdown sheep from Woodside did not allow a single prize to go to American competitors at the recent show in Detroit. The Leicesters from Shakespeare have never been beaten on American soil, and the Berkshires from Edmonton are taken over in considerable numbers every autumn to win prizes for American competitors, when showing against their own countrymen.

In view then of the excellence of our animals, and of the importance to our farmers of a continuance of our trade in pure bred stock with the people of that country, it is of the utmost importance that we should be creditably represented there in all the lines of live stock production in which we excel. Our stockmen won great laurels in 1876 at Philadelphia, and they should not do less but more at Chicago in 1892.

I am glad to notice that the council of the Agricultural and Arts Association of Ontario, have already taken action. They recommend that suitable persons be chosen without any delay, whose duty it shall be to secure a creditable exhibit. Live stock cannot be made ready for an exhibition in a day, and oftentimes in a year. It is therefore greatly important that this commission be appointed at once, and that it at once commence the work.

Great care should be taken in choosing these commissioners. No hangers on for office will fill the bill sufficiently well. They should be chosen because of their known business qualifications, their energy, and their patriotism. Give us the right men for this work, and we cannot have a failure in our exhibit when our resources are so complete.

It is also to be hoped that our Government will give this matter their attention at an early day, and that they will devise liberal things by way of assistance in transportation. In no way can we extend our markets so surely and at so little cost as by making a splendid exhibit at any exhibition which brings us into competition with the foremost peoples of the world.

Does the Buffalo need the Pale-face word
To find his pathway far?
What guide has he to the hidden ford,
Or where the green pastures are?
Who teacheth the Moose that the hunter's gun
Is peering out of the shade?
Who teacheth the Doe and the Fawn to run
In the track the Moose has made?

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

YOUNG CANADIAN CALENDAR.

JANUARY.

1. St. John's, N.F., taken by the French.. ..	1696
2. General Wolfe born	1727
3. Rocky Mountains explored	1743
4. Roger's scouts repulsed at Ticonderoga	1757
5. The Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, Privy Councillor, born ..	1812
6. British repulsed at Frenchtown	1813
7. Americans defeated at Frenchtown	1813
8. The Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, Premier of Canada, born	1815
9. The Hon. Sir A. A. Dorion, Chief Justice, born ..	1818
10. Sir John Colborne, Governor of Canada	1839
11. Sir Charles Bagot, Governor of Canada.	1842
12. Earl of Elgin, Governor of Canada.. ..	1847

Our young readers are invited to study the Calendar for January, and to send us, in their own best style, an account of either of the events marked 1, 3, 4, 6, 7; or of the life of one of the distinguished gentlemen mentioned in 2, 5, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. We shall send a very pretty silver pencil to the writer of the best. No article to be longer than one column.



NEVER weary shall I be of writing to and hearing from our Young Canadians. I want to know them. I shall be proud of their acquaintance. Nothing that interests them can fail to interest me. In Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, they may always depend upon a willing ear and a speedy response. Don't wait for a formal introduction. Here is my card—"THE YOUNG CANADIAN." Now send me yours, and the introduction is complete.

"DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN:—My uncle gave me last night your Specimen Copy. He brought it home with him in the sleigh from his office. We live in the country, and I have two brothers. We all want to get your real number when it comes, and we think our cousins will want it, too. Since you tell us to send our cards, here is mine, SUSIE MILLER, and what I want to know about first is the Shorthand. I was visiting my auntie last year, and a school teacher was there who could write it. She gave me a few lessons which I still remember. I would like more than anything to learn it. For then I could travel with grand people and see the world."

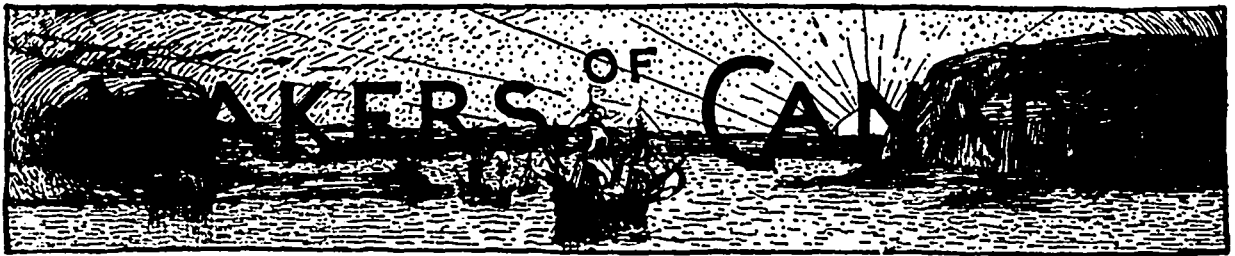
Special plates are being prepared in England for THE YOUNG CANADIAN, and will be ready very soon. The course will give you all you need. No teacher is necessary. You will be able to do more than travel with grand people when you learn it. You will make a little fortune at it. It is a delightful study, and will soon become one of the most essential parts of our education. We want to prepare young Canadians for it. Tell your cousins to send us their address, and we will send them something pretty, till the Shorthand begins.—ED. POST BAG.

"DEAR POST BAG:—I hope I am the first to send you a question, and get an answer. It is about your Reading Club. Me and Dick White is fond of *history*, fonder of it than of anything to read on a winter's night. Dick and me is chums. Please answer our letter."

DEAR DICK WHITE'S CHUM:—You forgot to give me your name in your letter. Of course, Dick knows it well enough, and you thought I did. However, I am glad to hear from you, and I have asked my friend, the Editor of the Home Reading Club, to pay you special attention. I think it would be nice if you and Dick got three or four to join you and form a History Club. We want you to choose your own name for it, and we shall enter it in our book. Tell us also how many members you will have, and set about it at once. We have such delightful books waiting that we grudge you losing even a week.—ED. P. B.

"DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN:—I hope I am in time for the first reply from your Post Bag. I want a Banjo right away, but I can't afford to get one like the grandees. Please tell me all about it, and how you can get me a nice one cheap."

I will gladly do so next number. I will procure information about kinds, and prices, as well as how best to send it. The Banjo is a delightful instrument for our climate, —in summer on our lakes and rivers,—in winter by the fireside.—ED. P. B.



ONE OF OUR BRIDGES OVER THE OCEAN.



GREY SKY. A blockade of cabs and wagons on the wharf. A few imposing policemen. A fuss of steam-whistles. An array of navy blue and gold button authority, and a crowd of passengers stepping on to a very black looking thing called "a tender,"

to be swiftly carried out to a monster steamship waiting in the Mersey.

Two gentlemen, father and son, are among the number.

"Yes," said Fred Hamilton to his father, dropping his valise on the deck, "yes, we shall connect with the Grand Trunk or the Canadian Pacific Railway next Saturday; or what do you say to the Richelieu Steamer from Montreal? It ought to be moonlight, and a sight of a canal barge and old Michel lazily turning the crane at the locks would do a fellow good after all this."

"Quietly, quietly, young man," replied his father a little dolefully, "we're not there yet. Who knows the ups and downs of life before we sniff the pine woods of Ontario. It wouldn't take much to induce me to change places with Knubbs in the Kingston Penitentiary just now."

Fred laughed. "Ups and downs? Oh, there's no motion in the 'Parisian.' She has side-keels, running two-thirds of the length of the ship, midway between the keel and the water level. She is as steady as Gibraltar. Only look at her length—450 feet; that's as long as a terrace of 18 houses

each 25 feet wide. Last year we crossed in her with 150 cabin, 120 intermediate, and over 1,000 steerage passengers, and still we had each one-half more deck-room than you would have in any other ship that leaves Liverpool. Last trip she carried 211 cabin passengers, the largest list ever embarked between Liverpool and Montreal. Look at that for a promenade. I call her the 'Queen of the Ocean,' with her hull of steel, and her five feet between her skins. Chief officer told me last run that the Allans were the first to build large Atlantic Steamers on this plan, as well as the first to build of steel."

"Skins?"

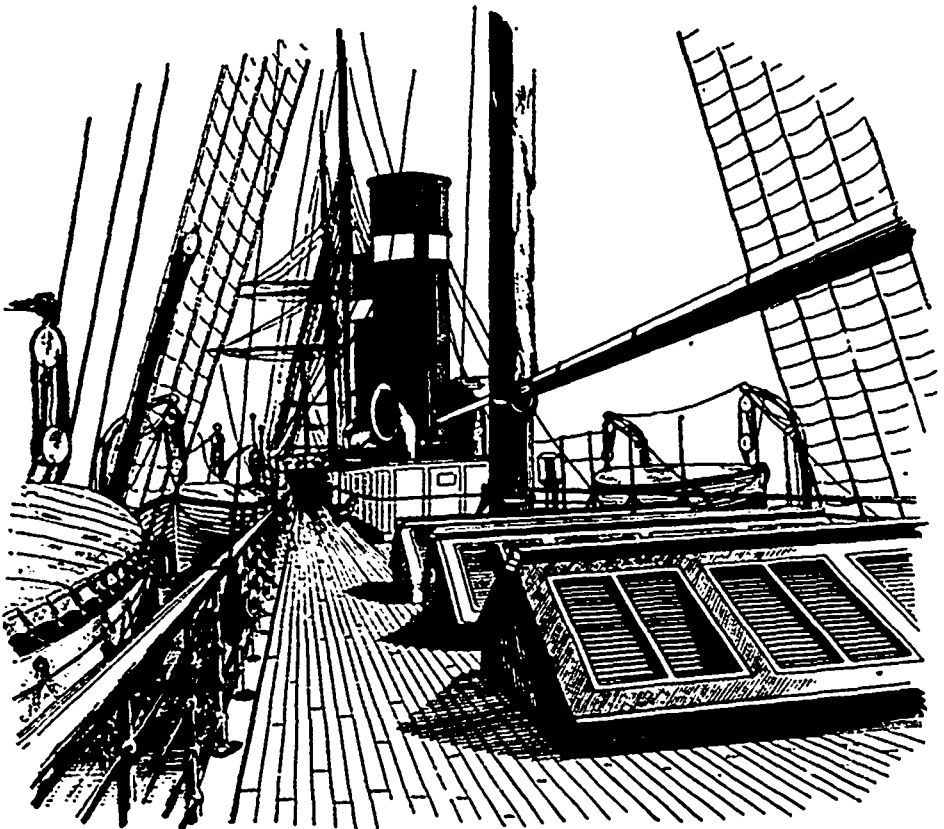
"Yes, that's the word; *the skin of the ship*. She has two skins, and the space between is divided into watertight compartments, so that in case—"

"In case of coming on another steamer or an iceberg?" suggested Mr. Hamilton, senior, as he thought again of the prisoner in the penitentiary.

"Well, in case of rubbing on anything not so soft as a sponge, you know, only *one* skin of *one* compartment gets knocked, and the ship goes on as if nothing had happened."

"And the iceberg?" persisted the old gentleman.

"Oh, your friend, the iceberg; that's *its* lookout. I guess it will insure in the Liverpool and New York Iceberg Insurance Co. before it comes across our track again. We don't insure *icebergs* on the St. Lawrence route."



THE PROMENADE.



MR. MONTAGUE ALLAN.

"Well, well, you see it's all so different now. In my day we took things coolly; made up our minds to a couple of months on the trip; learned the boatswain's yarns by heart, and almost forgot the colour of the grass. Magnificent ships they were, too, those old clippers of the Allans, comfortable, well-built, carefully-handled boats. As new vessels made their appearance with all the improvements of advancing science, you should have seen how proud we were of them. Why, your Uncle Fred and I preferred them for years after steamships were put on."

"Oh, to be sure; you had no steam in those days," said Fred. "By George, how did you do? And what a plucky thing of the Allans! It must have been a big venture."

"I remember it well," replied his father, straightening himself with the freshening breeze. "About 1820 they started their clippers."

"So long ago as that?"

"Yes. It is one of the oldest lines in existence, and running a fleet of ships for thirty years taught them a thing or two, you may be sure. It was about 1850 when the Government woke up to the occasion. The Allans then knew the Canadian trade well. They tendered for a service of steam and got it."

Mr. Hamilton was warming to his subject. In youth we live in the future. When we are no longer young we live in the past. Fred had eyes and ears only for the present.

"Lucky dogs, again," said he; "just in time to pass the Bar. The gates are open only two hours before, and shut exactly at, high-water. Fifteen minutes more and we should have had to lie to till the next tide. But there's the dinner bell. I have my sea-appetite already."

* * * * *

"Hilloh, dad! This or the Provincial Penitentiary, eh? Mails and passengers on at Moville! Four days out! No ups and downs! A briny ocean bath every morning! Four-times-four, that's sixteen meals you have discussed already! The Company shan't make much out of *you* this run," and Fred shook all over with fun. "And can't these fellows cook? Did you ever see people eat as they do here?"

"Might have been washed overboard for anything *you* cared, you young scamp," replied his father fondly, having missed the boy's attentions for a day or two.

"Me? Oh, I? I have had a rare time. Not a hole or corner of the ship I have not been into. Splendid fellows the Captain and Officers. Little would you think as they pass around that their heads are so full of business all the time. What a creation an Atlantic Liner is!

And how few of us bother to think much about it! Floating Palace? No. Floating City comes nearer the mark," continued the young Canadian with enthusiasm.

"The Allan ships are all built on the Clyde, and of iron and steel, with the compartments I told you about. They carry no cattle on their passenger steamers. The fleet numbers thirty-two just now, with a total burthen of—let me see; where's my note book? Yes—110,000 tons. It's almost incredible. And if you add eight sailing vessels, running to the East Indies, the tonnage mounts up to 122,492. Where another company's ship would be called the 'Paris' or the 'Sardinia,' the Allan goes by 'Parisian' and 'Sardinian.' The 'ian' is the great point of distinction. I believe they run without insurance, or rather they insure themselves, which speaks for the safety of management. 'Safety, Comfort, and Speed' is the motto. Not speed with neither safety or comfort. And as for speed—sixteen knots an hour is good enough for most of us. Curious use of that word 'knot' for a sea-mile, isn't it?"

"All too quick for air and weather like this," said his father; "they should take in a reef, and do it a shade slower. I've got to like my bunk, and the amount of comfort they can squeeze into a few square yards is marvellous: two beds a sofa, a window, lights basins, mirrors, pegs, racks, bells, curtains, pillows, not to talk of the smoke-room and music-parlours, or the saloon with its sideboards and lounges, crystal and silver, birds and flowers, plate-glass and plush, crimson and gold."

"That's the *comfort* part of it. But if you knew all about the *safety* part you would say that I had taken to spinning sea-yarns. Why, the inspection, day and night, that goes on is incredible. To the ordinary observer (or non-observer), the Captain on the bridge, the Officer on deck, the man at the wheel, with the boatswain's whistle now and then, is all."

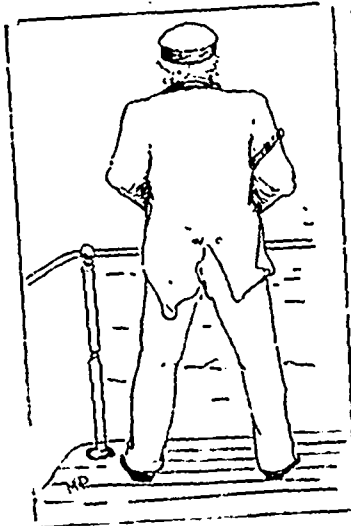


"PARISIAN" IN DOCK, LIVERPOOL.



"A BIT" IN THE OFFICE.

"Why, before the ship leaves the dock in Liverpool, whole chapters might be told. The sailor that 'picks' on the 'Parisian' is examined before he signs his articles for the voyage. The voyage means the round trip. He then proceeds to the forecabin to choose the best berth he can find, and to secure it he chalks his name on the berth board. On the day of sailing the boatswain's whistle calls the hands to muster, every man answering to his name. After this they are told off among the boats, and each seaman receives a badge



AT SEA.

with the number of his boat plainly stamped on it. They are then drawn up in line to 'pass the doctor,' as they say, when the Captain and Officers are in attendance. As each man is called out he passes before the Doctor and respectfully salutes him. The Doctor meantime sharply scrutinizes him, and none but perfectly healthy men are accepted. A nautical surveyor then takes them in hand. The launching of boats and fire-drill is practised, and finally the

men are handed over to the Captain as capable."

"Intermediate and steerage passengers then go on board, and as they pass up the gangway they, too, come



"ALL'S WELL."

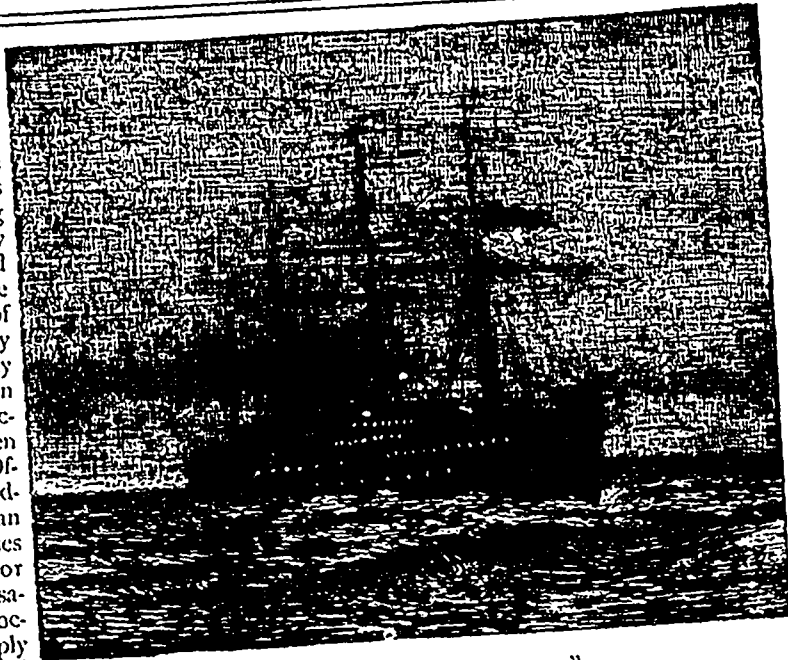
under the critical eye of the Doctor. The Captain and the pilot go on the bridge. Bells fore and aft are rung. Gangways are hauled on shore. Ropes are cast off. The ship moves out of her dock, and makes slowly for the channel of the river, to await the tender with the saloon passengers. More

bells; good-byes; and we are off for good." "All that most of us know after that, is that we get our meals in first-class style, that we are always hungry as hawks, and that the night is too short for sleep. But from those bells in the Mersey to the bells at Quebec, no beehive on land ever surpassed the beehive at sea."

"Till we pass the Bar the Cap-



A BREATH OF AIR.



"LIGHTS ARE BURNING BRIGHTLY."

tain and the pilot direct the course. The Chief Officer is on the forecabin at the anchors. The second is aft to see that the courses are properly set. The third stands at the engine-room telegraph. The fourth attends to the orders from the bridge. Two men are stationed at the lookout, and the quarter-master is at the wheel. Safely across the Bar, the pilot's duties are over. The officers rally at the bridge to report 'All well,' and the Captain gives the orders to 'set the watches'."

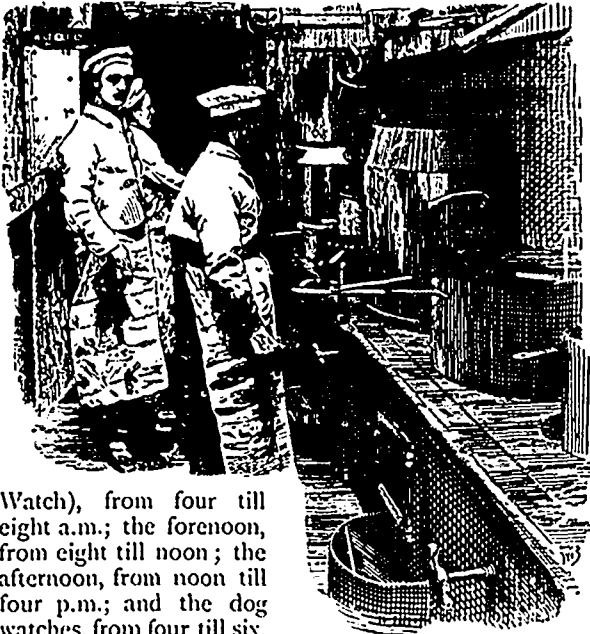
The sailors are again mustered. The roll is called. The boatswain stands on the port side and chooses a man. The boatswain's mate takes his place on the starboard side and



MR. J. S. ALLAN AND STENOGRAPHER.

chooses his. This 'picking' of the watches goes on till the whole crew is divided in two. The boatswain's men are called the Port or Chief Officer's Watch. The mate's are the Starboard or Captain's. This is the picking of the watches. Now comes the setting of them. The Port Watch, by long custom, gets the first sleep below after leaving a home port, and the Starboard enjoys a similar preference on the return trip."

"I should have told you that the sailor's day is divided into the first night watch, from eight p.m. till midnight; the second, from midnight till four a.m.; the morning (or Gravy Eye



IN THE GALLEY.

Watch), from four till eight a.m.; the forenoon, from eight till noon; the afternoon, from noon till four p.m.; and the dog watches, from four till six, and from six till eight. The object of the dog watches is to change the rotation of the men, so that the same gangs shall not always have the same hours off and on duty. When a sailor wants to tell how little a shipmate knows his work, he says 'he has not been a Dog Watch at sea.'

"The Starboard Watch is the first on duty. Busy as is the life by day, it is no less so by night. The course has to be directed. The lights have to be attended to. The lookout must be kept on the alert. Things about the deck are made fast for change of weather. The barometer is watched. Compasses are compared. Coffee is served periodically to the men. Twice in every watch the log is hove. This is the process of finding out the speed of the vessel. A leather bag attached to a rope marked off with knots is thrown into the sea. An officer holds a sand-glass, and at a given signal the men grasp the rope, haul in, and count the knots. Hence 'running so many knots an hour.'

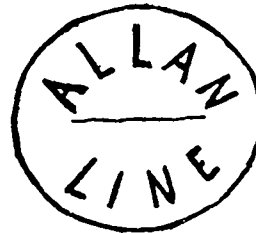
"At 11-30 the fire hose is laid along the deck for the daily scrub. At 11-45 the boatswain goes below and blows his shrill whistle. The sleeping watch gets up to be ready for the midnight bell to turn out and let the others turn in. The course is again set, lookouts are

visited, sails are attended to, the log is hove, and at half an hour past midnight the great scrubbing process begins with hose and broom. At four a.m. the morning watch comes on, with the same careful regard for course, lights, and lookout, and the same careful regard for the men and their coffee. Decks are dried. Paint is washed. Brass is polished. Everything is put in ship-shape for the passengers as they come up to sniff the morning air. How many of us could credit the care and responsibility that watched while we slept?"

"The firemen's day is divided into three watches. Every man has always the same hours on and off duty. The third Engineer and assistants take eight to twelve; the fourth, twelve to four; and the second, four to eight. This watch goes by the name of the 'Black Pan Watch.' The men are in the habit of filling the cooks' coal bunkers with 24 hours' supply, and in return the cooks prepare a specially savoury mess for them at eight o'clock, cooked in a pan whose colour, from long and good service, gives the name to the dish and to the watch."

"No watches are required in the Stewards' and Cooks' departments, as the work is done by day. The hours vary. Bakers are called at three a.m., boots at four, cooks at five, stewards at six. Lights in rooms are out at midnight, and watchmen, in rotation, have charge all night."

"The Company's flag is blue, white, and red. How the mate laughed when I called it red, white, and blue. You must begin at the mast, he says. The blue comes

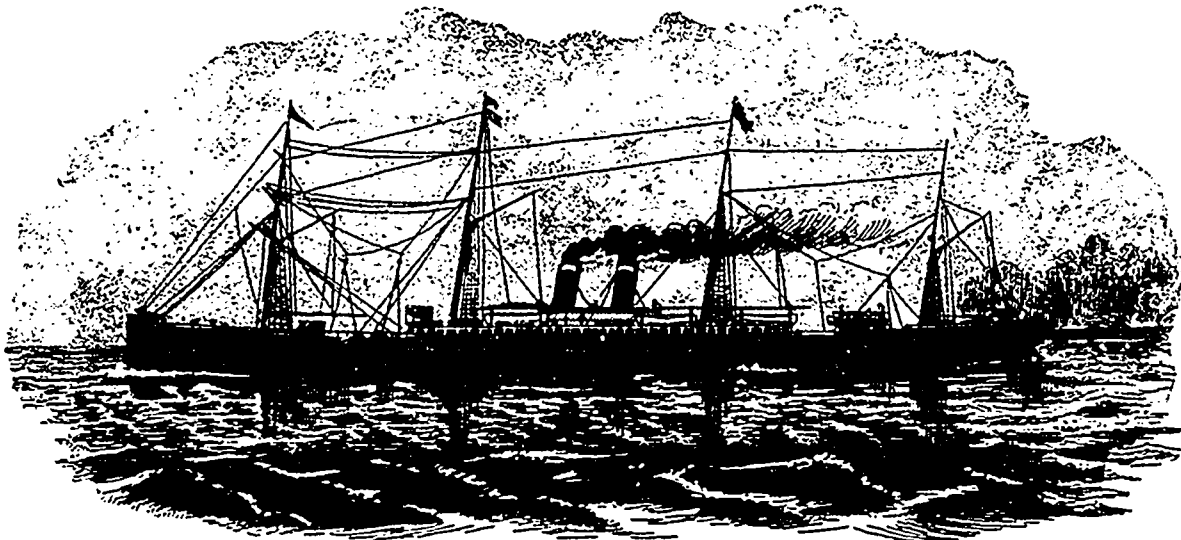


first, and the pennant shows it is not a national flag. When passing another ship at night we show three blue lights in the form of a triangle, thus . . . and fire rockets blue, white, and red, in keeping with the flag. At night a green light is shown from the Starboard and a red from the Port side. In older

days it was Starboard and Larboard, but in the noise of storms the distinction was not enough. The Starboard is the right-hand looking forward, and the Port is the left. Then there is the mast-head light, the binnacle light for the compasses, and the light at the wheel-house. If we should get into distress we fire guns and rockets. The bombs have two charges, one to send them off and another to explode them after they are well out."

"Just look at that steering rope there, 4½ inches thick, bears 60 tons."

"Here's the ship's stamp for silver, crystal, linen, note paper, etc. I sketched it last night from my soup plate."



IN THE GULF.

"I've been all over the Intermediate, too; the best of food supplied, and less than half what *zee* pay. The Steerage has capital fare, and is clean and comfortable. It is washed and ventilated every morning, and inspected every day by the captain and the doctor. The 'Derry Emigration Officer also inspects it and the hospital arrangements before leaving Moville. The men are in one part and the women and children in another. They bring their own bedding and mess dishes, but the food is prepared by the ship's cooks. I guess many of them seldom have such a good time. Two babies were born since we left Liverpool. I heard them bawling like the mischief; wanted on deck, I suppose."

"I have done the hold pretty well too. Iron from Staffordshire, in bars and pigs, sheets and plates, laid at the bottom; tin from Cornwall; tea from London; fine goods from Yorkshire and Lancashire; chemicals from Widnes; steam pumps and machinery for punching, drilling, rolling, and every imaginable process under the sun. Our heavy machinery comes from Britain. We make the light ourselves."

"Crossing the other way we had grain from the West; flour, apples, leather, butter, cheese, bacon, etc., from Ontario; lumber, ploughs, threshing machines, match splints, and spool wood from Quebec; and I counted 40 parlour organs. But come to the concert. There's always good music at sea. It is for the benefit of the Liverpool Seamen's Orphanage. Every ship has one every voyage, and generally a handsome sum is made."

* * * * *

"Never knew the like of it; in a fog all night, and hit The Straits like a die. Something magical. Now we shall steam up our own lovely Gulf, 1,000 miles of the most exquisite river sailing in the world. With the pine scented air, the pretty little French churches, the passing craft of all kinds; no wonder that merchants, professional men, Statesmen, Premiers, Governor-Generals, and Princes and Princesses of the Realm prefer the St. Lawrence route to any other. I should just think that the Captain that first brought an Allan Liner up here had his head on, that's all. I have a mind to hunt him up. He must have a statue erected on the cliff there. No channel mapped out; lights and buoys still undreamt of. My goodness! only think of it. Well does the Company deserve its present success. The early bird got the early worm then, eh, dad? So much for Canadian pluck and seamanship."

"Not content with making Canada, the Company has gone out to make other countries. In fact, there is scarcely a corner of the globe that you can't reach by their steamers. Besides the route from Liverpool to



A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE.



Montreal, via 'Derry in summer, and Halifax and Portland in winter, there is the Glasgow service every week to Montreal in summer, and to Halifax in winter. Every two weeks a steamer runs from Glasgow to Boston, and from Glasgow to Philadelphia; another from Liverpool, via Queenstown, to Baltimore, St. John's Newfoundland, and Halifax; and still another from London to Montreal direct."

"Passengers from every country in the world are accommodated by these routes: from Norway, Sweden, Denmark, France, Germany, Switzerland, etc., by Hull and Liverpool when bound for Quebec or Baltimore; by Glasgow when bound for New York and the New Eng-

land States. Great Britain has the choice of three ports,

Liverpool, Glasgow, and London, en route for Halifax, St. John's, Portland, Boston, Baltimore, Quebec, or Montreal. From the South of Ireland, Queenstown will take the passenger to Baltimore, and from the West, about Galway, the Allans provide the only service which runs all the year round, except December, January, and February, when the traveller is forwarded to 'Derry free. From the North, 'Derry will take him to Quebec, Montreal, Halifax, Portland, Boston, or Philadelphia. Boston is the point for the New England States; Philadelphia for the Middle and Western; and our own Canadian ports open up the highway not only to the older parts of the Dominion, but to the North-West, British Columbia, China, Japan, Australia, and New Zealand."

"All we have left to desire is our letters and telegrams by the way stations heaving on the surging waters; men in uniform, white with salted spray; bags thrown off and on by electricity; and mid-ocean post-marks handed into our rooms with our morning coffee, telling of friends behind and friends before."

"The great matter is to get the most direct route to our destination. Experience is, of course, the best teacher. The next best is the advice of a good company. In these days of much lugging about of household goods, steamships are most liberal in their baggage arrangements, but people that travel much learn to do with little. One small trunk shallow enough to be stuffed under the berth suffices for the voyage. The rest goes in the hold, and in the case of absolute necessity may be reached during the journey. Labels, 'Wanted' and 'Not Wanted,' are supplied by the Company. I have always found ship servants most obliging. Still, passengers can do much to lighten their labours in the pressure of starting. Remember the number of your stateroom. Go straight to it. Leave your small bags there. Go on deck to make room for less considerate people. Don't bother the stewards with needless questions, nor the officers with your own original speculations about the weather. Take plenty of exercise on board. Make yourself agreeable to your fellow-passengers, and

LEAVE THE REST TO THE 'PARISIAN.'"

* * * * *

"Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye! Upon my word, dearly as I love Canada, I'm sorry to quit the good old ship."

INDUSTRIA.

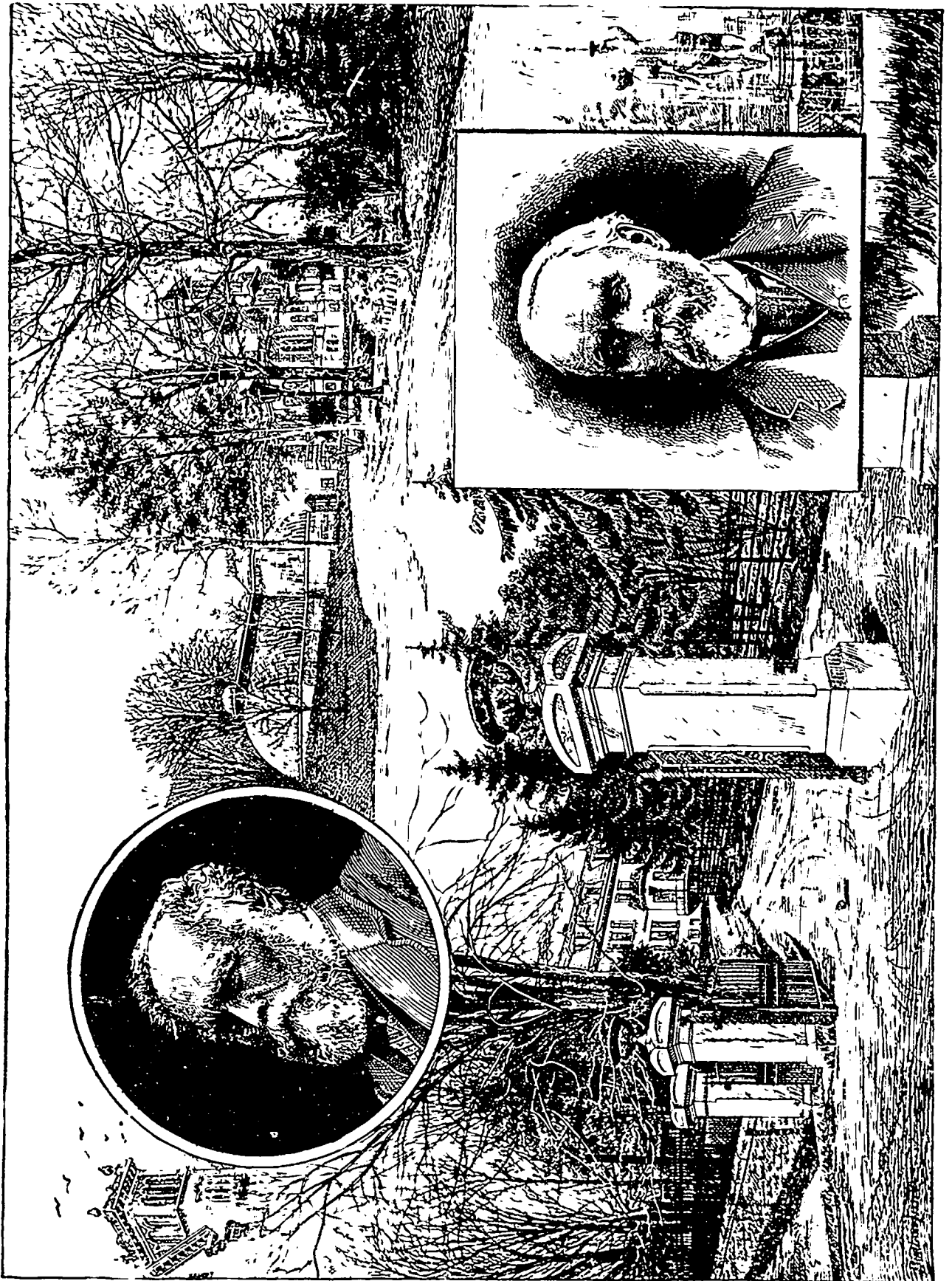
ONLY A SNOW FLAKE.

HERE it is; just one; the very first; then another and another! How light, how tiny, how noiseless! How timid, how shy, how modest! Half-inclined to change their minds about coming! How little they seem to relish our cold brown earth!

On they come, faster and thicker. The ground is mottled, sprinkled, then covered; still so peaceful, so soft, so gentle!

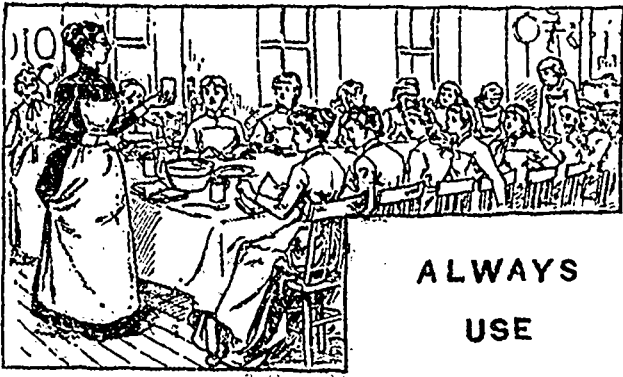
Next morning, lo! the steaming and hissing engines on the trains from east and west are stopped - stopped by the tiny, silent snow-flakes. Why? Because they kept at it all night. One by one, one by one; falling, lighting, resting, spreading, covering, mounting, packing and the train, the great roaring steam, with its load of cars and people, of freight and mails, has to stop.

So will our YOUNG CANADIAN. It will come one by one; and light, and rest, and spread, and cover, and mount, and pack, like a snow-wreath against all the forces that say we do not love our country, and that we are no nation among the nations of the earth.



MR. ANGELO ALVAN

THE LIFE OF SIR HUGH ALVAN



JOHNSTON'S

FLUID

**ALWAYS
USE**

BEEF,

IT IS THE ONLY PREPARATION THAT MAKES

STRENGTHENING BEEF TEA.

CHAS. ALEXANDER.

Alexander

PURE CONFECTIONERY.

LUNCHEON AND COFFEE ROOM.

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

219 St. James Street, - - MONTREAL.

TRY ALEXANDER'S COUGH DROPS.

- - WELL RECOMMENDED - -

H. A. MILLER,

House, Sign & Window Shade

PAINTER,

Paper Hanger and Decorator.

GILDING, GLAZING, GRAINING,
WHITEWASHING, &C.

1996 St. Catherine Street,

MONTREAL.

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

Kenneth Campbell & Co.

HALIFAX LADIES' COLLEGE

- AND -
Conservatory of Music.

COLLEGE WITH PREPARATORY DEPART-
MENTS.—English, English Literature, History,
Mathematics, Science, Modern English, Classics,
Physical Culture. Miss LEACH, Principal, with
9 of Staff.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.—Theory of Music,
Singing, Piano-Forte Playing, Violin, Violoncello.
C. H. FORTES, Jr., Director, with 7 of Staff.

FINE ARTS.—Freehand Drawing, Drawing, Paint-
ing. CLARA F. HOWARD, Head Master.

ELOCUTION.—Miss JENNIE MCGARRY.

REV. ROBT. LAING, M.A.,
Halifax, N.S.

GLASGOW DRUG HALL,

1780 NOTRE DAME STREET,

MONTREAL.

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

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

J. A. HARTE, DRUGGIST.

TELEPHONE { BELL 1190,
FEDERAL 554.

JOSEPH LUTTRELL & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

(BY STEAM POWER)

Biscuits and Confectionery,

678 TO 684

ALBERT STREET,

ST. GUNEGONDE, MONTREAL.

JOHN FAIR,

Notary.

Temple Building, - - Montreal.

RIDDELL & COMMON,

Chartered Accountants,

22 St. John Street, - - Montreal.

CHARLES HOLLAND,

Real Estate Agent,

249 St. James Street, - - Montreal.

WALTER I. JOSEPH,

80 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET.

MANAGER

UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO'Y,

MONTREAL.

MARTIN'S PHOTO STUDIO,

141 St. Peter Street, (cor. Craig Street), Montreal.

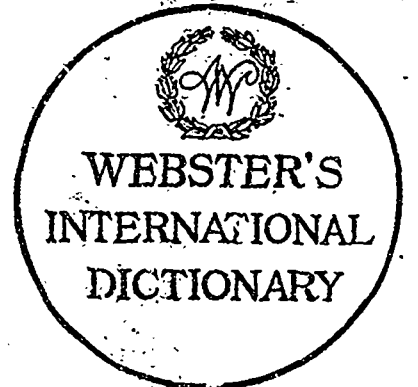
Photography in all its branches. Enlargements in
Crayon, Paste, Water Color or Oil a specialty.

PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE CHILDREN

ARLESS & CO., 261 St. James St.

THE NEW WEBSTER

JUST PUBLISHED—ENTIRELY NEW.



**WEBSTER'S
INTERNATIONAL
DICTIONARY**

The Authentic "Unabridged," comprising the
issues of 1864, '79 and '81, copyrighted property
of the undersigned, is now Thoroughly Re-
vised and Enlarged, and bears the name of

Webster's International Dictionary.

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

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

Over \$30,000 expended in its preparation
before the first copy was printed.

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

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

Sold by all Booksellers. Illustrated pamphlet free.

ORDER THE NEW

WEBSTER DICTIONARY

DIRECT FROM

F. E. CRAFTON & SONS,

BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS, MONTREAL.

211 BAYLONS. Send for Circulars.

McGill University,

FACULTY OF COMPARATIVE MEDICINE
AND VETERINARY SCIENCE.

(LATE MONTREAL VETERINARY COLLEGE)

Session 1890-91, commences Oct. 1st, 1890.

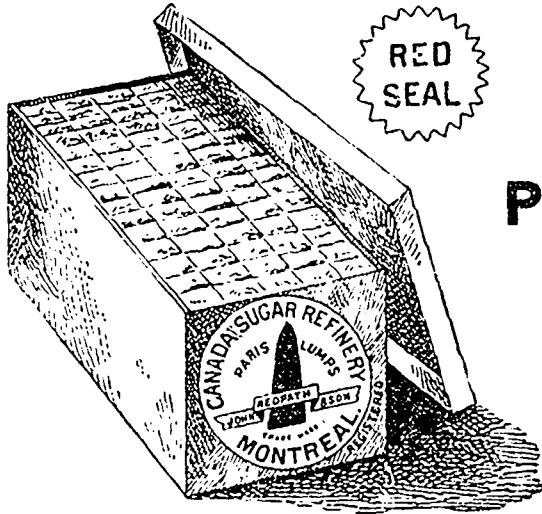
For information, apply to G. McEASBURN, Registrar.

6 Union Street, Montreal.

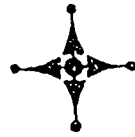
TEES & CO'S. OFFICE, PARLOUR and LIBRARY DESKS are the best.
 TEES & CO., 300 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co.

Redpath (Limited),
 MONTREAL.



**PARIS
 LUMPS.**



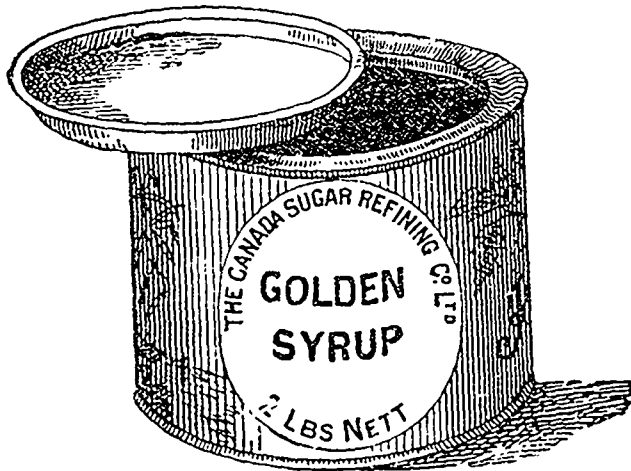
We are now putting up, for family use, the finest quality of PURE LOAF SUGAR, in neat paper boxes.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

PRICE **50** CENTS.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co.

Redpath (Limited),
 MONTREAL.



We are now putting up, expressly for family use, the finest quality of PURE SUGAR SYRUP, not adulterated with Corn Syrup, in **2-lb.** cans, with movable tops.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS

W.M. NOTMAN & SON, Photographers, 17 Bleury Street, MONTREAL,
 Dealers in PHOTO SUPPLIES, KODAK CAMERAS, CANADIAN VIEWS, &c.

H. H. DATE, Manager,
THE KEY INDemnITY COMPANY OF CANADA,
 634 Craig Street, MONTREAL.

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