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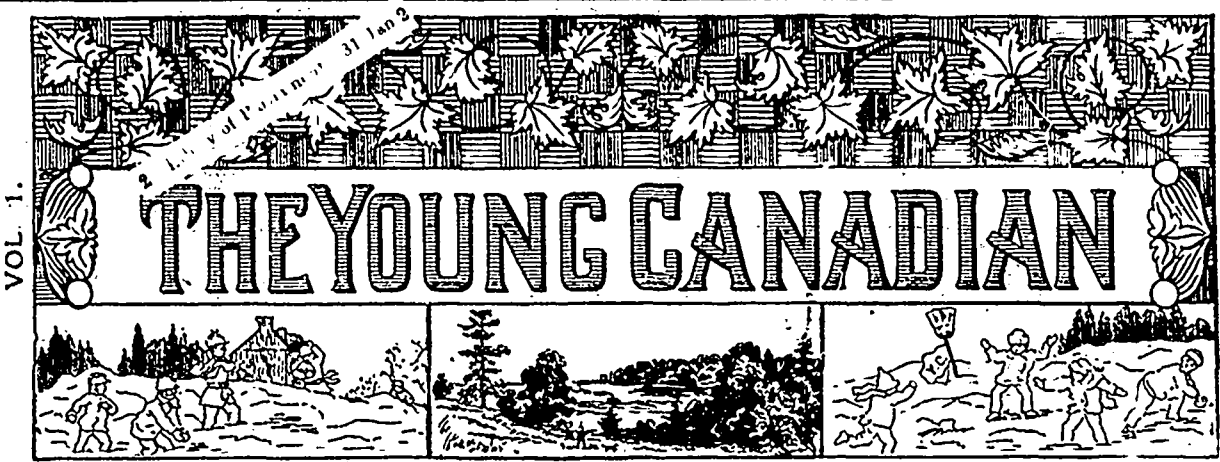
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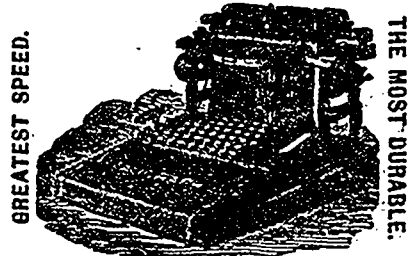


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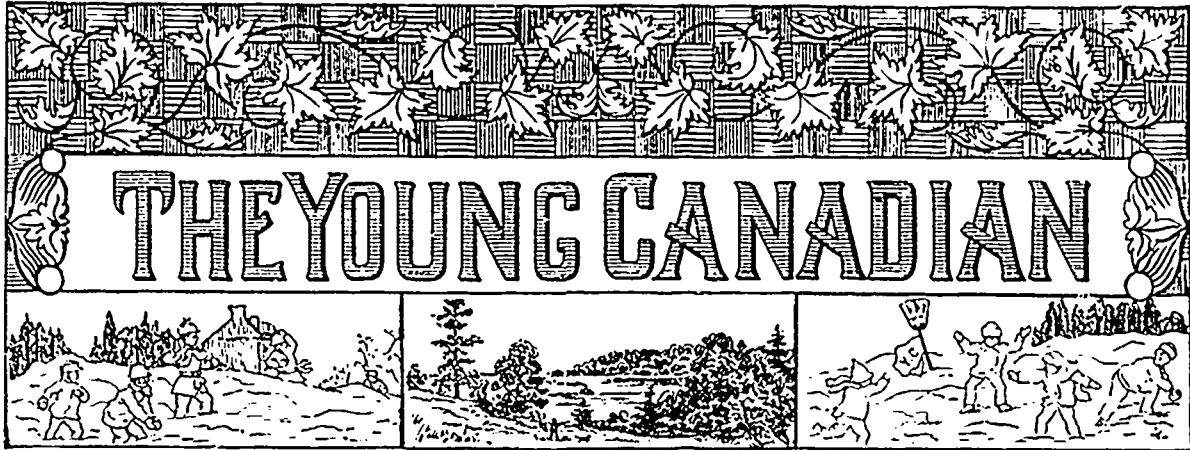
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Five cents a copy
\$2.00 per annum, in advance

NED DARROW;
OR,
THE YOUNG CASTAWAYS.
CHAPTER III.
IN THE CORRIDOR.

NED knew what the uncharitable opinion of outsiders would be. He determined to do all in his power to shield his friend on the present occasion, trusting that when he recovered he might venture to plead with him against succumbing to future temptations of the same kind.

Luckily the supper bell had rung, and none of the boys were on the campus. Ned saw Mr. James to his room, and remained with him until he lay down on his bed.

Ned finally stole down to the supper-room, and later revisited his patient, finding him quietly sleeping. Then, boy-like, he turned his attention to the enjoyments of



A PILLOW AND TOWEL FIGHT.

the evening, forgetful of all the manifold unpleasant incidents of the day.

It was a rare occasion always for Professor Ballentine's grammar-school, the evening of the day preceding the long vacation. In the present instance, absolute riot reigned for several hours in the old academy and its vicinity.

There was unrestrained license for that evening at least. Professor Ballentine was busy in his study, working on some maps of the proposed expedition, one of the more inquisitive of the boys said, and the students knew they were the masters of their own time until ten o'clock.

They played a dozen pranks on the janitor and the servants, had a grand march on the campus, sang a dozen songs, and then, when the retiring bell rang, they gave a score of cheers for the school, the teachers and the community in general, subsiding from boyish vivacity finally after a battle with pillows in the dormitories.

Silence at last fell over the building, and only an occasional voice sleepily discussing the morrow broke the stillness of the hour.

"I can't rest until I see if Mr. James is all right," murmured Ned finally. "I'll just steal quietly to his room and back again."

He reached the hall, and listened intently. In some distant part of the silent structure he could hear the echoing footsteps of the patrolling janitor.

"I'll venture it," decided Ned.

He stole cautiously down the corridor, and reached the door of Mr. James' room.

A light burned dimly in the apartment. It showed the disordered bed, and the clothing of the occupant over a chair, but no sign of the under-master.

"Where can he have gone?" Ned murmured, gliding to the corridor again. "What is that?"

A white-robed form was visible as he leaned over the balusters and looked down the stairs leading to the main floor of the academy. It was the under-master.

"Mr. James," whispered Ned softly down the stair case.

There was no reply, and Mr. James disappeared in the direction of the Professor's study.

"Maybe he's sick, and has gone for some medicine from his brother," soliloquized Ned. "I'll wait for him here till he returns."

He heard a sound below like a door forcibly opened, then a distant crash echoed through the building.

A moment later the door of the Professor's sleeping-room opened. The Professor himself glanced forth.

Ned Darrow followed the boyish instinct of flight. Had the Professor seen and recognized him? He hoped not, and lay in his bed, as he regained the dormitories, listening intently.

There was the sound of a bell, and a few minutes later the janitor came tramping down the corridor.

"Did you ring for me, Professor Ballentine?" Ned heard his gruff voice ask.

"Yes. I want you to keep a watch on the dormitories to-night."

"Mischief brewing, sir?"

"On this, of all nights, of the year, of course," was the Professor's cheery reply. "I just saw one of the boys scamper down the corridor."

"All right, sir. I'll keep my eye on the young rascals!" chuckled the janitor, complacently.

Ned had no further opportunity of visiting Mr. James that night, for the janitor was on guard.

For half an hour he tossed restlessly on his bed, thinking of the long vacation, the story of his brother, Ralph

Warden's enmity, the mysterious man in the thicket, and Mr. James.

He fell asleep finally, dreaming of the man with the bushy whiskers, and deciding that the events of that day had certainly been the most exciting of his life.

Yet, startling as they were, they were trifling as compared with the episodes destined to be ushered in with the dawning of another day.

CHAPTER IV.

LEFT BEHIND.

A brighter day never dawned for Ridgeland than that which inaugurated the long vacation for Professor Ballentine's grammar school.

Before daylight the voices of the excited students mingled with the happy chirping of the birds, and twenty industrious lads devoted an hour or more to packing as many satchels, in pursuance with the orders of the previous day.

Before nine o'clock, when the bell rang for the boys to congregate in the chapel, in some mysterious way a hint as to the point of destination of the expedition had leaked out.

Ernest Blake, meeting Ned Darrow, amazed the latter with the announcement—

"Well, Ned, it's a long journey, for sure. Just think of it—the ocean, the salt breeze, the bounding billows! Hurrah!"

"What!" ejaculated Ned. "Who says so?"

"All of the boys. It started with Dick Wilson as authority."

Ned Darrow looked perplexed.

"I don't see how he found out——," he began, and then checked himself with a flushing face and embarrassed manner.

"Aha! You knew it then beforehand!" cried Ernest, triumphantly. "Dick! Harry! Sam! Quick! Mr. Ned Darrow verifies your surmises. It's the ocean, sure!"

"No, no, I have verified nothing," dissented Ned, as he found himself the centre of a chattering group.

"It's no use, Ned," cried Dick Wilson. "You *did* know it. It was from your lips I got the hint."

"Mine?" cried the astonished Ned.

"Exactly."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. I woke before you did this morning, and I *heard* you dreaming. Talking in your sleep, you see."

"What did I say?" Ned asked, in a subdued tone, crestfallen and mortified that even in his sleeping moments he should have betrayed Professor Ballentine's cherished secret.

"Oh, lots of nonsense, but in the jumble of words I traced the truth. You had overheard somebody telling about the expedition. There's the mail, boys," and as the postman drove up to the gate of the academy, the throng scampered off, leaving Ned a victim to a variety of emotions.

"It's too bad," he murmured, "that the truth should have leaked out. I must see if Mr. James has awaked yet."

A visit to the under-master's room, however, revealed to Ned the fact that Mr. James was not there, and inquiry failed to elicit any reliable information as to his whereabouts.

Just as the chapel bell rang, Dick Wilson handed Ned a letter.

"Came in the mail for you, Ned," he explained.

A letter for Ned was a rarity, and he glanced curiously at the heavy superscription it bore. It was postmarked Ridgeland.

Ned placed it in his pocket without opening it, and, with his school-mates, entered the chapel.

The auspicious moment had come at last. The fall of a pin could have been heard as Professor Ballentine concluded the morning reading, and advanced to the front of the platform.

His hand resting on the desk, his benevolent face beaming down upon the assembled scholars, he prefaced his remarks with the single word—"Gentlemen."

There was a flutter of expectancy and enthusiasm, a faint whisper of "hear! hear!" and the Professor continued—

"When the grammar school of Ridgeland was first organized, a wealthy gentleman of this village, as you all know, endowed the same, and made especial provision for the enjoyment of each long vacation by establishing a fund known as the annual expedition fund. This money, invested profitably, has for years admitted of an annual excursion for pleasure and instruction.

"This year, the amount ready for the contingency being unusually large, we have decided to give the students a trip which for extent and interest will entirely eclipse that of all previous years. The memory of your uniform good behaviour and excellent scholarship for the past year enhances the happiness I feel in announcing the great pleasure I have in store for you.

"At three o'clock this afternoon you will be at the depôt at Ridgeland. The cars will convey us to Kearney Junction, on the Union Pacific Railroad, where an excursion train will bear us across the continent to San Francisco, whence, after a visit to some of the famous natural wonders of the Golden State, we will take a two weeks' voyage down the Pacific coast."

"Hur-r-a-h!"

Like a mighty whirlwind held in check during a lull in a storm and suddenly bursting forth with renewed intensity, the shouts of delight and enthusiasm succeeding the Professor's announcement were deafening.

Despite himself, the old teacher smiled, a suspicious moisture visible in his happy eyes. It was some moments before he could resume. When he finally spoke, however, the exuberant vivacity of the assembled throng was perceptibly decreased at the serious tones he employed.

"I regret that any unpleasant incident should have occurred to mar the pleasure of this day, but my duty compels that I refer to a matter that has grieved me considerably, and which, as a flagrant violation of decorum and the rules of the academy, demands attention.

"I find this morning that many of you knew of the proposed trip to the ocean—a secret I have preserved hitherto because your parents had to be written to, and our arrangements for railroad transportation were not definitely settled until yesterday.

"I find this morning a positive clue to the spreading of the secret of the expedition. Some student, more curious than the others, broke into my study last night. In his endeavour to find some trace of the proposed journey, he examined the maps and charts I had drawn, and spilled the contents of two bottles, one of ink, the other of alcohol, over the drawings."

As Professor Ballentine spoke, he held up some discoloured sheets, and his face grew quite stern.

"Gentlemen," he said, "before you leave this room the culprit must acknowledge his guilt, and receive a merited punishment. Who did this deed?"

There was not a stir nor a murmur in the silent school-room as every eye was fixed intently on the Professor's impressive face.

Ned Darrow started violently. His breath came quick and he turned pale.

"Trouble in the study?" he murmured. "It is Mr. James, and the Professor has accused some of the boys!"

"Did you hear me, gentlemen?"

The tutor's voice was a trifle louder as he uttered the mandatory words.

Still there was no reply.

"Ned Darrow, stand up!"

Had the floor opened and engulfed him, Ned would scarcely have been more overcome than at the Professor's stern and prompt summons.

Vaguely fearful and trembling, he arose to his feet, met the Professor's searching glance for a moment, and then, confused and apprehensive, lowered his eyes to the floor.

"Ned Darrow, did you force your way into my study last night?"

"I did not!" came clear and promptly.

A grieved, horrified look spread over Professor Ballentine's face.

"You deny it?" he ejaculated. "You deny all knowledge of the disorder in my study?"

Ned did not reply. His mind was in a sad whirl of doubt and distress.

How could he speak without inculpating Mr. James?—for he knew almost to a certainty that the under-master was the culprit.

To breathe his suspicions would be to lead to an investigation of the tavern episode. No, no, he could not betray his friend!

Yet, like the knell to all his hopes and ambition, sounded the Professor's troubled tones—

"A boyish prank I might forgive; falsehood, never. I have afforded you an opportunity to speak truthfully and confess your fault.

"I am shocked at this episode. It was you who imparted the secret of the expedition to the scholars. How could you learn of it except from an examination of the maps in my study?"

"And it was you, Ned Darrow, whom I discovered on the staircase last night about the time the library was entered. Once more I urge you to confess your fault. Did you enter my study last night?"

Ned Darrow hung his head in mute distress.

"If you did not, as you say, do you know who did?"

The Professor waited a moment or two for a reply.

Then, with a sigh that told of a gentle nature grieved at the apparent discovery of guilt in a beloved student, he said, in a tone of forced pleasantness—

"Gentlemen, do not let the harmony of the day be further disturbed by this unpleasant incident. At three o'clock you will meet me at the railroad depôt—all of you, with one exception—Ned Darrow!"

Poor Ned! As his school-mates filed past him, and the room was deserted, he stood as if transfixed. At that moment he could not analyze his emotions or act coherently.

The sunlight of life seemed suddenly gone. He walked slowly from the apartment to his own dormitory, and sat down to reflect over all that had happened.

Around him was bustle and enjoyment, the excited lads preparing for the afternoon journey. A score of impulses filled his mind, and once he started off in quest of Mr. James, hoping to find some means of convincing Professor Ballentine of his error without betraying his friend, the under-master.

But Mr. James had disappeared. The dreary forenoon glided away, the dinner-hour arrived, and Ned, miserable and depressed, held aloof from his companions, who were too thoroughly engrossed in their own affairs to seek him out.

He heard the school bell ring at last, the signal for the departure of the boys for the train.

He heard his name called by the boys, bidding him good-by, and he waved a mournful adieu from the window. His heart was full, and he shrank from meeting or speaking to them.

He saw them, nineteen gaily-skipping forms, each bearing his satchel, led in the direction of the village by the tall figure of Professor Ballentine, and all unmindful of his sorrow.

The lonesome lad walked down the stairs and out upon the deserted campus.

From a grassy knoll he had a view of the dépôt, and even at that distance he could recognize this and that familiar figure on the platform of the station.

The sight of the coterie, each with his grip tightly clasped awaiting the train, was too much for him.

It was all he could do to control himself from following them, and explaining all to the Professor.

There was a distant whistle. Then a rushing monster of iron—the locomotive—thundered down the rails.

Through blinding tears of disappointment, Ned saw the boys hurry into the cars. The train started and gracefully curved from view, a dozen handkerchiefs being waved from the car windows.

A deep sense of injustice mingled with the terrible loneliness of the moment, and overcome by his feelings at last, he flung himself to the ground in a paroxysm of grief long restrained.

"It's too bad," he sobbed. "Accused, misjudged, and not my fault, and worst of all, I dared not tell the truth to poor old Professor Ballentine!"

His face buried in his hands, the boy did not notice a figure come slowly across the campus.

He started up quickly, however, as a hand touched his shoulder.

Looking up, his tear-filled eyes met those of Mr. James.

The latter stared in bewildered amazement at Ned.

"Not gone with the boys?" he ejaculated. "Why, Ned, what does this mean?"

"It means," replied Ned Darrow in a choking tone of voice, "that I am left behind!"

(To be continued.)

JUST AS HARD.

Two well-known ministers of Lanarkshire, who were college chums in their youth, are intimate friends; but, notwithstanding their intimacy, they seldom miss an opportunity of poking fun at one another. Last autumn the pair spent their holidays in England at the house of a brother cleric, and on the first Sunday after their arrival they were both asked to occupy their host's pulpit, one in the morning and the other in the evening. On Sunday morning, as they were seated at breakfast, the minister who was to preach in the morning remarked, as he helped himself to another chop from the dish—"I think I will have another chop, as I have to preach this morning." "I daresay I will be the better of another one myself," rejoined his brother of the cloth, as he harpooned another chop with his fork, "as I have got to listen, you know."

NATURAL HISTORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

ADAPTED FROM JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

PLANTS AND THEIR PARTNERS.

Plants take partners and go into business. Their business is seed-growing. The result of the business is to feed and clothe the world. We get all our food, clothes, light, and fuel, first or last, from plants.

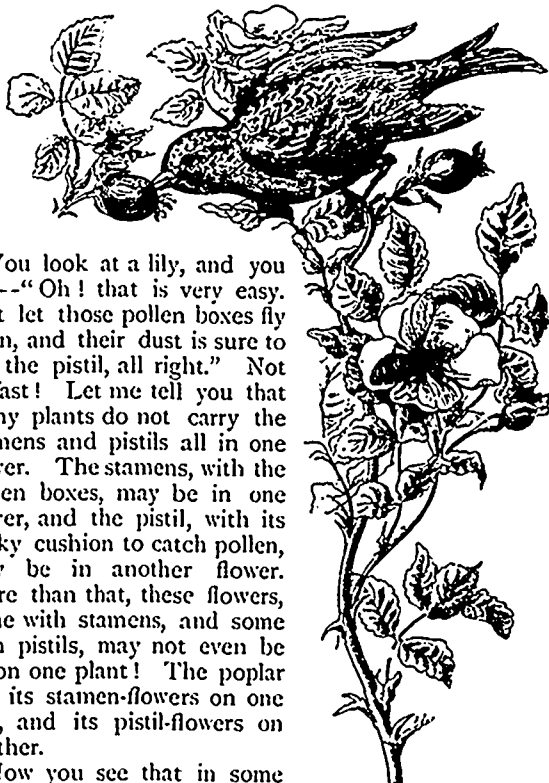
"Stop! stop!" you say. "Some of us burn coal. Coal is a mineral."

Yes, coal is a mineral now, but it began by being a vegetable. All the coal-beds were once forests of trees and ferns. Ask your teacher to tell you about that. If all these things which we need come from plants, we may be very glad that the plants have gone into business to make more plants.

Who are these partners? They are the birds and the insects. They might have a sign up, you see—"Plant, Insect & Co., General Providers for Men."

You see the stamens and pistils which stand in the middle of the flower? You know the stamens carry little boxes full of pollen. The bottom of the pistil is a little case, or box, full of seed germs. The pollen must creep down through the pistils, and touch the seed germs before they can grow to be seeds. Unless there are new seeds each year, the world of plants would soon come to an end.

Now you see from all this that the stamens and pistils are the chief parts of the flower. It is plain that the aim of the flower must be to get that pollen-dust safely landed on the top of the pistil.



You look at a lily, and you say—"Oh! that is very easy. Just let those pollen boxes fly open, and their dust is sure to hit the pistil, all right." Not so fast! Let me tell you that many plants do not carry the stamens and pistils all in one flower. The stamens, with the pollen boxes, may be in one flower, and the pistil, with its sticky cushion to catch pollen, may be in another flower. More than that, these flowers, some with stamens, and some with pistils, may not even be all on one plant! The poplar has its stamen-flowers on one tree, and its pistil-flowers on another.

Now you see that in some way the pollen should be carried about. The flowers being rooted in one place cannot carry their pollen where it should go. Who shall do it for them? Here is where the insect comes in. Let us look at him. Insects vary much in size. Think of the tiny ant and gnat. Then think of the great bumble bee, or butterfly.

You see this difference in size fits them to visit little or big flowers. Insects have wings to take them quickly wherever they choose to go. Even the ant, which has cast off its wings, can crawl fast on its six nimble legs.

Then, too, many insects have a long pipe, or tongue, for eating. With this long tube the insect can poke into all the slim cups, and horns, and folds, of the flowers. Is it not easy to see that when the insect flies into a flower to feed, it may be covered with the pollen from the stamens? Did you ever watch a bee feeding in a wild rose? You could see his velvet coat all covered with the golden flower dust.

Why does the insect go to the flower? He does not know that he is needed to carry pollen about. He never thinks of seed-making. He goes into the flower to get food. He eats pollen sometimes, but mostly honey. In business, you know, all the partners wish to make some profit for themselves. The insect partner of the flower has honey for his gains. The flower lays up a drop honey for him. In most flowers there is a little honey. Did you ever suck the sweet drop out of a clover, or a honey-suckle? This honey gathers in the flower about the time that the pollen is ripe in the boxes. Just at the time that the flower needs the visit of the insects, the honey is set ready for them.

Into the flower goes the insect for honey. As it moves about, eating, its legs, its body, even its wings, get dusty with pollen. When it has eaten the honey of one flower, off it goes to another. And it carries with it the pollen grains.

As it creeps into the next flower, the pollen rubs off the insect upon the pistil. The pistil is usually right in the insect's way to the honey. The top of the pistil is sticky, and it holds the pollen grains fast. So here and there goes the insect, taking the pollen from one flower to another.

But stop a minute. The pollen from a rose will not make the seed germs of a lily grow. The tulip can do nothing with pollen from a honeysuckle. The pollen of a buttercup is not wanted by any flower but a buttercup. So of all. The pollen to do the germ any good must come from a flower of its own kind. What is to be done in this case? How will the insect get the pollen to the right flower? Will it not waste the clover pollen on a daisy? Now here comes in a very strange habit of the insect. Insects fly "from flower to flower," but they go from flowers of one kind to other flowers of the *same kind*. Watch a bee. It goes from clover to clover, not from clover to daisy. Notice a butterfly. It flits here and there. But you will see it settle on a pink, and then on another pink, and on another, and so on. If it begins with golden rod, it keeps on with golden rod.

God has fixed this habit in insects. They feed for a long time on the same kind of flowers. They do this, even if they have to fly far to seek them. If I have in my garden only one petunia, the butterfly which feeds in that will fly off over the fence to some other garden to find another petunia. He will not stop to get honey from my sweet peas. Some plants have drops of honey all along up the stem to coax ants or other creeping insects up into the flower. But other plants have a sticky juice along the stem, to keep crawling insects away. In certain plants the bases of the leaf-stems form little cups, for holding water. In this water creeping insects fall and drown.

Why is this? It is because insects that would not properly carry the pollen to another flower, would waste it. So the plant has traps, or sticky bars, to keep out the kind of insects that would waste the pollen, or would eat up the honey without carrying off the pollen.

I have not had time to tell you of the many shapes of

flowers. You must notice that for yourselves. Some are like cups, some like saucers, or plates, or bottles, or bags, or vases. These different kinds of flowers need different kinds of insects to get their pollen. Some need bees with thick bodies. Some need butterflies with long, slim tubes. Some need wasps with long, slender bodies and legs. Some need little creeping ants, or tiny gnats. Each kind of flower has what will coax the right kind of insects, and keep away the wrong ones. What has the plant besides honey to coax the insect for a visit? The flower has its lovely colour, not for us, but for insects. The sweet perfume is also for insects.

Flowers that need the visits of moths, or other insects that fly by night, are white or pale yellow. These colours show best at night. Flowers that need the visits of day-flying insects, are mostly red, blue, orange, purple, scarlet. There are some plants, as the grass, which have no sweet perfume and no gay petals. These flowers want no insect partners. Their partner is the summer wind! The wind blows the pollen of one plant to another. That fashion suits these plants very well.

Now what about the bird partners? Where do they come in?

If the ripe seed fell just at the foot of the parent plant, and grew there, you can see that plants would be too much crowded. They would spread very little. Seeds must be carried from place to place. Some light seeds, as those of the thistle, have a plume. The maple seeds have wings. By these the wind blows them along. But most seeds are too heavy to be wind-driven. They must be carried. For this work the plant takes its partner, the bird.

To please the eye of the bird, and attract it to the seed, the plant has gay-coloured seeds. Also it has often gay-coloured seed cases. These colours catch the eye of the bird. Down he flies to swallow the seed, case, and all. Birds like cherries, plums, and strawberries. Did you ever watch a bird picking blackberries? The thorns do not bother him. He swallows the berries fast—pulp and seed. This case does not melt up in the bird's crop or gizzard, as the soft food does. So when it falls to the ground the germ is safe, and can sprout and grow.

Birds carry seeds in this way from land to land, as well as from field to field. They fly over the sea and carry seeds to lonely islands, which, but for the birds, might be barren. So by means of its insect partners, the plant's seed germs grow, and perfect seeds. By means of the bird partners, the seeds are carried from place to place. Thus many plants grow, and men are clothed, and warmed, and fed.

At our special request, one of our first scientists has undertaken the supervision of this charming Department. A Question Box has been opened, and the Editor has much pleasure in asking the co-operation of parents through this means. Address letters—"Natural History Question Box," YOUNG CANADIAN, Box 1896 Montreal.

Tenderfoot (in new Kansas town)—"Where is the Post-office?"

Resident—"Over there."

"Where?"

"D'ye see that man sawing wood? He's the post-master."

"Yes, but I don't see the Post-office."

"Of course you don't. It's in his hat."

SOME SPLICES AND KNOTS.

WHEN our young Canadians are, no doubt, enjoying themselves on the water, we have pleasure in giving them some "tips" on knots that may be useful to them.

To splicer a rope is to unlay and open the strands, and then to re-tie the parts by interweaving them in one of several ways.

A SHORT SPLICE.

Unlay the strands of the two ropes you have to join, and then taking one in each hand interweave them as you would your fingers. Draw them close. Having opened the opposite strands with a marling-spike, pass the loose strands through alternately; draw them tight. Again, to strengthen

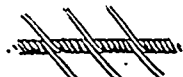


A Short Splice

them, work open the strands, and alternately pass the strands in. Cut the ends off, or scrape them, and serve them over with spun yarn.

A LONG SPLICE.

Unlay the strands for a much longer distance than for the short splice. Unite them as before. Fill up the space left by one unlayed strand with the strand opposite and next to it. Having turned round the rope, take hold of the two next strands, which will appear opposite their respective lays. Unlay one, and, as before, fill up the others opposite to it.



A Long Splice

Next split each of the strands in two, and knot the opposite half-strands together. Fill up the vacant lay with them. Stick the ends of the six half-strands under two strands. Stretch the splice thoroughly before cutting off the ends. The object of a long splice is to unite the ends of a rope which have to pass through a block so as not materially to increase its size.

AN EYE SPLICE.

This may be called a loop. It is formed by opening the end of a rope, bending it according to the size of the eye you wish to form, and then opening the lay of the standing part and working in the strands. Separate the strands, and put one on the top and the other below the standing part; take the middle strand and run it under its respective strand; take the next end over the first strand and under the second; take the third and last end through the third strand on the other side.

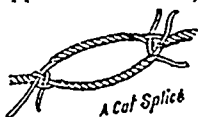


An Eye Splice

A CUT SPLICE.

Take two ropes; unlay the ends, and place them according to the length of the eye in opposite directions, the one overlapping the other. As has been done in the eye splice, splice in the strands of each end; serve them over.

A Horse Shoe splice is made on the principle of the former; the difference is in the shape. Unlay the two ends; make the bow with one rope and the cross-bar with the other; splice them in when they meet.



A Cut Splice

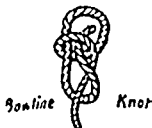
KNOTTING.—A REEF KNOT.

This is the most important of knots. Landsmen often make what they fancy is a reef knot, but which proves to be a slip or granny's knot, proved by the contents of their parcels or boxes being scattered far and wide on

the ground. Take the end of a rope round the standing part, under its own part, and through the bight; now bring the end next toward you over to the left, and the other to the right. Take the end on the right round that to the left, and draw them tight. The rule to go by is that the upper always keeps upper.

A BOWLINE KNOT.

Take the end of a rope in the right hand, and the standing part in the left. Lay the end over the standing part; next turn a bight of the standing part with the left hand, and lead the end round the standing part once more through the bight.



Bowline Knot

A RUNNING BOWLINE KNOT.

This is a very useful knot. Pass the end of your rope round the standing part, and then through the bight; make a single bowline knot upon the running part, and the knot is formed.

TWO HALF-HITCHES.

Pass the end of the rope round the standing part, and then pass it up through the bight you have thus formed. Thus you will have made one-half hitch; now make another above it, and the knot is complete.

A TIMBER HITCH.

Pass the end of a rope round a spar or timber-head; lead it under and over the standing part; next pass the end several times round its own part.



Timber Hitch

A COMMON MARLING HITCH.

This is very useful for lashing up hammocks or sails. Pass the end of the lashing round the hammock. With the end take a hitch round the longer part, and pass it three times round itself. Now haul taut with the longer part, and pass it again round the hammock, hitching it round itself, and continue passing the lashing round and hitching it, till the work is done.

WHIPPING A ROPE.

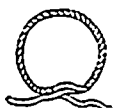
This is done to prevent the strands unlaying. Take the yarn or twine which you are about to use, and place it in the lay of the rope, pointing toward the end. Pass a few turns round the rope, thus securing the end of the whipping. Lay the other end on the turns already passed, pointing downward, passing the remainder on the bight, round the rope and the last end part. Haul through on the end part and cut off.

A SAIL-MAKER'S WHIPPING.

Small twine is put on with a needle. Reef-points have two such whippings at their ends. First draw the twine through the point of the rope, with the needle to its end. Pass several turns; stick through the point at each end of the whipping, and pass two, crossing-turns. Secure with two half-stitches round the upper part of the crossing-turns, and haul the twine taut.

A GROMMET

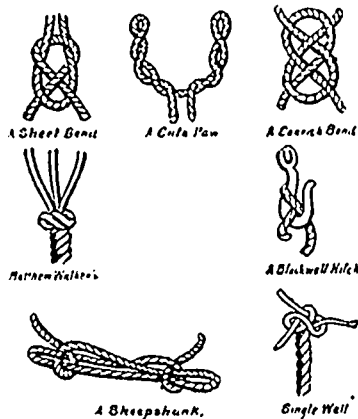
is a circular band formed of the strand of a rope worked into itself. Unlay a rope, and take one of the strands. It must be three times, with some to spare, the circumference of the grommet to be formed. Lay the right-hand end over the left, and follow the lay round with each end until you have re-formed the rope. Secure the ends as in splicing, where they meet, and the grommet is formed.



A Grommet

We have mentioned but a few knots, splices, hitches, and bends used by seamen. We will give a list of the names of others frequently employed; but no description would be of much use without practical experience in making them. We shall be doing much greater service to our young readers by advising them to get some old sailor to instruct them in the art of knotting and splicing. We must also advise them when they are bending on a rope to use their hands and arms freely, and to move as if they knew exactly what they were about to do. Another thing—never be afraid of the tar-bucket. A first-rate officer, who commanded a sloop-of-war in the Mediterranean some years ago, always had a number of midshipmen sent on board his ship to learn seamanship. He used to make them man the mizzenmast entirely, and even black down the rigging. They had consequently to dip their fists in the tar-bucket just as freely as the men had. They, in consequence of this training, nearly all turned out good seamen.

The following are the names of some of the knots, hitches, bends, etc., etc., including those we have described; but you may get any old seaman to show you how to make them. Learn especially how to make a reef-knot, two half-hitches, a fisherman's bend, and how to belay a rope. Without knowing this, no boy ought to be allowed to step into a sailing boat:—



TO TELL A HORSE'S AGE.

At five years of age a horse has forty teeth—twenty-four molar, or jaw teeth, twelve incisor, or front teeth, and four tusks, or canine teeth, between the molars and incisors, but usually wanting in the mare. At birth only the two nippers, or middle incisors, appear, and when a year old the incisors are all visible of the first, or milk set. Before reaching the third year the permanent nippers have come through; a year later the permanent dividers, next to the nippers, are out. At five the mouth is perfect, the second set of teeth having been completed. At six the hollow under the nippers, called the "mark," has disappeared from them and diminished in the dividers, and at seven the mark has disappeared from the dividers, and the next teeth, or corners, are level, though showing the mark; at eight the mark disappears altogether. Unscrupulous dealers sometimes scoop out the teeth to imitate the mark, but this can be known by the absence of the white edge of enamel which always surrounds the real mark.

The difference between a starving man and a glutton is that one longs to eat and the other eats too long.

OWLIKIN'S WISDOM.

BY CHARLES STUART PRATT.

NOW, you needn't titter,
Tommy Tucker,
Like a bobolink a-twitter,
And you needn't laugh at all;
No, nor let your eyelids fall;
No, nor pucker
Up your red lips at me so;
For I truly know I know,
If I am a little fellow,
Why the buttercups are yellow—
Didn't I see them holding up
Every one a little cup,
Catching sunshine as it fell?
Well!
Weren't they full as they could hold
Of that yellow airy gold?
Didn't I tell you that I knew,
Tommy Tucker?
And there's more that I know, too.
That I found out in the day-time,
All alone, too, in my play-time—
Oh, yes, pucker
Up your laughing lips for laughter—
'Twas the very night-time after,
And I didn't dream, I know,
That the moonshine fell like snow
On the daisies everywhere
Till they grew snow-white and fair—
"But their yellow hearts," you say?
Nay,
In their white hearts, from afar,
Dropped the gold light of a star!

The Emperor of Morocco is a soulless despot, and the great officers under him are despots on a smaller scale. There is no regular system of taxation, but when the Emperor or the Pashaw want money, they levy on some rich man, and he has to furnish the cash or go to prison. Therefore, few men in Morocco dare to be rich. It is too dangerous a luxury. Vanity occasionally leads a man to display wealth, but sooner or later the Emperor trumps up a charge against him—any sort of one will do—and confiscates his property. Of course, there are many rich men in the empire, but their money is buried, and they dress in rags and counterfeit poverty. Every now and then the Emperor imprisons a man who is suspected of the crime of being rich, and makes things so uncomfortable for him that he is forced to discover where he has hidden his money.

Moors and Jews sometimes place themselves under the protection of the foreign consuls, and then they can flout their riches in the Emperor's face with impunity.

Visitor—"Does it cost much to live in New York?"
Host—"No, sir; it doesn't cost much to live in this city, but it costs like Sam Hill to keep up appearances."

The Young Canadian

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

ITS AIM

Is to foster a national pride in Canadian progress, history, manufactures, science, literature, art, and politics; to draw the young people of the Provinces closer together; and to inspire them with a sense of the sacred and responsible duties they owe to their native country.

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Are Original Literary and Artistic Matter; Fine Paper; Clear Type; Topics of the Day at Home and Abroad; Illustrated Descriptions of our Industries and of our Public Works; Departments in History, Botany, Entomology, etc., with prizes to encourage excellence; a Reading Club, for guidance in books for the young; an invaluable help to families where access to libraries is uncertain; a Post Box of questions and answers on everything that interests the young; and a means of providing for the people of the Dominion a thoroughly high-class Magazine of Canadian aim, Canadian interest, and Canadian sentiment.

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Address:

THE YOUNG CANADIAN CO.,

BOX 1896.

MONTREAL

NEWS OF THE DAY FROM THE EDITOR'S PIGEON-HOLES.

I am quite sure that our young people are enjoying the story "Ned Darrow," and following his career with interest. "The Doll's Hospital" to-day will please my dear little Tots, for whom I like to have the best of everything. Next week I will give our young girls a story all for themselves— "Second Thoughts are Best," and another for my "Tots" about a little boy who saved his brother from a terrible death by his love and bravery.

I am very well pleased also to have something more to-day about what is being done through the Dominion for our young patriots. I want you to read it, every one. It will help you to decide what we shall have next Dominion Day.

I can't put in the watch to-day. I have no room for it. But you will not forget it, I am sure.

THE EDITOR.

FOR NEXT DOMINION DAY.

Now that we have our YOUNG CANADIAN for our young people, our next step is to band them together in behalf of the land they love so well. We have just enjoyed our Dominion Day. Once more we have laid a stone on the pile, with patriotic pride in our past history and in our future greatness.

But young Canadians have not enough to do with the day. It is a day more for the young than for the old. The young like the dramatic. They glory in pageant. They love banners, and streamers, and processions. What shall we have for them? Who will tell us? We must have it ready for next Dominion Day. Let all our young Canadians give us their ideas. Let them each tell us what they think would make the very jolliest and happiest way of sounding the praises of our National Festival. Take your parents into your consultations and write to us as soon as ever you can. Do not lose a mail. Time is flying. We have many to hear from, and many to reply to. There is much to arrange.



YOUNG CANADIAN TANGLES.

PRIZE.

Prize for the best solutions in July—"Our Homes," a book of 150 pages, on the healthful management and arrangement of the home. Competition closes August 12th. See who gets it.

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

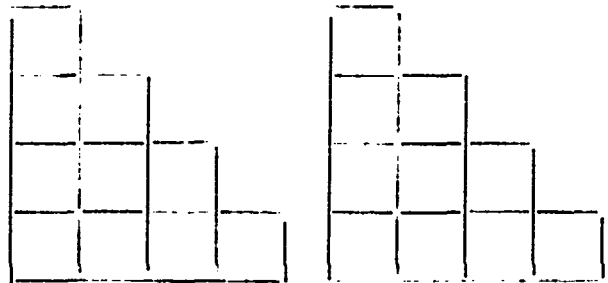
Address solutions to

Tangle Editor, YOUNG CANADIAN, Box 1896, Montreal.

TANGLE No. 22.—PUZZLE.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.



Put a letter in each square of Fig. 1, and in each corresponding square of Fig. 2 place the same letter inverted. Then fit the two together so that five words will be formed. 1. A snare. 2. Masculine. 3. Action, or fact. 4. One of Noah's grandsons. 5. A portion.

TANGLE No. 23, and answer.

As many of our young readers may not be aware of the derivation of our modern figures, we give below a parallel illustration of those used by the Egyptians, and it is curious to note the resemblance to those now in ordinary use with us. We only give those from 1 to 30. The Egyptians had four styles of figures. We illustrate the Hieratic, or figures used by the priesthood. It is very curious to note the combinations above 10.

Egyptian.

English.—1..			
1	𐍌	16	
2..	𐍌𐍌	17	
3..	𐍌𐍌𐍌	18	
4..	𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌	19	
5..	𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌	20	
6..	𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌	21	
7..	𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌	22	
8..	𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌	23	
9..	𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌	24	
10..	𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌	25	
11	𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌	26	
12..	𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌	27	
13..	𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌	28	
14..	𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌	29	
15..	𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌𐍌	30	

(Answer to Tangle 22 will be given in No. 27.)



FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN LET IT ROLL.

An event of peculiar interest took place on June 19th, at Kildonan, Manitoba. His Honour, Lieut.-Governor Schultz, Mrs. Schultz, with many distinguished ladies and gentlemen, drove out in carriages from Winnipeg and its neighbourhood to Seven Oaks, where a monument stood in readiness to be unveiled by His Honour. In the earlier days of the Province, when our two great fur-trading companies were frequently misunderstanding each other, a terrible conflict between them took place near a spot where stood seven old oak trees. These old trees have given the place and the monument their name. Twenty men, unfortunately, were killed, and the monument is to commemorate the sad event in our history.

The Countess of Selkirk generously supplied the funds. Miss Inkster donated the land. The Manitoba Historical and Literary Society have worked up the matter, and other historic spots are in view for similar memorials. His Honour the Governor unveiled the monument, and made a patriotic speech. Mr. C. N. Bell, of Winnipeg, read an account of the event which the monument commemorated.

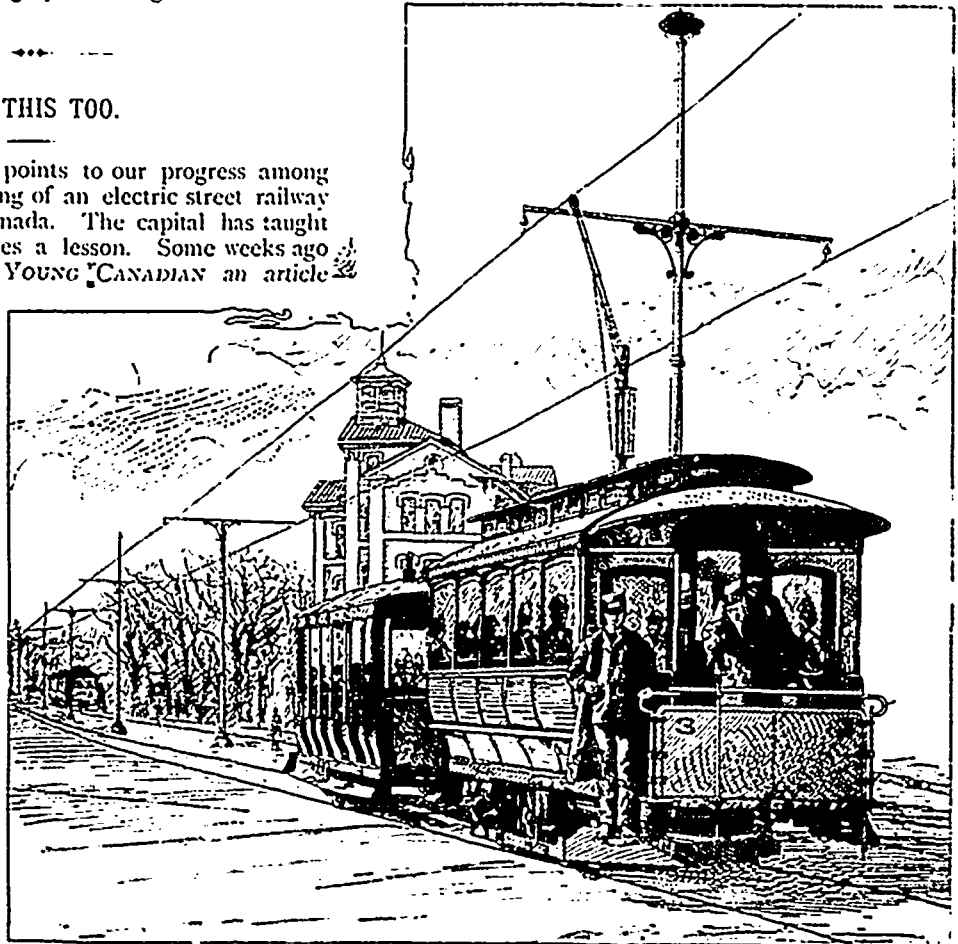
We are gradually rousing up in the right direction.

AND THIS TOO.

Another event, which points to our progress among the nations, is the opening of an electric street railway in Ottawa, the first in Canada. The capital has taught our more pretentious cities a lesson. Some weeks ago there appeared in our YOUNG CANADIAN an article describing our Electric Lighting, and our artist drew for us a picture of what we called "a peep into the future," a street electric car. We little thought it should be realized so soon, and we congratulate our Ottawa citizens upon being the first to adopt our suggestion.

Four pretty cars, filled with admiring passengers, ran over the road. People cheered at the street corners. Refreshments and speeches were waiting at the end of the new line. The happy party returned, and the road was thrown open to the public.

The power is secured from the Chaudière Falls. We give our picture again.



OUR NEXT IMPROVEMENT.

LITTLE WHITE LILY.

Little white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.
Little white Lily
Sunshine has fed ;
Little white Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
Said, "It is good ;
Little white Lily's
Clothing and food."
Little white Lily,
Dressed like a bride !
Shining with whiteness,
And crowned beside !

Little white Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.
Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup ;
Rain is fast falling
And filling it up.

Little white Lily
Says, "Good again,
When I am thirsty
To have fresh rain :
Now I am stronger,
Now I am cool ;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."

Little white Lily
Smells very sweet !
On her head, sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
"Thanks to the sunshine
Thanks to the rain !"
Little white Lily
Is happy again !

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

SIGURD THE HERO.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

Sigurd fought till he could scarce stand or wield his axe. Many a cruel wound weakened him, his eyes grew dim, his hand unsteady, his blows uncertain. He could do no more. The axe fell from his grasp, and he reced back.

As he did so there rose, loud above the wind and above the howling of the wolves, a cry which caused Sigurd to start once more to his feet, and the wild beasts to pause midway in their mortal onslaught.

It was the deep-mouthed voice of a dog, and next moment a huge mastiff dashed from out of the thicket and fastened on the throat of the foremost wolf.

It was Sigurd's own watch dog Thor, whom some dear hand had loosed from his chain and sent forth into the forest to guard and maybe save his master.

At the sight of the great champion, and at sound of his bark, the cowardly wolves one by one slunk sullenly back into the woods, and Sigurd felt that he was saved.

A joyous meeting was that between gallant master and gallant hound.

"Thor, my brave dog," cried Sigurd, "is it to thee, then, I owe my life—my brother's life? Yet not to thee so much as to the fair lady who sent thee, a messenger of love and life to me. Thanks, Thor, thanks lady, thanks most to God. Now shall I reach Nifheim even yet."

Thor wagged his great tail and barked joyfully in answer.

All that night Sigurd lay secure, watched over by the sleepless Thor, whose honest bark was the sweetest music that ever lulled a hero to repose.

CHAPTER II.

THE ROBBERS.

For two days Sigurd trudged safely onward through that dense forest, with Thor, the dog, beside him. The way was hard and painful, and the hero's limbs, now his only support, crashed wearily through the thickets. But, faint and weary though he was, his bold heart and the thought of his brother carried him through.

Four days had come and gone since he quitted the Tower of the North-West Wind, and in three more Ulf would either be saved or slain. Sigurd, as he thought of it, strode sternly forward and shut his ears to all the backward voices.

And, with Thor at his side, all danger from the wolves seemed at an end. As the two pressed on many a distant howl fell on their ears, many a gaunt form stole out from among the trees to gaze at them, and then steal back. Thor's honest bark carried panic among those cruel hordes, while it comforted the heart of Sigurd.

For two days, without sleep, without rest, without proper food, the hero

walked on, till, on the fifth morning after quitting his castle, the light broke in among the trees, the woodman's cheerful axe resounded through the glades, the angry howling sounded far behind, and Sigurd knew he was on the other side of the forest.

In one day he would reach Jockjen, and scarce two hours' march beyond Jockjen lay Nifheim.

Thor seemed to guess his master's mind, and with a hopeful bark bounded forward. But Sigurd regarded his companion sadly and doubtfully. He called him to him, caressed him lovingly, and said,

"Good Thor, thou hast been like a messenger from God to bring me through this wood. Alas! that we must part."

Thor stopped short as he heard these last words, and moaned piteously.

"Yes, good Thor," said the hero, sadly, "for I cannot live another day without sending a message to my lady that I am safe, thanks to her and thee."

The dog, who seemed to understand it all, looked up in his master's face beseechingly, as if to persuade him against his resolve.

"The danger now is past," said Sigurd. "No wolves haunt the forest betwixt here and Jockjen, and in the town thy presence may discover me. So haste back, good Thor, to my lady with this my message."



"THE SOLDIER'S WEAPON BROKE, AND HE FELL BACKWARDS."

So saying he took from the ground a smooth strip of bark, on which, with the point of his sword, he wrote something. Then, turning to Thor, "Carry this," he said, "to her."

And as Thor turned and hastened off on his errand, Sigurd looked after him and sighed, and wished he too were going that way.

But time forbade that he should linger long thus, and once more he turned his face resolutely towards Jockjen and went on alone.

Although the forest stretched some leagues farther, the trees were no longer dense or the path difficult. In parts large clearings had been made, and felled timber here and there betokened the busy hand of the woodman. Sigurd met more than one of these, who accosted him. He would not, however, tarry with any of them, but pressed eagerly forward, so that they would turn and look after this noble knight and wonder who he was, and whither he hastened.

One of these simple folk with whom he waited a few minutes to partake of a hasty meal said, at parting,

"Beware, my lord, of the robbers who haunt the skirts of the forest. They come suddenly upon the unwary traveller, and have no pity."

Sigurd smiled.

"I have passed the four-footed wolves," he said; "I fear not the two-footed."

"Nay, but," said the peasant, "they are not to be despised. Ever since Sigurd was banished many of his soldiers have deserted the king, and now live the robber's life in these woods. Stay here, my lord, till a band of us will be going to Jockjen together."

But Sigurd smiled scornfully, and thanking the man, started forward, fearing nothing save arriving too late at Niflheim.

Yet the woodman's warning was not lost upon him, for he walked with his drawn sword in his hand, keeping both his eyes and ears open as he went.

All that day he pressed onward, and towards evening came to a lonely part of the wood, where the trees for a short space all round closed thickly overhead and shut out the light. He had passed through this spot, and was once more emerging into the open, when three men suddenly sprang out of the thicket and faced him.

Two of them were in the garb of common peasants, and carried, the one a club, the other a knife. Sigurd guessed them at once to be two of the robbers of whom the woodman had warned him. Their companion was a powerful man in the dress of a soldier, and carried a sword. In him, though he knew not the man, Sigurd recognised a soldier of the army of the king, who, as he might guess, had deserted his lawful calling for the life of a bandit.

The party was plainly unprepared to meet a knight fully armed. They had expected rather to find some defenceless merchant, or even woodman, whom they might easily overcome and as easily rob.

They fell back an instant before the noble form of Sigurd, but the next, true to their calling, rushed upon him, shouting to him to surrender and yield up whatever of value he might possess on his person.

Sigurd wasted not a word in replying to this insolent challenge, but defended himself against the sudden assault. At the first onslaught the two bandits were foremost, who thought to bear him down by sheer weight. But Sigurd, stepping back a pace, caught the knife of the one on his shield, while with his own sword he ran his comrade through the body. So quickly was it done, that the soldier, advancing wildly to the attack, stumbled and fell over the body of the prostrate man; and before he could rise again to his feet, a second thrust from Sigurd's sword had laid low the other bandit beside his comrade.

The soldier, therefore, was the only adversary that remained, and of him Sigurd thought to make short work; but in this he judged wrongly, for this robber proved to be a man of extraordinary strength and agility, while Sigurd himself was faint and jaded with his long and painful march.

For an hour that afternoon the woods resounded with the clash of swords. The two men spoke not a word, but fought with teeth set and lips closed. Once and again, by common consent, they halted, leaning on their swords for breath, but as often closed again more furiously than ever.

It surprised Sigurd to find an adversary so resolute and dextrous. At another time it might have pleased him, for he loved courage even in an adversary; but now, when every hour lost meant peril to Ulf, his bosom swelled with wrath and disappointment. By force of superior weight he drove his adversary back inch by inch, till at the end of an hour the two stood some yards distant from the spot where the fight began.

Yet, though falling back, the soldier kept a bold guard, and while not inflicting any wound on his enemy, was able to ward off all blows aimed at himself.

At length, when for a moment Sigurd seemed to flag in the combat, the man gathered himself together for one mighty stroke at the hero's head. It fell like a thunderbolt but Sigurd saw it in time and caught it on his uplifted sword, and with such force that the soldier's weapon broke in two, and he himself, overbalanced by the shock, fell backwards to the ground.

Then Sigurd, with a glance of triumph, planted his foot on the body of his prostrate foe, and prepared to avenge the delay of that hour's combat.

The man neither struggled nor called for mercy, but looked boldly up in his victor's face and awaited death with a smile.

The sword of Sigurd did not descend. Some passing memory, perchance, or some soft voice breathing mercy, held it back. He drew back his foot, and sheathing his weapon, said,

"Keep thy life, and return and serve the king thy master."

The man lay for a moment as one bewildered, then springing to his feet, and casting from him his broken sword, he knelt and cried,

"Oh, merciful knight, to thee I owe my life, and it is thee I will serve to the world's end!"

"Peace!" said Sigurd, sternly; "this is no time for parley. I must be in Jockjen this night. Follow me if thou wilt thus far."

And with that he began to stride once more forward with rapid steps, followed closely by his late adversary.

Sigurd uttered not a word, but walked with sword drawn as before, fearing nothing save to arrive too late at Niflheim.

Once, as they neared Jockjen, two other robbers rushed out from the woods as if to attack him, but when they perceived the stalwart champion who followed hasten forward and place himself beside the traveller, they refrained, and departed suddenly the way they came.

And now they were come at last to Jockjen. But when Sigurd made as though he would enter the town, his follower hastened to overtake him, and said,

"My knight, avoid this town, for Ulf, the king, is here, and has commanded that no stranger enter it."

"Is Ulf here?" inquired Sigurd. "They told me he was at Niflheim."

The man looked strangely at him.

"My lord," said he, "you know what only a few know. Ulf is to be at Niflheim."

"When?" demanded Sigurd.

"This night," said the man.

Sigurd answered nothing, but walked on quickly. The man, seeing that he was determined to enter the town, followed cautiously and at a distance, waiting to see what might happen.

It was evening as Sigurd entered Jockjen. The little town, overshadowed by its grim fortress, was astir with unwonted bustle. For the king's marriage on the morrow had brought together many of the country people, who, though they loved not Ulf, loved a pageant, and a holiday to see it in. And besides them many soldiers were there who talked mysteriously at street corners, and seemed to have other business than merry-making on hand.

Sigurd passed unheeded through the streets, keeping his face hid in his cloak, and avoiding all points where the crowd seemed large or curious.

He was hastening thus stealthily down a by-street which led towards Niflheim, when he suddenly became aware of a small group of men before him, under the shadow of a high wall, in eager talk.

He halted, for, by their eager gestures and cautious looks, he judged them to be desperate men, whom it would be well for him to avoid rather than meet. Withdrawing quickly into a deeper shade, he waited with impatience till their conference should be over.

As he waited he heard them speak.

"By this time," said one, "he should have learned what is in store."

"Doubtless," said another. "Yet I am glad it was no earlier, for it will all be over before he can prevent it."

"Ulf once dead," said the first, "Sigurd cannot help being the king, however much he may dislike it."

"Nay, he dislikes not being king, but he is so foolishly tender about his brother."

The other laughed.

"There are others, I trust, will not be foolishly tender with his brother this night. At what hour is the deed to be done?"

"By midnight."

At this Sigurd, who had heard it all, could not refrain from starting where he stood.

The men heard him in an instant, and finding themselves thus discovered, rushed with one accord on the hero.

Before Sigurd could draw his sword or offer any resistance he was overpowered and held fast by his assailants, who, for fear he should cry aloud and alarm the town, threw a cloak over his head and led him off quickly to the castle.

Here, when the guards came out and inquired what it all meant, "This man," they said, "we know to be an enemy of the king's, who has come disguised to this town to do him some harm; keep him fast till the morning."

The guard, without so much as uncovering Sigurd's face, hurried him through the gate, and brought him to a dark dungeon, into which they thrust him, turning the key twice upon him.

Then Sigurd cast himself on the floor in despair.

To find himself thus confined, after all the fatigues he had suffered and all the perils he had escaped, was fearful indeed, the more so because he knew his brother was close at hand, and yet must die with no brotherly hand to help him. For himself he cared nought. The men who had cast him there called themselves his friends, and, as he knew, desired only to keep him fast, believing him to be a stranger who might disclose their plot. When all was over and Ulf dead, they would release him and perchance discover who he was.

Sigurd wished he might die before the morning.

But presently, as he lay, he heard a sound of feet on the pavement without approaching his dungeon.

The door slowly opened and a monk stood before him.

The hope that dawned in Sigurd's breast as the door opened faded again as a gruff voice without said,

"Do thy work quickly, father. A short shrift is all the villain deserves."

With that the door closed again, and Sigurd and the monk were left in darkness.

"I am to die, then?" asked the hero of the holy man.

"Tis reported," said the monk, "you seek the king's life; therefore in the morning you are to die. But," added he, speaking lower, "you shall not die, my lord."

Sigurd started, not at the words, but at the voice that uttered them.

"Who art thou?" he whispered.

"One who owes thee his life, and would repay thee, my lord. I am he whom thou sparedst but lately in the wood."

In the dark Sigurd could not see his face, but he knew he spoke the truth.

"Quick," said the man, throwing off his gown and hood; "off with thy armour, my lord, and don these. There is no time to spare."

For a moment Sigurd paused, amazed at the man's offer. Then the thought of Ulf decided him.

"Brave friend," said he, "Heaven bless you for your aid. For four hours I accept thy deliverance and borrow my freedom. If before then I have not returned, call me a coward and a knave."

"Speak not of borrowing, my lord," said the man. "Heaven forbid I should require again the poor life thou thyself didst give me."

"Peace!" said Sigurd, quickly casting off his armour and covering himself in the monk's garb.

In a few moments the exchange was made. Then Sigurd, grasping the hand of his brave deliverer, pulled the hood low over his face, and stepped to the door and knocked.

The guard without unlocked the door, and as he did so the robber, crouching in a distant corner of the dungeon, clanked his arms and sighed.

"Ha, ha! brave monk," said the guard to Sigurd, laughingly. "This villain likes not your news, 'tis clear. You have done *your* task, the headsman shall soon do his."

Sigurd said nothing, but, with head bent and hands clasped, walked slowly from the cell and on towards the gate.

Here no man stopped him, but some more devout than the rest rendered obeisance, and crossed themselves as he passed.

Once out of the castle Sigurd breathed freely, and with thankful heart quickened his pace through the fast empty streets in the direction of Niflheim.

A double care now pressed on him. The first on account of his brother's danger, the other lest he himself, in his efforts to save the king, should be detained, and so unable to keep faith with the brave man he had left in his place in the dungeon.

He therefore pressed on with all speed, unheeded by passers-by, to whom the sight of a monk hurrying on some mission of mercy was no strange thing.

In due time, in the dim twilight, the castle of Niflheim rose before him, and he felt that his journey was nearly done.

Late as it was, there was revelling going on in the palace. Knights and ladies crowded the halls, whilst without, in the outer rooms, persons of all degrees congregated to witness the festivities and share in the hospitalities of the royal bridegroom. For though Ulf was hated by all, some, either through fear or greediness, failed not to keep up a show of loyalty and even mirth in the royal presence.

Sigurd entered the palace unchallenged, and mingled

with the outer throng of onlookers. No one noticed him, but he, looking round from under his hood, could see many faces that he knew, and amongst them the conspirators whom he had that evening overheard plotting in the streets of Jockjen. The sight of these men doubled his uneasiness, for the appointed hour was nearly come, and unless he fulfilled his errand forthwith he might yet be too late.

He therefore approached a knight whom he knew to be still faithful to the king, and drawing him aside, said, "Sir, I would speak with the king. I have great news for him."

"You cannot speak to-night, holy friar," said the knight, "for the king is banqueting. Come in the morning."

"It may be too late in the morning," said Sigurd.

"Why, what news have you that is so urgent?" demanded the soldier.

"I bear news of Sigurd, the king's brother, who is approaching, and may be here to-night."

"Ha!" exclaimed the knight, eagerly; "Sigurd advancing! How many has he with him? and does he come in peace or war?"

"You know," said Sigurd, "there is no peace between Ulf and Sigurd; but I pray you take me to the king, for I have more news that will not bear delay."

At this the soldier went, and Sigurd waited anxiously.

The knight soon returned.

"The king," said he, "will see you anon, after he shall have spoken to four worthy citizens of Jockjen who have craved a secret audience."

So saying he left him and advanced to where the conspirators stood expecting to be summoned.

Then Sigurd could contain himself no longer. With hurried strides, pushing his way among the crowd, he followed and overtook the knight before he could deliver his summons. Seizing him fiercely by the arm, in a way which made the man of war start in amazement, he led him aside, and said eagerly,

"Sir, I must see the king before those men."

The knight, in anger at being thus handled, cast him off roughly. But Sigurd would not be daunted.

"Bring me to the king," he said, "or I will go to him without thy leave."

The knight, amazed at being thus spoken to, looked round, and made as though he would summon the guard; but Sigurd seeing it, and now grown desperate, caught him by the neck, and putting his mouth to his ear, whispered something, which done, he drew back, and for a moment lifted the hood from his face.

The knight started in amazement, but quickly recovering his presence of mind, stepped aside with Sigurd.

Then Sigurd, knowing the man to be loyal and trustworthy, hurriedly told him all, and charged him to be secret, and see to his brother's safety.

The knight begged him to remain and see the king; but Sigurd, fearing all delay, and feeling that his task at the castle was done, would not stay, but departed forthwith.

Before he had well left the place the four conspirators were arrested, and lodged in the deepest dungeon of the fortress. The guards, especially such as stood near the person of the king, were enlarged, the guests were quietly dispersed, and that night Ulf slept secure at Niffheim, little dreaming of the peril he had escaped or of the brother who had saved him.

Sigurd, meanwhile, light at heart, sped on the wings of the wind back to Jockjen. People wondered at the wild haste of the monk as he passed. But he looked neither right nor left till he stood once more at the great gate of the castle.

The guard stood at the entrance as before.

"Thou art returned betimes, holy father," said he, "for our prisoner is like to want thee for a last shrift presently."

Great was Sigurd's joy to learn that he was in time, and that the man he had left behind lived still.

"When is he to die?" he inquired.

"Before an hour is past," said the guard.

"For what crime?"

The guard laughed. "You are a stranger in Ulf's kingdom, monk, if you think a man needs to be a criminal in order to die. But, in truth, the king know's nothing of it."

"What is the man's name?" said Sigurd.

"I know not."

"Did you see his face or hear his voice?"

"No; why should we? We could believe those who brought him here."

"And were they the king's officers?"

"The king's that is now," said the guard.

"Why?" exclaimed Sigurd; "what do you mean? Is not Ulf the king?"

"No," said the man. "When you went out two hours ago he was, but now Sigurd is king."

"False villain!" cried Sigurd, catching the fellow by the throat; "thou art a traitor like the rest."

The soldier, astonished to be thus assailed by a monk, stood for a moment speechless; and before he could find words Sigurd had cast back the hood from his own head.

The man, who knew him at once, turned pale as ashes, and, trembling from head to foot, fell on his knees.

But Sigurd scornfully bade him rise and summon the guard, which he did. Great was the amazement of the soldiers as they assembled, to see a monk bareheaded stand with his hand on the throat of their comrade. And greater still did it become when they recognised in those stern, noble features their own Prince Sigurd.

Before they could recover their presence of mind, Sigurd held up his hand to enjoin silence, and said,

"Let two men go at once to the dungeon and bring the prisoner out."

While they were gone the group stood silent, as men half dazed, and wondered what would happen next.

In a few moments the two guards returned, bringing with them the prisoner, whom Sigurd greeted with every token of gratitude and joy.

"Brave friend," he exclaimed, "but for thy generous devotion this night might have ended in murder and ruin, and these knaves and their friends might have done their king and me a grievous wrong. Accept Sigurd's thanks."

"What!" exclaimed the prisoner, falling on his knees, "art thou Sigurd? Do I owe my poor life to the bravest of all heroes?"

"I owe my life to thee, rather," said Sigurd; "and not mine only, but my brother's." Then turning to the bewildered and shame-struck soldiers, he said,

"Men!—for I scorn to call you friends!—it remains for you to choose between your duty or the punishment reserved for traitors. You may thank Heaven your wicked plans for this night have been foiled, and that, traitors though you be, you do not stand here as murderers also. Let those who refuse to return to their allegiance stand forward."

Not a man moved.

"Then," said Sigurd, "I demand a pledge of your loyalty."

"We will prove it with our lives!" cried the men, conscience-struck, and meaning what they said.

"All I ask," said Sigurd, "is, that not a man here breathes a word of this night's doing. Besides yourselves, one man only knows of my being at Niffheim, and he has vowed secrecy. Do you do the same?"

The soldiers eagerly gave the required pledge. "I leave you now," said Sigurd, "at the post of duty. Let him who would serve me, serve my king."

"We will! we will!" cried the men.

Sigurd held up his hand.

"It is enough," said he; "I am content. And you, friend," said he to the late prisoner, "will you accompany me home?"

The man joyfully consented, and that same night those two departed to the sea, and before morning were darting over the waves towards the Castle of the North-West Wind.

* * * * *

Sigurd's secret was safely kept. Ulf, to the day of his death, knew nothing of his brother's journey to Niflheim; nor could he tell the reason why the loyalty of his soldiers revived from that time forward. He died in battle not long after, yet he lived long enough to repent of his harshness towards his brother, and to desire to see him again. Messengers from him were on their way to the Tower of the North-West Wind at the time when he fell on the field of Brulform. Sigurd's first act after becoming king was to erect a monument on the spot where Ulf fell, with this simple inscription, which may be read to this day, "To my Brother."

THE END.

IN A DOLL'S HOSPITAL.

There are four well-known hospitals in Fulham road, London. One is the Consumptive; then there is the Cancer; the third is the Hospital for Women; and the fourth is the Dolls' Hospital. It is a modest institution. There are no "earnest appeals" for funds, and it is supported by other than voluntary contributions. The hospital has extended the life of many a doll. Before it was founded a doll rarely lived longer than two weeks; a month made a patriarch. The hospital is nearly always full. No one is turned away as incurable. Patients are admitted for broken heads, or fractured limbs, loss of hair, eyes, nose, teeth, fingers, hands, toes, and wasting away of the body. Operations take place every day between 9 A. M. and 8 P. M.

"Most of our patients are away at the seaside now," said Mrs. Dr. Marsh, "and the seaside doesn't suit the constitution of many dolls. They are made to bathe too much, and no doll's body will stand water. I saw a little girl the other day at the seaside bathing the feet of a delicate looking doll."

"Do you think dolls are wilfully ill-treated?"

"No; a doll is usually well cared for and carefully tended. Serious accidents often occur, however, when a tiny girl has the charge of a big doll. The girl finds the doll too heavy to carry about, drops her, and the result is a broken head for "Dolly."

"How many dolls does a girl usually have?"

"It's difficult to say," said Dr. Marsh, thoughtfully. "An affectionate child likes one doll better than any other, and this doll she sticks to. A doll is brought to the hospital over and over again for a broken head, arm, or leg. But the little nurse never leaves her without many kisses, and a promise from me to be very good to her."

"Some children like forty dolls, though. Boy dolls are not popular unless their dress is characteristic; neither are lady dolls. It is short frocked and baby dolls that are liked best as a rule. But here's a grey-haired mother doll who has been here lots of times. This time she wants a new neck and her complexion wants attend-

ing to. She has an innocent-looking face," added the doctor.

"But all dolls seem to have rather stupid faces."

"The expression on the faces of some of the dolls is quite natural and beautiful. There's life in those eyes," said the Doctor, reproachfully pointing towards a big doll. "And look how beautifully the limbs are modelled. These hands are perfect. And look at the dimples in those elbows. Common dolls are not good-looking," the Doctor admitted.

"Where do the prettiest and best dolls come from?"

"The Jumeau dolls are the best made and the best looking. They come from Paris. Their faces are usually china and their bodies *papier-maché*. German dolls cost about one-third of what French dolls cost. You can get a German doll for 25 cents as large as a French doll that would cost you four times that sum. Yet both dolls would have china faces, and their bodies would be made of the same stuff. But the German doll wouldn't be nearly so well modelled as the French. Here is a doll that must have cost about \$5.00. She is about three feet tall, and all her limbs are jointed. There's nothing the matter with her; she's only come to have her hair shampooed and dressed."

"Are the best dolls' wigs made of human hair?"

"No, they're made of goat's hair usually. But often when a little girl has her own hair cut off she has it made into a wig for her doll."

"How many patients have you in the hospital to-day?"

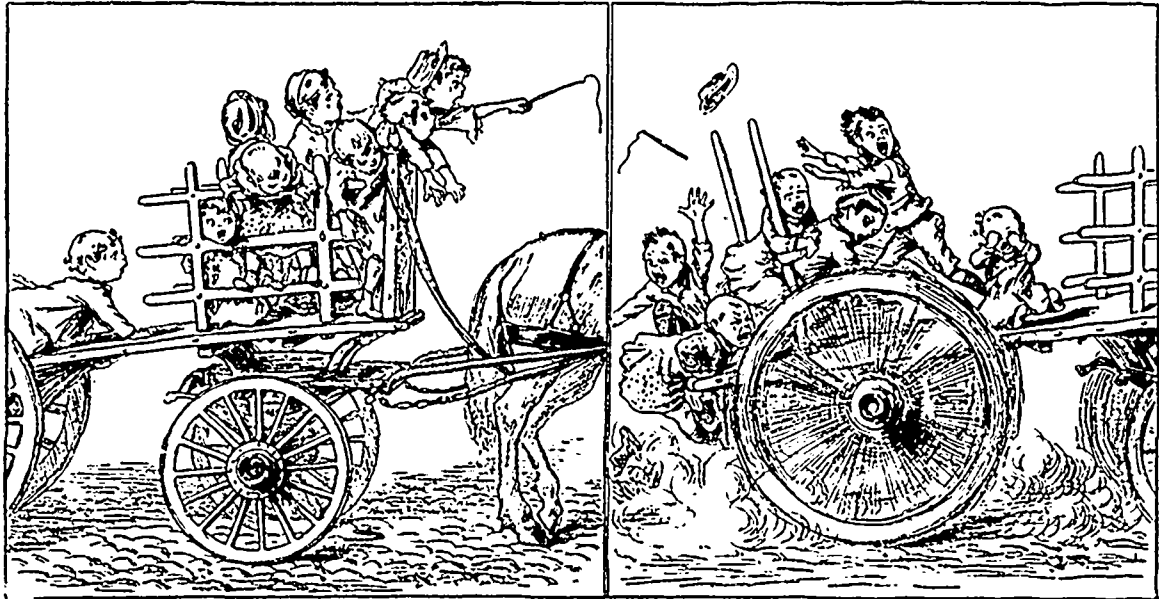
"Not more than twenty-five, but come and see them. A good many are serious cases. There's a family of four over there. The mother has a broken head, and her soldier son has lost his head and one arm. The two girls are a good deal battered. One looks as though she were going bald. This doll has lost one eye and the tip of her nose, but it can easily be mended, because she has a waxen face. Here's a doll with a gash down one side of her face, and it's so deep that I am afraid she will be obliged to have a new head. This is a dismembered doll. I am going to fix a new head and limbs on to the stump. It would have been thrown away if the doll hadn't been very old."

"Some of your patients' bills must be rather heavy?"

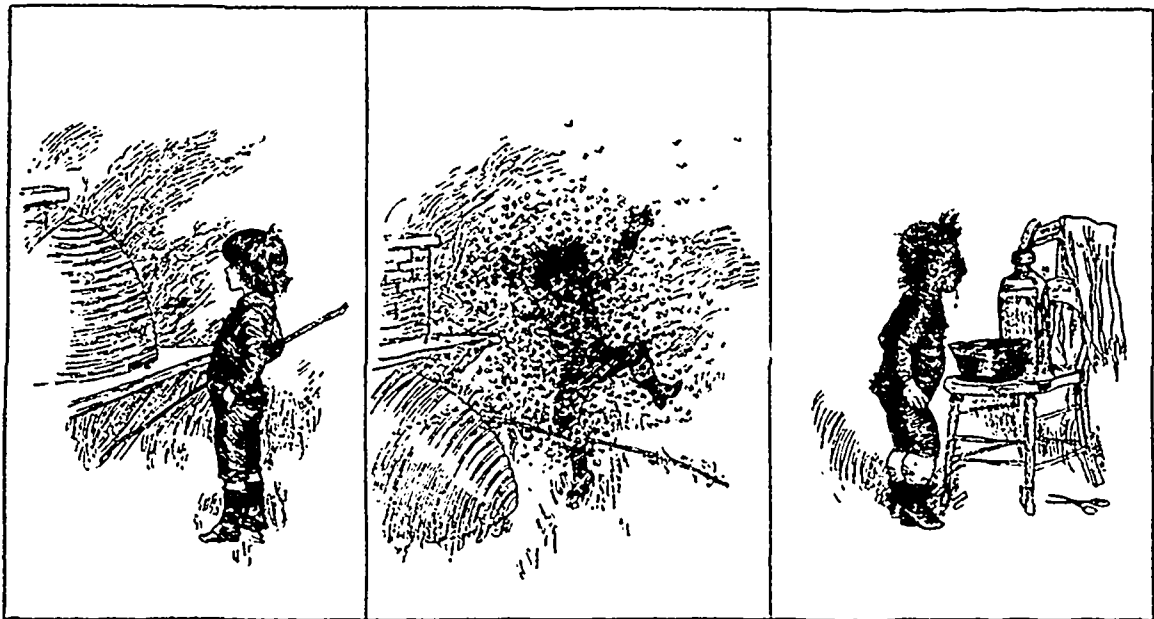
"Yes, but every year children grow more precocious and consequently less fond of dolls. Our artificial limb business outside is large. A gentleman from the country has been in this morning, and I don't know how many legs and arms he was commissioned to take back. He had got the measure of each."

PADDY AGAIN.

In days when flogging was in vogue as a punishment in the navy, a Scotchman and an Irishman, on the arrival of their ship in harbour, obtained leave to go ashore for a couple of days, but, having indulged in a drop too much, overstayed the period of leave granted them. When they did put in an appearance, they were brought up for punishment before the captain, who ordered them to undergo fifty lashes a-piece. On the day of punishment a parade was ordered to witness the infliction of the flogging. When all was ready, the Scotchman solicited as a favour to be allowed to have a piece of canvass on his back while the flogging was being administered. The captain granted the Scotchman's request; then turning to the Irishman, asked him if he required anything on his back whilst being flogged, to which the Irishman answered—"If ye plaze, yur honour, I'd like the Scotchman on my back."



BUMPS OF EXPERIENCE A STOLEN RIDE.



OUR FIRST READER.—THE LETTER B.

This **B**-oy is a **B**usy-**B**ody.

These **B**-ees are **B**-usy **B**-ees.

The **B**-oy will **B**-ehave **B**-etter next time.

Sporting dogs, which are used in mud, snow, and wet, are strangely clever and quick in cleaning and drying their coats; and it is a sure sign that a dog has been overtired if he shows any trace of mud or dirt next morning. Most of their toilette is done with the tongue, but they are very clever at using a thick box-bush or the side of a hay-stack as a rough towel.

In connection with the celebration of the 300th anniversary of the invention of the microscope, an International Exhibition is to be held in the course of this year at Antwerp. Microscopes of all kinds will be exhibited, from the earliest to the most modern, and apparatus of all kinds relating to microscopy.

When Wilberforce was a candidate for Parliament, his brilliant sister offered a new gown to the wife of every freeman who would vote for her brother, on which a cry was raised—"Miss Wilberforce for ever!" She replied—"I thank you, gentlemen, but I cannot agree with you; I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce for ever."

Indulgent Mother—"Doctor, I wish very much to have you prescribe some more pills for my darling Willie."

Physician—"Dear me, is he sick again?"

Indulgent Mamma—"No; but they are so much more respectable for his pea-shooter. I do hate to see him blowing those horrible vegetables about!"



POST-BAG.

FRED THOMSON — A warm friend of THE YOUNG CANADIAN has offered a series of botanical labels to the Wild Flower Club that proves itself best entitled to it. His address is Mr Wyatt Plant, The Mission House, Mattawa, Ont. The secretary of your club should write to him for particulars.

I have much pleasure in giving the following letter from our prize-winner in the May Calendar Competition:—

Weymouth, June 5th.

DEAR EDITOR,—Thank you very much for your kind letter, and for the Magnifying Glass Prize in the Calendar Competition for May. I think I will enjoy it very much, as I take a great interest in botany. I am very fond of Canadian History, and have read nearly all Parkman's works. I like to read, but I have not much time. I will be twelve the last of June

Yours sincerely,

GRACE E. B. RICE

In answer to many questions about the Gold Watch which is offered as a prize, I would say that it is the very finest of its kind that is made, a stem-winder, richly carved, and with every modern improvement. No better watch can be had. — ED. POST-BAG.

ROBINA F., Toronto — I am glad to know that you are putting your wild flowers under the microscope. You should keep both eyes open when you work with it. Accustom yourself to this from the beginning.

ALEX M. — For the wood, glass, and ivory mending you are engaged with you can make a good cement as follows. Take 4 ounces pale orange shellac, break it into small pieces, add 3 ounces of strong rectified spirit, let them digest each other in a well corked bottle, set in a warm place, when the mixture is as thick as treacle it is ready.

TOM MATHEWS. — Opinions differ as to the merits of Association and Rugby Football. The Rugby game is the oldest, and, in some places, most played.

ALICE MARY — We do not know why the sun puts a fire out, because, as a matter of fact, the sun does not put out a fire. It is probably a delusion. The placing of a poker on the top of the fire

to draw it up is another popular absurdity, and is the relic of the old superstition which led people to make a cross over the fire so as to scare away the evil spirits which were supposed to be in it. Your question reminds me of one sent to the Royal Society by King Charles II, when he asked for the reason why a bucketful of water with live fish in it weighed no more than the same quantity of water without the fish.

STUDENT — Cad has several derivations. It is short for "cadger" (or tallyman), one who cadges or carries—the frame on which the hawks sat was called a "cadge." It can also come "caddie" (French cadet), Scotch for boy, or from "cadaver," a corpse, which used to be University slang for a man who was not studying at one of the colleges.

SAMUEL JACKSON. — It is not easy for us to supply back numbers of THE YOUNG CANADIAN during our first year. The demands have been so great that in some issues it is impossible to send back copies. But if your news-agent said they are out of print, it must have meant that the trouble of procuring one would not pay him. In all cases write to the head office, Box 1896, Montreal. We shall do our best.

FRED WILLIAMS. — Wash your "graph" with cold water, or with water the least bit heated. Never use hot water.

MARY SIMPSON — For the insects on the plants in your little flower stand, dose them well with the fumes of tobacco paper. You can buy it of your chemist.

BOBBIE THOMSON. — Our advertisements are put into our YOUNG CANADIAN so that you may know what is the best kind of everything and where to get it. But we ourselves do not know the comparative merits. We only use the discretion of admitting only the announcements of high-class dealers. That ought to be enough.

LITTLE CARIE — I am very pleased with your sweet little letter. If you want your pressed ferns to turn out pretty skeletons you should soak them in water till they rot. Then mix a little chloride of lime and water. Lay the ferns in this to bleach. Then carefully scrape off the decayed matter with a pin. I shall be happy to know that your dear little fingers have been successful. Send me a line.

"DON'T YOU THINK THE EDITOR WILL KNOW? I AM SURE HE WILL."

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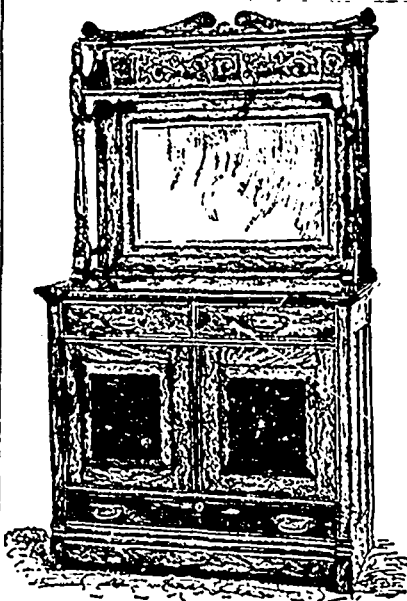
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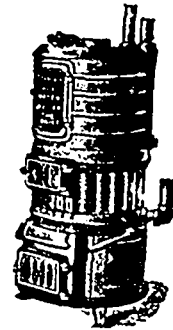
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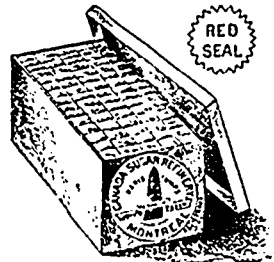
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