

AUGUST, 1902

THE CANADIAN BOY



A MAGAZINE
FOR
Young Canada

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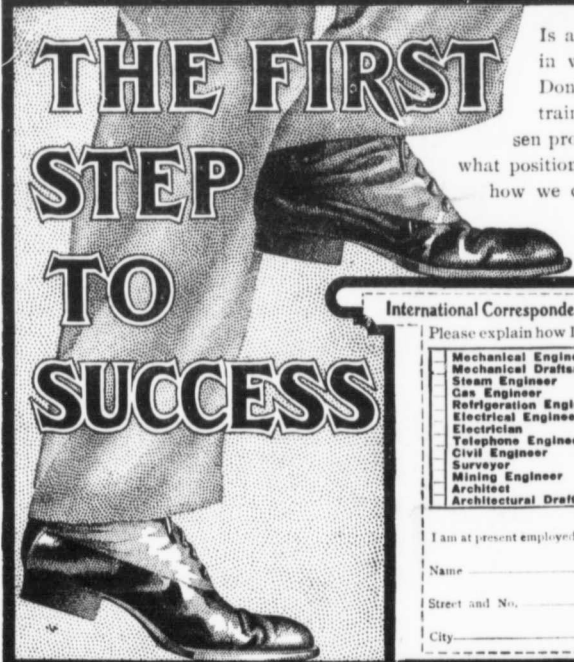
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The **CANADIAN BOY.**

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A Journal of Incident, Story and Self-Help.

Vol. 3.

GUELPH, AUGUST, 1902.

No. 5



THE BRITISH HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.



SONNET : The Deserted Schoolhouse.

J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

Again, I stood—the summer sky was fair—
 Before the old school on the grass-grown street ;
 The willows green were bending in the heat
 And shook their heads, sad drooping, in despair.
 The sparrows sat and nodded on the stair,
 I listened for the sound of anxious feet
 And longed once more loved faces dear to greet—
 I called in vain, for Silence, queen, reigned there.
 Then, in a dream, I saw the school again—
 The rosy morn full-bright upon her face—
 And through the Past, there stole sweet mem'ry's call,
 I heard glad shouts and laughter fill the plain ;
 The gray-haired master stood in his old place,
 I saw my youth—God's smile upon it all !



A SONG of SUMMER.

J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

<p>The dew lies thick upon the brake, The robin's song is ringing ; I hear his voice steal o'er the lake, And O, the joy 'tis bringing.</p> <p>He calls and welcomes o'er the hills The daylight, bright, adorning. That stoops to kiss the whisp'ring rills ; He stirs the heart of morning.</p> <p>The rose-bud opens up its eyes, Upon its velvet pillow ;</p>	<p>The meadow-lark 'neath opal skies Sings matins on the willow.</p> <p>The crimson gleams, with color, veil The sun's rays, in their blending, And over mountain, field and dale The warm beams are descending.</p> <p>They wake the lily, in her bed, Upon the clear brook sleeping, And through my window, curtained yet, They're peeping, peeping, peeping.</p>
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The Hero of Camp Roberts.

FOURTH PRIZE STORY COMPETITION.

L. Margaret Strang.

THE military spirit had always been strong in our town, but it had been strengthened and fostered by the outbreak of the South African war, when two of our boys left home to join that first contingent of brave Canadians, who left for South Africa to fight for the Motherland, and to show to the world, that though lacking in experience, there were none of the whole British Empire who could fight more bravely. Both our representatives were spared to return to their homes, one proudly displaying a bullet-wound in his shoulder, a souvenir of Paardeburg, the other with his fine constitution shattered by enteric fever.

The demonstrations at their return as well as at their departure had stirred the blood of young and old, and during their absence, the war columns of the newspapers were always eagerly scanned by men and women, boys and girls, eager to see what "our boys" had been doing. The Canadian Contingent was, of course, considered by us the main part of the British army.

Perhaps the most enthusiastic among us were the High School Cadets, a body that had just been organized, their drill master being the mathematical master in the school. They were fortunate in having such a leader, for George Roberts was a well-principled young man, and naturally fond of boys. Being an athlete, loving all out-of-door sports, he was looked up to by all the boys, and his opinion counted for much among them.

During the campaign, the Cadets had been indefatigable in helping with patriotic entertainments, garden parties,

and anything by which they could earn money for the Patriotic Fund of Canada. In this way the boys felt that, though they could not fight, they were sharing in the work. Interest in military matters, however, had flagged, when the stimulus that the war had given to the town was removed, and the boys sometimes felt, though they would never have confessed it even to themselves, that the drill was becoming rather tedious and monotonous.

But the summer holidays were drawing near, and with them that delightful prospect that Captain Roberts had held out to them. He had offered to take the whole cadet corps camping with him, on the bank of a little river not far from the town, where their would be boating, swimming, and hunting, to suit all tastes. Needless to say, the boys were all looking forward to this holiday with the greatest pleasure.

There was another matter that was agitating the minds of the privates in the company. During the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to Canada in the coming autumn, it was said that the neighboring city was one of those to be honored by the presence of their Royal Highnesses. A great demonstration was to be held in their honor, one feature of which was to be the military review, and the company from our town were, of course, ordered to attend with their regiment. More than this, the officers of the cadets were expected to be present with the town company. Great was the excitement therefore, among these officers when they



On the bank of a little river.

learned that they were to be among those soldiers who would be reviewed by their future king. One of the corporals, however, had left the school that spring, and his place had not yet been filled. There were several among the rank and file who had reasonable hopes of being appointed, and none was perhaps more eager for it than Jack MacFarlane. He was only sixteen, but well-grown, and Captain Roberts had always found in him a trustworthy and manly little soldier. There were others though, who had apparently just as much claim, and who had the advantage of a year or so, though not of many inches. It seemed as if it would be a hard matter to decide, and at the end of the term the position was still vacant.

One hot day in the beginning of the holidays, one might have seen creeping along the hot dusty road that led out of town, waggons piled high with all the paraphernalia of camp-life, and flanked on each side by numerous bicyclists who seemed to find difficulty in accommodating their pace to the lazy horses.

Though the majority of the boys, among whom was Captain Roberts, were riding, there were some balancing themselves in rather precarious positions on

top of the loads. Perched in a rather more secure spot than the others was a boy somewhat smaller than the others. His delicate little face looked out of place among these strong and sturdy would-be soldiers, but he was the bugler of the cadets, and had pleaded hard to go with them. His mother, knowing little of camp life, had been loath to let him go, till she heard that Jack MacFarlane was among the number.

Now Jack was by no means a perfect boy; he had as many faults as most boys of his age, but there was that about him that made one instinctively trust him, and Teddy's mother felt that if she could entrust her boy to Jack, he would be all right. In her eagerness to grant her little boy this pleasure, she perhaps overlooked the fact that it might spoil Jack's pleasure to be responsible for a delicate little boy who could not enter into all the fun and pursuits of the older boys. It must be confessed that Jack was not very gracious at first about the trust confided to him.

"It's an awful bore," he grumbled to Tom, his chum, "to have a kid tagging after you all the time. I won't be able to go anywhere without him."

"Oh, well! never mind," said good-

natured Tom, who couldn't bear to see Jack looking so unhappy, "We'll help you play nurse."

Nevertheless Jack knew that Teddy was his charge, and being an honorable boy, he never tried to shirk his duty. He was of a philosophical turn of mind, and having once made up his mind to it, he soon became reconciled to the idea; and on this day of their departure from home, there seemed to be no damper whatever on his spirits, nor did Teddy ever find out from any word of Jack's,

themselves, might spoil with a wetting, was almost hidden among trees; and flowing past it, was a little creek in which their butter and milk could be kept as cool as in a refrigerator. It also served as a wash-basin and a dish-pan.

In among the trees the tents were soon pitched, and everything made ready for the first night in "Camp Roberts," as the boys had unanimously agreed to name it, as much for their teacher as for their favourite South African hero.

Then followed days filled to the brim



Among the trees the tents were soon pitched.

what a sacrifice the latter had made for him. As for Teddy he was supremely happy, for Jack had always been his hero, and to be allowed to go with the the "big fellows" was indeed a treat.

Boys are not, as a rule, supposed to have an eye for the beautiful, but a more picturesque spot, or a more refreshing contrast to the hot and dusty world outside than this spot they had chosen, could hardly be imagined. The "shack" which they had put up to hold their provisions and such things which, unlike

with such pleasures as the boys had never before experienced, for Captain Roberts understood boys about as thoroughly as he did mathematics. It was not all play. Every morning they had their regular drill, and as they were divided into squads, what work there was to do was pretty evenly divided among them.

The river of course was the chief attraction; there was a steep bank down which they had to climb to reach it, but that only added to the fun. In a pun,



Days filled to the brim with such pleasures.

they had made for themselves, the boys would spend many an hour on the river exploring the banks up and down. It was Teddy's greatest pleasure to be allowed in the boat, and at the end of the holiday, his mother would hardly have recognized in the brown and sunburnt lad her delicate little Teddy.

In the woods, on the outskirts of which they had pitched their camp, there was plenty of game, principally black squirrels, for the sportsmen, and here Captain Roberts brought a party of them for a final shoot on the day before that set for their return home. Now this was one sport that Jack had never taken kindly to, and he had been rallied about it by the other boys. He thought, therefore, that this was his opportunity to show what he could do.

Late in the afternoon, Captain Roberts came up to him.

"What, not got anything yet, Jack? I thought you were rather a good marksman," he said.

"Oh, but that's at a target" answered Jack, "I can't shoot these poor little

squirrels." "Besides" he added lamely, "I don't care for squirrel stew."

"Well, we do," laughed his teacher, "but I always thought that you wanted to be a soldier, and if you're afraid to shoot a squirrel, why—"

He did not finish his remarks for at that moment Jack noticed a pretty black squirrel on a branch not far from him, and stung to the quick by the tone of Roberts' voice, whose good opinion he valued more than that young man then realized, he took aim and fired. The little thing fell, and he ran forward to pick it up, just as some of the other boys appeared at the sound of the shot.

"Oh, I've killed it!" exclaimed Jack, with something very like a sob.

"Well, you may thank your stars you have, I wouldn't be a baby about it," sneered a big fellow, a rival of Jack's, who had had no luck that day. The ill-concealed contempt in the faces of the other boys, who beheld for the first time this new phase of Jack's character was too much for the poor boy. But the

"unkindest cut of all" came from his teacher, who said :

" Why, Jack ! I didn't think that you were so chicken-hearted."

Jack turned on his heel, and walked quickly back to the camp, leaving on the ground the poor little dead squirrel that he had so unwillingly killed.

George Roberts had no intention of being so cruel when he spoke as he did. He was a born sportsman, and had always firmly believed that wild animals had been created for the special purpose of being hunted and killed. But the look in Jack's face haunted him, for he had always been fond of the boy, and he felt that he had been unjust in his charge. This fact rather ruffled his usually amiable temper, and he hurried the boys back to the camp, for it was beginning to get dark, and threatening and distant rumblings of thunder could be heard.

Only one who has been placed in a similar position can understand the agony that the sensitive boy suffered that evening. It seemed to his excited imagination that all the boys shunned him, and there was no mistaking the contempt expressed on more than one face. There were some there who were not sorry to see what they thought was a weak spot in the character of the popular Jack. Though the faithful Tom and the loving little Teddy did all they could to reassure and comfort him, they could not make up to him for the good opinion of Captain Roberts which he felt he had forfeited, and it was in a melancholy frame of mind that he crept away to bed.

That night, after all were safe in their tents, the storm broke. It did not last long, nor did much rain fall, but it was enough to terrify poor Teddy. He crept beside Jack, but the latter was not in a very sympathetic mood and did not prove much of a comfort. They both soon fell asleep again, but in an hour or

so, though it seemed to Jack only a few minutes, he suddenly awoke to find the moon streaming through the opening in the tent. It took him some minutes to realize his position. Then he remembered that when he had fallen asleep, Teddy was with him, but there was no sign of him now, anywhere in the tent. The other boys there were sleeping soundly, and Jack was about to waken them and raise the alarm, when he suddenly remembered something Teddy's mother had told him before they left home.

" When in an excited state of mind," she said, " he used to often walk in his sleep, but he is getting over it now, and I don't think he will trouble you. If he should, be sure not to waken him suddenly, for his uncle, who was troubled in the same way, had a severe attack of brain fever after being suddenly awakened while walking in his sleep."

Jack had not thought much of it at the time, but it all recurred to him so vividly now, and he resolved to bring him back if possible, without any disturbance. Slipping on some clothes, for the air was much cooler now after the thunder, he went quietly and quickly out of the tent, but no Teddy could he find. Instinctively he hurried over to the bank of the river, not daring to think what he might find there. The full moon made everything almost as bright as day, so he had no trouble in seeing, to his horror, the punt floating down the river, and in it a little white figure. How he had got there Jack didn't stop to think, but clambered quickly down the hill. Farther down in the river he could distinguish a dark object, a fallen tree that had perished in the storm. This he knew might stop the boat, but with such a jar that it must surely waken Teddy, and how frightened the timid boy would be, to waken in such a place, and at such an hour, Jack could well imagine. He must stop the boat before it

reached the tree, and it was now drifting straight towards it. Running along the beach till nearly opposite the boat, he jumped in. The water, chilled with the storm, struck him with a shock that took his breath away, but he struck out manfully. At first the punt seemed to be gaining on him. Would he never reach it! But his steady strokes soon told, for he was a strong swimmer. He at last reached the boat within a few yards of the tree. But how to stop it! Teddy evidently was in a state of somnambulism, and noticed nothing. It was Jack's purpose to keep him in that condition until he was safe, so, carefully taking hold of the side of the boat, and paddling himself as well as possible with the other hand he reached the tree. There he moored the boat until he could climb in himself, which he did by means of the log. At any moment now Teddy might waken, so taking the old rug that lay in the bottom of the boat, he wrapped it carefully around the little white figure, speaking as soothingly to him as his mother would have done, for Jack was naturally a gentle boy, and the tender heart that grieved over the death of a squirrel was well fitted to comfort a frightened little boy. Teddy, however, did not apparently realize his position, for he snuggled down in the bottom of the boat, only murmuring, "you're not cross with me are you, Jack?" A question that made Jack's conscience prick him when he thought how unkind he had been to him earlier in the evening. But seizing the oars, though almost exhausted, and shivering in his wet and scanty garments, he rowed quickly back to the landing place. What was his surprise and delight when he looked up the bank to see a figure whom he soon recognized to be Captain Roberts, hurrying down to meet them. There was no one he would rather have seen at that

moment, for the events of the afternoon had been quiet forgotten by him, until the Captain grasped his hand with unusual vigor as he stepped out of the boat.

"Forgive me, Jack" he exclaimed, "it isn't true, you're a hero."

That was all, but it was enough for Jack, worn out as he was, it would have been too much for him—he was only sixteen—but he had still his charge to think of. His teacher, however, was before him. Carefully he lifted Teddy out for he was now waking up. How they reached the top of the bank, Jack never knew, but he soon found himself before a blazing camp fire, with a group of admiring comrades rubbing him down as if he had just completed a ten-mile race. Thanks to their care and to his strong constitution, he was none the worse for his adventures, and what was more to him, he felt that he had won back the respect of the whole camp which he fancied at one time he had lost.

Poor Teddy did not escape so easily, for that night's exposure brought on a severe cold which kept him in bed for some time. However, he is getting stronger, and his greatest ambition is to become as strong and brave as "his Jack."

When the Duke and Duchess visited the city, the military review was conceded to be one of the best features of the reception. While watching the soldiers pass, we could not but be proud of our own little company. Among them could be easily distinguished Corporal Jack McFarlane, and it is to be questioned if, in all the ranks, there was a prouder or happier looking Tommy.

Read the CANADIAN BOY.

A Young Canadian's Manly Stand

A TRUE STORY.

BY MARGARET McK. MacTAVISH.

AROUND the supper table of a boarding-house in an American city, a number of young men were gathered one evening. They were nearly all students at the city University, and the conversation had drifted to the various plans of study that they followed. It was near the beginning of the session, and the young men were as yet comparative strangers to each other.

"For my part," said Harty Watson, a merry-faced young fellow, "I believe in the happy-go-lucky plan of studying what you like, when you feel like it."

"I, on the contrary," replied Alfred Black, one of the oldest men at the table, "find it necessary to study most what I don't like, and to study whether I feel in the humor for it or not."

"I make it a rule always to review the day's work before taking up that for the following day," remarked a third.

"Oh, I do all my reviewing on Sunday," said Aubrey Hunter, a slender, delicate-looking youth.

A fair-haired, athletic young fellow at one end of the table looked up in surprise at this last remark, but to the others there seemed nothing surprising in it, and another said:

"I keep Sunday for my most difficult subject. I think my brain is clearer that day than on other days."

Harty Watson had noticed the look of surprise on the fair-haired lad's face, so he said to him, mischievously,

"What subject do you usually study on Sunday, Roberts?"

"I have never even thought of using the Sabbath for such a purpose," replied Roberts in clear manly tones.

The answer brought the eyes of all present upon the speaker, whose fair face flushed, but whose eyes met the others unflinchingly.

"Not study on Sunday!" exclaimed Aubrey Hunter. "How on earth do you expect to keep up?"

"Where do you hail from, anyway?" asked Harty Watson.

"I come from Canada," responded Roberts. "My father is a Presbyterian minister there, and if he taught me anything, he taught me to keep the Sabbath, and that I am determined to do. If I cannot keep up my studies and do that, why, I shall have to drop out, that's all. *But I'll not drop out.*"

The resolute manner in which he concluded his little speech won an approving "Hear, hear!" from two or three of the listeners. But others shook their heads, and Aubrey Hunter said almost sneeringly:

"Well I'd like to see your marks at examination time."

"Ay that's the test," said another, and then they all rose from the table.

As the term passed on, Stanley Roberts' resolution to keep the Sabbath as a day of rest and worship, was severally tested. Monday's programme of classes was one of the heaviest of the week, and when he knew that his companions all about him

were spending the leisure hours of the Sunday in getting up their work, he sometimes felt that if he did not follow their example, he could not hope to keep pace with them in the class-room.

However, he was faithful to his principles, and though he sometimes felt discouraged, he really lost nothing even in his class-work, for the total rest and change of thought refreshed his mind so that he returned to his work with renewed zest each week.

"Hello, Roberts," called Aubrey Hunter one Monday, as the two met on their way to the College, "you look as fresh as the morning. What do you take to keep you in such fine trim?"

"Nothing but what you might have," said Stanley, looking pittingly at the white, sunken cheeks and heavy eyes of the man who addressed him. "Nothing but one day's rest in seven, and that's what you need. I tell you, Hunter, you can't stand this strain. How late did you study last night?"

"Oh, till somewhere near morning," said Hunter, wearily.

"With a wet cloth around your head. I suppose," said Stanley. "You will kill yourself, man, and then what use will it all be?"

"Oh, I'm tough," said Hunter, grimly. "Besides, I tell you, it's now or never with me. My family need my help, and I must not only pass, but pass high, so that I can command a situation at once."

"Well," said Stanley, "of course I cannot presume to dictate to you, but I feel that you are making a mistake. One who is wiser than we are has ordained the day of rest, and we will suffer if we disregard it."

His companion did not answer, except by a shrug of his shoulders, and as they were just at the College the conversation dropped.

Throughout the term Aubrey Hunter kept up by a free use of medicines and stimulants, but once the strain was over, his health gave way like an overstrained bow. He was carried fainting from the examination room, and instead of being a help to his family, he found himself for a long time a charge upon those whom he hoped to help.

The loyal young Canadian, whom we have called Stanley Roberts, went up to his examination with a strong body and clear mind. When the results were published, he stood high in the list, with over seventy-five per cent. of the total marks to his credit. His high stand enabled him to command a most desirable position, and he is to-day speedily advancing in his chosen profession.

May his example inspire other Canadian boys and girls to stand up firmly for their principles, and to respect and cherish that which has been hitherto one of the greatest blessings in our country—a well kept Sabbath.—*The King's Own.*

CHAINLESS ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.—A young man rented a wheel of the chainless variety. When he got off to take a rest, he saw that the chain was gone, and he hunted half of the night for it and couldn't find it. He then got a jolly old farmer to haul him and the wheel back home.

NOT THE CAUSE.—A small boy was leaning over the rail of a steamer, in the agonies of seasickness. His near-sighted mother, seeing him standing by the rail, said, "Is my little boy watching the moon come up?" "No, mother," said he, "I didn't eat the moon."

A TALE.

A COMPETITION STORY.

By Owen Templeton.

"Then began
A clamour for the land-lord's tale,—
The story promised them of old
They said, but always left untold;
And he although a bashful man,
And all his courage seemed to fail,
Finding excuse of no avail,
Yielded; and thus the story ran."

"Tales of a Wayside Inn."

Tell you a story? Why I thought you knew all the stories I had to tell. What! about the dagger there? Well, perhaps you never have heard its story. To it I owe all my happiness. Now if you draw your chairs closer to the fire, I'll begin.

The story I am going to tell is one about the early days of this colony of ours. At that time I was about thirty years of age, strong and tall, standing nearly six feet in Jack-boots. An abundance of thick dark locks and a rather pleasant face, at least so I have been told, gave me whatever personal charm I had. Add to this the reputation for being the strongest swordsman and the surest shot in the New England colonies and you will see me as I was in those days of intrigue and warfare. Other than these attractions Rolfe Mannering had few, except an unsullied name, a few acres of tobacco and four evil-visaged servitors. But in those days I was not greatly troubled by this lack of wealth, for in one little settlement of Kingsboro, comprising an inn, a few dozen houses and a fort. Indeed Sir John Goodeve, the Company's official, was the only person with any pretensions to wealth,

although we all had at least one good horse, and no one though of appearing in a costume more than three months behind those in vogue in London. My house was within the palisades, while my fields and the cabin in which my servants lived lay half a mile farther up the little river that lapped the side of our wooden fort. This edifice was a wonder of military architecture. Logs stripped of their bark and having the crevices filled with lime formed the walls, while through embrasures frowned five diminutive culverins. But rough as it was, many a time it had withstood the fierce onslaught of the Indians. Below the fort and commanded by its cannon, stood the pier, where usually a group of brown-sailed sloops tugged at their painters. On the opposite shore, although the fact had been mentioned in the council the huge forest trees still grew close to the water's edge. Behind the wharf and fort clustered the village, with the palisade and, beyond the outer clearing, the forest in full view. This was the scene of my early manhood and of my story.

It was a fresh May morning when the "Hope" stood up our little river for the town. The sun gleamed bright on her foll white sails, as dipping her ensign in salute, she passed our modest wharf and made for her anchorage off the fort. Down came her sails with a run like a ship of the line, for good Master Hawthorne maintained strict discipline on board. The bow anchor

was let go and, as the cable became taut, her course was checked, and slowly turning with the stream, there she hung her head towards the distant mountains, upon the poop, returning our salutations, stood my Lord Hermitage, and his daughter Lady Maude with a few members of his household. Lady Maude stood a little apart and seemed to take no interest in the proceedings. Her softly rounded face, framed with dark ringlets, bore a look of annoyance, for in truth this change from court to wilderness was not at all to her liking. She did not, however, appear to be the only one of the company who did not relish the prospect of a life so void of pleasure. Near the ladder, as if he were not of the party, was a man dressed in the height of fashion. He appeared to be in deep thought but ever and anon he shot a quick glance at my Lady, seeming undecided whether to advance or retire. But even as I watched him from my place of vantage in the fort he turned and descending the ladder passed into the cabin, while the others, at the request of Master Hawthorne, entered a boat which had been lowered, and were rowed towards the shore. Instinctively I felt that the presence of this man so foppishly dressed, proved no good for my Lady Maude, and for reasons which I scarcely dared own, I hated him.

The boat, rowed by four brawny seamen, soon reached the landing! So leaving the fort, I hastened to join the welcoming group and take my place with the council. Sir John after greeting the travellers introduced us in turn to our future commander and his daughter. On my being presented to My Lady, I can say it now without shame, I blushed like a boy and thanked Heaven that had prompted me to wear my newest black velvet doublet

with thick Flemish lace at the throat and wrists.

The ceremony of introduction over, Lord Hermitage was conducted to Sir John's house and the people trooped in a body into the top-room of the *Indian's Head*. I went directly to my own house, having much upon my mind. Never before had I noticed how cheerless and desolate it looked, how poorly furnished and with what lack of taste. The remainder of that day I spent alone building castles in the air and polishing my sword, for this I took a pride in having clean and bright, it having been my companion through many a long campaign. But ever as I pondered, that fellow was mingled with my dreams. I knew him not, yet the more I thought the more certain I became that he whom I had seen upon the "Hope" was in Kingsboro for no good purpose. So I decided to take myself that night to the inn and learn what I might about him.

Accordingly as the blood-red moon came over the forest trees, buckling my sword to my side, I sallied forth. Nearing the inn I heard the sound of singing and able to distinguish the words of a rollicking drinking ditty, sung however in very uncertain tones. The sign of the *Indian's Head* hung creaking in the full glare of golden light that streamed through the half-opened door. As I passed beneath the casement the singing ceased and I heard the voice of one whom I did not know. "Yes. Everybody worshipped her. But I was the favored one. For me she would have given body and soul Faugh! I would have none of her wooing. My Lady Maude—" This was more than I could stomach so throwing wide open the door, I strode into the room. "How now, sir!" I cried, bringing my hand down on the

table so that all the goblets jumped. "Who may you be that so trifles with a lady's name? What lies are these?"

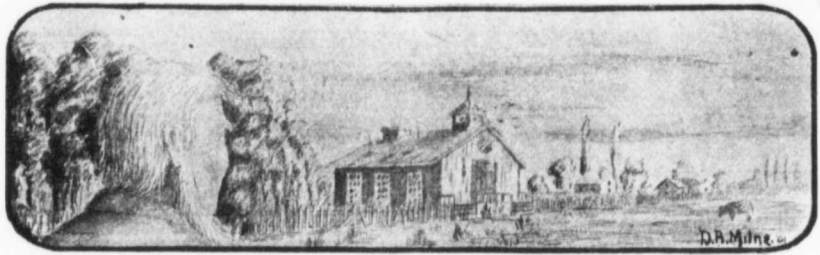
The man whom I had seen upon the "Hope" had been the speaker, but so taken aback was he at my sudden attack that he could do naught but glare, one hand still clutching a flagon from which the wine had run out upon the table. But quickly recovering himself, he rose and made me a profound bow full of ill-hidden disdain. "May it please your Lordship I am Humphrey Gilbert." At this his drunken companions laughed. But I was in no mood for buffoonery, so silencing them with a glance, I turned on him. "Then Master Gilbert will have opportunity to prove that his sword is as glib as his tongue." "I see no reason why my —" "Reason, say you! Let this be your reason," and I struck him full across the cheek with my gauntlet. "Your life for this," he cried, and would have stabbed me, had I not avoided his furious rush. As I stepped back I drew my sword and was ready. The next time he was more cautious and by his pose I knew he would prove a dangerous opponent. For a time we fought easily, each seeking to learn the other's strength, but when he pricked me on the arm, I pressed him harder. After this I can remember little of the fight. All seemed a dream. I felt it was not real—the clash of swords and hissing gasps for breath, the flickering torch light and the ring of watching faces. Now through the open door, as we turned, I saw the towering masts of the "Hope," blackly etched upon the rising moon and then through the leaded window, the governor's house deep sunk in shadow. But again I was touched and my head was clear as day. I saw that master Gilbert was nearly spent and fought the

harder. Suddenly he sank upon his knee, the rapier falling with a clatter from his hand, and I, unwilling to kill the fellow when he was powerless, stood over him, with sword point resting on the floor. Then without warning the wretche's hand travelled to his side and drawing his poniard, he stabbed me on the breast. I swayed a moment, then fell in the widening pool of blood, unconscious.

When I awoke the sun was shining. I saw that I was in a strange place and knew it must be the governor's house, for there beside my bed sat the Lady Maude. I have always remembered those days of convalescence as the happiest of my life. Seated in an arbor of grape-vines I heard from her own lips the story. Sir John, summoned by the watch, entered the room as I fell, and Master Gilbert, cutting his way through the crowd escaped. They carried me to Sir John's house, and for seven days I lay betwixt life and death. You have all heard of what follows the marriage in the little church. As for Master Gilbert, he had been a wild youth at court and my lord had brought him to the colony. On the long sea-voyage he had fallen in love with Lady Maude—I could not blame him—but he was not successful in his suit and so determined to have revenge. Nothing more, however, was heard of him and all he left behind was that which caused that delightful period of convalescence—his poniard.

WHAT DOUBLED HIM UP.—"Misfortunes always come in pairs," sighed Johnny in his troubles. But Johnny's pears were very green. So his came in doubles.

WHIPPED AND NOT WHIPPED.—Mr. Kipling's little girl, while being punished for telling a story, sobbed out: "Boo-hoo! My papa writes lots of stories and gets money for 'em, and I tell one little weeny story and get spanked. Boo-hoo!"



The Workers of Northern Ontario

BY HARVEY GRANT.

WE have heard a good deal about the New Ontario lately, especially those of us who are living in Ontario, and anything that pertains to the development and welfare of that vast section of our country, should be of interest to every Canadian. Last year we briefly referred to a work that is being carried on there, and we have pleasure in doing so again at a little greater length. If by so doing we render any service to a very worthy enterprise we shall be all the better pleased.

The chief industry of Northern Ontario has been hitherto, and is still, the lumber business. What with the development of the pulp industry, and in spite of the rapid advance of the mining interests, the exploitation of our forests there will, at least for some years to come, continue to be the lasting industrial feature of that great region.

The lumber business is carried on almost entirely by means of lumber camps, which are moved from place to place to suit circumstances. Bodies of men, many of them young, work in connection with these throughout the long winter. The means of recreation are few and sometimes not very elevating in

their tendency. Idle hours are wasted, if not worse than wasted.

To provide a profitable means of relaxation for the men, a movement was started about two years ago that has met with an encouraging measure of success. It is that for the establishment of Reading Camps and Club Houses in connection with the lumber, mining and railway construction camps, and for providing for their physical welfare by sanitary inspection and medical attendance, and for their intellectual welfare, by giving them good reading matter and a measure of instruction in the common branches of education.

The leader in this movement is the Rev. Alfred Fitzpatrick, of Nairn Centre. In a booklet recently issued he gives an account of the work from its inception to the present time. The booklet is interesting and nicely illustrated, and we doubt not will be sent free to anyone interested in the work. From it we glean a few facts that may appeal to some of our readers.

One of the great hardships of life in the lumber woods is the difficulty of getting proper medical attendance for the men in case of accident or of serious sick-



READING ROOM, BOOTH & GORDON'S CAMP, AZILDA, Ont.

ness, especially when contagious diseases, such as smallpox, break out. Occasional visits from a medical man will not do. There must be regular attendance on the part of a resident doctor, who, however, may attend to two or more camps when

they are not too far apart. Mr. Fitzpatrick proposes to solve this difficulty by getting students to spend the fifth year of their course in the woods with the lumbermen. These students could at the same time superintend the reading rooms and

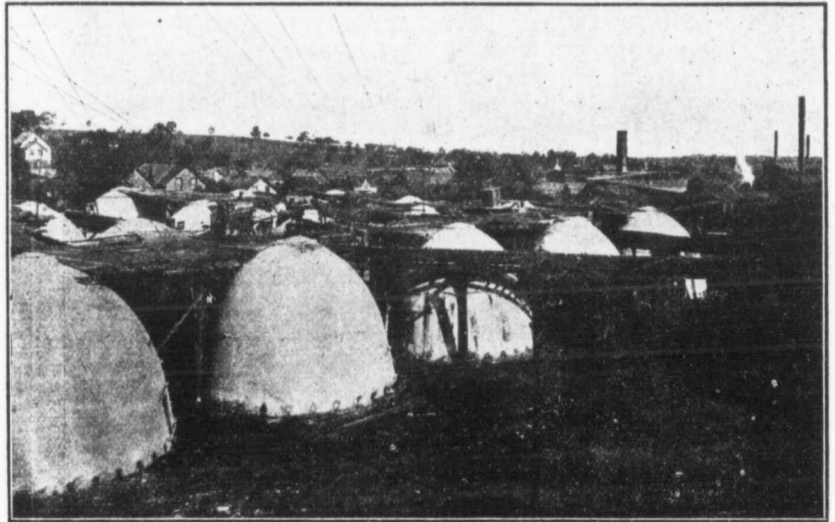


WALLACE McCORMACK & SHEPPARD'S READING CAMP.—IN THE DEPTH OF WINTER.
35 Miles from Blind River, Ont.

club houses, and act as instructors of evening classes. At present the Board of Health insists that employers engage a doctor, who must pay monthly visits to the camp, and oftener if necessary. For camps that happen to be near a doctor the system works well, but, unfortunately, these are few, and other arrangements should be made. It is a shame that these brave woodmen should have to run the risk of blood poisoning by having a wound stitched by a foreman, without antiseptics, or by having

eighteen miles by rail, or Sudbury, thirty-three miles by rail. Within fifteen months six men died by accident, one hundred and fifty were invalided by disease and fifty by wounds. The same is true of nearly every lumbering and mining section. The death and accident rates of the lumbering, mining and railway construction camps is as high as it is in the British army, including time of action.

Employers and the public generally are put to great inconvenience and expense. Resident physicians alone will



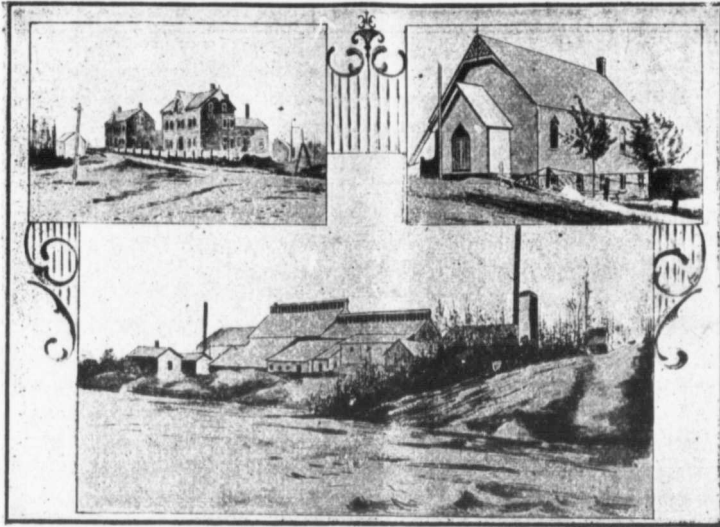
THE RATHBUN CO'S CHARCOAL KILNS—CHEMICAL WORKS, DESERONTO, ONT.
Reading Camps 20 miles from Gilmour and 15 miles from Dwight, Ont.

to take a long, rough drive to get to a doctor.

Specific instances are given. A young man was taken ill with typhoid fever. As there was no resident physician he was taken some distance to a hospital and died. Another, with diphtheria, was removed from another camp and likewise died. Had these men had prompt medical attendance they would probably have recovered. At Nairn Centre there are 800 men within a radius of twenty miles with no doctor nearer than Webwood,

give satisfaction. Medical graduate students ought to be allowed the option of spending the fifth year of their course in the camps. Hundreds of young doctors would be only too glad to have a chance of earning enough money to work off their final council examinations. A young doctor, who would at once be a physician, sanitary inspector and instructor, would be a blessing in more ways than one.

Practical instruction has been given in the mining camps of the Province in



MANAGER'S RESIDENCE, HALL AND READING ROOM, ARSENIC WORKS
THE CANADIAN GOLD FIELDS, DELORA, ONT.

mineralogy, geology and metallurgy. Of course this has been elementary, but the system should be extended. Many of the men at the mines and in the forests cannot even read, and opportunities

should be afforded them of getting the rudiments of a general education, as well as some information on their special kinds of work.

As to reading matter, much has been

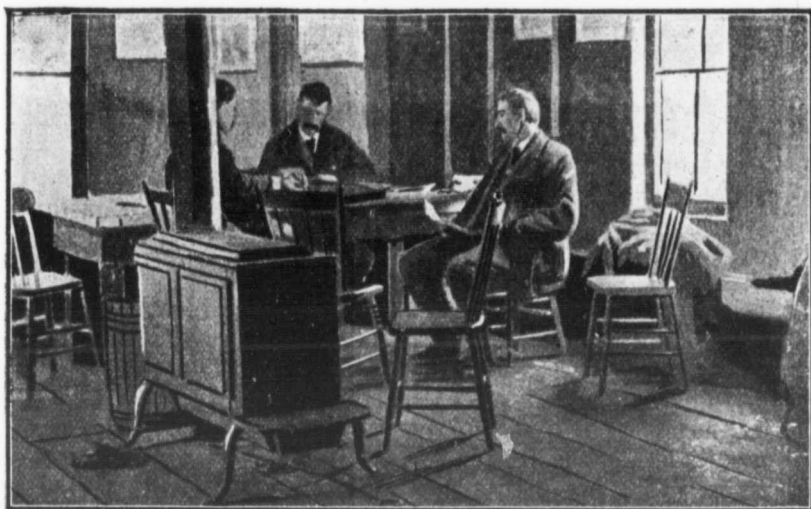


PLAYFAIR & WHITE'S SAW MILL, MIDLAND, ONT.—Reading Camp at Beaverston.

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A CORNER IN THE ONTARIO LUMBER CO'S READING ROOM
6 miles from North Bay, Ont.

supplied in the way of donations of papers, magazines and books. An experiment has been tried with travelling libraries, but a serious obstacle has been met in the danger of contagion from books that are moved from one camp to another. A better arrangement is the providing of cheap books that may stay with a camp till worn out. Why should the Public Libraries Act not be so amended as to aid in supplying books, papers and magazines, and in providing for evening classes in the reading camps or club-houses?

Sandy was advised to take shower-baths. A friend explained to him how to fit up one by the use of a cistern and colander, and Sandy accordingly set to work and had the thing done at once. Subsequently, he was met by the friend who had given him the advice, and was asked how he enjoyed the bath.

"Mon," said he, "it was fine. I liked

The first season three reading shanties were put up as an experiment. These proved so attractive and beneficial that the next season there were in all twenty-seven such places for recreation and improvement. The attitude of the employers is most friendly, and they do a great deal to help on the scheme.

Perhaps some of our young readers would like to assist by getting up boxes of good literature for use in these camps. E. A. Hardy, B.A., is librarian of the movement and would no doubt be glad to give any directions needed.

it rafe weel, and kept myself" quite dry, too."

Being asked how he managed to take the shower and yet remain quite dry, he replied: "Hoot, mon! ye dinna surely think I was sae daft as stand ablow the water without an umbrella?"

Read the CANADIAN BOY.

A Friend to the Boys.

WHAT a sturdy boy the late Principal Grant must have been. See him trudging along with his school boy's bag of books slung across his shoulder, cheery as the lark, although the miles were long, and the road rough. A visitor to Pictou, Nova Scotia, Principal Grant's native county, a year or two ago, had pointed out to him the road along which the Principal used to walk to the Pictou Academy every morning and evening. The distance of the Academy from his home was ten miles.

Like almost all really great men, the Principal retained the boy spirit through all the stress and strain of a laborious life. In reply to a message of sympathy, his son, Mr. W. L. Grant wrote: "My father was young to the end. He loved boys, and only last year I saw him joining with boyish delight in a boys' swimming contest. He sympathized with all his nature in any attempt to make the boys of Canada more healthy in mind and soul, more full of the true broad ideals of Christianity. May his spirit still guide you in your work for the youth of Canada."

As is well known, Principal Grant had the misfortune, when a boy, to lose the major portion of his right hand in a straw-cutter. This explains the following touching incident:—

In the early years of his ministry he labored in the little Nova Scotian village of River John, and in later years sometimes returned to spend a few days among his old acquaintances.

On one of these occasions he was staying with the minister of the place, and after the two had spent a long day

in visiting, they returned to the manse late in the evening.

The minister's wife told them, when they came in, of a lad living about a mile away, who had met with an accident which had resulted in the loss of his left hand.

Dr. Grant immediately asked if they could not go and see him that night. It was replied that the place was too far away, and the night was too dark to think of doing this, and the conversation turned to another subject.

Soon, however, Dr. Grant spoke again of the sufferer; and the upshot of the conversation was that he and his host started with a lantern to visit the boy.

When they arrived at the house, Dr. Grant sat down beside the boy and began to cheer him up. Removing the black mitten with which the stump of his own maimed hand was habitually covered, he showed this to the boy, saying to him at the same time, "I would not be where I am to-day if I had not lost my hand;" and then he added, "You are more fortunate than I am, for you have only lost your left hand, while I lost my right."—*The King's Own.*

While speed is filling the bottle,
Hurry is spilling the ink;
While speed is solving the problem,
Hurry's beginning to think.
While speed is hitting the bull's-eye,
Hurry is stringing his bow;
Hurry is marching his army,
Speed is worsting his foe.
Hurry is quick at beginning,
Speed is quick at the end;
Hurry wins many a slave,
But speed wins many a friend.

Swimming a Match With Death.

An English Cabin-Boy's Feat.

BY DAVID KER.

MARK to the guns! Be'nt it gruesome to hear 'em?"

"And see how the smoke do keep rollin' up—one can't see e'er a thing! God help them poor lads that's dyin' for us yonder!"

"Well, how can they die better than fightin' for the old flag? My only boy's down there with 'em, and I'd ha' been with 'em too if they'd have took me. I bain't past sarvin' Old England yet, though I'll be seventy-four year old come Christmas."

Such were the words that flew from mouth to mouth amid the group of excited watchers who, at no small risk to themselves (for, ever and anon a shower of crashing splinters spurted up from the face of the cliff beneath the stroke of a half-spent cannon ball) were looking down, on that gloomy November evening, over the weltering waves of the German Ocean, and trying in vain to pierce the league-broad veil of billowy smoke outspread below, through which peered by turns the red cross of St. George (not yet turned into the British Union Jack) and the broad stripes of Holland.

Once more the two great sailor races were contending for the empire of the seas, and the sturdy "sea-dogs" who mantled the English fleet—though no bolder sailor ever faced a gale or a gun—had fairly met their match in the stout-hearted Dutchmen before them, who were fighting as gallantly as they have ever done, whether as our allies or our enemies.

Most fully, indeed, was the day's work proving the truth of the rough old sea-song in which some nameless fo'e'stle poet had aptly expressed John Bull's characteristic admiration of the heroic valor of his foes—

Whether John or Jan be the better man
There's nobody here can say;
But whichever is first, or whichever gets worst
They'll *both* do their best to-day,
My boys,
They'll both do their best to-day.

High on the poop of the British flag-ship stood, all alone, a burly, hard-faced man in a rich naval uniform, whose granite-hewn features were framed in short, crisp, grizzled hair.

As he stood there (watching closely, with his keen grey eye, every turn of the great battle) the rolling smoke and whizzing shot, and crashing timbers and deafening uproar carried back his memory to the never-forgotten day when he had "smelt powder" for the first time on the flag-ship of his old commander, Sir Christopher Mings, over whom, as he lay mortally wounded on his own deck in the hour of victory, the hardiest seamen of his crew had wept like children.

Five-and-thirty years had passed since that day, and the bare-footed cabin-boy now stood on a flag-ship of his own as Admiral Sir John Narborough, the best English sailor of his time.

Crash! Down comes the mizzen mast with a mighty shock, disabling two of the guns, while a storm of shot comes whizzing across the deck, working sad havoc among Narborough's gallant crew.

Aided by a sudden change of the wind, two of the largest Dutch men-of-war, (as the watchers on the cliff overhead have already perceived with secret dismay) are both attacking the flag-ship at once, the one to starboard and the other to larboard.

Just at that moment a burst of lusty English hurrahs from the right, repeated again and again, tells to the hard-pressed men that *there*, at least, the day is going well for England, and that help is within reach.

But how are they to summon it? Signals are useless amid that blinding smoke; and as for lowering a boat—even if any boat could live among the roaring billows that keep bursting in spouts of foam against the shattered hull, it would be smashed to atoms by the pelting shot ere it had gone ten oar-lengths.

But the sturdy old admiral (who had been all but crushed by the falling mast) was still as cool and steadfast as ever amid all this hurly-burly. He saw that there was but one thing to do, and he did it.

"Fifty guineas to any man who will swim to the *Britannia* with this despatch," cried he, holding up a scrap of paper.

Instantly a score of eager volunteers sprang forward; but ere any of them had time to speak a shrill, boyish voice piped out from behind, "May I go, sir?"

And the admiral, turning round in surprise, saw the speaker was his own cabin-boy, a little curly-headed twelve-year-old, who touched his fore-lock in salute, just as Sir John himself had been wont to touch his to Sir Christopher Mings many years before.

The boy's ragged blue shirt was all smeared with dirt and blood, and his face and hands were black with gunpowder, but in those firm lips and clear bright eyes lurked a nameless *something* that betokened the presence of that spirit

which makes a hero—the spirit of young Clive, young Warren Hastings, young Nelson.

"*You*, my poor boy?" echoed Sir John, "why, you can never swim it in such a sea, and with the shot flying like hail!"

"I'm not afraid," said the little champion, simply; "and anyhow, I ain't a-goin' to stand doin' nothin' while everyone else is fightin' for Old England. Give me three dozen at the gangway to-morrow if you like, sir, but let me do this job to-day."

The listening seamen, forgetting all discipline in their excitement, shouted hoarse applause, and Sir John Narborough's face softened strangely as he answered, "Go then, my brave lad, and God keep you!"

Quick as thought, the boy thrust the precious paper into his mouth and splashed overboard into the roaring sea.

But it seemed only too likely that the coming aid would arrive too late for now a third Dutch ship came up to the attack, hulling the flag-ship at every shot, while the thickening smoke enshrouded the doomed vessel like the deepening shadow of death, and the only remaining mast came thundering down in turn, crushing three brave fellows in its fall.

But amid the hot, stifling smoke, and crashing timbers and whizzing shot and maddening uproar the sturdy Englishmen fought doggedly on, true to their national quality of "never knowing when they were beaten." Man after man fell dead or dying, but the survivors stood grimly to their guns, resolute to struggle to the last, though the men on the lower deck could hear plainly, in a momentary pause of the cannon-thunder, the hollow gurgle of the water that was pouring fast into their doomed vessel through the fatal gap rent in her planking by a heavy "double-head" shot between wind and water.

All at once Sir John Narborough drew

a long deep breath, like one just relieved from the pressure of some overwhelming burden, and then broke over his stern visage a glow like the light of sunrise upon a wintry moor as the roar of the Dutch cannon was outthundered by a mightier volume of sound, and through the smoke came sweeping in triumph the red cross of Old England.

An hour later, Sir John and his few surviving officers gathered on the quarter-deck to do honour to their little hero. But when the admiral held out the promised money the boy shook his head, and answered with a firmness

which there was no mistaking, "I didn't do this here job for money, I did it for the honour o' the old flag."

"God bless you, my boy!" rejoined the great seaman with a visible tremor in his iron features as he laid his one unwounded hand tenderly upon the boy's wet curls; "perhaps I shall live to see you stand on a quarter-deck of your own yet."

And, in fact, ere Sir John Naroborough died, his little cabin-boy *did* stand on a quarter-deck of his own as Queen Anne's greatest admiral, Sir Cloudesley Shovel. —*The Brigadier.*

Do That if You Can.

During the great Dutch war, in the reign of Charles II., the English fleet and that of Holland fought in the Channel for three days successively, engaging in the day time, and lying to at night. As they were preparing to renew the action on the fourth morning, word came that an armistic had been concluded.

Hostilities were laid aside, and the belligerent parties began to exchange mutual civilities.

On board a Dutch man-of-war, which lay alongside an English vessel, a sailor showed wonderful agility by running up to the mast-head and standing upon the truck. He went through several manœuvres, and concluded by standing on his head, to the astonishment and alarm of the spectators.

On his descending to the deck after their exploit, his comrades expressed this appreciation by a series of huzzas which had a sound of triumphing over the English.

One of the British tars, piqued for the honor of his country, ran up to the top of the vessel's mast like a cat, and essayed with all his might to

throw up his heels as the Dutchman had done; but, lacking the skill of his rival he lost his balance, and came tumbling down much faster than he had gone up.

The lookers on held their breath in horror, expecting to see him dashed to pieces on the deck, but luckily the rigging broke his fall, and he alighted on his feet unhurt. He shook himself, threw up his head, and in a somewhat staggering fashion rushed to the vessel's side and cried exultingly to the Dutchmen, "There, do that if you can!"

A Slight Mistake.

During a kit inspection in a certain infantry regiment a mop had been accidentally left propped with the head uppermost against a spare cot-bed. The captain of the company, who was very short-sighted, on entering the room pointed to the head of the mop and exclaimed irately in a loud voice, "Color sergeant, see that that man gets his hair cut."

If you and I and ewe and eye
And yew and ay (dear me),
Were all to be spelled u and I,
How mixed up we would be.

Our Natural History Corner.

Conducted by Prof. Lochhead, of the Ont. Ag. Coll.

Some Water Insects.

To-day I saw the dragon-fly
Come from the wells where he did lie.
An inner impulse rent the veil
Of his old husk; from head to tail
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.
He dried his wings: like gauze they grew,
Through crofts and pastures wet with dew
A living flash of light he flew.

TENNYSON.

Perhaps there are no more interesting creatures than the insects which inhabit our ponds and streams. There is, moreover, an air of mystery about many of them, and many terrifying legends have arisen regarding their supposed vicious habits, the origin of which is hard to determine.

When we come to study the haunts and habits of the young of water insects we find that some of them live at the bottom, some just below the surface and others on the surface. Of course, we know that the adult winged forms of most of these fly in the air.

The boy who is fond of studying the life of ponds will find many curious things to interest him. At the bottom, among the mud and sticks, the immature forms of dragon-flies and damsel-flies crawl about in search of prey. They feed on the small insects which often abound in large numbers, and even on young fish. They are six-legged creatures with long bodies, and have peculiar small gills, by means of which they can make use of the air in the water so that they need not come to the surface to get their supply. The full-grown winged dragon-fly, although perfectly harmless, is dreaded by many persons, because they believe the stories of per-

sons who never took the trouble to study its habits. Its rapidity of flight is simply marvellous, and its swift wanderings are often difficult to follow. That it takes food on the wing soon becomes evident, however. It is especially fond of mosquitoes, midges, and flies, but it will not refuse other insects which come within its reach. Its appetite is enormous (even greater than that of the hungry small boy who has been playing all day long), and the number of insects which it devours is very large.

We may confidently count this beautiful insect among our friends, for not only does it during its wingless state in the water feed largely on mosquito wrigglers, but also during its winged state devours the winged mosquito.

* * * * *

If we are close to a running stream, we have a good opportunity of studying another very common insect which appears frequently in immense numbers. This is the May-fly, or Shad-fly. This creature is well known in the winged state, especially in the vicinity of electric lights, but the young stage is usually not recognized.

If the stones at the bottom of the stream are turned over, the young wingless May-flies may be found moving about in the slime. These make very valuable food for fishes—in fact they form the main supply for our fresh water fishes.

The eggs of May-flies are laid on the water, and soon sink to the bottom. The young feed chiefly on minute water plants, and remain two or three years in the water before they become the full

grown and dainty-winged creatures which we readily recognize.

The life of the winged May-fly is very short, from a few hours to a few days. Having no mouth, it takes no food during its aerial existence.

* * * * *

In turning over the stones in the bottom of streams we may also start some flat, crawling insects. These are the young of Stone-flies. They have three pairs of legs, and behind each is a tuft of hair-like gills; so Stone-flies too get their supply of oxygen from the air in the water. The two tail feelers are conspicuous. The young Stone-flies feed on young May-flies and other insects, but are in turn fed upon by fishes. The winged, adult forms are readily recognized, and their cast-off skins are often quite conspicuous objects on stones and logs on the borders of streams.

I wonder how many of our CANADIAN Boy readers can tell me more about these three water insects. There are many other kinds of water insects, but space forbids any account of them just now.

W. L.

Damsel-Flies.

By Wilmatte Cockereil.

Have you ever thought how much pleasure there is in knowing the creatures that fill the air about us? I am not sure that I would collect specimens; stuffed birds, and birds' eggs with round holes in their sides, and insects with pins run through them are unlovely things at best. The naturalist may be interested in them, for he is working on some great problem, and some boys may get real knowledge from collections of this sort. But usually the best way to study and enjoy nature is to go out of doors.

My own boy often said, "It's fine to get the feel of the out of doors." So it is, and you can't get the real feel if you are making every effort and using every

device to destroy some creature's happiness or life.

Take your lunch some day and go off to a shady pool that is full of reeds and watch the live things about you. A small pocket lens will add to your pleasure, but it is by no means a necessity.

Only a few days ago I spent a part of the day by a reed-filled pond. The great dragon-flies flashed past me, and I wondered at their brilliant colors and rapid motions. Their staring eyes always give me an uncanny feeling, though I know they are especially adapted for seeing the insect prey upon which the creature lives. Little wonder, I thought, that the dragon-fly has a bad reputation, for surely its looks are against it. It might very well sew up bad boys' ears with its long, needle-like abdomen, and why need it dart about in the tall grass if it isn't hunting snakes to feed!

Best of all the pond creatures are the small, soft-winged dragonflies. These are called damsel-flies, and are well named, indeed!

The damsel-flies are brilliantly colored, too, but have soft, lace-like wings which fold against the body when they are at rest. The earlier stages are passed in the water, and if you turn up a stone you will probably see some of the young ones hurrying away. They have three fan-like sails by which you can identify them. If you are lucky you may see one of these brown creatures crawl up the stem of a sedge, and after carefully fastening itself to the plant, split its skin and crawl out—now a creature with wings. At first it is very soft and pale, and its wings seem to have no strength in them. The one I saw recently was a very light green at first, even the wings were tinted with the most beautiful pale green. In a few minutes the green of the wings disappeared, and the green of the body grew darker and turned to black on certain parts of the body, while the end of

the abdomen became a fine cobalt blue. The wings now looked like the most delicate and finely-marked glass, but the fly found them decidedly useful.

Some of the females were laying eggs, and I was interested to see that the different species were confined to certain localities. The females are very dull colored. One funny thing, which is the habit of two species of damsel-flies, we saw as we watched them. The female put her egg on the plant underneath the

water, and the male held her securely about the neck while she accomplished this somewhat difficult feat. It looked as though she was thus held to keep her from dropping into the water and so perishing.

In every pond or stream some of these creatures might doubtless be found, and the lover of nature would find much pleasure in studying their habits and admiring their beautiful colors and graceful movements.

Trading a Tail for Legs.

When I was a boy, there was a bit of unwritten natural history among us, to the effect that the pollywog's tail divided, and was changed into legs.

By using my own eyes closely since, I have discovered that the legs—tiny, helpless things—hang just where the big body and fishy tail join together. The legs grow larger and larger, and the tail smaller and smaller, shriveling up and disappearing entirely, instead of changing into legs.

When Master Tadpole, now Mr. Frog, Jr., begins to get the use of his legs, he ceases to live in the water all the time like a fish, and hunts around for a stone or bit of wood to rest his legs on until they are strong enough to jump. If all boys remembered that God made the frog for a better purpose than to serve as a target, he would not need to jump so far nor so quickly as he sometimes does now.

SOME KIND OF VEGETABLE.—A negro that had just bought a new ring met a friend of his, to whom he said, "See my new ring. It is gold, eighteen onions fine." His friend answered, "You mean eighteen 'carats,' don't you?" "O yes," replied the other. "I knew it was some kind of vegetable."

Afraid of a Duck.

An old school mistress had a duck which, she said, could tell her which of the boys under her care was guilty of wrong-doing.

Her plan was to send all the boys into a dark place, and have each of them rub his hand over the duck's back. Then she brought them into the school-room again and told them to hold up their hands. It was seen that the hands of every boy were black—except one. He had not touched the duck, because he knew that he had done the wrong, and was afraid that something in the quack of the duck, if he placed his hands on it, would make this known. The rest of the boys had no such fear, because they knew that they were innocent. It was not really the duck that told on the boy, but his own clean hand. The knowledge that he was guilty made him afraid of the duck.

Every one wishes to be brave. No one likes to be called a coward. But there is nothing makes us brave like knowing that we are doing right. And nothing makes cowards of us so surely as doing wrong. If we do what is evil, then we shall be afraid of a thing as trifling as the quack of a duck.—*The King's Own.*

Our Workshop.

Conducted by E. L. HILL, B. A.

Those Difficult Jobs.

"JOB CARPENTER. DIFFICULT JOBS
A SPECIALTY."

So reads a big-lettered sign over the door of a shop on one of the streets traversed by a suburban tramcar line; and without knowing more than the name of the man so advertising his calling, it seems safe to assume that he is a good workman and an industrious, conscientious one. Two boys on the street car the other morning might have found a personal suggestiveness in the sign if they had caught a flying glimpse of it. They were loaded with books proclaiming them to be on their way to school.

"No," one of them was saying, "I worked this problem out, but not the next one. I wanted to call on some fellows last evening, and so I thought I wouldn't trouble myself over it. I hate mathematics like anything, and I knew you'd be willing to help me out."

"Of course I will, and I'm going to get you to help me with that Latin translation. Isn't it a good thing that we have different talents? It makes things ever so much easier."

And doubtless these two will skim through their school days on that principle. It takes effort and self-denial to make a specialty of the difficult things, but how much they will miss in the way of character-building by choosing the easier method.

If we were to make the test a personal one to ourselves, what sort of a

sign, unworded and unseen, but none the less real, would best describe our own aims and efforts? Here and there are some who are truly making a specialty of the hard or unpleasant things. They go out of their way to do the small, shunned services that it requires real self-denial not to neglect. They can be safely counted on in advance to undertake the difficult bit of work which some ease-loving person has dropped from his careless fingers.

But for one such person, how many hundreds of us are making a "specialty" of the easy tasks? Don't let us shirk those difficult jobs, my dear fellows. There is no royal road to success in any line of life, and, as an old proverb pithily puts it, "The best things are the most difficult."—*Boys of the Empire.*

A Cheap Hammock.

Take the hoops off a clean barrel—an apple or sugar barrel will do—and remove all the nails. Then in each stave and in each end bore two holes with a $\frac{5}{8}$ bit about three inches from each end, leaving sufficient between each hole to prevent breakage.

Now get a piece of rope about 20 ft. long, and thread it through the holes in one end of each stave, and then through the holes in the other end. Fasten the ends together, then add the ropes for the hammock to swing by.

It can be hung nicely between trees, and will be found more comfortable than you would suppose.

A Panorama.

A very amusing and instructive panorama may be made without a great deal of expense, providing that you can do a little fitting together. Obtain two pieces of wood, 3 ft. 6 in. long, 2½ in. wide, and ½ in. thick; also two pieces, 1 ft. 8 in. long, the same width and thickness.

Nail these firmly together at the corners, thus making a strong frame. Next procure a broomstick, cut two pieces from it just the length to fit in the frame.

These rollers, of course, will have to turn round, and so should be fixed in with pieces of strong wire. The bottom fastenings, which are of no great length, can be made by filing the heads off 2-inch wire nails. The top ones must be longer having also to form a handle.

Fix the rollers about an inch and a half from the ends of the frame. This done, your frame is complete.

Now you want the sheet to paste your pictures on. Common calico makes the best. It should be 1 ft. 7 in. wide, and as long as you please. Eight or nine yards, with pictures on both sides, make a good panorama. Each end, of course, must be firmly nailed to the rollers.

As for the pictures, old magazines or papers will supply you with plenty. The pictures look better colored.—*H. P. Binnington.*

Suggestions for a Tumbling Mat.

All boys know that tumbling on hard ground is not pleasant, so I have thought of a plan by which a tumbling mat can be easily made, having made one myself that is very satisfactory. First, dig a hole about a foot deep of the size you wish to make the tumbling ground. Fill the

hole about three-fourths full of dried grass or straw packed well. Lay an old piece of carpet or sheets of heavy paper over this. Then sprinkle an inch or two of shavings, and over all spread about three inches of soft dirt mixed with shavings. This makes a soft elastic ground.—*American Boy.*

Small Things in a Watch.

A watch is composed of about ninety-eight pieces, and its manufacture embraces more than two thousand distinct and separate operations. Some of the smallest screws in a small watch are so minute that the unaided eyes cannot distinguish them from steel filings or specks of dirt. Under a powerful magnifying glass a perfect screw is revealed. The slit in the head is two one-thousandths of an inch wide.—*Ex.*

They Fixed the Eye.

From far-away Ceylon comes a funny little story. A tea-planter who had a glass eye was desirous of going away for a day's shooting with a friend, but he knew that as soon as the natives who were at work on the plantation heard that he was gone they would not do a stroke of work. How was he to get off? That was the question. After much thought an idea struck him. Going up to the men he addressed them thus: "Although I myself will be absent, yet I shall leave one of my eyes to see that you do your work." And, much to the surprise and bewilderment of the natives, he took out the glass eye and placed it on the stump of a tree and left. For some time the men worked industriously, but at last one of them, seizing the tin in which he carried his food, approached the tree and gently placed it over the eye. This done, they all lay down and slept sweetly until sunset.

OUR PETS.

Fancy Mice.

By A. G. Page.

Fancy mice occupy a high position in the list of boys' pets, and when properly kept in good health they are certainly most amusing and interesting little creatures. Not so very long ago the only fancy mice known were the white, but patience and skill have been brought to bear upon their breeding, with the result that these small creatures are now to be obtained in all sorts of pretty and peculiar markings. There are self-colored mice, such as white, cream, fawn, chocolate, and black; variegated—that is, the self-color being either mixed with white in irregular patches, or evenly marked with the patches the same size and shape on each side of the body—tortoiseshell, black and tan, agouti, and several others. There is a club (the National Mouse Club) to look after the interests of these little animals, and quite a large number of "Mouse Shows" are held during the year. The mouse, therefore, has become quite an important member of the Home Pet family.

One buck and two or three does will be quite sufficient stock to begin with, as mice increase very quickly. If the does have not been brought up together, they should be placed in adjoining compartments of the same cage, where they can see one another, and when they appear to be on friendly terms turn them in together. Previous to pairing, place the buck in a division next the does for two or three days in order that they may become acquainted; after this he may be admitted to their compartment. In about ten days remove the buck and give each doe a separate breeding place. The young

mice are generally born twenty-one days after pairing. About four or five days before the young ones are born provide the doe with a little soft cow-hair and some clean hay for making the nest. The young mice are born blind and do not open their eyes until they are a fortnight old. They may be removed from their mother at the age of a month, and when they are eight weeks old the two sexes must be kept entirely apart.

In breeding fancy mice there are one or two things which must always be kept in mind. The chief points in these animals are shape, size, and color, also large eyes and ears, and long muzzles and tails. To have large, healthy young ones, the parents should not be allowed to mate before they are six months old. To obtain the various colors in the highest perfection the pairing arrangements must be very carefully attended to. The different varieties, such as fawn, black, chocolate, require to be paired together now and again to keep the color rich and deep. The black is a very handsome kind, and in order to keep the color deep and even, it will be necessary to cross it with either a white or a black and white. The chocolate-colored mouse will be greatly improved by crossing it with a black now and again, while the fawn will be improved by mating it occasionally with a chocolate.

Fancy mice should always be kept under cover, either indoors or in a warm outhouse or shed, as they are very sensitive to dampness or draughts, and cannot stand any very cold weather. Cats and wild mice are their greatest enemies, the latter, when they are able to get at the cages, attacking their fancy relatives

through the wires, and in many cases inflicting very serious injuries; therefore the young fancier must see that his pets are kept out of harm's way.

Regarding the feeding of these animals two meals a day will be quite sufficient. In the morning give them some bread and milk and a few oats, and in the evening canary seed and some more oats. When the doe is nursing her young ones she should be given a little bread soaked in milk or milk and water the last thing every evening. When the young ones are taken away from their mother, feed them at first on bread and milk and canary and millet seed, as oats are a great deal too hard for them at that age. All the feeding utensils should be made of china or earthenware, as then they are more easily cleaned; they require to be thoroughly scalded out once every day. The runs will require to be well cleaned out at least every other day to avoid all unpleasant smells, and clean sawdust sprinkled rather thickly over the bottom of the cage. Clean beds should be given at least once a week, and these should be of nothing else but hay. Crumple it up in the hands before placing it in the nest box, and the mice will do the rest; it will amuse them to nibble it up and weave it into a nice comfortable nest. Before giving a clean nest place a good handful of sawdust on the nest bottom, as that helps to keep them sweet and clean.

In adopting fancy mice as home pets the great advantage is that they can be kept in a very limited space and at small expense. The stock can be obtained for a few shillings, while the cost of the cages is but trifling. Any boy at all handy with tools can easily make some for himself. The fronts of the cages may be either of glass or wire; if the former, ventilation must be provided by means of a strip of perforated zinc along the top and up each side of the cage.

Fancy mice of prize pedigree bred from winners can be purchased from two shillings per pair upwards, and ready-made cages at about a shilling each.

The Japanese waltzing mice are most peculiar and amusing little creatures. The so-called waltzing consists of a quick revolving motion like that of a kitten trying to catch its own tail. Sometimes they will perform in pairs, head to tail, turning with considerable rapidity. The young ones will commence to waltz soon after they are able to run about. These mice are fed and treated in exactly the same manner as ordinary fancy mice.

Fancy mice are gentle and rather timid but with encouragement their timidity soon wears off, and they will allow themselves to be handled or placed in the pocket without attempting to escape. They will run all over the person of their regular attendant, but it is seldom they will have any dealings with a stranger. Mice may also be taught to perform various tricks, and in this way entertain and amuse their owners. There are no small animals who have more beauty and grace than mice, and there are few pets more interesting either to young or old.
—*The Brigadier.*

The Monkey and the Sugar.

A tame monkey in India recently was given a lump of sugar inside a corked bottle. The monkey was of an inquiring mind and it nearly killed him. Sometimes, in an impulse of disgust, he would throw the bottle away out of his own reach and then be distracted until it was given back to him. At other times he would sit with a countenance of the most intense dejection, contemplating the bottled sugar, and then, as if pulling himself together for another effort at solution, would sternly take up the problem afresh and gaze into the bottle. He would tilt it up one way,

and try to drink the sugar out of the neck, and then, suddenly reversing it, try to catch the sugar as it fell out at the bottom. Under the impression that he could capture the sugar by surprise, he kept rasping his teeth against the glass in futile bites, and, warming to the pursuit of the revolving lump, used to tie himself into regular knots round the bottle. Fits of the most ludicrous melancholy would alternate with spasms of delight as a new idea seemed to suggest itself, followed by a fresh series of experiments. Nothing availed, however, until one day a light was shed upon the problem by a jar containing bananas falling from the table with a crash, and the fruit rolling about in all directions. His monkeyship contemplated the catastrophe, and reasoned upon it with the intelligence of a Humboldt. Lifting the bottle high in his claws, he brought it down upon the floor with a tremendous noise, smashing the glass into fragments, after which he calmly transferred the sugar to his mouth and munched it with much satisfaction.—*Christian Advocate*.

Animals' Toilets.

Cats make the most careful toilet of any animals, excepting some of the opossums. Lions and tigers wash themselves like the cat, wetting the dark, India-rubber-like ball of the forefoot and the inner toe and passing it over the face and behind the ears. The foot is thus a face sponge and brush, and the rough tongue combs the rest of the body.

A member of the House of Commons in England, making his maiden speech, once said, "Gentlemen,—I smell a rat, I see it floating in the air, but—mark my words—I will nip it in the bud."

Ages of Animals and Birds.

A sheep lives ten years.
 A cat lives fifteen years.
 A lion lives twenty years.
 A camel lives forty years.
 A bear lives twenty years.
 A dog lives fourteen years.
 A squirrel lives eight years.
 A canary will live six years.
 A crow will live fifteen years.
 An ox lives twenty-five years.
 A guinea pig lives seven years.
 A horse lives twenty-five years.
 A swan will live twenty-five years.
 A whale lives three hundred years.
 A tortoise lives one hundred years.
 An elephant lives four hundred years.
 A parrot lives one hundred and twenty-five years.

Only a Letter.

It is impossible to estimate the good that may spring from a little act of kindness. It may be only a word, a stray thought, or a trifling favor, but it often carries a blessing to one who thinks himself friendless,

I have not forgotten the circumstance of a young man in the army who received no letters, and when his comrade saw the tears fill his eyes when the mail arrived, he wrote home to his mother and told her of his orphan comrade.

"Mother," he wrote, "do write to him; and as his mother is dead, do mother him a little."

Very quickly a letter came to the young man. As it was handed he said, "It is not for me. I have no one that cares enough for me to write."

But when he opened it and saw, "My dear son," he bowed his head and wept like a child. Then lifting his face, beaming with smiles, he said, "I have got a mother."

Only for Recreation.

The CAMERA CLUB.

Conducted by Mr. F. Hurrellall, Guelph.

During the month of July, hot weather troubles have been met with, and the same will apply to August, and possibly part of September. Principle amongst these is "frilling," which means the loosening of the film from its support, occurring usually at the edges, in the form of frills, sometimes spreading considerably towards the centre, causing, occasionally, the loss of a good negative, as it is not always possible to get the "frilled" film back into place. To overcome this trouble, have all solutions cooler than you would in cold weather, using, if convenient, iced water in mixing the developer. As soon as the plate is sufficiently developed, rinse well under tap and immerse for two or three minutes in a saturated solution of alum before fixing. This hardens the film and prevents frilling.

It is also advisable to use rather less than normal quantity of accelerator in hot weather, adding more if necessary in case of slight under-exposure.

Fuzziness in a picture may be accounted for in a variety of ways. You have no doubt gazed for a long time at one of your pet pictures or negatives and wondered what ailed it. You were sure you had secured a good, sharp focus, and yet it seemed to be out of focus. Now, don't blame yourself, blame the wind. Your camera has trembled during exposure. Remedy: If you use a tripod (and we recommend it every time, unless impossible), tie a string to the head screw and at the other end attach a fairly heavy

stone so that it will hang a couple of inches from the ground. This is the most convenient way of bracing a tripod. Whenever and wherever you take a picture be sure that the camera is still during the exposure.

There is one thing I would like all beginners to note, and that is the difference between what they *consider* a good negative or picture and a *really* good negative or picture. Anything is good only by *comparison*. One of the greatest helps towards proficiency is comparing every negative or picture you make with the best work of some of your most advanced photographic friends and comparing notes with them. Have your work honestly criticized by someone who "knows how," the more severe the critic the better. Don't get the "big head" right off just because you happened to get four good pictures out of five exposures, under the (unknown to you) most favorable circumstances. Those were only chances. Work on until you can be reasonably *sure* of nine good out of ten. This can be done by exposing, developing, printing, toning, and mounting correctly.

WHERE SERMONS GREW.—A certain minister, during his discourse one Sabbath morning said, "In each blade of grass there is a sermon." The following day little Gordon discovered the good man pushing a lawn-mower about his yard, and ran home to say, "O, mother! I saw our pastor mowing his sermons this morning."

Read the CANADIAN BOY.

MENTAL GYMNASTICS**Answers to Puzzles in the July Number.**

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Because it makes our cream sour cream.
2. When it turns the ice-house into a nice house.
3. Because it makes a loom bloom.
4. Because it turns a lass to glass.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

Grumble; lumber, lemur, lure, rue.

WORD DIAMOND.

T
TEN
POLES
OBSERVE
TELEPHONE
CUSHION
WHOLE
ONE
E

HOW CAN I?

By taking a nut, cracking it, showing you the kernel, and then eating it.

Puzzles for this Month.

Some of Them are Easy.

RIDDLES FROM RUSSIA.

1. I am blind, but show others the way; deaf and dumb, but know how to count.
2. People pray for me and long for my company; but directly I appear they hide themselves.
3. I have four legs and feathers, but am neither beast nor bird.
4. There are four brothers under one hat.
5. Four brothers run side by side, but never catch one another.
6. What walks upside down overhead?
7. Who are the two brothers that

live on opposite sides of the road, yet never see each other.

8. A pack of wolves ran by; one was shot, how many remained.

WHAT DOG IS

1. Full of ticks?
2. Like a clucking hen?
3. High as the heavens?
4. A strange country?
5. Of use in a schoolroom?
6. As big as a cow?

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree.
2. What part of a boy's clothing is like a dog's lungs?
3. What punctuation mark would you make after a ten-dollar bill flying around the corner?
4. What girls' name is like a post-script?

SQUARE WORD.

Half of a month.
A vessel.
An african animal.

Fractions.

A teacher once said to her class in mental arithmetic: "Now, boys, I have a few questions in fractions to ask. Suppose I have a piece of beef-steak and cut it into two pieces. What would those pieces be called?" "Halves!" shouted the class. "Right. And if I cut each half into two pieces?" "Quarters." "That is correct. And if the quarters were each cut in half?" "Eighths." "Yes. And if those were chopped in two?" The answers had been growing fewer and fewer, but one boy meditated a moment and answered, "Sixteenth!" "Very good. And when the sixteenths were cut in half, what would they be?" There was silence in the class, but presently a little boy at the foot put up his hand. "Do you know, Johnny? Well, you may tell me." "Hash!" answered Johnny, confidently—and truly.

The Canadian Boy

An Illustrated Monthly Journal of Incident,
Story and Self-Help for the
Boys of Canada.

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Is Knowledge Power?

"Knowledge is power" is a well-known adage, and one that has stood the test of time. Of late, however, in certain quarters the cry has been raised that it is not knowledge that a man wants, but power. With certain reservations, and looking at the question in certain lights, this is true. It is at the sametime true that there can be know real power without adequate knowledge, and therefore the acquirement of knowledge it is to be encouraged. The knowledge however, must suit the demands made upon it. Mere information may not give any useful or practical sort of power. What is called book-learning gives power of only a certain kind. It stimulates the mind and widens the horizon; by it one comes in contact

with the best minds of all the ages. No branch of human scholarship is useless. It is important for the progress and welfare of the world that a sufficient number of people should be constantly attending to each brach, that none be made unserviceable through neglect. Theory and practice go hand in hand. One cannot exist without the other, and one cannot go many steps in advance of the other. In the past, as we see it, perhaps too much emphasis was laid upon theory. In the present day the tendency seems to be in the other direction. One is idolized, the other is dispised. Men talk and men talk of doing, of action, of practice, as if there can be these things without knowing. We grant, however, that there cannot be much useful knowledge without transforming it into same sort of use. The power of thought cannot be greatly in advance of the power of expression, neither can knowledge outrun action.

We must remember, too, that the average person has a very limited capacity for knowledge, and so his capability for power is also very limited. It these days of almost boundless facilities for acquiring information it is necessary to regulate the desire to know and do all sorts of things, and to restrict one's self to these fields of learning and action which circumstances or inward impulses constrain us to enter. Let us choose wisely and pursue perseveringly. Let us fill our own spheres well, and with a wide charity, respect the spheres, of all others. Let us not forget the fact that knowledge not only makes power, but is power.

Let no boy be afraid to soil his hands in honest toil. Dirt is not even skin deep and will easily wash off.

Why Go to the United States?

It may be that some of our readers will some day have inducements offered to them to go over to the neighboring republic. Many Canadian Boys are there now, and doubtless more will follow, but we think that the number will gradually less till the "exodus" disappears altogether. Why pass over the line? The tide is already turning the other way. The citizens of the United States are flocking by thousands into Canada, attracted by our agricultural, industrial, and mineral wealth. The more of them who come the better, provided that they respect our laws and become loyal citizens of this country! And if they find this a good country to come to, why should we think of leaving it for the land they forsake? There is plenty of room for us at home, plenty of room for that industry, honesty and ability which made our young men sought after by employers in the United States. Our own country needs us, and very great should be the inducement which would take any of the patriotic sons of Canada off their native soil.

An Excellent Publication.

The Boys' Industrial School Journal published at Lancaster, Ohio, is the best paper of its kind that we have yet seen. With its fine paper, its clear type, its red-line border and wide margins, it is a luxury to handle and to look at. Its contents are carefully prepared and are of particular interest to the class to whom it specially appeals, while the whole tone of the journal is beyond criticism. Its weekly visit is always welcome and we wish for it the wide influence which it so well deserves. If the Industrial School at Lancaster is constructed on the liberal lines and with the high ideals shown by the paper which it issues, it is certainly a noble and well managed institution.

The Imagination.

The imagination is an important faculty of the human mind, and it is strongest in youth. Without it we could have no invention and little progress. Rightly directed it has an elevating moral effect. It is the source of our ideals, and when these are noble and beneficent, the whole world reaps a harvest from them.

How can we cultivate our imaginations. In many ways. For instance we may read or invent fairy-tails, and the like. Or we may study nature in its thousands of forms around us. What thoughts the stars, the flowers, the insects, stir in us! Or we may contemplate spiritual things and let our minds rise from the creature to the Creator himself. This is the surest, the most profitable, the most lasting way of exciting and satisfying the imagination.

Wilful Neglect.

Many boys neglect chances of mental improvement. They do not realize what it is to have a good education till they get into a company of boys who know something. A subject comes up for discussion and the ignorant boy has to sit with closed mouth while his companions are enjoying a social chat. He will likely excuse himself by saying that he had no chance to learn. The real reason most likely is he didn't want to learn. He left school earlier than he should have done, because he was lazy and did not care what the future had in store for him. And he will suffer for it to the end of his days.

From the centre of a circle to a certain point on its circumference there is only one shortest, direct way, a straight line; there are an infinite number of ways that are devious and indirect.

The Canadian Boy's Ideals.

Many of our youthful readers are no doubt filled with the idea of being something great in the country—a big farmer, a lawyer, a member of Parliament, Premier perhaps.

There is a higher ideal than that, however. It is all very well to want to be somebody; it is a great deal better to be fit to do something. Many boys already have an aim in life and are striving with might and main to fit themselves for their chosen calling. They will have their due reward. The acquisition of skill in the minutest details of any trade is of great importance. It is the skilled workman that is always in demand.

Be Not Hasty to Judge.

A man in a public conveyance kept shaking a child which seemed to want to go to sleep. At last the child began to cry and the other passengers could stand it no longer. One of them asked why he was ill-treating the child so.

"Why," he said, "I have to shake her to keep her awake. She has taken some sort of drug, and if she goes to sleep she'll die."

Then he got off, and took his child into the Children's Hospital.

A lad we heard of lately attended a business college in Toronto. In due time he graduated and looked about for something to do. Leaving home he heard of a coal merchant that wanted a stenographer and typewriter. He at once went to see him. The merchant after finding out by a few questions that the boy could do the work required asked, "When could you come?" "Well, sir, I'm here now," said the boy. "You'll do," said the coal man. "Just get to work." The lad is now in a good place in a railway office.

Read the CANADIAN BOY.

ACORNS.

We are what we give out, not what we take and hold on to.

There is only one right way of doing a thing, and so many that are wrong.

Our educational systems rely too much on methods, and pay too little respect to the teachers.

It is no excuse for another's evil deeds to say, "I should have done the same myself," any more than it excuses my evil deeds to say, "Other people do it."

No truth so old that it is not fresh and new to millions. Let us keep on saying the good old things that have stood the test as being worthy to be preserved and handed down the ages.

A thing is black when it takes in all the color rays and gives none out; a thing is white when it keeps none of the sun's rays and gives all out. Is it a mere chance that black is the symbol of evil and white the symbol of good?

If you have thoughts—good thoughts, high thoughts—don't trouble yourself overmuch as to whether they are original or not. Be thankful that you have them, and don't hesitate to hand them on to somebody else.

There are two standards by which men measure—the human standard and the Divine standard. The noble life will be easy or difficult according to the standard by which it is measured. The wicked man cannot understand how the good man can be joyous.

A Famous Canadian School.

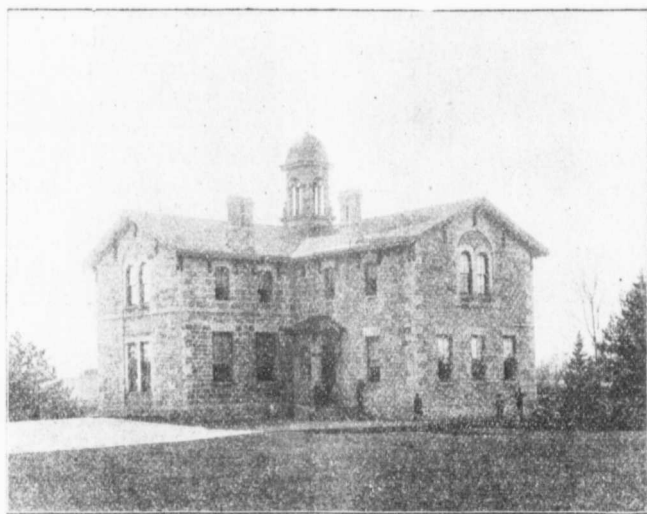
BY A GALT CONTRIBUTOR.

IN The southern part of Waterloo County, lying partly in the narrow valley, and partly on the stoping heights that overlook the river Grand, is the town of Galt, one of the most beautifully situated towns in western Ontario.

One familiar with its history and its inhabitants would speak of it as a settlement peculiarly Scotch; one knowing

and is making great strides in improvement in its streets and parks.

For many years Galt has enjoyed a reputation for the extent and excellence of its manufactures, earning for itself the title of "The Manchester of Canada," which, however, on account of the predominance of its iron manufactures, should more correctly be "The Birmingham of Canada."



GALT COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

the prevailing style of its buildings, and the substantial foundation on which they are erected, would call it "the stone town;" and were one curious enough to contrast its present with the not very distant past, he would be impressed with the fact that notwithstanding its reputed camminess, it, in common with its neighbors, has caught the spirit of progress.

In field sports, especially in the good old game of association football, it has long held an unusually strong position in the province, and many of the best players in Ontario served their apprenticeship on the football field when attending the Galt Collegiate Institute.

Quite recently emphasis has been given to the fact that at a very early date in

the settlement of Waterloo County, it attained great prominence in educational development, reaching a position scarcely equalled in this Province.

On the 17th and 18th of July last a remarkable gathering took place in Galt, which disclosed how far-reaching have been the influences exerted by the educators of half a century ago, and the deep reverence which the students of that period had for their talented teacher who directed their minds into proper channels and laid the foundation upon which many a splendid superstructure has since been built.

On the dates above mentioned a reunion took place of a very large number of graduates of the Grammar School and Collegiate Institute, to commemorate the semi-centennial of the founding of the present school of secondary education.

The school was founded in 1852, and was placed in charge of a Mr. Howe, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. His methods of instruction would hardly have the approval of present-day educationists, for he is said to have been rather a hearer of lessons than a teacher.

One of his pupils, Mr. Strang, B.A., of Goderich C. I., recalling memories of this his first teacher in higher education, says: "The picture of that schoolroom that oftenest presents itself to memory's vision is that of the Dr. in his arm chair near the middle of the room with a class of older boys ranged along a bench, and facing him at a distance of a few feet, the Dr. (who, even with his glasses, was very near-sighted) with his book lying open on his knees, and an open newspaper before and very close to his face, and evidently much more interested in the contents of the paper than in the lessons for the class. At intervals the paper is slowly lowered, a few questions asked, and some comments made or sentence passed on some delinquent. Then the Doctor refreshes himself with a pinch

of snuff (for in those days snuff-takers were to be found, not only in the school-room, but in the pulpit, at the professor's desk, and on the judicial bench) and returns to his paper in search of another article or item of interest. Meanwhile the boys, who also have their books on their knees, carefully closed, of course, while the Doctor is questioning the class, cautiously re-open them, and then, with one eye on the book and the other on the paper, prepare for the next set of questions."



WM. TASSIE, L. L. D.
Second Principal.

This style of teaching school naturally did not yield the most satisfactory results either directly to the pupils or indirectly to the parents, and in one year's time it was considered advisable to make a change. In 1853, the Board of Trustees secured the services of Wm. Tassie—better known as Dr. Tassie—and it was during the long period of twenty-eight years that he held the reins of office as magister of the school that it reached a

position unrivalled in the province for success in training the young men who sought, or were compelled to seek, his institution as a medium through which to have their intellects sharpened and their knowledge widened.

Dr. Tassie assumed control of the school with a reputation as an excellent classical scholar and a splendid disciplinarian, and parents appreciating the need of having their boys placed under a strong hand when far removed from home, discovered in this newly organized institution that which they were in search of. As a consequence the attendance very rapidly increased, the students representing every walk and station in life, and coming, not only from every province of the Dominion and every State of the Union, but from the West Indies, Mexico and Europe.

The wonderful success which attended "Tassie's at Galt," as it was familiarly called, was undoubtedly due to the personality of the moving spirit in it. The commanding presence, strict adherence to the duties to which he had set his hand, and the firmness with which he maintained his hold upon his classes, all combined to establish his fame as a master artist in moulding and guiding the young minds which daily received from him food, both mental and moral; it is needless to say that when those young minds grew rebellious, the physical framework felt the tortures of punishment as administered through the medium of the tawse, wielded by a strong right arm. It is not to be denied that the worthy Doctor had occasionally to exercise the full limit of his strength and ingenuity in fashioning the crooked timber that now and again came within his control, but out of it he succeeded in producing some splendid specimens of manhood, men whose prominence to-day before the world is undoubtedly due to the drastic measures taken by their prin-

cipal to instil into their minds the higher thoughts of life.

His was such a rare personality that the clever sketch given of him by one of his pupils, and a very distinguished one, Dr. Beattie Crozier, of London, England, is well worthy of repetition, presenting a pen-picture of the dignified Doctor which is true to life. In his book, "My Inner Life," Dr. Crozier writes, "His dark and sallow face, clean shaved, except a pair of light tufts near the ear, was large, square and regular in outline, and although mounted and enbossed with a



DR. J. BEATTIE CROZIER,
OF LONDON, ENGLAND.
One of the Distinguished Old Boys.

full, round Roman nose, studded over with pores, like a thimble, was decidedly handsome; his whole countenance, indeed, when in repose, and with nothing to ruffle it, falling into lines of great softness, and wearing by the confession of all an expression of singular pleasantness and courtesy. This expression, with the soft, rich tones of his voice, which, however, had always a snap as of metal in the rear of them, would by itself have misled the unwary, had it not been for the iron dominion of his eye, which swept over us like a blast, and scorched and abashed all that it looked upon.

These formidable weapons, before which the oldest veteran trembled, were of light grey color, and so prominent as to show almost a disc of white around their small central bull's-eye of grey, and had, besides, that uncertain scintillation and suggestion of the tinder box about them, which made you feel they would strike fire at a scratch and set all in a blaze. They come back to me now as more like the eyes one sees in portraits of Frederick the Great, than any others I remember I have ever seen, and when he raised them on us quite unconsciously and mechanically, as he passed us on the way towards the door, rebellion itself turned pale and nascent defiance withered and melted away."

During the long period that Dr. Tassie was principal of the school, boys only were permitted to attend, and as the large majority of these came from a distance, they were quartered in selected boarding houses so that the headmaster might have them constantly under his supervision.

Many were the rules laid down for the guidance of the boarders and just as many were the devices conceived whereby those rules could be rendered null and void, the attempted carrying into effect of the various schemes much more frequent by meeting with failure; followed by investigation and condign punishment, than otherwise.

The lives of the students were not, as might be supposed from the strictness with which the school was governed, an increasing round of burdensome tasks. School was conducted every lawful day in the week with half holidays on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Work began at 9 a.m. and continued until 12:30 p.m., resuming at 2 p.m. and the dismissal for the day taking place at 4 p.m. The morning session was rendered less irksome because every boy knew that when the recess bell rang at 10:45, he

was free to seek the cool and cleansing waters of the Grand river where he might further his skill in swimming, diving, or performing acrobatic feats on a long rope which hung over the water from the framework of the railway bridge which spanned the river just below the school.

The stoop of the shoulder or the awkwardness of gait was given the requisite amount of attention in the gymnasium, and the opportunity for development of muscle and the building up of strong healthy bodies came



J. E. BRYANT, M. A.
Third Principal.

frequently on the campus, where lacrosse, baseball, football and cricket whiled many an hour away. The preparation of the lesson for the succeeding day was when the eye of the principal was not upon them frequently relieved by vigorous pillow fights, hostilities only ceasing when warning was given of the approach of the much dreaded enemy.

In 1871, Mr. Tassie in recognition of his eminent scholarship and distinction as an educationist received the honorary degree of L. L. D., from Queen's University, Kingston, an honor which was considered as exceedingly appropri-

ate because of the unprecedented success with which he had met in the organization and maintenance of the school.



THOS. CARSCADDEN, M.A.
The Present Principal.

It was not long, however, after this that a change was brought about in the High School Act which made it necessary that the old time methods of instruction should be abandoned and the Doctor, who had so long followed his own system, found himself unable to adapt himself

to the changed conditions with its greater scope of work and examination tests at the close of the term, so that in 1881 he withdrew from the position he had held so long with such splendid success.

He was succeeded by Mr. Bryant, of the Pickering College, who immediately began the work of re-organization, and succeeded in establishing a school under the new order of things second to none in the Province.

In 1884 Mr. Bryant, owing to a physical infirmity, was compelled to resign the reins of office and withdraw from the profession altogether.

The same year Mr. Carscadden was appointed as Mr. Bryant's successor and has remained as Principal up to the present time.

Such is the brief history of one of Canada's oldest and most successful preparatory schools, organized at a time when the means of receiving an education were much inferior to the privileges of the present day, but attended with such excellent results as to demonstrate that success depends more largely upon the man than upon the methods.

Commandments of Peace and Happiness.

1. Let peace reign in your heart and on your lips.

2. Forget unhappiness in the happiness of others; to be content yourself make others so.

3. Never falsify unnecessarily.

4. Be yourself—there is no charm so great as that of individuality.

5. Keep all unpleasant opinions to yourself—allow only sweet-spiced expressions to pass the lips, and only then when they are formed in the heart.

6. Have a purpose in life; be a diligent worker; a faithful friend; a good lover; and acquiescent to future inevitabilities.

7. Attend to the affairs concerning yourself; refrain from giving advice to any but those under your guidance.

8. Be an accomplished tactician.

9. Make you a creed from the teachings of philosophy, science and your heart.

10. Be worthy of love, and trust; according to the duties of the present life and hereafter.

Among the Boys.

Chums.

By R. Bell.

My pa an' me, we're chums, you see,
 An' that's jest how it orter be ;
 'Cause I ain't got no mamma now,
 An' pa, he's lonesome too ; that's how
 We come to be such chums ; you see
 There's jest us two, my pa an' me.

'Cause, there's a woman, keepin' house ;
 She makes me creep round like a mouse ;
 I can't play ball, nor hide an' seek,
 Nor slide down stairs—she says they
 creak ;

Can't have no fun at all, you see ;
 But then we're chums, my pa an' me.

Before my mamma went away,
 She uster cuddle me an' say
 Such lots o' nice things, 'n she'd tell
 Such loads of pretty stories—well,
 My pa he does it now, you see,
 'Cause we're such chums, my pa an' me.

An' when I couldn't go to sleep,
 She'd rock an' rock, an' sing a heap
 O' pretty songs, an' then she'd kiss,
 An' kiss, an' cuddle me like this ;
 But now she's gone away, you see
 There's just us two, my pa and me.

They say as how she's gone away
 To where she's happy all the day ;
 I wonder then, what made her cry
 When she was tellin' us good-bye.
 Just how she's happy I can't see,
 Without her chums, my pa an' me.

Charity is not only the greatest, it is
 also the rarest, of the Christian virtues :

“ Alas for the rarity
 Of Christian charity
 Under the sun ! ”

Montreal News Boys.

By Frank Hope.

About four o'clock every afternoon, at
 a certain busy uptown corner of our city,
 there may be seen a small contingent of
 the army of newsboys, who at this hour
 are invading St. James and Craig streets.
 The boys dodge in and out among the
 crowd of business men and ladies who
 are studying bulletin boards, or awaiting
 down town cars. They chase each other,
 tumbling here and there, indulging in
 “ scraps,” apparently as irresponsible in
 their movements as snow flakes. But
 the instant the afternoon papers are
 ready for distribution the lads are in their
 places at the office counter, each as eager
 to get his bundle and be out at work as
 if he were the mainstay of the whole
 business world.

A stranger who has just seen one of
 the boys courteously make some enquiry
 for a lady in the office, and is, perhaps,
 emboldened thereby to begin a conversa-
 tion, steps into the group, makes a pur-
 chase, and asks, smilingly, “ Do any of
 you boys ever read the papers ? ” On
 hearing a hearty “ yes ” from the major-
 ity, he adds, “ Then you know, I sup-
 pose, that Marconi was here the 10th
 and 11th of January, and that he is going
 to visit us again in June ? ” There is a
 little hesitation, but finally one or two
 admit that they have some knowledge of
 the inventor's movements. Three or
 four say they go to school ; answering
 all questions politely, and making the
 stranger wish, to judge by the pleased
 yet pitying expression of his face as he
 walks away, that he could provide for
 not only their mental and spiritual needs,

but the physical as well, for some of the little fellows are buttoned up in coats that are none too thick—overcoats are not fashionable among them—and their general appearance is hardly prosperous.

The number of news vendors in the city, French and English, men, women and children, runs up into the thousands; but of the boys alone, whose voices are so familiar in our streets, there is a much smaller number. A leading English daily is sold by 190 boys in the street; though the other dailies are also handled by many of the same boys. They make only four cents on each dozen, but in spite of small profits, through summer's heat and winter's cold, these small business men keep at their work, adding their part, and it is no slight one, to the life of the Canadian metropolis.

Nagging.

By Frank Hope.

Probably there are few things that the average boy hates more than nagging—a constant effort to scold him into being good. Parents often make this mistake; yet in nine cases out of ten there is a genuine love at the bottom of it all. Often the boys do not see this, and rebelliously break away from home, driven as they say by a constant fault-finding. But what of those who, with most kind and indulgent parents, with every reasonable wish gratified, prefer almost any other company, and run into danger swiftly and surely by neglecting the advice of the father and mother, who have given up so much for them? There are honest-hearted lads, alone in the world, who sometimes think bitterly, with a yearning for mother and home known only to God—"There's no one to care when a fellow goes wrong, so what is the use of trying?" They are wrong. There is always some one who cares, however. It certainly should be easier for those who have close ties of blood to keep on the upward path; yet is this generally the case? Let us place the answer among our sober reflections.

The Boyless Town.

A cross old woman of long ago
Declared that she hated noise;
"The town would be so pleasant, you
know,

If only there were no boys."
She scolded and fretted about it till
Her eyes grew heavy as lead,
And then, of a sudden, the town grew
still;

For all the boys had fled.

And all through the long and dusty street
There wasn't a boy in view;
The baseball lot where they used to meet
Was a sight to make one blue.
The grass was growing on every base,
And the paths that the runners made;
For there wasn't a soul in all the place
Who knew how the game was played.

The dogs were sleeping the livelong day,
Why should they bark or leap?

There wasn't a whistle or call to play,
And so they could only sleep.
The pony neighed from his lonely stall,
And longed for saddle and rein;
And even the birds on the garden wall
Chirped only a dull refrain.

The cherries rotted and went to waste—
There was no one to climb the trees;
And nobody had a single taste,
Save only the birds and bees.
There wasn't a messenger boy—not one,
To speed as such messengers can;
If people wanted their errands done,
They sent for a messenger man.

There was little, I ween, of frolic and
noise;

There was less of cheer and mirth;
The sad old town since it lacked its boys
Was the dreariest place on earth.
The poor old woman began to weep,
Then woke with a sudden scream;
"Dear me!" she cried; "I have been
asleep,

And oh, what a horrid dream!"

—ST. NICHOLAS.

Play the Game.

Every British-born boy knows what this means—it is part of his creed in life, part of his inheritance of obligation, and that is all his sports and amusements he must play the game.

Brown trips up Smith after a long dribble, just as he is going to score, and although it is a match between rival schools, all the spectators—irrespective of sides—vell with one voice: "Play the game, sir! Shame!! Foul!!!"

Why is it that our King rules over millions of our bronzed and swarthy brothers in India who have sworn allegiance to their foreign Emperor? Because almost every Briton has played the game, whether in peace or war, ever since the day we first landed on that great continent.

Why are the names of Livingstone, Stanley and Moffat passwords with nations of South Africa? Because the natives knew a promise given by a Briton was a deed performed; that we respected the natives' point of view and played the game fair and square.

Some of us who are so keen on "playing the game" at cricket, etc., and would rather die than hit a man below the belt, often forget to play the game when we are in the schoolroom, on the street or at an office desk. Poor little knock-kneed, spectacled Tomkins provides all Class 4 with the answers to their algebra sums, while Wilkins has to bring in lunch for all his deskmates at the office, and hardly ever gets back all the money he spends.

Play the game, boys! You, Thomson, are cheating your poor old father who can't have a new winter coat, so that you and Bob can get a good education, and also join the Footer Club, and have club shirts; while poor Wilkins walks home five miles in the wet, because he has spent his 'bus fare

and you put him off till Saturday for that sixpence he paid out for your grub.

Many of you boys are just commencing life for yourselves, and are wondering what the future will bring you in money, in position and in happiness.

Whatever else may come, I hope you may have always the proud consciousness of always playing the game.

Play the game to your Maker, and keep your body and mind what he created them to be—a delight to yourself and everyone else; for there is nothing finer than a healthy British boy!

Play the game when you are working for your daily bread, and you will reap your reward, for the successful man is the man who realizes that there are obligations in the game of buying and selling, whether it be in a profession where brains are the commodity exchanged, or in business, where goods change hands.

Play the game in your home life. The rules of the game are the same. Your parents, sisters, friends, the servants, the animals—all have their number of yards' handicap in life's race—and you have to play the game, and take care not to trip them up or get off-side.—*Boys of the Empire.*

Prophetic of the B. B!

"I always fancy there might much be done in the way of military drill withal. Beyond all other schooling, and as supplement or even as succedaneum for all other, one often wishes the entire population could be thoroughly drilled; into co-operative movement, into individual behaviour, correct, precise, and at once habitual and orderly as mathematics, in all or in very many points."—*Thomas Carlyle.*

What Our Friends Say.

THE BOY'S BRIGADE GAZETTE GLASGOW,
SCOTLAND.

In the Old Country we have to publish a paper of our own for the boys of the Brigade, but in Canada they are more fortunate: a splendid magazine is published monthly, which fully meets the needs of the Brigade, without devolving upon it any responsibility, financial or otherwise. THE CANADIAN BOY, of which we have received three numbers, is B.B. in tone from cover to cover; indeed, it does the "Gazette" the honor of making numerous quotations from its pages and even reproducing several of its articles. "Bright, Patriotic, Helpful, Entertaining," as its publishers describe it, it is well illustrated and full of interesting matter.

THE FERGUS CANADIAN.

"A good clean monthly magazine for Canadian young people. The field for a journal of this kind is a wide one and we hope Canadian parents will do their part towards helping to make THE CANADIAN BOY a financial success by having it included among their yearly supply of reading."

Bugle Notes From Britain.

From the Boys' Brigade Gazette.

The Boys' Brigade Hall, St. Andrews, Scotland, is probably the finest building of the kind in the world. It cost over \$12,000, mostly raised by private subscription.

The grounds extend to three-quarters of an acre, and there is a large ash drill ground in front. On the ground floor of the building the Entrance Hall opens to one side of the Gymnasium, which measures 75 feet long, 42 feet wide, and 33 feet to ridge of open timber roof. The Gymnasium is furnished in a most complete manner.

Parallel with the long side of the Gymnasium, and separate therefrom by a long corridor with glass screen doors, are situated the Officers' Room, with lavatory adjoining; the workshop, where carving, wood-work, etc., are taught; the Boys' lavatories and two bath-rooms; and a staircase which leads to the corridor gallery (fitted with movable glass screens overlooking the Gymnasium) leading to the Reading-Room and Recreation-Room.

The Reading-Room is well supplied with papers, and contains a large library, while the Recreation-Room has two bagatelle tables and various other games. The Caretaker's house is situated at one corner of the building. The Caretaker is an army pensioner, and superintends in the Gymnasium. The premises are heated by hot water pipes.

The work of management is conducted by the Officers, assisted by a local committee, on which the various denominations are represented.

The strength of the Company is 120. The Hall is opened every week night from 6.30 to 9; gymnastics being taught from 8 to 9; the Reading and Recreation Rooms are open from 6.30 to 9, except on Thursday, when the Company is drilled in the Gymnasium.

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Remember this is the Original School.

If you know how to write Advertisements. No genius, no superior education required, no previous experience necessary. Knowledge of merchandising, newspaper work or printing not needed—but of course helpful. No special literary or artistic ability is expected. If you have common sense—if you have ambition and energy, we will teach you this business privately, thoroughly and successfully by mail, just as we have done for the past five years for *employed graduates, now enjoying good positions* with wholesale and retail houses in every line of business. To be prosperous, deal with prosperous people. Large concerns now look to us for advertising talent. This is positive. Don't experiment. Mr. Edward T. Page and Mr. Samuel A. Davis give you personal, individual criticisms. You take no chances when you deal with proven and known success. Evidences, endorsements and full particulars sent free on request.

Remember our System is a Proven Success.

PAGE-DAVIS CO. (Incorporated),

CHICAGO, ILL.

Suite 66., 90 Washburn Ave.



TYPEWRITERS

I beg to call your attention to
the advantage of
The

✻ ✻ ✻ **CHICAGO** ✻ ✻ ✻

- 1—The most perfect and simplest in construction; only 365 parts. Other standards over 2,000.
- 2—Fewer keys and more characters than any bar machine.
- 3—The best for tabular work.
- 4—Has the only perfect erasing plate.
- 5—Has the improved paper feed.
- 6—The best marginal regulator.
- 7—Perfect alignment and clean-cut letters.
- 8—Device for locking when left with finished work.
- 9—Has the universal keyboard.
- 10—Its writing is always in sight.
- 11—Changeable type wheel adapts it to any language.
- 12—Only about half the price of the others.
- 13—Over 900 letters per minute have been written on it.

PRICE, - - \$50.00

For further particulars apply to

I. GROH,

SHALLOW LAKE, Ontario

C. A. FLEMING, Prin Northern Business College, Owen Sound, says: "Your machine does exceptionally neat work."

REID'S PATENT 

BENT RIM

✻ Wood Split Pulley ✻

✻ ✻ ✻

**THE BEST POWER TRANSMITTER BECAUSE EACH HALF
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IT DOES AWAY ENTIRELY WITH SEGMENTS

IT PRESENTS THE BEST BELT SURFACE

IT IS NOT AFFECTED BY HEAT OR DAMPNESS

IT CAN NOT FLY TO PIECES

Made light enough to run a sewing machine

Made strong enough to run a foundry

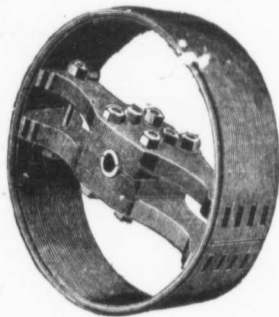
Best of all it is GUARANTEED

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WRITE FOR PRICE LIST AND DISCOUNT SHEET

The Shallow Lake Woodwork Manufacturing Co.

✻ ✻ ✻ Shallow Lake, Ontario ✻ ✻ ✻



The CANADIAN BOY

An Illustrated Magazine of Incident, Story and Self-Help.

For the Boys of Canada.

The only Journal of its kind in the Dominion.

Illustrated with fine Half-Tone and other Engravings.

Each Month's Issue is Better than the last.

Eminent and Popular Writers Contribute to it.

New Features are being continually introduced.

Parents wish to help their Boys and will subscribe for it.

Every home where there is a Boy should have it.

It circulates from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Published monthly: One Dollar per annum.

Some of the Features

Are indicated by the names of the following Departments and Sub-departments:

Fact and Fiction.—Stories of Boy Life, Adventure, Heroism, etc.

Our Own Country.—Information about Canada and Canadians.

With the Good and Great.—What these have said and done.

Ladders for Lads.—The Useful and the Ornamental; Business for Boys; Success in Life; Our Workshop; Beginners' Course in Science, Art, Languages, etc.

Only for Recreation.—Sports, Games, and Pastimes; Our Museum, (for collectors of Coins, Stamps, Curios, Plants, Shells, etc.); The Camera Club; Mental Gymnastics. (Puzzles, etc.).

Editorial and Contributed.

Among the Boys.—The Boys' Brigade and other such organizations. Religion (undenominational); Purity; Temperance; Tobacco, etc.

Agents Wanted.

Agents are wanted in every locality to canvass for THE CANADIAN BOY, the best young people's paper in Canada. Parents are glad to have such a monthly journal of story, incident and self-help brought to their notice. We offer very liberal commission to our agents. You can make money in your spare hours by representing THE CANADIAN BOY in your district. Ladies, men, boys or girls who are ready to work for us should write at once, and we will forward our instructions and terms to agents. Sample copies, 10 cents. Address

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