



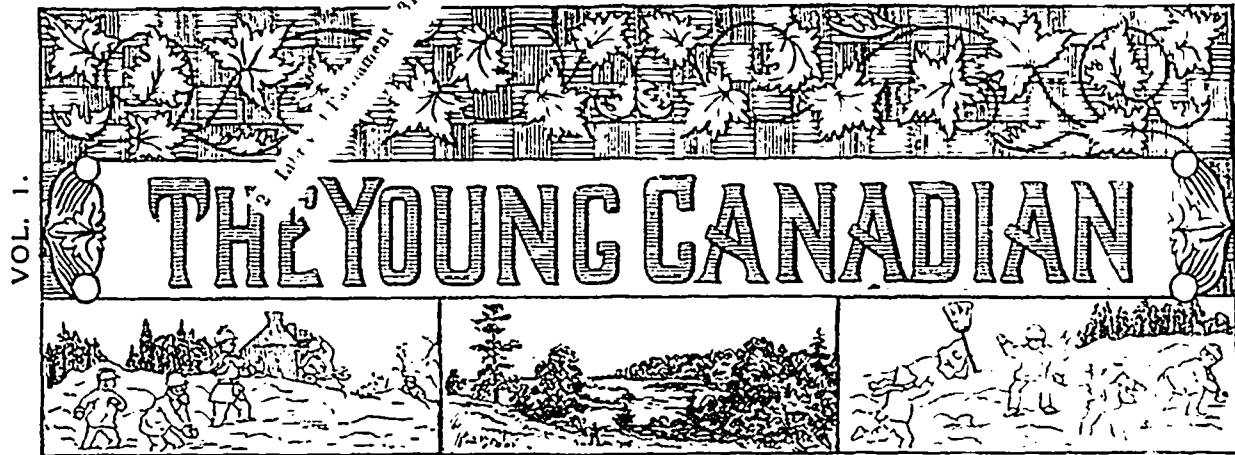
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VOL. I.

No. 17.



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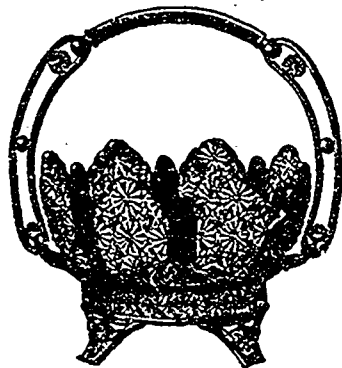
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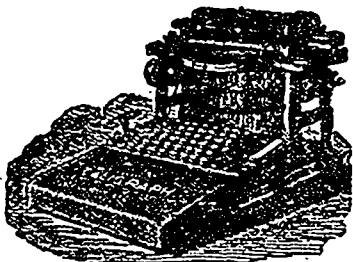
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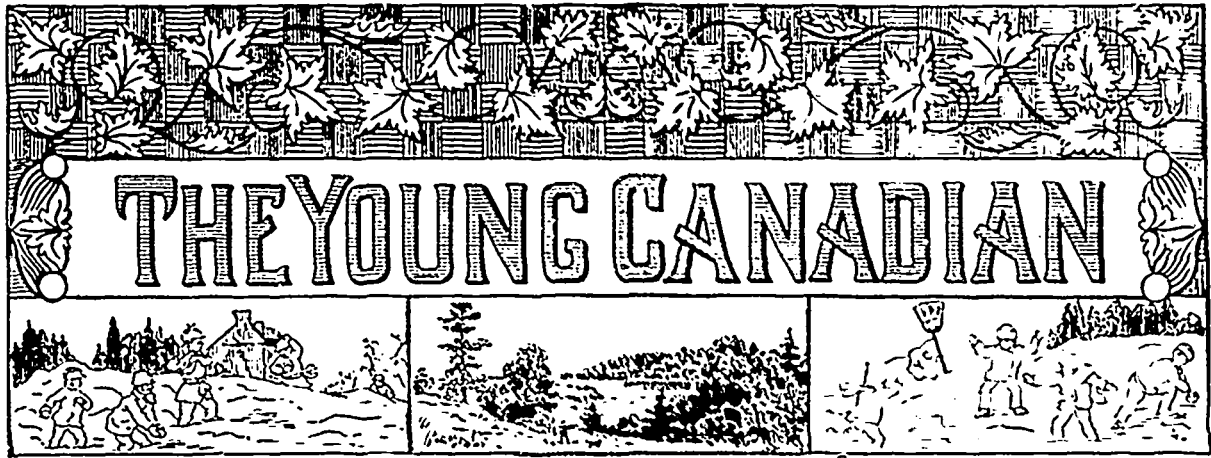
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LIFE IN THE GREAT FORESTS OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

FROM THE ALBERT NYANZA TO THE INDIAN OCEAN.

WITH THE REAR GUARD OF THE EMIN RELIEF EXPEDITION.

BY CAPTAIN W. G. STAIRS, R. E.

PART IV.

On and on we went, our leg muscles being like steel bars with our constant marching. Away from our camps in the morning long before the lazy sun had yet arisen, fast over the dried up grass lands of Karague sped the Expedition. No shouting and singing now, boys! but steady downright pegging away at two and three quarter miles per hour. Twelve, fifteen and even seventeen miles a day did we make, and camps reached by three thirty p.m. Still our legs and feet held good. Blacker and blacker the sun scorched our skins. It seemed to be trying to make negroes of us. Past villages, over streams, and through countries whose very names we cared but little to know, and whose inhabitants turned out to stare with wonder at the rate we passed them.

Onward boys! onward like lightning till the huts of the (Muzungu) white man are reached, and not till then draw your breaths, or slacken your belts. Cloth, beads and meat await you; so faster! boys' faster!

From Stanley down to the smallest girl of the Expedition each was marching like a hero, till at last one morning we had only one hundred and ten miles to go ere we should reach the mission station.

With a bound Stanley sprang out in front of the men, "Boys" he said, "there are only ten more marches ere we reach the white man. Can you do it in ten camps?"

"Aywallah! Inshallah" roared the Zanzibaris.
"Please God we will do it every man!"

And away we went. On the ninth day rolling along over the grass lands, past villages and plantations, and out again on to the plains we swung with tremendous cheering at eleven thirty a.m. into the mission station of Msalala.

One hundred and ten English miles in nine days! Well done boys!

You have done something that will send the blood coursing through the veins of those who know the meaning of such a feat. One hundred and ten miles in little over a week, and this added on to a long unbroken march of over four hundred English miles straight on end! a total of five hundred and ten English miles, without a halt of over four days, from Majamboni.

Again, reader, I ask you to pause, and consider what manner of man the leader of those men must have been. Do you grasp the splendid abilities of the man who could make other men spring to the completion of such a brilliant piece of marching as this was?

Can you not fancy how our men loved Stanley, their ideal of everything that was bold, plucky, and sound of judgment!

I wish only I could describe my feelings as I walked through the mission gates, and looked, with eyes that never grew weary, on the stalwart limbs and smiling faces of our men!

Each man on this march carried

Ammunition weight.....	55	lbs
Rifle.....	9½	"
Mat or blanket.....	4	"
	<hr/>	
	68½	lbs

A total of sixty-eight and a half pounds.

AFTER A PERIOD OF TWENTY-SIX MONTHS

We again set face on our pale faced brothers. It was like seeing beings from another world. Mackay and Deekes, the two missionaries, treated us with the greatest kindness. We enjoyed our meals immensely. Our men were in transports over their clean white waist cloths. We whites had books, letters and English newspapers. We had soap at last and lights to go to bed by. We again tasted the delights of tea and coffee, pepper, Worcester sauce and other delicacies. We had rum and whisky, and on one occasion some port. And, joy of joys, good English tobacco.

We soon filled Mackay's room with tobacco smoke on his producing the "weed." Till long after midnight we sat up relating our adventures to him. We learnt that our people were well or otherwise, and were anxiously looking out for news. Some thought we were dead. The Queen was still alive, but two German Emperors had died, and now William II was reigning.

We thirsted for and drank in every item of news we could read in the papers. Many things had taken place though, and it took us days to pick up even a rough outline of the movements of the outside world. We got new boots and threw away the raw hide make-shifts that had carried us along so far, and in new coats, socks and shirts, we began to look quite smart again, as we discarded our late and rather dirty rags.

After some days halt we despatched a party of couriers with letters for the coast, to make arrangements for the reception of so many women and children.

We had

ONLY SEVEN HUNDRED MILES MORE NOW

to march. Only eighty camps to the sea!

On the 16th Sept. 1889, the Expedition marched out of Msalala; the Companies being re-organized and the loads re-numbered for the last time. On the 19th the Wassukuma natives attacked us in great numbers and we had four days fighting. We lost several men but with our rifles drove them off. We refused to pay an exorbitant demand made by them for cloth, and offered to pay half what they asked, when they attacked us.

On the 7th October we reached *Usongo*, and here met with a large band of roving Masai who were on the raid after cattle.

On the 26th October we reached *Muhulala* in Ugogo, and just one month later, on 25th November, came to the German outpost of Mpwapwa. We were lucky in finding some German officers here in charge of the Outpost, and one of their number accompanied us to the coast.

Marching well and fast from Mpwapwa we camped on the afternoon of the 4th December near the Wami River, being then only eight miles from Bagamoyo and the Indian Ocean.

About eight o'clock in the evening, while the men were leaning over the camp fires cooking their evening meal, all of a sudden came the long, low "boom" of the Sultan of Zanzibar's evening gun from the Island far across the Sea. It was the gun that summons all true Mahommedans to prayer in the evening. Like some

long lost and forgotten chord being again heard it reminded the Zanzibaris that their homes were near. With a roar of cheering that I still can hear, the men bounded through the camp. Again and again the volleys of cheers rang out in the still night air. The men left their fires and surrouded the tents of the officers.

"*Tuwafika pwani*; we have reached the Coast."

"*Tuwafika mwisho*, we have come to the end."

Reader; could you have seen how those men cheered Stanley, you would have felt that with such men as these he could go anywhere.

Next day, December 5th 1889, we marched into Bagamoyo.

The Sea again boys, our work is done!

With bursting hearts and quickened pulses we met Englishmen and Americans again. The feelings that came over us, when once again we saw the old flag flying from the peaks of the British men-of-war in the bay, are never likely to be forgotten by any of us.

Good bye boys!

Each and every one of you have passed through the fire and proved himself a hero true as steel. Through the Forests and across the Plains of Africa, you have stuck to us like the men you are. Over five thousand miles have some of you marched, step by step, with but poor food. Backwards and forwards through that forest which seemed unending, through fevers, starvation, and scenes of death have you marched, like Trojans. We white men who have served with you for three long years, who have fought and starved, have marched and camped with you, now 70 to our homes far across the Sea.

But deep down in our hearts has sunk the remembrance of your deeds, and, in the home of the white man who knows you, will your names be kept bright.

In after life we may meet with more brilliant examples of daring, more carefully wrought out schemes of progress than you were capable of achieving. But never are we likely to see again such splendid fortitude during dark and trying days as has been shown by you, the Zanzibaris of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition!

Mekwisha--Tumepata.

It is finished; we have won.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, though many men seem to have a pretty good time without either.

"No man," once said Sir Benjamin Rudyard, "is bound to be rich or great - no, not to be wise, but every man is bound to be honest."

A good temper and an obliging disposition, when combined with honesty and industry, are invaluable qualities in every one who has his way to make in the world.

The willow which bends to the tempest often escapes better than the oak which resists it; and so in great calamities it sometimes happens that light and frivolous spirits recover their elasticity and presence of mind sooner than those of a loftier character. *Sir Walter Scott.*

"I am afraid, Madam," said a gentleman who was looking for apartments, "that the house is too near the station to be pleasant." "It is a little noisy," assented the landlady, "but, from the front verandah, one has such a fine view of people who miss the trains," she added, with an air of triumph.

A BEAR HUNT.

BY PROF. SPLITAROKSKI.

AROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

No. II.



SHORT time after the supper had been disposed of, the tin cups and plates washed in the lake water, the boys had provided lots of wood for the camp fire, and had arranged themselves, sprawling around the roaring, crackling pile, the Professor proceeded to spin

the rest of his wonderful story.

I left off, I think, said he, where we had fought and killed the biggest bear of the three, and had hauled it to where the others had been left.

Well! as there was an hour still of daylight I set the Indians to pitching the tent and preparing supper, and as I had noticed the bluff bare rock near by had some large veins, I strolled away towards it, with a view to examine it for mineral deposits. I had found small quantities of that rare metal, Molybdenum, near by, and hoped to find a larger deposit, which it would pay to work. I had climbed well up the face of the bluff, my little partridge dog, Fanny, with me, when I noticed her very excitedly running up and down the trunk of a large dead tree, which had been blown down by some storm in times long past, its huge roots spread out and up, all around liked crooked spokes of some giant wheel. The trunk was fully five feet through at the root, and kept nearly that size for thirty or forty feet down the bluff. Near the root Fanny was smelling, and scratching about the edge of a large burnt black hole, five feet long and three feet across.

While I watched her, she gave a little yelp, and into the hole she went. This hastened me up to her assistance, and when I arrived at the tree I found that the trunk was hollow and smooth inside. Calling Fanny, I heard a faint response from her, away down the hole, that seemed to run quite a distance down. While examining the tree and hole, I noticed it had numerous scratches on it, evidently the marks of some large animal. I called, and called, and coaxed, and scolded the dog, to get her out, but she would just whimper and scratch. I then mounted the trunk, got over the hole, one hand on one side, and a knee on the opposite, and reached down the hole with my other hand, to encourage Fanny to come. I could hear her coming nearer, and stretched down my hand as far as I could with safety, hoping to catch her.

I had on a pair of moleskin breeches, and not thinking of the soaking they had got when the canoe capsized, which makes them very slippery, I made an extreme effort to reach my dog, when my knee slipped on the moistened edge of the hole, I lost my hold on the other side, was thrown in a bundle into the hole, and went

headlong down before I could reach for the edge of it, down, down, head first, vainly struggling with my fingers, feet, elbows, grasping anything to retard my descent, but down I went, five, ten, fifteen, twenty. I don't know how many feet. It felt like a mile, till at last I plumped, head first, into my little dog. She jumped and frisked about in her delight—poor thing, never dreaming that it was she who had got me into such a fearful plight.

The bottom of this hole was filled with old broken dead ferns, bones, large and small, and it had such a strong smell of Bear, that I was convinced at once that I was in the very lair of those bears we had had such a fight with a few hours before. I sounded the sides, and gazed up at the light, which appeared about the size of a saucer. The walls were smooth of this tubular hole, and solid like a gun barrel, and I estimated the top to be more than twenty feet away.

It was some time before I could get turned comfortably around, collect my thoughts, and fully realize my position. There I was at the bottom of a twenty foot smooth black hole, with the night coming on, and no way of getting out except the way I had come in. I tried to climb up, but failed. I had laid my explorer's hammer, which is half hammer and half axe, on the tree beside the hole, or I could have chopped my way out in a few hours. The Indians would not trouble themselves much until after dark. There was no one to hear my voice if I yelled my head off, and nothing to eat, at which thought I felt very hungry, after the stirring events of the afternoon. No knife! What hope had I to get out even by the morning?

Gracious! should I ever get out? Should I starve to death? What *would* become of me? Then again I would try, and try, and struggle, and reach, and try my knees, and fingers, and toes, making desperate efforts to climb up those slippery sides. Again would I tumble back exhausted, to rest a little. Then, as the desperate thoughts would rise, again I renewed my frantic struggles, until at last my exertions, so prolonged and unusual, began to weaken me, aided by the heat of the confined air. I was sure I was going to die. Again I



AN HOUR OF EXPECTATION.

would make an effort to climb, but sooner to drop back than before. If I could only get Fanny out, perhaps she might bring the Indians, I thought. Then I would try, and try, to get her out, but of no avail.

Wearied out, I was lying prostrate at the bottom, thinking over some other way of escape, when a chill of horror ran through me to my very marrow and hair roots, at a thought that flashed through my already agonized mind—what of the he-bear? He ain't killed. If this is the den of the bears we killed, and they were the she-bear and the two big cubs, where is the he-bear? He will be coming to his den, now, as they were. Soon he will be here. How am I to defend myself? Oh! gracious. He will kill me and eat me! I shook and trembled as with the ague. I chilled all over, with the hole at oven heat. I burst out into a cold, deathly, clammy perspiration. I got sick and faint at the horrible fate. The more I thought of it, the more inevitable seemed the certainty of my death. To be eaten up in a horrid den like this, by a bear! Or, should my suspicion not be correct, die a slow, lingering death from starvation, after I had eaten all I could of my faithful Fanny, whom I would have to sacrifice, and eat uncooked.

What next? Though in Rome you are to do as the Romans do, in a bear's den one cannot do as the bear does—sit down and suck your thumb. I would starve to death before long. My bones would never be found. My darling wife, and boys and girls, what was to become of them? My life and career would be untimely ended. My scientific manuscript, still incomplete, the loving labour of years, on the Mineral Resources of Canada, with which I had hoped, as a patriotic Canadian, to do so much for my country, by telling the wealthy men of Europe what a wealth of minerals we had—all gone! All lost! Oh! miserable man, I cried, in my despair!

But soon I was aroused to a sense of my immediate danger.

Hush! What was that? I listen. It is nothing. Should the old he-bear return what must I do? What could I do? Helpless, weaponless, in a narrow hole, what chance had I? Oh! for a knife! I cried, from the bottom of my heart. If I must fight, I must prepare, and I took off my smock and belt of testing acids and bottles, and loosened my clothes. I will sell my life as dearly as I can. In the midst of my anguish and preparation, a thought, like a brilliant flash of light, gleamed through the darkness of my despair. I can fight him with my acids. Perhaps *they* will keep him off. With this thought lighting up my mind, faint hope that was almost dead, returned, revived, and gathered strength. As I dwelt on the effects of these powerful acids on living tissue of any kind, my courage returned, and with



"PETE! HALLO!"



"DO YOU SEE, NOW, GIGLAMPS?"

the most anxious feelings I thought out what I could do with the wretched weapons on which depended my life.

Presently Fanny pricked up her ears and barked. I listened. Hush! I hear plainly the steps of some one on the tree. My heart jumped into my mouth. At the thought, "it is the Indians following my trail," wildly I scream—

"Pete, hallo--I'm here! hallo!"

No reply. I call again. I look up at the circle of light. It darkens! Ah, he is there! He will hear me now.

"Pete! Hallo--Potash! I'm down the hole! Hallo!"

But still no reply. Gracious mercy! I will go mad.

"Pete! Pete! Hallo!" again I yell to them, and the light is closed. Fanny shrinks trembling behind me. Ah--Merciful Heaven! It is not Pete! It is not Potash! It must be the bear! I hear a scratching, grunting noise up the tube. With horror my fears are realized. It is the old he bear!

"Now, God be my helper, and I'll meet you!" I cried, and jumped my full stretched length to meet and fight my dreaded antagonist. Brave little Fanny climbs eagerly past me, full of fight. Slowly the bear comes down. I hold the dog up my arm's-length, and draw an acid bottle from my belt, and take out the glass-cork with my teeth. Down slowly approaches the bear. Nearer and nearer he comes. I can hear the sound of his huge claws on the sides of the hole.

"Which will it be--head or tail first?" I wonder now, for in the presence of the danger I had become cool, and could think and act fast.

"Let him come, Fan," I said, as I drew her down to my shoulder.

"Keep still, Fan."

"Here he is, at last—and stern first!" Up Fan, on to his back! Here is a big hind claw! Douse goes the acid on it. I catch his tail. Douse goes the acid over it and his back. I empty that bottle, and grasp my belt for another; but he feels it, starts, grunts, squeals, as Fanny, on his back, bites at his ears, and scratches up the hole. I hold on fast to his tail. Fan is doing grand work on his back, going for his lugs courageously. Up the hollow he starts. The load is heavy, and he strains and grunts, and works his paw that was being eaten by the acid, humps his back, and twitches his tail. I hold on like grim death. This is my only chance. The brute wriggles and squeals with the pain of the burning acid, as well as the fear which now possesses him at such a reception in his own den. He scratches up and up. He wants to get out. He makes terrific struggles. I hang on and help all I can, but I have all I can do to

keep hold of his tail, so sudden and powerful are his jerks.

Foot by foot he drags his way. I grab his fur with the other hand, near where the acid went. It gets on my hand, and oh, how it burnt! But that is nothing now. I yell like fury to add to his terror. Up he goes, foot by foot, scrambling, grunting, snorting, scratching, doing his utmost. We are nearing the top. Soon he can use both hind feet beneath him at the same time, and his progress gets more jerky. Fan is tearing his ear like a little demon. Light ahead! I can see her. I grip, and yank, and twist his tail. Up he goes. I hang on for dear life. Nearer and nearer we struggle towards the light, the blessed light. The brute pants, and grunts, and scrambles. Up he goes! How hard it is to hold on! I am weary. My strength is fast going. One minute more and I shall have to let go, slide to the bottom and die. With bull-dog grit I won't let go. Hold yet a few moments your relaxing grasp—my hands! Up he goes! Oh, joy! Here is the top. Fan is free! She has jumped off the brute's back, and is barking fiercely from the edge of the hole on the trunk of the tree. One more jump, and I hold my last exhausting grip, with eyes shut and lips tight. Another foot, and I let go, but clutch wildly for the edge; and before I feel my hold secure, Bruin jumps away, leaps clear of the tree, and is gone, leaving me hanging to the edge, safe, but so exhausted that I had not the power to move.

There I lay panting for a long time. The fresh air, with my dear little dog licking my face, revives me. A few minutes restore me, and I crawl out, or roll out, on to the ground, where I lay prostrate after my extreme exertion. Here I lay, in the dusk of the evening, until roused by the shouts of my Indians. With a faint voice I call them, and soon they hurry up to me in the darkening twilight, and carry me down with them to the camp they had made, and the supper they were waiting so long for me to join them in eating.

It was I who ate bear steak that night, not the bear who eat Splitarowski steak. It was now that I began to feel the pain in my hand from the acid poured in the fur of the bear, and though I dressed it carefully, you will know how bad it was when I tell you it was six weeks before I could handle a paddle. There are the

old scars yet. The Indians had the camp fire burning brightly, and the three bears, cleaned and hung up, to decorate it. It is very seldom you will see such a sight as that—three bears killed without a gun!

"Do you see, now, Giglamps, what the old pine tree had to do with it?" asked the Professor of the boy who was his late inquisitor.

"Oh, yes; thanks, Professor, I see now," he replied.

"But what *would* you have done, if that bear had come down head first?" asked the young torment; and for an answer the others howled at him, rolled him over, and, grabbing him by head and heels, held him over the fire, threatening to give him a good scorching for his inquisitiveness.

"I don't know, I am sure," said the Professor; "but I would likely have done what Old Harvey, the hunter, told me he did when he got into a fix with a pack of wolves up the Maganetewan River."

Immediately there was a clamour. "Oh—please tell us that."

"Tell us, Professor." "Sit down again." "Encore," burst from the boys—and with eager, excited faces they crowded around their friend.

"Some other night, perhaps," he said, "if you find, on your collecting to-morrow, a rare specimen of wild flower, bird, egg, animal, or shell."

Then rising, and lifting his hand, he gave the signal for their evening prayer.

The boys rise, and with bowed heads listen, while

he offers a prayer of thanks to the Great Over-Ruler, for their safe-keeping 'neath the shadow of His wings.

"Now, off, ye skaliwags, to your beds of good balsam haws, fragrant with the soporific odors of Morpheus, lulled by the low, soft sighing of Minnewawa—"

"'Mong the pines, the mellow flood of silvery moonlight, while the deepening melody of the great Dahinda joins the tremulously persistent even-song of his feathered nightly consort, Wawowaisa, and sleep ye the sleep of the just, while Mishe Mokwa turns his festive somersaults around the Polar Star, and the Pukwudjees hold high jinks about the camp fire, eager to watch the lovely Wabunanung come out to her nightly battle against the ugly, fear-inspiring ghoul, Gushkewa, and dance in glee over her victory."

Then, with a wave of the hand, the Professor closed this apostrophic valediction, and retired for the night.



HE GAVE THE SIGNAL FOR EVENING PRAYERS.

THE DOCTOR'S SANCTUM.

Who enter this door must bid farewell to gladness,
For this is the doctor's own terrible room,
From which all who go have good reason for sadness,
'Tis here that each victim encounters his doom.

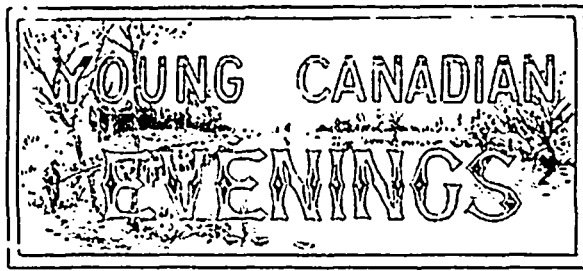
Over the door is a bust of Apollo,
In the corner reposes the much dreaded cane,
When its rest is disturbed all know trouble will follow,
And yearn for the time when 'tis laid down again.

But there's one thing that's dreaded much more than a
swishing

'Tis when the old doctor shakes gravely his head,
And talks with such kindness, you find yourself wishing
He'd give you a thorough good caning instead.

But your last visit there makes amends for past sorrow,
You are leaving the school for the big world at last,
And you laugh as you think where you'll be on the morrow;
Then the doctor shakes hands—and your school days are
past.

PAUL BLAKE.



YOUNG CANADIAN TANGLES.

ANSWERS TO TANGLES.

No 8.

THE A DIAMOND PUZZLE.

P
 P A M
 M A D A M
 P A L A T A L
 P A D A N A R A M
 M A T A P A N
 M A R A H
 L A N
 M

WILD FLOWER TANGLES.

No. 9.

1. OVAL.

- 1 C
- 2 Y A M
- 3 T A N S Y
- 4 G R A P E
- 5 O D D
- 6 A

My whole—Canada.

On the morning of January 7th, 1891, a gang of labourers on a railway track near Veadikafkass, Russian Caucasus, were obliged to discontinue their work because the gloom of the murky forenoon increased to something like total darkness. Fearing an earthquake or a cloudburst, they hurried to their camp, and did not venture to leave the shelter of their cabins before the next morning, though on the afternoon of the abnormal day the lowering clouds had begun to clear away. The phenomenon seems to have been observed at several other points of the railway line, and recalls the analogous case of May 19th, 1780, when the light of the noon-day sun, throughout southern New England, was eclipsed to such a degree that only the faint outlines of trees and buildings could be distinguished at a distance of fifty paces. In several villages of western Massachusetts the darkness was so nearly complete that birds went to roost, and scores of men prayed and groaned in name-

less terror, thinking an earthquake near at hand, if not the day of judgment. Some contemporary writers describe the episode as a "fifty hours' night" (from the evening of May 18th to the morning of the 20th); and among the many fanciful explanations the most plausible seems that which ascribes the eclipse to a drift of volcanic ash-clouds. An even more protracted darkness which alarmed the southern West Indies in the summer of 1812 was traced to a cinder-shower from the volcano of St. Vincent.—Dr. FELIX L. OSWALD, in *Belford's Magazine*.

WILD FLOWER TANGLES.

No 10.

2. SQUARE.

Plants of five letters—central ones downwards will give the answer.

X X X X X
 X X X X X
 X X X X X
 X X X X X
 X X X X X

- My 1st is a plant that grows in pastures, leaves like a shield, boys and sheep like to eat it, though it is sour. It is a first cousin to the Buckwheat, which pancakes are made of.
- My 2nd is a climbing plant, whose Latin name means "life." If you take much of its prepared sap from its berries, it means "death" to you. It has killed or ruined many boys and girls. It has clusters of small green flowers.
- My 3rd is a tree whose fruit caused a great deal of hard work for thousands of years, and it is not done yet. It is very sorry for what it did, and gives us lovely and fragrant flowers to make amends.
- My 4th is a shrub or tree which has both lady and gentleman flowers, tucked snugly away under a scale, and surrounded by nice soft wool, looks like a pussy's tail. It is very sad-looking sometimes, for its juice was turned bitter, by "Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did," for being naughty.
- My 5th is a second cousin of the Rose and Strawberry. It is white in dark woods, yellow in the green dry woods, and purple in the water.
- My whole gives the name of a tree, whose leaf and juice all Canadian boys and girls love beyond every other.

TANGLE No. 11.

3. LEGENDARY TANGLE OF WILD FLOWERS.

Correctly name these ten flowers, and the first letter of each will give you the name of a pious man of long ago, who had special care for the orphan and the poor. He was roasted on a gridiron, August 10th, A.D. 258, and was made a saint for his goodness and his martyrdom.

One of our Canadian rivers is called after him. My 1st is the delicate little flower, which the Pitying Angel turned the snow-flakes into while consoling Eve, as she sat outside the Garden of Eden lamenting her foolishness.

- My 2nd is the most beautiful little flower of the north woods. It was such a loving little fellow, and seemed so lonely in the soft dark woods, that the old Dame gave him a brother for company. Like Damon and Pythias, they are inseparable. It was the favourite flower of the great botanist Linneus.
- My 3rd is the purest of all flowers; this is the little flower that sat by a stone drooping, and waiting for her lover, the Sun. When he came she lifted her head and smiled, and was so happy; then when he went away behind a cloud, she hid her head in sorrow and grief, but her lover sent her loving messages down from the dark clouds, by the rain-drops, which came to her with them, and told them to her, when she raised her head again, smiled as lovingly as before, and made herself into a cup to hold all the rain-drops said.
- My 4th is that bad, bad tree, when Joseph and Mary with her Child, were flying from Herod, and sought shelter in the woods, and all the other trees spread their branches lower, and bowed their heads to protect the Child, that would not bow its head, but stood up stiffer and straighter than before. When this was noticed by our Lord he looked sadly at it, when it began to tremble and quiver, and has not stopped yet.
- My 5th is the tree which the wicked elves and fays punished for listening one night to their plots. Though they couldn't kill it, they made it grow its flowers without leaves, and leaves without flowers, made it not pay its nuts back to the earth like the rest of the trees, but made it keep them there until the next year, and then will not let it give them lovingly, but makes it pitch and throw them angrily all around. Make it bend its head and body to the water elf even if he is ever so far under the ground. They won't let its flowers peep out until all the beautiful summer has gone! They dance around it at night, and laugh and ridicule it for being so unlike its brother-trees, and sometimes the other trees also look down on it.
- My 6th is the pretty flower who, not content with the beauty its mother gave it, was always plaguing her to make it some other. One day it went too far with its jealous grumbings, and its mother punished it by turning its pure, sweet whiteness to yellow, the mark of jealousy.
- My 7th is the tree that Judas Iscariot hanged himself on, which made it feel so badly that its faithful heart turned brown and soft with annoyance; it put nasty warts on all its beautiful skin, and its berries turned red with anger. If you lie down beneath it, it will put you asleep, and maybe kill you.
- My 8th is the flower into which a young dude turned, who was so vain that he used to go down to look at himself reflected in the water. One day he tumbled in and was drowned, and this flower grew up in his place.
- My 9th is the tree from which our Saviour's Crown of Thorns was made.
- My 10th is the flower whose beauty of form, colour, and fragrance turned its head, and she became so annoying to the other flowers with her vanity, that they went to Dame Nature and asked that she should be taught humility. The old Dame

said that she must grow hereafter without a stem, so that now she creeps around on the ground, hiding her flowers, and is very humble, but she is lovely still for all that.

PERILOUS ADVENTURE IN CLOUD-LAND.

A CHAT WITH ONE OF THE AMATEUR AERONAUTS.

FROM THE "PALL MALL."

Mr. Arthur Williams, a young man who earns his living by tomb-stone engraving, ever since he saw the balloon ascents at the Alexandra Palace, had been fired with ambition to go and do likewise. So he set about making a balloon on his own account of long-cloth, guided, only to a limited extent, by a book. The bag, when inflated, measured 36 feet in diameter and 50 feet in height. It was of a dark chocolate colour, with the words—"Adventurer, London," inscribed in large letters. When he had made some progress with the manufacture of the balloon, Williams became acquainted with William Smith, a middle-aged, married boat-builder. In the end they determined to make an ascent together, and last Monday week was chosen for the reckless adventure. The balloon was duly inflated at the stores of the Gas Light and Coke Co. at Battersea by an experienced man. The amateur aeronauts did not tell the authorities that this was their first attempt lest they should be prevented.

"We noticed before starting," said Williams, "that there was a rent at the top of the balloon, but we determined to go up all the same. We took a bottle of brandy, a grappling-iron, a telescope, a thermometer, a compass (which went all wrong), a dagger knife, a black bag, and a quantity of sand. At the given signal the balloon was loosed, and we went up at a terrific pace. Then the envelope, which was not full, flapped, and we opened the valve. It looked as if were to descend on the free library at Chelsea, but that was not what we wanted, so we threw out a bag of sand to the peril of the persons in King's Road. Thus relieved, the balloon ascended through layer after layer of clouds, into the sunshine again, and I noticed that the thermometer stood at 15 deg. below freezing point. We travelled steadily to near Neasden, when we threw out a paper parachute with a bag of sand attached to it. The parachute sped up, indicating that our balloon, why, I do not know, was falling again. Down we went at a great pace. I held on to the stays at the side, Smith caught hold of the bottom of the car. I had no idea of the force with which we should hit the ground, and I was tumbled out head over heels into a ditch, and with me the telescope, the sand, and everything in the car, except Smith."

"Smith tried to make the balloon fast to a tree with the grappling-iron, but the rope broke, and before I fully recovered my wits he was out of sight. I only had my hand scratched. After collecting our property I walked about a mile to Neasden station. On getting home I found that Smith had arrived first. Smith thinks he must have ascended miles before he opened the valve, which in his nervousness he forgot to shut. Down came the balloon again, not far from Harrow town, and Smith leaped out when the car was some ten feet from the ground, so saving his life. He was not hurt much, only a strain, and bruises in his back. Smith was in the balloon some ten minutes longer than I was, and I had had three-quarters of an hour of it when I fell into the ditch."

The Young Canadian

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

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Address:

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BOX 1896.

MONTREAL.

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

OUR LETTERS ACROSS THE OCEAN.

They have been carried by the Allan Line for many years. Their contract for performing this service for the Government expired about a year ago. In discussing terms for a new contract there was a general desire for a faster rate of speed. The Allan Line had the "Parisian" and the Dominion Line the "Vancouver," both magnificent steamers, and an arrangement was made with the two companies that the mails be carried by them in their fastest ships. The Government paid the companies two thousand five hundred dollars for each round trip. Taking the round trips at fifty-two, one in each week, this amounted to one hundred, and thirty thousand dollars a year. But the steamers find it not enough, and meantime the contract has run out. We are quite sure that both of these great steamship companies may see their way to provide the necessary fleet of swift ships to carry our letters across as quickly as we can have them by New York, and we hope they will do so. We want our letters carried under our own flag. We want our own Canadian ocean greyhounds. We have already told our young Canadians all about the "Parisian." We mean to tell them all about the "Vancouver." And when we get a whole fleet of ships like these, we had better think of a young Canadian round trip, when we might all start together and see for ourselves the floating palaces.

CAPTAIN, NOT LIEUTENANT.

Since our Articles by the Hero of the Dark Continent were written, the author has had the good fortune to be promoted to a Captaincy, an honour which he has richly earned. We all wish him much success in his new rank, and it has given THE YOUNG CANADIAN great pleasure to write out the word Lieutenant, and to write in the word Captain.

OUR SEEDS.

Our seed merchants are driving a roaring trade. Our seed time is their harvest time. In talking with a large dealer the other day, he told me that he gets his sweet turnips from Scotland, and his pansies, hollyhocks, dahlias, from Germany. Our vegetable seeds mostly come from France, the climate being more favourable to them. Field-roots, such as mangels, from England, but cabbages and cauliflowers from France. Extensive seed farming is now a feature of the trade. We get them out in November and January to be ready for the Spring. They come in bags, cases, and parcels of all sizes and descriptions. We return the compliment by sending our English and European cousins pease, Quebec turnips and leeks, and Montreal melons. Our Canadian melons are the finest in the world. Two dollars apiece they fetch in Boston. When I asked my friend about roses, my favourite, he said there was a very greatly growing taste for these beauties. The Spring Sales were turning our attention more to their culture. Why have we not more "rose farms?"

MY FIRST FLY.

A fly has lighted on my table—one of the first of the season. He is making ready for the happy summer time, the sweets of the breakfast, the dinner, the supper, and, alas! of the sleep, too. He is renewing acquaintance with the scenes of his last year's exploits with the fury of the angry cook; he is looking for a resting-place in the butter, the sauce, the tea, the jam. He is a sportive youngster. He has forgotten the deadly snares in store for him in the milk-pan, the sticky paper, the hasty towel of the red-faced cook. Well may he draw his fore-leg across his eyes, to see if it could be true.

A SECRET.

A great secret to my dear little readers! Nobody is to listen but themselves, and they must listen with both ears. I want to know the birthday of every one of my dear little folks in every Province. I like knowing the birthdays of my friends. I keep them in a book. I have started a new book, my

YOUNG CANADIAN BIRTHDAY BOOK.

I shall then be able to send some pretty little good wishes for them on their breakfast table on that delightful and important morning. Take a post-card. It is not much trouble. Write your full name, and your pet name, if you have one, and I am sure you all have. Then write the day, and the month, and the year when you were born. Something like this:—

"Harry Edward Hamilton; Hal; January 8, 1880."
Or, "Louisa Helen Smith; Loo; July 15, 1881."

That's all. Not much. Don't forget, please. One thing more: if you have some dear little play-mates who would like to have something nice on their birthday mornings, just put down their name too, below your own. If there is room in my book, and if I have a dollar left, I will send something for them too.

A MISTAKE.

In our delightful article on "Athletic Laurels and How Won," a mistake occurred, which I am happy to correct. Our printer said the cost of the new grounds of the Montreal Club was six thousand dollars. He should have said sixty thousand. A slight difference.

ENCLOSE STAMPS.

A word to my contributors. There is nothing sent to me for THE YOUNG CANADIAN which I am not much more anxious to find suitable than the writers themselves can be. I spend much time and care on all that is submitted to me. But I cannot give the same thought to anything that is written on both sides of the page. The printer would not look at it, even if I sent it to him. So, please remember. And also, that if you want me to return what does not suit me, I must ask you to enclose postage for the purpose. This is a universal rule. Indeed, few editors take the trouble even if postage is sent, as it requires a special clerk for that and nothing else. But I want our YOUNG CANADIAN to be as polite as possible, and we shall always, as far as possible, return what we do not accept. But it is too much to ask us to stamp it all.

LITTLE GARDENERS.

So many of my little readers are writing for information about seeds for their own pretty gardens, that I have now a stock of all the nice flower seeds in my drawer. I shall be happy to send some so soon as the gardens are prepared.

TO OUTSIDERS.

This is for young Canadians who do not get our Paper—all for themselves. Please send us your name and address on a post-card, and by return of mail you will have something pretty. Don't forget, please, it is very important.

OUR YOUNG CANADIAN CENSUS.

It is commenced. The Government has not asked us to do so, but it was surprised when I said, a week or so ago, that a million young Canadians would watch all that was going on in Ottawa. So we want to prove what we said. Will every one help us by sending us their names, with addresses, and as much information as they can put on a post-card very closely written. Something like this after the name:—"Aged 12. 3 brothers. 1 sister. Goes to school. Fond of pigeons. Likes candy. Can skate and swim. Wants to be an engineer or a teacher. And so on, to the foot of the card.

PLEASE TRY.

You don't know what you can do till you try. So please try. You may get a gold watch if you do. I am sure you have fifty young companions in school and out of school who should be reading our nice YOUNG CANADIAN. Well, if you get them to subscribe for the rest of this year, you may get the

GOLD WATCH,

all engraved, with your name on it. The boy or girl who sends us the greatest number by Dominion Day, the first of July, shall have the watch mailed the following morning. Now, won't you try? Get your father and mother to help you. How proud they will be if you win it!

OUR NEW SOCIETY.

Here is a beautiful little story for the recruits of our new Society that has not got a name yet:—

There was once a sparrow, and she had a nest full of little ones. Now, when they grew up, and were about to fly away, their mother called them around her to give them some good advice. "If ever," she said, "you see a boy pick up a stone, do not wait to see what he is going to do with it. Fly away at once." Well, when their mother told them what to do when they saw a boy picking up stones, one of them asked what they should do if the boy had a stone in his pocket?

ANOTHER PRIZE.

I have received so many "solutions" to our Tangles that I think it necessary to recognize the labour and perseverance of my young friends. Therefore, I have arranged with the Tangle Department that on the first Wednesday of every month—the day our YOUNG CANADIAN is published—there shall be a prize of a bright new dollar bill for the largest number of correct solutions in the month. All the solutions should be sent in at one time, to save your postage, and the envelope should be marked—"Tangle Editor, YOUNG CANADIAN, Box 1896, Montreal." See who gets the first.

NEAT BINDERS.

To keep your weekly numbers clean and shield them from "the wars," we have prepared neat and strong binders. The price is fifty cents, postage free.

BACK NUMBERS.

The demand for back numbers for our subscribers has exhausted all our stock. If any of our readers have an odd copy that they do not require, it will be a great favour if they will forward it to us.

WILD FLOWER CLUB.

A friend writes to me that for years she has used the edges of postage stamps for fixing her plants in her collection, and that it serves the purpose well.

I am very sure that our young Wild Flower Clubs will read with delight the account of our "first outing" in this issue. There is a dancing glee about it that peeps in at me at my desk, and wags its tempting little finger, as if to say—"Come too." I hope all our little clubs will enjoy their outings, their scrambles, their "counting-out," their "trading," their pressing, their supper, and their sleep—sweet sleep, and sweet dreams of laughing skies and laughing eyes.

So many enquiries come to me from my dear little friends about the Prize Calendar Essays, that I insert one to-day that came very near the first. I hope that this will help my young competitors better than anything else I could do. They are all good models. They give a short introduction to explain their subject, and then dip in right away in earnest. I observe a very decided improvement in the style of composition. My competitors tell me that the Calendar tells them much about many things they never knew. I want to return the compliment, and tell my competitors that they tell me much that I did not know.

EDITOR.

YOUNG CANADIANS THEIR OWN PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Few things are so fashionable at present as photography, and few fashions bring so much cultivation of taste and genuine pleasure as the pursuit of it. Easy, too, it is, with all our modern "ready-made" appliances, smoothing the way, and putting success quite within the reach of any of us who are possessed of the average comprehension and perseverance.

Our modes of travel are now too swift, and the pressure of engagements is too great, to admit of our carrying off with us pen and pencil souvenirs of our little trips and holidays. The "Kodak" steps in, the "Detective Camera," "prepared plates" and fifty other things come across our path to induce us, when time is pressing, to have at least the half loaf which is better than no bread.

I read the other day a most amusing and interesting account of instantaneous photography thirty years ago in London, when a celebrated and persevering photographer was making street views of the great metropolis of the world for the stereoscope. He took a cab around with him, using the box up beside cabby as his point of vision for his camera, and having the inside of the cab darkened as an operating room. Day after day the same cabby, the same cab, and the same enthusiast might be seen winding their way through the crowded streets, in quest of "bits" and patiently on the look out for an opportunity.

In addition to the obstacles of traffic they had the obstacles of atmosphere to contend with. When the wind was from the east, it was no use going west, for the smoke was all blown over there. When the wind came from the west there was no better prospect in the east; in addition to which sundry experiences of mishaps to the travelling and improvised dark room must have tested the artist's patience to the extreme verge of madness.

How the world has lined our path with roses since then. We can, any day, start with all we need, if not in our pocket, at least in a very small handful, and our best efforts are "done" before we know them well begun.

THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

or "darkened chamber," is a darkened box with a hole at one end for the insertion of a lens, or a combination of lenses. At the other end is a screen of ground glass on which the image is to be received. The interior of the camera is darkened to prevent reflected light of any kind from being thrown on the picture. You will understand it more clearly by a simple

HOME EXPERIMENT.

Darken one of your own rooms, leaving only one small hole through which the light may pass. Rays of light will come in by this hole, which you may see streaming across the room in a straight line. Now, intercept these rays by placing a piece of white paper across them. Hold it near the hole in the shutter through which the light is passing. On the paper you will see an image of things outside quite clear and distinct, but reversed, upside down.

If you place a convex lens in the hole, a lens rounded outwards, the picture on the paper will become a great deal more clear and sharp. Now, move the paper by degrees away from the hole, and back again, watching all the time the effect on the picture. You will see that the image changes in clearness, and when too near, or too far, disappears altogether. There is only *one point* where it is perfect. This is then the best place for you to leave your picture.

You have now been "focusing," although you did not know it, and indeed you have been unconsciously photographing. You have actually taken a photograph unwittingly.

Your room has been quietly converted into a camera, and the process you put the paper through is just exactly what is done by the photographer when you see him peeping at you from behind his camera with a piece of black velvet thrown over his head. He has been moving the position in which he intends to place his plate, till it comes just to the point where you saw the best picture on the paper,—the best focus.

This is why it is difficult to take large groups of people at one time. If those in the front are "in focus," those at the back are "out of it."

In the camera there is "a slide,"—a thin flat box, also darkened, to carry the prepared plate from the operating room to the camera and back again, for light is fatal to our work, at least when we don't want it. On the back of the slide is a door with a hinge to admit the plate, and on the front there is a shutter to expose or hide it at will.

Of cameras, three were formerly necessary; one for portrait, one for landscape, and one for copying. Now we have the arrangements for all three combined in one.

The "tripod" carries its explanation in its name, the "three-footed" support for the camera, that steps out and in, slides up and down, and is generally at the command of its master.

Cameras, all sizes and prices, with folding tripods, the whole forming a most convenient and handy outfit, can now be obtained at a moderate cost, and the pleasure of its possession and use more than recoup the investment.

Most of our houses can spare us a closet that we can convert into our "dark room." If not we may always make our preparations at night, when any room may be made dark on a moment's notice. I do not mean a darkened room or closet, with lights stealing in through crevices here and there. The darkness must be absolute, such light as is necessary for our work being provided by ourselves from a lamp or light of a special colour.

In this room you will keep all your materials, and in it you will also unpack and open everything. Do not forget that the light, without which you cannot make your pictures, is the same light that will spoil all.

Make all your arrangements on a good system. Put everything in a place convenient for use, and when not in use see that it is in its place. You must become familiar with the names and uses of everything. A good plan is to go through the process a few times "as a show," naming everything you use, putting it to its own peculiar use, and back to its place again, without incurring the risk of having actually used anything.

One of the first lessons must be one of cleanliness and order. The purity of everything is essential. Even dust is an obstacle to all fine work and finish. The care you show in your solutions, baths, trays, will tell in everything you produce.

When you have your camera set up firmly on the tripod, see that one leg of the tripod is always facing the front, and the other two stretched out at the sides. This will prevent either of them from coming in your way when operating. Pay strict attention that the camera is level.

On the ground glass at the back of the camera you will see the image of the picture you are going to take, whether it be portrait or landscape. This will give you your focus, and any time spent in getting this accurate will more than reward you in the result.

In order to see this well, you will throw the focus

cloth over your head to exclude the light from behind. The light should strike the ground glass only through the lens. This cloth must be quite opaque, and should be black. In moving the front or the back of your camera towards you or from you, with your head well covered, keep your eye on the image, and do not try to look through the camera, however tempting that may be.

When you have made an exact focus clamp the camera so that it will not move, and place the cap on the lens. The plate will then be inserted, by opening the hinge at the back of the camera and placing the plate in its place. Fasten this carefully and everything is ready for exposure.

This last so much depends upon circumstances that it is impossible to give hard and fast rules. Care and watchfulness in experience are the best teachers. Take your watch in hand. Pull the slide of the plate holder next the lens. Remove the cap from the lens, and count your seconds. Drill yourself not to count too fast. You will be likely to do this. And always keep a note book by you to make memos of circumstances which may guide you in the future.

You have now your picture taken. Remove the holder, which, of course, has the picture inside carefully protected from the action of the light, and carry it to your dark room.

Here you will have everything in readiness. Light your lantern. Close the door. Take out your plate. Set it in the developing tray with its face up, and prepare for a treat.

I presume that you have your developer made and ready. As you apply it to the picture you will observe first faint outlines appearing; then gradually more body is added to the picture, until the entire image is brought out. In twenty or thirty seconds it is complete. You have your first negative.

A good rinse in pure water will prepare it for "fixing," for which you will also have had everything in readiness. On coming out of the "fixing" bath, it will be again well rinsed. See that everything in your dark room that might be injured by light is covered up, and now you may bring your triumph out to get its first breath of air. Leave it where it will dry. It will then be ready for "printing" and then for "mounting."

For these interesting processes there is no pressure. Choose a day of leisure. Never hurry in your work, nor finish off for the pure sake of finishing off. A hasty minute, or careless touch will spoil the whole.

It is a fascinating hobby, and one for which our glorious summer weather and winter skies lend a charm not easily found elsewhere. Not a trip by rail, nor a holiday by boat; not a cruise for a day, or a drive for an afternoon, but may be made doubly delightful, threefold more interesting, and many times more invigorating.

Taking photographs by flash light, though an invention of only five years of age, has made itself almost an essential department of the Art. It enables us to be more or less independent of His Majesty the Sun. By the magnesium light, photographs may be taken not only at night, but in dark rooms indoors, or for that part of it, away down in our coal mines where the sun's rays have never reached.

PHOTO.

◆◆◆◆◆
 "Gather gear by every wile
 That's justified by honour:
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,
 Nor for a train attendant,
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being independent."

MRS. MAYBURN'S TWINS.

THE STORY OF ONE DAY.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

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

The attitude, the face, and the tone were pathetic in the extreme, but mamma had seen all of them before; and she hardened her heart against them, and started to leave the room, when she heard:

"Bobboker fee's bad; Bobboker got saw om."

This was harrowing to the maternal heart; still, mamma had on many previous occasions heard of that same arm, and the plea was generally offered in extenuation of some exasperating unreasonableness. So mamma passed through the door, when her ear was greeted by a dreadful shriek:

"Tum back aden—ya—ya—ngya! If 'oo don't tum back aden, Bobboker 'll pank 'oo. Tum back to Bobboker! If 'oo don't tum back, Bobboker 'll go back to God!"

Mamma clapped both fingers to her ears, but turned and took down one hand to open the door. At the same instant Bridget opened the other door, and displayed a very red face and the Jefful, and asked:

"Av ye plase, mem, how am I to do me wurruk wid this little dhivil—"

"Bridget!" exclaimed Mrs. Mayburn.

"Oh—h—h, she's an angel just sint down, so she is," said Bridget, apologizing to the baby; "but she's sint at the wrong toime an' place whin she strikes the kitchen just afther dinner, so she is. Av I lave her on the floor she scrames; an' av I put her on the table she throws off the dishes."

"I thought you loved her," exclaimed mamma, with a dignified sense of injury expressed in every tone. "Give her to me."

"I hope ye don't fale hurt, mem," said Bridget, kindly, clinging to the baby, as mamma attempted to take her darling; "but how am I to do me dishes an' the baby's ironin' an' things, whin I can't have me hands an head to mesilf a minute?"

"Give her to me," insisted mamma: "she needs some one who can manage her."

Bridget relinquished The Jefful, and retired as meekly as if she had done something wicked, while mamma, noticing with sinking heart that a full hour of the afternoon had departed, went back to Bobboker, whose shrieks had been simply dreadful ever since his mamma had left him.

"There, there, there," said mamma, soothingly, as she appeared again before Bobboker; "see what mamma has brought her beeboy. She's brought the dear little sister Jefful for him to play with. Bobboker must be very careful, though, or mamma will take her away again."

The movement was bold, skillful, and had every feature of a well-planned surprise; but one essential to a successful surprise is to find the enemy napping, either physically or mentally. Now Bobboker was not napping in any way; his senses were all alert; and he regarded The Jefful as critically as if he had suffered by a thousand shams, and was not disposed to add to his collection of disappointments. But when The Jefful saw him, she put out her pudgy hands, exclaimed, "Bob—

bob—bob—bob—bob!” and tried to spring from her mamma’s arms; and there was such hearty genuineness about all of this, that Bobboker’s suspicions were dissipated, and he said:

“Tum on.”

So mamma dragged Bobboker to the front of the bed, and placed The Jefful where her brother had been, and made sure that the bed was pushed tightly against the wall, so that her baby could not fall to the floor, and Bobboker kissed his sister, and The Jefful fastened both hands in Bobboker’s hair, and said, “goo, goo, ahgoo!” in the most ecstatic manner; and Bobboker said, “ah,” and “ee,” and “oo,” and several other things, and mamma literally flew to her work-basket, and began work upon the small buttonless shirts, and the little stockings, which, though numerous, were outnumbered by the holes they contained.

How mamma’s darning needle flew! It was not merely because the work had to be done, and she had time in which to do it—oh, no—perish the thought of such a grovelling incentive. But there, within hearing distance, was going on a merry conversation between brother and sister, and every tone of either participant was affectionate, and laughter alternated with ecstatic crowing, and love seemed to have achieved the bliss it invariably promises, but so seldom realizes, and both children were mamma’s own—her very own—and she was so proud of them, and so happy in them, and, in spite of work and care and consuming thought, the gates of heaven seemed just within hearing, though out of sight; and the darlings had a papa who was the best man in the world, and a brother and sister who were unequalled in any family of which mamma knew; and mamma herself did not see how she had ever been able to endure life when merely a girl, with nothing but dress and parties and compliments to fill her shallow mind; and she determined that she would not have time turn backward ten years for all the money in the world, and she wished that Will, her husband, might accidentally drop in just then and see that she was not always tired and absent-minded. Then another crow, more enthusiastic than usual, escaped The Jefful, and all sorts of noises were combined by Bobboker as an antiphone; and mamma herself burst into an exultant strain from the song about “Mrs. Lofty,” when she heard a pronounced bump, hard yet hollow, then a long-drawn howl, and a low, but emphatic:

“Goodnish!”

Mamma dropped her work and hurried to the rescue. She found The Jefful with her head against the wall, her eyes tightly closed, her face contracted into the ugliest of lines, her mouth wide open, and a new yell just starting from her lips.

“Oh, goodness!” exclaimed mamma, as she dragged her baby to the front and took her tightly to her breast and kissed her.

“Jefful a bad dile,” said Bobboker, sternly; “she wouldn’t mind Bobboker, so Bobboker punished her.”

“Then mamma will punish *you*,” was the angry response.

“No—o—o—O!” was the response. “Bobboker got a saw om.”

“Is that any reason why you should give poor little Jefful a sore head?” asked mamma, sharply.

Bobboker reflected a moment, burst out crying, and whined:

“Idono.”

“Then why did you do it?”

“Idono.”

“What did you do to her?”

“Idono.”

“What did she do to you?”

“Idono.”

Mamma stamped her foot angrily, and asked:

“Then why did you punish her?”

And Bobboker, first looking all over the room and at his finger-nails for a reply, answered:

“Idono.”

Mamma departed abruptly, taking The Jefful with her; and when the infantile tears were wiped away, and a smile or two had set the little face to rights, mamma put her baby upon the floor with a spool, an empty vinaigrette, and a red stocking to amuse her, and returned to the still unfinished stocking. The Jefful attacked the stocking with her teeth, lecturing it severely as she did so, but seeming to enjoy the operation, while Bobboker wailed in the next room in a long-drawn way that promised to consume the afternoon. But mamma did not care; he might cry, and realize how naughty a thing it was to hurt his poor little helpless baby sister; so mamma worked away, and let him cry, while she enjoyed to the full every expression and act of the baby. The Jefful finally wearied of her playthings, and began to settle herself jerkily, and curve her back more and more, as sitting babies generally do when tired; but mamma, like most other mammas, had never in her life imagined that a baby’s back could ever become tired. So baby went on jerking and protesting; and then mamma’s elbow was twitched, and, looking to see who did it, she saw Bobboker, with a very solemn face, and heard him remark:

“Oo boosed Bobboker.”

What mamma might have said we do not know, for just then in burst Fred and Bertha, school having been dismissed.

“Mamma, may I go to the park?” asked Fred.

“Oh, say, mamma, may I put on my nice clothes and go visit Ellie Millston?” asked Bertha.

“I want an appoo—a nice peilded one,” remarked Bobboker. Bobboker seemed to have some doubt as to whether he had been heard, for he again asked for the apple, and repeated his request several times.

“Ow—ya—boo—goo!” declared The Jefful.

Now mamma might have answered each of the children, but one cannot very well answer four questions at a time, nor even hear them without trouble. Mamma did the best she could; she tried to imagine what her children had said; then she had them repeat it, and this is what she heard:

“Mamma, say, an appoo boo into my nice Ellie Millston,” which was more than even mamma, with her faculty for translating child-talk, could understand.

“One at a time, please, darlings,” said mamma.

“Bobboker was only one of them at a time, him was,” said Bobboker, tugging at mamma’s arm, and thus drawing her yarn so tightly that it broke.

“So was I,” said Bertha. “Say, mamma, may I?”

“Ah—boo—um—ga—boobooloo,” suggested baby.

“I’m wasting time awfully, mamma,” said Fred.

Mamma dropped her work into her lap, and put her hands to her head, and when she had fairly taken hold of that useful member she seemed very unwilling to let it go; indeed, it seemed to her for a moment or two that if she removed her hands, that instant her head too would drop into her lap, which would scarcely be the proper place for the eyes, ears, and tongue of a busy little woman. Mamma had shut her eyes, as she tried to collect her senses, but Bobboker, who had been standing in front of her, roused her by exclaiming:

“Mamma, ‘top a lookin’ at me wif the outsiders of you eyeses; they don’t say noffin at Bobboker.”

Mamma seemed to think for a moment that saying things to Bobboker was not the sole purpose of existence, but when, a moment later, she felt one of her

eyelids being raised by a little, though energetic finger, she changed her opinion, and opened that and the other eye also.

"Mustn't take nappies sittin' up in tsairs," said Bob-boker gravely.

"Shall I wear my princess?" asked Bertha.

"I won't need overshoes in the park to-day, will I?" asked Fred; "it's a lovely day."

This brought mamma back to the world, for she knew that the streets and parkways were sloppy in the extreme.

"Certainly, you must wear your rubbers, my boy," said she, "if I let you go. I'm afraid, though, that you'll get into mischief of some sort."

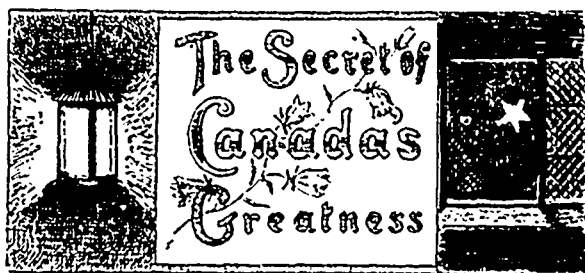
"I won't, just going to see Ellie," said Bertha.

"You may go, Bertha, if you will dress yourself without troubling me at all--and you, too, Fred; but I must see each of you before you go out: I want you properly dressed." Then, as the children hurried to their room, mamma said to herself:

"Now I will have a peaceful hour or two at this dreadful pile of little garments."

"Is you goin' to mend my appoo den?" asked Bob-boker.

(To be Continued.)



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

When people love anything very much there is no labour too great for them to spend upon it. It can never be nice enough, or good enough. It must be perfect before they can rest. So it was with the Bible. The faults and defects in the translation of one version made people dissatisfied, and caused them to set about making an improved one. For five-hundred years, the greatest learning, the most persistent labour have been



JOHN WYCLIF.

expended upon our Bible before it has reached the amount of perfection in which we now enjoy it. How this was brought about is a long story, and one of the most interesting which can occupy the minds of young Canadians. There is no book like the Bible for historical interest, and the study of how we came to have it in our own language, and so that we could read it ourselves, is a study which has always attracted our deepest thinkers and our most devout souls.

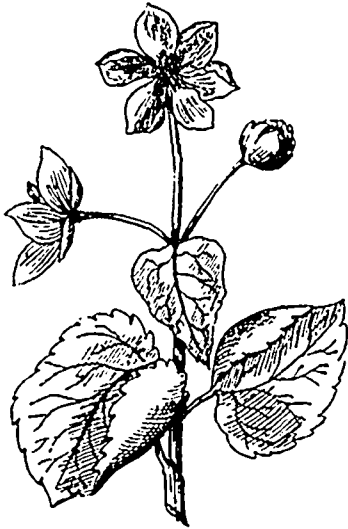
We are so accustomed to see it, to read it, to hear it read in our churches, that it is hard for us to believe that the Bible did not always form the principal object of our public worship. But the truth is that we had churches, and ministers, and our Christian religion for hundreds of years before we had a Bible that we could read, or that could be read to us. We had even a clergy maintained by tithes, or tenth-parts of the produce of the land, before any complete version of the Bible was within the reach of the English people. Only men of rank or learning who could read Latin had access to its sacred truths. At different periods of time, portions were translated by different persons. For example, The Gospel of St. John, some chapters from Exodus, the Four Gospels, the Books of Moses, Joshua, and Judges, were translated by distinguished and devout men, but these were literary treats for great scholars. These scholars were few.

Some of these translations have been preserved to the present day, and may be seen treasured in valuable college libraries. Indeed printed copies of them may be found in books which are now quite common.

As it was in times more ancient, when Valentinus and Celsus made attacks on the Gospels intending to shake the faith of the people and finished by making the Gospels more precious than ever, so it came in later days that men began to feel that they could no longer live without reading the Bible for themselves. It was not enough to have it read by great scholars, and only explained to them. It was not enough for a priest to read a portion in Latin which they could not understand, and which perhaps he did not understand very well himself. They must know and examine the wonderful sayings for themselves. And when they felt this so much that they could endure no longer the craving, the last straw was laid upon men's backs which led to their procuring their long wished-for Bible. Many evil things were being said and done by men in high positions in the country and in the church. One good man who knew the Bible well was so shocked that he could sit by no longer. He denounced these evil things. He told men they were against all that the Bible taught us. And in order to make men believe him, he began to translate the whole Bible, so that they could read it for themselves.

This good man's name was John Wyclif, or as his name is sometimes spelt Wycliffe, who was born in 1324 in Yorkshire, England, and we must honour him for giving us the first complete version of the Bible in English. This was about 1380, and although this translation cannot be compared to the one we have now, it served the purpose very well at the time. It was written for the people of that day. It was not a translation from the original Scriptures, but from a Latin version of them, and whilst at times it is couched in very plain and homely language, at others it rises to a poetic refinement surprising to find in an age of such limited culture.

A large number of men liked it so well that they went about the whole land reading it and explaining it to the people, and when you hear of the *Lollards* you will know that these were the men who tried to make Englishmen and Scotchmen understand and love John Wyclif's Bible. This was the *Lollards' Bible*.

Marsh Marigold. *Caltha Palustris*

Trailing Arbutus.

YOUNG CANADIAN WILD FLOWER CLUB.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF VERY YOUNG CANADIANS.

AMONG OUR WILD-FLOWERS.

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

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

PAPER VI.

OUR FIRST OUTING.

Having had a few showers, we know that the flowers must be out, so on Saturday morning we wake up early and the house is all in a bustle preparing for our first outing.

With our tins and old knives we start off to a place where we find all kinds of flowers. We go a little way into the woods, and suddenly before us we see some white specks upon which we pounce, shouting "Here they are!" "Our first Hepaticas!" with their pretty little white or bluish petals on the fuzzy stem, and the new green leaves around the bottom, the old brown ones still lying underneath the new.

It is called the Hepatica Triloba, because its leaf has three blunt lobes. Soon we shall find the other species called the Hepatica Acutiloba, with its sharp-pointed lobes.

We go on a little farther, and "Here's another!" is shouted. We rush to see what it is. It turns out to be the Blood-root. It has two sepals, that fall off when the flower opens. When you break its black root it bleeds red juice, like blood.

We stroll along looking for others, when some one shouts - "What's this?" It is the little Anemone Memerosa, a small white flower with a few sepals but no petals, and standing about six inches high.

Away up high the Birches are throwing out their pretty tassels, and the Maples are dropping their bunches of red flowers down on our heads. The Willows are also putting out their soft pussy tails. Let us see which kind this is. It is either the Stamenate or the Pistilate. Stamenate means having all the Stamens and Pollen. Pistilate is having all the Pistils. This must be the Stamenate, because if you shake it the Pollen will drop off. Let us look around for the Pistilate. It cannot be far away, as it must be near to catch the Pollen.

As we go down the side of a hill we see a little bunch of pinkish flowers, with a very sweet scent, on a creeping stem, under some rough green leaves. We pull one up and look at it. Some one says it is the Trailing Arbutus. There close by is the first little Chickweed. We go along a little farther to a marshy place, and find large bunches of yellow spots. It is the Marsh Marigold, and it looks as if it was turning the marshy ground into a field of gold.

Here on this sunny bank is a lovely bed of the tender little spray of pink-tinted nodding bells with long slender lance-shaped leaves. We know we have found the Spring Beauty.

So on we go gathering a little of everything new and strange, to plant in our garden at home and watch it grow, until our cans are full. The old skunk cabbage is just sticking his nasty nose up, but we give him the "go-by." Then sprinkling a little water on the specimens to keep them fresh, we close the tins tight and start for home.

Now is the time for boys and girls to form their Wild Flower Clubs. Two Clubs are being formed here this week. One had its first outing on Saturday last. We would be very glad to hear from your readers in any part of Canada, and would help them in any way we could by letter. Pressed specimens or rough drawings of plants you do not know the name of, if sent, will be returned immediately with the correct name.

Our Club is called The Boss Wild Flower Club, because we cleaned out all the Prizes last year at the Horticultural Exhibition, and got a Special Extra Prize for Wild Orchids. We have some nice girls in the Club. One of them was here last night saying her school-mate wanted to join. As she is a nice girl too, we will take her.

One fellow wanted to join, but when we talked of getting up at three in the morning and going about ten miles away, he got scared, and guessed his father would want him on Saturday.

We all go together, cans and baskets too, generally from five to eight of us. We have a rollicking time on the way out, and thoroughly do the ground we started for. We scatter all over; examine every nook; note those just coming up; judge when they will be in full bloom, and take up some entire for home-growing. Of those that appear curious, and when we don't know what they are, we each take a specimen to plant at home, and watch it grow. Great is the one who names it first.

After thoroughly enjoying the time shouting, singing, whooping, cheering, when some new beauty is found, rushing up hill and down hill, climbing, and fooling each other, we all sit down in some pleasant place and "count up" and "trade," until we each have a fair share for our separate collections. Then we put two or three of each kind into our Club Collection. They are put nicely into the drying-papers when we get home. A wash and a good supper, and then enter them in our list as that day's collection.

The cheapest Herbarium to keep your pressed plants in is made of four strips of wood two feet two inches wide and six feet long. Nail them together upright in a square. On the inside of each, nail headless nails, three to an inch. Drive them in all but half an inch. These will hold up your stiff straw-board shelves, on which you place your pressed treasures, according to their Genus and Family. Then on the face of the wood you mark each Family like an index. The stiff straw-board shelf slides on the projecting brads and separates each Family. It is the cheapest and best for our use, and is simply an upright skeleton-frame, with brads to hold the shelves.

DOMESTICATING BEAVERS.

An odd but excellent man, named Collyer, who lives at Beaver Creek, a fine, clear stream that flows into the Assiniboine some distance below Fort Ellice, Manitoba, has a colony of beavers which he took under his protection some years ago. The dam is on his property in a retired and secluded valley where the creek flows through many groves of poplars, the bark of these trees forming the favourite food of the beavers. Mr. Collyer being a justice of the peace, a game guardian, and also a very determined man, has so far succeeded in protecting the colony, and never did Betsy Trotwood show more energy in keeping donkeys off her green than does Mr. Collyer in keeping poachers away from his beavers. He does not wish a stranger even to look at his pets or their works lest alarm should be excited. As all wild creatures, whether birds or beasts, when not injured or alarmed, quickly became accustomed to the presence of man, Mr. Collyer's beavers may soon become in a manner tame, and he will have a rare time of enjoyment in observing the movement and actions of these intelligent mechanics and engineers of the wilderness.—Pilot Mound *Sentinel*.

SOME DINNER HOURS.

In the 14th century the King of France dined at eight a.m., and retired to rest at eight p.m. In the time of Philip the Good, an old verse said—"Rise at five, dine at nine, sup at five, go to bed at nine, and thou shalt live to be ninety-and-nine." In the reigns of Henry IV. and Louis XIV. the dinner hour was eleven a.m. Louis XV. changed the dinner hour to two o'clock. Two o'clock remained the usual dinner hour in France up to the time of the Revolution, after which six o'clock became the fashionable time. In England the upper classes breakfasted at seven in the reign of Henry VIII., and dined at ten a.m. In Elizabeth's reign the dinner hour was eleven a.m., and supper was served about five o'clock. In Germany the fashionable hour for dinner up to the time of the French Revolution was twelve o'clock; afterwards it was fixed at one o'clock.

YOUNG CANADIAN HISTORICAL CALENDAR.

HONOURABLE MENTION IN THE APRIL COMPETITION.

- C. B. B. Raymond, Springfield, N.B.
- Max Aitken, Newcastle, N.B.
- Harry H. Jakeway, Stayner, Ont.
- Jessie Stobo, Quebec.
- Hurley R. Reid, Upper New Horton, N.B.

DUTCH NAMES FOR THE MONTHS.

January	Lauromaand	Chilly Month
February	Sprokelmaand	Vegetation Month
March	Lentmaand	Spring month
April	Grasmaand	Grass month
May	Blowmaand	Flower month
June	Zomermaand	Summer month
July	Hooymaand	Hay month
August	Oostmaand	Harvest month
September	Heitsmaand	Autumn month
October	Wynmaand	Wine month
November	Slagmaand	Slaughter month
December	Wintermaand	Winter month



SARNIA, ONT.

ABOUT BIRDS.

MY DEAR POST BAG,—I write to ask you about some little birds,—sparrows which I have. They have lived in my little box all the winter, and they are now making their nests. We are going to move to another house, and we want to take my sparrows with us. We would be sorry to leave them, and we are sorry to disturb them. So what am I to do? I have fed them, and they love me, I am sure they do.

Your little friend,

CARRIE.

MY DEAR LITTLE CARRIE,—I am so pleased to hear from you, and to know about your dear little pets. But you are quite in a fix, and I am not sure that I can help you much. I think, however, that since you have loved them and fed them, they must really love you in return, and they will trust you if you are kind to them. I should advise you, at sunset, when they are cosy in their box, to place very cautiously a shawl over the whole thing, and you could then carry it slowly and gently along to your new house. In the morning early go out and give them their breakfast, and I am almost sure they will enjoy their new home as much as their old.

This gives me an opportunity of writing to you about a Society I want to start among our young Canadians. I have been watching from my window the first little dickies of the season, and every day, as the editor popped in to say "good morning" I had my Society on the tip of my tongue to speak about. But there always was so much else that had to go in to our Post Bag, that,—well, here it is now, any way. I cannot give it a name. I am going to leave that to you. It is a Society which we are all going to join, every one, to teach ourselves kindness to little birds and to animals that can't tell us how sad they are when we hurt them. We shall all send in our names and addresses, and get enrolled. Then each of us becomes a "recruit,"—that is we go and find others to join. Whether they read THE YOUNG CANADIAN or not, it does not matter. Each recruit sends in the names and addresses to me. I will then enroll them, and they join our army of kindness and gentleness. The recruit who sends me in the largest list of names will receive a

PRIZE OF FIVE DOLLARS.

We shall then choose our captains and officers, and you shall see the fine time we shall have. Now what do you think would be a good name?

Your sincere friend,

POST BAG

P. S.—I forgot to say that the recruits that send in their names first get the first numbers, thus: 1 Carrie Miller, 2 Post Bag, and so on. So it will be a greater honour to be number one than number one hundred and one.

ED. P. B.

EMBRAN, Ont.

ABOUT CHICKENS AND OTHER NICE THINGS.

MY DEAR POST BAG,—I answer your letter of the 16th April immediately. You could not imagine the pleasure it is to me hearing from you. It rejoiced me so much because I am lonesome till the ploughing and sowing come on, and the rafting down the river. It is very nice to have the spring now, and to breathe the sweet air, and to watch the birds building their nests. But my greatest pleasure is to feed hens. Have you ever fed hens? Is it not charming? When you come up here, you will drive as much as you like, for we have two more horses, and pick strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, cherries, plums, apples and tomatoes. We can take a canoe and go down the rapids too, to the village and catch fish.

Your dear friend,

F.

My! how you make my mouth water. Even if you had put your tempting fruit in the singular, and said an apple, a plum, a tomato, it would have been delicious. But apples, plums, and everything so nice in the plural, and a canoe, and fishing, and rafts, how I wish for my holiday that I could start off. And the hens! I almost fancy you must have known my one weakness when you asked me if I ever had fed hens. Ever? Ah! how often! It is my favourite country occupation. The first thing I do when I get on my country clothes is to find out the nearest poultry yard, and beg, borrow or buy. I should say I am a born hen-feeder. I almost bought an island two years ago for the sole purpose of giving them plenty of room and a good view, which I like myself, almost as well as I do hens. But then I meant to keep a thousand or so. Be sure, my dear little friend, if I come near you in summer I will call to see all your lovely things.

Your old friend,

POST BAG.

FROM A VERY LITTLE TOT.

VANCOUVER, B. C.

DEAR POST BAG,—It is my fan. Can the cat get my fan? The cat is on the mat. A rat is in the pan. The pan is in the van. An ox ran at the man. The man ran to the van. I see the fat man is on the van. Is my cap on the fat man? No, I see my cap on the map.

Your friend,

BIDDIE.

MY DEAR SWEET LITTLE BIDDIE,—I do not know when I got such a lovely, darling, precious letter. I know the pains you took to tell me your own nice story, and I love to think that, although the printer has no words exactly like yours, yours are better than his. I am sure your cat was a darling cat, and the mat must have been cosy for her. And the fan, too, I am glad the cat did not get it. She might have spoiled it. I would rather have the pan in the van, than see the rat in the pan. Wouldn't you? How funny the fat man was when he ran to the van. I think he must have run to the pan, too, sometimes, or he shouldn't have been so fat. I don't think your cap would have fitted him. Do you? Please write to me again, and tell me.

With a mountain of love from

POST BAG.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN,—I'm a little girl, just eleven about a week ago, and thought I would write a letter and tell you how much I like reading your magazine.

I think one can learn a great deal from it.

My home is in the suburbs of the City just beside the Assiniboine river. There are two and a half acres around our house and so many trees about that it seems as though we lived quite in the Country.

I have a very long walk to school, but rather like it, except when a very cold day comes in winter. I wonder how some of the readers of your magazine would like to come home from school in a blizzard as I have done on two or three occasions.

Your little reader,

MURIEL T.

MY DEAR LITTLE MURIEL,—What a good thing it is that the winter is gone, and that you can have no more blizzards. I never saw one, nor came home from school in one. But when I read about one, I shall remember that one of my sweet little readers was out in one, and I shall be glad to think she may not be again. I am happy to hear you like our YOUNG CANADIAN. It should be a welcome friend wherever it goes, for it goes laden with love to every young Canadian. You must come to see me when you come to Montreal. I shall look out for you.

Your loving

POST BAG.

WANTS A BADGE.

EUSTIS MINES, P. Q.

DEAR POST BAG,—Do you keep any song books, music and words. If so, how much are they? They must be first class please let me know. I want a badge, too, for the Reading Club. I will save up for a nice one.

From your friend,

A.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have no song books, but I have made inquiries. I could get a very nice collection for you at seventy-five cents, with words and music as you say. The badges are beautiful. I wore one myself a few evenings ago, and I am sure I was the admired of all admirers. There are two kinds. One of real solid silver costs three dollars. But I have a very neat lot made for seventy-five cents. They look well.

Your old friend,

POST BAG.

SEND HER ADDRESS.

Will the dear little reader in Fredericton who wrote me such a nice letter some weeks ago, write to me again, and give me her address? I sent her a long letter in reply, and the cruel postman sent it to the Dead Letter Office. I am very sorry.

POST BAG

ABOUT SACKVILLE.

To my little friend who wanted to know how much it would cost to go to Sackville College for a year:—I have written to the College, and I have received the Prospectus. As far as I can make out, for board, washing, fuel, light, and fees in the ordinary English branches, the cost is for one term \$55.00, and for one year \$135.00.

POST BAG.

MONTREAL, QUE.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN,—I take your paper and I think it is just splendid. It is improving so much every number that I think it will surpass every other paper in Canada.

I thought that that story "Climbing the Heights" was lovely. I like that sort of story very much, and I hope that you will have some more soon.

Though I am a girl I think I almost like boy's stories best.

Your little friend,

PEGGIE.

MY DEAR PEGGIE,—What a pretty name you have! I once knew a Peggie, and I loved her very much. She had dark hair, and rosy cheeks. Have you?

About our stories. I am sure you must like them. We have plenty more coming.

Your friend,

POST BAG.

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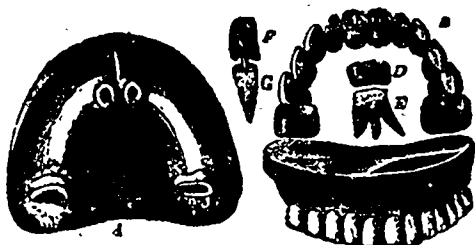
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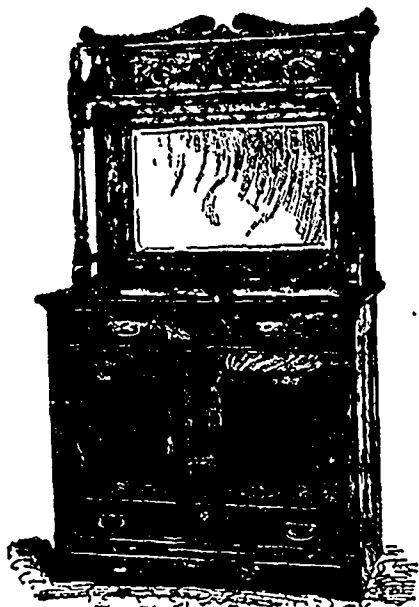
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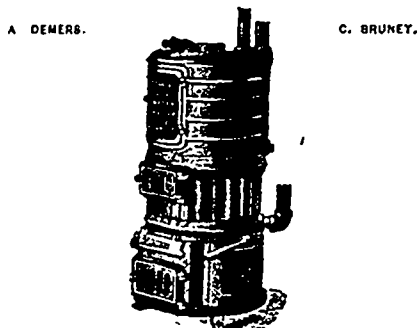
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