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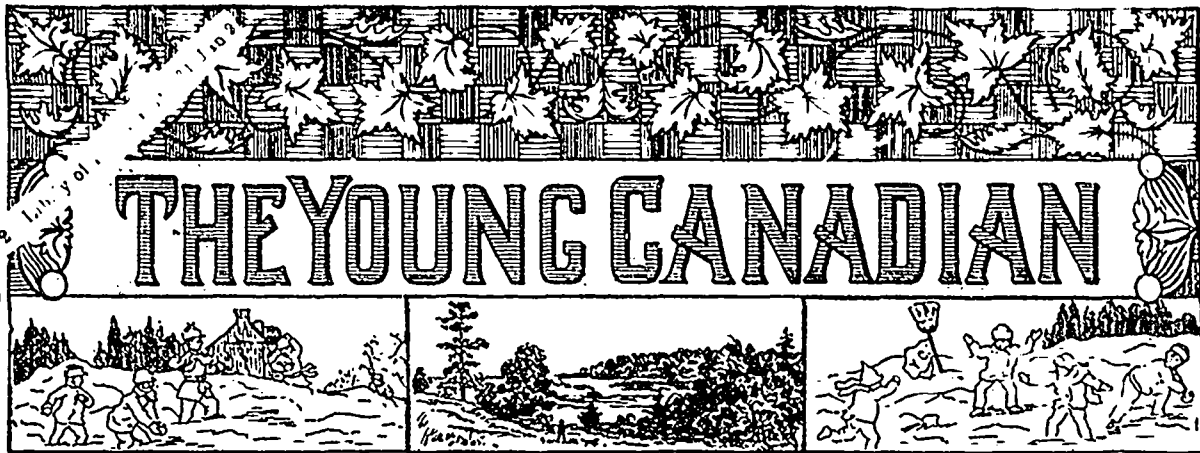
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No. 26.

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26

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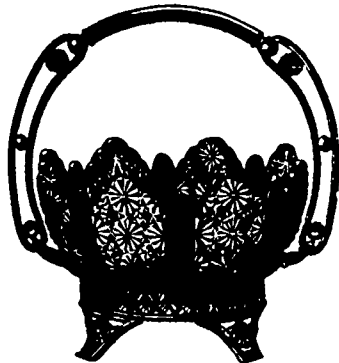
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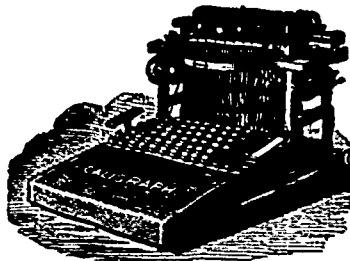
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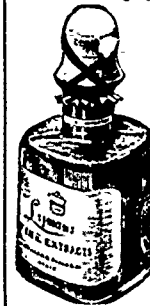
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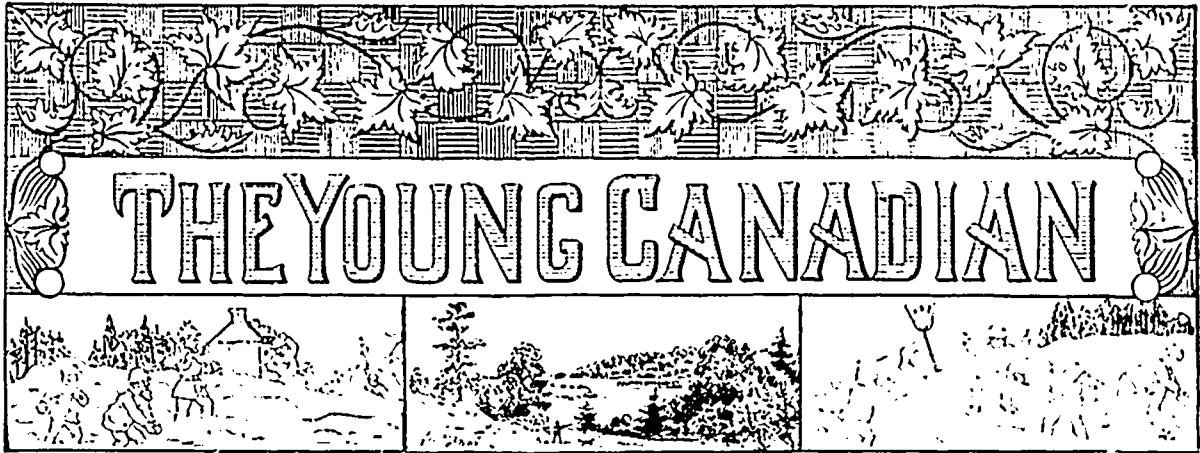
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No. 26. VOL. I.

Montreal, Wednesday, July 22, 1891.

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SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MADGIE'S HERO."

CHAPTER I.

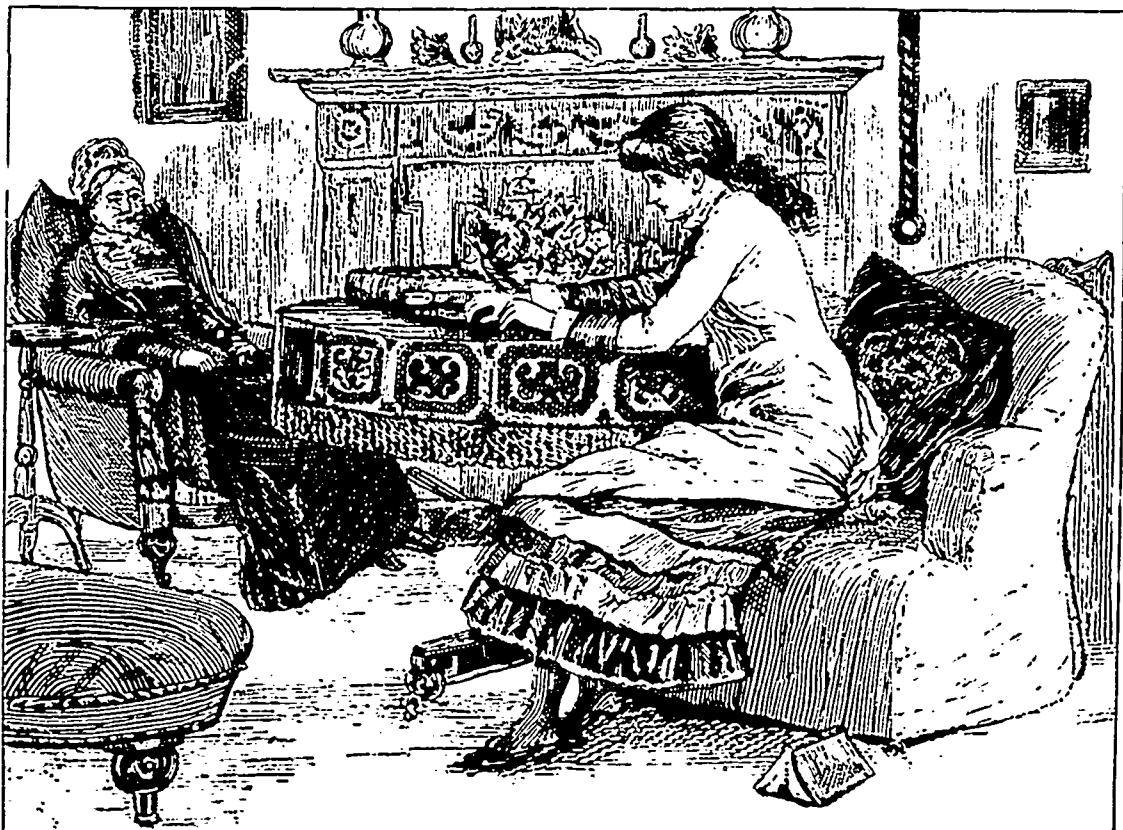
"I don't like Miss Lyster, there! She's an old frump, and she don't know how to pronounce German," and Blanche Trent flung her grammar on the floor and threw herself into an easy-chair in a most unladylike manner.

"Blanche, dear, you shouldn't speak so," Mrs. Trent said, in a feeble voice, from her invalid sofa near the fire. "You know your Uncle Derwent took great pains

to secure Miss Lyster, and he thinks her a very competent person!"

"I don't, and I mean to tell her so one of these days. I play quite as well as she does, and I'm sure I know German better. I don't see what I want a governess for at all, mamma; I think I'm quite old enough to take care of my own education!" Blanche cried, impatiently drumming with her fingers on the table.

"Your Uncle Derwent does not think so, darling," Mrs. Trent replied, with the same feeble indecision in her voice; "he fancies you require to learn a great many things yet, and I do wish, dear, that you would try to be a little more obedient and attentive."



"I DON'T SEE WHAT I WANT A GOVERNESS AT ALL FOR, MAMMA."

Blanche tossed her head, turned up her nose, and looked very scornful and rebellious. Obedience to her governess and attention to her lessons were the two things of all others she detested. She was in reality a very bright, clever girl, who could learn easily if she only chose to take ordinary trouble, but she had heard herself spoken of as bright, sharp, quick, clever till she began to consider herself quite a genius, and the routine and restraint of the schoolroom an insult. Her mother foolishly fostered and encouraged the idea of her having unusual abilities, and whenever visitors came to The Dingle, as their house was called, Blanche was sent for to play, or sing, or exhibit her drawings or paintings. She was very pretty, too, and inordinately vain of her appearance as well as of her accomplishments. In short, at fourteen, Blanche Trent was as spoiled, selfish, wilful, conceited and, despite her varied accomplishments, as ignorant a girl as one could easily meet. Governess after governess had left in despair or disgust, Mrs. Trent being always too weak to be just in her decisions, and the result was that Blanche always had her own way and thought she was going to have it for ever. Her father died when she was a baby, and her mother had never been able to manage her, being naturally a weak, loving, nervous woman, and rendered still more so by continual ill-health. Indeed, Blanche ruled the whole household till her Uncle Derwent returned from India. Captain Haughton was Mrs. Trent's brother, and The Dingle was his home. Mr. Trent had died young and poor, and his wife's income would scarcely have defrayed the expenses of their only child's education. However, Blanche knew nothing of that; she seemed to regard The Dingle as her own personal and absolute property. It had been her grandfather's, and was now her mother's; in the ordinary course of events it would be hers some day, and with that notion in her head, she treated her uncle very much as if he were an intruder.

Captain Haughton smiled good humouredly, and thought what a fortunate thing it was for his niece's future happiness that he had come home. The first thing to do, of course, was to find a suitable governess, and Helen Lyster seemed the very person suited for the task of reducing a refractory young lady to order. She was the daughter of an officer, highly cultivated and accomplished, but quiet and unobtrusive in her manner. She came very highly recommended, and Captain Haughton liked her appearance, and decided she at least should have a fair chance with Blanche, and that Mrs. Trent was not to interfere.

"Remember, Miss Lyster, all complaints, if there are any, are to be brought to me, and the very next day Blanche went with a budget—

"Uncle Derwent, I don't like Miss Lyster. I don't think she's a good governess," she cried, in her usual way, expecting her uncle to reply, "Then, my dear, we must try to secure a better."

But Captain Haughton only just raised his eyes from his writing for a moment with a look of grave surprise—

"I'm quite satisfied with Miss Lyster, Blanche. You are not capable of forming an opinion; go back to your lessons."

Blanche went, and the result was a weary morning for Miss Lyster. She was supremely patient, and bore all her pupil's waywardness and rudeness—for Blanche could be very rude when she liked—with calm dignity; still, it was a relief when the morning's work was over.

"I'm afraid I shall have a great deal of trouble," was her mental comment; "the girl has been completely spoiled; she has everything to learn, and much to unlearn, but she has great capacity, and I think a fairly good disposition at bottom. I must only try to reach

her heart; once that is accomplished, the rest will be easy."

But that was a very difficult task. Blanche was not naturally of a very affectionate disposition. She loved people and things by fits and starts in an uncertain sort of way, and just so long as she could patronize them. She was habitually more than constitutionally selfish, and she was vain. To win her affections it was necessary to praise her all the time, and that Miss Lyster could not conscientiously do. The result was she made very little progress with Blanche, and Blanche made still less with her, for she was determined not to learn, and one day she burst into the drawing-room, and declared that Miss Lyster didn't know how to pronounce German. While Mrs. Trent was feebly remonstrating, Uncle Derwent entered the room, and stumbled over the German grammar.

"You've dropped your book, Blanche," he said, quietly, pointing to it. "Pick it up, my dear."

Blanche obeyed, sulkily, and left the room, and then Mrs. Trent repeated what she had been saying.

Captain Haughton looked and felt really provoked. Ringing the bell, he sent for Blanche, who entered the room with a frown of defiance.

"What's this you've been saying about Miss Lyster, Blanche?" he said, gravely. "Your mother tells me you say your governess cannot pronounce German!"

"She can't, uncle; she makes the most ridiculous mistakes," Blanche cried, eagerly, glad of an opportunity of airing her grievances.

"My dear, it is you who are ridiculous. Miss Lyster speaks German perfectly; she has spent her entire youth in the country. Once for all, Blanche, let me have no more of this fault-finding, for you only display your own ignorance. I have perfect confidence in your governess's ability, and so has your mother."

Blanche tossed her head scornfully, but remained silent. She had much greater faith in her own capacity for judging.

"And I think it would be well," her uncle continued, gravely, "if you bestowed more time and attention on your studies. You cannot hope to have the advantage of such a teacher always, and you may some day have occasion to turn your talents to practical account."

"I'm quite as well able to teach as Miss Lyster," Blanche muttered, sulkily. "She never tells me anything I want to know," and anything Blanche Trent did not want to know that thing she would not learn. So two years passed away. Miss Lyster was patient, painstaking, careful; Blanche wilful, obstinate, often unruly, blindly rejecting opportunities that could never be recalled, wasting precious days and hours that could not be lived over again, however much she might desire it. She had learned much that she could not help with such a teacher, but not a tithe of what she might have acquired had she been so minded. She still considered herself a genius, quite capable of doing anything, which so often resolves itself into doing nothing, and was pleased to fancy herself totally unappreciated and misunderstood. Sometimes, in spite of herself—or, rather, quite unconsciously—she would unbend a little under Miss Lyster's genial, unvarying influence, and be amiable and almost industrious; but at the slightest symptom of reproof or correction, she flew back to her old defiant position of idleness, as far as her lessons were concerned, and studied rudeness in her demeanour. More than once her uncle endeavoured to point out to her how extremely wrong her conduct was, and how very unpleasant she made it for her governess, but Blanche only tossed her head in a way that seemed to say plainly she would make it unpleasant for her Uncle Derwent, too, if she dare.

When Miss Lyster had been something over two years at the Dingle, and Blanche was turned seventeen, Mrs. Trent succumbed to a long and painful illness. During the last year of her life it was Helen Lyster who waited on her with unwearying patience and affection; read to her by day, sat with her by night, and devoted every spare moment to nursing her. Blanche did not often visit the sick room, and when she did it was only to grumble and find fault, and incessantly wish that the time would come when she would be free of a governess.

"If Miss Lyster were to leave, do you think you are capable of taking her place with your mother, Blanche?" her uncle said one day; and she hung her head in silence, for she knew that she was worse than useless in a sick room, and the restraint was most distasteful to her. She did not really believe her mother was so dangerously ill, because she was able to sit up in her chair every day, and when summoned hurriedly one night to her bedside and found her dying, she was terribly shocked. Blanche's grief was as unreasoning and as unreasonable as the rest of her conduct. She stormed and raved and made herself seriously ill for want of food and sleep, and her uncle was at length forced to call in a physician, who gave her some very distasteful medicine and still more disagreeable advice. But after a few weeks her grief wore itself out. None of Blanche's emotions were very real or lasting, and then she began to think of her position as mistress of the Dingle. "I suppose Uncle Derwent will be my guardian till I'm of age, but that won't prevent me from doing pretty much as I like." So she ordered the servants about, and gave herself a great many airs, at which her uncle first smiled and then looked very grave over. Always ungracious, and often positively unkind to Miss Lyster, Blanche became unbearable, refusing to study with her, and telling her in plain terms that she did not require her services any longer.

"I know, if I were a governess, I should not keep on staying year after year where I wasn't wanted," she said, one day, and then Miss Lyster went to Captain Haughton and told him she really could not get on with Blanche any longer.

"Sorry as I am to leave her, I feel that I must," she said, sadly. "I have made no progress at all, either with her heart or her head, and she makes it very unpleasant for me."

"You have been supremely patient, Miss Lyster," the captain said, kindly, "and done all that was possible for my niece, but she was spoiled before you came. Poor girl! I fear she will have a painful awaking one day to the realities of life. No human being can expect to go through the world as Blanche does, demanding all and giving nothing, not even politeness, in return."

And then followed a long and earnest conversation between Captain Haughton and Helen Lyster, which concerned themselves chiefly, and at dinner that evening Blanche learned that the lady she had so persistently deemed her enemy, and who had endeavoured to be her true friend, was about to depart.

"You will miss her, Blanche," her uncle said, coldly, "and learn her value when she is gone, if, indeed, you are capable of appreciating her at all."

Blanche was silent for the time, but she determined just as soon as Miss Lyster was well out of the house to set herself to please her uncle—exhibit all her accomplishments and native genius, and make herself so pleasant and attractive that he would be forced to admit that the departure of the governess was indeed a great relief.

"I'll dress for dinner every evening, and play and sing for uncle, and let him see what I really do know. He hasn't an idea of how clever I am, or of how many things I can talk about. Of course, when she's gone he'll have to come into the drawing-room after dinner,

instead of going straight off to his study. He can't leave me alone all the evening."

But Blanche discovered that the absence of Miss Lyster caused her to see less of her uncle than ever; and the little she did see was not very satisfactory. He rarely spoke to her, and when she addressed some flippant remark to him, he looked puzzled for a moment, and then smiled somewhat sadly. Occasionally he asked how her studies were getting on, and she replied, "Splendidly!" but in spite of having her own way, she felt very sad, lonely, and desolate; the afternoon and evening seemed interminable, and Uncle Derwent was not to be coaxed or wheedled from the solitude of his study.

Then there began to be certain alterations made in the house which caused her sore perplexity. Painters and paper-hangers were at work; great vans of furniture arrived; the drawing-room was turned simply inside out; the room that had been her mother's refitted in very beautiful style—and all without so much as consulting her or asking her opinion. It was very little use for her to turn up her nose at the paper and declare the carpets were hideous; no one took much heed of her. There was a pleasant bustle and subdued air of knowing expectation amongst the servants. Uncle Derwent was graver and busier than ever, and she seemed to be a mere cypher in the house, whom everyone tolerated, but no one seemed to care much about.

At length, just in the beginning of the summer, and six months after her mother's death, her uncle sent for her one evening to his study. She had been poring over a book, and feeling very dull and listless, so she jumped up, fancying her Uncle Derwent felt in the same unsatisfactory mental condition, and obeyed his summons with alacrity.

Captain Haughton, however, was neither dull nor listless. He seemed to be much occupied, and he was grave; but Blanche could perceive in a moment that it was for business, not pleasure, he wanted to see her.

"I have sent for you, Blanche," he said, after a moment's silence, "to tell you that there is a great change about to take place in my life, which will necessitate also a certain amount of alteration in yours. I am going to be married!"

"Married, Uncle Derwent!" Blanche gasped.

"Yes; I thought, perhaps, from certain preparations in the house you might have guessed as much."

"I never dreamed of such a thing. But surely, Uncle Derwent, your wife is not coming to live here?"

"That she most certainly is, Blanche; why should she not?"

"Because it's my house, and I won't have it," was the indignant reply; "I mean to be the only mistress here!"

"You're labouring under a strange delusion with regard to the Dingle, Blanche. It's my house!"

"How can that be, Uncle Derwent? It was my grandfather's, then it was my mother's, and it ought to be mine, and I am sure it is mine," she cried, passionately.

"That's not reason, Blanche. It was my father's, and now it's mine, legally bequeathed me. My dear sister, your mother, was quite welcome to the use of it during her lifetime; but if you think for a moment, you must see you can have no possible right whatever to it. The Dingle and everything it contains is absolutely mine. At the same time, it is your home as long as you are amenable to reason, and do not cause unpleasantness to my wife. I must be absolute master, and my wife must be absolute mistress of my home; at the same time, there is nothing to prevent you from being perfectly happy with us!"

"Have I nothing—no home at all of my own, Uncle Derwent?"

"I regret to say you have not, Blanche; your dear father was a country doctor, and he died young; the slight provision he was able to make for his wife died with her. But, I repeat, this is your home in the fullest and truest sense of the word till you leave it to go to a suitable home for yourself; only I shall exact, at least, respect and consideration for my wife. I fear it is hopeless to expect love or even affection from you. I leave here to-morrow, and shall return at the end of a fortnight with Mrs. Haughton. I am sorry, Blanche, for your disappointment with regard to the Dingle, but it seems to me the misconception must have arisen with yourself. Nobody, surely, could have held you out such false and unreasonable hopes. According to your own logic, it's much more natural that my father's house should be mine than that your grandfather's house should be yours. Now, good-night, my dear, and good-bye, for I shall be away before you are awake in the morning, and I hope, Blanche, to receive a cordial welcome on my return at the end of a fortnight."

(To be Continued.)

EXERCISING AT EASE.

Among the luxuries offered to wealth, in a great city, is that of massage. If you have money enough, you may obtain many of the benefits of exercise even if you are too lazy to exert yourself. A professional masseur puts you through a course of pinching and kneading, as if you were a big batch of bread. But this is done very systematically over the whole surface. The muscles are gathered into bunches by a curious movement of the skilful hands, gently squeezed and allowed to sink back into place. This treats the flesh as you would a sponge, squeezing it until the minute particles of waste tissue are moved or dislodged, and allowed to find their way into the veins.

Massage supplies to the muscles that exercise which their owner ought to give them but doesn't. The first treatments of one who is unaccustomed to it should be light until the flesh becomes less sensitive. In time, one becomes inured to the severest "mauling." The result of skilful treatment of this kind—after the first soreness has passed—is a surprising refreshment and invigoration of the whole body. Health is all the fashion now among the wealthiest people. They get plenty of fresh air and sunshine, and out-door sport when possible. Even the busiest of people spend money for health.

PAYING FOR BEAUTY.

The wife of a New York millionaire has just been sued by a professional "beautifier" for nearly a thousand dollars. The following items occur in the bill: "To one month's facial treatment \$300. To one month's treatment of neck, shoulders, arms, and hands, \$600." The patient was a large woman and seems to have needed a great deal of "treatment." The beautifier says: "Besides the reduction of her neck I had to undertake the removal of a large discoloration which had come from sunburn and which experts in skin diseases had been unable to remove. When I saw her last, at which time my work was not completed, this had almost entirely disappeared."

THE MOSS-ROSE.

THE Angel of the flowers one day
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay—
That spirit to whose charge is given
To bathe the young buds in dew from
heaven.

Awakening from his slight repose,
The Angel whispered to the Rose—
"O fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all is fair,
For the sweet shade thou'st given me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."
Then said the Rose with deepened glow—
"On me another grace bestow ;"
The Angel paused in silent thought—
What grace was there the flower had not ?
'Twas but a moment—o'er the Rose
A veil of moss the Angel throws,
And robed in Nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that Rose exceed ?

NATURAL HISTORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

ADAPTED FROM JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

FLOWERS OF THE SEA.



There are flowers in the sea as well as on the land. Under the waves of the ocean are fields of green sea-grasses, and groves of great sea-weeds, like trees. Diving-men go down to the sea-bottom and walk about. They often find it hard to move in the tall weeds. The weeds tangle the men's feet. The divers feel as you would among the brush and vines of a great wood. There are splendid sea-plants of all colors, red, pink, white, green, brown, purple, yellow and orange.

The sea has also another kind of flowers. These are animals or fishes that look more like lovely flowers than like any other thing. We call them sea flowers or animal-flowers. The name "flowers" which we give to these is only a pretty fancy. You must know that really they are a kind of animal. The members of this Family are among the most lovely of animals. These animal-plants have, from their odd and pretty shapes, such names as the sunflower, the aster, the fern, the crown, the fan, the pen, and so on.

Early one day I went from my door to the beach, and there I saw a lovely object. The water was very still and clear, and floating in it was something all rose and cream color. This pretty thing was as large as a very large dinner-plate.

AN OCEAN GARDEN. It was not flat, but shaped like half



FLOWERS OF THE SEA.

an orange, with the rounded side up. It was of a fine rose color, and as clear as jelly. It looked much like pink jelly. Looking closer, I saw that the other side was shaped like a bell or an open parasol. It had something which looked like long leaves, and which opened and shut.

But this was not all that I saw. From the darker lines on the upper part of the bell ran out long pink arms. These were almost a yard long. Their edges had full ruffles. They were of a cream color, like soft lace. These long arms hung down in the water, which spread out their pretty edges. With a soft and gentle motion they waved from side to side. In my boat I went quietly near this creature. It floated here the there, spread out in all its beauty. I kept near it to watch it. This lovely thing was a jelly-fish.

It has also another name, which means *nettle*. The fine, long arms of the jelly-fish can sting like a nettle. If taken from the water, jelly-fish die in a very short time. They die by drying up. A very large jelly-fish will dry to a thin, small skin.

It would surprise you to know what large and hard things these soft jelly-fish can soften and use as food. Fish, crabs, shell-fish, are caught and eaten by jelly-fish. There is something in the jelly-fish which can dissolve these hard things. But he often casts out from his mouth the harder and larger shells.

He does this as you would put from your mouth nutshells or plum-stones.

How do jelly-fish move in the water? They have no swimming-feet. They have no fins. Some of them move by spreading out the bell, or round part, of their bodies, and then drawing it up again. This motion, which is like the rise and fall of your chest when you breathe, drives them through the water. Other jelly-fish have a motion more like the opening and closing of the hands. Some have little oars, paddles, or hairs on the edge. Some seem to open and close as you would slowly open and shut an umbrella.

They can also shine. They can make a fine bright light, something as fire-flies do. They have been called Lamps of the Sea. I have seen the ocean bright with them for miles. It looked as if all the stars had fallen from the sky, and were glowing in the water. When the jelly-fish shine so, the light is like a ball. These balls are sometimes red, or blue, or white, or green, or yellow. Some jelly-fish are the size of a dime, of a dollar, of a plate, and so on, up to the size of a huge wheel. They are of many shapes. They are like balls, fans, bells, bottles, plumes, baskets, cups, flowers.

And now, here is another odd thing to tell you. The jelly-fish stays in one place, and grows fast, when he is young, but when he has grown up he swims about wherever he chooses. Some of the young jelly-fishes come from an egg. Some of them come from what is called a bud. The egg at once fastens to some solid thing on the sea bottom. It grows into what looks like a plant with stems and branches. On these branches are

little cup-shaped buds. These buds are so many little jelly-fish growing on one stem.

After a time, these buds open, and a young jelly-fish breaks from the slender stem, and at once goes swimming away, as happy as a jelly-fish knows how to be.

This sea baby gets his name from his shape,—star-fish. His coat is a thick, tough skin. It has upon it prickles much like those of a hedge-hog.

THE LADY-BIRD.

BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

LADY-BIRD! lady-bird! fly away home;
The field-mouse has gone to her rest,
The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,
And the bees and the birds are at rest.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home;
The fairy bells tinkle afar!
Make haste, or they'll catch you, and harness you fast
With a cobweb to Oberon's car.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home;
To your house on the old willow-tree,
Where your children, so dear, have invited the ant
And a few cosy neighbours to tea.

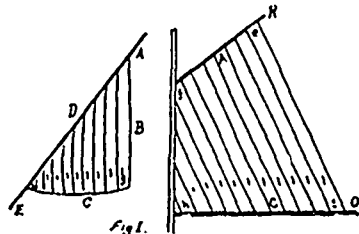
Lady-bird! lady bird! fly away home;
And if not gobbled up by the way,
Nor yoked by the fairies to Oberon's car,
You're in luck—and that's all I've to say.

BABIES IN CHINA.

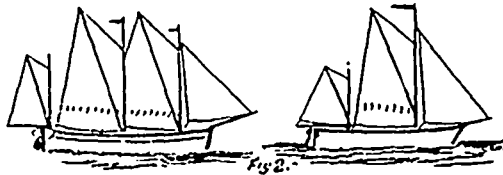
Among the sweltering millions of China there is a practice which seems to have a curious result. The mother carries her infant in a kind of bag or pannier on her back, and not as in other countries where the dorsal carriage is affected—with the face turned outwards, but—as, probably we ought to expect in China, where everything seems to go and come by the rule of contraries—with the face turned inwards. The result of that is that the baby's nose is pressed against its mother's back, whence, no doubt, say the learned in these matters, has been evolved, in the course of ages, the peculiarly flattened or blunted nose, characteristic of the Chinaman. Furthermore, Chinese girls, even when allowed to live, are little thought of. In the family generally they bear no names; they are known as Number One or Number Two, like convicts, and they are no more reckoned members of the family than the cat or the dog. So when a Chinaman is asked what family he has, he counts only his boys. And a boy is treated with great honour and ceremony by the women. When he is four months old he is set for the first time in a chair, and his mother's mother sends or brings him many presents, notably among which is sugar-candy. The candy is emblematic of the sweet things of life, and it is stuck to the chair to signify the hope that he may never lack such things. His first birthday is the second great day of rejoicing. He is then set upon a table in front of many things, such as ink, books, tools, etc., and which ever he lays his hand on decides his future occupation

SAILS FOR OPEN BOATS.

Small open boats are designed, in a greater or less degree, to be impelled on the water by oars, and are distinguished by different names, according to their use, size, and model. Among such are life-boats, launches, dingies, gigs, jolly-boats, pinnaces, yawls, barges, feluccas, sharpies, whale-boats, long-boats, cutters, dories, canoes, punts, bateaux, skiffs, etc. Many of these craft are pro-

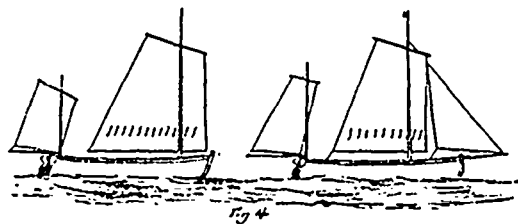


vided with light, portable sails and masts that can be readily rigged up when occasion requires. Boats, therefore, that are not specially intended for sailing purposes

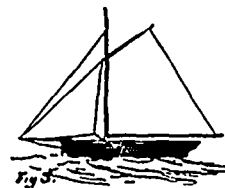


are usually equipped with a handy suit of sails, care being taken to choose a style that is likely to insure speed and weatherly qualities, though often local prejudices and the "custom" of the waters prevail as to the kind of rig.

All sails have either three or four sides. The former of these are sometimes spread by a stay, as a jib, or by a yard, as lateen-sails, or by a mast, as leg-of-mutton sails, in which cases the foremost edge is attached throughout its whole length to the stay, yard, or mast. The latter, or those of four sides, are extended by yards or by gaffs and booms, as the principal sails of a ship or schooner. They all acquire their names from the mast, yard, or stay upon which they are extended or made fast. The

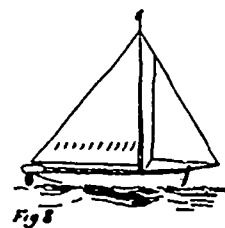
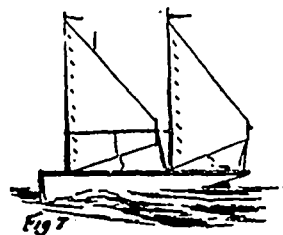
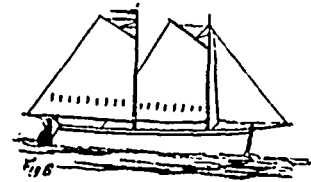


accompanying cut (Fig. 1), showing jib and mainsail, will aid the reader in learning the names of the different parts. The upper edge, A, is called the head; B, the leach; C, the foot; D, the luff; the corner, e, is called the peak; f, the nock; g, the clew; h, the tack; the dotted rows are the reef points; O, the boom; R, the gaff; S, the stay.



SPRIT-SAIL. RIG (FIG. 2).

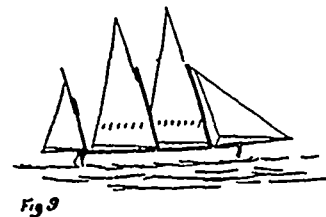
These sails have four sides. The luffs are secured to the mast by lacings, or pieces of rope yarn, rove through holes made in the sails about three feet apart, and the heads are raised and extended by sprits (small tough poles) that cross the sail diagonally from the mast to the peak. The lower end of the sprit has a blunt point, which rests in a rope becket or loop that encircles the mast like a slip-knot, and can be fixed in position without slipping. If there is any tendency, however, for the becket to slide, a little wetting will prevent it. One advantage of the sprit-sail is that it can easily be brailed up alongside of the mast,



with a line leading through a block on the mast and through the clew and around the sail. Pieces of cord are sewed in the seam across the sail, near the foot, for reefing points.

CAT RIG (FIG. 3).

Purely an American idea, and for narrow and crowded waters, bays, and harbours, is unsurpassed. The mast is stepped right in the bows of the boat, and carries one sail (secured to mast hoops), with a boom and gaff. These boats work with great quickness, are easily managed by one person, and have few equals in going into the "eye" of the wind.

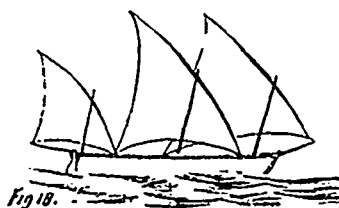


BALANCE LUG (FIG. 4).

These sails are four-sided, secured to a yard which hangs obliquely to and is balanced on the mast, part of the sail being in front and part behind. The boom and the yard are of about equal lengths. The tack of a lug-sail is usually a loop on the boom, caught into a hook on the mast near its heel, and is made fast before the sail is set. When a boom is not used, as is often the case with a single sail, the tack of the lug is secured to the weather bow. While this is a popular rig and has many good sailing points, it suffers an inconvenience on account of the yard having to be shifted to leeward of the mast in tacking, termed "dipping the lug."

SLOOP RIG (FIG. 5).

Undoubtedly the handsomest of all rigs, though it is not so convenient for single-handed sailing, two people being required to sail them properly. For small boats the sails consist of mainsail and jib, and sometimes a topsail, the former secured to a gaff, and with or without a boom, as preferred.



The bowsprit is an adjustable one. For cutters and small yachts this style of rig is the most common, and is well adapted for racing craft, as a great spread of canvas can be carried.

MIZZEN RIG.

Quite a small sail, as shown in a number of the drawings, secured to a mast stepped in the stern of the boat, near the rudder-head, and may be either a lug, a sprit-sail, or a fore-and-aft sail (Figs. 2, 4, 9). Where the waters are likely to be lumpy and the winds gusty and strong, the main and mizzen rig will be found the most useful (the mainsail being a balance lug or other sail), and is undoubtedly the best for single-handed work in open waters. The mizzen is of great help in beating to windward, and should set as flat as possible; and whenever it is necessary for any reason to lower the mainsail, the mizzen will keep the boat head to wind and sea.

SCHOONER RIG (FIG. 6).

A rig very common for long open boats. It consists of two masts and temporary bowsprit for the jib. Both the mainsail and foresail are extended by gaffs instead of sprits. The mainsail usually has a boom, while the foresail is often without one, though this is optional. The jib can be dispensed with by stepping the bowsprit in the bows of the boat.

SHARPIES (FIG. 7).

These craft are long, flat-bottomed, draw only a few inches of water, and are best suited for shallow sounds and bays. In smooth waters, sailing on the wind, they are unquestionably among the swiftest boats that float. The best specimens are to be found along the North Carolina coast. They have long masts, with one or two sails of peculiar shape, which are made as nearly flat as possible by being extended near the foot by sprits, as shown in the illustration. On the after-part of the sail is a small yard, or *club*, to which the sprit is made fast. The reefing is done along the luff, the reef-bands running parallel to the mast.

LEG-OF-MUTTON RIG (FIG. 8).

A very safe, simple, and handy rig for boys. The sail is triangular, like a jib, and the peak is hauled almost to the mast-head, with one halyard. It is specially adapted to smooth-water sailing for small boats and in light winds, where reefing is not likely to become necessary. One or two masts can be used, and booms rigged, if desired.

THE SLIDING-GUNTER (FIG. 9).

The principle of this rig is that the yard to which the sail is laced slides up and down the mast, two iron hoops or travellers forming the connection. It is not a favourite sail in going before the wind on account of its narrow head, but has advantages when close-hauled, and is preferable to a leg-of-mutton rig for sea work and in reefing.

LATEEN-SAILS (FIG. 10).

These sails are common on the Mediterranean, and are familiar to all who have seen pictures of the East. The sail is triangular, and is bent to a long tapering yard, sometimes twice the length of the boat, which hoists to a strong short mast that rakes forward.

There is a variety of odd and original rigs for small boats which are not in common use. Those mentioned are the simplest forms, and have stood satisfactory trial by boatmen generally in various parts of the world. A

rig with a single sail is always the handiest and safest when one has to "work ship" unassisted. A properly fitted centre-board will add to the sailing qualities of an open boat, and when it can be put in without taking up too much space or being in the way of the oarsmen, it should be done. The ballast should be inside, and easily removable; bags of sand are the most convenient. When about to fit out a craft, remember that a smaller amount of canvas in one piece is more effective than a larger amount divided up.

GOT OUT OF A DILEMMA.

Some years since, before the sale of game was legalized, and a present of it was thought worth the expense of carriage, an Englishman, who had rented a moor within twenty miles of Aberdeen, wishing to send a ten-brace box of grouse to his friends in the South, directed his gillie to procure a person to take the box to the capital of the North, from where the London steamer sailed. Not one, however, of the miserably poor tenants in the neighbourhood could be found who would take the box for a less sum than eight shillings. This demand was thought so unreasonable that the Englishman complained to a Scotch friend who was shooting along with him. The Scotchman replied that "the natives always make a point of imposing as much as possible upon strangers; but," said he, "if you will leave it to me, I will manage it for you; for with all their inclination to knowing, they are the simplest people under the sun."

A few days afterwards, going out shooting, they saw a man loading his cart with peats, when the Scotchman, approaching him, said, after the usual salutation—

"What are you going to do with the peats?"

"I'm going to Aberdeen to sell them," was the reply.

"What do you get for them?"

"One shilling and eightpence, sir."

"Indeed! Well, I will buy them if you will be sure to deliver them for me at Aberdeen."

"That I will, and thank you, too, sir."

All agreed, the Scotchman resumed his walk for about twenty yards, when he suddenly turned round and said—

"By-the-bye, I have a small box I want taken to the same place. You can place it on the top of the peats?"

"That I will, and welcome, sir."

"Well, if you will call at the lodge in the evening I will give you the direction for the peats, and you can have the box at the same time."

He did so, and actually carried the box and gave a load of peats for one shilling and eightpence, although neither the same man nor any of his neighbours would forward the box alone for less than eight shillings.

THE FOUNTAIN.

Into the sunshine,	Into the moonlight,
Full of the light,	Whiter than snow,
Leaping and flashing	Waving so flower-like
From morn till night!	When the winds blow;

Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day!

The Young Canadian

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

ITS AIM

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

ITS FEATURES

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

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BOX 1896.

MONTREAL

YOUNG CANADIAN CALENDAR PRIZE FOR JUNE.

The prize for the June Calendar competition has been awarded to Miss Mary Henderson, Halifax, Nova Scotia. Ten others have come so near that we should like to publish the whole. The volume of stories has been sent, and we hope it will be found interesting for the summer holidays. Let us see who gets the prize for July.

EDITOR.

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

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

"UNCLE JOHN, how can I earn some money?" asked Frank Nimble.

"What does a boy like you want with money?"

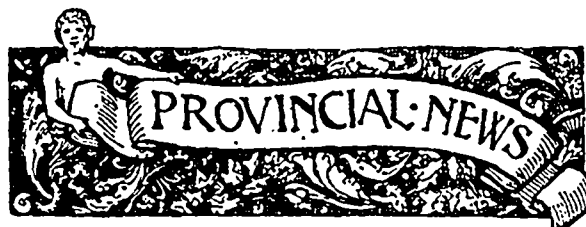
"Well!" said Frank, "a fellow wants money for a lot of things. I want THE YOUNG CANADIAN to read on a summer afternoon and a long winter evening. I want a small express waggon; and I want a new jack-knife, and an air-gun, and a fishing-rod, and skates, and—and—a bicycle."

"And me, too," chimed in Fanny, his sister, "I want money for a Paris doll, and a new hat, and a muff for next winter, and—and—a sealskin coat like May Moffatt, and I don't know what all."

Uncle Jack smiled. He remembered the days when these things were precious to himself, when the number of things he wanted was as great as the number of dollars to purchase with was small. He thought. The young people watched his face with eagerness. Uncle Jack was their "Enquire Within upon Everything." They knew he could help them.

"Well!" he said, at length, "I can see one way for you to get all you want, and the money to buy it. Take THE YOUNG CANADIAN. Read it over well. Learn all about its departments, its good things, its usefulness in every Canadian home. Make out a list of your young companions who have not got it. Go round to them.

Show them the magazine. Tell them they can't get along without it. If they smile, ask them to look at it—to read it—and you will call back again. When you call again, you will be sure to get their subscription. Get twenty, thirty, fifty, a hundred, in this way. Twenty will be ten dollars for yourself. A hundred will be fifty dollars. Write to the office and see if what I say is not true."



FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN LET IT ROLL AGAIN.

If our readers will turn back to our opening number in January, they will find on page 8 that our prospectus said:—

"It is not a day too soon that THE YOUNG CANADIAN undertakes the high and important natural duty of fostering a national sentiment among the young, of concentrating it, of animating it with the spirit of hopeful and vigorous life. It will teach the young people of the Dominion about themselves—what they are, what they possess, what they are doing, how they are growing. Its field is

OUR COUNTRY, OUR PEOPLE, OUR INTERESTS—NOW,
ALWAYS, AND FOR EVER.

It will aim at drawing the Provinces together, and at building them up in a living bond of brotherhood."

In our short life of six months we have paid a weekly visit and a welcome one to our young Canadians in their homes from ocean to ocean. We have inaugurated a new era in Canadian history. We have presented to the Dominion a magazine for its young people brimful of Canadian sentiment, in the hope that it might supplant the magazine literature of foreign sentiment with which their leisure hours have been filled. In our Greeting for the New Year we asked every Canadian boy and girl to join hands with us. They have done it nobly. From every town and village came the response—"We are with you." "We have been waiting for you." "Why have you been so long in coming?"

In a quiet but determined fashion we set to work. Our young people trusted us. They have worked with us. In every corner they have got up their reading clubs to study Canadian history. In the woods they have gathered Canadian wild flowers, pressed them, and named them. Already a thousand young Canadians have learned to love our Post-Bag. We see the fruits of our labour of love.

Last week we told you about the new pride in our past history which, in Winnipeg, evinced itself in a monument at Seven Oaks. At an important conference now sitting in Toronto, a Dominion Committee on Canadian History will deliberate upon the best means to secure a text-book of history for our schools, which will teach us more from a Dominion than from a Provincial stand-point. In this committee we find such representative names as the Hon. G. W. Ross, M.P., LL.D., Ontario; the Rev. Principal Varreau, Quebec; the Rev. D. Allison, Nova Scotia; the Rev. Principal McSwain, Prince Edward Island; the Rev. Professor Bryce, M.A., LL.D., Manitoba; while, for the provinces of New Brunswick and British Columbia, men of equally

influential position are being appointed. In Montreal Mr. Jeffrey H. Burland, B.A.Sc., has lightened the labours of this committee by offering a prize of \$2,500 for such a text-book. Back again to Winnipeg we are called by the announcement of a donation from His Honour Lieut.-Governor Schultz to present 3,500 badges and flags to the school children on Dominion Day, and in the same city, Mr. C. N. Bell having called a meeting of citizens to see what could be done to aid the teachers in instructing the young regarding Dominion Day and its celebration, we find a strong committee appointed to carry out the wishes of the meeting. THE YOUNG CANADIAN may be proud to find itself in the van-guard of such a movement.

Dominion Day in Winnipeg was thus a memorable day. The schools were decorated with Canadian flags and patriotic mottoes. Members of the School Board visited the various schools, and delivered patriotic speeches. The children sang Canadian songs, and their recitations, instead of being useless and non-descript dialogue, were about our early Canadian history. Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Schultz drove up, and were cheered by the happy children. His Honour spoke to them rousing words, and his lady pinned on their maple-leaf badges. A sweet little girl presented a bouquet in return for the lady's gracious kindness. Enough of flags could not be procured for the enthusiastic young patriots. A pamphlet with short addresses from some of our most eminent men were given to the children, and Dominion Day, 1891, will not soon be forgotten in Winnipeg. Let our little friends in the East bestir themselves to beat it.



POETRY BY THE YARD.

On the top floor of one of the tallest buildings in upper New York toils an old man, who has probably written more poetry than any other man now living. His business is that of writing the "poetic" mottoes which one finds in the cheap candies of the day. He has been twenty years in the business, is over sixty years of age, and has accumulated a fortune. He has built fourteen city and country houses.

THE telephone line between London and Paris has gone into regular operation with much success. The charge is \$2 for a talk of three minutes. The opening of this line is considered a big thing in Europe. The distance is 279 miles, of which 53 miles is by cable laid under the British Channel.

THE CALF THAT WENT TO SCHOOL.

A dozen little boys and girls,
With sun-browned cheeks and flaxen curls,
Stood in a row, one day, at school,
And each obeyed the teacher's rule.
Bright eyes were on their open books.
Outside, the sunny orchard nooks
Sent fragrant breezes through the room,
To whisper of the summer's bloom.

A busy hum of voices rose,
The morning lesson neared its close,
When "tap, tap, tap," upon the floor,
Made every eye turn to the door.
A little calf that wandered by
Had chanced the children there to spy,
And trotted in to join the class,
Much to the joy of lad and lass.

Their A B, ab, and B A, ba,
It heard, and solemnly did say
"Baa! Baa!" then scampered to the green,
And never since in school has been.
Those girls and boys soon learned to spell
And read and write; but who can tell
How great that little calf became?
It may be, now, a cow of fame!
Or was that "Baa!" all that it knew?
I think it must have been. Don't you?

GEORGE COOPER.

MR. EDISON'S NOVELTY.

Mr. Edison was recently entertained by some members of the World's Fair Commission. In course of conversation the great inventor was asked if he had not got an electrical novelty in store for the Columbian Exhibition. Mr. Edison replied: "It is my intention to have ready for the World's Fair such a happy combination of photography and electricity as will enable a man to sit in his own parlour and behold depicted upon a curtain before him the forms of the players in an opera upon a distant stage, and to hear the voices of the singers. When the system is perfected, which I hope will be in time for the fair, each little muscle in the singer's face, every glance of the eye, and each expression will be seen at work. Every colour in the performer's attire, too, will be exactly reproduced. Moreover, the spectator seated by his own fireside will see each person in the play move to his or her position in a natural way, just as though they were the very persons themselves." Mr. Edison went on to say that it will be possible to apply ere long this system of combined electricity and photography to prize-fights, so that the whole scene, including the noise, the blows, the talk, the dust, and every movement, will be transferred and reproduce itself in the spectator's presence.

NED DARROW;
OR,
THE YOUNG CASTAWAYS.

CHAPTER V.

IN PURSUIT.

MR. JAMES could scarcely credit his senses. "Left behind?" he finally gasped. "How did the accident——"

"It was no accident. It was done purposely. Don't talk of it, Mr. James," said Ned, dashing away his tears and arising. "The thing can't be helped now."

"But," persisted the under-master, his pale face very serious and bewildered, "I don't comprehend——"

"The cause! Oh! I got into a little trouble, and the Professor punished me by leaving me," replied Ned, with affected carelessness.

"See here, Ned," he said abruptly, catching his companion by the arm and viewing his honest face with a troubled look, "you are hiding something from me. What has happened? You must tell me."

Ned saw that he could not avoid an explanation.

"Well, then, I was unjustly accused."

"Of what?" demanded Mr. James, sharply.

"Of breaking into Professor Ballentine's study."

"Oh, Ned! I see it all now," cried Mr. James, starting violently and growing pale. "Go on," he choked

out. "Some miserable action of mine has ruined your pleasure. Oh! this is too much."

It was a disconnected, faltering story that the under-master finally drew from Ned's reluctant lips.

"Heaven bless you for your nobleness of purpose in shielding me, and forgive my fault," came brokenly from Mr. James, his eyes filling with tears. "You have sacrificed all your pleasure for me—you have suffered disgrace because of my unworthy actions. Ned Darrow, this lesson I shall never forget, but this sacrifice shall not be."

He was wildly excited, and paced the campus shamefaced and self-condemning, wringing his hands agitatedly.

"To think that I should thus involve you in trouble. No, no, come to the house, Ned. You shall not remain home from that expedition."

Was Mr. James mad? He certainly was terribly in earnest, for a stern decision suddenly chased away the wretchedness of his face.

"It was me who broke into the study," he resumed. "When I awoke last night my brain seemed on fire. In my intolerable thirst I sought something to assuage it, and broke into the room. I found some alcohol there, and in my madness drank some. Then this morning, wretched in my humiliation and illness, I slunk away to the woods, not caring to face any of the school, nor intending to return until they were gone. Go to your room and get your satchel."

"But they are gone, and——"

"Then we will overtake them."

"Oh, Mr. James! that would be folly."



"Do as I tell you," came sternly from the under-master's lips. "Do you think I am unmanly enough to allow you to suffer for my fault? Get your satchel, while I see the janitor. We start for Kearney Junction on the next train."

"My duty is plain," continued Mr. James, "and I shall follow it. I erred in drinking the spirits, and I am punished. When you have been placed with the expedition, and my story proves your innocence, I have only made proper atonement."

"But your brother may make you leave the academy."

"Let him; it is just."

"And we may not overtake him till he reaches the end of the journey."

"Then to the end of the journey we go. I am determined. Come, we will go to the *dépôt*."

Mr. James, acting under a stern impulse, seemed a new man.

He had explained his intentions to the janitor, whom he left in charge of the academy, had secured his money, quite an amount, and had packed a small bundle in Ned's valise.

"If we have to go as far as California, I may do a little business there that ought to be attended to," Ned heard him mutter; "but I think we can overtake the excursion train," he said aloud.

"What are the Professor's plans?" asked Ned.

"The boys were transferred at the junction to a regular California excursion train from Chicago to San Francisco."

"And they stop often on the way West?"

"At all main points of interest, yes," replied Mr. James.

They were compelled to wait until six o'clock. Mr. James purchased two tickets for Kearney Junction, and, with Ned, stepped aboard the train.

Even the unpleasant circumstances leading to the strange journey did not entirely repress Ned's boyish excitement and enjoyment of the moment.

There was a novelty and zest in the fact that the moving train was starting them on a wild chase across the continent.

As the locomotive steamed out from the *dépôt* a large, dark man came rushing from the *dépôt* door.

"Ned Darrow!" he shouted breathlessly to a *dépôt* hand. "Has he and the school teacher been here?"

The man addressed pointed to the moving train.

"Wait, then, wait, I tell you! I must see them!" shouted the man.

He drove back into the *dépôt*, apparently for his carpet bag, for, flushed and panting, he appeared with it a moment later.

He was just too late to catch the train, from the platform of which Ned and Mr. James, curiously amazed at having heard their names so strikingly called, stood gazing back.

"Stop it! Stop the train!" yelled the stranger, swinging his bag frantically.

But no attention was paid to him, and as the train clattered down the grade he essayed to overtake it by running along its roadway.

A tie caught his foot before he had gone ten feet. The satchel went spinning into the ditch, and he himself fell prostrate.

They could see him arise with an angry scowling face and shake his fist at the laughing conductor.

"We can't wait for late passengers," remarked the latter, as Mr. James and Ned turned towards their seats.

A curious emotion came over Ned's mind as he cast a last glance back at the fast receding form of the victim of the recent mishap.

For he had recognized him positively as the mysterious stranger with the long black beard he had met in the woods near the academy the night before.

CHAPTER VI.

A BAD PREDICAMENT.

Ned's face looked perplexed and thoughtful as he and Mr. James came into the car, and the under-master noticed it.

"Did you hear that man, Ned?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr. James."

"He spoke your name."

"And mentioned you. He must have been looking for us at the academy, and they sent him here."

"He seemed very anxious to find us. Do you know him?"

"I have seen him before."

"Where?"

Ned related the encounter of the evening previous, and Mr. James listened intently.

"What can he want of you? Strange!" mused Mr. James. "What's that, Ned?"

"A letter I received this morning, and I never thought of opening it in the hurry and excitement of the day. Why—I believe it's from that man."

Ned had taken from his pocket the letter Dick Wilson had given him in the morning mail.

It was poorly written, and ran—

MASTER NED DARROW,—

You come to the tavern and see a friend who has come a long way to befriend you.

ABLE MORGAN.

"It must be from the bearded man," said Ned, and he showed the letter and imparted his theory to Mr. James. "What can he want of me?"

The minute Mr. James' eye rested on the letter, he uttered a startled cry.

"That writing!" he ejaculated. "Ned, there's something deeper in this than it looks."

"How so?"

"I've seen that handwriting before."

"When—where?"

"A month since, when this same man wrote me from California. I didn't tell you yesterday, but I will now. He offered five hundred dollars for the land at Sandy Flat."

"Five hundred dollars!" repeated Ned in surprise.

"Yes, and pretended the land was worthless, but he wanted it to make part of a ranch he had bought. He wrote so eagerly I suspected something, and determined to investigate. Besides, he's used a false name."

"How do you know that?"

"He's spelt Abel wrong. No man is so ignorant he can't spell his own name."

The two friends reflected deeply over the mystery for some time. Mr. James decided that a sudden value had been discovered in the land; "Able Morgan" was too anxious to get it in coming to Ridgeland after it, otherwise, and there seemed to be no doubt but that he and the man in the thicket with the bushy beard were identical.

"If I have to go to California, I'll take a look at the land myself, Ned," remarked Mr. James, thoughtfully.

Amid the changing scenes along the line, Ned's mind soon drifted from the subject last discussed.

They reached Kearney Junction at about midnight. Here Mr. James learned that the excursion train had left hours before, and that the first stop of any length would be in Utah.

"We're in for a long chase, Ned," he said. "I've bought two tickets to Ogden on the 4.28 a.m. express. There's nothing to do but to go on, in the hopes of catching them there."

About daylight they started on their journey West, 687 miles from Chicago. They passed Denver Junction and Cheyenne during the day, reached Granger the ensuing morning, and steamed into Ogden, after a journey of 837 miles, at six o'clock the next evening.

At Ogden Mr. James learned that the excursion train bearing the academy boys had reached that place a few hours previous, and branched off by way of the Utah Central Railroad to Salt Lake City, thirty-seven miles, a bare two hours' run from Ogden.

Had he been less confused at being in a strange city, he could have learned that the train would return to Ogden after a flying visit to Salt Lake City, and resume its journey westward.

He imagined, however, that some road ran to California from the Mormon capital, and his efforts were directed towards reaching the city at once, hoping to find the excursionists still there.

Ned and he had taken a lunch in the depot eating-house, and he was starting for the ticket-office, when he clapped his hands to his pocket and turned pale.

"Oh, Ned!" he gasped out, in a tone of consternation.

"What is it, Mr. James? You look frightened."

"I am Ned; we have met with a terrible misfortune. *I have been robbed!*"

CHAPTER VII.

STRANGE ADVENTURES.

"Robbed!" repeated Ned, in dismay.

"Yes. I never missed the pocket-book until now. It must have been taken in the eating-room. What shall we do?"

Poor Mr. James. His confused wits were more bewildered than ever as he went searching and inquiring through the depot for his lost money.

A depot official gave him little consolation in the way of recovering it.

"There's lots of thieves around," he said, curtly. "Fellows like yonder lad run away from home, come West, and, getting into bad company, steal rather than work. Where was you going?"

"To Salt Lake City, and I must get there to-night."

"You'll have to be lively then. There goes the last train until midnight."

"Come, Ned!" shouted Mr. James, excitedly.

"But we have no money."

"We must get there. Hurry!"

In his confusion, Mr. James got all mixed up. Several trains were starting out, and the under-master sprang on the platform of one just leaving the place, believing it to be the one designated by the depot official.

His face was troubled as he clung to the platform rail, Ned by his side, and saw the lights of the city fade in the distance. He trembled as the door finally opened, and the conductor addressed him sharply—

"Tickets, here!"

"We have none. I have just been robbed of all my money——"

"That's an old story," interrupted the conductor, roughly. "I'll stop the train——"

"Hold on. Will you take this watch and let us ride about forty miles?" and the under-master drew forth a silver time-piece.

"I suppose so, though it's against the rules," mumbled the conductor, pocketing the watch. "Go in and sit down."

The next hour was passed in gloomy silence by the two friends, and Ned regarded the sad, troubled face of his companion sympathizingly.

"We must be near Salt Lake City by this time," remarked Mr. James finally, as the train stopped at a station.

"We don't go that way," volunteered a man in the next seat.

"Not go to Salt Lake City?" stammered Mr. James, turning pale.

"No. This train goes to Franklin and north. We're eighty miles from the city."

A few minutes' inquiry verified this statement, and Ned and his companion, leaving the train, found themselves standing alone on the platform of a small signal station.

Neither spoke a word. Mr. James, veritably believing his mishaps a punishment for his wrongdoing, suffered deeply, and Ned, almost ready to cry, began to imagine they would never reach home again.

They walked back in the opposite direction they had been traveling for a few miles. The darkness was intense and the loneliness terrible. At last, wearied and discouraged, they found a little thicket by the roadside, and fell asleep.

At daylight they resumed their journey, and at a house learned that Ogden was forty miles to the south of them. The man who answered their questions, however, imparted a piece of good news that cheered them not a little.

He was going to take several horses to Ogden that morning, and he offered them their breakfast and a free ride on horseback for their company and services.

Both Mr. James and Ned were fair horsemen, and, mounted on mettlesome ponies, they flew over the road to Ogden with their host, who led the way with two other horses.

Once on the way they ran across a genuine buffalo. It was a young calf grazing on the prairie, and they gave chase, excited by the episode. Mr. James even attempted to lasso the animal with the lariat he found at the saddle bow of his steed, but the shy buffalo only gave them an exciting run, and finally eluded them.

Their host laughed at them for their pains, telling them that the buffalo was probably the half-tame property of some farmer in the vicinity.

About noon they reached Ogden, and parted with their kind acquaintance. An hour later Mr. James knew that the chances of finding the school party nearer than California were hopeless.

The excursion train had returned from Salt Lake City, and proceeded on its western journey.

"Strangers, and in a strange land," said Mr. James, lugubriously, after he had made a number of inquiries. "It's no time to despair, Ned."

"What do you intend to do?" inquired his companion.

"We are nearly as far from home as from San Francisco. If we can reach the latter place within a week, we can surely catch Professor Ballentine before he sails down the coast."

"How do you know that?"

"Because he intends visiting several places of note in the State, and then return to San Francisco, and take the voyage down the coast."

"But how can we get there? We have no money."

"But I have a plan. Listen, Ned."

In a few words Mr. James imparted his project. He had learned that a fast freight train left that night for the Golden City.

Furthermore, he had located the train, and found a means of entering a car through a loose end window.

He had sold several pieces of jewelry, and thus provided money to obtain a fair supply of provisions.

That night, about dark, with many misgivings, the two friends climbed into a freight car partially loaded with merchandise. They took with them a large jug of water and quite a package of eatables.

Through variations of heat and cold, oftentimes hungry and thirsty, fearing to exhaust their little store, for

five days they remained concealed in the old freight car.

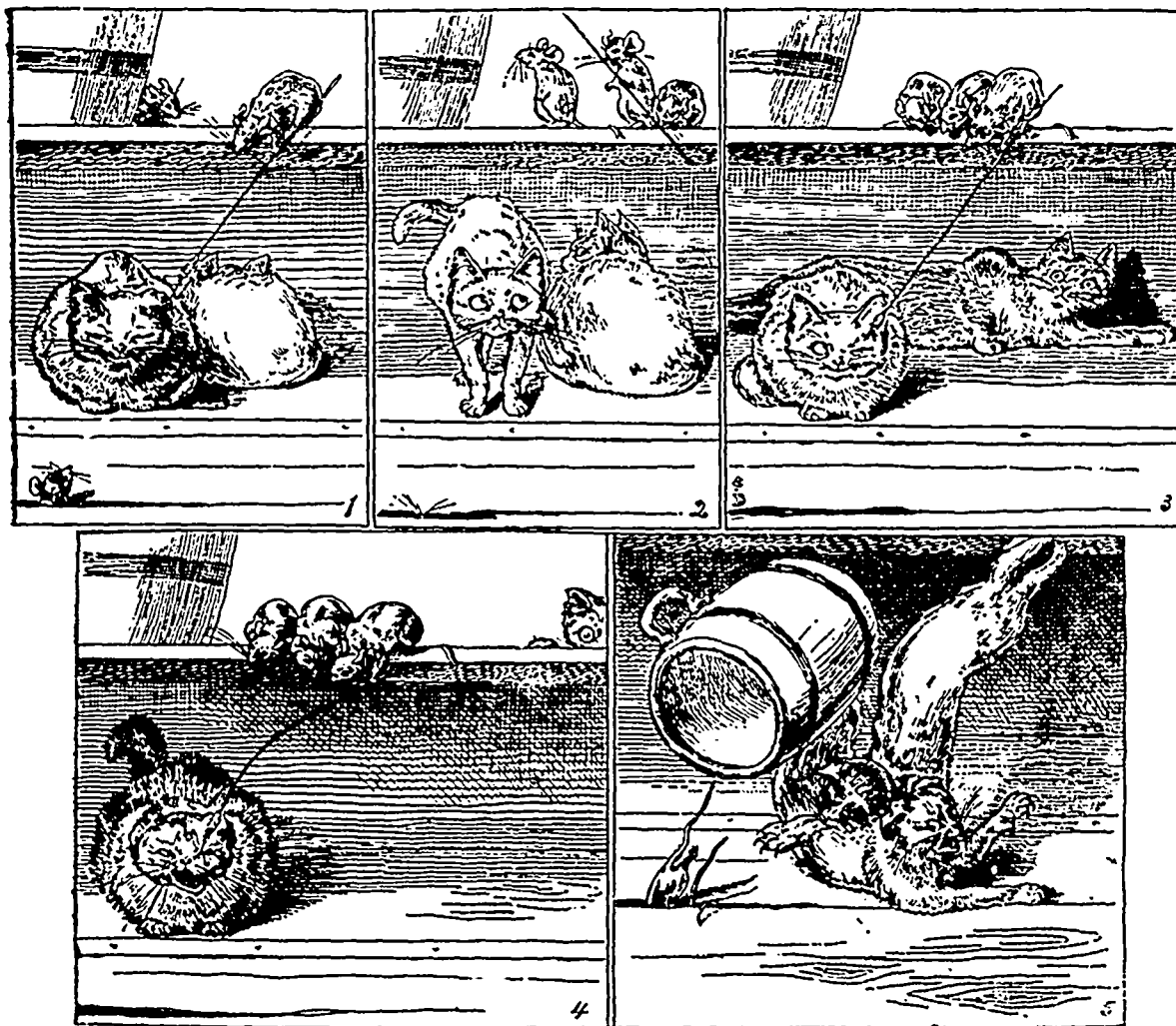
They had but few glimpses of the country they travelled through, not daring to risk discovery by opening the window.

Once the cars left the track, and they were badly jolted about, but at last, one dark night, the train stopped in a large freight yard, and the conversation of some men passing by told them that they had reached their destination.

It had been a hard experience for Ned, but he expressed a glad emotion as they climbed from the car, and Mr. James said, relievedly—

"After nearly a thousand miles in a close car, we have arrived at last at the Golden City."

(To be Continued.)



THE SLY LITTLE CATS ARE OUTWITTED BY THE SPRY LITTLE RATS.

1.—Sweet content. 2.—Her natural instincts are aroused, likewise her partner. 3.—A little strategy—Tabby undertakes to keep the rats amused, while Grim steals around to their rear. 4.—"Hurry up; I can't stand this much longer without sneezing." 5.—The strategy is a complete and disastrous failure.

In the American House of Representatives one day, Mr. Springer was finishing an argument, and ended by saying—"I am right—I know I am; and I would rather be right than be President." He stood near Mr. S. S. Cox, who looked across at him mischievously, and said, as he ended—"Don't worry about that, Springer, you'll never be either."

A West Indian, who had a remarkable red nose, having fallen asleep in his chair, a negro boy, who was in waiting, observed a mosquito hovering round his face. Quashey eyed it very attentively; at last it lit upon his master's nose, and instantly flew off again. "Yah, yah!" he exclaimed, with great glee; "me berry glad to see you burn your fut!"



YOUNG CANADIAN TANGLES.

PRIZE.

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

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

Address solutions to

Tangle Editor, YOUNG CANADIAN, Box 1896, Montreal.

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 19.

"You sigh for a cipher, but I sigh for you;
O sigh for no cipher, but O sigh for me;
O let not my sigh for a cipher go;
But give sigh for sigh, for I sigh for you so!"

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 20.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Sir Donald A. Smith.
 2. Cadt.
 3. Indians.
 4. Edit.
 5. Nuncio.
 6. C. P. R.
 7. Em'ly.
- Science. History.

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 21.

WORD PUZZLE.

- | | | |
|--------|-----------|------------|
| 1. Hi! | 2. Hist.! | 3. His. |
| 4. I. | 5. Is. | 6. Story. |
| 7. To. | 8. Tor. | 9. Tory. |
| 10. O! | 11. Or. | 12. Ry(e). |
- History.

TANGLE No. 24.—FLOWER PUZZLE.

My 1st is in Palm and also in Balm.
My 2nd is in Arbutus but never in Crocus.
My 3rd is in Pansy and also in Tansy.
My 4th is in Prince's Feather but not in Scotch Heather.
My 5th is in Petal and likewise in Sepal.
My 6th is in Cowslip but never in Tulip.
My 7th is in Willow and also Marsh-Mallow.
My 8th is in Azalea but never in Dahlin.
My 9th is in Primrose and also in Tuber-rose.
My whole is one of the earliest and sweetest of our wild-flowers, and an emblem of one of our Provinces.

TANGLE No. 25.—KNIGHTS MOVE PUZZLE.

Eight (8) Canadian Towns.

M	L	N	C	R	H	N	A
I	G	O	A	W	H	E	C
I	N	P	T	B	L	R	H
E	N	F	I	L	O	E	A
A	O	T	T	O	E	T	T
O	N	X	T	J	O	T	U
W	A	R	A	O	A	T	N
O	S	N	W	E	I	Q	T

Take a chess-board, and moving the Knight so that he touches each square once, and once only, name eight of the principal cities of the Dominion of Canada.

TANGLE No. 26.

A double acrostic! behold me here;
Thorn hedges protect. I know not fear.
With plural first Eve decked her bed
From second; ah, how soon they fled!

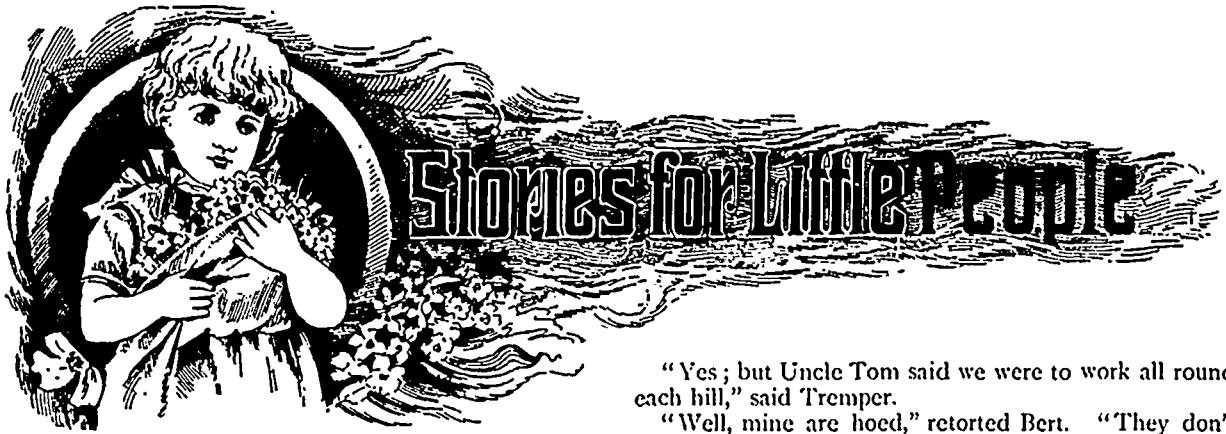
1. { In yellow, blue, or emerald green,
In summer time I may be seen—
2. { With "splendid scarlet flowers," yet beware!
A deadly poison am I—needing care—
3. { From here the "Almug-tree" they bring,
To do the work of Solomon, the King—
4. { "An herb noxious or useless" though I be;
I'm said to be lovely when found in the sea—
5. { Of garden walks I form a border,
And thus keep everything in order—
6. { "A tall and bushy shrub am I,
My beauty dear to every eye."

(Answers in No. 28.)

An Irishman was asked if he could make a cask. "Shure, it is aisy enough," he replied, "you've only to possess yourself of a bunghole, and build the barrel round it."

"I'm sorry to hear, Mrs. Brown," said the minister, "that you were present last night at a Plymouth Brethren's tea-meeting. I have often told you that their doctrines are highly erroneous."

Mrs. Brown—"Well, sir, their doctrines may be, but their cake with sultana raisins is excellent."



AMONG THE POTATOES.

Who would have thought, to look at the two jolly boys trotting behind Uncle Tom on the way to the lot, that they would ever follow the example of dogs, who, we are told, "delight to bark and bite?"

I never have believed it that this was true of dogs, even of very common dogs, real ash-barrel dogs, for I have noticed that it takes a good deal of teasing and tormenting to make them bark and snarl; and I am sure that I have often wondered that they did not bite when I've seen them pulled along the street by boys who looked as if they ought to know better. I make this apology to the dogs for using the line quoted. Certainly boys ought to do very much better than dogs, but sometimes they do not behave nearly as well.

As I began to tell you, these two boys, Bert and Tremper, were visiting their Uncle Tom, who had no boys of his own, and was very glad to have his two sisters, the mothers of Tremper and Bert, send them to him to spend their vacation. They lived in two cities far apart, and rarely saw each other except when they met at Uncle Tom's. They had arrived a week before and had behaved so well that Uncle Tom told pretty Aunt Kittie "they had both improved, for he had not heard them say one unpleasant word since they came."

This morning they each had a hoe, and were going to hoe in the potatoe field. They felt very large and important, each carrying a hoe over his shoulder. They did not say much as they walked along, but each had determined that he would hoe the fastest. As neither of them knew anything about hoeing, their ideas were not very clear.

They began, one carefully hoeing the dirt from one side of the plant to the other, and the other hoeing so fast and so hard as to bury the plants entirely. Uncle Tom had set them to work near a stone fence, where the potatoes had so little sun that they had but little chance to amount to much. Uncle Tom gave them some lessons when he saw how they worked, and then left them.

Tremper was so intent—he was working on the second row from the fence—that he did not notice how close he was to Bert's row.

"Hello! Look out!" cried Bert. "You are stepping on my hills."

"Oh!" was Tremper's answer, as he changed and stood with his feet on the other side of his row.

After a time he stood up straight to rest his back, and then he laughed at Bert's row; they looked as though a heavy wind had blown them over. Bert had worked all on one side, and so hard as to really make the plants lean over. Bert looked up and saw what Tremper was laughing at, and he grew very angry.

"They will be all right when I do the other side."

"Yes; but Uncle Tom said we were to work all round each hill," said Tremper.

"Well, mine are hoed," retorted Bert. "They don't look as if the earth had been scratched by a cat," and Bert pointed to Tremper's row.

Tremper flushed, and said something about "Know as much as you do," and "I don't dig potatoes when I hoe them."

There—you know how such things begin. A word here, a motion there, and two boys are fighting, squirming, wriggling among the potatoes.

Uncle Tom looked up from way across the field, and saw the dust and commotion. He was over there in a jiffy, but there were torn clothes and scratched, bruised faces before he got there.

Two shamefaced boys went into Aunt Kittie's sitting-room. They did not have to tell what had happened—she saw at a glance.

She took them by the hand upstairs. Each boy went into his own room. That afternoon Aunt Kittie told them that for one week one boy could play out-of-doors in the morning and the other in the afternoon; but when one was out-of-doors the other must stay in. Both could not be out at the same time.

"What can one boy do alone?" whimpered Tremper.

"There is one thing he cannot do; he cannot fight," said Aunt Kittie.

Both boys hung their heads; fight, you know, is such an ugly word. You can imagine what a week that was. Uncle Tom would not let either of the boys go with him, so each wandered about drearily, and did not know what to do.

A week afterward their mothers came and found them playing in the garret, as you see they ought to do. After kissing and hugging them, each mother held her own boy off, one exclaiming:

"Why, Bert, how did you get that bruise on your cheek?"

The other mother:

"Why, Tremper, you look as if you had a long scratch on your forehead! How did it happen?"

Both boys were scarlet, and then there was a silence such as always comes when mothers are sorry. Bert and Tremper had learned a lesson, and there were no more fisticuffs that summer.

"It is very curious," said an old gentleman to his friend, "that a watch should be perfectly dry when it has a running spring inside."

Fair Maiden (a summer boarder)—"How savagely that cow looks at me."

Farmer—"It's your red parasol, mum."

Fair Maiden—"Dear me! I knew it was a little out of the fashion, but I didn't suppose a country cow would notice it."



It is always a genuine pleasure for me to hear from my young friends on any point on which they have anything to ask.—Ed. Post Bag.



ARTHUR ARMOUR.—There is no way of erasing the writing from a postcard and making it fit to write on again if you have spoiled one. I presume the cards are purposely made of material that will prevent the possibility of this. Not to avoid your correcting mistakes, but to ensure that the card cannot be used a second time. There are all sorts of people in the world, you see.

YOUNG SCULPTOR.—A very good design on an egg may be secured in this way. Smear the egg well with grease. With a steady hand and a needle then draw the design on the grease, running it clear down to the egg. Place the egg in a small bowl of vinegar. The acid, where it can reach the shell by the marks you have made, will eat away the lime and produce the pattern. Try it. The effect is very curious, and will interest you.

JANE ADAMS.—In using your graph, write your letter with prepared ink. When it is dry, place it, face downwards, on your graph. Press it lightly and all over equally. Peel it off. The impression is left on the graph. The impression, of course, is reversed. Lay your paper on it. Rub every bit of the paper. Peel it off, and your copy is exact. Let them each dry for a minute. If they are inclined to curl, put them under pressure. A hundred and more may be taken at a time.

MUSICIAN.—You should not use too much resin for your violin. It squeaks because you have not yet learned the knack of bowing properly, or perhaps you have a false string. When the autumn evenings come we shall give you some instructions on how to play.

STUDENT.—Slavery is not yet entirely abolished. There are still a few obscure countries where it exists.

ALLIE SIMPSON.—To entrap moths mix some treacle with a little rum, and brush it on the tree-trunks.

ROBBIE WATERS.—Aquariums are made with both fresh and salt water life. Goldfish may be kept all the year round, but our climate demands great care in the winter.

APPRENTICE.—A complete set of joiner's tools will cost you about \$100. But an amateur need not spend anything near that amount on the few articles he requires for ordinary work. "Amateur Chests of Tools" are not worth much. Better to buy a few individual tools and have them reliable.

MOTHER.—For the mail you should always pack the parcel properly, and never send anything through the post that is not done up to defy injury. A box containing insects can be sent, but I do not think that "with care" will be of much use. It goes into the bag with the rest of the mail, and takes its chance.

FLOWER POT.—Let the sparrows fly about your garden. They will do more good than harm.

SANDY.—If you do not want to sharpen your knife in the usual way by rubbing it on a stone, take a little water, and add to it a twentieth of its weight of sulphuric acid. Immerse the blade in the solution for thirty minutes. Lightly wipe it. After a few hours finish it off on a stone. The acid supplies the place of the whetstone by corroding the whole surface uniformly, so that you have only got to polish. You cannot injure a good blade by treating it in this way. You may improve a bad one, and you can sharpen anything from a razor to a reaping-hook.

HENRY WATT.—Pegs of stringed instruments can be prevented from slipping by using a little powdered resin. The hair of a violin-bow should be just tight enough to keep the wood from touching the strings when you are playing. Do not put too much resin on the bow—you will soon find out the least quantity you can manage with.

FARMER'S SON.—The object which you forward to us is simply the nucleus of a second egg. We are continually receiving similar specimens, the senders evidently thinking them very great rarities. Double eggs—i. e., one egg inside another, are very common, and there is no end to the extraneous substances which are found in eggs. Coins, rings, pebbles, and similar objects, are frequently found in them.

COLLECTOR.—Your egg was probably that of the blackbird, but we could not positively determine without seeing it. If you have a fine glass blowpipe you can blow the eggs by means of a single hole in the side. If not, make two holes, one slightly larger than the other, but both in the side of the egg (not at each end), and then blow in the ordinary manner.

SAILOR LAD.—It has long been a question of doubt as to how far beneath the surface the roll of the ocean could be felt. A diver at work on the Oregon at a depth of 120 feet found it so heavy that he could not keep his position while making fast to a trunk which was to be hoisted up.

ENQUIRER.—The holders for the YOUNG CANADIAN which we advertised in a recent number cost fifty cents, post paid. Will hold the full year's issue, and are very strong. Stamps will suffice, if you cannot enclose money. But the money is always preferred.

ALEXANDER MUIR.—Rubber stamps are made with ordinary type in the first place. Then this is pressed into a preparation of gelatine. This makes a mould for the rubber. You might try, and let me know if you succeed.

HELEN YOUNG.—You will take the stains out of your book most easily and with least risk by using a solution of oxalic acid or tartaric acid.

AMATEUR.—An amateur competitor at a race must never have entered into any race or athletic exercise for money, or remuneration of any kind, nor must he have competed with a professional. I should think, from what you say that you are still only an amateur. But your friend is decidedly a professional.

MARY ELIZA.—Your subscription always includes postage. The YOUNG CANADIAN is sent from the office *post free*.

HERBERT WILLIAMS.—You should think twice before you change your position in the country for one in a city. City life has many disadvantages, and especially to those brought up in the country. But in all cases, consult your parents or friends. Under no circumstances give up your present position till you have secured another.

YOUNG SCIENTIST.—There does not seem to me to be much difficulty in understanding the principle of Edison's phonograph. The hard matter is to apply the principle. We all can see that if certain sounds produce certain vibrations in the air, we ought to secure the identical sounds by producing the identical vibrations. But it took Edison to show us how.

YACHTSMAN.—When two boats, one with steam and the other with sail, are crossing each other, the steam must keep out of the way of the sail, for reasons that are evident. If both boats have sail, the one that is running free should keep out of the way of the one that is close-hauled.

BAD MEMORY.—Many expedients are resorted to. Put your knife in your wrong pocket. Turn the ring on your finger. But the best way is to write out, or spell over very often what you want to remember. If there are several things, write and spell them always in the same order. You will very soon acquire facility in remembering. There is no such thing as bad memory that cannot be thoroughly demolished by systematic determination.



Invalids, Dyspeptics and the Debilitated

WILL GAIN

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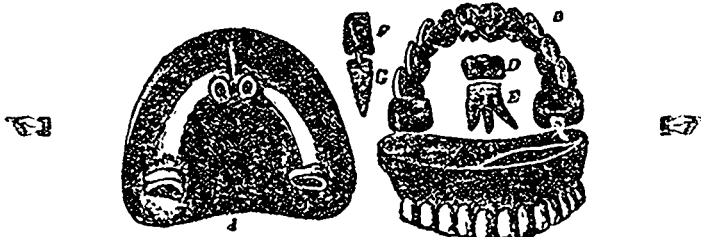
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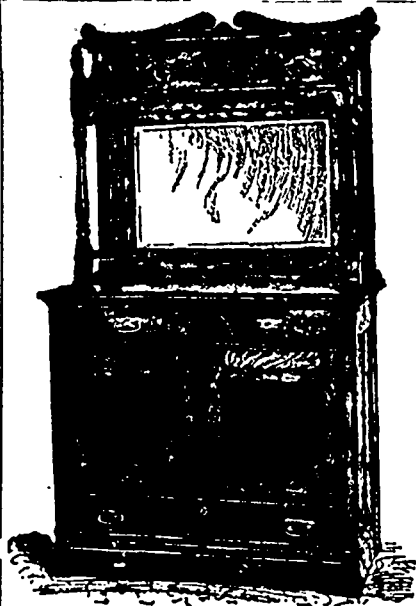
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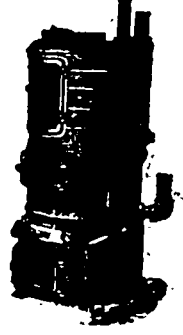
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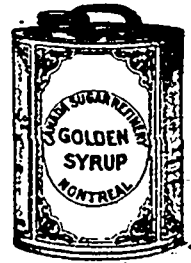
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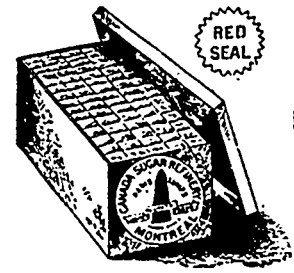
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