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A Boy of Early Canada, - - - by J. W. Bengough.
French and English Boys in Canada, by Mayor Prefontaine.
Sky-lights and Lunatics, - - - by "The Old Boy."

THE CANADIAN BOY

MAY, 1901.



EMPIRE NUMBER.



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



PRICE TEN CENTS.

A Word With Our Readers.

We feel it is a privilege to provide a magazine for Canadian boys and their friends. It is our aim each month to print only the best articles, and yet to have all our selections within the reach of a boy's enjoyment. THE CANADIAN BOY is made literary, patriotic and entertaining. We favor no party in politics, and no sect in religion. We have before us always the attainment for boys of manliness in mind, morals and muscle. We adopt this new form of issue and hope our readers appreciate the pages. We are always glad to hear from our Canadian boys and scenes. We are glad to hear of Canadian boys who have a subscription if possible.

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On the last day of each month a prize, mentioned on page 38 of THE CANADIAN BOY, will be drawn. Agents should be able to make a good canvass. Start out again and work hard. Our cover this month is special for the Empire Number. Next month we will introduce a new cover which will enclose our regular issues. Special numbers will have special covers. We are preparing an excellent issue for the July number—a Dominion number. We will require the pictures of our successful agents that we may reproduce them in THE CANADIAN BOY. Who will win, in addition to the liberal commission, the five dollar gold prize each month?

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THE CANADIAN BOY.

EMPIRE NUMBER.

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THE CANADIAN BOY.

A Journal of Incident, Story and Self-Help.

Vol. II.

MAY, 1901.

No. 6.



The Duke and Duchess of York.

Who will visit Canada from September 15th to October 17th, this year.



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THE UNITY OF THE EMPIRE.

By the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain.

WE English have reached a turning-point in our history,—a critical time. We are at the parting of the ways. The last chapter has been closed; we are about to commence a new one, and it is not too much to say that the fortunes of the empire and the destinies of our race depend upon its opening words. What are those words to be? What is to be the heading of this new chapter which will commence with the twentieth century? If I dare to speak for my countrymen, I think that they have already answered the question. I think this new chapter of our history will be rightly entitled "The Unity of the Empire." It is a great work, that will make illustrious the beginning of the coming century. Britannia still rules the sea, and I think that she will continue to do so. Even on land, where it was beforehand certain that the difficulties of an unprecedented war under circumstances absolutely novel would reveal deficiencies which it is our business to correct,—even on land, we have done what no other nation in the world could have done, shown vitality, actual power, and potential resources which must be most impressive. And then, there is the greatest feature of all in this eventful modern history. Look at the action of the colonies, the self-governing colonies,—in the period of trouble and trial which came upon the motherland! What sympathy have they shown! How practically they have shown it! How universal has been the sentiment! In view of all this, is it too much to say that, in this last twelvemonth, the empire has been born anew? The empire now is certainly not the empire of England alone, but the empire almost of the world,—of all our possessions, of all our dependencies. It must be borne in mind, in future, that we recognize in them absolute equality of right and possession in all that we claim in regard to ourselves. I believe that this new feeling is compensation for the war. This is the new imperialism which has been so grossly misrepresented, but which is, nevertheless, so well understood, and which has received the overwhelming support of the majority of this country, without reference to party lines of division. It is full of promise for our descendants, if not for us. I do not think that there is any fear now that we shall not hand down those great possessions unimpaired and strengthened, as we received them from our ancestors, and I am sanguine enough to look forward to a future even greater than the present. I believe that, as this progress has been made in so short a time, in the future still greater progress will be made. I think I am not wrong in seeing in the federation of Canada, and in the indissoluble union of the Commonwealth of Australia, a sign and example to our possessions in South Africa, and a foreshadowing of that great federation,—that federation of kindred nations which will realize the dream of every patriotic man, and will so strengthen the foundations of the empire that, in the good providence of God, it will continue to fulfill, long into the future, its destined mission,—justice, civilization, and peace.—Abridged from Success.

A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,

When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,

We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an æon or two,

Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair;

They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair;

They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;

They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;

And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;

But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,

Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are!

—Rudyard Kipling.

The Blameless King of British History

What Good King Alfred Did for His Country.

As many boys in Canada know, the year 1901 is the thousandth year since King Alfred the Great's death. The anniversary will be observed in November next in England with jubilee addresses and memorials. Alfred was certainly a good king, and Sir Walter Besant terms him "The one blameless king in our history, the great heroic figure of our Saxon forefathers, the very type of our race at its best and noblest." From an excellent article in the Outlook, describing his character and work, we abridge the following:—

You have read in books the broad facts of his life; the nine years' struggle; the nine years' battle;

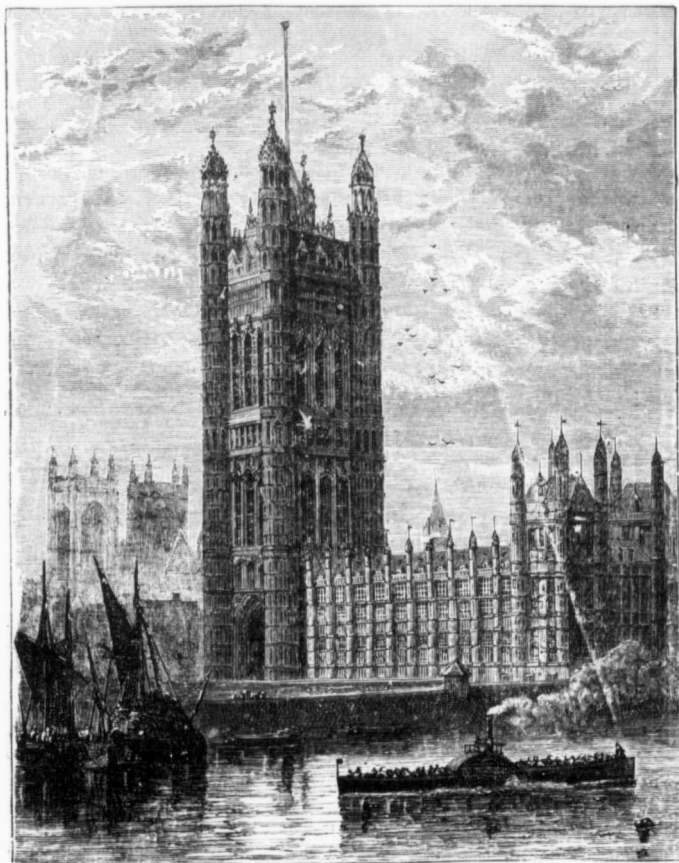
the overthrow and ruin that seemed complete; the sudden upspringing, as of the strong man restored by contact with the earth, and the rout of the invader. It is a wonderful story. Alfred raised an army, filled it with new confidence, and led it to victory. Remember that the Saxon kings not only led their armies, but fought in the very forefront. In those days no king could keep throne and crown who was not, first and above all, a soldier.

It has been pointed out by Sir Frederick Pollock that Alfred laid the foundation of our military system, and in place of tribal levies, which could be kept together only for a short time, made distinct

provision for a field army, garrisons and reserves. As regards the navy, he created it. He gave the nation its fleet; he taught them the great lesson that the safety of an island must be found in a fleet. The fleets which bear the flags of our race are the heritage of King Alfred.

He made of London an impregnable fortress. When we think of the part that London has played in the national history; when we consider that every municipality all over the English-speaking world, with its mayor, aldermen, common councillors, and officers, is the direct descendant of the municipality of London, we may acknowledge that this part of Alfred's heritage was valuable indeed.

It is strange that Alfred's educational dream should have had to wait in England for nearly a thousand years. It is only thirty years since the English brain was able to persuade itself that safety, not to speak of justice and equal rights, lies in the education of the whole people. This



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT FROM THE THAMES, LONDON, ENGLAND.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.

ORDERS ARE ORDERS.

A Story of the War in South Africa.

How the Officer Set Fire to the Farm House and How the Farm House Was Not Burned Down.

ONLY once did I accompany an expedition that was sent out to destroy a Boer farm from whence the troops of the advancing army under Lord Roberts had been fired upon. I shall never forget it as long as I live, and neither will a certain young officer, whose name, for reasons that are plain in the tale that is to follow, I cannot mention.

In military service, "orders are orders," and that is one of the reasons why men do things without reasoning and sometimes without reason. If they carry out instructions, they cannot go wrong, is the way they look at it. It is none of their responsibility; they are relieved of all consequences.

A good many miles south of the Vaal the army had been encamped for a day beside a little, half-dry watercourse, in a country that once had a reputation as a rich farming district. There were a number of prosperous-looking homesteads within a few miles of one another, with acres of mealie-fields and plowed ground now lying fallow and unsowed since the beginning of the war. It was scarcely the gray of morning, but the army was up and stirring. There had been no fighting to speak of for two or

three days, and the three divisions under Generals Tucker, Pole-Carew, and Hamilton had been moving on in parallel columns. But the evening before, directly in front of the Eleventh Division, there had been a sharp little rattle of rifle fire, and one Rimington scout had been killed, and three or four mounted infantrymen wounded. It had been almost at dusk when this had occurred, and I had quite forgotten it. I was in the saddle early, and as I passed through the camp an officer standing up, with a cup of coffee in one hand and a biscuit in the other, hailed me pleasantly, asking me to stop and partake of refreshments. As I had already breakfasted, I declined my friend's invitation and rode on. It had been my intention to stop at a little white farmhouse that I could see standing in a garden with trees, some two miles away to the eastward.

"First come, first served," holds good on the veldt. The place looked inhabited, and I thought that I might possibly bargain with the women folk for a fowl or two, or perhaps obtain those longed-for luxuries, soft bread, milk, or eggs. So I rode slowly on. When I got to the bank of the little stream, I could

see that a white flag on a high pole was flying from the corner of the garden, and that another bit of white rag flapped from the gable end of the house. It was rather early for a call, and, as there was a fairly deep pool of water in the Spruit, I tied my horse to a tree and proceeded to take a long-deferred plunge. As I was dressing, I was surprised to see a number of infantry come down through the bushes, and heard my name called. Looking up, there was the young officer who had spoken to me an hour or so before.

In reply to my question as to what he was doing so far off the line of march, he frowned and shook his head.



THE GUNS CAPTURED FROM CRONJE AT PAARDEBERG.

"I've got a bad job," he said, shortly. "I'm ordered to set fire to this farm-house yonder. Some of our mounted men were fired on from the walls and the buildings last night. I hope there are no women about. I don't believe much in this burning business."

"No more do I," I returned. "And I am glad there has been little of it."

As we came up the bank I perceived that it must have been here that the skirmish had taken place the evening before, for a dead horse, shot through

pretty girl, appeared behind her. They did not look like Boers, and the old lady's speech showed that she had little Dutch about her.

"I'm so sorry for what occurred here yesterday," she said. "I begged the Boers not to fire from our garden, but they would do so despite me. I came from the Colony, and so did my husband." She spoke so quickly, in such a torrent of words, that the officer did not have time to interrupt. She explained that she had two nephews who had been on command; she gave us their names and their ages. One had been killed months before at Molder River, and the other was "in the ambulance." She told us that they did not want to go to fight, but were compelled to. This was her farm, and her nephews took care of it for her. Her husband was dead, and this was her niece, her sister's child. "Search my house," she went on; "you will not find any arms or ammunition. We are really for the English. My husband, when he was alive, was against Steyn, although he became a Burgher of the Free State. I hope the war will soon be over; I hope and pray it will," she continued. "We have had enough suffering and destruction already." She finished her long speech by informing us that they were just getting breakfast ready, and asked us to come in the house and have some coffee. I was feeling so uncomfortable that I would have liked to run



FLOATING BRIDGE ACROSS SOUTH AFRICAN RIVER.

the head and stripped of his saddle and accouterments, lay just on the fringe of the trees. The house and garden were perhaps a thousand yards away.

As we approached, we saw that they had all the evidences of belonging to people who were plainly prosperous. The garden had been planted a long time, and the gum-trees rose to at least thirty or forty feet, throwing a shade over the low, stone-flagged stoop. There were some vegetables still growing on each side of a well-kept path, and a number of flowering plants in tin-pots stood on each side of the doorway. There were curtains at the windows, and signs of female occupation on the wash-line. A hammock was stretched from the corner of the house to one of the big gums. The out-buildings were in good repair, although the loft window of the stable stood gaping wide, and the ground about was littered with oat-straw. As we came round the corner a fat fox-terrier rushed out and barked at us, and at the sound a woman appeared on the threshold. She was well dressed and perhaps sixty years of age, with a kindly, pleasant face, although it bore traces of worry and suffering. The officer hesitated at the gate.

"Confound it!" said he beneath his breath, "just what I expected."

The old lady, perceiving that we had stopped there, called to us to enter, and as we came up the path a young girl of eighteen or thereabouts, a very

away, and a glance at my friend showed me that he was actually suffering. The half-company of men stood outside the wall leaning on their rifles, and looking longingly at a few chickens that were picking about the oat-straw which lay about the farm-yard.

"Won't you come in?" said the young girl, seconding her aunt's invitation; and, taking off his helmet, the young officer went into the house, and I followed him. I was surprised at the evidence of taste and comfort—almost luxury. A good-sized parlor organ stood in one corner. There were ornaments and knickknacks on the table, and a bookcase filled with books—all in English. Everything was as neat as a pin. On the walls in the hall were horns of various kinds of antelope that had once been found in multitudes on the high veldt, and that now had disappeared almost entirely.

"Tell Sannah to bring some coffee," said the young woman to a diminutive Kaffir boy, who stood gorming at us with round black eyes.

The officer spoke at last.

"No, I don't think we will take any, thank you," he said, and then in a few words he explained his mission, the perspiration rolling down his face. I could not look at either one of the women, and wished for a hundred times that I had never come. "My orders are most explicit," continued the young

A Boy of Early Canada.

MASTER FRANK SIMCOE, THE SON OF THE FIRST LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF UPPER CANADA.

An Interesting Description of Early Days in the Dominion by Mr. J. W. Bengough.

Written for THE CANADIAN BOY.

WHEN we think of the old days we call historic (as if we were not ourselves engaged in making history) the picture presented to our minds seems to be filled with grown up people, chiefly quite gray and venerable. Perhaps the habit affects historians as well as common folk, and that may be the reason why there is so very little mention of boys and girls in the books they write. So far as Histories of Canada are concerned—and we have not a few of them now—I do not remember ever coming across any mention of a boy or girl by name. But then, of course, most of the writers who have set themselves the task of dealing with the History of the Dominion have seemed to feel it necessary to make their works as dry as possible, and no doubt think that to give space to such a lively, sportive topic as boyhood suggests, would be quite out of character.

Nevertheless, there is reason to believe that boys existed in the long ago in Canada as well as elsewhere. Very little seems to be known, or at least told, of the young days of any of the distinguished men whose lives really make up the History of our country, but undoubtedly every one of them was at one time a boy, and thought the rolling of hoops or finding of birds' nests vastly more important than any possible matters of state could be.

Life in a New World.

I happen to have come across some particulars about a boy who is of some historical interest to Canadians through bearing a name well known to all who have read anything of Canadian annals; I mean Frank Simcoe, the son of Col. John Graves Simcoe, the first Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, who came out to take charge of the affairs of the new province in

the year 1791. That is more than a hundred years ago, and we can easily imagine what a wonderful experience it must have been to the little English boy—the ship, the wide ocean, and the great new continent so vastly different from his native land. For a time the new Lieutenant Governor remained at Quebec, and then with his family proceeded to the far west, as it then seemed to be. Their destination was Newark.

Honored by Indians at Newark.

If there are any Canadian boys who are puzzled by this name, and cannot recall any such town in the list of "counties and capitals," I may inform them that Newark was the name borne in those days by the place we now call Niagara-on-the-Lake. It was, moreover, the capital of the new province and a very important place, chiefly for the reason that there were hardly any other places of any kind in the country. When Col. Simcoe and his household, consisting of his wife and two children (for Frank had a little sister) arrived at Newark, they took up their quarters in Navy Hall. This sounding title was, of course, most becoming to the vice-regal residence, but the manse was the grandest thing about it, for the "Hall" was only an old warehouse fitted up for home purposes. The wonderment of little Frank, which began at sea, must have increased with every day of progress westward, and reached its climax in this very strange new home. He had probably seen a good many Indians before reaching Newark, but what will the boys say when I tell them that within a few weeks of his arrival he was himself created an Indian Chief? Yes; the tribe in the vicinity of the Niagara, wishing to show honor to the new Great Father, as they called the Lieutenant-Governor, came to Newark in all their feathers and

finery, and with the stately ceremonies which Indians understand so well, initiated Master Frank as one of their "head men," and bestowed upon him the name of Tioga. Perhaps it was this that first inspired the little fellow with the ambition to be a soldier, though to be sure his father belonged to that profession, and had done good service for his country in the war with the American colonies which had but recently ended, and most of the gentlemen to be seen about government house were army officers. Such was the purpose which young Frank favored, at all events, and we may well believe that he found much to interest him in Fort George, which was close to Newark, and Fort Niagara, just across the river. Lieut.-Gov. Simcoe before long came to the conclusion that Newark was not conveniently situated for the Provincial capital, as, for one thing, it was too near the American border; so he began to look about for a better location. He finally decided upon Fort Toronto, and proceeded to build there a seat of government, giving to the new town the name of York, in honor of the Duke of York. Of course a town cannot be built in a day, and when the Governor selected this site there was scarcely anything there beyond the old French fort, which had been built many years previously. But houses soon began to spring up on the margin of what is now the splendid Toronto Bay. Young Frank and his sister soon found themselves living in a still stranger home than the "Navy Hall," for the first official residence of Governor Simcoe at York was a canvas house. This queer structure Col. Simcoe had brought out from England with him. It had originally belonged to the celebrated Captain Cook, and had done service for that

great navigator in his noted voyage of discovery. Perhaps the canvas house was not found quite comfortable enough for the Canadian winter climate; at all events, the Lieut.-Governor soon decided to build a house. He selected a pretty spot on a hill amid the trees to the north-east of the little village, and there had erected a spacious log-house with a grand balcony in front of it, supported by great tree trunks with the bark left on. It must have been quite a pretty rustic mansion. It was named "Castle Frank," in honor of our young hero, and we cannot doubt that here he and his little sister had many a romp on the hill side, and spent many a happy hour in admiring the beautiful scene of forest, bay and lake commanded from the high balcony of the "Castle." All Toronto boys have heard of Castle Frank, and know it is supposed to be somewhere in Rosedale (as the north-eastern suburb of the Queen City is now called), but it must be a puzzle to them that they have never been able to find any such thing in their rambles through that pretty region overlooking the Don. The reason is that the "Castle" has vanished. Long years ago the last remnant of it passed out of existence, and nothing is now to be found but a depression in the ground which is supposed to have been the site. The Simcoe family departed from Canada a few years after the settlement of York, and so faded from the annals of our country. But we know that young Frank achieved his design of becoming a soldier. He obtained a commission in one of the British regiments, and met a soldier's death on one of the hard fought fields in the Spanish campaign about the opening of the last century.

J. W. BENGOUGH.

RED CROSS DOGS.

An old name for the dog is "The Friend of Man," and all who have any knowledge of the canine nature will admit that dogs are fully entitled to this honourable description. What would thousands of homes throughout our country be without the dogs which do so much by their dumb companionship for old and young alike? There are some countries, such as Belgium, where dogs are made to do hard work in drawing milk-carts and other small vehicles, and, indeed, it is not so very long ago that dogs were used in England for this same purpose; but all humane people are agreed that the dog is well worthy of his keep and the licence which the Government exacts, even if he does no more than fill the part of a sympathetic companion.

It has been left to a German, however, to provide a new field for our four-footed friend, to give him a part to play which more than ever entitles him to be called "The Friend of Man." In Germany dogs

have been trained to assist in the merciful work of the Ambulance Brigade.

After every great battle there is always a large number of soldiers reported "missing;" and as a rule, the poor fellows whose names come under this heading have been severely wounded, but having crawled for shelter into some ditch or hidden place they are often overlooked when the stretcher-bearers pass by. Here is just the work for our friend, the dog, whose keen sense of smell and hearing enable him to distinguish sounds and find out people whom men would miss. This has been completely proved by the dogs belonging to a society formed in Germany by Herr Bungartz, a famous animal painter, with whom the idea of employing dogs in this work originated. Out of two hundred men who were disposed as wounded over a large track of country the stretcher-bearers failed to find eighteen, and all of these were discovered by the dogs!—SELECTED.

SKY = LIGHTS AND LUNATICS.

A Short Study of Astronomy by "The Old Boy."

Written for THE CANADIAN BOY.

THE solar system is a big spinning-wheel, but the spokes are invisible and there is no rim to be seen. "Almost as absurd," you will say, "as a footless stocking without a leg," but that is not the case, for there are hundreds of spokes, and one rim to every spoke. So you see, it has wheels within wheels. The rims are called orbits, and the spokes are gravitation lines. The longest of these spokes is 28 hundred million miles or so in length; the shortest is only about 35 million miles long. On the end of each spoke is a planet, and the sun is the hub.

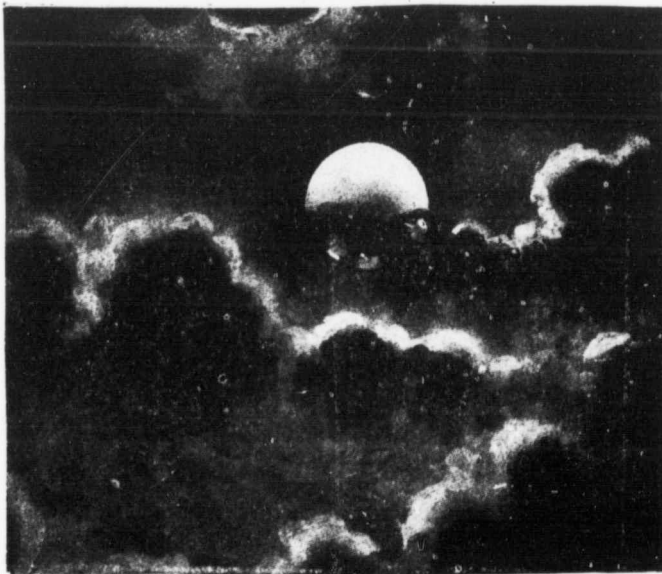
How those planets do spin round! Take this earth, for instance. The spoke of our earth is about 95 million miles long. This means that we travel around the hub at the rate of over a thousand miles a minute, or 18 miles per second.

But the earth is also the hub of another wheel, with only one rim, and one spoke, on the end of which the moon is fastened. This spoke is only a quarter of a million miles long, so it takes the moon only about twenty-eight days to spin around its hub, the earth. Thus its year is only about as long as our month of February. Still more peculiarly, the moon's day is as long as its year.

Some of the planets are the hubs of much grander spinning-wheels than ours. Saturn, for example, which is about 872 million miles from the sun, has eight moons swinging at the ends of as many invisible gravitation lines, and Jupiter has five. When I come to think of it, boys, this whole universe is full of spinning-wheels. Look at that brightest of all the stars, which shines these nights in the south-east. Its common name is the Dog Star, and it is sometimes called Sirius, but its real astronomical name is Alpha Canis Majoris. Sirius is probably the centre of another such system of revolving worlds, consisting of planets and their

moons, spinning around their blazing sun. For all I know every other star in the sky is the hub of another such system. Indeed, I firmly believe the whole universe is full of spinning-wheels.

What are all these looms spinning? Certainly not wool. No. All these wheels are clock wheels, for the solar system is, astronomically, a time-piece. Indeed, one of the world's greatest poets has called the universe "the roaring boom of time," and the chief function of astronomical science is the same almost as that of a clock; namely, to measure time.



A PICTURE OF THE MOON TAKEN BY "THE OLD BOY."

What is a year? You all know it is the time the earth takes to travel around the sun. And what is a day? The time it takes the earth to turn a somersault. Please remember, however, that the wheels of the astronomical clock are not round but elliptical.

Now let us take a little trip to the moon. We shall have to do without air or water for there is neither there. We shall not meet anyone there for the man in the moon is dead, and so are all his re-

lations. Now we will suppose we have reached the moon. A great ball of light stands in the heavens and is thirteen times as large as our moon appears to us. It is the earth, for thus it would appear to us if we were to view it from the moon. Doubtless some of the green shades of summer and the white of winter would be visible from that view-point. If we were to stay on the surface of the moon we should find that the earth was always shining at nearly the same point in the heavens, never changing its position much though every other celestial object seemed to revolve around the moon. This is true because the moon always keeps one face towards the earth. Sometimes, however, its light would be very much more needed than at others, for the sun would shine for fourteen days and then set and remain invisible for a like period. The night-time of the moon would be quite light and the stars would hardly ever be visible if, indeed, they were ever seen at all. During all this long day, equal to fourteen of ours, the lunatics, as we might name the moonites, could play and work, then rest for two weeks of night. Ball would be a slow game upon the moon's surface, for whereas any object falls 16 feet in one second on the earth's surface, this is quite different on the moon. The ball would fall only 2.65 feet in the first second there. The earth is 81 times as heavy as the moon but only 49 times as large.

As we explored the moon's surface, we should find broad valleys which are probably old sea-beds, vast mountain-ranges, fearful gorges and canyons, extinct craters of old volcanoes, in fact, every evidence of a dead world. The moon is now a universal graveyard. Once, it was probably full of life and abounded in living scenery, fertile valleys watered by deep rivers and wooded with luxuriant forests; now there is no water in sea, or lake or fountain. There are no rivers, no rains, and no winds. There is neither breeze nor tempest, for there is no atmosphere.

Let us return to earth, and, with a good field glass or small telescope, take a look at the moon. Some portions are darker than others, the lightest parts are the highest and catch most sunlight. The darker are the valleys because they receive the shadows. If you look closely you will see one spot brighter than all the rest. This is Mount Tycho. It is an old volcano and is the highest in the moon.

I started with spinning-wheels, then tackled the time question, and here I am closing with a lunar crater. I am afraid you will wonder if the old boy hasn't a wheel or two in his head, and perhaps he has. At least he is an earthling and no lunatic.

THE OLD BOY.

WHAT THE DICTIONARY SAYS
ABOUT

The Month of May.

"What time she walks beneath the flowering May."
—T. Woolner.

"Birds' love and birds' song
Flying here and there."
—Tennyson.

"Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May."
—S. F. MacCarthy.

"Spring o' the year! Spring o' the year!
Was there ever a song so gay,
As the song the meadow-lark sings to me
When we meet in the field each day."
—Jean Blewett.

May, the fifth month of the year as at present constituted, during which the sun enters Gemini, consists of 31 days. In America May is considered the last month of spring. In Europe May is considered the first month of summer. The dictionary gives the following explanations of May events, traditions, and flowers:

May-day: The first day of May.

May-bush: The English hawthorn.

May-blossom: The lily-of-the-valley.

Mayfish: A killifish, common in shallow bays.

Italian May: St. Peter's wreath and pride-of-the-meadow.

May-bird: The bobolink, knot, whimbrel, or wood-thrush.

Maythorn: The hawthorn, or a tin horn for a small boy to blow on May-day.

May-hill: A trying time, so called from the impression that May is a bad month for invalids.

May-pole: A pole decorated with flowers or ribbons, around which children circle on May-day.

May-apple: The void oblong yellowish fruit of a North-American plant, the mandrake. Called also *hog-apple*.

May-game: Sport or play such as one might be expected to indulge in on May-days; hence, sport generally, boisterous fun, frolic, jest.

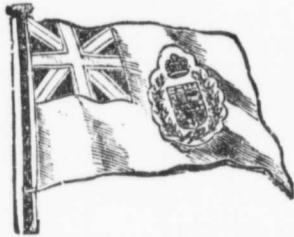
May-fly: An insect which in its young state inhabits water and is long-lived, and in its adult state merely propagates its kind and soon dies.

May-dew: The morning dew of May, or strictly of the first of May—formerly supposed to possess remarkable properties, such as whitening linen and preserving beauty.

WHAT IT IS TO BE A CANADIAN BOY.

The Pleasures and Privileges of Boy Life in Our Dominion.

Written for THE CANADIAN BOY.



I WONDER where the boy lives who will read this article. He may be within sight of the lofty Rockies. He may see daily the blue haze which hangs over the mountains,

His it may be to look with delight upon some lofty peak, when after a summer shower the mists have ringed themselves around the top like a great white wreath.

He knows just when to expect such a sight. He has learned from experience the weather signs. The phenomenon has made a deep impression upon the boy. It has come to mean to him Strength and Purity.

He feels the grandeur of it all, but he does not yet fully know how much has been his, in the opportunity of repeatedly gazing at one of Nature's most quiet but most impressive scenes. He does not know, that, when he has attained the strength of manhood, and says to himself, "I may as well drink with the other fellows and enjoy myself," the power which may hold him back will be the remembrance of the scene of his childhood Strength crowned with Purity.

The Canadian boy who will allow the sense of the grandeur of Canada's scenery to creep into his soul will become morally strong.

Living Near The Sea.

Or does the boy who is reading this live down by the sea? He knows the pools where the star fish are to be found, and just where he can find the largest sea-urchins. Many a time has he sat with his feet dangling over the mussel-stuck sides of the rocks and watched the tide come in. Often has he gazed out to sea and seen the five-masters stand clear-cut against the sky, and has hardly thought that there are many boys who have never heard the swish, swish of the sea upon the sand.

He knows many things that the prairie boy will have to wait many years to experience. He has simply made an intelligent use of his surroundings.

Or does my boy-reader live somewhere along the canal system of the St. Lawrence or of "The Soo"? He has watched the water seething and boiling in the great stone basins as the boat gradually rises to the level of the water above. He knows just how the gates open and shut, and how many locks there are. He has done everything that a boy would be allowed

to do. He has much information about some of Canada's waterways. Canada will need all he can learn about such things.

Perhaps, the boy for whom I am writing has, at some time of political excitement, thought that he would like to be Premier of Canada. He will need to bear in mind that positions are open to those who prepare themselves for them. If he would prepare himself intelligently, let him see what history has for him. By history we mean the progress of mankind.

Preparing to Merit Position.

On this point we find in the January number of THE CANADIAN BOY a list entitled 'Leading Events of the Century just Closed.' Many of these are to the average boy more or less familiar. Others are completely new. The ideas here given may be made something to which to add other ideas. Let us look at a few events the least familiar to the Canadian boy.

What interest attaches itself to the name of Kossuth? To understand the affairs of modern Europe one must understand the affairs of Hungary. Kossuth saw that Hungary was deprived of her rights as a nation. He wanted for his country political independence. In 1840 he printed the first newspaper which discussed political affairs in his country. Hungary was backward in civilization. In 1848 the crisis came. There was revolution. We notice that in 1849, Kossuth was made Dictator of Hungary. After a struggle with Austria, Hungary became independent in 1866.

What interesting things might be written about Prussia! The army of tall soldiers of Frederic William apparently kept for show. How Frederic the Great, his son, used this army to prevent Austria, Russia and France, from wiping out of existence the little kingdom of Prussia. The great plan of Bismarck to unite the German states, Prussia to be at the head. Finally, the results of Frederic the Great's dogged determination to keep his little kingdom intact, a confederation of German states with the King of Prussia as Emperor.

A boy who would prepare himself for statesmanship must learn how statesmen have solved their difficulties. Any boy who has perseverance can acquire knowledge. There are opportunities on every hand.

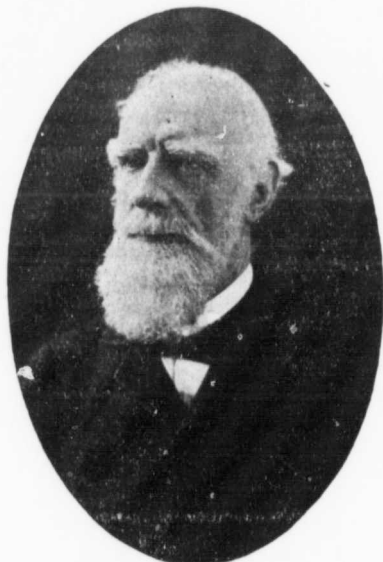
I say to every Canadian boy who will use what has been given him—the world is yours to use and enjoy.

ROX STONE.

OUR GRAND OLD MAN.

The Most Eminent Personage That Canada Can Boast of During
the Present Century.

LORD Strathcona and Mount Royal met with a flattering reception at the Imperial Institute, London, when he gave recently an address on "Canada and the Empire," advocating a still closer union between Canada and the Mother Country. Imperial sentiment, he said, made Great Britain what she is, and its continuance and legitimate development



LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL.

would assure the integrity of the British empire being maintained for all time to come. The Duke of Argyle, who occupied the chair at this reception to Lord Strathcona, gave eloquent expression to the views of the English people with regard to the High Commissioner's wonderful and patriotic efforts in raising a force and maintaining it in the field during the critical stages of the South African war.

It is evident that Lord Strathcona is beloved everywhere, not only for his gifts but for his sterling worth of character and force of true sentiment. It would be a popular appointment, when the season draws near, if he would accept the next Governor Generalship of Canada, for there is no man, says Dr. Withrow, in the Methodist Magazine and

Review, whom Canadians, without respect of party, more delight to honour than Lord Strathcona. There is no man who has given stronger evidence of devotion to his adopted country, no man who has done more to weld together widely severed regions of the British Empire, no man who has contributed so largely and so directly to the maintenance of the Queen's authority in South Africa. It is almost like a romance that this Highland chieftain should summon, equip and maintain a regiment of half a thousand men from the foothills of the Rockies, to fight the battles of the Queen on the brown veldt of the Transvaal.

A Remarkable Life-Story.

His life-story abounds in facts stranger than fiction. By his indomitable energy and unflinching integrity he made his way from the humblest walks of life to the foremost peerage of the realm. Like so many other rulers of men, he was born in the Highlands and was brought up on that "halesame faring," oatmeal and the Shorter Catechism. He received his early education at the local school of Archieston, Morayshire. In his fifteenth year he entered the service of that great Company which wielded authority over an area vaster than the empire of Caesar or Alexander. "At three days' notice," says Dr. Parkin, "he started on a journey of eight hundred miles on snow-shoes, and five hundred by dog-train, from which he did not return till after fifteen long years, spending the interim in the wild Northwest among the Indians and Eskimos. Promoted step by step, he became at length a Chief Factor to that great Company, and subsequently resident Governor."

The patriotism, prudence, sagacity and tact of Sir Donald Smith, by which name he is better known than by his long title of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, did much to bring order out of the insurrection at Red River Settlement. As a member of the Manitoba Legislature, of the Northwest Territorial Council, and of the House of Commons, he rendered important service to his country. The large majority of 3,700 by which he was returned to the House of Commons for Montreal West in 1891, is a striking

CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.

French and English Boys in Canada.

A MESSAGE FROM THE MAYOR OF MONTREAL.

The Mayor of Canada's Largest City Shows How Boys Can Help to Promote Unity and Strength of Citizenship.

Written for THE CANADIAN BOY.

The boy makes the man, and the Canadian boy of to-day makes the Canada of to-morrow. If he is going to do justice to his subject, the Canadian boy must be moulded into an energetic, capable, conscientious, broad-minded and patriotic citizen, jealous of the fair fame of his country, and determined to do his share towards her development.

The establishment and proper celebration of Empire Day in memory of one of the grandest sovereigns and noblest women this world has ever produced, and in commemoration of the development of the freest empire in history, should assist in the development of Canadian boyhood and Canadian manhood along the right lines, and so should the publication of a special empire number appealing to the Canadian boy's patriotism and nationalism.

As you have given me this opportunity to speak directly and frankly to the English speaking boys of Canada, I would like to say to them what I often remarked to my fellow-countrymen of French lineage and speech:—If we love Canada and are desirous that she should prosper and attain the proud destiny that a bounteous nature has so well fitted her to attain to, we must develop throughout this broad Dominion a just national spirit founded upon mutual interest, mutual respect, mutual confidence and mutual affection.

The undeveloped and unbounded natural resources of Canada offer a tempting field of operations to the Canadian boy, which cannot fail to excite his ambition. My earnest hope is that while persistently holding the gratification of that most laudable ambition in view, he will not lose sight of the equal importance of assisting in the cultivation of a spirit of national pride and national respect, which shall animate the whole Canadian population from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and weld them into one harmonious community. Since my advent into public life, I have witnessed great advance in the direction of a unification of the Canadian peoples. We French Canadians appreciate more than we used to the good qualities and many virtues of our fellow-countrymen of Anglo-Saxon origin and English tongue, and the English Canadians, I find, are growing to like us better every day and are discovering in us good qualities and virtues their fathers never dreamt of. But more remains to be done before old animosities are entirely eradicated and old sores healed up. The healing process is in a healthy way; it is for the Canadian boy to help it along.

And I have not the least doubt that he will, for I have been pleased to observe in this good City of Montreal, the spot where the races meet, that French and English boys mingle more freely together, and know each other better than they did when I was a boy. Some years ago, the French Canadian boys used to regard their English speaking neighbors as their natural enemies, and vice versa, and as a natural consequence, individual fights and inter-school battles were events of daily occurrence. Such things are unheard of now, and French and English boys, associating together in play, are forming friendships which will doubtless last to the grave, and will have a powerful influence in banishing from Canada the ugly demon of racial suspicion and hatred.



His Worship, R. Prefontaine, Mayor of Montreal.

When that day arrives, we shall have a united nationality in Canada, which will place our country at the very front among the nations of the world, and the brightest gem in the Imperial Crown will shine with brighter lustre than ever.

Trusting that the day in question may not be long delayed,

I am,

Yours very faithfully,

R. PREFONTAINE.

The Blameless King of British History.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.

doctrine, though we knew it not, was part of Alfred's heritage. "My desire," said the King, "is that all the free-born youths of my people may persevere in learning until they can read perfectly the English Scriptures."

The chief monument of Alfred's reign is, perhaps, his code of law. The great honor and glory of Alfred's lawgiving must be ascribed to the fact that he was wise enough to amend old laws or to make new, in accordance with the national character. Alfred laid down two principles; first, that justice was the right of every one, rich or poor; and, next, that the laws of men must be in accordance with the laws of God. How far Alfred was a scholar is doubtful; but he was undoubtedly a writer. He collected and preserved the ancient poetry and the old legends. And he speaks of himself with pardonable satisfaction. "This," he says, "I can now truly say that so long as I have lived I have striven to work worthily; and after my death to leave my memory to my descendants in good works."

The creation of a navy; the government by advice of the wise; trial by our peers; equal justice for rich and poor; the harmony of our law with the law of God; education for all; the foundation of English prose; the encouragement of scholarship, enterprise, and the arts—is not this a noble heritage? And is there any part of it which is not shared by every soul born to our language and to our laws?

JIM.

Jim was only a horse, but he was very intelligent. He had to draw a delivery waggon around every day. His master was poor and so Jim did not get extra good feed. One day while going the rounds Jim was left standing behind a waggon loaded with meal. Jim knew the smell of meal, if not the price. He quietly stepped up to the waggon and picked up one of the sacks and then trotted off home, where he tore open the bag and ate his fill. When his master came out of the house and could not find Jim, he went home knowing that Jim was there. Jim had had a good meal but his master had to pay for it.

EARL H. SMITH,
Campden, Ont.



How Grizzly Bears Are Caught.

The grizzly bear is one of the most ferocious of all animals. Its length is from six to nine feet, and it weighs from 400 to 800 pounds. These animals are very daring and frequently attack men. They are found in abundance in the Rocky Mountains. The following is the manner in which the grizzly is hunted in California.

Everything being prepared,—men, horses, lassoes, and saddles, the party starts out at sunset. It must be remembered that bait has been set for the bear. The hunters keep behind some object, as a tree or stone, in order that the bear may not see them. The horses give notice of bruin's approach by pricking up their ears and the men then mount. When all is ready the hunters put spurs to their horses and generally overtake the bear before he gets to a bush or thicket. The foremost rider throws his lasso and seldom fail to catch his prey. As soon as the bear is caught he rears and growls, taking the lasso in his forepaws, and then he makes a rush at the horse and rider, and the former, if well trained, waits until the bear gets within a few feet of him and then jumps clear over him. When bruin is large everybody in the party throws a lasso over him, as he might try to bite the horses. Sometimes he chews the rope, and if he had not more than one lasso over him he would get away. The bear is then taken away by the horses and riders, who both feel proud of their catch. This is perhaps one of the most exciting sports, as the bear, though he looks clumsy, is very quick and is apt to break the lasso and attack the horse, and it requires the most skilful horsemanship to prevent the rider and his horse from being injured. If bruin gets away, as is sometimes the case, another rider dashes after him, and when he overtakes him he stoops down, without stopping and picks up the remaining part of the lasso and winding it around the peak of his saddle, again detains and captures his prey.

N. M. WATSON,
Collingwood.

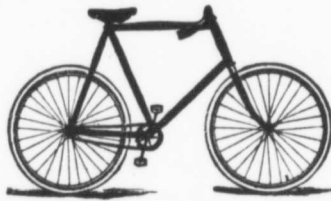
Posted in Spite of the Rule.

Collector—I am afraid to present this dun in person to Mr. Grump. Had we not better forward it by mail.

Manager—Yes, but remember this is the only instance where we will violate our motto. "Post no Bills."—Exchange.

BICYCLES AND BOYS.

How to Get a Bicycle Free!



If you are a smart boy and would like to have a bicycle of your own we can tell you what to do. Send your name and address to the Editor of THE CANADIAN BOY, stating that you wish to get a bicycle. You will receive by return mail ten sample copies of THE CANADIAN BOY. Show these to your friends and get them to subscribe at One Dollar for a year. Secure us seventy-five subscribers and we will give you free a new bicycle all complete, the best in the market. Will you try this? It means some work, but if you are a hustler you can easily take seventy-five orders for this paper. Write to-day, and go to work. If you do not get the full seventy-five, we will allow you our liberal commission to agents on each subscription taken. Hustle, and win for yourself a CANADIAN BOY bicycle. Write us for particulars.

The Difficult Thing.

Teacher: "Now, boys, who can tell me what is the most difficult thing to acquire in cycling?"

Chorus of Yells: "The bicycle, sir."—Tid-Bits.

President of the Club.

Son: "We formed a bicycle club last night, father. There were a lot of boys at the meeting, and I was elected president."

Father: "How was it you were elected president, my boy?"

Son: "Oh, I was the only boy who had a bicycle."—Sel.

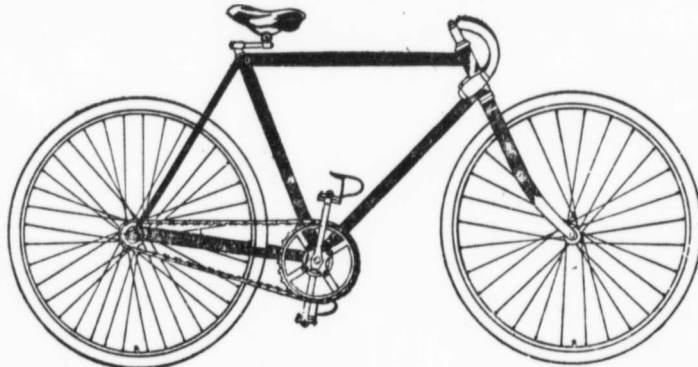
How to Make a Bicycle Out of Groceries For Display Purposes.



The rims of the wheels are made of hoops from coffee drums, using the full size for the outer rim and cutting the hoop and lapping the ends for the inner rim and springing it in so that it will hold the cans in place. I used cans of cream between the rims, because they are just the proper size. Inside of the rims I nailed four spokes and covered them with a piece of red cardboard, cut round and with strips cut out to represent spokes. Around the outside of the rim I pasted labels from spice cans and my wheels were complete. The diamond frame I made from wood 2x1. I then covered it with packages of soap, which I tacked on. The sprocket wheel was made from a round piece of wood, covered with red cardboard, painted to represent spokes and cogs. The chain I made by stringing prunes on a piece of wire. The pedals were made of cakes of soap attached to a wooden crank. For a saddle I used two packages of figs, tacked on a board made the same shape. The handle bars were made by fastening two bottles of catsup on two pieces of wood, nailed to the head of the frame.—Selected.

The Danger of the Bicycle.

There are two dangers which confront boys who ride wheels. The one is an improper use of the bicycle. Wheeling is healthy exercise and sport for most people, but it is wrong to tire yourself out just because you have a wheel. It is wrong to "scorch." Whether you look on your bicycle as a tool or a toy use it properly, for the sake of your health. The other danger is the loose regard for life and duty. You should not wheel so much that you become "light in the head," and grow reckless. This is the danger with every form of sport in Canada.



The Largest City in the World.

Some Interesting Facts About Old London.

13,000 shops sell milk.

Over 3,500 horses die every week.

There are some 60,000 lady clerks.

90,000 pianos are made every year.

3,000,000 letters are posted every day.

The residences are worth £700,000,000.

The people are computed to spend £1,200,000 daily.

A London fog costs about £7,000 for extra gas burnt.

Every day 250 children enter school for the first time.

36,000 people have been accommodated in St. Paul's Cathedral.

It is a curious fact that there has never been a Duke or Lord of London.

London devours every year 400,000 oxen, 1,600,000 sheep, 500,000 calves, 700,000 hogs, fowls innumerable, and 9,800,000 gallons of milk.

Houses were first numbered in 1764.

The population is five and a half millions.

Ten millions of eels are annually consumed.

Fully 100,000 inhabitants are night workers.

The total number of weights used is 1,230,165.

50,000 tons of oysters are eaten during the season.

London contains more than 200,000 domestic servants.

London is better off for trees than any other city in Europe.

50,000 Bank of England notes are on the average made daily.

The floating population of the Thames numbers 300,000 souls.

The first advertisements known were placed on the doors of St. Paul's Church.

The water drunk every day would form a lake 700 yards long, 200 yards broad, and with a uniform depth of 6 feet.

* * BOYS WILL BE BOYS. * *

Written for THE CANADIAN BOY.

Boys will be boys, but listen to
The tale I have to tell,
Whereby I think I'll prove to you
They're other things as well.

I heard my neighbor had a boy,
I went to him and said,
"I've called to see him—wish you
joy."
Said he, "The boy's abed."

He grew (time flew on rapid wing,—
He once could not be found.
"The boy's aloft, a ladder bring,
I knew he was around!"

Aloft, around! two things at once!
A few more years had sped.
At school he proved himself no
dunce,

The boy was then ahead!
His parents went to take a ride,
They called on me; I put
A question to them; they replied,
"The boy? Oh, he's afoot!"

I wondered if he'd any more
Identities concealed,
I called upon him as of yore
To find he was afield.

E'en as I voyaged o'er the sea
When billows round me roared,
My neighbor came and greeted me,
Said he, "My boy's aboard!"

"Boys will be boys," so say old saws,
But this one was a bed,
A round, a loft, a foot he was,
A board, a field, a head!

And very strongly I'm inclined,
The voyage being o'er,
To think I certainly shall find
That self-same boy, *ashore!*

ELIZABETH ROLLIT BURNS.

KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH.

Some References Which Show His Manly Qualities and Regal Characteristics.

Interesting Notes About the New King.

The following facts are narrated of King Edward VII in a biography by his private secretary: King Edward the VII has thirteen university degrees. He is colonel eight times over. His uniforms are worth \$75,000. He has every order of knighthood in Europe. He owns the deepest mine in England. He is fifty-nine years old and has four grandchildren. He goes to church every Sunday morning. He is said to be one of the best shots in England. He is five feet six inches tall, and weighs 180 pounds. He receives two hundred letters a day and answers most of them. He was the first Christian to dine with the Sultan of Turkey. Every minute of his time in London is spent according to schedule. His favorite vehicle in London is a hansom cab, yet his stables cost \$75,000 a year. He has friends in every nation, and speaks German, French, Italian, and Russian. He has one private secretary, two assistant secretaries, and a staff of clerks to assist them. He has made more speeches than any other man in the world, but mostly short ones. When he was young he was very tender-hearted, and cried for days when a tutor left him.

The Preparation of the New King.

Edward VII, or "The most popular man" in Europe," as he is called, is nearing his sixtieth birthday, and during these sixty years he has been educating himself for the responsible position in which he finds himself at the present time. His education was the Queen's special care, and she never let him forget that at some time he would rule over the

greatest nation the world has ever known. He was surrounded by the greatest educators of the time, both moral and intellectual. Edward attended the first schools of England, and after being graduated he travelled in Europe, met the rulers of the different nations, and got a thorough knowledge of European politics, so necessary for the government of any country. The King has the advantage of having had one of the finest examples always before him it was possible to have. He has seen that the aim of a sovereign should be to rule his people by love and not by fear; that the ruler should be a person that all, from the cottage to the palace, will look up to and wish to imitate. He has a decided advantage in having the best advisers of the present day.—Sel.



KING EDWARD VII.

* * * QUEEN ALEXANDRA. * * *

Some References Showing Her Noble Titles and Kindly Nature.

The New Queen's Relations.

One of the important persons in the new situation in which the British Empire stands to-day, is Queen Alexandra, the Danish wife of Edward VII. Apart from her marriage she holds an interesting dynastic position in Europe. Her father is the King of Denmark, and her brother will before long fill the throne. Her sister is the Empress Dowager of Russia and the mother of the present Czar. Her brother is the King of Greece, and he will be succeeded eventually by one of her nephews, of whom one is now Governor of Crete. She is, and has always been, exceptionally popular with the British people, and is on a footing of perfect harmony with every member of the Royal family into which she came by her marriage, nearly forty years ago. One of Tennyson's earlier laureate odes was addressed to her on that occasion, when he hailed her as "Sea King's daughter from over the sea," and the splendid welcome embodied in that stirring lyric has ever since found a responsive echo all over the Empire. Like her late mother-in-law, she knows how to combine womanhood and royalty in one person, without destroying the balance.—Sel.

The Stable-Boy and the New Queen.

During the exhibition of 1878, a British chaplain and his wife were invited to lunch at the Embassy, to meet the Prince and Princess. Mrs. Moran, the clergyman's wife, took the opportunity to interest the Princess in a former stable-boy at Sandringham, who was dying of consumption in a slum in the Ternes quarter of Paris. Her Royal Highness, with

the eagerness of a school-girl, proposed to slip quietly out and visit the humble invalid. The two ladies took a cab, and the Princess ascended to a wretched chamber on the fourth floor, and no sooner saw the boy than she recognized him. Sitting on the side of the bed, she brightened the place by her cheeriness. Then she said: "My poor boy, why did you leave us? You were always delicate. I am not too well supplied with money for my Paris visit, but I will send you fifty pounds to-morrow." The angel of charity kept her word.—Selected.

Doctor—seeing his boy patient on the street—well, my little man, you're quite well again. How did you take the pills, in water or with cake? Bobby—I used them in my blow gun.—Inter Ocean.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Orders are Orders.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

officer. "Our men have been shot at so many times from houses flying the white flag, and one was killed here last night."

The young woman had begun to sob softly, but the older one stepped forward and spoke clearly.

"But it was not our fault," she said. "I begged them not to, and they robbed us of almost all our forage, and took our mealies and vegetables. He was a brute, that Veldt Cornet; he would not listen! Surely those who gave you the orders did not expect you to burn a defenseless woman's house over her head. What am I to do if you burn my house?"

"My orders take care of that," said the young officer. "You are to be allowed to take supplies, and I will give you a pass for yourself and servants to Bloemfontein. There the authorities will take care of you, or you can stay here at a neighbor's, if you like to."

He did not say anything in excuse of his position; he did not even tell how disagreeable it was to him. But his tones and attitude must have shown it plainly. The old lady did not break down.

"Well, I suppose you will have to do what you say," she said. "Oh, this war! why did they bring it upon us? We were contented and happy." I almost wished that she had become abusive, but women have strange self-control at times. "Can we remove everything from the house?" she asked.

"My men will help you," answered the young officer. "Have you any method of conveyance, any wagon?"

"We have a cart and two old ponies, but they won't be able to carry much more than themselves." She turned to the girl and told her to go out and get "Jan" and "Piet," and just as she did so the black girl appeared with some steaming coffee-cups on a tray. I could not have tasted it; it would have choked me. The woman spoke a few words in Dutch to the servant, and the latter put down the tray. Both women disappeared, leaving the officer and myself alone.

"Let's get out of this," he said.

When we got out into the sunlight, I looked at him. "Surely," said I, "you are not going to."

He said nothing, but gave some orders to the men, and they began to remove things from the house. The two women did not stand by idly. It was pitiful to see them carrying out armfuls of clothing and

other articles. The soldiers worked without a word. They appeared ashamed of the job also.

I began to have a fresh idea of the saying that "war is hell." I walked over to where my horse was tied, and would have ridden away, but the officer called me back:

"Don't go yet," he said; "please don't go."

So I stayed against my will. I suppose it was impossible to get everything out of the house, but soon the women appeared satisfied, and sat down on a settee, and then both began to weep. The men stood awkwardly about waiting for orders, and the Kaffir servants formed a whispering group a little way apart.

"My orders were to set fire to the house," said the officer. "They did not mention the outbuildings." And with that he told some men to follow him, and walked over toward the barn. In a few minutes four or five appeared, dragging a half-bale of chaff, and others with their arms full of broken bundles of straw and manna—a rough, coarse hay. The officer turned to the sergeant.

"Sergeant," said he, "take your men and march them over to the railway" (it is a mile or more distant to the west). "Let Judson stay with me" (Judson was the officer's soldier-servant).

In a few minutes the company, in charge of the sergeant, had marched away over a little rise in the ground, and the officer, Judson, and myself alone were left.

Now, the house was a stone one, and on one side, the gable end, it had but one window high in the peak. The women had stopped weeping and were watching us. The officer, with the soldier's assistance (for, of course, I would not bear a hand), dragged the inflammable bale of chaff to the side of the house. He pitched the loose bundles of hay on top of it; but before he had done this, he had taken out his little red order-book and scribbled a few lines on a page and torn it out. The elder woman had taken it.

"My orders were to set fire to the house," he said to me, as if I had expostulated with him. "Orders are orders," and he repeated it, "to set fire to the house."

Then he took out a silver match-safe and struck a match, quickly applying it to the loose end of the bale. A little crackling flame leapt forth.

"Now come," said the officer; "we'll go." And, leading my horse by the bridle, the officer, Judson, and myself walked over the hill after the company. Not one of us looked back over his shoulder, and not a word did I say of the occurrence to my friend

again, not a word did I say to any one in connection with the army, and this is the first time the story has been written. But I kept thinking to myself, "If these two able-bodied Kaffirs cannot put out that fire before it has eaten through the foot of solid stone or completely ignited the window-casing above it, they are not worth much!"

And there is just another ending: when I came down on the railway some five months later, I stood at the window of the coach, waiting, glass in hand,

to pass this very spot, and I am rejoiced to say that there stood the white farm-house nestling among its trees, and I could see a woman's figure hanging out some things on the clothes-line. Apparently the Kaffirs were worth something.

What report the officer made I do not know, for I never asked him; but if a General wants a house *burned down*, he had better say so. The limitations of an order are in its wording. The burning of inhabited farms I believe to have been bad policy.

—James Barnes in *The Outlook*.

SPRING POEM BY FITZDUDESON.

The spwing has come again
With its gentle showahs of wain,
And the wobin's sweet wefwain,
Deah boy, deah boy—
And I wish it would wemain,
Deah boy!



I do adaw the spwing,
When the bi'ds begin to sing,
I think it just the thing,
Deah boy, deah boy—
New life it seems to bwing,
Deah boy!

In the wintah, doncher know,
Theah's a lot of beastly snow,
And the mercury's down low,
Deah boy, deah boy—
And your baggy twoswers blow,
Deah boy!

And in summeh-time it's hot,
"Seaside bweezes"? simply wot;
You cawn't find a decent spot,
Deah boy, deah boy—
And your collahs go to pot,
Deah boy!

Autumn tints are well enough,
But the weathaw's sometimes wough,
And the leaves are dwoopping off,
Deah boy, deah boy—
Awftah all, the spwing's the stuff,

J. W. BENGOUGH,

In "Motley: Verses Grave and Gay."

CHANCES FOR YOUNG MEN.

I have often heard it said that there are not so many chances for a young man to rise, now-a-days, as formerly. I do not agree with this view. I believe that there are even greater chances for young men than ever before. But these greater opportunities demand greater qualities—qualities that can only be acquired by an increased devotion to study, to greater self-discipline, and to an unconquerable determination to master the principles which underlie the profession or business engaged in. Less opportunity for getting on! Why, one of the greatest difficulties of large employers is to find thoroughly capable men to manage the various departments of their concerns; there are many who think themselves capable, but few who can stand the test.—Sir Richard Tangye.

THE CAMERA CLUB.

How to Make a Camera For Ten Cents.



The writer made his first picture with a camera such as I am about to describe and perhaps some of my readers did also. For my part I prize highly the first picture I made with my home-made camera.

Any boy can make one, and all for very little cost. Procure a wooden box about 4 inches wide, 5 inches deep and 8 or 10 inches long. These measurements do not need to be strictly adhered to, but one thing it must be and that is strictly light-tight. I remember I used a box I got at a grocery store. It had been filled with bottles of extract and had a hinged lid such as is on a trunk. A sliding lid, however, such as is on an old style match-box would do, but the hinged lid would be easier made light-tight. To do this tack or glue narrow strips on the box at the opening so that the lid will close over these and thus exclude the light. Near one end of the box on the inside, tack upright plate supports one on each side. These can be made of pieces of pine about 3 inches long and of sufficient width to support the plate when it is dropped into grooves cut in these strips. The grooves should be about $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch deep. In the opposite or front end of the box and about opposite the centre of the plate, have a hole $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in size. Next get a box say $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter with a lid about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch deep. A common pill-box would do or it could be of tin, but the lid must fit snug and must not stick when being removed. Fasten this over the hole in the front of the camera, placing the bottom of the pill-box next to the camera of course. Now all the inside of the camera must be painted a dead black using lamp black and turpentine, not forgetting the lens box. The next is to make the lens. In the centre of the bottom of the pill box make a small smooth hole with a pin or needle. The smaller this hole is, the sharper your picture will be and longer exposure will be required. If the hole is too large the picture will lose its sharpness and the exposure will require to be shorter, so do not make the hole too large. Go into a dark room, put a plate in your camera and try making an exposure. Set the camera in front of what you wish to "shoot" and remove cap of lens box for say 10 or 15 seconds,

being very careful not to jar camera while the plate is being exposed. Then close the lens and develop in the regular way. If the plate is underexposed you may have to increase the size of the pin hole. No doubt some boys will make improvements on this. For example there can be several plate supports so that plates can be placed at different distances from the lens.

Pictures of Dogs and Ponies.

Here is a new contest for all boys who can take pictures. For the best pictures of pet dogs or ponies a first prize of \$2, and a second of \$1, will be given. All photos must reach the Editor by May 31st, 1901.

Hints to Young Photographers.

The frilling of dry plates and staining of velox prints may be obviated by using the following acid fixing bath :

No. 1.

Hyposulphite of soda48 oz.
Water96 oz.

No. 2.

Water:32 oz.
Add gradually sulphuric acid..... $\frac{1}{4}$ oz.
Sulphite of Sodium Crystals..... 4 oz.
Chrome alum 2 oz.

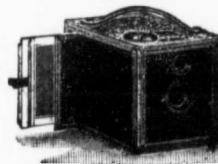
After each is dissolved pour No. 2 solution into No. 1.

A candle placed on the floor under a table upon which you wish to handle plates, answers very well for a ruling light.

The best developer is usually the one recommended by the plate makers.

How many have tried printing out paper, such as Velox, Dekko, etc. If you have not, then do so and see how simple it is to work. It can be printed by ordinary lamp light or any other light, perhaps even by moonlight.

Who Will Win the Prizes.



Cash prizes were offered in the April number for the best photographs of any person, place or thing taken and finished by any boy in Canada, and forwarded the Editor by May 11th. Each picture must be accompanied by a descriptive article of at least 50 words.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Some of the Best Things Said and Done During April.

MR. Winston Churchill describes a political candidate as "a man who is asked to stand, wants to sit, and is expected to lie."

GEORGE CADBURY, the chocolate manufacturer, has presented to the city of Birmingham an estate of 416 acres, valued at £180,000 upon which to build houses for the working classes.

A Quebec girl named Bertha Roy, eleven years old, has won success and fame in the New York Conservatory of Music. She won great honors in a competition where there were many hundred competitors of all ages and from all nations.

J. H. MILLARD of Omaha, who has been nominated for Senator, is another Canadian boy who has achieved success. He was formerly a resident of Hamilton, but moving to the States he was the founder of the Omaha National Bank, of which institution he is still President. He has also for many years been director of the Union Pacific Railway.

COL. Baden-Powell sent the following reply to a message from Dr. MacNamara of Toronto Junction, whose baby boy born on the day of the relief of Mafeking, was given the gallant hero's name: "I am proud to learn that your son has called himself after me, as he and I were let loose in the world on the same day. I wish him every success in life."

PROFESSOR John Watson of Kingston, is opposed to the system of specializing subjects in the public and high schools, which schools are only necessary for the foundation of an education. He advocates a method of education which begins with teaching French to a boy at the age of nine, this to be followed by Latin and Greek and Mathematics. The university might specialize but the high school has no right to do so.

MR. Byron Nicholson has been studying the life of the habitant in Quebec. The habitant never applies the name "French Canadian" to himself, says Mr. Nicholson, and in no way distinguishes his nationality except by the word "Canadian." The resident of Quebec is much misunderstood in Ontario, and if people of either Province only knew the real feelings and principles of their neighbors politicians would not be able to stir up foolish animosities.

THE National Club of Toronto, at their first club dinner of the new century, unveiled portraits of Sir John Macdonald and Sir Oliver Mowat. Principal Grant of Kingston, in an address of lofty national purpose, recalled vividly the ideals in the lives of the two statesmen whose portraits were placed in the club's gallery of eminent men. In speaking of patriotism Dr. Grant stated that Canadians did not know their own country as they should. Enterprising foreigners very often have shown Canadians the possibility of developing industries in certain localities.

MR. CARRIE NATION is made sport of by the thoughtless, and is criticised by the inactive. There are many mothers in America who feel that the saloon must be destroyed or it will continue to destroy sons and husbands. The following are two verses of a stirring poem which Frances E. Willard recommended every young person to learn:

*Write it on the workhouse gate,
Write it on the schoolboy's slate,
Write it on the copybook,
That the young may often look,
"Where there's drink there's danger."*

*Write it in the nation's laws,
Blotting out the license clause;
Write it on each ballot white,
So it can be read aright,
"Where there's drink there's danger."*

How a Scotch Lad Made His Fortune.

The Story of Andrew Carnegie's Success.

"The present moment is our aim, the next we never see."

"The first thing a man should learn to do is to save his money."

THE man who began at the lowest rung of the ladder, as a bobbin-boy in a linen factory, and is now one of the giants of the commercial world, believes in thrift. To him it is the alpha of all success, and it was the constant practice of the principles of thrift that made him great. And so, it is safe to say that, among the men who will leave their "footprints on the sands of time," none will make a deeper impression than Andrew Carnegie. He started in life on an equal footing with the lowliest boy, but he left other men by the wayside, because of tenacity to his motto, "The present moment is our aim, the next we never see." This motto, and another which reads, "He that dares not reason is a slave; he that cannot is a fool; he that will not is a bigot," adorn the cornices of the library of Mr. Carnegie's New York home.

Thrift and Hard Work Bring Success.

In his native land, Scotland, thrift is a virtue that is taught with the alphabet; and, when the twelve-year-old "Andy" Carnegie came to America with his father and mother, he was full of the notion of thrift and his twin brother, hard work.

When the Carnegies arrived in America, they settled in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Two days after their arrival there, "Andy" Carnegie secured his first position.

His father's means were so limited that the family could not exist on them; and, when "Andy" came home and said that he had secured work as a bobbin-boy in a linen factory, at one dollar and twenty cents a week, his parents felt that they could find some happiness in their new home. Young Carnegie was so proud of his achievement that he made up his mind at once that he was going to make a success of his life.

Secures a Higher Position.

His next step was to secure a position for his father in the same factory. Young Andrew quickly showed that he had a liking for machinery, and he was given charge of a stationary engine in the factory. For nearly two years he kept this position,—oily, begrimed, and wearing overalls,—and then he sought something with a higher motive, and became a messenger boy for the Atlantic and Ohio Telegraph Company, of Pittsburg.

The stars may have had something to do with it, but there was a stronger power to guide the boy to better things, and that power was James Reid, the superintendent of the company. To-day, Mr. Reid is a worthy citizen of New York, and he says that

he can remember distinctly the first day that Andrew Carnegie went to work.

"He was so determined," says Mr. Reid, recalling the day, "that I became interested in him at once. He seemed to have determination written on his face. His eagerness to work and learn were very noticeable. Before he had been with me a month, he asked to be taught telegraphy. When I consented, he spent all his spare time in practice, transmitting and receiving by sound, and not by tape. He was the third operator in the United States to read the Morse signals by sound."

One year in the employ of the Atlantic and Ohio Telegraph Company made Andrew Carnegie an expert operator. It was soon after his fifteenth birthday that the superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company said to Mr. Reid:—

"We need a telegraph operator. Do you know a good one?"

"There's a young man in my office named Carnegie," said Mr. Reid, "who shows that he wants to work. He might suit you."

Honored by the Railroad Superintendent.

It so happened that the superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad needed, particularly, a man who "wanted to work." He told Mr. Reid to send Carnegie to him.

In his new position, Andrew Carnegie further showed his "stick-to-it-iveness." He quickly mastered the details of train-dispatching, and was promoted to the headquarters of the company, and, soon after, became superintendent of the western division of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

At thirty years of age, Mr. Carnegie began his wonderful career as an iron master. With the help of the money he had made, and with good credit at his bank, which enabled him to borrow, he started the Keystone Bridge Works. In 1888, Mr. Carnegie owned seven iron and steel works, besides many coke works.

As if by magic, the Carnegie enterprises began to grow, and soon the commercial world was startled by a new name and a new power. While others slept, Andrew Carnegie had been "toiling upward in the night." He flashed on the world, a meteor of finance, and his light has never grown dim. As soon as his wealth had reached a figure which enabled him to do some good in the world, he made charity an equal factor with business. He has endowed the city of Pittsburg with many handsome and costly institutions, and scattered libraries all over the United States and Canada. In all, his benefactions amount to about \$15,000,000.—Abridged from Success.

A Famous Boy Writer.

In the British Museum you may see several letters in a boyish handwriting by a lad from the Blue Coat Charity School at Bristol. The writings of Thomas Chatterton had made him known even in London. His dreams of success and fame took him to the great metropolis, but he had mistaken the charity of a cold, selfish world; for, after being reduced almost to starvation, he took his own life at eighteen. "Thus perished in his pride the marvelous boy. For fire, grace and imagination, his poetry has rarely been equalled. His industry was wonderful; he would work with all his might nearly all night. He has gone without eating two whole days, as he was without money and the baker refused to trust him. He had been out to the publishers with his little roll of manuscripts, but met with refusal everywhere. His sensitive heart could stand it no longer. He bought a bottle of arsenic,—which, of all poisons, causes the greatest agony,—went to his miserable garret, resolved not to return to the Charity School, and took his own life. Dr. Frye, the learned head of St. Johns College, having been struck by the wonderful writings of the boy, was just starting out to visit him, but, alas! was too late."—Success.



EDISON FRANKLIN LYNN.

An 18 Year Old Belleville Boy Who Was Through 22 Engagements in South Africa.

A YOUNG HERO.

Edison Franklin Lynn of Belleville, was a sergeant in the Boys' Brigade of St. Andrews' church when the South African war broke out. He always took an active part in Brigade work and when the war started he thought he would like to go with the Canadian Contingent. Although he was only 18 years of age he enlisted with D Co. of the 1st Contingent and sailed for South Africa. He was in active service in twenty-two engagements and never received a scratch, and was also fortunate enough to escape the fever. Edison has returned home and says he does not care about going to Africa again for some years to come.

What is put into the first of life is put into the whole life. Start right.

OUR GRAND OLD MAN.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

evidence of the confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens.

Wise, Liberal and Loyal.

Lord Strathcona is the furthest remove from a partisan politician. He is a statesman and empire builder. Perhaps no service that he rendered his country was more important than bringing about the completion of the great railway which crosses the continent.

The appointment of Sir Donald A. Smith as Lord High Commissioner of Canada was a fitting tribute to his statesmanship. As Lord Strathcona he has been unwavering in his efforts to promote the welfare of the Dominion, not in a perfunctory and dilatory manner, but attending to the duties of his high position long after office hours and discharging them faithfully and well.

Few men have ever more fully realized the stewardship of wealth, or been more judicious in its use. The splendid Royal Victoria Hospital of Montreal, one of the noblest on this continent, which cost a million dollars, with a subsequent endowment of eight hundred thousand for maintenance, is a monument of the beneficence of the two great railway magnates, Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount Stephen. Our Canadian Baron has given half a million dollars to McGill University, large sums for special chairs, and has built and endowed, at his own expense, the Royal Victoria College for the higher education of women; and these are only a part of his numerous benefactions.

The Richest Art Gallery in Canada.

Lord Strathcona has been the most liberal patron of the fine arts Canada has known. His picture gallery at Montreal, which is generously shown to connoisseurs, is the most catholic and richest in Canada, containing examples of Raphael, Titian, Turner, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Millais, Rosa Bonheur, Constable, Constant, Alma Tadema, Henner and Jules Breton. For the painting of "The First Communion," by Breton, he paid the sum of \$45,000, the highest price, it is said, ever paid for a modern picture sold at auction.

In his eightieth year, an age when most men would seek ease and leisure, he devotes himself with unremitting zeal to the service of his country. If, as is sometimes rumoured, he would accept the Governor-Generalship of the Dominion, it would be a fitting close of his long and useful career. It is not without reason that the Board of Trade of the great city of Montreal describes Lord Strathcona as "the most eminent personage that Canada can boast of during the present century."

WHAT BOYS ARE DOING.



Review on the 24th.

The annual review of the Georgian Bay Battalion Boys' Brigade will be held as usual on May 24th. It is expected that two or three new companies will enrol on the day of the review.

A Serenade at Owen Sound.

Recruiting has commenced in the 1st Owen Sound Company of the Boys' Brigade, and company drill for the season has been resumed. The Bugle Band, thirteen strong, serenaded Mr. Corrie, the popular drill instructor, on the occasion of his marriage. After playing several stirring marches the boys were regaled with coffee and cake. Mr. Corrie was quite taken by surprise but rumor has it that there may be other surprises soon. The Company will procure new sweaters, those now in use having done service for five seasons and two camps.

Experts at Drill.

The boys of the 3rd Montreal Company of the Boys' Brigade, in connection with Calvary Church, are experts at drill. The basement of the church is used as a Drill room, and the simple Brigade uniform is adhered to. The rifles were imported from England. Mr. Walter Baker is the efficient Captain, and the Lieutenants are members of the Highland Cadets. A church parade will be held soon. There are 44 boys in the Company.

Prize Essays.

The Hon. G. W. Ross has offered two valuable prizes for the best essays written by members of the Boys' Brigade in Canada, as follows:

I. For Senior Boys from 14 and upwards. Subject: "Canada as a Home." Essay to contain not less than 1500 words.

II. For Junior Boys under 14 years. Subject: "True Manliness." Essay to contain not less than 1000 words.

This competition is open to all Companies in good standing. The essays are to be sent to Rev. J. Campbell Tibb, Eglington, on or before June 1st, 1901.

Notice to Captains.

Items of news from Brigade Companies should be forwarded the Editor as early in the month as possible. News notes for the June number should reach the Editor early in May.

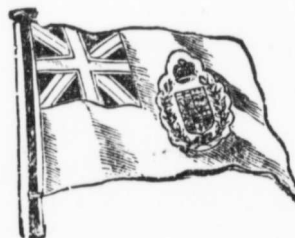
Clear the Way for Wiarton.

The 4th Wiarton has ordered a fine new outfit for the Bugle Band, with aluminium shell drums, &c. This Company is the youngest in the Battalion, but has the honor of winning and carrying the Battalion flag. The boys of this company seem to have for their motto, "What we have we'll hold."

Getting Ready for Camp at Collingwood.

Major Hamilton addressed the Bible Class of the 2nd Collingwood recently and assured the boys of his interest in them and the aims of the Brigade. The officers are glad to have a gentleman like Major Hamilton settled in their midst, and hope soon to have his name added to the staff. The 3rd Collingwood will appear in new uniforms this spring. A royal greeting awaits all who will attend the camp this summer at Collingwood. The hospitality of Collingwood is well-known. It is said that the Toronto Battalion may camp on the shores of the Georgian Bay this year in union with the Georgian Bay Battalion. Come along, Toronto. A hearty welcome!

Band Concert and Baseball.



The annual concert of the Cobourg boys was a great success. The Flute and Bugle Bands in their white and red uniforms presented a fine appearance and played well.

There are 52 boys in the two bands, and Canada cannot produce better boys' bands anywhere. The Cobourg boys have organized their Baseball teams for the season. Two teams, a senior and junior, will be chosen from each Half-Company. A series of five matches will be played for each championship. The semi-annual church parade and the annual banquet are being planned. Outside drill has already commenced.

WHAT BOYS ARE DOING.

News Notes From Broadview Battalion.



The Broadview Battalion Boys' Brigade of Toronto, concluded its season's Basket Ball games with an interesting match between Nos. 2 and 4 Companies. These two companies had tied for first place, but in this final the 4th Company was victorious. The players on the winning team were: Chas. Gill (Capt.), Fred Farr, Fred Risk, Herbert Flesher and Arthur Weller. The four teams enjoyed a supper provided by the three losing teams.

Four football teams for spring and four lacrosse teams for summer are the present plans, with one or more baseball teams for independent playing. The Bicycle and Harrier Clubs also have their faithful supporters, and general athletics are not being forgotten.

The Elocution Class is proving a great success. The talent which is being discovered and developed in this class is making it a marked feature of this season's work.

The most largely attended meeting of the Battalion is the devotional meeting held every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. The best meetings are those conducted by the boys themselves when it is no unusual thing for between twenty and thirty to take part. A band of personal workers from among the boys meets every Saturday evening, among whom are found officers and leading athletes, and a quiet work of grace is going on that is touching and moulding the lives of a constantly increasing circle of boys.

Over forty new boys have presented themselves for enrollment during the past two weeks, and thirty-eight have been received.

The formation of the 5th Broadview Company seems inevitable. The cost of new uniforms provided during the past three months totals \$98.00, and funds for maintenance are flowing in as freely as boys.

The "Old Boys Club" now numbers 78. They

have teams in the Toronto Intermediate and Junior Football Leagues under the name "Broadviews." They are also entering a team in the Junior Lacrosse League, and are prepared to play baseball with any teams. They will be heard from in amateur athletics generally during the season. The Battalion is proud of its "Old Boys' Club" and the O. B. C. is proud of the Battalion.

A Live Company of Boys.

Under the patronage of Mayor O. A. Howland, the 10th Toronto Company's second annual concert passed off very successfully. An excellent program was rendered, in which the boys of the Company gave creditable exhibitions of manual, physical and ambulance drill. In a drill down competition, Corp. H. Damp was the prize winner. The "war cry" of this live Company is:—

*"Are we in it, well I should smile,
We've been in it for a long, long while."*

An Eight Year Old's Banquet.



The 3rd Toronto Company held a very successful Banquet, when there was a reunion of the old boys and officers of the Company. An innovation in Boys' Brigade banquets was the presence of a Sergeant from each of the twenty Companies in the Battalion, making up one entire table of Sergeants. No. 3 Company was fortunate enough to win first place in both senior and junior basketball schedules, and the Chairman of the Athletic Committee, Mr. H. G. Hammond, presented the trophies to the Captains of the respective teams, Color-Sergeant Chisholm and Corporal Coles. Many kindly references were made by the speakers to the good record of the Company, which is the oldest in the city, having just completed its eighth year.

*"Oh, doubt it not, if thou wouldst wear a crown,
Self, baser self, must first be trampled down."
—John Askam.*

Many boys in Canada are saving the money they earn and have growing bank accounts.

Pictures of Boys I Have Known.

III. BENJAMIN BRIGHT, THE BUSINESS BOY.

A Third Letter from Mr. Silas Henscratch of Pumpkenville, in Which He Tells About a Clever Lad He Met at the Last Fall Fair.

Written for THE CANADIAN BOY.



DEER SUR:—I hev bin so bizy with lookin aftur things now that spring iz kome agen i purty near furgot to rite you az i promisud. I ken always find more echanzes to rite in the wintur season than eny uther time, but i wil keep to my wurd, an now sit down to see what i ken sey.

I hev already tole you about two boys that i hev knowed. In myy furst writin i deskribed the nice ways uv Johnny Stout, the lad who luvess hisself, an in my next lettur i spoke uv Jimmy Slick, the boy who don't kare. I thot that sum folkes might konclude i wuz rather hard on boys, bekause i said nothun aboutt eny good boys, so i hev befor me this time to tell you uv a purty good lad az I promisud you last time. I got my spex fixed up sum, so that it iz more uv a pleashur to do myy writin now than it wuz. We hev had quite an excitin time the last dey ur too at our housse, but i wil try to remembur what that yung feller i met at the fal fair wuz like. I supoz you heerd that my horses run away az i wuz komin home frum townn dey fore yisturdey, and thet our little gurl got shuk up badly. Thur wuz no bones broke, an we didn't kal in no doktur, an with the guse-oil an linemunt my wife iz iubbin on evry hour i hope she'll bee hursself agen soon. We kuldn't get along with our kattle an chikins vury well without Liz.

Now to speek aboutt good boys ther iz strange idees az to when a boy iz good. Sum ole-fashuned people thinks a boy iz good az long az he goes to sundey skool an sez hiz vurses right, but i like to see a boy actin right az well az sayin vurses frum the bible right. I heerd the honourable mumber uv parlimant sey at an elekshun meetin out here thet ther wuz once a skamp in toronto who kud make a good recite uv scriptur an yet he wuz always temp-

tin an makin fellers bad. No, it taint what you sey so much its what you does. An then ther ar sum nice folkes who hev the idee thet if a boy wears fine kloths, an keeps hisself out uv the mud an don't pley marbles, klimb trees ur speek to rag-a-mufins, that he iz a good boy. Well i ken sey right off thet such a lad iz too good to bee genuin. This puttin on an appearin to bee sumthin speshl an not speekin to poor boys ain't the thing fer me, an i am glad to tel you that Benjamin Bright haz a diffurnt wey than that.

A Klevur Wurker.

I furst met Benny (that iz what he iz genirally kalled, altho hiz name iz Benjamin, aftur the grate Benjamin Franklen, uv whom you hev heerd so that i need not stop to tel you), i furst met Benny to know him at our last fal fair, altho i had seen him meny times afore when i used to kal at hiz bosses' shop fur axle greas. Benny iz hired at the flour an feed stor where they sel mashinury an bindurs an all sorts uv tools what's needud on a farm. I hev thot sumtimes itz queer how so meny boys ar hired out these days when they ought to bee at skool iernin, but eny how that's where Benny iz at the mashine an feed stor. I hev seen him ther often when i think it over, but i well remembur watchin him at the fal fair how he seemed to know az much about the bizness as the boss hisself, an when the farmurs wantud to know the prices of sum things ur see how the churns an fanin-mills wurked this Benny wuz az smart az a kriket. He kould show the diffurce between this year's plows an the ole kind, an wuz nevur tired answerin questuns. Sum fellers wurk bekause they hev to, but Benjamin seemed to wurk away kause he liked it. He wuzn't vury old, but he had a good swing to hiz hed. He wuz always perlite to, an kept hiz mind right on hiz bizness, though ther wuz lots of fakers an horse-trotten an band's playin al aroun him. We allveys hev grate shows at the fal fair, fur evry-body takes a pain to exzibet the best, an it iz nevur to much truble to get up a real furst class dissply, so that we always hev large crouds. I spose you

won't care nuthin about heerin thet i hev fur years bin a prize-winur with my poltrie an honie. I am knon purty near al ovur this part uv the kuntry fur my skill in keepin beez an chikins, an i wood like to hev a lad like Benny to wurk with me, fur i think he wood be az kareful az if things wuz hiz own.

Sum Sekruts About Benny.

Since i met this Benjamin Bright an got acquaintud with him i hev had a talk with hiz boss Mister Smith at hiz office. Mister Smith iz a buzy man an haz no time fur foolin, but he tole me thet he nevr had a bettur boy workin fur him than Benny. He sez Benny iz always up early an haz things in shape in the shop, an iz a bizness chap frum the wurd go. He needs no koaxin, an vury little tellin az to what's to do. An i found out thet Benny haz idees thet he don't let evryone know. Ther iz mor in hiz head than you ken see, ur thet he ken explane. He seemz to bee like them grate men you reed about in the noospapurs, who wurks away at sum plans uv there own, dey an nite, frum week to week, until the hul wurd iz woke up suddinly to lern thet a noo invenshun iz unkoeverd, by which industrys are maid better, an labur an time iz saved, an muney inkreased. That iz what they sey at leest about theese patints an things, altho i don't seem to bee gettin much richur myself ur to hev eny les wurk to do, an neethur do eny uv my nayburs, but i spose that iz kause the wimin folkes ar so much mor deer these dayz then what they wur afore stiles waz inventud. However, this Benny they tel me iz goin in on the inventun line, fur in hiz room he haz hamurs an sawz an plains, an all sortz uv fancy tools, an he haz maid a horse-powur out uv a match-box. He iz jest now studyin lektricity, an reeds al he ken find about it, an i beelieve frum what i am tole that ole Silas Henskratch wil soon bee abul to rais chikens an pumpkens by lektricity, an our horses' won't need to kare about there shoein fur the waguns an bugies wil run thereself. I don't meen to make fun uv these noo idees that i heer Ben haz got into hiz head, fur evun if they do soun queer Ben iz a klevur lad an he wil make sumthin out uv it al. An what pleazed me most waz to lern thet Benny don't neglekt hiz dooties in the shop but payz strikt atenshun to evrything, an bends hiz mind at nites an off times to wurkin out hiz hobbies. You mey no he iz vury kareful, without eny wurd uv mine, when i tel you thet hiz bos wuldn't part with him fur a good deel. I wantud fur to hire him to kum out to help me fur a while at Pumpkenvil but mister smith said he kuldn't think uv sparin him. He iz alrite, iz Benny, an that's what evryone sez. A klevur, cleen, an manurly fellur, who knows hiz bizness an wurks at it with a wil.

An now you wil think i ain't a goin to quit talkin about this lad i met at the fal fair, kause i wuz so takin with him. I submit it iz a grate pleasur to

speek about such a boy, specially when most boys now-a-days iz to smart to take the trubler to lern eny manurs ur to do enything wel. But afore i quit i want to tel you what iz part uv the sekret uv Bennys' gettin on wel. Hiz bos one dey tole me thet Bennys' fathur, who died three years ago, wuz hisself a hard wurkin man an always had good strait wayz which hiz granfathur showed him, an shortly afore he died he had a talk with Ben about gettin on in life an tole him thet he bein the oldust uv the famuly wuld hev to luk out fur hiz mothur an the little ones az best he kuld. It does seem strange sumtimes how a famuly iz left without a head to it, when ther ar little ones to feed an help along the road, but our parsun here wuz speekin about trials last sundie an we must not loze hert about things we kant know about in this wurd. So hiz fathur afore he died tole Benny to do hiz best, an gave him sum rules which aint vury fine to reed i supose but i wil give them to you enyhow, kause you mey bee able to give them to sum one else who needs spurin up a bit an kause Benny haz nevr furgot them but haz them writ up on a papur in hiz room. These rules run sumthin like this az neer az i ken rekolekt them frum what hiz bos tole me:—

- I. Don't do nuthin in a half wey. Do evrything good.
- II. Luk aftur anuthur's kumfurt fore yurs own.
3. Lern al you ken about evrything ecksept what's bad.
4. Giv evry tenshun to what ar kaled little things.
- V. Keep stedly an hev good habbits.
6. Save al you ken fur a wet dey.

I must leeve o here fur this time, an i hope you wil git a chants to kome out to see us at Pumpkenvil. We ar al purty wel ecksept the little gurl az i tole you about an she iz gettin aroun az fast az our home remedies ken help hur. Evrything iz beginnin to look green an nise agen, an we hev dun quite a lot uv our planten already.

I wil bring my writin to a klose, an hope i hev not rote to much so az to weery you. You mey eckspekt to heer agen frum me if i don't see you in the meen-time ur kome in to town az i hardly think i wil bee able fur ther iz so meny things to do i nevr hev a minute to reed the nooz in the papurs. I hope yure folks iz al wel an thet the season wil kontinue warm an fine.

Yurs vury trooly,

SILAS HENSKRATCH.

Pumpkenvil.

* * * GAMES AND SPORTS. * * *



The Baseball Bribe.

The excitement was at its highest pitch, for the next day the deciding baseball game of the year was to be played in the boys' league called the Delevan Association. The two contesting teams, which were tied, were the Snowballs and the Camerons. The Snowballs had had bad luck during the first of the season, but by fine playing had tied the leaders. George Davidson, the short-stop of the Snowballs, was walking home that evening in high joy, when he was accosted by Joe Kranz, the captain of the Camerons. After talking a few minutes, Joe said: "George, if you will lose the game I'll give you five dollars! Will you?" Davidson consented. The next morning was a beautiful one and both teams felt sure they would win. An immense crowd was there to see the game, for the boys were very popular. The game commenced. Each pitcher was doing his very best, but in the eighth inning the Snowballs secured one run. In the ninth inning the people were breathless, for with three men on bases and two out, the captain of the Camerons came to bat. He hit the first ball pitched straight to the shortstop. George's heart gave a bound. Should he let it go by and lose the game and take the money? He decided in the negative, and making a fine stop he threw it straight to the catcher, who touched the man out. George gave the money back to Joe, happy in the thought he had done right and not followed his inclination to lose the game. He received many congratulations for his fine stop and he determined never again to accept a bribe.—Fred Hefter in American Boy.

Football Pointers.

Don't make excuses, however good they may be. There is no room in football for excuses.

Don't lose your temper. The man who cannot control his temper has no business on the football field.

Don't rest contented after a misplay. Redouble every energy till it is redeemed by some exceptionally brilliant stroke.

Don't be satisfied with a superficial knowledge of the rules. Master every detail.

Don't sing. Scrapping is not football. More than this it prevents good playing.

Don't fail to play a fast game. Line up instantly after each down. Your game is twice as effective if there are no delays.

How to Play Hand Ball.

The players are divided into two teams of from one to five each. On a wall free from obstacles, draw a line three feet and a half above the ground. On the ground or floor, draw a line parallel to the wall, and ten feet distant. Draw lines at the sides to mark the outer edge of the court on the side of the wall and on the floor. One player bounces the ball on the ground, and strikes it on the bound



with the open palm of the hand, so as to bound it against the wall. When it has bounced back from the wall, or rebounded from the ground after touching the wall, or before it touches the ground, a player of the opposite side strikes it against the wall. One of his opponents must strike it next. The ball is thus struck alternately by one of each side until a failure is made. A failure consists in missing the ball, striking it against the wall below the chalk line, letting the ball touch the ground outside the court, or not striking it until after the second bounce. When any such failure is made it scores one for the opposite side. The game consists of eleven or twenty one points.—Selected.

Tricks with Dominoes.

Taking a complete set of dominoes, the conjurer manages to secrete one domino—which must not be a double—while shuffling. He then asks the company to arrange the rest after the ordinary fashion of the game, and, without looking at them, engages to tell the two numbers forming the extremes of the line. These will correspond with the numbers on the secreted domino. Of course, if the trick is repeated, the domino must be changed, or detection would be imminent.—Selected.

A Youthful Violin-Maker.

There are many bright boys in the United States as well as in Canada. From his earliest days Henry Evans of Syracuse, N.Y., has had a love for music and musical instruments, and now that he is fourteen years old he has succeeded in mastering the extremely delicate art of violin-making.

Several months ago he finished his first instrument, and now he is at work upon the second. His first violin has been tried by experts, and is said to equal in workmanship and other qualities the in-



• HENRY R. EVANS •

struments made in American factories and sold for large sums.

Henry Evans constructed every part of it. He even made his own tools, because he could not find any at the stores fine enough to answer his purpose. It took him six months to finish his first production, working outside of school hours. He was up every morning at four o'clock to get a good bit of work done before school. During the noon hour and at the close of school, when other boys were at play, Henry was busy in his work-shop. At the same time he made some money selling morning newspa-

pers. His were busy days, but he says he never enjoyed himself so much in his life before. The taste he has acquired for mechanical work had led him to plan for himself a course in mechanical and electrical engineering, and he is saving what money he can to pay his way through some good institution.

"I hope to accomplish something in mechanics," he said recently, "but I shall keep up my violin-making as a pleasure. How did I come to take up violin-making? Well, I was attracted to it because of the wonderful things musicians are able to do with the sweet and delicate instrument. When I began to study its mechanism I became so fascinated that I resolved to make one myself. From a book containing models and measurements I chose the one which seemed to me to be a masterpiece. As I had no tools of sufficient delicacy, I made a set of the kind required, myself. The wood I secured from Boston. I used sycamore for the back and sides, and spruce for the top.

"When the body of the violin was finished, I met with a difficulty. I found that it weighed too much to be within the standard of my model. I had to take it all apart and smooth and sand-paper the pieces, until the weight was reduced to the desired proportions. When the varnish was thoroughly dry, and I had put on the bridge, keys and strings, I was almost afraid to draw the bow across it, fearing that my violin might be a failure, and all my work wasted. I was delighted, however, to find that it gave a rich and mellow tone, of good volume, round and full, and capable of delicate shades of expression.

"In my second violin I am using some splendid wood, very well seasoned, at least 125 years old, with a beautiful grain, and I think it will be even more of a success than the first."—Young People's Weekly.

Steps to Success.

To almost succeed is to fully fail.

The greatest mastery is self-mastery.

The best in the world is intended for you. Get it.

Doing what you can do you will soon be able to do what now you cannot do.

Dare to be yourself. Act out fearlessly the best that is in you. As well as count one be one.

* * * HOW TO DO THINGS. * * *

How to Form a Boys' Band.

It is not foolish to talk about boys playing in a band. Even Indian boys are musical. At Regina, N.W.T., there is in connection with the Indian Industrial School a boys' brass band, and the Editor heard these Indian boys render very good music a few years ago. At the Brandon Indian School the boys had a rude band for two days at least. The Brandon brass band visited the Industrial School one



evening and entertained the lads and lasses with many selections all new to the pleased and wondering listeners. Next day the Indian boys secured sticks, pans, and everything available and went through all the motions and sounds of a regular brass band.

There are not in Canada as many boys' bands as there should be. Young men and boys should receive more musical education than they do. There are various kinds of bands which can be formed. The simplest probably is the mouthorgan band, and first class music can be brought out of an ordinary mouthorgan. Then there are juice-harps, kazoos, and zobos. At High School the writer remembers helping to organize a paper-horn band, which afforded real sport for a time.

If the desire is to have better music still, a flute or piccolo band can be formed, or a brass or cornet band, or a bugle band. First of all it will be necessary to secure a good leader, after organization has been decided upon and some gentlemen have consented to act as managers. There should be a firm resolve to make a success of what is attempted. The

boys can buy their own instruments by paying so much a month for them. The younger the boys the better if they have a musical ear. Regular practice should be held and strict attention should be paid to the leader's directions. Uniforms of a suitable pattern can be agreed upon when some proficiency is acquired, and every band should have a drum-major to "swing the stick."

A community always takes pride in supporting a good band, and with faithful practice any company of boys can soon play well. We know of bugle bands in Toronto, Owen Sound, Sarnia and Cobourg, of brass bands at Mimico, Alton, Huntsville and Regina, and of flute bands at Cobourg and Charlottetown, but there should be more boys' bands in Canada than these.

How to Make Money.

Wide-awake boys can always find good ways to make money. No decent boy will sell bad papers to make money. If money is to be made, it should be made in an honest way. An interesting column in an exchange relates the following methods which some bright boys successfully adopted to make money: Keeping a rabbitry, making flavored ices, driving a farmers' team and investing the money earned in sheep, having a paper-route, raising chickens, working in a jewelry store, typewriting for father.

A Gentleman's Four Requisites.

It takes four things to make a gentleman. You must be a gentleman in your principles, a gentleman in your tastes, a gentleman in your manners, and a gentleman in your person.

The New Census.

The census is taken this year not only in Canada, but throughout the entire British Empire. In the United Kingdom the de facto plan is followed. Everybody was counted on Sunday. When the first census of the Empire was taken thirty years ago it showed a total population of 230,000,000. It is expected that King Edward's subjects will in 1901 number 400,000,000. In Canada 8000 enumerators were engaged in taking the census.

STAMPS AND COINS.

Boys who collect stamps or coins are requested to use this page. Send the Editor a list of the stamps and coins you have for sale or exchange and your list will be inserted free.

What Coins to Collect.

This is simply a matter of taste and must depend largely upon one's ability to purchase. When one realizes that the world's largest collections are far from complete, and never will be complete, it is vain to have serious ambitions in that way. Do not think of such a thing as completion and never attempt it. Remember completion is not of this world, not even in coins. A wrong idea is prevalent that coin collecting is an expensive luxury only to be indulged in by those of wealth. Never was greater mistake, for all things considered, the great bulk of them are very cheap and it is astonishing what a wondrous variety can be gathered together in a short period by one actively interested, and in an inexpensive way. We undertake to say that a collection of from one to five hundred can be gotten together at an average of five cents each, and that another five hundred can be added at an average of ten cents each, and these would include an extensive variety—old and new—from all portions of the world. We would not have it understood that such a collection could be accumulated in a week, month or year, but it can be done.—The American Boy.

A Great Postage Stamp Exhibition.

The first exhibition of postage stamps ever held in France was opened recently by M. Mougeot, Postmaster-General, in the hall of the National Society of Horticulture in Paris. The exhibition, a correspondent of the London News says, contains rare stamps, whose value may be gathered from the fact that they have been insured for £80,000. They are watched by half a dozen detectives, the authorities having remembered how the priceless collection of the Paris mint was stolen a few years ago. Perhaps the finest show at the stamp exhibition is that of M. Bernichon, son of the organizers. In a glass case may be seen two Mauritius stamps bearing the familiar effigy of Queen Victoria. Their nominal values are one penny and two penny respectively, and the

other day M. Bernichon refused an offer of £2,100 for them. Only nineteen Mauritius stamps of the 1847 issue are known to exist—ten red (1d), and nine blue (2d). Eighteen of these came from the collection of Dr. Legrand, who purchased them thirty-five years ago. The nineteenth stamp was discovered twenty-five years ago. It is impossible to give a detailed account of the private collections, 150 in number, on view. They come from almost every country in the world.—Selected.

Coin Values.

A silver real, 1779, Charles III. (1759-1788), Spain, if good, is worth 75 cents.

The American half-dollars of 1812, 1824, 1825, and 1836 are worth in good condition 75 cents each.

A St. Helena half-penny is worth 25 cents. 1821 is the only date.

A Mexican dollar of 1742 in good condition is worth \$250.

Orange Free State Stamps.

The latest Orange Free State variety is the present issue surcharged "V.R.L." and value in figures. The surcharge is printed in black with and without dots. The dotless specimens appear to come from the bottom row of the sheet of stamps. The "spotted" question seems to be a very interesting one to Tommy Atkins when not busy, as he and his friends talk of little else. I think I am safe to say that inside of a year the value of this stamp will increase 100 per cent.—Selected.

Indian Stamps.

Imperial Indian stamps for the most part are used for franking letters abroad. Imperial Indian stamps surcharged for use in Native States have franking power to any part of British India. The native princes finding that it pays them to issue stamps, naturally issue an ever increasing number, for no other purpose than to draw money from the pockets of stamp collectors, and most of us will look forward to the time when one set of stamps will be sufficient for the whole of India.—The Stamp Collector.

Fun and Frolic for the Merry Hour.

A Fish Yarn.

Boy: "Say, mister, want me to bait your hook?"
 Man: "Git out! You only want to hook my bait."—Judge.

No Picnic.

Among the spring stories told is this one:—
 The trolley stops; an Irish lady and ten children climb in.

Conductor: "Are these your children, madam, or is it a picnic?"

The lady: "They are my children and it's no picnic."

A Good Tongue Exercise.

If you stick a stick across a stick,
 Or cross a stick across a stick,
 Or stick a cross across a stick,
 Or stick a cross across a cross,
 Or cross a cross across a stick,
 Or cross a cross across a cross,
 Or stick a crossed stick across a stick,
 Or cross a crossed stick across a cross,
 Or stick a crossed stick across a crossed stick,
 Or cross a crossed stick across a stick,
 Or cross a crossed stick across a crossed stick,
 how will you stick a cross across a crossed stick?

The Ellfant,

The ellfant is a great ingy rubber beast, and is the biggest of all beasts put together. He has a trunk at one end, and a tale at the other, so that you don't always no which way he is looken. The ellfant can't read, but he has two butiful paper cutters groin out of his mouth. He is useful and strong, and can but down things like walls. Once I rode on an ellfant at the cirkus, and it cost a nikle. He made a noise like a trumpit, and I fell off. If he wasn't so big I would have kiked him. Once a taylor stuk a needel into a ellfant, and years after the ellfant soked his house for him. This ellfant at the cirkus soked me for a nikle, and I didn't stick a needel in him. The ellfant grows in hot climets like coka nuts. Most ellfants are good ellfants, but if you ever see the ellfant that did me out of a nikle, soko him good for me.—Selected.

Very Fond of Cake.

Little Charlie (at supper): "Grandma, do your glasses make things look bigger?"

Grandma: "Yes, dearie. Why?"

Charlie: "Oh! I only thought if they did maybe you'd take 'em off while you're cutting the cake."

A Good Animal.

Teacher: "John, what are your boots made of?"

Boy: "Of leather."

Teacher: "Where does the leather come from?"

Boy: "From the hide of an ox."

Teacher: "What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and gives you meat to eat?"

Boy: "My father."—Tit-Bits.



A Chance for Writers.

The Editor wants suitable stories for publication in this magazine. Cash will be paid for clever articles, interesting and helpful to boys.

Letters Describing Western Canada.

From a gentleman well-known in every part of Canada, Prof. E. Odum, the Editor has received the following unsolicited letter:

Your paper THE CANADIAN BOY, is one of the most valuable papers in Canada. The lofty spirit, devoted patriotism, and purity of sentiment must make its many young readers more noble, manly and useful. Permit me on behalf of the British Columbia readers of your paper to thank you for your successful efforts. We wish you God-speed, and shall take a deep interest in your future life which we trust will increase in happiness and effectiveness in helping Canadian boys to be better men.

You may tell your thousands of readers that with your permission I shall write them a few short letters telling them of the wonderful riches of British Columbia, of its lovely and healthful climate, and of the many openings for spirited, wise and good boys. I shall tell them how the grand Canadian Pacific Railway Company has built its many splendid lines through the valleys and over the mountains, and also about the fisheries, the large lumber forests, vast mining interests, the farming and ranching opportunities, and other items of interest, and what I shall tell your boy readers will be of knowledge and not guess work. Success to you Mr. Editor, and to your boys.

E. ODUM.

The Dog That Chased the Cat.

To begin with I live on a farm, and have a dog whose name is Jack around with me in leisure hours. The story I am now telling is of an incident which took place just a little time ago, and is therefore fresh in my memory. After dinner I had gone to the barn where my brothers were cleaning the stables, and there the dog, having a dislike for cats, proceeded to bother one. Above the cows there is a plank into which a stake goes from the floor to tie the cows to, and it was there that the cat got for safety. The dog, getting on the trough-shaped feed slide, tried to chase pussy down. He tried in every way to get her down, and finally got so near to her that his nose was within six inches of her. The cat of course, bristled up, spit and scratched at Jack, making all sorts of motions denoting madness. This continued for a time and finally I called Jack down, and we retraced our steps to the other barn and had a good play for a while. Let us hope now that the dogs and cats may get on well together, as it does not look nice to see a cat and dog fight.

Yours truly,

CHARLES I. EWING,
Warkworth.

Know Shorthand.

Lord Wolseley, speaking to shorthand students, said that he had written shorthand all his life, and had invariably found it of the greatest possible benefit. He wrote a very clumsy and old-fashioned system, but it had been of immense use to him for making notes when pressed for time. It was also of very great assistance because no one but himself had the slightest chance of being able to read what he wrote, and thus he was able to leave important memoranda upon his desk, without the slightest fear that they would be understood.

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Sam Clarke

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"Keep the upward windows open."—Brooks.

MAY, 1901.

Yes, We Are Succeeding.

THE CANADIAN BOY is growing. Why should he not grow, and why should he not be glad to have his paper grow too? This magazine is a favorite already in many parts of Canada. Counting boys and their friends at least ten thousand persons will read this number of THE CANADIAN BOY. By the end of the year we expect to have thirty thousand readers. We present our paper in a new style this month, and this will be the regular size and form. We commend this journal to all friends of boys in Canada. Kindly examine closely this number and send us your subscription if you are pleased. There is so much literature in these days that is coarse or weak we are determined to publish only the best articles. We respectfully request your interest in this monthly for boys. Send us your subscription, please. Advertisers are invited to consider the value of these pages for business purposes. Each month's issue circulates from Vancouver to Charlottetown and all through Canada. Agents are at work everywhere. Read THE CANADIAN BOY. Subscribe for THE CANADIAN BOY. Advertise in THE CANADIAN BOY.

Do You Want to Get Rich?

Do you want to get rich? If you do, pass on; we have nothing to say to you. But if you want to make some honest money, we can tell you what to do. Be one of our agents. We have canvassers at work all over Canada, and those who are hustlers are making a little money for themselves. Send the Editor your name at once and he will forward you several copies of this number and a circular telling you just what to do. Write to-day, or you may be too late.

Send Pictures of Your Pets.

On page 24 of this number we offer cash prizes for the best pictures of pet dogs or ponies. Some of the best of the pictures will be reproduced in THE CANADIAN BOY. The contest closes May 31st, 1901. Send along at once a picture of your pet dog or pony.

Good Things in Store.

Prof. Odum's promise elsewhere to write us letters describing western Canada is an indication of the good things in store for our readers. Each month's issue will be better than the last. We have already many excellent articles promised for early numbers.



MELVILLE DAVEY, OWEN SOUND.

One of the Boys Who Write and Work for The Canadian Boy

Books Free for Stories.

Any boy who sends the Editor a new story about animals, showing care and kindness in their treatment, will receive a beautiful book free. The book contains 142 pages and tells how to live a true life. It makes an excellent gift book. Make your story short and write soon.

Our Free Bicycle Offer.

Elsewhere in this month's number we offer a first class bicycle, complete and guaranteed, to every one who sends us seventy-five yearly subscribers at one dollar a year. If you do not succeed in getting the full seventy-five subscribers we will give you our regular commission on each subscription, and besides you may win the prize of five dollars in gold.

Five Dollars in Gold.

We offer very liberal terms to agents who canvass for THE CANADIAN BOY. These terms will be made known to you on application to the Editor, Box 155, Cobourg. Besides the regular commission, we offer five dollars in gold for the largest list of subscribers sent in each month. Any letter dated the last day of the month will be in time for this contest. Go to work at once. Show your friends this number and take all the subscriptions you can at one dollar a year. You will be allowed the cash commission as already stated, on each subscription secured, and besides you may win the five dollars in gold by having the largest list. It is worth trying.

The June "Canadian Boy."

The June number of THE CANADIAN BOY will contain many excellent articles. Some special contributions will be

"The Coming Merchant, or A Boy's Chances, to Succeed in Business,"

by CHAS. T. WILLIAMS.

"The Coming Writer, or a Boy's Chances to Succeed in Journalism,"

by J. W. BENGOUGH.

"The Coming Doctor, or a Boy's Chances to Succeed in Medicine,"

by A. D. WATSON, M.D.

"The Coming Lawyer, or a Boy's Chances to Succeed in Law,"

by SETH P. LEET, K.C.

Besides many original stories and sketches and selected articles.

AGENTS WANTED.

Agents are wanted in every locality to canvass for THE CANADIAN BOY, the best boys' paper in Canada. Parents are glad to have such a monthly journal of story, incident and self-help brought to their notice. We offer very liberal commissions to our agents, and special prizes in addition. You can make money in your spare hours by representing THE CANADIAN BOY in your district. Ladies, men or boys who are ready to work for us should write at once, and we will forward sample copies and our instructions and terms to agents. It is easy to take orders for this paper. The best writers in Canada contribute to its pages. Write to-day. Address:

The Canadian Boy,

BOX 155.

COBOURG, ONTARIO.

Mayor Howland