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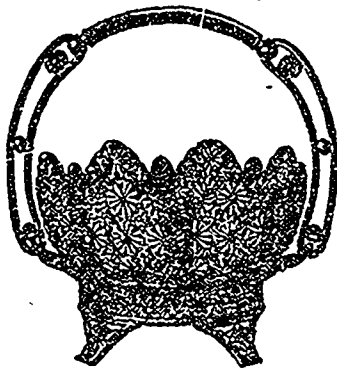
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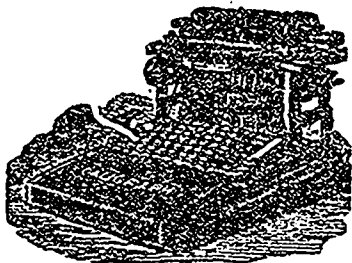
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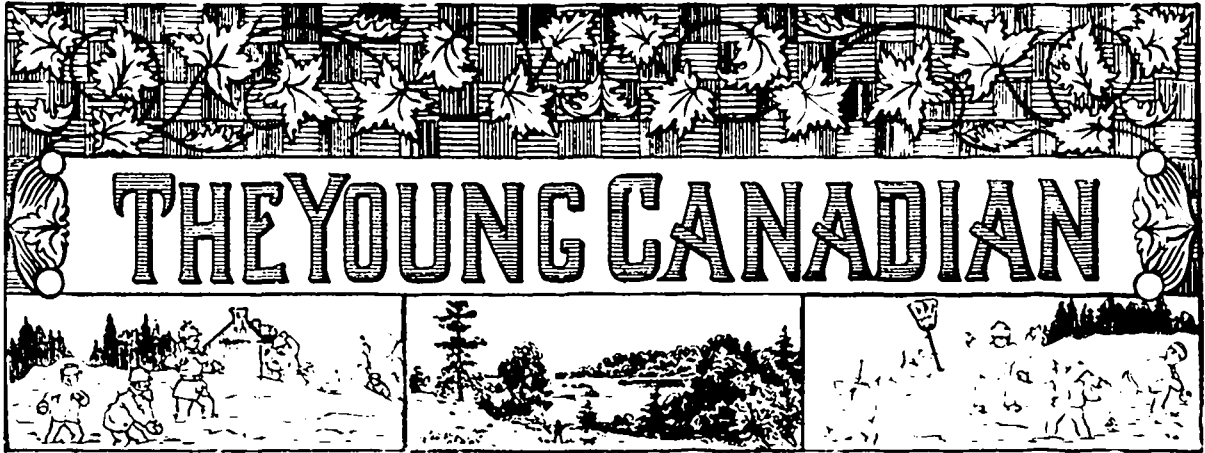
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LIFE IN THE GREAT FORESTS OF CENTRAL AFRICA.
FROM THE ALBERT NYANZA TO THE INDIAN OCEAN.

WITH THE REAR GUARD OF THE EMIN RELIEF EXPEDITION.

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

PART III.

Shortly after leaving Majamboni we saw the edge of our old enemy the Forest, black and deadly. It seemed like some huge monster with outstretched arms, ever on the alert to seize and crush any passing travellers.

On the 10th May we got another glimpse of Ruwenzori, the highest peak of the mountains of the moon, and ten days later were abreast and camping under the shadow of the huge mountain. Here at last is the giant we had talked so much about.

For centuries the mountains of the moon have been supposed to exist somewhere in that hitherto unattainable region, the head waters of the Nile. Two thousand years before Christ were they talked of and sought after in the same way as the sources of the Nile. Many a Pharaoh had sent out his leaders to search for, and bring him back the solution of, the problem. But all failed, and many lost their lives in the attempt.

And here we found ourselves camping at the foot of the very mountains, and drinking of that water which supplies the people of Khartoum and Cairo alike. We were nearly 3,000 miles from the Mediterranean. The mountain behind us is what Cambyses sought to find and failed. I think therefore, that having stumbled across it, we are now to be pardoned for a little fling of honest pride.

From observations, we made the highest point of Ruwenzori to be nearly 17,000 feet above the sea. I was enabled to ascend to an elevation of 10,670 feet, and, from a distance of two and a half miles, got a good

glimpse of the snow, and what appeared to be a huge crater at the summit. The mountain side was inhabited by a fierce and noisy people revelling in large plantations of the most beautiful bananas, and evidently fond of the beer made from this fruit, judging by the number of troughs and pots for brewing this article that we found.

About the 20th June we got our first glimpse of the Albert Edward Nyanza, and soon after this, camped on its shores. We again met with our old enemies the Warasura, or raiders of Kabba Rega the King of Unyoro. They thought to smash us with their flint locks and tower muskets, but were discomfited, and they retired in bad order. A small and very salt Lake called Katwe, of about half a mile long and a quarter of a mile across, affords salt to many surrounding tribes for miles, and the possession of this was much prized by Kabba Rega.

We cleaned his men out, and handed them over to Antari, King of Ankori, who became our fast friend for this kindness.

The water of the Albert Edward Nyanza is like that of the Albert, namely, brackish and unpleasant to the taste. It is of a browner colour, though, than the latter. The Lake is about sixty miles long and twenty at its broadest, as far as native report goes. It is drained by the River Semliki, starting from its north west end and running into Lake Albert. This Lake then is the most southern of the western branch of the Nile.

All day long, while we were at Katwe, streams of

natives were passing to and fro carrying heavy baskets of salt which they had yearned to get, but were previously prevented by Kabba Rega. Salt is perhaps the most valued and expensive of any article of food in Central Africa. The natives go wild about it, and you can see them carrying tiny bits of rock salt carefully hidden in a bit of bark. These they lick with their tongues *on the sly*, and when no others are about. Otherwise they would have to give these latter a lick all round. A rich man is he who can lick his salt five times a day. He is a possessor of cows, and sheep and goats who can do this in many countries.

Nothing living can withstand the intense saltiness of the waters of Katwè. A sample of this water brought to England by me was pronounced to be a saturated solution: that is, dry salt would not dissolve in it.

On the 6th July we got into the large and powerful country of Ankori, and up to this we could safely say we had never seen such a fine, well-set-up race of men in Africa. Tall, and dignified, and clean cut were the warriors of this nation. Broad, and keen, and many were their spears. Such beautifully made clay pipes I have never seen anywhere.

The Wanyankori, like the Wahuma, are very fond of their dogs and cattle, signs of good points in their characters I should say. The position of the women is among them much more that of equals with the men than is the case with most tribes. Their arms and ankles are covered with such neat iron and ivory bangles as would excite the envy of many a fine white lady.

That the spears used are those of warriors can be seen at a glance. They are models of symmetry and strength. A discipline and fear of the King Antari (the Lion) appears to pervade the entire population, and one can quickly see that Antari rules with a firm hand. Through Ankori we proceeded in one continued series of demonstrations of welcome. On arriving at the centre of the Kingdom, the King sent his little son to bid us welcome. We had a regular "Queen's Birthday" parade for him. First there was a long pow-wow; then we fell in and fired a feu-de joie of three rounds per man, much to the youth's delight. But the event of the day was the firing of the Maxim Gun for his especial edification. The rapidity of fire, the noise, the amount of smoke made this princeling simply wild with joy, and he tried hard to make me give over the handles to him to try a shot. Respecting however the bodies of our Zanzibaris, and the bystanders generally, I refused.

On going away, one of the chiefs of Antari sneaked up to me and made me a present of a fowl, with the air of one giving his last penny for the sake of charity. I accepted the fowl, but to this day do not exactly know whether it was given in pity of my white skin, or whether in excess of admiration for the way in which I had made the Maxim "speak up."

From this up to 24th July, I was unable through frequent and violent fevers to make a single entry in my journal. Blacks and whites seemed to go down like flies before this fever. At one time in Ankori the movements of the whole Expedition were paralysed through this curse of Central Africa, intermittent fever. For three days we lay on our backs and groaned with pain. The cause was no doubt the high altitude we were in and the cold cutting winds at night. My two boys Abedi and Khamisi were helpless, poor chaps.

Here again, in fever, the white is a better man than the black. In marching, an average Englishman can walk down a black, both carrying only their rifles, that is if the march is a prolonged one, say for ten days on end. In one day's marching a keen black will leave the white man behind, but soon after the first day the black's feet begin to swell up and his joints ache.

On the 25th July the Expedition reached the Kagera river on the borders of Karagwé, and crossing this on the 26th entered the Kingdom of Karagwé.

The Kagera is here about 70 yards broad, running about three and a half miles per hour and about seven feet deep right across its bed. It enters the Victoria Nyanza about four days, forty-eight miles, to the East of where we crossed it.

Marching through Karagwé we came to Kafurro, a former Arab settlement near the King's Capital. From here Mr. Jephson went and paid our respects to the King who was surrounded by his courtiers, smoking a long pipe, and quaffing native beer, the almost chronic occupation of African potentates. Next day we had a visit from one of his big men, and we presented him with a Winchester and cartridges. They are very fond of shooting at trees, or stones, these chiefs, and waste their ammunition like children.

The natives of Karagwé were also very kind and hospitable to us. They are good hands at driving hard bargains in trade. The only vestiges of Arab occupation remaining were some dilapidated huts, a few lime trees, and some tomatoes. We relished the latter very much.

We have had no tea or coffee, no sugar, flour, or anything European for months and months, and we begin to sigh for the flesh pots of Europe again. We are burning to know what is going on in England and Europe. Is the Queen alive still? Is there a big European war?

Since the middle of 1887 we have not heard of or from civilization. How we shall revel in newspapers and letters again!

We now started from Kafurro to make a grand spurt to Msalala, the mission station at the South end of Victoria Nyanza, and where we should once again see white men, and once more feel through their talk, and through what letters we might get, the mighty pulse of the rushing, busy outside world. Oh for some books again to read the master thoughts of those white giants of civilization! We began to look upon ourselves almost as black men by this time.

MRS. MAYBURN'S TWINS.

THE STORY OF ONE DAY.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

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

Perhaps papa heard what she said; if he did, his palate dominated his heart: for, after a reluctant attempt or two to eat, he pushed his plate from him, and looked very glum. Fred remarked that he considered the pudding very good, and Bertha said "Um!" and passed her plate for more; but papa's original impressions remained unchanged, and it was in silence that he finally took his departure, though mamma followed him into the hall, and hung on his neck a moment, and got a kiss for her pains. Then she returned to the dining-room; but instead of taking her seat, and addressing herself to the meal which she had barely begun, she stood at the window and gazed out at the back fence, as if somewhere in that structure there was concealed the magic wand that could change domestic drudgery into conjugal felicity. The appearance of Bobboker, however, recalled her from the ideal to the real, particularly as the young man demanded pudding as the first course of his dinner.

"Children," said mamma, after abating Bobboker's pretensions, until he was willing to begin with the soup, "you've only twelve minutes."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Fred, "and I wanted some more pudding. Bertha had two plates."

"You also might have had two, had you not dawdled so long over your meat, cutting it into peculiar shapes."

"Well, I've time enough for another piece."

"Not a moment; you've barely time to reach school."

"Well, can't I have it when I come home?"

"No—yes, if you start this instant."

Away went Fred; and Bertha, after trembling irresolutely for a moment, as to whether to go with Fred, or be left behind, the latter being inevitable if she finished her pudding, attempted to accomplish both desires by cramming the remaining pudding into her mouth. A fit of choking naturally ensued, and mamma patted the child between her shoulders, and Fred remained to see that his sister was properly restored; and when Bertha at last breathed freely, there were but five minutes of the noonday intermission remaining, and the school was six squares away.

"Mamma," suggested Fred, "don't you think we'd better stay at home this afternoon! If we—"

"No, my son," said mamma, decidedly, "I do not."

"We'll be marked late, if we go," said Fred, "and I don't think that's fair to me when I hadn't anything to do with choking Bertha."

"You needn't have remained," said mamma. "If you had not stopped to beg for more pudding, you might have been at school by this time."

"And Bertha might have died," said Fred, "and her only twin-brother away off at school. Oh, I think that would have been dreadful."

Mamma kissed Fred, but was none the less firm in her decision; so both children crawled out of the house, and strolled leisurely toward school, while mamma ate as if never before had she tasted a morsel of food. Fortunately Bobboker also was hungry, so hungry that he fed himself, and allowed mamma not only to dine, but to think peacefully for a few moments. Mamma needed time for thought almost as much as she needed food, for she had some dozens of things to be done, each one of which was as important as any other, and all needed attention at the earliest possible moment. The afternoon before her would be five hours long, which time, if unbroken by visitors, should suffice for the darning of the dozen or more pairs of small stockings that had been accumulating in her work-basket for a week or two. Deduct a quarter hour for the labor of getting Bobboker to bed for his afternoon nap, another quarter just before supper, in which to dress for the evening meal, a quarter for The Jefful's various demands, and still one more for any probable caller, and there would yet remain four good hours. She felt strong enough to attack any household duty, for she had really eaten a full meal, for the first time in—well, ages.

AFTERNOON.

The first quarter hour mamma had admitted she would lose was to be expended upon putting Bobboker to bed for his afternoon nap; and this was how it began:

"Beeboy, it's time for you to take your nap now," said mamma.

"Tisn't," said Bobboker, very promptly.

"Mustn't contradict," said mamma, kindly, but firmly.

"Isn't contodick," replied the juvenile; "is Bobboker."

"Which dolly will you take to bed with you?" asked mamma, imagining that the diplomatic method would be successful, because once or twice before it had sufficed.

"No dolly at-all-ey. Dollies is yadies, an' yadies don't go bedden daytimes."

"Oh you're mistaken, beeboy; a great many ladies take naps by daylight, and a great many more wish they could!" And mamma, sighing as she thought of the necessities of a member of the latter class, continued: "Mamma would take a nap this afternoon if she could."

"Den why *don't* you could?" asked Bobboker.

"You can come on one side of my beddy, an' Bobboker will hing you aheep."

"Mamma has too much work to do, beeboy; she can't go to sleep until long, long after dark. Mamma wishes it were dark now—and that dreadful German gone," she added in a low tone.

"Make b'ieve it's dok," suggested Bobboker, an' make b'ieve me's mamma; an' oo's Bobboker, an' me'll put oo a-beddy, an' hing oo aheep. Tum on—kay me."

"Oh, you must take me, if you're going to be mamma."

Bobboker looked mystified, but soon got his natural face back, and admitted the impossibility of carrying out his plan in all particulars by taking mamma's hand, and saying:

"Tum on; Bobboker will 'ead his 'ittie beebee to the beddy. Beebees must walkee."

So mamma put down a hand, and Bobboker put one up, and led his passive charge to the bed-chamber; then he climbed upon mamma's bed, and tugged at her hand, saying:

"Tum on."

Mamma dropped upon the bed and drew the edge of the coverings up over her boy.

"Tummer *oo*," commanded Bobboker.

"I cat," whined mamma, imitating her little boy's favourite expression.

Bobboker looked at her very sternly; he seemed to have a suspicion that the remark was not original, but as mamma complained that she was a poor, cold little baby, Bobboker disarranged the coverings at a great rate, crawling all over mamma as he did it, and planting elbows, hands, knees, heels and toes promiscuously about without regard to the purposes for which nature had designed the various portions of the maternal anatomy. Mamma endured a great deal with only inward remonstrance, but when the child, endeavoring to cover her feet, got one of his own feet in a position which raked both her eyes and nose, planted his knees firmly on her chest and one of his elbows on her stomach, she exclaimed:

"Oh, beeboy! you're hurting me most cruelly."

Bobboker stopped short, turned his head, and asked:

"Fot 'oo say?"

"You hurt me—dreadfully—oh!"

"Poo' mamma—poo' Bobboker, I mean," said the little fellow, turning on his hands and knees until his face was almost over mamma's, while he inflicted torments innumerable upon his victim. "Me kiss the p'ace an' make it well." So saying, he put a sympathetic face down to mamma's and kissed her, his weight being thrown more and more upon his elbows and mamma's breast as he did so. He kissed mamma's lips two or three times, completely stopping her breath and utterance as he did so; and then he laid one of his soft cheeks against one of hers; but the instant the blockade of the maternal lips was raised, a loud shriek fell upon the child's ears and caused him to give a convulsive

jump, which set elbows, knees, hands and feet at one grand concentrative torture that elicited scream after scream, during one of which the young man found himself first turning in the air, and then landing forcibly upon his back on the bed beside his mamma. Did ever affection meet such cruel discouragement? Bobboker thought not—indeed he was sure of it; so he raised his own voice in a way that made the chandelier quiver.

"What is the matter with mamma's darling beeboy?" asked mamma, as soon as anything could be heard.

"He fee's bad lomme bit," said Bobboker. "He isn't goin' to be mamma not no mawey an' he 'boosed awfoo'!"

"Bobboker must be more careful, darling," said mamma.

"Don't 'awnt to be areho," screamed Bobboker. "'Oon't be tareho'—ya—ya—ngya!"

"You don't want to hurt poor, dear mamma, who does everything she can for her Bobboker, do you?" asked mamma.

"Ess—'awnts to hyte 'oo—'awnts to hyte ev'v'ybody—boo, hoo, hoo!"

"Then you had better hurt that naughty, naughty little boy, Bobboker," said mamma, "and I will leave you to do it," and mamma arose and departed.

What would not any tenor of Her Majesty's opera company—any soprano, even—give to be able to reach and sustain a high note as Bobboker did when mamma departed and left him alone? Mamma herself, who had heard Campanini, Capoul, Nilsson, Albani, Gerster, and all the rest, stopped and listened admiringly, and then with apprehension, for where did all the breath come from, and when and how could it be replaced? The sound finally ceased as abruptly as if it were broken cleanly from what had preceded, and mamma, hearing nothing for a moment, imagined suffocation, and flew to her child's relief. Just as she opened the door the plaint was resumed; it had been transposed to a minor key, but was no less wonderful in regard to volume and sustained effort. When the exclamation ceased, it was followed by the single word "mamma!" executed upon a single note, and prolonged so successfully that again mamma admired. But she knew that any excitement, such as her boy's utterance indicated, would be fatal to sleep unless allayed at once; so she hurried into the room, and was greeted with:

"Lomme bit—Bobboker got saw om."

Mamma felt guilty at once; what might that dislocated shoulder have been suffering while she had been selfishly moaning over her own physical miseries? So she told him that mamma was perfectly dreadful—a most terrible, hideous monster—and that Bobboker was a sweet little abused angel; and Bobboker gradually brought himself to accept her apologies, and took her hand tightly in both of his own, and gasped less and less dreadfully, and finally said:

"Tell me tawwy."

Mamma told him about "Little Red Riding Hood."

"Now temme 'nudder."

Mamma related the experience of "Hop-o'-my-thumb."

"Temme 'nudder."

Mamma rendered in prose the immortal "Hey diddle diddle."

"I 'awnts anudder."

Then mamma gave "The Babes in the Wood."

"Nudder one."

Mamma varied the monotony of recitation by singing "The Mulberry Bush." Bobboker listened respectfully, but, as the last note dropped from mamma's lips, he said:

"Musn't do dat aden: don't 'awnt hong—'awnt tawwies."

"Poor mamma is so tired of telling stories, beeboy," said the victim. "You tell mamma a story, and rest her."

"Wayo, I weeyo," said Bobboker, after a moment of deliberation. "Mus' be vayyey tilly, yo. Once was a man, his name Hoppyfum, an' he an' a diss went an' wunded away wif de moon; but a wolf saw him, an' to'd him not to kay dat moon way offey, 'tause his mamma touldn't find it no mawwy, an' would 'pank him if he yawst it. So de wolf went to see his gandymudder wif a 'ittle wedd bonnet on, and the gandymudder an' de wolf went off in de woods an' went to s'leep jus' 'ike two 'lttie Jeffuls, and deir mudder came along an' gave 'em some b'ed an' mi'k when they woke up, an' a 'ittle dog tuverred 'em all up wif yeaves, an' hung 'em to h'eeep. Ven dey got up dey danced around a muwwy goosh."

"Are you sure you have the story right, beeboy?" asked mamma.

"Idono," said Bobboker, after looking wonderingly at his mamma.

"Did the dish really run away with the moon?"

"Idono."

"What did the dish run away with, then?"

"Idono."

"Then what does my beeboy know?"

"Idono."

Conversation came naturally to a deadlock after Bobboker's last speech: so mamma patted the beeboy's cheek, and informed him that he was a darling, and that now it was time for him to go to sleep. But Bobboker corrected her.

"I 'hink I ought to be cawwied around a 'ittie bittie, an' be hinged to," said he.

"Why, mamma did sing to her beeboy. Don't he remember? Mamma sang 'The Mulberry Bush.'"

Bobboker reflected, and replied:

"'Murry Goosh' was only *one* 'hing—'awnts *yots* of 'hings."

"After my beeboy takes his nap and wakes up again, he shall have as many songs as he wants," said mamma.

"Don't 'awnt 'em den 'awnts them now. Bobboker maybe wouldn't 'ake up at all-ey, all-ey; den 'ouldn't get any hong a bittie."

"Oh, my beeboy will wake up," said mamma; "he always does, you know."

"'Oon't 'ake up," said Bobboker. "'Saw't 'ake up; don't 'awnt to 'ake up."

"Sh—h—h, beeboy," said mamma: "it is very naughty to say that."

"'Tisn't naughty," screamed Bobboker: "an' I 'oon't 'ake up a bittie for oo naughty o'mamma. Ya—ya—ngya!"

"Bobboker, listen!" said mamma, rising on her elbow and shaking a forefinger impressively; "if you don't go to sleep you shan't have any songs or anything else when you wake up; but you shall have a sound spanking right away."

Bobboker looked at mamma in amazement, to see if she really meant what she said; when he satisfied himself that she did, he turned over, buried his face in his pillow, and then broke into a wail that was clearly the expression of an unloved and broken heart. As for mamma, she sprang to her feet, and exclaimed:

"Now you may cry as much as you want to; mamma will go away."

"No!" shrieked Bobboker, turning over and stretching forth his arms appealingly; "musn't go way from Bobboker."

(To be Continued.)



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

Saluted by the monks and welcomed by the Prior, the entrance of M. Tischendorf for the third time was an event in the peaceful life of the Convent of Ste. Catharine. His patient search was rewarded by the discovery of many valuable fragments, and, thinking he had exhausted the treasures of the Convent, he made arrangements for his departure. On the eve of setting out he was strolling with the steward in the garden. The sun was setting in the western sky. The men were busy talking and chatting, when the steward begged his friend to sup in his cell. Possibly they might not meet again. Their friendship was not an old and tried one, but Tischendorf's courteous nature went in heartily with the invitation. Naturally the conversation turned on the mission of the student, and his enthusiasm warmed the heart of the steward, who, but rarely, had an opportunity of human intercourse. From a dusty corner of the cell he took down a bulky roll wrapped in a red cloth, and laying it on the humble but hospitable table, said with secret pride, "I too have read a Septuagint."

The Septuagint is the name given to the most ancient Greek version of the Old Testament which has come down to us, and was the one commonly in use among the Jews when our Saviour lived among them and taught them. The name is derived from a Greek word which means *seventy*, and the early Church Fathers tell us that 200 or 300 years before Jesus was born, an ancient King employed seventy learned men and asked them to translate for him in seventy days a collection of the laws of all nations, the Jews included. Hence the name *Septuagint*.

When therefore the steward of the Convent of Ste. Catharine laid the red bundle before his guest, and said "I too have read a Septuagint," he meant that he had read, and was placing before his friend, a copy of the same Scriptures which were put into the hands of Jesus himself when he stood up to read in the synagogue of Nazareth (Luke iv. 17). With a holy reverence the document was unrolled, and to his infinite surprise and rapture, Tischendorf saw before him the very fragments which fifteen years ago he had rescued from the flames, some other portions of the Old Testament, and the New Testament complete.

Transported with joy, which he did his best to conceal, and asking carelessly if he might peruse it in his chamber at his leisure, he bade his host good-night, and alone, in the peaceful solitude of the unpretentious part of the Convent which had been allotted to him, he sat, gazing in holy rapture, and gave way to the emotions which filled his breast. He knew that he held in his hand the most precious Biblical treasure in existence, a document whose age and importance exceeded all he had examined in twenty years. In the cold and dimly lighted chamber he immediately began to transcribe.

Next morning found him begging leave to take it to Cairo for careful copying. But the Prior was absent

and no one could give the desired permission. His eagerness was beyond control. He must set out to overtake the Prior. Every mark of respect was shown him. The Russian flag floated from the Convent walls; a parting salute echoed through the hills; and distinguished members of the Order accompanied him across the plains.

Overtaking the Prior at Cairo, a Bedouin was despatched on a camel to bring the M. S. with all speed, and in nine days the precious burden had arrived. In a temperature of 77° in the shade, and amid incredible fatigue and exhaustion, he transcribed 110,000 lines, a large number of which were faded and illegible, and blotted with alterations and corrections.

His official connection with the monastery entitled him to venture the suggestion that the original M. S. be presented to the Emperor of Russia as the Protector of the Greek orthodox faith, a proposal which was favorably entertained. In the Winter Palace at Tsarkeo—Selo, he laid before His Imperial Majesty his collection of M. S. S. in the centre of which the Sinaitic Bible shone like a brilliant gem. At the student's suggestion, an edition worthy of the M. S. and of His Majesty was prepared, and in the course of three years was completed, the greatest undertaking in Biblical Literature which the world had ever seen, a fac-simile copy in four volumes.

In 1862, twenty-three years after he consecrated himself to the work of research, M. Tischendorf once more repaired to St. Petersburg, carrying with him his priceless treasure, and on the celebration of the Millenary Jubilee of the Russian Empire, he presented it to Their Imperial Majesties.

Fac-simile impressions of it have been distributed throughout the Christian world. Through the kindness of the Russian ambassador in London, one of these was presented to the Presbyterian Theological College, Montreal. Medals, decorations, degrees, honours, were showered upon the head of the man, who, amid such hopeless discouragement, had been the privileged means of bringing to light, and bestowing upon the world, the most precious manuscript of the Bible we possess.

♦♦♦ "B" OR NO "B" THAT'S THE QUESTION.

WIDE-AWAKE, APRIL.

I really think my sister May
Is stupider than me;
Because she said the other day
There wasn't any "b"
In honey-comb, and spelt it just
"C—double o-m-e!"
Of course she's wrong. I told her so;
There's got to be a "bee"
Somewhere in honey-comb, because
He makes it, don't you see!

♦♦♦ GRANDMAMA'S BEST GAME.

So May climbed on the silken knee,
And Grandmama told her history;
What plays she played, what toys she had,
How at times she was naughty, or good, or sad.
"But the best thing you did," said May, "don't
you see?
Was to grow up a beautiful grandma for me."

TALKS ON INSECTS.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF PROF. FLETCHER, THE
DOMINION ENTOMOLOGIST.

BY W. HAGUE HARRINGTON. -NO. I.

"He prayeth best' who loveth best
all things both great and small."

Well my dear young friends, it has been decided that we are to have a regular department for the study of insects. Oh! some of you will exclaim, there will be no fun in reading about insects; those horrid flies and mosquitoes are all nasty little pests, and we are sure that there is nothing of much interest or value to learn about such tiny things. Wait a moment my young grumblers. You have surely forgotten the exquisite butterflies with their jewelled wings; the beetles with their curious forms and markings; the ants in their underground dwellings; the bees gathering nectar from the blossomed fields; the fierce dragon flies darting swiftly upon their prey; the grasshoppers fiddling in the hot sun, and many other forms of no less interest.

Do you not think that you would care to know more about all these; to find out how they are formed; where they live and what they feed upon, and what good or evil service they may render us? There are many thousands of them to be found in this glorious Canada, which stretches its vast form from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and northward to the Pole; which contains such mighty lakes and rivers and mountains; such boundless forests and prairies, and so many pleasant peaceful vales and fruitful plains. Some kinds of insects may be found over almost the whole of this enormous territory, but the majority have a less extensive range, and some are confined to limited areas.

Of some the life histories are fully known to us, but of a greater number little or nothing is known, but these, with the help of our young friends, we hope to become gradually familiar with. When you get started in your observations and begin to know some of these six-footed pigmies you will become so enchanted by the study of them, that you will ever after find them a source of great pleasure, and you will wonder how others can be so blind to their manifold attractions, or so abusive of them. Certainly there are a few that annoy us occasionally with their tiny sharp and poisoned darts, as the African pigmies worried Capt. Stairs and his companions in their toilsome march through the Dark Continent, but when we further look into these we will find that they have many redeeming qualities, and that some of them do us far more good than ill.

The division of natural history which deals with insect life has received the name Entomology, a term made up from the two Greek words *entomon*, an insect, and *logos*, a discourse. It means simply then a talk upon insects, and in our talks we hope to make the subject so simple that the youngest listener may understand and be interested. At the same time it will be our aim to treat every topic in such an exact manner that our statements may always be relied upon, for it is found in looking over some of the periodicals for young people that the articles which they occasionally insert on insects are frequently vague in their descriptions and incorrect in many of their details; apparently they are prepared by writers who have not made a special study of the subject, and who have thus made some mistakes.

We shall have many drawings to make our descriptions clearer, and we will tell you how the creeping

caterpillar grows into the soaring butterfly; how the ants manage their homes and herd their tiny cattle; how the hideous and voracious water monsters become the dragon flies that flash through the pastures; how the grubs, which bore and tunnel in the tree trunks, change to the long-horned beetles which gather on the blossoms; how the mosquito comes from the pools, and how the house-fly lives and dies. There will be no lack of subjects to talk about, and we hope you will add to our list by sending insects and by asking about any forms that may specially interest you.

Perhaps some of you are asking "What are insects?" and we may conveniently close this first talk by a few words in reply to this supposed question. The word Insect comes from the Latin *insectum*, which, like the Greek *entomon*, signifies "cut into," because the portions of the body known as the head, throat and abdomen are so distinct; indeed the body of some insects, for example as the wasp, are cut almost into three parts. The head bears the eyes and mouth-parts, and also a pair of feelers called antennæ, or horns, which in some beetles attain a great length, and which in some insects are very strangely shaped. The throat, or chest, in the typical insect, bears three pairs of legs and two pairs of wings. In beetles the front pair of wings is modified to form covers for the hinder pair, while in flies the hinder pair are replaced by two minute appendages known as ballancers. In low forms such as the flea, and the scale-insects, the wings are all wanting, while in the butterflies and moths they attain their greatest size and magnificence.

There are usually four well-marked stages in the life of an insect;—the Egg, which, though small, is often a very curious and beautiful object; the Larva, which, as a grub or caterpillar, hatches from the egg, and which is always a voracious and often a destructive creature; the Pupa, or chrysalis, which is a state of apparent sleep, but during which the ugly caterpillar is changing to the gorgeous butterfly, the soft grub to the busy bee, or the wriggling maggot to the restless fly. The perfect insect is known as the Imago, (a Latin word for image) and the life in this final stage is often brief in comparison with the duration of the larval one.

In addition to the true six-footed insects, there are others that are like them such as the spiders and hundred-legs, which in our talks we will call insects. These have no wings, but have additional legs, and their bodies are not divided into three strongly marked parts, nor have they four different stages of growth.

Entomology means more than the mere collecting of insects, and we wish to urge on you the importance of studying it in the true scientific spirit, that is the spirit of careful observation. Go into the garden and into the fields, and find out for yourselves what the insects are doing and then in a very short time you will be more truly entomologists than if you were merely to gather a large collection of insects of whose habits you know nothing. Our next talk will be on how to collect and preserve specimens; after which we will begin to tell of some of our common and curious insects, and later you will hear simple explanations of the way in which the bodies of insects are made, and how the many different kinds are distinguished, and arranged in order.

AWKWARD FOR JONES. -Enfant Terrible—"Please Mr. Jones, are you a cannibal?" Jones—"No, my dear. Why do you ask?" Enfant Terrible—"Why, I thought you must be a cannibal, because I heard mamma tell papa that you live on your wife's relations."

THE BIRTH OF SPRING.

1.

Arouse to hail the beauteous morn-
The sweetest day of all the year,
When first the wild wood-flowers appear!

2.

Oh haste thee! Gentle spring has come!
All blue the skies! I wait to lead
Thee o'er the smiling, spangled mead.

3.

The naiads of the brook awake!
I hear their voices murmuring low,
While dreamily the waters flow.

4.

At early dawn the swallows came,
And chattered on my window-ledge
Betimes; then flew to yonder hedge.

5.

A butterfly with gauzy wings,
Hath ventured from its chrysalis,
Touched by the warm sun's loving kiss.

6.

How delicate the robe of Spring--
So softly green! Buds from the trees
Peep out, wooed by the whispering breeze.

7.

My heart longs for the green wood, child.
It is not very long ago
That earth seemed dead,—all white with snow.

MARY MORGAN (Gowan Leit.)

THE DOG "FETCH."

Old "Fetch" was a shepherd dog, and lived in the highlands of the Hudson. His master kept nearly a dozen cows, and they ranged at will among the hills during the day. When the sun was low in the west his master would say to Fetch—"Bring the cows home," and it was because the dog did his task so well that he was called "Fetch."

One sultry day he departed as usual upon his evening task. From scattered shady and grassy nook he at last gathered all the cattle into the mountain road leading to the barn-yard. A part of the road ran through a low, moist spot bordered by a thicket of black alder, and into this one of the cows pushed her way and stood quietly. The others passed on, followed some distance in the rear by Fetch.

As the cows approached the barn-yard gate he quickened his pace, and hurried forward as if to say, "I'm here, attending to business." But his complacency was

disturbed as the cows filed through the gate. He whined a little, and growled a little, attracting his master's attention. Then he went to the high fence surrounding the yard, and, standing on his hind feet, peered between two of the rails. After looking at the herd carefully for a time, he started off down the road again on a full run. His master now observed that one of the cows was missing, and he sat down on a rock to see what Fetch was going to do about it.

Before long he heard the furious tinkling of a bell, and soon Fetch appeared, bringing in the perverse cow at a rapid pace. The gate was thrown open, and the cow went through it. Fetch then lay down quietly to cool off in time for supper.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF A HAIR-PIN.

FROM A NEW YORK PAPER.

A woman can do more with a hair-pin than a man can do with any one instrument in existence.

She takes it to button her shoes, to crimp her hair, to fasten her hat.

To button her gloves and the waist buttons of her dress, to pin her veil, to manicure her nails; and, alas! sometimes to pick her teeth.

To clean her comb, and to cut the pasted label on her powder-box. And she can use it as a paper-knife, or a book-mark; to open a letter, or to draw a device upon a seal.

If she twists the ends, it becomes a tape-needle, or a safety-pin, or a key-ring. It is a very decent bodkin.

In an emergency, it is as good as an ordinary pin; better, in fact, for it can be made to do double duty.

It supplies many of the missing intricacies of buckles, suspenders, and supporters; and repairs any damaged domestic article requiring a few inches of wire and a little feminine ingenuity.

A woman traces a pattern with a hair-pin dipped in her shoe-blackening; and, smoked in the gas, she uses it to pencil her eye-brows.

If no one is looking, she will use it for a nut-pick; and if her husband is not at home, she will take it to clean his pipe or cigarette-holder.

And if he is at home, and after he has broken his pocket-knife and hunted helplessly all over the house for a "piece of wire," she will draw her hair-pin with a pitying look, and clear out the gas-burner, or re-open the waste-pipe of the stationary bowl.

How often is the hair-pin the hidden power that holds back the lace window-curtain, or poises the autumn leaf-wreath on the edge of the picture-frame.

How often does it replace the lost furniture-pin in the valence or lambrequin.

A long, stout hair-pin placed over the stem of the door-knob, with the prongs through the handle of the key, will make a timid woman feel secure against that "ever-expected burglar."

A woman can use a hair-pin as a cork-screw for any kind of bottle she cares to open.

Ever ready to her hand, whether she uses it to pick her trunk lock, or to trim a lamp-wick, to mend her bracelet or her bustle, she handles it with a dexterous grace and a confident skill that are born of inherited knowledge and educated by long-practised use.

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MONTREAL.



HER MAJESTY'S MAIL.

The postman rings our bell. We jump. We run. He is welcome. He is in a hurry. He can't wait. We get our letter, and tear it open as we speculate as to who has sent it. I wish I had time to linger over the pleasure a letter brings us. Some day soon I must. To-day, however, I want to have you ask me, not who sent it, but how you got it.

That would fill this whole number, and the printer would stare at me, as indeed he often does, when I send him twice as much as he can possibly get into sixteen pages. But we might coax him to let us have a column or so for ourselves this morning for our

POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

The Post-Master-General is at the head of it, and with him a Deputy-Head, and a host of officers of all sorts under them, secretaries, accountants, assistants, superintendents, post-masters, letter-carriers, and many others. To have any idea of what is done by them you would have to think of a great many things that you don't much care about—long rows of figures, for example, and hosts of things that would weary you. Here is one for you. Every year the Department sends letters over 25,756,678 miles. It has 7,838 post-offices, and, of course, the same number of post-masters to look after. One hundred and sixty-seven new offices were opened last year. The letters have to be arranged in bags, taken to trains and steamers, then to the next office, all sorted for delivery, and finally delivered. The officers and men, the railways and steamers, have to be paid. The mail bags and the offices have to be kept in repair. The Money-Order Office is almost a department of itself. So is the Dead-

Letter Office, as well as the Savings-Bank, the Registered-Letter Office, with millions of dollars passing through their desks every year.

There is more than letters, too, that must be looked after. In addition to books, newspapers, magazines, circulars, post-cards, and written and printed documents of endless variety and quantity, there is many an odd and curious thing that our post-office carries for us and brings to us. An absent-minded man has to send back his baggage-checks. A squaw will drop in her bead-work. We all send birth-day presents. We order a package of seeds. We forward brooches, braces, bibs, boots, tidies, clothing, cuff-buttons, drawings, photographs, false-teeth, pens, glass-eyes, ear-drums, spectacles, gloves, furs, fruit, fancy-work, medicine, laces, maple-sugar, tobacco, mocassins, mufflers, neckties, oil, feathers, pen-knives, revolvers, scarf-pins, jewellery, silver-plate, clocks, watches, and piles more, of the old-curiosity shop things people want to send or want to receive.

No trifling work, no small responsibility, is that of the Post-Office Department.

EDITOR.

Ottawa.

ANOTHER PRIZE.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

MY DEAR YOUNG READERS,—Our Wild Flower Club has taken so well, and so many gay and merry little parties of brothers, sisters and cousins have started out over the hills and through the woods in quest of specimens, that I am tempted to ask them to keep their eyes open, while they are out, for more than one kind of trophy. Peeping here and there among the grass you find a beetle. Flitting among your flowers you find a butterfly, and all around you in your evenings you see moths. Did you ever think of them? Have you examined them? Have you ever looked closely at them, or asked them how and why they came across your path?

I am sure you have. If you have not you have lost a great deal of pleasure. I want you to enjoy all you possibly can in your rambles, and to bring home everything you find that is beautiful and wonderful. I have induced a very kind friend who knows all about them to tell us where to find these curious, busy little creatures, how to bring them home, how to preserve them, and how to make a pretty young Canadian museum of them.

I know you all want him to do so. I know you will commence at once to make your butterfly net. And I can see you all start, with your lunch in your basket, and dear old Auntie or Uncle with you for your day's sport. You will have no idea of the fun you will have till you begin, and as you come home rosy with life, and health, and laughter, you will see that the old Editor was right.

I give you now his first "Talk," and to prove to you how good a friend he is to us, I may tell you that he has taken the trouble to arrange that you may each have a package of pins from the only place in Canada where you can get them. Without these pins you could not collect your specimens. You would only break and bruise them with the ordinary pin. So please send me a note with your address distinctly written, and enclosing fifteen cents in stamps, when I shall return to you one hundred pins for your collection.

Elsewhere a Prize is announced for the Wild Flowers. I now have the pleasure of whispering to you that there is going to be one in the Butterfly "Talks" as well, for the best collection at the end of the summer.

Mr. Harrington has studied our insects for many years. He is a member of the Council of the Entomological Society of Ontario, and has contributed to its publications. He is also a councillor of the Ottawa Field Naturalist Club, and his name is well known as editor of the Ottawa Naturalist.

The Department will also have the privilege of the guidance of Prof. James Fletcher, the Entomologist and Botanist of the Central Experimental Farm in Ottawa, who has most kindly added to his labours by offering to answer any questions sent in to me in connection with insects.

Now, let us see who will be smartest. Sharp eyes and nimble hands and feet will have a delightful time and will have the best chance of the prize.

THE EDITOR.

YOUNG CANADIAN CALENDAR PRIZE FOR APRIL.

THE REBELS AT FISH CREEK.

BY G. EDWARD R. MACDONALD, FREDERICTON, N. B.

On the 27th of March, 1885, the news was spread over Canada that a rebellion had broken out in the North-West. The rebels were the half-breeds and Indians, who were dissatisfied with the system of land settlement which the Ottawa Government imposed on them. The chief cause of their dissatisfaction was that their farms, which were measured out on the old French method, had to be changed into square blocks when surveyed on the new system. For these and other reasons, they at last broke out into rebellion against the Government. They chose for their leader Louis Riel who, they knew, had stood his ground in disputes with two other Governments before this one. Regiments from nearly every city of the Dominion hurried to the North-West. General Middleton was the leader of the Canadians.

A great event in the North-West Rebellion was the Battle of Fish Creek, which was fought on Friday, April 24th, 1885.

The 90th Battalion and some other companies were marching along the banks of the South Saskatchewan. They had divided into two parties, one party marched on the left side of the river, and the other marched on the right side. Before the fight Gabriel Dumont, who was the rebel leader here, was marching with his men slowly before Middleton's force. Middleton's scouts thought that they expected to fight on Thursday night the 23rd, for they saw Dumont's scouts signalling to him all the afternoon. But the armies did not meet till Friday morning, when the rebels were found waiting near the banks of Fish Creek.

At a quarter past nine in the morning Middleton's scouts brought the news that they had discovered the enemy. The men, cheering as they went, started out towards the creek, which was three miles distant. The army was divided into two wings. The left wing consisted of "B" and "F" Companies of the 90th Battalion and a mounted corps of sixty men, and the right wing of the rest of the 90th with "A" Battery and "C" School of Infantry. The left wing led, "F" coming under fire first. As the 90th Battalion was passing Middleton, he said:—"Men of the 90th, don't bend your heads. If I had been bending my head I would have had my brains knocked out,"—and he pointed to a hole in his hat where a rebel's bullet had just missed striking his head. The men had been bending their

heads partly to avoid the bullets of the enemy and partly from the unevenness of the ground on which they were running.

The whole force formed itself in the shape of a large crescent. It was raining and the smoke hung in thick clouds before them.

At the first part of the battle the Canadians lost heavily. The bandsmen came forward, and carried the wounded to the rear where the surgeons had put up a small camp. Some were laid on camp stretchers and some on rough beds made of branches and covered with blankets. A company of soldiers was stationed here to guard the wounded and the ammunition.

General Middleton was pleased with the fighting of his soldiers, but he thought that they exposed themselves too much to the fire of the enemy, for when they were skirmishing they should have lain down flat, but some of them, either through nervousness or wanting to get a glimpse of the enemy, who were hidden from view, would raise themselves a little, and whenever a head was seen the rebels would fire at it. But the enemy kept concealed, and loaded their guns behind a thicket or on the edge of the ravine, just rising to fire. They did not wait to take aim except when Middleton's force was advancing.

The right wing had also been in action. Two guns had been brought early on the scene. They knocked two barns over and burnt three hay stacks, as they thought that some rebels might be hiding there. They then turned their fire on the ravine, where some of the rebels were, but it had little effect as the guns were so much higher than the ravine that the balls went over it.

Dumont had sent thirty of his men to a bluff about four hundred and fifty yards from the guns. The guns could not fire at these men without danger of hitting some of their own, and several of the Canadians were struck. Twenty of Dumont's main army, seeing the confusion the men on the bluff were causing in that quarter, joined them. Luckily only a few had good rifles. A shell was sent by the Canadians, and burst in the middle of some brush, tearing up moss and breaking down trees. The rebels now saw that there was no hope of victory in that quarter, but they kept up bravely and seldom stopped firing, except when getting back to their hiding places. In doing this they exposed themselves as little as possible, creeping along or else running a few yards at a time, and only raising their heads on their elbows enough to fire.

The bursting of the shell drove them to the other side of the ravine, where the left wing opened fire on them. They now for the first time began to show signs of weakness, and General Middleton taking advantage of it, ordered his force to close in on them. Dumont was on the look-out, and he did not wish to be caught in that trap; so instead of sending his whole force out of the way of the fire of the Canadians, he only withdrew a few of them. While these were keeping some of the Canadians busy the rest were slowly retreating back, while the two wings were closing in on them, and thus got away.

The armies met again on the left side of the ravine, and there fought at close quarters, the two armies only being sixty yards apart. The rebels formed a sort of barricade from some log huts, and trees, and brush, which they fixed up. The enemy made it pretty hot at first, and the Canadians lost quite a number, but the artillery must have killed as many of the rebels. The Canadians kept advancing bravely, and at last the enemy's fire died away, except now and then, when the foremost riflemen would fire as the others retreated. Just before the armies met for the second time, the Grenadiers were signalled to come over the river and help. They came over in a

scow, and as soon they were seen their friends began to cheer, which they responded to by cheering and hoisting their hats on their bayonets.

The enemy now came out from a clump of trees, the battery fired a few shells at them, but they, having their horses tethered behind the trees, mounted and ran. As it was no use for the infantry to follow mounted men, and as the scouts were too few to follow such a number, the Canadians halted here for the night. Double guards were put on that night, and the camp was surrounded with pickets. The last that was seen of the enemy was when, in the night, twenty of them came riding up outside the pickets and cheered. Thus ended the Battle of Fish Creek. Although the Canadians had the most men, they were not used to fighting anywhere, much less on the western prairies, while the Indians had been brought up as fighters and hunters.

The writer of the Best Essay on any item of the May Calendar will receive a beautiful Pocket Magnifying Glass—a most useful companion for boys and girls. Essays received till May 30th.

♦♦♦

THE BERLIN STREET URCHIN.

A good story is circling about the Linden Promenade as to a Berlin *Schusterhube*, or cobbler's boy, who was lately waiting outside the Palace to see his Majesty come forth for his afternoon airing. Finding the delay tedious, he suddenly exclaimed—"The booby isn't coming; I shall go." A policeman at once caught him by the collar, and shouted: "Whom do you mean by 'the booby, sirrah?" "Why, my friend Michel," whined the boy, "he was to have met me here, but he's not come!" The policeman had to let him go, upon which the boy retreated twenty paces, put his thumb to his nose, spread out his fingers, and yelled—"And whom did *you* mean by the booby?"

ANOTHER TUNNEL.

The people living in the dense part of London, east of London Bridge, have had only very distant bridges, or very crowded ferry-boats, to take them across the Thames. A project for a tunnel has been in the air for over ten years, and seems now rapidly coming into definite shape. A free ferry was opened at Woolwich a few years ago, but the traffic is so little relieved that a tunnel is to be built at Blackhall. The County Council has taken up the matter, and has asked for tenders for the work. The tunnel has to give accommodation to two rows of carriages as well as to foot passengers, and will be well lighted throughout. It will take twelve or eighteen months to build.

IN A MINE FOR NINETEEN DAYS.

Four men, on their rescue from imprisonment in a mine a few weeks ago, told a story of their sufferings that makes our blood tingle with horror. The mine was flooded. The water rose. In one corner where some men lighted a fire, the air became exhausted, and all were suffocated. A few crusts of bread were spread over several days. They were reduced to eating the bark of the timbers, and were thankful to kill and eat a few rats. All they had to drink was sulphurous water. They climbed up on ledges of rock, and became too weak to come down again. Their lamps were burnt out. They lay in total darkness. They were at last forced to decide whether they should eat one another. Some went raving mad. Others heard some rescue parties, but were too weak to call out to make known their whereabouts.

When at length they were discovered, all they could do was to kiss the hands of their rescuers. They were too faint to be at once taken aloft. The rescuers lay down beside them and warmed them with their own bodies, eventually carrying them up closely clasped in their arms. At the mouth of the pit a procession of villagers was formed, who sang hymns of praise for the deliverance of their comrades.

This is Labour. Where was the Capital?

A NEW THING IN WHEELS.

An American has invented a petroleum tricycle that will run for forty miles with one gallon of oil, at a speed of from three to ten miles an hour. The diameter of the wheels is thirty-two inches, and the weight of the entire machine is two hundred and eighty pounds. It is compact, easily started, and likely to become a favourite.

FOR OUR MATINEES.

"A company or troupe" of dwarfs and dwarfesses has been entertaining delighted crowds in the Theatres of London. Princes, Princesses, Madames, and Mademoiselles, of Dwarf Land, of very long name, but very short stature, compose the performers. There are Prince Pompéo, the smallest man in the world, height two feet two inches; Madame Giovanna, a very Caucasian lady, fifty-two years old, and two feet three inches tall; Prince Cohlri, a Moravian, and others from every quarter of the globe where dwarfs are procured. As Princes and Princesses are not Princes and Princesses with capital letters unless they have style, dwarf carriages drawn by handsome ponies, drive their little Royal Highnesses of the Kingdom of Dwarfs on to the stage. Songs are sung. Pantomimes are performed. Charades are acted. Funny scenes are presented. And encores are enjoyed by the tiny troupe, and responded to with a grace that fascinates.

THE WORLD MOVES.

Time was when we prided ourselves on our cuteness in reaching the top of a church spire, for repairs, by means of a kite with two cords. So soon as we got the cords over the top, a light chain was attached and a pulley block sent up. The ascent of the workmen then began in a box drawn up by tackle. In a very tall chimney in Liverpool a new method has been tried. A ladder was run up a distance of two and a half feet from the face of the chimney, to which it was pinned at regular intervals by strong iron brackets. The climber, or "Steeple-Jack," as he is called, mounts from the inside of the ladder, which gives him an immense advantage in security and strength of nerve. "Jack" attaches the first ladder, and places a plank on the first pair of sockets. Upon this platform he drives in the sockets for the next stretch of ladder, hoists it up, fixes it, climbs it, and proceeds to the next.

Vauxhall chimney, with a height of three hundred and ten feet, was scaled in this way in six hours.

♦♦♦

FOLK-LORE ON NAIL-CUTTING.

A man had better ne'er been born
Than have his nails on a Sunday shorn.
Cut them on Monday, cut them for health;
Cut them on Tuesday, cut them for wealth;
Cut them on Wednesday, cut them for news;
Cut them on Thursday, for a pair of new shoes;
Cut them on Friday, cut them for sorrow;
Cut them on Saturday, see your sweetheart to-morrow.



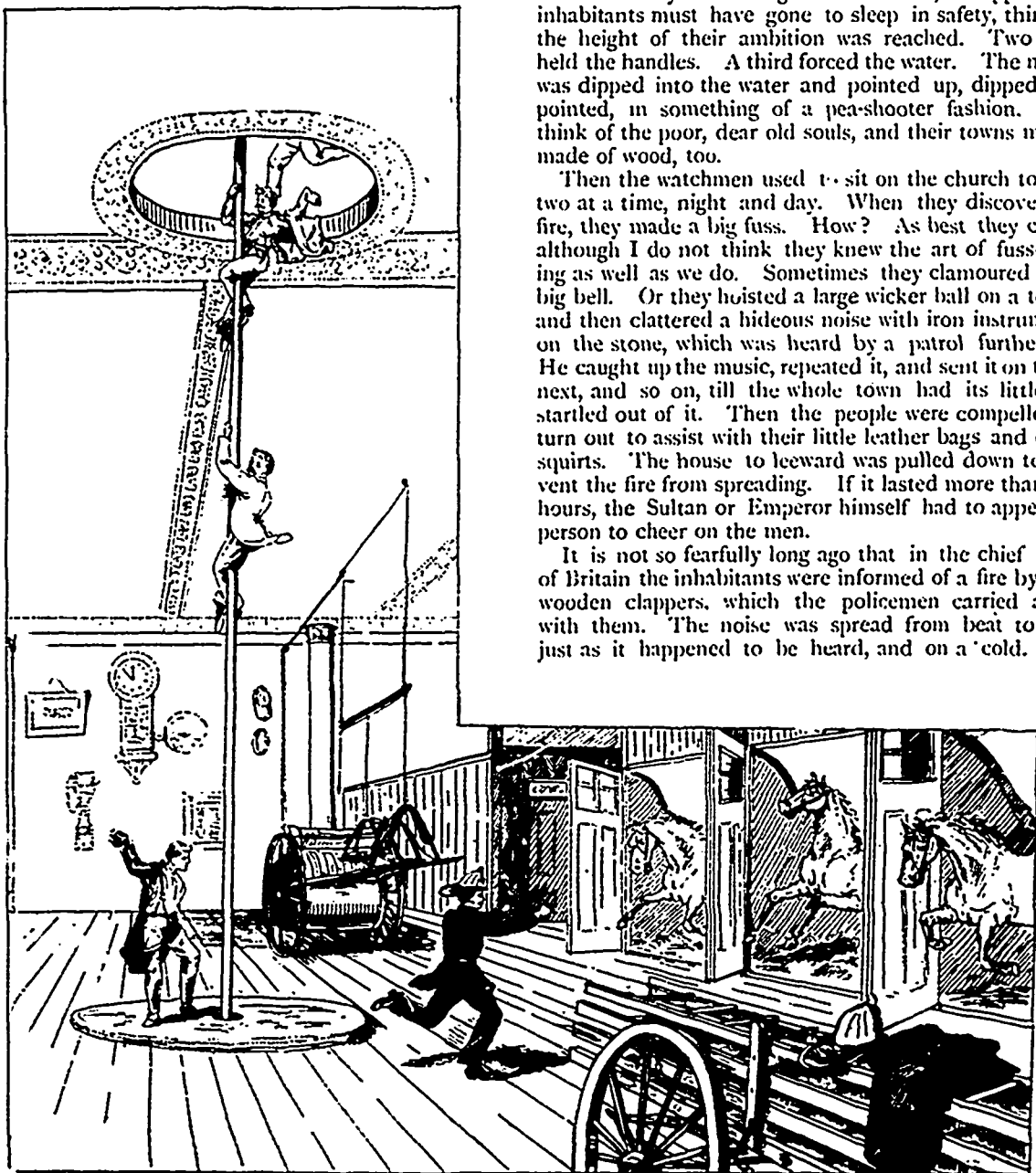
OUR FIRE BRIGADES.

How our old, old ancestors would stare at them, as they thought of the way they themselves did—running around with leather bags of water, squirting out a few pints, scuttling off to fill the bags again, and coming

back to their paltry sprinkling! Specially grand they thought themselves, quite advanced indeed, when they got the length of a cistern drawn about by a horse, with a crowd of thirty men pushing and spluttering to get it to work. But, when brass squirts were introduced, which actually held one gallon at a time, I suppose the inhabitants must have gone to sleep in safety, thinking the height of their ambition was reached. Two men held the handles. A third forced the water. The nozzle was dipped into the water and pointed up, dipped and pointed, in something of a pea-shooter fashion. Just think of the poor, dear old souls, and their towns mostly made of wood, too.

Then the watchmen used to sit on the church towers, two at a time, night and day. When they discovered a fire, they made a big fuss. How? As best they could, although I do not think they knew the art of fuss-making as well as we do. Sometimes they clamoured on a big bell. Or they hoisted a large wicker ball on a tower, and then clattered a hideous noise with iron instruments on the stone, which was heard by a patrol further on. He caught up the music, repeated it, and sent it on to the next, and so on, till the whole town had its little life startled out of it. Then the people were compelled to turn out to assist with their little leather bags and quart squirts. The house to leeward was pulled down to prevent the fire from spreading. If it lasted more than two hours, the Sultan or Emperor himself had to appear in person to cheer on the men.

It is not so fearfully long ago that in the chief cities of Britain the inhabitants were informed of a fire by loud wooden clappers, which the policemen carried about with them. The noise was spread from beat to beat just as it happened to be heard, and on a cold, foggy



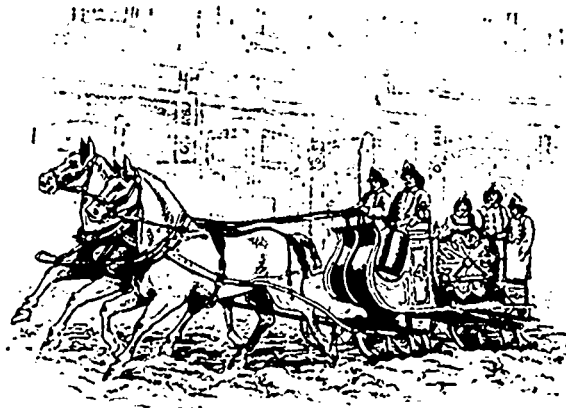
THE ALARM.

night, policemen may have had their heads covered up, or they have found it necessary for their health to take a quiet nap in a corner, in which case, of course, the fire had to wait till they had satisfied the wants of their weary nature. In addition to this brilliant service, there was a general impression that a fire-engine existed somewhere. Few knew where. No horse was kept in waiting. If a butcher or a baker happened to be in harness, he unyoked his horse, left his vehicle in the street, and galloped, à la John Gilpin, to the rescue. The first horse got a prize of a sovereign.

now

step down with me to one of our Fire Stations, and take a look with me. The instant a fire occurs, you rush to the nearest box alarm. There is the key behind a small piece of glass. Break that glass. Take out the key. Open the door of the box. The alarm sounds in every station like a flash. Before you have time to know what next to do, engines are tearing along from every direction. Men, trained for the service, and kept day and night in readiness, are twisting on their coats and spurring on their steeds in a breath. The horses themselves know well what it is. You should see them crazy with delight to get to the fray. There's not one of them that would come in second for a good deal.

"I've seen many a heavy fire," the Captain will tell you. "I have been in all the bad fires for twenty years. Saved lives? You bet. Hundreds on 'em. And children, the dear little souls, I've had scores of 'em in my strong arms, when they were too scared to know where I was takin' 'em. Like the service? Weil! yes—that is, as well as most things. It's got its drawbacks, like most everything. But we hold together well. No. We've no apprenticeship. The chaps come along and join. They think they'd like to try. A couple o' months is enough for some of 'em. They can't stand the knock-in' about, you see. Yes, indeed, people *are* kind to us: grateful like, and gives us coffee on cold nights. I've been twenty-four hours at a bad fire, without a break, and have, many's the time, come home frozen stiff. Had to be thawed out. The water, you see, gets into our clothes, and soaks us solid. Then we freeze up as fast



THE REFLS.

engine-drivers, and if any young Canadian can give me another to add to this page of heroes, I shall be very glad. If any can give me any occupation that should be further up in my pages of heroes, I shall be glad to make a new Page for the special occasion.

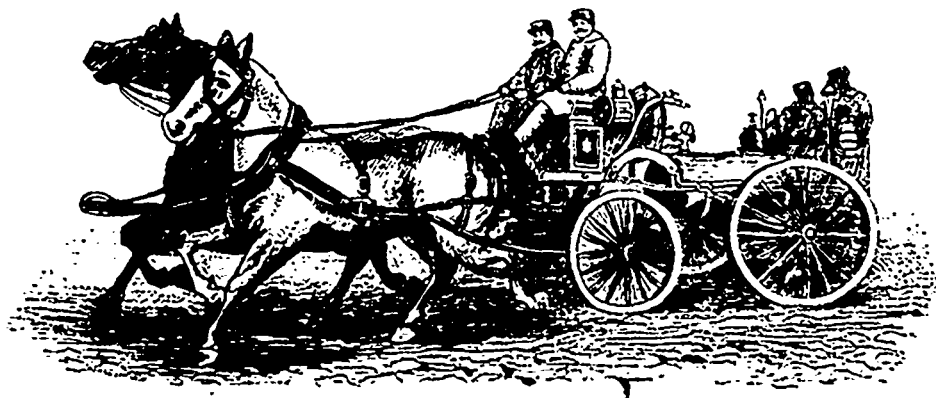
THE STATIONS

are bright and shining pictures. Everything that should shine, shines. Saturday is the great polishing day, but every day is almost a Saturday. The engines and cars stand in waiting, almost like things of life. There is the place for the horse. "By-me-by," as the Captain said, I'll tell you all about them. Just over his head, or where his head will be, the harness is hanging stretched out to drop on to his back. The walls are decorated with pictures of great fires, and narrow escapes. Belts, firemen's belts, hang around as trophies from former battles. When a Brigade from the United States pays us a visit, they exchange belts with our men, pretty much as we ordinary mortals do our photographs. So the wall with the belts is the photographic album of the Station. They have their portraits, too, alas! Chiefs, captains, and comrades, who have gone to their post bravely, and have as bravely never come back again from it. Tenderly let us gaze at them.

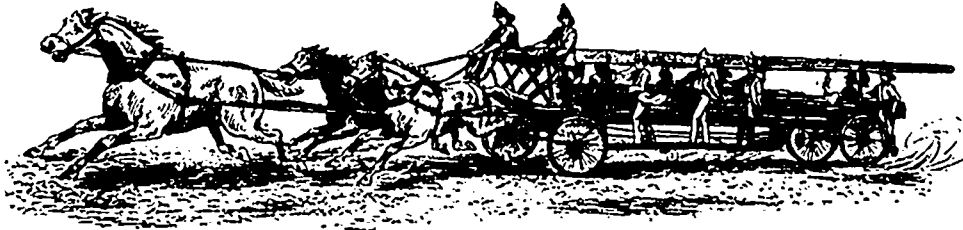
The Service has a Chief and three Assistants over all. Each Station has its own distinctive number, its own captain, foreman, and men. There are fifteen stations in Montreal. Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton, come next, and much friendly rivalry exists among the men. Some of the men are old in the service, and some, as the captain said, are cured of it in a very short time. They live in their station. They sleep upstairs. They have their books and papers, and games and pastimes, and if

they have a half an hour between duty, they can enjoy "doing nothing" about as well as any body of men I ever saw. Day and night there is a man at the signal box. Six hours at a time is his watch. When an alarm is given, the great gong gives one hold, determined stroke. But we must not let it strike just yet.

The Reel Car is over there, with the hose coiled round. The



CHEMICAL ENGINE.



THE ESCAPE.

hose is of leather, or of cotton woven into a tube by special machinery. One tube is fitted inside another, and they are fastened by a preparation of India-rubber, which makes the tube strong, flexible, and perfectly water-tight. Rivets are of the strongest metal, and nozzles of all sizes. On coming back from service, the hose are all thoroughly cleansed, and hung up in a high tower to dry.

The Chemical Car has its huge tank of water, all filled and ready. Chemicals are carried above. By one single hand-pressure the stuff is dropped into the water, which is then ready for use. It is dangerous, however, to the men's eyes, and but for its efficiency against fire, should hardly be used.

The Salvage Car is a curiosity. In small compass, and convenient places, there are folding ladders to climb with; tarpaulins to cover up goods and furniture for protection; strong levers to force locks open, without breaking doors; huge mammoth scissors to cut tin roofs; brooms and pails to sweep up water; rubber scrapers to save carpets from injury; and the most modern and expeditious appliances for every form of salvage that could be well thought out.

The Escape Car brings up the rear, with its long telescope of ladders, nets, bags, mattresses, and general safety.

There is an opening in the roof, for a pole to pass up. It takes too long to run, to skip, to jump, even to fly, downstairs. When the fire signal strikes, each man upstairs puts his knee round the pole, and hardly gets out of the way at the foot before he is followed by the others, all sliding down.

Now, the horses. I am not sure but I should let them have a page to themselves, the great, sleek, nimble, on-the-alert creatures, day and night snorting for the race. Each has his name. If the men are chiefly English, the names may be Stanley, Dufferin, Victor, or Pride. If the most of the men in the Station are French, the choice may show their individual likes and preferences. Each horse has his stall, and the stables not only form part of the station, but they are part of the same building, and on the same floor. Each stall has two entrances, or rather an entrance and an exit. His relations with the stable are all through the entrance. But his relations with his work are through the exit. The end of his stall, at his nose, is the exit. It opens in two doors. A small whip is suspended over each horse. When the gong strikes, such a multitudinous succession of things happens, that if you do not look out well you have seen the last of your senses. The doors, the exits, of the stalls fly open; the bridle is unfastened; the whip touches the horses' neck; they spring with almost one leap into the place waiting for them in their own special

car; they back in; they stand motionless; the men slide down the poles and jump on; the driver seizes the reins; as he seizes the reins, the harness suspended drops into its place; he pulls the reins; everything is buckled on;

and all in much less time than it has taken you to read it. In five seconds from the gong they are flying along the streets. First they rush to the box from which they were signalled; then to the scene of their labour, and set to in earnest. Fires are lighted for the steam pumps. Connections are made with the hydrants. Orders are given by the Chief. Positions are taken up. The fire had better look out now. Everything is speed. A few minutes saved in the early stages are of more value than tons of water after. An unlimited and constant supply of water, with an efficient brigade, may be trusted with the worst conflagration. Little water, however, is, in some cases, worse than none. Indeed, it has been proved to help on the fire. The skill of an experienced fireman, his courage, in the midst of flames and falling walls, to direct hose and save life and property, are not far short of a miracle.

Our Canadian Fire Brigades are the best in the world. But, alas! we have too much need for them. Our heating appliances, our winter stove pipes, our fires over night, our hard winter for the removal of half-cooled cinders, our hurry in building, may account for much. But accounting for a misfortune is not always remedying it. We should do something to remedy it. What? Well, we must find out.

Until then, there is much we can do to reduce the loss. No house should be erected without some safe and certain escape in the event of fire. We never mean to have our property burned. None of us do. But it is burned. Neither do we mean to have our lives taken from us by fire. None of us do. But some are nevertheless taken in this way. I am not going to sleep another night in a room without a strong cord attached to the window. I shall hide it under a box, or a table, or a lounge. But I shall have it there. It will be from one-quarter to three-eighths in diameter. It will bear three or four hundred weights if I keep it in good order. I shall have knots upon it all the way down, say twelve inches apart. I shall, every week, go through my own self-imposed drill—get it out from under the lounge, toss



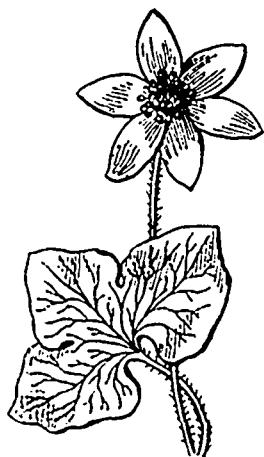
THE SALVAGE.

it out of my window, and trust myself to its care by setting my feet on the wall and creeping slowly down. If anything happens that my rope is not there, I shall, also once a week, toss out one of my mattresses, and let myself drop gently on to it. I shall never "jump" out. That would soon end my experiments. But to let myself drop is a different thing. In any way I shall keep

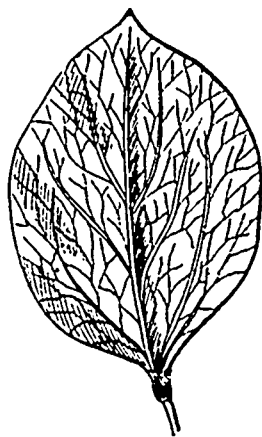
cool—preserve my presence of mind, and set a good example.

But Industria has come out in a new light—grown philosophical, you say. Well, never mind. The Editor says I may be excused, so good-bye.

INDUSTRIA.



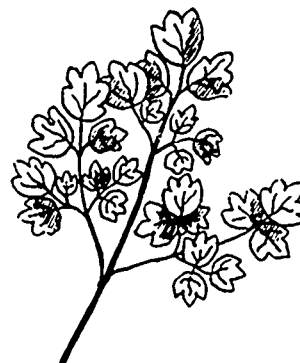
Hepatica Triloba.



Simple Leaf.



Anemone Memerosa.
WIND FLOWER.



Compound Leaf.

YOUNG CANADIAN WILD FLOWER CLUB.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF VERY YOUNG CANADIANS.

AMONG OUR WILD-FLOWERS.

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

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

PAPER V.

THE BURSTING OF THE BUDS.

If you look at the trees in Spring, you will see a lot of lumps on the sides and ends of the branches and limbs. These are the buds of the leaves.

You all know that if you rub your hand for a little while it will turn red, because the blood rushes to where you were rubbing. In the same way the wind blowing the trees and rubbing the branches together, brings the sap from the roots, rushing through the trunks, and out through the branches and limbs to these little buds,

which gradually burst open from the pressure of the sap on the inside, and the wind and warmth on the outside. When it breaks open the leaves burst out and grow into their regular forms.

THE FORMATION OF LEAVES ON THE STEM.

Leaves grow in three different ways: either *Alternate*, that is one leaf growing on one side of the stem, then another on the other side, a little higher up. *Opposite*, growing two from a joint or in pairs; or *Whorled*, growing with three or more around the stem at equal distances.

If you examine a leaf you see a lot of ribs that are fibres to hold the leaf out flat. The principal one is called Midrib, and the others are called Veins and Veinlets. The stem of the leaf is called the Petiole, and the green fleshy part is called the Blade.

SHAPES OF LEAVES.

Leaves are either Simple or Compound. A Simple leaf consists of one part, as the Maple water-lily. A Compound leaf is a Simple leaf, only it is cut to the midrib, so as to form a number of distinct parts, like the Horse and Chestnut, or Pea leaf. If the leaf is not cut to the midrib, but has some irregular pieces taken out of it, it is called a Lobed leaf. The simple and lobed leaves can be the same in their outline—smooth, jagged, or saw-shaped. There are other shapes of leaves, but these are named after different things, as lances, hearts, and shields, and are called lance-shaped, heart-shaped, and shield-shaped.

THE FUNCTIONS OF LEAVES.

Leaves draw in certain parts of the air, such as Carbonic

Acid Gas, as food for the plant, and give out Oxygen. The food brought in by the roots is taken through the stem to the leaves, and is transformed into live vegetable matter, by aid of the green juice of the leaf, which is called Chlorophyl. It is passed down to the inner bark of the tree. Leaves are, therefore, the lungs and stomach of the plant.

As the plants grow older they store this food away in the leaves and stems, as well as in the roots, and this makes the plant grow larger.

THE FLOWERS

are made of leaves, and consist of Sepals, Petals, Stamens, and Pistils. All the Petals taken together we call the Corolla. All the Sepals, we call the Calyx. The Sepals are the outside leaves of the flower, and the protectors of the Petals. They are generally green.

The Petals are the coloured leaves of the flower, and are either separate or joined together in a tube. The Stamens are the little yellow things in the middle of the flower, and consist of the Filament, the little stem that holds up the little cup, which is called the Anther, and holds the Pollen. The Pistil consists of the Ovary, Style, and Stigma. The Ovary is the seed vessel, and is right in the centre of the flower. The Style is the little straight tube that comes off the Ovary, and is sometimes parted at the top. The Stigma is the little top on the Style that always has sticky gum on it to catch the Pollen, and this Pollen goes down into the Ovary and gives life to the seeds, so that the next year the plants grow from these.

There are many different kinds of flowers. Those that grow from the axils of the leaves are called Axillary flowers, such as those of the Mallow. Those that grow on the end of the stem are called Terminal flowers, such as the Trillium. The upper part of the stem, that raises the flowers, is called a Peduncle, and the smaller stems, that go off from the Peduncle to hold the flowers, are called Pedicles.

The first flowers that we find here are the Hepatica, the Anemone, and the Blood-root. The Hepatica is a small, blue, white, or pink flower, with six to nine coloured Sepals, which look like Petals, but they are *not*. So be careful *not* to call them Petals. The Anemone is a small, greenish-white flower, with *no* Petals, and five or six Sepals. It stands from four to six inches high. The Blood-root is a pure white flower, having six or seven Petals, but not Sepals, and one big, ugly, irregular leaf. There is something funny about the root. If you cut it or break it, a red juice like blood will ooze out. It tastes very bitter, and this juice is what the plant gets its name from.

The form and number of the parts of flowers vary much in different plants, and it is by these that plants are distinguished from one another. Monocotyledonous flowers generally have their parts in *three*, and never in *five*. They have parallel-veined leaves. The Dicotyledonous have their parts in *fours* or *fives*, and have net-veined leaves.

Let our young readers send us their flowers, and we will help them to name them. If they have difficulty in finding what they want, we will be happy to forward a fresh-picked specimen to guide them.

“Don't you think you have a good mamma, to spread such nice large slices of bread and jam for you?” said an old lady to a little boy who was enjoying his tea. “Yes,” was the reply: “but she would be still better if she'd let me spread on the jam myself.”

A PRETTY LEGEND OF THE BLOOD-ROOT.

ONE lovely morning, in a quiet wood, a thrush was singing to his mate near by on her little nest. He was pouring out his whole heart in rapture, for his mate had whispered that one of their little darlings had chipped his shell, and was cuddling now under her wing. She was so happy. He lifted up his beautiful brown breast and yellow eyes and sang his gleeful, happy song, that sounded far away through the woods, down the little sunlit valley, and away up into the bright blue heavens. Silently a hunter crept towards him and cruelly pierced his little breast with an arrow in the middle of his happy song. A few drops of blood spattered the leaves where he fell dead, and there came up this Blood-root with its pure, waxy-white flower, yellow eye, and bleeding root. The children call it the blood of the poor little happy wood thrush.



WAVERLEY, N.S.

DEAR POST BAG,—Having just read your delightful article on Photography, I recall a very funny thing I read in Scotland the last time I paid a visit to the old land, and thinking your other readers would like to enjoy it I have translated it for you.

I say “translated,” because the story is in Scotch, and very few might thoroughly enter into the enjoyment of it in that dialect. Although, like most things, it loses a good deal in the translation. It is about a worthy old couple, and tells its own tale:

You may think it strange, young Canadians, but you know Burns, or Shakespeare, or somebody else, says

“Truth is stranger than fiction,”

and it's true. Betty and me had never got our portraits taken, and as we were getting well up now, and life is uncertain, for in this town you're not sure of your life for a moment between Tramway Cars and Orange Processions and such like, we determined the other night to get a dozen of cards taken to send to our friends.

Last Wednesday, therefore, I got on my half-dress suit—shepherd's tartan trousers, bird's-eye necktie, etc., and Betty dressed herself in a gown and her bonnet, and taking the cars we landed in So-and-So Street, where there's any number of photographers. We studied the show-cases a little, and at length fixed on one, and up we went.

The young lady said we were just to take a look around till the operator was disengaged, so we sat down. After a while I thought I might as well be giving myself a little touch up, so I went opposite a large mirror, and taking off my hat, I brushed my hair, and gave it a graceful curl at each side, and smoothed my whiskers away to let my tie and white shirt be seen, and pulled down my waistcoat and my shirtsleeves.

Now, I'm not vain, as doubtless you may have dis-

covered, but when your picture is to be taken and handed down to posterity, you may as well look respectable. Well, just as I was screwing my face first to one side and then to the other, and turning my eyes to see what was the best way to get a pleasant expression, I got a glimpse over my shoulder of something like a full moon, and, turning round, there was Betty at my back.

"Get away, James," she said, "I did not think you were so foolish, let me in to the mirror, for my bonnet's all twisted."

I at once stepped to the rear side, as in duty bound, and busied myself for a little arranging my pocket handkerchief just so as to let two or three inches hang gracefully out, by accident, you know. By and by our names were called out, and away we went up a lot of shaky, wooden stairs, to the very top of the house past the top, I think, for it was a glass house, no slates or shingles at all, and an extraordinary smell of medicine and vitriol pervading the whole place.

Having explained that we wanted a group for I had made enquiries and found that a group was a little cheaper than two single ones the photographer got a hold of me and placed me, with my one hand holding gracefully on to the back of the chair, and my other thumb in my waistcoat, while Betty was set down in the chair with her hands in her muff. All being ready, the man went off into a dark room, and all was silent for a minute or two. Betty then whispered to me

"James, there's a fly on the tip of my nose, you might give it a 'shoo' off."

"Woman," said I, sternly, but trying not to move my lips, "if it was a bumble bee itself you must just bear it, or you'll spoil the picture. You must not move, remember."

Betty, however, took one of her hands out of her muff and rubbed the fly away: and then, just as the man came back, she cried out

"Gracious me! I forgot to take off my spectacles" and off she tore them with a jerk into her pocket, but just as she did so the man said

"Ah! you're moving."

"Moving," cried Betty, "I should think so! I would like to see you take off your spectacles without moving."

We got all right again, but just as the man came out the second time, Betty said

"My foot is asleep."

And with that she gave her foot a kick out, and I could not hinder her from getting up and hopping around the room, making a downright fool of me. The man got a little angry at this, but I said, to pacify him, you know

"Now, well sit quiet, and see you turn on your machinery as quick as you can, and be done with it."

So in he went again.

"What's that kind of trumpet looking thing on the three legs, James, with its nose pointing straight at us?" said Betty.

"Well," I said, "I'm not very sure. I should not wonder if it is some new-fashioned kind of Armstrong gun. It's desperate like it, anyway. Perhaps he invents guns in his spare moments. I would just as soon, however, have its nose pointed the other way," and I slipped over and had its nose just pointing to the other window, when in ran our friend again from the dark room.

He looked rather dumbfounded when he saw the gun turned round, and seized it to turn it back again as it was.

Said I to myself "This doesn't look well, and I began to observe that the man was somewhat excited. His hair was long and flying in the air. His eyes rolled

about in an alarming manner. He had a moustache, but no whiskers, and his cheeks were blue black with shaving. That's a thing I cannot say I like to see. It looks too much like an actor, you know.

"Faith, I wish we were safe out of this," I whispered below my breath, but I said nothing to Betty, for fear of frightening her. However, I determined to watch narrowly all that passed, and to spring on him when I thought he became dangerous.

"Of course, you understand, we came to have our portraits taken," I remarked.

"Good gracious," he said, "you don't suppose I think you came to be shot," and with this he looked daggers at me, and dived in once more to the dark room.

"James," said Betty, "do you think it is all right?"

"Faith," said I, "I am not sure of it, at all. You see that shooting is running in his mind and that confounded gun is always pointing this way yet. I wonder what the blamed thing is doing there at all. I just think we would almost be as well to slip away downstairs before he comes out. We might be murdered up here, and nobody would be a bit the wiser. Besides, what makes him always run into that dark room? If he is after no mischief, surely he need not hide himself away like that."

"You bet he's gone for some liquor," said Betty, "I hear lots of bottles and glasses clinking when he is in there."

"I only wish that may be all he has gone in for. I said. "Maybe it is the powder he keeps in there."

However, before we could do anything, out he came once more, and took off the front of the gun, slipping in behind at the same time a very suspicious-looking thing. Now, all the cannon balls I ever had seen were *round*, and this was *square*, so I felt somewhat reassured. He then began, however, to peep at us along the top, like taking aim. I watched to see whether it was my head or Betty's that he was aiming at, but so far as my judgment went it was right between us.

With all this, remember, I gave the poor fellow the benefit of the doubt, and was inclined to think him silly more a fool than a knave. But just then he drew a black cloth over his head, so as to disguise himself that we should not be able to swear to him in a court of justice.

This was too much. As he stooped down and cried

"Steady," I on with my hat, and screaming to Betty

"Run, woman, run! or in five minutes you'll be as dead as a herring!" I dashed down the stair and Betty after me, head over heels, with her muff flying down ahead of us, and the poor wooden stairs cracking and screeching under our feet. The young ladies ran to see what was up (or down rather), and with one spring I drove one of them through a large glass case of portraits, while Betty tripped over another and nearly smothered her.

Up, however, I pulled poor Betty, and managed to drag her down down two, three, four steps at a time, round the corner, and never stopped till we got into the West End Car, and away up to the head of it, out of sight.

I gave one sigh of relief, taking off my hat to wipe my brow. Betty laid her head on my shoulder and murmured

"Oh! James, this is an awful world. I never was as near being killed as I was just there."

The conductor thought we had been at a funeral, we were so dejected, and he never asked for his five cents, and I quite forgot to pay him. But I'll pay him yet. He knows me well.

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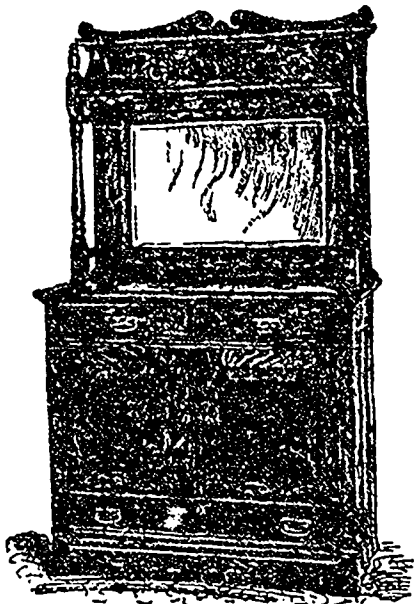
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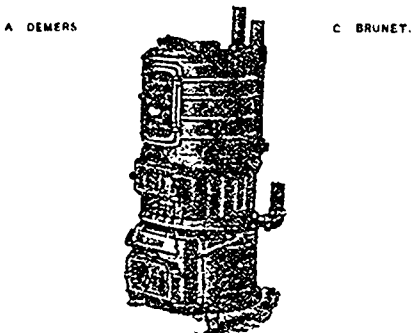
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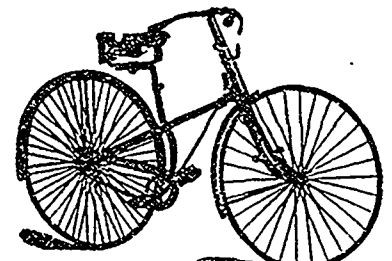
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