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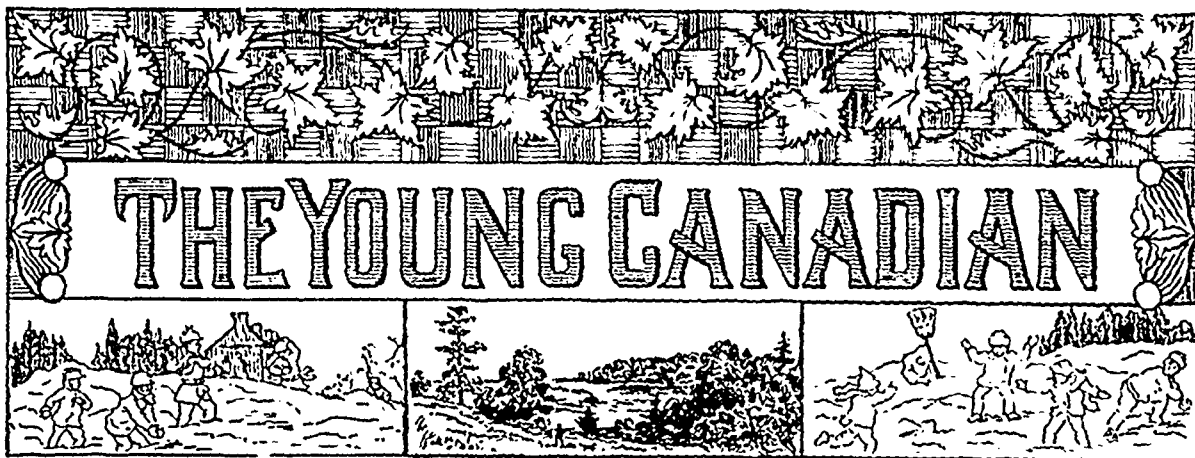
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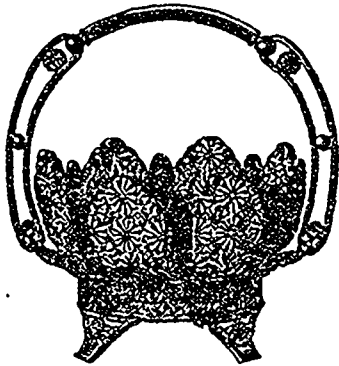
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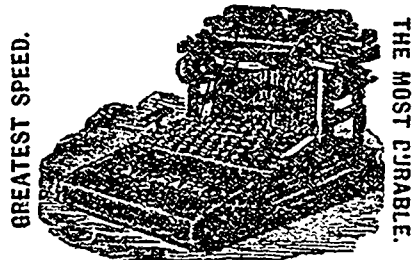
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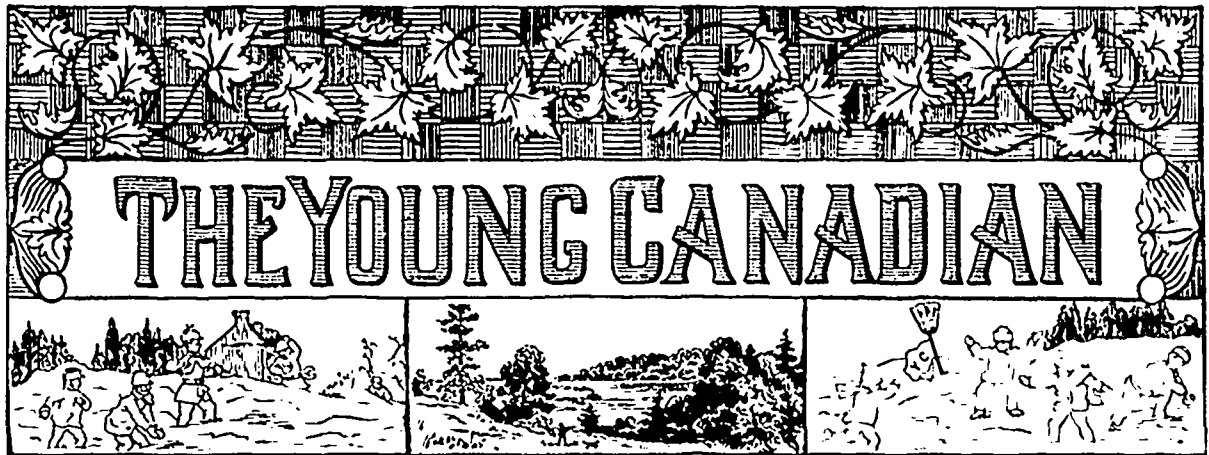
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REBEL OR PATRIOT.

BY S. M. BAYLIS.

“I have set my life upon a cast and I will stand the hazard of the die.”—RICHARD III.

CHAPTER III.



HE next day Evelyn bade good bye to her kind friends with feelings of peculiar sorrow, concealing her own grief in the endeavor to console them in the heavy trials they were called upon to bear. Travelling with the curé in his little gig by easy stages this was before the days of railways and stopping for a night on the

way, on the morning of the second day they reached the south shore of the St. Lawrence, were ferried over to the city, and the curé's charge was safely delivered to her grateful father at his quarters near the barracks, the curé himself hurrying off to pay his respects to the Bishop at his official residence.

Next morning Evelyn left her home by the river front for a stroll up to the city proper. Her way led her past the old Bonsecours church, and the market with its

strange sights and sounds of quaintly dressed *habitant* farmers and their shrewder helpmeets bargaining in shrill tones with some obstinate customer, who claimed the usual concessions from the first price asked without which any trade would be but poorly and unscientifically completed, then on through the Rue Notre Dame, where the founders of the modern princely fortunes lived in frugal simplicity with their apprentices over their stores, passing the Place d'Armes, she turned into St. James street, where she almost ran over her old friend Father Lebeau hurrying in the opposite direction.

It is hard to imagine the changes time has wrought in the comparatively short space of fifty years. Standing to-day on this spot, the spectator views the magnificent expanse of asphalted roadway overshadowed by the imposing yellow and red sandstone or granite fronts of the buildings belonging to the various mercantile, insurance, and banking corporations, or the government, rising in massive grandeur, or in the classic beauty of Corinthian column and carved entablature. His ears are dinned with the hum of busy city life, the rattle of car and carriage, dray and cart, and the clatter of hurrying feet on the flag-stone pavements. For relief to eyes and ears he may turn into the railed enclosure, with its patches of turf and flowers, and listen to the plash of the water falling from the bronze fountain, or, passing through the gates, cross the road and seek the quiet of the great church of Notre Dame, whose open doors ever invite the

tired and weary way-farer to enter and find rest. Perchance the melodious chimes may wake from their slumber in one of the twin towers, to be answered by the boom of the "*Grand Bourdon*" in the other. With iron tongue it seems to proclaim in tones that reach beyond the heart of the city lying at its feet, across the tree-covered crown on the one side, or the blue St. Lawrence sweeping majestically past and guarding the other, far out and over the orchards and farm lands around, the power that raised such a monument and endowed it with a voice so commanding.

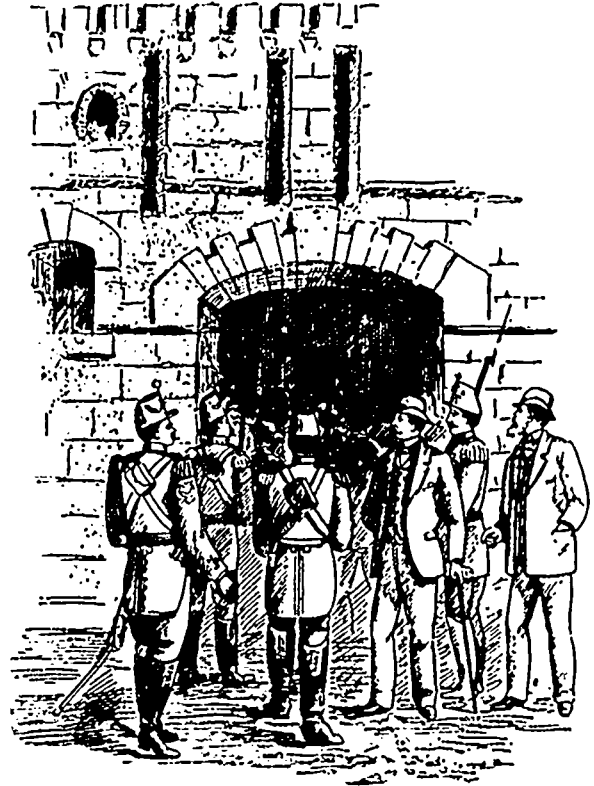
Nothing of this magnificence do our friends see or dream of, only a straggling row of indifferent dwellings—solidly built like the fortunes of their owners—and shops, with a church and a bank building to break the monotony. A light covering of snow had fallen, and the city sparks and their military rivals, enveloped in furs, were showing off the paces of their nags and the style of their equipages to admiring promenaders, as if eager to catch and bind King Winter to their service, who shall so soon settle his chill presence unbidden among them.

An unusual crowd seems gathering; a jargon of mingled English and French fills the air; excited heads are thrust out of window and door; scowls and bitter words from one party, jeers and exultation from the other.

"What is it all about?" the curé asks a passer by.

"The prisoners being brought in" was the short answer.

The curé would have drawn Evelyn down a side street, but they were hemmed in and could scarcely move. Again that shrill scream and rattle of fife and drum; a flash of sunlight thrown off from the polished bayonets that so lately were stained and dim; a dejected band of young, middle-aged, and old men tied together in couples, and haggard and worn with strife, long marches, and anxiety. Our friend Raoul walked near the rear, but, unlike the rest, with head erect and eyes looking straight before him; more soldiers; the mounted officers and staff; then the small boy and the usual tag-rag that has closed every procession from time immemorial.



"WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT?" THE CURÉ ASKED
A PASSER BY.



THE MARKET, WITH ITS STRANGE SIGHTS AND QUAINLY-DRESSED HABITANT FARMERS.

On they go through the battery of eyes of triumphant foes, wincing under the jeers, or taking comfort from the low spoken words some compatriot whispers as they pass. Farther yet by the Rue Notre Dame, past the column on which stands the Hero of Trafalgar, his empty right sleeve pinned to his coat, his head turned aside, and his left arm extended as if in commiseration of the sad fate of the unhappy men. Still many weary steps yet till the jail wall is reached; the heavy gates swing open, and the military guard's unpleasant duty is

ended by handing over his charge to the representatives of the civil authorities.

Father Lebeau turned to Evelyn to reassure her with words of comfort, but she had disappeared. The curé shook his head slowly: "Ah well!" he said to himself, "grief sometimes forgets its manners. Poor children, how will it end for them!" and drawing his cloak closer to him to keep out the cold, he moved briskly off on his interrupted errand.



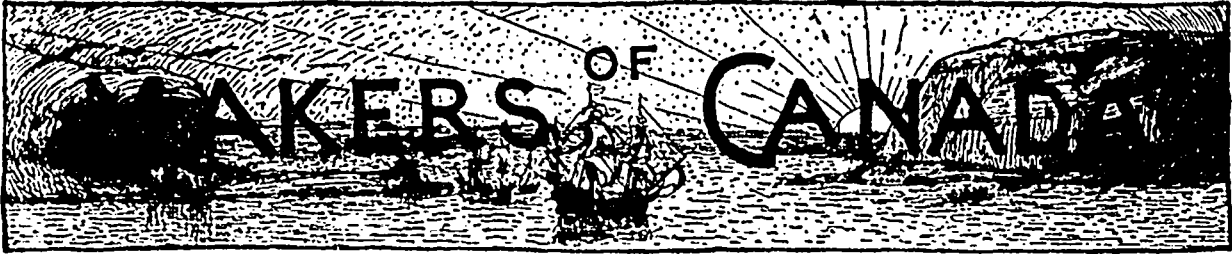
FATHER LEBEAU TURNED TO EVELYN.

(To be continued.)

ON LEAVING THE COAST OF NOVA SCOTIA.

I stand alone at midnight on the deck,
 And watch with eager eye the sinking shore
 Which I may view, it may be, nevermore;
 For there is tempest, battle, fire, and wreck,
 And Ocean hath her share of each of these,—
 Attest it, thousand rotten argosies,
 Wealth-laden, sunken in the southern seas!
 And who can say that evermore these feet
 Shall tread thy soil, Acadia? Who can say
 That evermore this heart of mine shall greet
 The loved to whom it sighs adieu to-day?
 Our sail is set for countries far away;
 Our sail is set, and now is no retreat,
 Though Ocean should but lure, like beauty, to betray.

—GEORGE FREDERICK CAMERON.



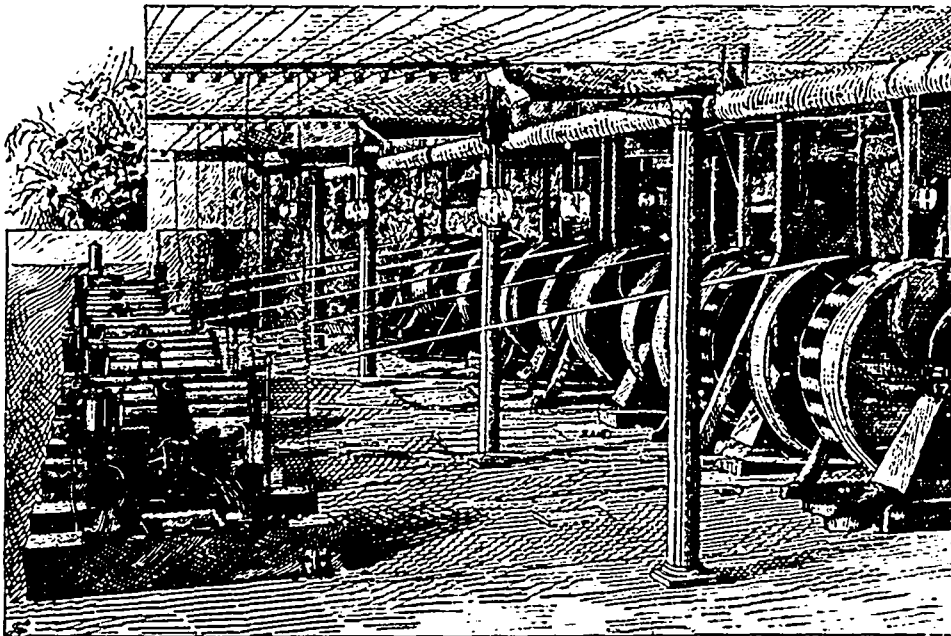
A CHAT ABOUT OUR ELECTRIC LIGHT.

If I began to tell you how we get our electric light in our streets and public halls by asking you to look at the immense poles fixed into the earth, and at the men who climb up so nimbly with the spokes in their boots, I should commence at the top of the tree, instead of at the root. And as it is always a more comfortable feeling to climb up than to climb down, I will take you down to our workshops, where I know you have never been, and where you will see many most wonderful things.

Until a few days ago I had never been there myself, and when I did go I staid so long that I am sure the kind and courteous electrician, who showed me everything, thought I was like a burdock seed in our lovely autumn days—easier to stick on than to stick off.

Never mind, it was all for your sake that I went, and for your sake that I incurred the risk of such a dreadful opinion; for between ourselves few people, without some good cause, deliberately prefer to wear out their welcome.

When Sir Isaac Newton, on seeing the apple fall to the ground, was curious to find out how it fell; and when, by and by, the power that drew the apple to the earth was called gravitation, that did not prove that Sir Isaac had found out what the power was. It merely meant that he had discovered its existence, that it was necessary to give it a name, and that we could commence to observe the way in which the power acted. What the power is, and how it is, no man has found out yet.



I WILL TAKE YOU DOWN TO OUR WORKSHOPS.

So it is with electricity. If you ask me what electricity is, I must answer I cannot tell. I can only say that, like gravitation, it is a power, a force that nature has made for herself, that we have discovered that it exists, that we have given it a name, and that we are finding numerous ways in which we can make use of it to serve us, as no doubt nature intended.

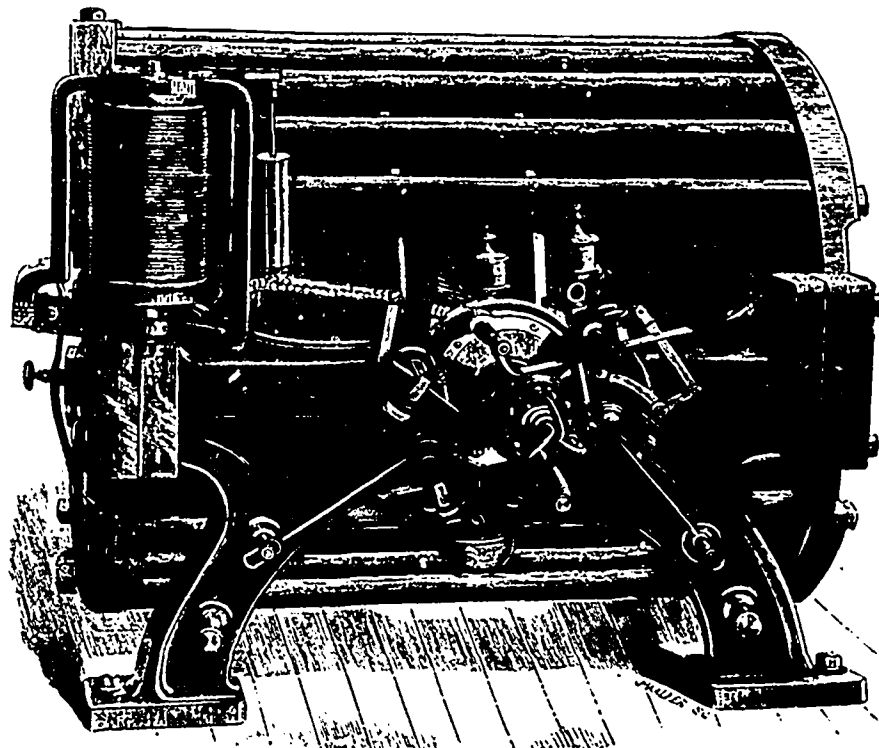
Six hundred years before Christ the people knew that the power existed. They knew then that if they rubbed a piece of amber, the rubbing created something which drew towards the amber other things that were not very heavy. Now, eighteen almost nineteen-- hundred years after Christ we are only beginning to know what that power in the amber may do for us. So difficult is it to fathom nature.

is going to bed, and that flashes away down the poles again to get out of sight before the sun gets up again.

Look at my first picture, and you will see two rods



TWO RODS ALMOST MEETING.



A HUGE FOUR HUNDRED HORSE POWER.

Electricity, then, is a power or a force. That is enough for us in the meantime.

One might think that we should leave all these great and difficult questions to countries that are older and more advanced in learning and in the applications of learning. But I am happy to tell you that we don't do anything of the kind; that we want to be abreast of the age in these things; and that we actually are ahead of many countries, indeed ahead of most countries, in the application of electricity. Next, perhaps, to the United States, we come second.

Some day soon I will tell you all about our telegraphs and our telephones, how they go into every corner and fly on the wings of lightning with our messages. Today I want you to listen to me as I tell you how we get our

ELECTRIC LIGHT,

that flashes up the hundreds of thousands of poles at a moment's notice when the sun gives us a wink that he

stretching across towards each other, and almost meeting. At the ends nearest each other you see the tips sharpened a little. These rods have a current, or tiny stream of electricity passing through them. You cannot see it; but it is there. I know it is, and you will soon see how I put it there.

So long as the rods do not touch one another, we hardly know the current is there. But if we let them touch for a moment, and then draw them back a little way, instantly we have a flash of the most fiercely brilliant light and heat. In the act of leaping across from one rod to the other the current will go only a certain length. If this distance is too great, that is, if the two tips are too far apart, the light goes out. In the separation of the two tips, the current leaps across, and in the leap the light and heat are created, but in order to maintain the light, it is necessary to maintain the proper distance.

Not only is the light most fierce, but the heat is most intense. Hardly any metal that we know can stand it,

and so it is necessary to find something to make the tips of that cannot easily melt. For if the tip melted, the wires would become separated, and the light would go out.

Carbon has been found good. Charcoal, too, does well. Baked carbon is better. Coke from our gas factories is far the best. It conducts the current, that is, it does not keep it, it lets the electricity pass through it, without exacting much toll. It lasts long, does not burn away, and therefore it makes the best tips.

These tips are fixed into rods of brass which connect with the battery by means of wires. The rods are made to move back and forward, so that the tips may be adjusted. Away down among the machinery is the battery. The current starts from it. When it reaches the tips, or poles as they are called, they are made to touch. They are then separated only a little distance. Instantly the most dazzling light is the result, a light which rivals the most gorgeous rays of the sun. We cannot look at it. We cannot examine it. We cannot see how it is done. All that we can do is to throw the image of the process on to a screen and look at that through a coloured glass.

The light, at least its brightness, is caused by the fierce whiteness of the carbon points, and by a curve of flame that arches across from one to the other. One tip is always much brighter and much hotter than the other. If you turn the current off, one tip always grows black and cool long before the other. The tip, or pole that gets the hottest is called the positive pole, and when the current is turned on, this pole loses part of its matter, which passes over, in very small particles, to the other. Some of these particles are consumed in the air. The rest leap over to the other tip. It is these particles leaping over which produces the light.

In this way, one tip, or pole, becomes hollowed out at the point by losing its particles, while the other grows sharpened by what it gains. When this goes on too far, the distance between them is too great for the current to pass over, and—the light goes out. The tips must then be made to meet again, and to separate once more, before we can have the light.

The heat is the fiercest we know. Metals put into it melt like sealing wax. Substances that are almost unmeltable, like quartz, sapphire, platinum, become quite liquid. Diamond put in'to it grows white with heat, swells, melts, and blackens into coke.

From what I have told you about the poles, or tips, borrowing and lending with each other, and thus spoiling the proper distance between them, you will see that

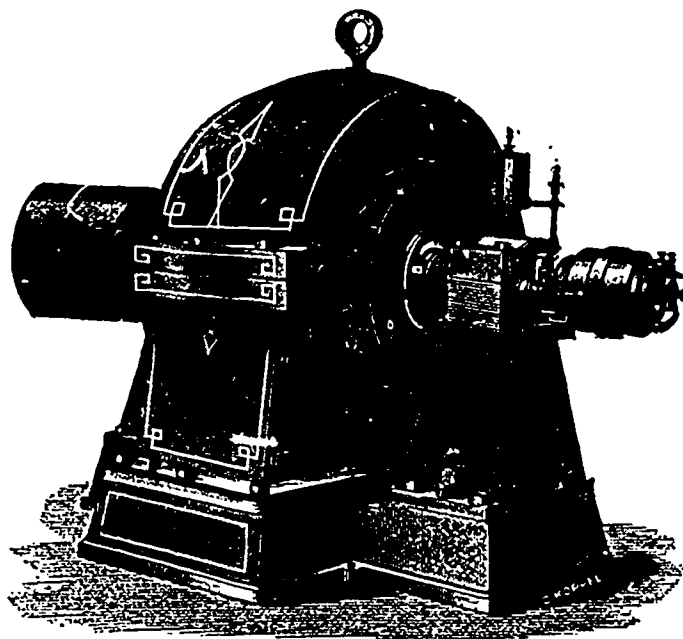
STEADINESS IN THE LIGHT

is a difficult matter. You have noticed yourselves, walking along the streets of an evening, that suddenly the light goes out, and as suddenly comes back again. The great aim of our scientific men at present is to overcome this inconstancy—to keep the tips in the correct relation to each other. That is all. But it is all that.

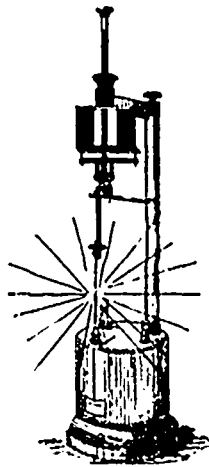
The tips have to be kept slowly and surely coming together as fast as they get separated by being consumed—just as fast and no faster. That is one grand difficulty. Another is, that as one tip loses more than the other, it must be made to come a little faster than its neighbour. This is no easy matter, for the *fastness* is so slow that no human eye can detect it. So that to have a steady light, we must have the distance between the tips always the same, we must have the tips made of something that will not use up with the fierce heat, and we must get the current to come to them all the time.

We have by no means arrived at this yet.

For the nearness to which we have approached it, we are indebted to a name familiar to many of you, a man who was the son of a blacksmith, and who began his career as a newspaper boy, and ended by making himself the greatest electrician in the world—Faraday. One of the steps on his ladder was a bookbindery, where as assistant he used to devour encyclopedias and other similar treats that came in to be bound. From scraps picked up in this way—pebbles from the shores of science—he made himself so prominent that Sir Humphrey Davy picked him out for his laboratory. In the course of his work he was one day much surprised to



INCANDESCENT MACHINE.



A VERY SIMPLE LAMP.



ARC LAMP

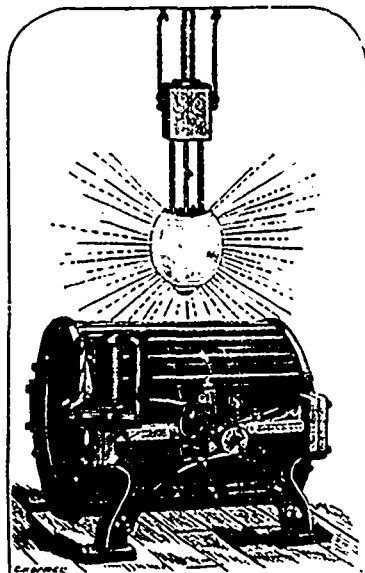
find that when he caused a flat copper disc to move round under a compass needle, the needle moved about in proportion to the speed of the disc. He did not know why. No one did. But he plodded on—not for days, nor months, but for years—experimenting and experimenting, failing and succeeding, until all the world wondered.

This force, this power, this thing, whatever it was, that moved the needle, that Faraday gave his whole heart and mind to know, to preserve, to utilize; and the great machinery that I am now going to take you down to see, is all for that purpose.

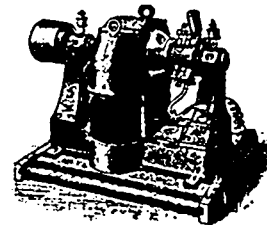
Here is the simplest form of it—the disc and the wire. The current passes along this wire, and when we place another wire parallel to it, this one becomes affected by it. At first the current in the second wire is in the same direction as in the first one, but it does not continue so long as the current in the first wire. If we stop

the current in the first, a current in the second wire sets in but in the opposite direction. Now take a coil of wires, join the ends so that the current may pass along, bring a magnet near, and the current passes through the coil. Remove the magnet, and a current in the opposite direction sets in. Thus the current is shown to cause motion in a mass of matter, and this motion in the mass again produces a current.

Now, I cannot expect that you will all quite understand how this is. I am afraid I must ask you to believe it at present, and look at this great dynamo machine. Within it is a coil—a collection of coils—which is whirled round with great speed. The coils touch nothing as they go round. But they meet with some resistance. This resistance, this something what is it? That is what I cannot tell you. But that is the power which we send along the wires which run through our streets, and down into the lamps which we see suspended in the



MACHINE AND LAMP.



MOTOR

air. In these lamps are two tips, like what I have already explained, made of carbon, so that they will not burn away. The tips are arranged at a certain distance from each other. They meet. They separate. That seems all. Instantly we have the fierce light and heat.

From the small baby dynamos we have gradually grown to huge gigantic things of hundreds of horse power. With these we are able, not to make electricity, but to carry it from the place where it is made to the place where it is to be used. How far we can carry it, no man can tell. But you all know that we cannot carry steam, it cools so quickly. Hence electricity must soon take the place of steam.

Of lamps all sorts have been invented, each in its turn raising the expectation of the inventor to heat as white as the light itself, and each in turn failing to realize what had been anticipated. Still the carbon consumes. Still the poles, or tips, separate. Still the light goes out. Still it has to be re-lighted.

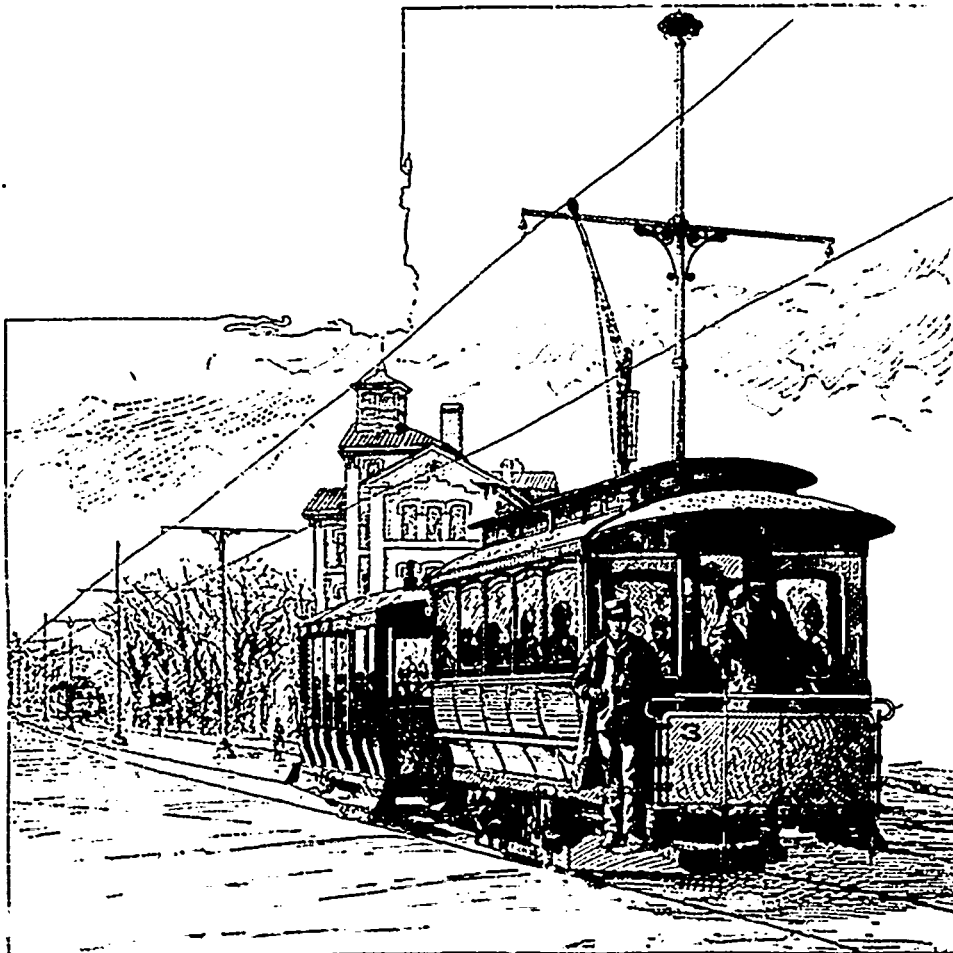
Attempts to have the separation of the tips remedied by hand have been more or less successful, but the constant attention necessary is almost as great an objection as the sudden extinction of the light. At present the minds of scientific men are turned towards self-regulating lamps, and to have the regulation done by the current—by the same current that causes the difficulty. Doubtless we shall soon see another triumph of art in this direction.

From the factory where the current is sent out, to the lamps where it is ignited, the transmission is carried on in the surest and safest manner. Any boy who had,

for example, water to convey from one place to another, would try to make his pipe of something that would neither soak up the water like a sponge nor let it leak through like a sieve. So in carrying the force for the electric light, a similar precaution has to be taken. Some kinds of wire would absorb the current, would dilute it, would rob it of some of its power. Others would gobble it all up, so that none would reach its destination. The wire, therefore, that is used for the purpose must be of a substance that will allow the current to pass on about its own business, uninjured, and unimpeded.

At present all these wires are sent through our streets, stretched in the air from pole to pole, but when we each assume the individual responsibility of expressing our convictions of what is right and wrong, instead of putting up with what may as well be remedied, all these wires shall run underground, where we shan't see them, and where there will be no chance of our being injured by them.

In these days the name of Edison is stamped on all that is done in the improvement of our electric appliances. He has gone with such bold and unmistakable strides in the perfection of these, that we have almost ceased to wonder at what he tells us. We have grown to accept it without a single question. Because of the difficulties that face us in incandescent lights, the almost entire attention of scientific men has been to avoid them. Edison, however, delights in difficulties and barriers, and is still working away with various materials for the tips. He has at present adopted a carbon filament which he produces from fine bamboo. The bamboo is cut into strips of a certain size and form. They are then car-



OUR NEXT IMPROVEMENT.

bonized by exposure to intense heat between two plates of nickel. The tips are then plated with copper and sealed in the well-known pear-shaped glass globes.

But let no young Canadian think that these are easy things to devise and carry out, nor let him think that as a people we are of the sort that may be slow to engage in difficulties.

Canada is one of the first countries in the world to adopt all these new improvements and appliances. Scarcely is there a village from Prince Edward Island to Vancouver that has not its main street lighted by electricity. All our towns are well lighted, while our cities are brilliant from end to end. Churches, public halls, concert-rooms, theatres, factories, school-houses, railway stations, market-places, skating-rinks, steamship wharves,

turn out as fast as they are needed, and they are needed as fast as they are turned out.

Any summer day, on any of our great rivers, you will see immense rafts of poles sailing merrily along with wind and current—cedar poles that will last for centuries. These are for our electric lights, and what we do not need we send over to our friends across the border.

Have you noticed how the men handle them? How they make them stand up on end, like a dog when he is trained "to beg!" How they dig a trench, and slip the huge pole into its place like a snow-shovel at a grocer's door! See how they climb up—no walk up these poles with their spiked boots, or run along the wires from pole to pole, just like a lot of squirrels, to do "a little fixing" here and there.



OUR NEW ELECTRIC BRACKETS.

shops, and private dwellings, all vie with each other in the use of this great invention. A Canadian electrician told me a few days ago that there is more electric light in Montreal than in the whole of London, the capital of the Empire.

And what is better, we not only make this light for ourselves, but we make all the machinery required to do so. Half a dozen establishments, dotted over the country, are running day and night. How I wish I could show you the great furnaces, the boilers, the great rolling belts, the huge four-hundred horse-power engines. One of these factories is now building a dynamo that will feed three thousand lights!

Wires, also, and switches and lamps, with all their multitude of fittings, and everything that we require, we

And the future! It is sure to come—the day when we set aside our coal, and gas, and ashes, and let electricity do everything for us. I mean not only our mills, farms, railways, and steamers, but our homes shall be turned topsy-turvy by it. Here is one.

We may, who knows, wash, iron, scrub, sweep, dust, polish, with it. We may sew, mend, darn, cobble, patch, with it. We may make our tea, boil our potatoes, roast our turkey, broil our eggs, fry our buckwheat pancakes, and brown our toast, with it. And, what would be a wind-fall to most of us, get rid of snow-shovelling, coal, gas, coal-oil, stoves, furnaces, ranges, and the hundred and one household abominations that make our lives not worth living.

INDUSTRIA.

FUR, FIN, AND FEATHER.

To the Editor of THE YOUNG CANADIAN :

DEAR EDITOR,—The discontinuance of the publication of that excellent monthly, *The Canadian Naturalist and Geologist*, and of its genial but modest successor, *The Canadian Sportsman and Naturalist*, has left lovers of birds and amateurs of Natural History generally without a special medium for recording notes and facts connected with the Canadian Fauna in this Province.

Could you not spare each week a column or more in your welcome publication under the above heading ?

The innumerable enquiries daily submitted, by the old and young, about birds—their arrival, departure, song, and habits in general, point towards an increasing interest awakening in the beautiful science of ornithology and other kindred studies.

I cannot help believing that several of our able field-naturalists, as well as amateurs, would readily contribute to this column.

Yours sincerely,

J. M. LENOINE,
F. R. S. C.

Quebec, Feb., 1891.

It is with great pleasure that I reply to Mr. Lemoine's kind letter, and put the pages of THE YOUNG CANADIAN at his disposal for this delightful purpose. The studies mentioned in his letter are all such as come within our field among young people of the Dominion, and from the commencement of our desire to establish our magazine, we have most assiduously kept such topics in mind.

I am happy also to inform our young friends that we have just completed arrangements for a similar department among our exquisite wild flowers, our pretty birds' eggs, and subjects of this kind, in which we all take so much pleasure, and which have an influence upon us for so much refinement.

We shall be most happy, therefore, to have our pages used as a medium of exchange of ideas, information, questions, answers, etc., and feel sure that no department of our work will bring us a similar reward, or help us more in drawing all our young people closely around each other, and enthusiastically around their country.

THE EDITOR.

One might expect that the competition of our Railways and Rivers against our Canals should tend to reduce the traffic in these artificial rivers, of which we have such pardonable pride.

Not so. The trade passing through the Sault Ste. Marie Canal is larger than that which finds its way through the great Suez Canal.

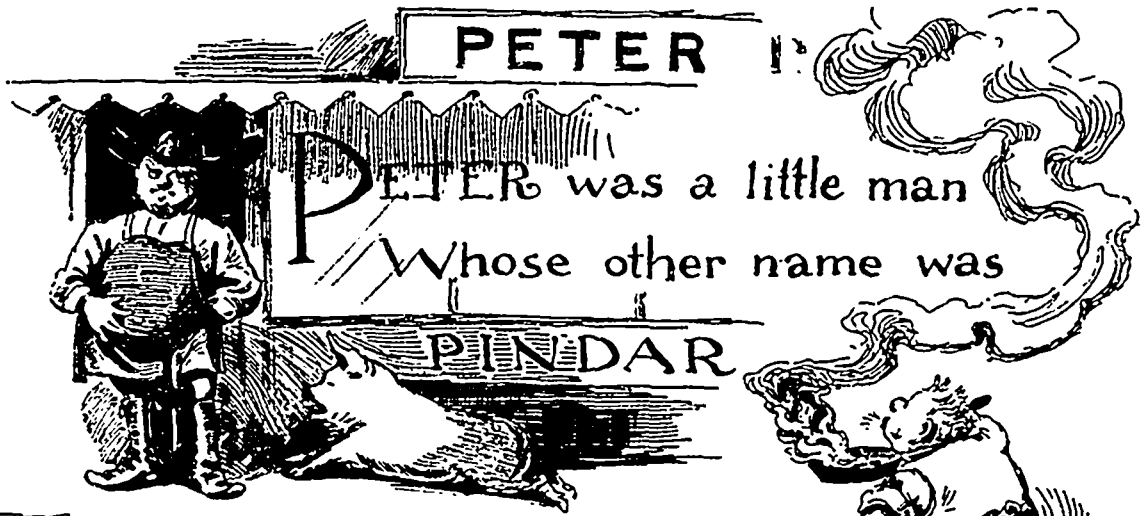
ACRES OF YOUR OWN.

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

Here's the road to independence !
Who would bow and dance attendance ?
Who, with e'er a spark of pride,
While the bush is wild and wide,
Would be but a hanger-on,
Begging favours from a throne,
While beneath yon smiling sun
Farms, by labour, can be won ?
Up ! be stirring, be alive,
Get upon a farm and thrive !
He's a king upon a throne
Who has acres of his own !

Tho' the cabin's walls are bare,
What of that, if love is there ?
What although your back is bent,
There are none to hound for rent ;
What tho' you must chip and plough,
None dare ask, " What doest thou ? "
What though homespun be your coat,
Kings might envy you your lot !
Up ! be stirring, be alive,
Get upon a farm and thrive !
He's a king upon a throne
Who has acres of his own !

Honest labour thou would'st shirk—
Thou art far too good to work ?
Such gentility's a fudge,
True men all must toil and drudge.
Nature's true Nobility
Scorns such mock gentility ;
Fools but talk of blood and birth—
Ev'ry man must prove his worth !
Up ! be stirring, be alive,
Get upon a farm and thrive !
He's a king upon a throne
Who has acres of his own !



PETER PINDAR

PETER was a little man
Whose other name was

PINDAR

HE put some bacon in a pan
And burnt it to a CINDER



AND then he tried to take it out
Between his thumb and finger



Oh! my! you should have
heard him shout
It gave him such a
stinger.

BUT now he never burns his paw
A cooking of his diet
For why? he eats his bacon raw
He's too much scared to fry it



EDWARD

SHORTLY TO APPEAR.

By Robert Bell, B.A.Sc., M.D., LL.D., Assistant Director of the Geological Survey, a series of Camp Fire Stories, Buffalo Hunts, Fires in the Northern Forests, Adventures with Polar Bears, etc., etc.

Dr. Bell has had an unrivalled experience, extending over more than thirty years, from Lake Erie to the Arctic Circle, and from Labrador to the Rockies.

His papers are the "Truth that is Stranger than Fiction."

YOUNG CANADIAN HISTORICAL CALENDAR.

MARCH.

1. Treaty restoring Canada and Acadia to France	1632
2. Maisonneuve defeated the Iroquois at Montreal	1644
3. Baron de Longueuil, Governor	1752
4. Halifax "Gazette" established (No. 1, March 23)	1752
5. Canadians defeated at St. Pierre, Rivière du Sud	1776
6. St. John, N.B., incorporated	1785
7. Hull, P.Q., founded	1800
8. British repulsed at Longwood	1814
9. Literary and Historical Society of Quebec founded.	1821
10. Toronto incorporated	1834
11. Victoria, B.C., founded by Governor Douglas	1843
12. Riot at Belfast. P.E.I.	1847
13. Fredericton, N.B., incorporated	1848
14. Niagara Suspension Bridge	1855
15. Belleville, O., incorporated	1877
16. Brantford, O., incorporated	1877
17. First Exhibition of Royal Canadian Academy	1880
18. Rebels defeated Major Crozier at Duck Lake	1885

Our Calendar for March offers a variety of most tempting subjects for our young patriotic pens. The writer of the best paper or essay on any one topic will receive a beautiful leather travelling ink bottle.

In order to help our readers to set about reading and writing, we have prepared a short list of authorities that may be consulted on some of the points. On—

- No. 1. Documents relatifs à l'Histoire de la Nouvelle France, published by the Quebec Government.
- No. 2. Any History of Montreal.
- No. 4. "Early Journalism in Nova Scotia," by the Nova Scotia Historical Society.
- No. 6. Gesner's History of New Brunswick, published in 1847.
- No. 9. Transactions of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, published in 1829.
- No. 10. By-Laws of the City of Toronto, 1890; or Hand-book of Toronto, 1858.
- No. 11. Vancouver Island and British Columbia, by Matthew Macfie, 1865.
- No. 14. See Encyclopædia Britannica, Vol. 4.
- Nos. 15 and 16. Ontario Gazetteer, Toronto, 1889.
- No. 18. The North-West and its Troubles, by G. Mercer Adams.

March, in the Olden Times, was the first month of the year. It came at a time of renewing summer after winter, of fresh life and work after rest, and was most fit to be called the beginning of the year. Until about one hundred and fifty years ago the legal year in England commenced on March 25th. The month receives its name from Mars, the god of war. The ancient Romans thought so much of fighting and of bravery in war that nothing was too good for them to bestow upon Mars—even the name of the first month of the year.

Among our Saxon forefathers it was called lenet monat, or length month, from the lengthening of the day, the same origin which gives us the word Lent.

Pictures of March generally give us harbingers of Spring; swelling brooks; bursting buds; men at their spades; baskets and bags of seed; birds busily chirping; and an abundance of sunny sky.

SKETCHES FROM THE FOREST.

THE MOOSE BIRD.

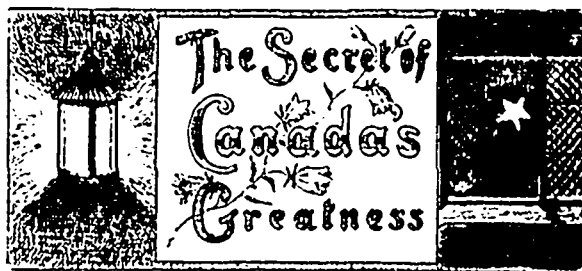
BY EDWARD JACK, FREDERICTON, N. B.

This little bird, whose familiar habits and harsh notes are so well known to every one who is in the habit of frequenting the forests of Maine and New Brunswick, seems to be specially drawn to woodsmen, and when he discerns one of them knows that some of the scraps of the food of which the stranger has partaken will be thrown away, to be subsequently detected by the bird's sharp eye and appropriated to his own use. It is at once attracted by the smoke of the explorers fire, and it is almost invariably the case that no sooner has the cruiser lit his fire and hung his tea kettle on the pole to boil, for woodsmen, strange to say, always want their tea to

boil, than in the distance is heard the note of the moose bird, calling to its companions. There is usually a pair of them together. They advance at first cautiously, frequently stopping on their way, until finally drawing nearer and nearer, they become so familiar that they will at last take a piece of bread and meat out the woodman's hand, and when they have satisfied their hunger they will carry off food so long as one will give it to them.

On a bright warm March day, at which time these little birds seem to be most lively, the writer was eating his dinner in the forests, on one of the branches of the Miramichi, a moose bird who had been hopping around and uttering his harsh cry, drew close to and became so friendly that he took from his hand many pieces of pilot bread. With these he flew away, being absent only for a short time, and returning constantly for more. He must have carried off more than double or treble the weight of his own body. Determining to see how he disposed of this food, when the bird was absent the writer slipped on his snow shoes in readiness to follow the route taken by it. So soon as it had received from his fingers the soft and greasy morsel, away it flew in a straight line, to where a lot of white birch trees grew, at one of which it arrested its course. At a point about 25 feet from the ground, where some of the bark had partly broken from the tree and was curled into a bunch which was hanging down, underneath and back of this, the moose bird was stowing away the gathered morsels, looking out no doubt, for the occurrence of some rainy day. He could not have chosen a better receptacle, for as every one knows the bark of the white birch is completely impervious to the wet. I have known a pair of moose birds to follow a couple of men for a winter. These men were engaged in the hewing of white pine timber on the upper St. John. The birds always made their appearance at dinner time. That they were the same birds, was proved by the fact that one of the little things was caught by one of the choppers and a red string tied around his neck, by which he was recognized.

The moose bird is an arrant thief, and nothing eatable can be left outside of the camp door which he will not attack. I have seen one of them fly off with a small piece of soap which the cook had unwittingly left on the top of a stump, close to which he was doing some washing in a warm April morning. The moose bird's note, which in the cold weather is always harsh and grating, becomes often low, gentle and plaintive, as the days lengthen and the influence of the warmer rays of the sun are felt. It lays its eggs in March or April when the snow is on the ground. It is very secretive and its nest is seldom found. I have seen one. It was composed of a great number of various articles, among which were partridges' feathers, the main substance seeming to be a piece of hare's skin, probably all that was left of poor puss after an owl had made his meal of her. The lumbermen generally treat the moose birds well. Sometimes one more cruel than the others will however run a piece of shingle out between the logs of the camp, on which is placed a piece of meat, tied by a string. When the moose bird is trying to get this off, the lumberman strikes the end of the stick inside of the camp a sudden blow with a piece of iron or some heavy substance, and thus the moose bird is generally killed by the concussion.



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

We have two very ancient translations of the New Testament. Men who devote their whole lives to the study of these things say that one of these translations was written in the second century, and the other much earlier than that. One ancient writer, in speaking of these, uses the comparison of the number of the Gospels to the four quarters of the Globe, and goes on to say that there is something sacred in the coincidence of the numbers. This writer was a pupil of a great man called Polycarp. Polycarp was a friend and disciple of St. John the Evangelist. He had often talked with other men who had seen the events described in the Gospels. In a letter this friend and pupil of Polycarp writes, "I can recall the very place where Polycarp used to sit and teach, his appearance, the style of his address, his frequent references to St. John, and to others who had seen the Lord; how he used to repeat from memory their discourses which he had heard from them concerning our Lord." Polycarp died A. D. 165, and must have learned from the lips of his own master, St. John, and the time referred to in this letter about Polycarp would be about A. D. 150.

Ignatius was another pupil of St. John, and his letters are full, not only of references to the Gospels, but of literal and *verbatim*, that is word-for-word quotations of passages. For example, we find in his letters such expressions as "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak" (Matthew xxvi. 41) and "What shall a man be profited if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul" (Matthew xvi. 26.)

As early as A. D. 170, two learned men undertook what we should now call "Harmonies of the Gospels." A Harmony of the Gospels is a book in which the different stories told by the different evangelists are woven into one continuous account of the three years of our Lord's life upon earth. Although these two old Harmonies are lost, we have descriptions of them which were written in the 4th and 5th centuries. This proves that as early as 170 the Gospels were considered of such vital importance that learned men were happy to spend their lives in explaining them, and in making them more easily understood from beginning to end.

But we must not imagine that then, any more than now, every man was prepared to receive the teachings of Christ into his soul, and into his life, and to take pleasure in remembering his sayings, in talking of them, in writing about them, and in explaining them. Then, as now, men were bitterly opposed to everything which might interfere with their own selfish wills, to everything which might shew their conduct to be not so good as that of others. The men who, even in the presence of the meek and lowly Jesus, could mock Him, sneer at Him, spit upon Him, and crown Him with thorns, were not likely to soften or improve when they had no longer the restraining influence of Him who "never spake as man spake", and "who went about doing good." When



the story of Christ began to be written and cherished, men were as bitterly opposed to the new law of giving up their evil ways as they had been when they had heard it from His sacred lips. And then, as now, men wrote what they thought. But as gold comes out of the furnace more valuable and precious than before, so, all that these men wrote against the Gospels only served to make them shine brighter and brighter as the one and only guide for the life of man.

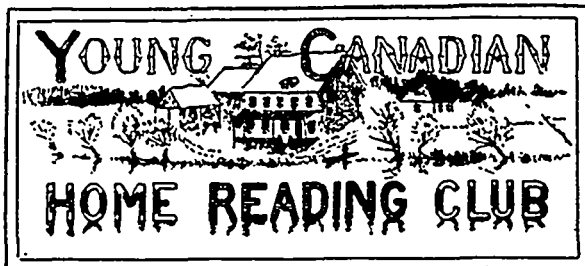
How this came to pass we shall see next week.

SNOW-SHOEING SONG.

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo !
 Gather, gather, ye men in white,
 The winds blow keenly, the moon is bright,
 The sparkling snow lies firm and white ;
 Tie on the shoes, no time to lose,
 We must be over the hill to-night.

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo !
 Swiftly in single file we go,
 The city is soon left far below,
 Its countless lights like diamonds glow ;
 And as we climb, we hear the chime
 Of church bells stealing o'er the snow.

ARTHUR WEIR.



OUR CLUB.

We had got as far as having your President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer appointed, and I left you thinking over the name for your club. Whilst leaving you to your own taste and judgment, I took the liberty of suggesting one or two directions in which I thought you might go to look for a name. Therefore I hope that since last week you have been talking the matter over well, and that now you have all these little points arranged.

Now, you choose the day in the week and the hour, when you propose to hold your meeting. In this you will be guided by the greatest convenience of the greatest number of members. It may be more suitable for some to meet in the afternoon; others will prefer the evening. But you will not have much difficulty in finding a day and an hour that will please all, so long as you are in earnest.

Then you will decide upon your subject. It may be history, or science, or literature. It may be, even, that you want at first to have a right good winter with nice stories. Whatever it be that you prefer, make your choice meantime. You may change your plan after, if desirable. But the great matter is to commence; promptly; at once. Then your Secretary will procure a note-book in which he will write down something like the following:

The Young Canadian Beaver, or Maple Leaf, or Spare Moments' Club; or, if you take my suggestion about the author, The Young Canadian Garneau, or Lampman, or Frechette, or Pauline Johnson Club.

REGINA, N. W. T.

President	- - - - -	John Campbell
Vice-President	- - - - -	Harriet Thompson
Treasurer	- - - - -	Fred Symmers
Secretary	- - - - -	Ethel Hunter

MEMBERS.

Charles Dickson	Susan Mair
Fanny Motherwell	Alex. Hamilton
James Peterson	Gladys Munro

with power to add to their number.

The club held its first meeting at Mrs. Brown's, or in the School House, on Tuesday Evening, Feb. 24, at half-past seven o'clock

The Secretary then proceeds to write down the names of all present or absent; and to make a record of all that the club decides at its meeting; that is,—decides either to do or not to do, and also of all that has been proposed to do, in the event of no decision having been made. The day and hour of meeting must, of course, be noted, and some pledge or understanding should be recorded as the aim and object of the club. Perhaps you might say:—"We, members of The Young Canadian Spare Moments' Reading Club resolve that we shall meet every Tuesday evening at half-past seven o'clock for the purpose of discussing together what we have read during the week; of stimulating each other in our reading; and of saving small portions of valuable time which otherwise might slip through our fingers; and we resolve that every day, unless prevented by circumstances which we cannot control, we shall devote at least one half hour to the reading chosen by the club."

That would do very nicely. It is not a pledge that need burden any one to keep, and it is sufficiently solemn to make you hesitate to break it.

The Secretary's next duty is to write to me. You will observe that in my imaginary list of officers I have put one of your sisters as Secretary, and this I did purposely. I think you will find, as I have done, that the sisters more than the brothers of the club will be prompt and thorough in the details that make a successful Secretary. Well, then, your Secretary will write to me telling me everything she can think that I must know,—how many members you have; about what age, so that I may know how to guide and advise you; how far you may be from a good library; your post-office address; the name you have chosen for your club; where you meet; when you meet; and, most important of all, the subject you have chosen as your study. This and any other information which you want me to possess, you will write out and send it to me, and let me tell you confidentially that I am always fearfully busy, simply fearfully busy, and I hope you will remember to write distinctly and neatly, which will save me a good deal of precious time.

You will also adopt a Motto for your club. Something which embodies a guiding principle is good:—for example, lately THE YOUNG CANADIAN had a good one, "Heaven helps those who help themselves." Or you might take "Where there's a will there's a way"; or "Take care of the pence (of time); the pounds will take



OUR BADGE.

care of themselves." But I think that your own ingenuity will hit upon something nicer than either of these.

A Badge also, I want all my little clubs to have, and my big clubs too; for I trust that the young men and young women of our beloved land, and our mothers too, will join hand in hand with us in this work. The Badge will be made of silver, and will have your motto and the name of your club engraved on it. I have had special designs drawn for these. Here is one, the prettiest of them, which I have decided upon. They won't cost you very much, and they must be worn at every meeting, as well as on other important occasions. You will grow to be proud of them, just as our great men are proud of a decoration from our own good Queen. And when you grow to be great men and women, perhaps you will feel that you owe much of it to the YOUNG CANADIAN Badge.

Each club will also deposit with the YOUNG CANADIAN Publishing Co. one dollar, as a guarantee of good faith and earnest intention. You must not get up your club on a feeling of impulse and drop it when the first excitement is over. You must go into it with your whole heart, and with persevering determination. A small annual fee from each member will cover this expense as well as the Secretary's requirements. The dollar will go in to the Reading Club Fund, and at the end of the year the whole sum will be set apart for a special purpose. This purpose will be decided by vote of the clubs.

PATER.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

IN DARKEST ENGLAND, AND THE WAY OUT. By General Booth. Toronto: William Bryce.

The newspapers for the past few months have made our readers so familiar with General Booth's scheme for bettering the condition of the destitute in England, that we need not enter into an account of this book here. We may take occasion to return to the subject at an early date. Meanwhile we welcome this republication of his book in a cheap and convenient form, which makes it easily accessible to Canadians.

THISTLEDOWN: A BOOK OF SCOTCH HUMOUR AND ANECDOTE. By Robert Ford. Paisley and London: Alexander Gardner, Publisher to Her Majesty.

This volume is the best collection of the kind we have ever seen. It not only gives the best stories of former collectors, like Dean Ramsay, but adds a large quantity of new material. You can dip into it at any page with the certainty of coming upon something good, so that our Scotch readers will find it a pleasant companion during any few minutes of leisure.

It proceeds upon the assumption that the Scot is remarkable for Songs, Sermons, and Shillings, and adds to the list a fourth qualification, namely, Original Humour. The author thinks that, though there may not be in Scotland one in a thousand who can write a good song or a good sermon, every Scot is a born humourist, and cannot live or breathe without humour. From peasant to prince the field is gone over in "Thistledown," and before you come to the end of the charming book you are unconsciously on the side of the author in the question.

If more of these books were read, our doctors would enjoy some leisure. There is no better tonic than a book like "Thistledown."

ROUND BURNS' GRAVE: THE PAEANS AND DIRGES OF MANY BARDS. Gathered by John D. Ross. (Same Publisher).

This little volume is a collection of about fifty poems on the great Scottish bard. The collection shows that Burns is appreciated on this side of the Atlantic as well as on the other, and in Canada as well as in the United States. We have marked three of the poems that are by Canadians—Dr. Harper, Mr. Evan McColl, and Miss Machar.

POLITICAL PUZZLE: WHO WINS? Toronto: William Bryce.

This is a most amusing and ingenious means of whiling away a leisure half-hour. Of course it has nothing to do with Tories, or Grits, or Parties, but the name at the present moment is opportune. Instructions are enclosed in each box for the solution of the puzzle.



RIMOUSKI, P. Q.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN,—You are very inviting and kind, and it would be hard to refuse your specimen number. I have only \$1.00. Here it is. Take my name down for six months subscription, and let me drop a word in the Post Bag with the hope of getting an answer.

I am eighteen years of age, French Canadian by birth, strong and healthy, very willing to work and earn money.

The sea, that is what I love. I have studied and brooded over your splendid article in your column signed "Industria." What good humane faces Mr Andrew and Mr Montague Allan have! How I wish I could see them, speak to them, tell them my ambitions, my tastes. They look so good, I am sure they would not refuse to take me on board their "floating palaces" in order to help me to begin a career I long so much to try.

I have already travelled in the Gulf, and am not a lazy looker-on, when hard service is in request, but my parents would never allow me to engage as a simple sailor. They would let me go if I had a chance to find a place as officer on deck, the last degree to begin with. That would content them.

Perhaps I may arrive, through the mediation of your journal, to be welcomed and protected by one of the great masters of the Allan Line. I am ready to go to any part of the world, and promise to be useful, to do my duty to the satisfaction of all.

Hoping that you will give me a pushing hint in your next number.

I remain,

Dear friend,

Yours truly,

M. A. F.

MY DEAR MARCUS,—I am delighted to hear from you, and will do all I can for you. Surely between us we can arrange what you want. So soon as navigation opens, which is about the first of May, our action will commence.

From Rimouski you will see the first steamer passing up, and if you are then still minded to go on the "floating palaces," you will be ready to start for Montreal.

All our ocean steamers have need of a great many men all through the summer to help them in a thousand ways. They need sailors for the ship, stewards for the saloon, cooks for the galley, bakers for the bake-house, and officers for the bridge; besides a host of different kinds of men on the wharves to load and unload. If a steamer comes in a little late, and has a large cargo to put off, and another large one to put on, the men must work day and night, and a busy scene it is.

But if your parents agree to your becoming a sailor, they should want you to become a good sailor, and to rise rapidly to higher and higher positions. This you could never do by beginning, as you say, at the last degree, or as an officer on the bridge.

Suppose you did. Suppose you should come up to any of our steamship lines, and they should dress you in navy blue with gold buttons, and say, "Marcus, we leave Montreal to-morrow morning at daybreak. See that everything is right, and then take us down the Gulf, across the ocean, and in to the Mersey in less than eight days."

I am sure that you would wish yourself back at Rimouski, and far enough from the "floating palace." There is not a captain on one of our big steamers but has *made himself captain*. His father did not do it. The Company did not do it. He did it himself, and nobody but himself could do it, and here's how he did it.

He began as you are now. He loved the sea. Then he did what you have done, he determined to work hard. Then he may have done as you have done; he may have written to a friend, and the friend may have done what I have done, given kind and good advice.

And the rest,—who did it? The friend could not. The Steamship Company could not. Nobody but himself could. He went on board as a lad, to do—what? He may not have known very well what, but he did what he was bidden, and he did it so well that the mate or the boatswain gave him more to do. It is a good sign when a boy gets more to do.

Then he did more and more, and did it with all his might, so that when there was an opening a step up the ladder, he got it, because the boatswain knew he would do it well. He would say, "there's George, he's the

boy for you." When the next boy came on board for the first time, the boatswain would say to him, "now sir, look at George; see how he does his work, copy his example, do what he tells you."

By and bye, a new mate is needed. George is on hand. He knows well the work lower down, and so he is able for the work above. George is mate. Higher and higher he goes, creeping up step by step on the ladder, until some day a junior officer is required. The captain has been having his eye on George. He has his eye on everybody, even when they do not know it. The Company write to ask him if he can recommend to them a man for the post. He says "yes, gentlemen, I can. We have the very thing; a young fellow who came on board knowing nothing about floating palaces, but in these few years he has shown himself made of the right stuff."

So the Company calls George to their office. He brushes himself up and goes in like a true sailor, cap in hand, and comes out *fourth officer* of his ship.

Now, my dear Marcus, suppose that at this stage I should write to the captain or to the Company, or go down to speak to him about a little friend of mine who loves the sea, and who would like to be made officer instead of George. I need not tell you the answer I would get,—you know it yourself. If you were in George's place you would smile at my little friend.

So you see what is to be done. You would feel so foolish as an officer that knew nothing, that even if the Company could take you, you would never forgive your own foolishness. It takes long years sometimes to get what we want, and what we deserve. But when we begin we are on the way.

Let me put the name Marcus instead of that of George. From fourth officer to third, and from third to second, and second to first, depends not upon the captain or upon the Company, but on yourself. The final step of the ladder, up to captain, depends upon the same all-important individual, and then from captain to captain, for in our best lines there is always a promotion to the better ships.

But you need not stop even at captain of the floating palace. Why not go on to be partner in the Company, and then head of the Company.

By and bye, all the people will know you. They will have heard about how well you have done everything you had to do. They want a Member of Parliament in Ottawa, and they will come and ask you to be elected by them. Then Sir John will have his eye on you. You may be sure of that. He has eyes all round his head for the kind of people who can do what he wants them to do. So some day he will say, "my honourable friend the member for Rimouski is the man I want," and you will have to go into the Cabinet, the "Hon. Marcus Fiset," and you will be a great man. The newspapers will all be writing about you, though they won't always say pleasant things. But never mind that. Act up to your own high standard of life, and leave the newspapers to be satisfied with theirs.

One day you will be called over to England to our good Queen, and come back

SIR MARCUS AURELIUS FISET.

Why do you smile? It is true, all true, and happens every day. It is not a romance, but the real life that is stranger and more fascinating than romance.

Let all our young people learn it by heart.

Set out with a definite aim. Keep that aim clearly and always before you. Make all your work tend in that direction. Never grow wearied. Always take fresh courage. Go on. Work. Work. Work. And the reward is yours,—waiting for you.—ED. P. B.

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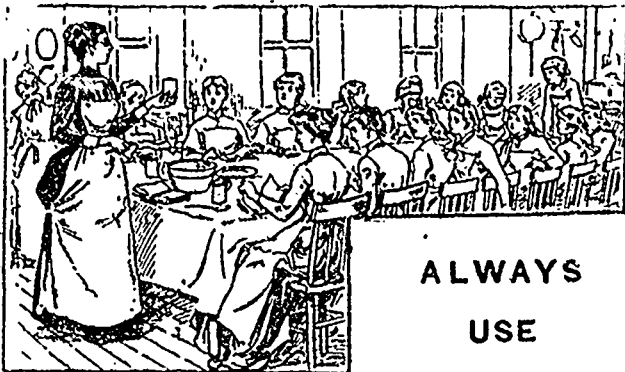
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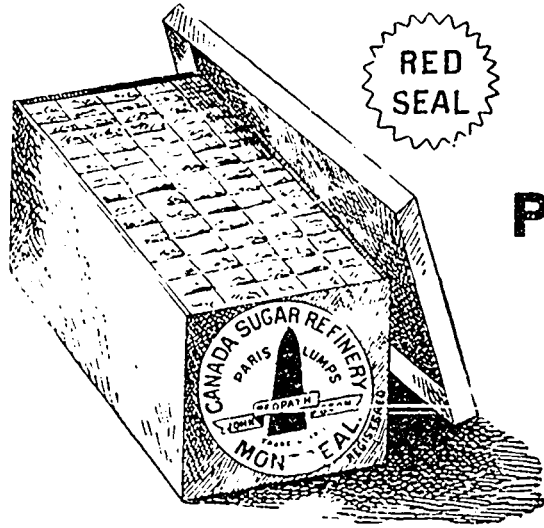
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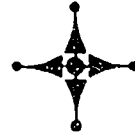
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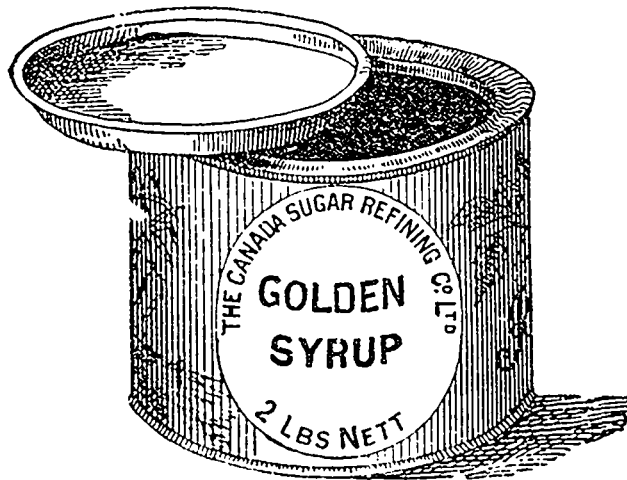
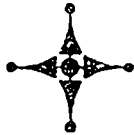
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