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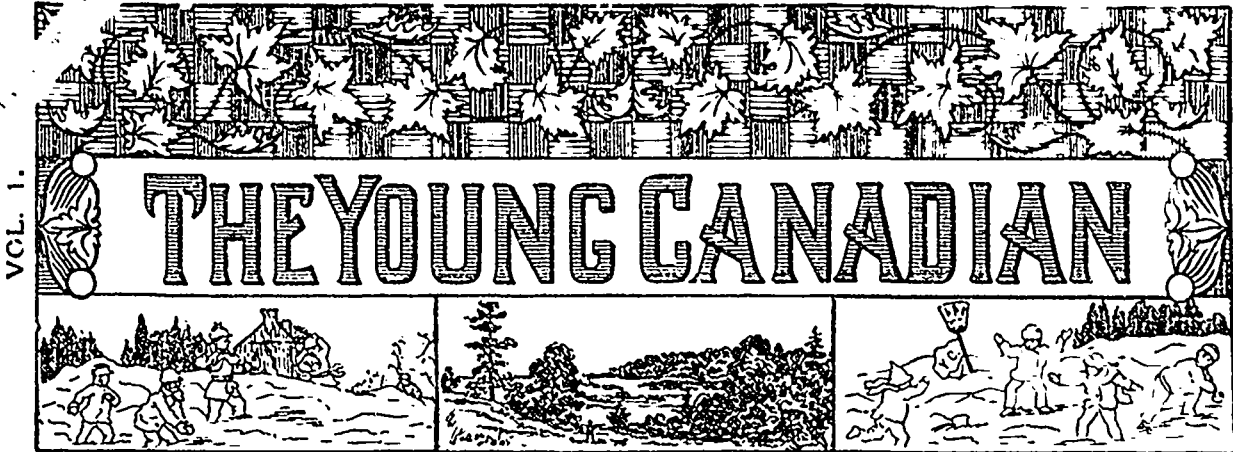
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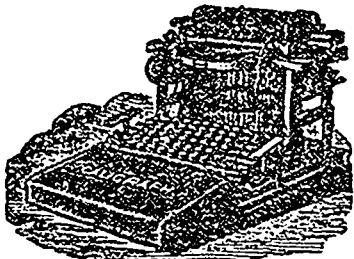
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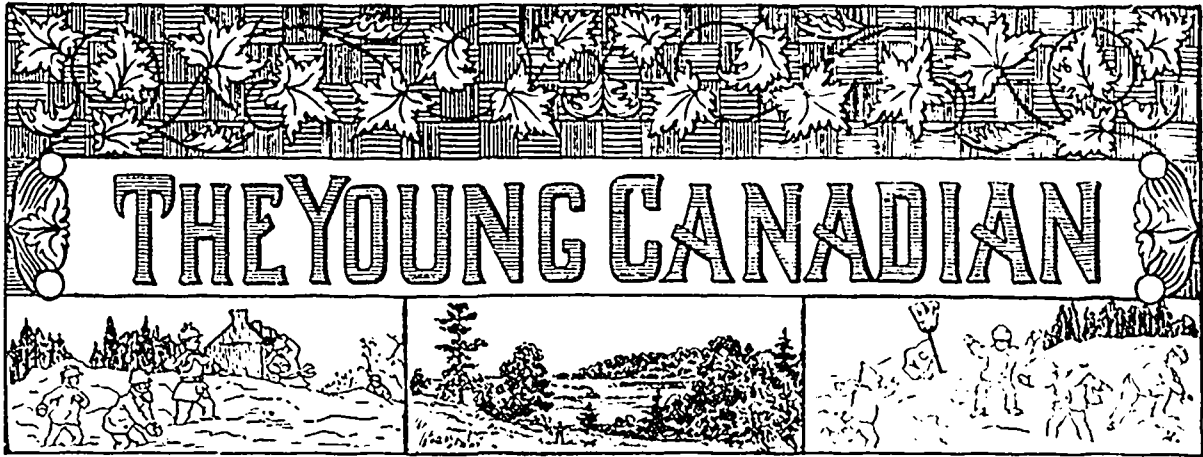
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¿ WAS HE A COWARD ?

CHAPTER I.

“Get out with thee!”  
 “Ah, little ungrateful!”  
 “Idiot!”  
 “Donkey!”  
 “That one should have reared such a good-for-nothing!”  
 “*Afraid of the sea!* Fancy such a thing!”  
 “*Afraid of his shadow next!*”  
 “Look at him! There’s a hero for you!”  
 “Coward! Yes, that is it *coward!*”  
 Something to this effect, as nearly as they can be translated into English, were the epithets uttered by a gesti-



“LOOK AT HIM! THERE’S A HERO FOR YOU!”

culating crowd, chiefly consisting of women and children, though there were a few men, wearing the dress of fishermen.

In their midst stood a boy, the object of these vituperations.

It was a French seaport—a quaint, old world place. The houses, though so ancient, looked solid, and likely enough to stand as many more centuries as they had already stood, defying wind and weather.

The narrow streets, opening on the quay, were close and full of smells, more unsavoury even than bad fish. But the air was clear and fresh, and the sun shone brilliantly in a sky of the deepest blue. It was getting fast into the west just now, and quite a flood of golden light was poured over the tranquil sea which lay all around. It glorified the rugged cliffs, and the old wooden houses with the nets stretched over their fronts to dry.

The angry little crowd was a picture in its way—the women with their white caps and gay striped skirts, and the red and blue head gear and jerseys of the men and boys.

But the western light, tranquil as it was, failed to tranquilise the faces so full of contempt and anger, excitable as a French crowd never fails to be.

“Poor Sophie! That she should have nourished such a *thing!*”

“Eh! well for her that she is gone. It would have surely killed her else to see this day the baby she reared!”

“And to call him Dieudonné!”

“Thou hast no right to dress as a boy. Wear a girl’s dress, rather!”

And the girl who spoke flung a little ragged shawl up on the shoulders of the victim.

“Ah, Fichu!” laughed an old woman, and “Fichu” was banded about jeeringly from mouth to mouth.

I may here explain, for the benefit of any not aware of the fact, that *fichu* signifies both a “tippet,” or small shawl, and “pitiful” or “mean.”

Then with a sudden movement the group, by a common impulse, turned into their various homes and slammed to the doors, leaving the object of their scorn alone, and miserable enough certainly, though their taunts had failed to bring forth a tear, or to move a muscle of his small thin face.

He wore a ragged blouse, faded and discoloured, but clean; his wooden shoes were very old, he had no head covering, and his black hair was cut so close that what was left stood up like bristles in a very poor brush, or like stubble in a cornfield after harvest. His dark eyes had a look in them like saying, “Please don’t be hard upon me!” and his mouth was very grave. So grave that it surely never whistled, and seldom smiled.

Small cause it ever had for smiling, and as for whistling, “My Lodging is on the Cold Ground,” or “Hard Times,” would have come most naturally to his lips. As for “Home, Sweet Home,” never having known the place, he would not be likely to be tuneful in that direction.

He had been found, a small infant, one wet morning, after a stormy night, rolled away in a big, broken basket, at the foot of the great wooden cross on the quay. And since then the quay had been his world. He had just lived from hand to hand, from house to house. A bit here, a sup there, a kind word from one, a blow or a shove from another. Fair fortune or foul, good temper or bad, he was used to a share of it all. He took it all, too, as he did the sunshine and the rains—warmed himself in the one, shrank away from the other.

Sophie was the name of the woman who had found him. Her husband was a fisherman. She had been praying for his safety through that stormy night, and as

the dawn rose she had crept out half in fear, half hope. Then a glad sight met her eyes, her husband’s boat safely coming in. As she uttered a thanksgiving a child’s cry fell on her ears, and there at her foot lay the old basket with the infant.

She had babies of her own; she was poor enough, but she kept the little waif, and in memory of that morning’s gratitude she called him “Dieudonné” (God-send).

Where he came from they only surmised. A vessel had sailed from the port the evening before, and there had been such a baby on board.

Sophie did her duty by her little foundling while she lived, but she died in less than two years of a fever, as did her two children. Her husband went away in a sailing-vessel which was lost, and the poor boy became common property. They all did their best for him, and he fared as the rest did, not badly, but roughly, through his childish days.

Then he passed out of the women’s hands, and among the men he would soon have been first favourite. A handy, willing lad, and one, moreover, who had no mother to make a moan over him. There were plenty ready to take him, but, alas! there was an obstacle unforeseen, undreamt of, but insurmountable—the boy was *afraid of the sea!*

This in a community of seafaring folk, where the only capital was sailing craft, the riches fishing-nets, where the very girls and women could handle an oar or a tiller with the best, at a pinch.

Afraid of the sea! Public indignation ran almost as high when the object of it was no longer visible.

“Ah, bah!” said one man; “this is what comes of fostering the offspring of one knows not whom. Better have let him perish and done with it!”

“Ah! But no, my friend!” cried a woman, “do not say one word against that dear angel Sophie, who is dead and gone.”

“He’s afraid of being drowned, I suppose,” put in another.

“Oh, he will never be drowned, no fear! a coward like him is more likely to be hanged!”

“Not that either, surely!” put in a girl who had been as loud as the rest in her scorn. “He is not bad, you know, in heart; he stood up for the cripple Johannot when big Paul would have beat him.”

“And he saved my white rabbit from the fierce-hunting dog,” said a younger child. “You shall not have him hanged, poor Dondon!”

So they kept it up, railing and excusing alternately. But, on the whole, it seemed to be the opinion that a lad who was afraid of the sea was to be utterly sent to Coventry, awaiting some much more terrible and inevitable doom.

Meanwhile the sun had set, and twilight was rapidly fading. The stars gave so little light that it was almost dark on the quay and around the harbour.

Out beyond, the sea rose and fell gently in phosphorescent wavelets, with a soft, measured cadence. To the accustomed eyes of the little lad there seemed no need of light to find what he sought. To him it was no hardship to remain out of doors all night at this season of the year. Many a time he had slept under a heap of sail cloths, or in the shadow of a boat, and never missed his pillow.

That was not troubling him now; he had never moved while all the abuse was going on, but so soon as the doors were shut, as it seemed, against him for ever, he slowly made his way out of the neighbourhood of the houses to where the cliff rose up, white and gleaming and towered far above all.

Here and there were nooks and fissures where the stone had crumbled away. Every one of these were well

known to Dieudonné. He paused at the entrance of a small dark hollow, and was about to sit down; then, with a hasty glance round, a thought seemed to strike him.

"I'll get higher up; they can't see me, and I shall be sure to hear him coming—he always comes this way," he said, half aloud.

Still keeping his hold on something he carried, the little fellow placed his foot on a slight projection of the rock, and with small difficulty swung himself up into a niche, where he sat, curled up snugly, a little above the level of a tall man's head.

It was not a bad refuge in which to have passed the night, but Dondon, as they called him, had not the intention of sleeping just then. He sat on the alert, every two or three minutes peeping out and listening attentively.

There was no sound but the splash of the water against the wooden pier, the creaking of a chain, or the faint echo of some voice across the harbour. "He is late to-night," muttered the boy. Then he sat thinking over all that had happened during the day.

He was not so angry as you might feel you would be at what had been said by his neighbours in their wrath. What was troubling him most was where would he now get his daily meal? Yet there was one word which rankled in his memory. He knew in his heart he did not deserve that epithet.

"There he is!" He spoke the words right out in the gladness with which he heard a heavy footstep come crushing over the stones, with every now and again the burst of a cheery song, not very great as to time or tune.

It came nearer quickly, and was just beneath the hole where Dondon lay hid, when he put out his head, and said, softly:

"Jean! Jean Pitou!"

"Hillo!" was the reply, as the stalwart figure of a man in a fisherman's dress halted and turned up a pleasant sunburnt face towards the sound.

"It's me! Dondon."

"Dieudonné! What you doing there? Can't you get down?" Without waiting for an answer Jean Pitou grasped the boy by the legs, and in the twinkling of an eye had him on the ground beside him.

"What were you doing there, hiding?"

"Waiting for you!"

"Me! What for? Who set you?"

"No one set me. Oh, don't please make any noise: they'll be out and at me again."

"At you! What's all this, then? What you done?"

Then the boy told all.

"They called me *coward*: I ain't that, am I? And Claire Chaudron she threw this at me" (holding up the ragged shawl) "and bade me dress like a girl!"

"For why?"

"Because I am afraid of the sea!"

Jean Pitou who during the recital had been leaning against the cliff, and frowning and laughing by turns, now burst into a roar of laughter.

"Ha! ha! afraid of the sea! Thou! I'll show them!"

"They called me coward, and I am not that," the boy repeated, his dark face flushing.

"Coward! no! Afraid of the sea! we'll show them!"

In a moment the big fellow had the boy up in his hands. He tossed him as if he were a puppet.

The boy, not understanding his object, offered no resistance. Jean Pitou strode on, and ran swiftly down the stone steps to the water's edge.

In another moment Dondon, ere he had time to make any resistance, or utter a cry, was plunged under water. Once, twice, three times he went in, Jean still keeping firm hold of his clothes, and roaring with laughter every time the gasping face appeared.

In three instants it was over. Then scrambling back with his dripping burthen, Pitou stalked up the quay, and shouted like a maniac, "Come out, come out; who says he's afraid?"

Doors and windows were thrown open. "It's Jean Pitou," they cried; "what mad freak is he after now?"

There stood the giant, as he seemed, holding on high poor Dieudonné, the water streaming from his hair and clothes, his eyes blinking like those of a half-drowned poodle.

"Afraid of the sea, is he?" roared the tipsy joker. "I'd like to see either of you do what he has."

The spectators laughed. Some cried, "Bah! thou hast been drinking. Pitou! go thy ways to bed!"

The humour of the big man changed. He shook his fist at the retiring crowd.

"I'll hammer the first that dares call him names," he cried. "He's going to sea with me to-morrow."

A chorus of laughter greeted this announcement.

"Give him some supper first," called one. And again the doors were closed upon the two.

On strode Jean Pitou, carrying his trembling burthen. Soon he reached a small house, standing apart from the rest. Here he stopped, and, pushing open the door with his foot, deposited Dondon on the floor, where he dripped like a shoal of newly caught fish. A lamp burned on the table, which was laid for supper. There was a savoury smell in the room; an old woman sat in the chimney-corner, knitting.

"Here, mother, is a big fish," cried Jean Pitou. "He must be dressed for supper."

Then, hurrying the boy before him to a little bunk beyond, he bade him take off his wet clothes, and threw to him an old coat of his own, which might have well made two suits for Dondon. Then he pushed him to the supper-table.

"Come and eat thy fill. So they call thee Fichu? Ha! ha! And you sail with me to-morrow. We'll see who's afraid of the sea!"

If Jean Pitou supposed that the involuntary baptism to which he had subjected little Dieudonné would have the effect of putting him in more friendly relations with the sea, or that a good night's rest or a plentiful breakfast might give him fresh courage, he was disappointed.

The boy helped with the nets and stores, and loaded himself willingly with the needful et ceteras of the fisherman; gladly accompanying his friend even to the water's edge. But not all the persuasion, and finally the reviling of big Pitou could move the youngster one step farther.

"You don't care to be with me, I see," said Jean.

"I do," was the reply, laconic, but earnest.

"Then come along."

A shake of the head was the only answer.

"Afraid you'll be drowned?"

"No!"

"Jump in, then!"

Dondon shook his head again.

"They'll worry your life out here."

"They won't find me!"

"Where are you going? Oh! stuff! you *shall* come!"

And the fisherman made a step towards Dieudonné, who leaped back swiftly, and grasped with all his might the iron post beside him.

"Let him be, my son," said the calm voice of the old mother, who had come down to see her son depart. "Let him be! all are not alike; maybe there is other work for him to do."

"Oh! Bah! stay at home then," cried Jean. "They are right, and coward *is* the word."

The boy's face flushed red, and his chest heaved, but he said nothing.

"Adieu, my mother; give little Fichu a job to fill the

distaff, or peel the onions; that will suit him best, little stay-at-home Fichu!"

The old woman bade farewell to her big son, who stooped to kiss her on both cheeks. She stood watching his boat, her hand shading her eyes, as far as she could make it out. Then she turned to speak a kindly word to the boy, whom she believed to be beside her.

But he was gone.

Far away up on the cliffs Dieudonné sat staring after the boat, till it dwindled to a speck on the horizon and vanished utterly. Then he laid himself down, his face to the earth, silent.

Neither that day, nor the next, nor indeed for several days after, was anything seen of the poor foundling on the harbour. At first it was supposed that Jean Pitou had been as good as his word, and that the boy had really sailed with him.

Madame Pitou was no gossip, and her house stood so far apart from the rest that only one or two had witnessed the departure of big Jean. Then another subject of interest arose, which occupied the minds of the small community.

Out at the far end of the western side of the harbour, well away from the dwellings, was a cave in the rock, closed in by rough wooden doors, where the old worn-out horses were taken to be killed. It was a gloomy spot, viewed with awe by the youngsters, and very seldom approached in their sports or rambles. Here were now in course of erection a number of rude palings, enclosing a piece of land, divided again into small portions, each having at the farthest corner a low shed, or "den," as the boys would persist in calling them, they having an idea that a wild beast show was in course of preparation.

One morning the mystery was made clear. A painted board appeared, setting forth "One Hundred and Fifty Dogs on Show here," and then came the wonderful news that the guardian of the canine hostelry was no other than "Little Fichu."

"He has a big whip," said one.

"And a new blouse," cried another.

True enough. Poor Dieudonné, having betaken himself to the spot least frequented by his old companions, had fallen in with the men at work upon the kennels. In his usual helpful way he had made himself useful to them, and they had fed him, and let him sleep on some shavings. The projector of the scheme, coming round to view the progress of his work and noticing the boy, discovered he was so very low in the world as to be willing to accept a post which had little, indeed, attractive in it.

"I'll find you in bed and board, youngster," he said. "You can show the animals, you know, if any care to see them, and what folks give you may keep."

"Keep! *All!*" exclaimed Dieudonné, amazed.

"Ay. It won't be so much that you'll need go often to bank it, I fancy," said the speculator. "You must have a new blouse, too, or the dogs will fly at your rags. I'll get you that."

So Dieudonné was installed. Food and lodging, and pocket-money! A new blouse, and something of real importance to do. Here was a rise in the world for a poor waf who had never known anything better than the crust given in charity, and the cast-off rags of those only less poverty-stricken than himself.

His house was coarse, but there was plenty. His bed was only clean straw, his companions were chiefly the dogs, and he worked hard, sweeping out the kennels, and feeding and littering down the animals. He was bound early and late to be at his post. Yet in all his short life poor Dondon was never happier than now.

True enough the visitors were not many. For the

first few days curiosity brought some of the dwellers on the quay. The boys, too, came, to be sure, but these were mostly indebted to the kindness of Dieudonné who, as the entrance fee was to be his own, was not exacting, until his patron found it out, and positively forbade any gratuitous admission.

"They may give what they like," said he, "but something they must give."

Then the boys ceased to come, save those who got surreptitious peeps, and jeered at the young custodian. But the long whip inspired respect. They did not venture to call him "Little Fichu," at least in his hearing.

The announcement on the board was visible on the other side of the quay. Visitors were occasionally attracted by it, and strolled round to see what it meant.

In the brown twilight one autumn evening a gentleman and his little daughter so came. Dondon sat as usual on the big stone beside the gate.

"Why, there is no one here!" he heard a sweet, soft voice say, and he rose.

"Yes; here is a lad," the gentleman said.

"Why, my boy, are there really dogs here? *Live* dogs?"

"Yes, sir, one hundred and fifty."

"And so quiet! Can we enter?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the payment?"

"You give what you please, sir."

The gentleman gave Dondon a small silver coin, and they entered.

No doubt about the life in the dogs now! They bounded, yelped, howled, barked, whined.

From the deep mouthed hound to the tiniest pup, a chorus of canine exclamations rose on the air.

The little girl laughed at first, but she shrank back timidly when some of the big dogs leaped up to the fence, hearing voices.

Seeing this, Dondon went before, and with a shake of his whip, and a word or two he enforced silence.

Then he lifted up two of the prettiest pups for the child to fondle.

"They seem fond of you," said the gentleman.

"I feed them," said the lad.

"You do not beat them, or they would be afraid of you," said the little girl; "I am glad of that."

She went on to ask of her father, "Could we buy one of these little dogs?"

"They are not to be sold," Dieudonné made answer; "they are only boarded here while their owners are absent; they are mostly hunting dogs, and when the season begins they are fetched away."

They had strolled almost to the end of the enclosure, nearly to the great black gates which shut in the cavern.

"There are no more to see," said Dieudonné, stopping short, as if to lead the way back.

"What are those that run there?" and the child pointed towards the big dark doors. "Are those more tiny puppies?"

"No," said Dondon, hesitating, "they are rats."

"Rats!" The little girl started, and shrank back.

Then the gentleman, raising his eyes, saw the board above the doors with the word *Abattoir*. He glanced at the dark and sodden ground beneath. The rats darted to and fro silently from under those doors which the poor worn-out horses passed through and were seen no more.

The father drew his child's arm within his own, and they retraced their steps.

A small shed, filled with clean straw, caught the eye of the elder visitor.

(To be continued.)



## NATURAL HISTORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

## MORE FLOWERS OF THE SEA.

ADAPTED FROM JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

## THE OCEAN.

The Ocean, often called the sea, covers three-fourths of the earth's surface. Its water is salt and in constant motion. In it live countless fish, and on its surface very many ships sail from one country to another, carrying people, provisions, clothing, and various articles for use or ornament.

The Ocean is useful to us not only in furnishing fish, but as a great highway for ships. There are many children who have never seen the ocean, or eaten any of its fish, or seen anything that was brought in a ship. Lest such children should therefore think that the ocean is of no use to them, and that it would have been better if the earth were made with pretty fields, farms, and gardens all over it, they should know that without the ocean no child, man, bird, or animal could live on the earth.

Animals live mostly upon grass, vegetables, or grain of some kind, which grow on the farms and fields.

The rain waters the fields and farms, fills streams, rivers and lakes, and furnishes drink for men and cattle and all creatures that live on the earth. When the vapour or moisture in the air freezes, it falls in the form of snow. When the drops of rain freeze before they reach the ground, they fall in the form of hail.

From this you may readily understand how a certain drop of water may be changed to vapour, rise from the ocean, be carried by the winds far away and over the land, changed back to water, fall on the ground, sink down below the surface, find its way to a spring, reappear in the overflow, run down a hillside, and become part of a rill, rivulet, brook, or other little stream. The stream flows on, falls over steep places, forming cascades or waterfalls, turns mill wheels, receives other streams, becomes deep enough and wide enough to float large steamboats, and at last finds its way into the ocean. Thus that little drop of water, after a long and curious journey, may return to the place it started from.

As the land on the earth's surface is higher than the ocean, you all know that the water of the ocean could not run up and over the land.

Now, how do the waters which you find on the land, even on very high lands, such as springs, rivers, and lakes, get there? They are formed by rain or melting snow. Where do rain and snow come from? From vapour or clouds. Where do vapour and clouds come from? The ocean.

All of you who have seen a kettle or pot of water boiling have noticed that something white, like smoke, rose from the top of the water. It was not smoke, but vapour. Vapour is the water so thinned out by heat as to become light enough to rise in the air. Have you not also seen the inside of windows in cold weather all wet with drops? The vapour coming near the cold window is only changed back again to water.

If any of you should hold a cold substance, such as a pitcher filled with snow, or ice, or cold water, over boiling water, you would see the vapour rise, and as soon as it touched that cold substance it would be changed into drops. That is the way rain is formed.

As cool air cannot hold as much vapour or moisture as warm, dry air, some of the moisture falls in the form of rain. That which falls on the land waters the fields and farms, and fills the streams and lakes.

The ocean, then, supplies or fills all the lakes, ponds, rivers, and streams; every drop of water on the surface or under the surface of the land, on the mountain top or in the deepest valleys; all the water of the wells and springs; all the moisture which floats in the air; and all rain, snow, hail, or dew.

The words ocean and sea are often used to refer to the whole body of salt water on the earth; which may be considered as divided into five parts, also called oceans. There are five oceans: Pacific Ocean, Atlantic Ocean, Indian Ocean, Arctic Ocean, Antarctic Ocean.

At our special request, one of our first scientists has undertaken the supervision of this charming Department. A Question Box has been opened, and the Editor has much pleasure in asking the co-operation of parents through this means. Address letters—"Natural History Question Box," YOUNG CANADIAN, Box 1396, Montreal.

(To be Continued.)

♦♦♦

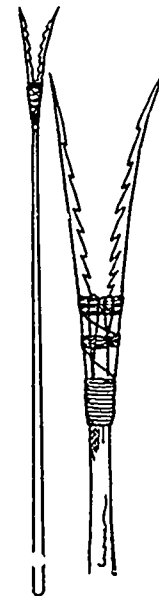
## HOW TO MAKE A FISH SPEAR AND A WICK TORCH.

"I don't know! Shure I *never tried*," is the answer reported to have been made by an Irishman, when asked if he could play the fiddle. No doubt there are many boys who would give a like reply if asked if they could spear a fish.

An amateur's first attempt at casting a spear will probably meet with about the same success as "Paddy" might be expected to achieve in his first trial of a fiddle; but almost anything can be accomplished by practice. The keen enjoyment of the fisher who by his skill and dexterity has succeeded in striking a fine fish, can only be compared to the pleasant triumph of his brother sportsman in the field who has just secured two birds by a difficult double-shot.

## HOW TO MAKE A FISH SPEAR.

Make the shaft or handle of any straight stick or pole, seven or eight feet long; trim it down, and test the weight occasionally by balancing it in the hand. When the shaft seems to be about the proper weight, it should be let alone, and attention directed to the barbs for the head of the spear.



In place of the ordinary single point generally used as a spear head, the fishing spear may be supplied with two points, as shown in the illustration. Any hard, elastic material will do for the head, split bamboo or cane, two pieces of heavy iron wire, filed to a point and notched into barbs upon the inside, as shown in the diagram, or the points may be made of bone like the fish arrows used by the inhabitants of Vancouver's Island. Very hard wood will also answer for the spear head. After the head pieces are notched and pointed, they should be firmly bound to the spear at a point a few inches below the end of the shaft. A couple of small wedges driven in between the shaft and the points will diverge the latter, as in the illustration. After this is accomplished, lash the barbs firmly on up to the head of the shaft. If a fish be struck by one of these weapons, it will be next to impossible for it to escape. The elastic points at first suddenly spread apart as the spear strikes the fish's body; the next instant they violently contract, holding the fish



a secure prisoner. The barbs upon the inside prevent the prey from slipping out, no matter how smooth and slimy his body may be.

A small instrument made upon a similar plan can be used for catching snakes or other reptiles that are not safe or pleasant to handle. Frogs may also be readily captured with a fish spear, and any boy who takes the time to make one of these weapons will find himself amply repaid for his trouble.

Armed with fish spears and torches great fun can be had spearing fish from a row-boat at night. The torch illuminates the water and appears to dazzle the fish, at the same time disclosing their whereabouts to the occupants of the boat, who, with poised spears, await a favourable opportunity to strike the scaly game.

#### HOW TO MAKE THE TORCHES.

One way to make a torch is to wind lamp-wick upon a forked stick. The ball of wick must be thoroughly saturated with burning fluid of some kind. The torches should all be prepared before starting upon the excursion.

Never take a supply of kerosene or any explosive oil with you in the boat, for, in the excitement of the sport, accidents of the most serious nature may happen. A safe light can be made with a number of candles set in a box. A glass front allows the light to shine through, and a piece of bright tin for a reflector behind adds brilliancy to the illumination. A box of this description is generally called a "jack-box;" it is much less trouble than the flaring pine-knot or wick-ball torches.

The candles in the "jack-box" should be replenished each time after it is used; in this manner the jack may be kept always ready for use. After the candles are lighted fasten the box in the bow of the boat; here it will throw a bright light ahead, illuminating the water, but casting a heavy, dark shadow in the boat, concealing the occupants from view. The boys in the boat can, of course, see all the better for being themselves in shadow.



#### THE WRECK OF THE STRATHMORE.

**T**HE *Strathmore* sailed from Gravesend on the 1st of April with eighty-eight souls on board; her crew were on all hands allowed to be mutinous and unruly, but the weather more than their misconduct seems to have led to the terrible catastrophe which befell them. In the thick darkness of a foggy night the ship struck on the rocks, and it was very soon evident that the boats were the sole means of rescue; though several of them were found to be disabled, just half the living freight of the vessel managed to take refuge in them, a heavy sea actually floating one of the life-boats clean over the deck of the vessel clear of the wreck, with its crew of eighteen men and one lady, Mrs. Wordsworth, on board. This boat rowed about all night vainly seeking a harbour in the darkness; towards morning meeting the gig, which took it in tow and brought it half disabled through the seaweed to the shores of the desolate islet which was to be the home of the survivors for so long.

The captain and first mate with half the crew found a watery grave, but the second mate with three others returned in the gig to the ship, which, being jammed be-

tween two rocks, still kept above water, and took from the rigging as many as possible of the crew clinging to it, including a little boy of three years old, whose mother had already perished among the waves. Till daylight completely dawned it was not thought safe to make a second expedition for the rest of the survivors, but a promise was given them to return for them, and the whole of the remaining castaways were finally brought on shore, together with such few provisions and other useful articles as could be collected in a hurry; to wit, clothes, a case or two of wine and spirits, and several tins of confectionery, the tins proving of even more value than their contents in after days, being used as cooking vessels.

The island seems to have been a desolate place, devoid of trees, simply a refuge for sea-birds. Winter was coming on in these latitudes, and the cold was intense.

After a while huts were raised to shelter the new population, but the exertion of building them was very painful, says one of the passengers, owing to the excessive chill experienced by touching the stones. Still some defence from the weather was needful, and especially for the one lady of the party; and to the credit of humanity it must be told here, that the roughest and least manageable of the crew all united with the rest in endeavouring to soften the privations of Mrs. Wordsworth. While those in authority over them were forced to speak in no measured terms of their misconduct as sailors, she still "entertained a very high opinion of their behaviour towards her."

During the second night of residence on the island, while the men in charge were drunk and incapable, the boats broke loose and drifted away, leaving the unfortunate people literally prisoners on the barren rock. No more provisions could now be had from the vessel, nor could driftwood be collected for firing, the *Strathmore* very shortly breaking up into fragments and vanishing before the eyes of the crew.

To keep life together was now the whole aim of the poor creatures on the rock, who had naturally fallen into six camps or divisions. Sea-birds formed their chief food, albatrosses, mollyhawks, penguins, and such-like, the rank flesh proving so distasteful to Mrs. Wordsworth that the few biscuits saved from the wreck were appropriated solely to her use. The birds were cooked at first in the tins, and afterwards in hollow stones; the spirits and wine were served out in equal proportions, but the strong and unruly often deprived the weak of their shares. Of fresh water there was happily abundance on the island. Each day the little community wondered anxiously whether the scanty supply of daily food would be continued to them, and yet each night they lay down with hunger appeased, if not completely satisfied.

The birds did not fail, and after a while the penguin's eggs became a luxurious article of diet. Some green leaves like carrot-tops, a sort of cress, and a bitter kind of cabbage, helped to keep them in health. In a month's time the firewood failed, and then they burnt the skins of the birds, which served the purpose fairly well, the fat supplying a lamp which was kept continually burning, and which in the first instance was lighted by matches saved from the wreck. Clothes began to wear out and fall to shreds after a while, and they were replaced by penguin skins ingeniously stitched together by needles formed of the wires of an old parasol which had somehow been brought from the vessel; the thread was at first canvas ravellings, then strong grass. Shoes and caps were also constructed of the same unfailling material.

Ice and snow, rain and wind, however, chilled the poor exiles to the bone, and after a while the weaker among them pined away and died. The first night of

exposure a passenger died, of fright it was supposed, and after that, one or another from various causes lay down never to rise up. The little boy, after many pitiful wailings for his lost mother, for suitable nourishment, for home and comfort, breathed his last in his father's arms on Christmas Day, three weeks before relief came.

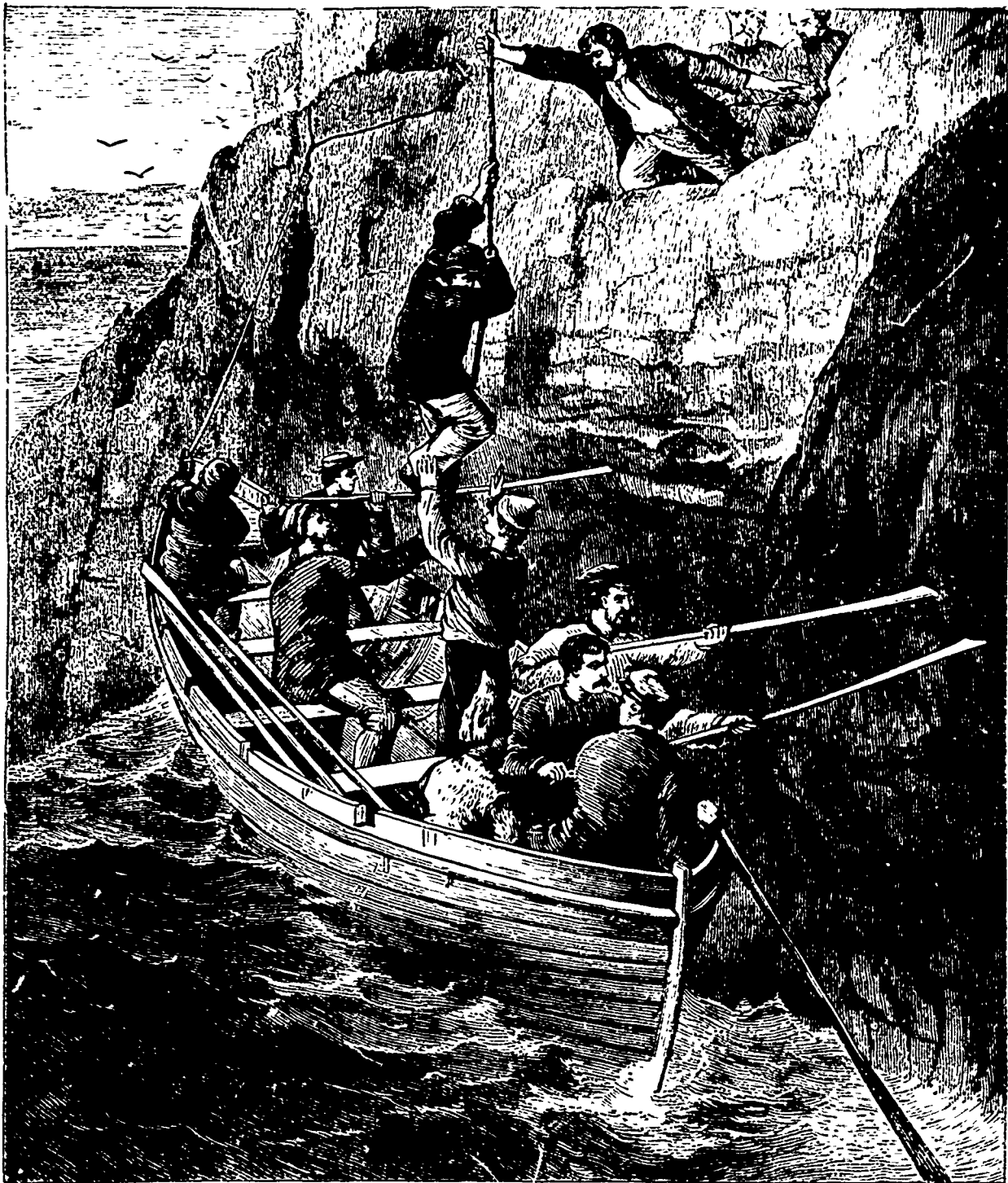
The castaways had not neglected any means for attracting the attention of passing ships: a tower of turf was built on the highest part of the island, on which an oar was set upright, and when a ship was sighted, a blanket was hoisted as a signal. Four times the poor creatures saw ships approach and then leave them, without seeing or noticing their signals of distress.

On the 21st of January, however, an American whaler, the *Young Phoenix*, took pity on them, and the captain, noticing something unusual on the apparently desert island, sent boats to inquire into the cause.

Five men and Mrs. Wordsworth were at once brought back to the vessel, and next day the whole of the survivors were taken on board, carefully attended to, fed, clothed, and, what seems to have been amongst their most gratefully acknowledged benefits, treated to warm water baths.

One poor sufferer records that few could sleep that night, "for thinking of our good fortune." The same writer mentions having erected crosses over the graves of those of the party who died on the islet.

And now the long imprisonment was over, the whole of the survivors of the ill-fated *Strathmore* were put in a way to join their families and friends, who must long have given up hope of ever seeing them alive, and who must have heard with astonishment the tale of sufferings and endurance from the lips of those who had been brought out of the very shadow of death.



THE SHIPWRECKED CREW LEAVING THE ISLAND.

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MONTREAL

I have much pleasure in asking all my young friends to hold themselves in readiness for our announcements next month. I trust that all who intend studying the Short-hand Series are getting their pencils ready. Full particulars next week, and all supplies from our office. At great trouble and expense we have prepared this course. The Messrs. Pitman, of Bath, England, have entered heartily into it with us, and we are sure that all will value it accordingly. A course from a teacher will cost at least \$20, and we quite anticipate that our efforts to put it within the reach of all through our Magazine, will be widely taken advantage of. EDITOR.

When you have inflated a paper bag by blowing into it, and then crushed it between your hands, to produce an explosion, have you ever considered how much force there is in your breath? You know this force can be measured by instruments such as you often see at a fair. I simply propose to substitute for this instrument a paper bag. The bag must be long, narrow, and made of strong paper. Place it flat on the edge of the table, the opening turned toward you, put heavy books on it, then blow out the bag, and you will be surprised at the weight which you will be able to raise in this way: to upset two large dictionaries will be a trifle to you.

SOMETIMES a striking word suggests comparisons to childhood's inexperienced minds which are downright amusing.

"We've got a hen that laid twa eggs in yae day," boasted a six-year-old Scotch urchin to a companion. "Oh, that's naething," promptly replied the other, "my father laid a foundation stane the ither day."

In the same amusing line of unconscious humour take the following delightful instance:

"Well, Johnny," said a kindly old man, meeting a neighbour's bairn one day, and clapping him on the head, "how are you getting on at school?" "Fine," was the ready answer. "Are you always keeping dux yet?" "No, I'm keeping doos." (Scotch for pigeons.)

## WONDERFUL ECHOES.

An echo is merely a repetition of a sound caused by its reflection from some obstacle of sufficient magnitude. No distinct echo is heard as a rule when the reflecting surface (which is best adapted for the purpose when concave or flat, but not convex) is less than 112 feet off. At that distance it throws back the last syllable of a sentence; when double that distance, the last two syllables; when three times 112 feet, the last three syllables, and so on. When the distance of the impeding surface, however, is less than 112 feet, the direct and reflected sounds are confounded, and a single strengthened effect known as resonance is produced, and this is often observed in halls and large rooms. To kill resonance, all that is necessary is to properly cover the walls with tapestry or other cloth hangings, which are very bad reflectors of sound. The multiple echoes, which repeat the same word or tones several times, are among the most wonderful of their class. An echo of this kind in the chateau of Simonetta, in Italy, repeats a note thirty times; at Woodstock, in England, there is one which repeats from seventeen to twenty syllables; and a remarkably fine echo occurs beneath the suspension bridge across the Menai Strait in Wales, which returns the sound of a blow with a hammer on the pier in succession from each of the cross beams that support the roadway, and from the opposite pier, at a distance of 576 feet; and in addition to this the sound is many times repeated between the water and the roadway, the whole effect of the series being most peculiar. In the whispering gallery of St. Paul's, London, the faintest sound is conveyed from one side to the other of the dome; and in the Cathedral of Girgenti, in Sicily, the slightest whisper is borne with perfect distinctness from the great western door, where the old confessional used to be, to the high altar, a distance of 250 feet. The echoes of the Lake of Killarney are also world-famous.

## THE DOORS OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The Bank of England's doors are now so finely balanced that the clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious unemployed of the great metropolis from robbing the famous institution.

The bullion department of this and other great banking establishments are nightly submerged in several feet of water by the action of the machinery.

In some of the London banks the bullion departments are connected with the manager's sleeping rooms, and an entrance cannot be effected without setting off an alarm near that person's head.

If a dishonest official, during day or night, should take even as much as one from a pile of a thousand sovereigns, the whole pile would instantly sink and a pool of water take its place, besides letting every person in the establishment know of the theft.

An old labourer, whose young wife had blessed him with a very large family, was at the registrar's getting the latest addition to his family registered. "Let me see," said the registrar, "this is the 29th." "29th!" said the labourer, astonished beyond all measure. "Ye maun be wrang, I doot: the wife tellt me afore I cam' oot it wis only the fourteenth." The registrar mollified him by explaining "that he was referring to the date of the month."

WHAT IS A DESERT?

A mother was assisting her little boy the other evening in the mastery of his geography lesson, and coming to the description of a desert, which formed part of the lesson to be memorised, she quoted the words of the text to the effect that a desert was a "barren tract." The little fellow repeated the descriptive phrase after her, but his air of mystification showed that he hadn't the slightest idea of the meaning conveyed by the group of words, and, the better to reach his youthful understanding, she endeavoured to simplify the description by defining a desert as "a place where nothing would grow." The boy's face brightened with the light of awakened intelligence, and the mother, proud and expectant, once more put the question - "Now, Johnny, what is a desert?" Prompt came the response - "I've got it!" Pa's bald head."

\*\*\*

SMARTER THAN HIS TEACHER.

When a man once becomes firmly convinced that he is a great genius it is then that the fringe slowly begins to form at the bottom of his trouser legs. But a boy may be a genius and not know of it, as witness the following humorous example:-

"You can't add different things together," said a teacher to his class. "If you add a sheep and a cow together it does not make two sheep or two cows." A little boy who was the son of a milkman held up his hand and said--"That may do with sheep and cows; but, if you add a quart of milk and a quart of water it makes two quarts of milk. I've seen it done more'n a hundred times."

Very often, however, the wide-awake boy is knowingly smart, and takes the starch out of his amiable parents like anything:-

"Oh, Tommy, how could you? It was very wrong in you to take your little sister's share of the sweet cake." "Why, ma?" asked Tommy, "didn't you tell me that I was always to take her part?"

\*\*\*

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

THE CALICO DRESS.

**A** FIG for your upper-ten girls,  
With their velvets, and satins, and laces,  
Their diamonds, and rubies, and pearls,  
And their milliner figures and faces;

They may shine at a party or ball,  
Emblazoned with half they possess;  
But give me in place of them all  
My girl with the calico dress.

She is plump as a partridge, and fair  
As the rose in its earliest bloom;  
Her teeth will with ivory compare  
And her breath with the clover perfume;  
Her step is as free and as light  
As the fawn's whom the hunters hard press,  
And her eye is as soft and as bright  
My girl with the calico dress.

She is cheerful, warm-hearted, and true,  
And is kind to her father and mother;  
She studies how much she can do  
For her sweet little sister and brother;  
If you want a companion for life,  
To comfort, enliven, and bless,  
She is just the right sort of a wife  
My girl with the calico dress.

\*\*\*

TEACHING BOBBY REPENTANCE.

Sunday School Teacher (who is trying to explain the meaning of repentance) "Suppose a bad boy steals an orange, and his good mother should catch him with it, and should take him by the hand and tell him how very wicked it was, and how very, very grieved she was, don't you think that little boy would feel sorry?" "Yes'm." "And why?" "Cause—" "Because what?" "He'd feel sorry 'cause he hadn't ate the orange afore his ma caught him and took it from him."

Bobby's view of the case was a very natural one for a boy. He simply wanted to eat the evidence of his crime, and so end the case. Very good for Bobby!



NED DARROW;  
OR,  
THE YOUNG CASTAWAYS.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ROUND ROBIN.

"WHAT is a round robin?"



Ernest Blake asked the question curiously, and his companions, fascinated by the queer sounding name, looked interestedly at Ned.

"I never saw one," replied Ned, "but I've read of them. It's a declaration or petition enclosed in a circle and surrounded by names running to the points of the compass."

"A sailor's device, I suppose?" queried Dick.

"No; it originated, I think, in London, where some employes wanted the manager of a financial company removed, and by signing in a circle made it impossible for him to detect the first who wrote his name, thus making it a collective instead of an individual responsibility. You'll understand better when we write it. Who's got a sheet of paper?"

Several boys tendered the required paper, but when Ned called for pen and ink the latter article was not to be procured.

The Professor smiled at the new scheme of his pupils when they asked him for some substitute for ink.

"There are a dozen articles we could prepare, but if colour is no point —"

"It is none," said Ned.

"Then pick up some of those brilliant red objects lying under the bushes yonder."

"What are they?"

"Cochineal. They make a bright red liquid, or rather dye."

The boys followed the Professor's instructions, and, placing the dead insects with some water, made a bright red ink, and one of their number, at Ned's direction, drew a circle and wrote from dictation within it.

The declaration it contained each one of the lads signed. It was quite a creditable production, considering the circumstances, and embodied the true sailor vernacular in its phraseology.

Ned rolled it up, and finding a bottle among their stores placed the writing within it. He secured the cork air-tight, attached a light piece of wood, and, taking up the binnacle lamp, went down to the beach, followed by the throng.

They first piled a lot of rocks on the beach and hung on a stick a piece of canvas, a signal they later enlarged.

Ned also lit the lamp which contained considerable oil, and attaching a rope, climbed a short distance up the rocks and hung it where the rays might be perceived quite far out at sea.

They then flung the bottle containing the round robin into the water, but the tide was wrong and drove it shorewards again.

"Why not hang it with the lamp for the present?" inquired Dick.

"Why?"

"Some ship may land when we are at the camp attracted by the light, and find the paper and search for us."

Dick's suggestion was not a very wise one, as the light itself would furnish evidence of the island being inhabited, but Ned, to please him, secured the bottle to the lamp.

Later this action proved of more benefit to the crusoes than they dreamed at that moment.

"We've got everything ship-shape, Professor," remarked Ned that night as they all gathered around the camp fire.

"You have all done nobly," replied Professor Ballentine, heartily. "Now, gentlemen, until I can get around, we will suspend any protracted exploration of the island. We may have to remain here for months, perhaps for years. Our temporary home is pleasant and convenient, but when the wet season sets in we must have a more permanent place of abode. Eventually the island



must be explored, the wreck visited, and arrangements for the future looking to our intellectual and physical welfare as definitely made as possible.

"Meantime, there is no reason why we should not add instruction to labour and enjoyment. My duty to your parents impels me to in no wise drop your studies. I have already divided you into the exploring, construction, and commissary parties. I do not think you will vote me cruel if I ask that an hour's lecture or tuition be given to each class on familiar subjects each evening, except Saturdays and Sundays."

"No, no! A lecture, Professor: a lecture!" shouted a dozen voices.

Professor Ballentine smiled with quiet satisfaction.

"Thank you, gentlemen, we will take an early opportunity of beginning."

The boys devoted several days to improving their home. Each day added some new discovery to their list. Each night they lighted the signal light, keeping placed in it a candle found in the cook's stores when the oil gave out.

One afternoon, through some carelessness, the life-boat got loose and floated down the stream. Ned recovered it near the beach, and as the afternoon was fine, determined to sail around the rocks and see if the wreck was still in its old position.

By paddling from the stern he managed the boat quite easily, and once in view of the wreck decided on a brief visit to it.

He reached it at last, secured the boat to its side and clambered up the side of the dismantled Neptune.

"While I am here I may as well select some articles that will be of use at the camp," he soliloquized: and he became so absorbed in his task that the hours sped unnoticed away.

He had gathered quite a bundle of various useful articles, and had brought them on deck, when he noticed that it had become strangely and suddenly dark.

A moaning breeze swept from the offing, and for the first time since the arrival on the island, the sky was overcast.

"I must hasten ashore: a storm is evidently coming up," murmured Ned, with some apprehension.

He climbed to the rail to draw the life-boat nearer to the ship.

No rope met his grasp. A thrill of terror pervaded his frame.

The life-boat was adrift, and he was alone on the wreck of the Neptune!

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE SIGNAL LIGHT.

The sea had become rough, and the tide now covered the near shore quite a distance inland, making the beach seem a long distance off.

A mere speck bobbing up and down on the waves, Ned saw the life-boat drifting north.

"There is no time to lose," he muttered, grimly, as his first emotion of fear passed away. "I must reach the shore, and at once."

But how? It was probably half a mile to the nearest coast, and the waves each moment beat more fiercely among the breakers.

"I cannot venture in that boiling flood now," decided Ned. "I wonder if the old ship will stand the storm? If so, I might remain here until it is over."

The Neptune seemed tightly wedged in between the rocks, but Ned underestimated the force of a tempest on that dangerous coast.

He was startled at the rapidity with which the storm came on. Night seemed to break suddenly.

He looked with wonder at the distant headland. Myriads of strange birds flocked towards it, and he could plainly hear the babel of their cries.

The driving rain and the sweeping tempest came down at last. The Neptune strained and groaned. Ned clung to the rail as, with a grinding plunge, the ship was swept from the rocks and into the sea.

He had expected that the movement would cause the ship to sink, but, to his surprise, it righted itself and tossed to and fro on the waves.

His eyes, fixed in the direction of the beach, beyond which the camping place was, Ned noticed suddenly a light.

It was the binnacle lantern. The boys, undoubtedly unaware of his desperate situation, had lit the signal, as was their wont every night at dark.

Ned could only cling to the ship and wait for developments. It seemed to be beating down shore, and for the present was free of the breakers.

He shuddered, however, as he saw that its course took in the jagged rocks of the headland, and that should it strike these it would be dashed to pieces in a very few moments.

"A light!" he cried, suddenly.

His eyes, sweeping the ocean, had seen a bright glow in the distance. It tossed up and down on the waves.

"It's a ship!" he cried, excitedly. "If they see the island light, will they come towards it? What is that? Another light, and it is leaving the larger one."

Ned Darrow forgot his perilous position for the next half hour, as he watched the two lights he had discovered.

He could theorize as to what they meant. A passing ship had seen the signal, and a small boat had been sent ashore to visit it. He could see the lesser light dance on the waves, and go where the larger ship would not have dared to venture, direct to the rocks where the signal hung suspended, and there remain motionless for some time.

The signal lamp was lowered, he could make that out. Then the light below began to dance again, and traced its way back to the vessel.

"A boat has visited the shore. It will return to the ship and report that the island is inhabited, and the ship will wait till the storm is over and rescue us," cried Ned, excitedly.

Crash!

With a terrific blast of the tempest there mingled the sound of breaking timbers. The Neptune had struck the rocks.

There was no time to plan now; he must act quickly. As he saw the wreck recede and dash against the headland alternately, Ned Darrow understood that it would soon go to pieces.

He caught up a dozen cork life-preservers tied together, and went to the rail.

Then clasping them tightly, he dropped into that hissing, boiling flood of waters.

The rocks grazed him, the waves blinded him, but he held on manfully.

He floated round the headland, was driven shorewards, and finally fell exhausted but safe on the beach which he had left a few hours previous.

When he arose to his feet he cast a quick glance seawards.

The light of the ship was a dancing star fast disappearing, as though driven forward by the storm.

Then he clambered to the rocks. A sailor's knot secured the signal rope.

"Some one did visit the shore!" he cried.

Then Ned Darrow uttered an ejaculation of mingled excitement and suspense.

For the piece of rope that had held the bottle had been cut clean in twain by a quick stroke of a sharp knife.

The *round robin* was gone.

(To be Continued.)

## A HOSPITAL HERO.

It was a cold night in December, and the wind blew along the slushy London streets; the blazing lights in the butchers' shops of Clare Market waved about like infernal banners. The policemen stood stiffly up in the doorways for shelter; and we, who were snugly ensconced in the house-surgeon's room of old St Barnabas, were perhaps the only people perfectly comfortable in the parish of St. Clement Danes. Our party consisted of Brown (we'll call him Brown), of myself, and a small thin man called Jourdan. How small and fragile he looked as he sat on the arm of the old horsehair sofa discussing with Brown and myself a question in physiology. How red the spots grew over his cheek bones; and how his cough rattled as he called Muller, and Kolliker, and Schroeder van der Kolk to witness that he was right, and we two signally and miserably wrong.

"Well, so be it," said I at last. "How the wind howls. It must matter but little to these poor neighbours of ours under the Adelphi arches whether their sensory nerve-fibres can be traced upward from the posterior columns of the cord or not. For my own part, I don't believe a"-----

"What!" shrieked Jourdan, "when Wagner has demonstrated that"-----

"Oh, please sir," said a nurse bouncing into the room, "that man in the Top-Ward has got out of bed, and is a jumpin' mad."

"Well, make him go back again."

"I can't, sir. He's got the crutch from the patient in the next bed, and I daren't go near him."

"Heigh-ho!" said Jourdan, "it's always thus in our profession. We just taste occasionally the sweets of scientific discussion, when we have to leave them for the disgusting practical applications."

Up stairs we went, past wards where the sufferers were most of them forgetting in sleep the distresses to which they would presently awake. All was quiet in the old hospital, save the howl of the wind and Jourdan's cough. "Confound the pedantic little chap," I thought to myself; "he'll waken that operation case." One more stair to climb, and we reached the Top-Ward, where there was unusual excitement, the patients sitting up in their beds; the poor fellow with heart-disease, the consumptive, the dropsical patient, all watching a tall stalwart figure standing in a flannel night-gown, with his back to the fire, leaning with his chin on a crutch, and evidently in deep thought. Directly he saw us, he shouldered the said piece of timber, if not to show how fields were won, to give as good a representation as circumstances would allow of how he intended winning the field on the present occasion. Whisk came the handle over my head as I ducked and escaped the blow.

"My good man," said Brown, "now, do go into bed. Is there anything I"

Whisk came the crutch again over our heads; and as we ducked, the maniac leaped rapidly past us from bed to bed, gained the door, and ere we had time to intercept him, was in the passage.

In the ceiling of the passage just outside this door was a trap which led out upon the roof; it was not far from the floor. With the activity of madness he leaped, caught the edge of the trap, swung himself up, and was upon the roof. We looked at each other.

"Here's a business," says Brown; "he'll be down into the street in a twinkling, for he'll never stand against this wind."

"What a mess we shall get into!" was my selfish thought. We got a pair of steps, and getting up them, put our heads out of the trap. The moon was shining

bright, but the wind was shrieking through the old stacks of chimneys; and now and then a tile detached would slide down the roof and drop into the street.

"By Jove," says Brown, "he must have fallen; I can't see him anywhere. Let me look. Ah, there! Good heavens! how could he have got there, right at the end of this pointed old roof, covered with slippery tiles?"

Across this, in the moonlight, we could see a long shadow, and what I at first took to be a chimney-stalk, was the madman, staring gazing on the moon. At each gust of the fierce wind his body swayed as though he would fall; but there he stood in all the sublimity and strength of mania, gazing at that planet whose supposed influence over such unfortunates as himself, has given its name to the most awful of maladies. What could we do? The nurses, the porters were assembled at the foot of the steps. Our feeling of responsibility was intensely painful. An exclamation, a sudden noise, might send that poor wretch tumbling into the street. What were we to do? I felt something push me on the steps, and then, for the first time, noticed that Jourdan had rejoined us. A paroxysm of coughing had kept him below stairs when Brown and I hurried into the ward. I saw his eyes sparkling, and heard his rough breathing as the little fellow said: "Hold these," and put a pair of half-Wellingtons into my hand. Was he mad, too, taking off his boots in such a place?

"Why, Jourdan, what"

"Hush!" said he as he raised himself through the trap and stood on the roof. We now saw he was going to seize the madman.

The latter, as I have said, was a tall stout man in a state of acute mania; our friend was diminutive, and his naturally small frame was wasted by disease. He got on the sharp apex of the sloping roof; a blast of wind came, and down he went, but he caught something, raised himself, and walked along, like one on a tight-rope.

The madman does not seem to notice him. We watch them both, and our hearts beat not only with anxiety but shame. The possibility of such a feat never had entered our own imaginations. Now he nears the maniac, who notices him, turns half round, and throws his arms up in defiance. But on Jourdan goes. Their shadows now mingle on the roof. The wind seems to howl louder, and our eyes less able to distinguish objects.

"Great Heaven! they're down," said Brown, squeezing my arms, as something rattled over the roof.

No! it was only a tile.

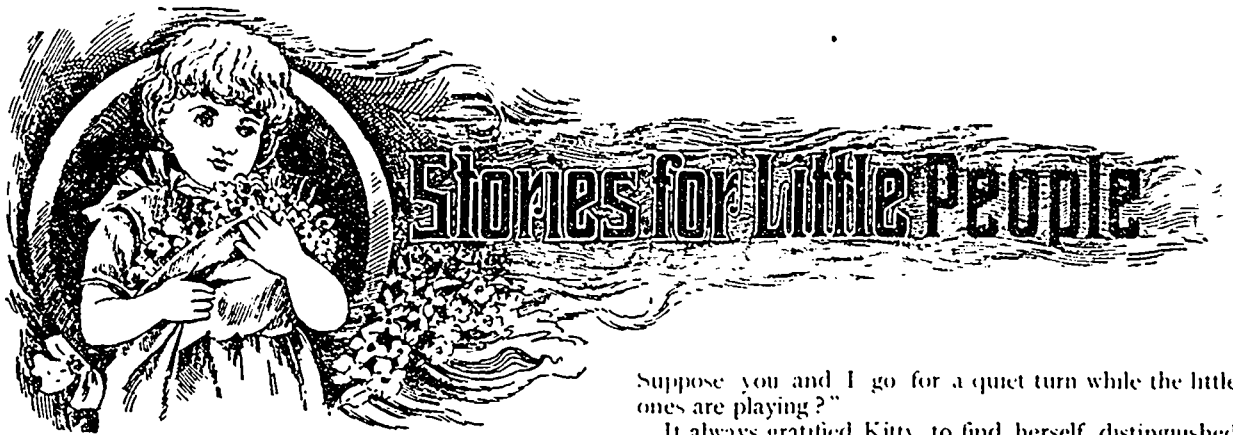
What are they doing? They are nearer us now - Jourdan walking warily backward, and leading the maniac, whom he has grasped by the breast of his night-shirt. Still are these mad hands held out threateningly over the frail figure guiding him to safety. They reach the trap. Brown and I descend the steps so as to make room for this strange pair. Down they come. We seize the great mad arms, and pin them down, and put the man to bed.

We turn to look for Jourdan; he is quietly pulling on his boots again; and so we all return to the house-surgeon's room. I shall not trouble the reader with any moral reflections, which he may draw, as well as myself, from this little adventure. Poor Jourdan's brave spirit is now, I trust, where he obtains a clearer insight into those great truths he so enthusiastically investigated in his short and useful life. The patient whose life he saved was only suffering from temporary mental excitement, and is now a strong and useful man.

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A man who cannot be a good man in a small circle of social acquaintances would find it much harder if he were higher up.





## GOING WITH THE STREAM.

It certainly was provoking. Why should Aunt Jane get one of her attacks just at the beginning of the holidays? And what *could* make it necessary for mamma to go and see her that very day, when they all wanted to have a nice long drive?

Kathleen, or, as she was called, Kitty Moore, looked very pouting and disagreeable as she leant against the side of the large dining-room window, and looked sulkily out over a lawn gay with July flowers at the sparkling river, bearing its crowd of pleasure-boats.

The door opened and her sister Nora entered, bearing the pleasant news that their friends Frank and Maggie Leyton were just coming in at the front gate. Kitty's blue eyes brightened, and she tossed back her long fair hair and hastened with Nora to greet their young visitors in the hall.

"Mrs. Moore called as she went by to day, and asked mamma to let us come and spend the afternoon with you. We can stay till half-past six," announced Maggie, and then went with her young friends to take off her hat.

Frank, meanwhile, wandered out to the garden, until he should be joined by somebody who might think it worth while to entertain him. He was twelve, and Kitty was about his own age, while Maggie and Nora were about two years younger, and great chums. The two latter went, at Maggie's request, to examine the never-ending variety of the large doll's house in the schoolroom; but Kitty thought the garden looked more inviting, so tied on her hat and wandered down to the waterside, where she found Frank sitting in the punt that was chained to the landing-place.

"I say, Kitty, what a day for the river! Let's go for a row."

Kitty hesitated. The river *did* look most tempting. It was about three o'clock, and numbers of picnic parties passed by, the sound of their merry laughter infecting the boy and girl, who watched them with an intense desire to share the pleasures of the sparkling water.

"Papa's in Ireland just now, you see, Frank," said Kitty, in a wavering sort of way—and this way, as could be clearly seen by the expression of her fair, soft face, was natural to her—"and we haven't had the boat out since he went. He has never allowed us out without him."

Now when Frank wished anything he was by no means particular as to how he gained his object, so that it *was* gained, and he knew Kitty's weaknesses very well.

"Of course not, for you haven't anyone to go with. If you'd had a brother now, it would have been different.

Suppose you and I go for a quiet turn while the little ones are playing?"

It always gratified Kitty to find herself distinguished from "the little ones," and she now persuaded herself that just an *hour* on the water could do no harm; no one had forbidden it actually, and as Nora was not by to say, in her downright fashion and with a straight look of her dark grey eyes, "Nobody's been asked yet," Kitty yielded to her own wishes and Frank's persuasions.

The key of the boat-house was in a book-case in the dining-room, and it was easily obtained. The school-room, where the others were playing, and the servants' offices were not at the river side of the house, so no one observed the boat being taken out, and merry with a sense of pleasure which a determination *not* to listen to the warning whisper of conscience enabled them to enjoy, off went Frank and Kitty, he sculling and she steering. They went down stream, and to children nothing could be more enchanting than this swift and easy gliding past trees and lawns and beautiful houses, and they did not particularly observe that the ease and speed with which their boat glided on was caused by a very swift and strong current of water. So, with merry chat and plans for holiday amusements they went on till they heard persons in other boats shouting "Lock!" and then Kitty exclaimed, "Oh, Frank, we're close to the lock! We can't get through alone, can we?"

Frank turned his head, and found that they were gliding in amongst a number of pleasure-boats; and his foolish pride made him think people would be laughing at him if he turned back now. So he answered Kitty promptly:

"Of course we can. Why not?"

And half afraid, but much delighted, Kitty steered carefully, and Frank, with great show of manliness, stood up in the boat, and warded off any chance knocks against the heavy wooden gates of the lock. And then they found themselves inside amongst a number of other boats, and Frank took hold of one of the heavy chains that hung from the big stone sides of the lock, and held fast while the gates closed and the water went down. Then the lock-keeper came round to collect the money for there is a charge for each boat passing through—and it suddenly flashed across the two children that they had never thought of this.

"Have you anything?" asked Frank, eagerly.

"Not a penny!" said Kitty. "What shall we do?"

Then the man came to them, and stared hard when Frank said they'd forgotten to bring any money.

"What do you come in for if you aint got none?"

"I tell you we forgot it," repeated Frank, much flushed, and trying to speak with the bluster he thought most likely to succeed. "And this is the boat from Rose Bank. We'll send you the money."

"Mr. Moore's boat? Ah! and this young lady's his little girl? Never see'd her in the lock alone like this before!"

A gentleman who had his own little girl with him in

another boat thought it right to interfere, and paid for Frank and Kitty, and said to Frank, supposing him to be Kitty's brother:

"You are too young to be here alone with your sister; a mistake like this exposes her to rudeness. You had much better take her home" advice which Kitty was heartily glad to hear. So on some one saying it was half-past four o'clock, she implored Frank to turn at once, or tea-time would come, and the servants would find out that they were not about the house.

Somewhat sulkily, Frank consented to remain in the lock and turn the boat. They had some time to wait, and this time, as they were going upstream, the water in the lock rose. When at last they had got free of the gates, Frank indulged in some very strong expressions about "that fellow's impudence!" Kitty was too miserable to say much; but she became very uneasy when the strength of the current they were rowing against made Frank draw in his sculls to rest, for the boat began to turn, and all her steering could not right it. Then the boy, who was dreadfully tired, asked her to take a turn

while he rested, and they changed places. But all Kitty's efforts scarcely moved the boat.

"Here, I'll go on again; you're no use!" said Frank, gruffly; and Kitty was too frightened at the lateness of the hour and the seeming impossibility of reaching home to do anything but cry, and the tears were running down her cheeks like rain.

This novel appearance attracted the notice of a young lady who was comfortably reclining in a boat that was being towed by a gentleman, who was walking along the towing-path with the boat-rope round his waist.

"Charlie, stop a minute," called the lady; and he stopped while she asked Frank what was the matter with Kitty.

"Oh, nothing, thank you—at least, not much. But she's afraid we'll be late home, and the stream's so strong— Here Frank nearly, but happily not quite, broke down himself.

"Where are you going to?" asked the lady.

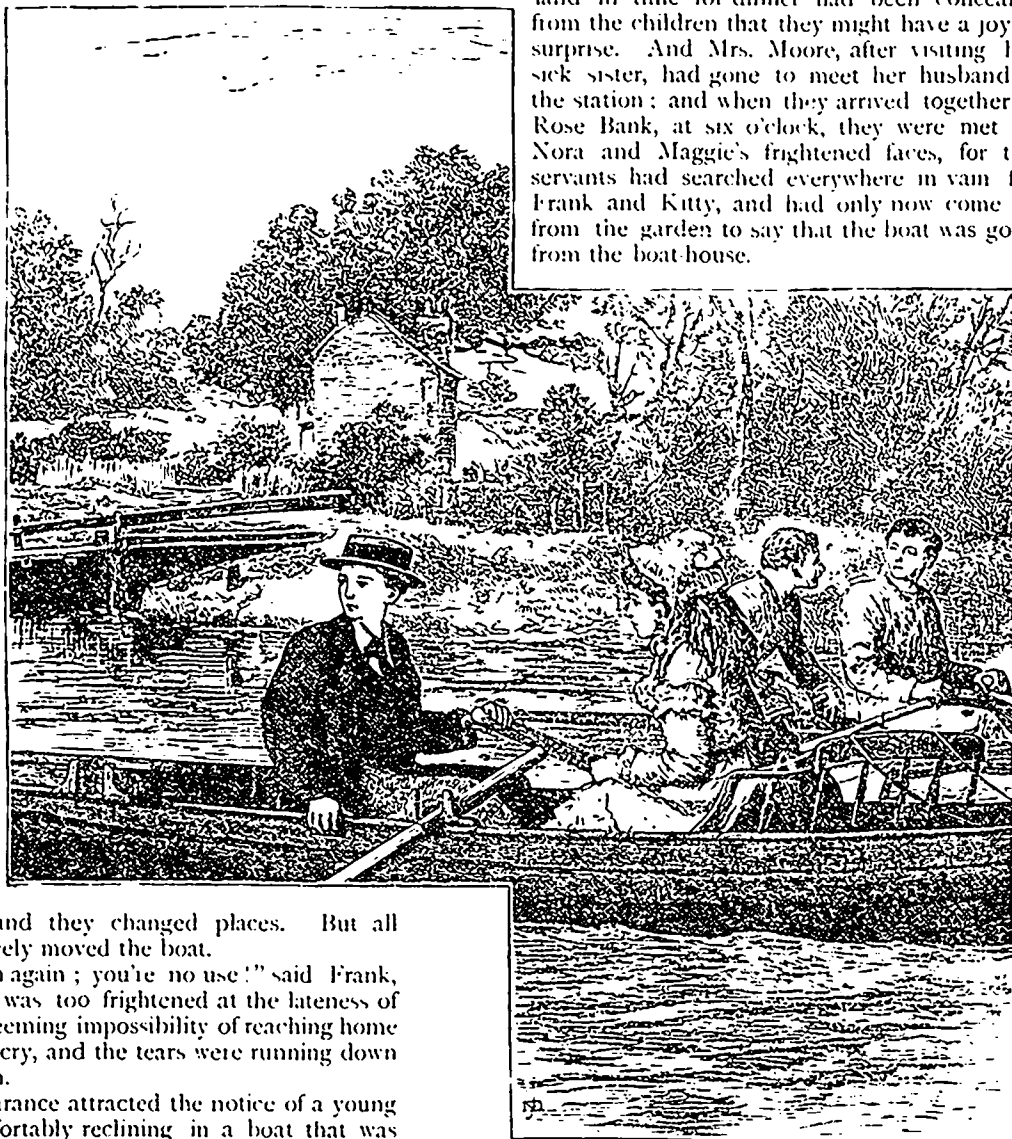
"To Rose Bank—Mr. Moore's," said Frank.

"Mr. Moore's! Oh, Charlie, this is Mr. Moore's little girl! Could she get in with me, and the boat be fastened behind ours?"

The gentleman looked rather disconsolate at this proposal that he should tow two boats instead of one; but pitying the evident helplessness of the children, he good-

naturedly agreed, suggesting that Frank should come on shore and help him to tow. This was done; and when the boat was made fast, their troubles would have been ended, but for the fact that they had no business to be there at all, and were even now dreading to arrive at Rose Bank.

What they saw when they came near was a group that made both heartily ashamed of their misconduct. Mrs. Moore was there, and, terrible to behold, Kitty's father as well. The fact that he was expected home from Ireland in time for dinner had been concealed from the children that they might have a joyful surprise. And Mrs. Moore, after visiting her sick sister, had gone to meet her husband at the station; and when they arrived together at Rose Bank, at six o'clock, they were met by Nora and Maggie's frightened faces, for the servants had searched everywhere in vain for Frank and Kitty, and had only now come in from the garden to say that the boat was gone from the boat-house.



I do not think Kitty will ever forget the stern look on her father's face. The key of the boat-house was entrusted to the old housekeeper's care, and this was a great humiliation to Kitty.

"Now if it had been Nora," said her mother, "I feel sure nothing would have induced her to forget our wishes to suit her own pleasure."

And Kitty knew that this was true, and began a hard battle with her own weakness, which will, I feel sure, end in making her worthy of the trust and confidence of those who are her best earthly friends. But in her struggles against a long-indulged habit of doing what was pleasantest instead of what was right she must often be reminded of how very hard it was to get safe home that day, although they had found no difficulty in "going with the stream."

## THE GIRLS' BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL IN JAPAN.

BY AUNT EVA.

In this picturesque land, where so much pains is taken to make everything pleasant to look at, the girls and boys get a full share of the pleasure that comes from owning and seeing pretty things. The Japanese, unlike the Chinese, love and care tenderly for their little daughters; so when, a long while ago, one of the old Daimios, or Feudal Chiefs, set the fashion of celebrating his little daughter's birthday, other parents followed the fashion, politely celebrating the same day as did their chief, the third day of the third month of the year.

Friends were invited to games and feasts. Each brought presents of dolls or other toys, in gold, lacquer, copper, wood or china. In the families of the rich, these gifts, made of the finer materials, were placed in the "Go-down." This is a fire-proof store-room, very necessary in the native light houses, where the stove is a movable charcoal fire-box. The gifts were placed on exhibition each recurring festival day.

In time, a curious and beautiful collection was made, and handed down from daughter to daughter. I will give you an account of how my little neighbour, Neko, as we call her, spent the day.

Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Suda, are well-to-do people of the middle class. They live in a dirt house, one of the several kinds of native houses. Mud is plastered on a framework of bamboo until a wall about a foot thick is formed. This dries very hard, and is painted white. A roof, verandas, and floor of polished wood are added.

The inside walls are papered, and the different rooms are formed by sliding paper screens. The windows are of oiled paper, easily broken and quickly mended. Miss Suda's bedroom is furnished with thick white matting, and a chest of drawers. A thick cotton mattress, laid on the floor, and a wadded silk quilt, compose the sleeping arrangements.

When Miss Suda awoke that morning, the servant maid, who looks as if she had stepped into life off a Japanese fan, brought in the bath in a long wooden tub, in the end of which a small charcoal stove is fastened, to heat the water. It looks like a piece of zinc stove-pipe.

The Japanese are very fond of hot baths, and Neko, unlike her namesake, the kitten, enjoys being in hot water so much that the maid laughs at her long delay, and chides her. It is a curious Japanese habit to laugh when angry or distressed, and Miss Suda knows that the maid is all out of patience when she begins to laugh. She slipped on a blue silk wadded robe, faced up with red, and ran down to breakfast.

Boiled rice and fish unsalted, served on a tray which stands upon legs, was the bill of fare. Chopsticks and a few lacquer and china dishes compose the table service. Mr. and Mrs. Suda had taken their breakfast, each at a low tea-table, some time before.

In addition to the rice and fish, they had tea and saki, a sort of liquor, and bean jelly. I do not believe my nephews and nieces would enjoy the unsocial fashion of sitting alone at meals on the floor, but I am sure the girls would think it great fun to "do up the dishes"—no ugly black pots and pans, only polished lacquer ware and dainty, lovely china.

After breakfast, the long black hair of the little girl was elaborately dressed, and decorated with fancy pins and bits of bright crape. Miss Suda's holiday dresses are all pretty, but that morning, in honour of the girls' birthday, she blossomed out like a tropical butterfly. Pink crape, embroidered in colors over a white silk skirt, also rich in embroidery interwoven with silver and gold

threads, with facings of bright silk in contrasting colors, made her as gay in appearance as she was in heart.

You would think her clothes made in queer fashion loose skirts, a long, loose sacque with flowing sleeves, and a big sash. No underclothing is worn, nor anything on the head. Short hose, wooden or straw sandals and an oiled paper umbrella completed her street outfit.

A "jinrikisha," a two-wheeled cab, with two shafts, drawn by a coolie, was called, and mamma and daughter set out to visit the shops. On the third of March the shops overflow with dolls and toys; dainty lacquer work and confectionery boxes; doll mirrors of polished steel; tea sets in charming variety and profusion, in wood, silver and china, gold and copper thimbles, which are worn on the second finger like a broad ring; all sorts of Japanese utensils modelled in doll-size, of all sorts of materials.

Crowds of people were out buying and sight-seeing. They visited one of the great temples situated in the midst of beautiful grounds. Mamma Suda dropped some money in a box to help buy food for the sacred doves that live in great flocks in the temple grounds. Booths and bazaars abounded, where shows could be seen, and Japanese "goodies" of all sorts were on sale.

Neko bought fresh popped beans from the beanpopper man. She had a bowl of mushroom soup, sweet little rice cakes, preserved grapes, candies and other dainties for refreshments. They visited Ayeno Park, one of Tokio's many beautiful out-door resorts. Its wide, densely-shaded avenues, lakes, bridges, grottos and flowering shrubs, are but a part of its attractions. The groves of cherry and plum-trees, now in full bloom, make it a fairy land. The blossoms are white, pink and red, and often double.

The various museums and the "Zoo" garden received their share of attention, and when Miss Suda reached home, laden with sweets and toys, she was met by a company of young friends. The rest of the day was spent in games and feasting. In the evening fire works were set off, and when my little friend retired to her mattress, even the frolicsome Neko was ready to rest.

But I am sure she fell asleep satisfied that it "pays to be a girl" in Japan—at least on the third of March.

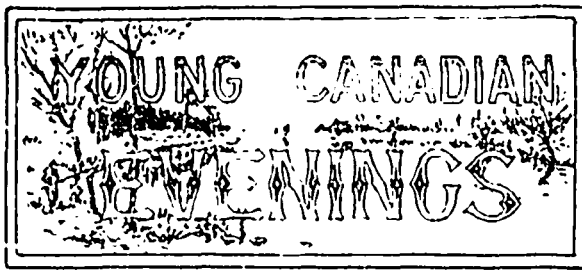
♦♦♦

## THE CORRECT FOCUS.

It will never do to exaggerate one truth at the expense of another, and a truth may be turned into a falsehood very, very easily, by simply being either too much enlarged or too much diminished. I once heard of some blind men who were taken to see a menagerie. They had gone around the animals, and four of them were allowed to touch an elephant as they passed by. They were discussing afterwards what kind of creature the elephant was. One man, who had touched his tail, said the elephant was like a rope. Another of the blind men, who had touched his hind limb, said—"No such thing; the elephant is like the trunk of a tree." Another, who had felt its sides, said—"That is all rubbish; an elephant is a thing like a wall." And the fourth, who had felt the animal's ears, said that an elephant was like none of those things; it was like a leather bag. Men look at truth, at different bits of it. They see different things. They are apt to imagine that the thing which they have seen is the whole affair.—*Prof. Henry Drummond.*

♦♦♦

When a man finds himself in thee rong plase hee shood hustle too get owt of itt, for itt belongs too sun-won elce, and hiz plase iz empty.



YOUNG CANADIAN TANGLES.

A beautiful copy of "ROT SH BIRNS' GRAVE" will be given for the best solutions in August. Answers to Tangles will be published two weeks after insertion, and all Competitions must be mailed before the Answers are inserted. Address solutions to

Tangle Editor, YOUNG CANADIAN, Box 1896, Montreal.

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 33 - NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

Phial—dip—laid—hide—head.  
Philadelphia.

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 34. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

H - e - M  
A - r - O  
N - e - Z  
D - amett - V  
E - the - R  
L - of - T  
Handel - Mozart.

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 35

HIGGLEDY PIGGLEDY PROVERBS.

1. A little rain lays much dust.
2. Hasty climbers have sudden falls.
3. All good is the gift of God.
4. Nothing flourishes for ever.

TANGLE No. 37. - HIGGLEDY PIGGLEDY PROVERBS

1. n. d. e. h. i. i. m. n. o. p. p. s. s. s. w.
2. a. a. a. b. c. d. e. e. i. i. k. l. m. n. r. s. s. u. v.
3. a. a. e. e. g. h. h. h. i. i. l. l. n. o. o. p. s. s. s. t. t. t. t. t.
4. n. a. a. e. h. l. l. o. o. o. o. p. r. s. s. s. u. n. y. y. w.
5. a. e. h. i. i. l. l. n. o. o. o. o. p. s. s. t. t. t.

TANGLE No. 38 - DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A conqueror.
2. A fruit.
3. A German province.
4. To smear.
5. To couple together.
6. Sharp.
7. More than enough

My initials and initials name two celebrated painters.

TANGLE No. 39 RIDDLE-ME-THIS.

My first is in dark but not in light,  
My second is in loose but not in tight,  
My third is in apple but not in fruit,  
My fourth is in blossom but not in root;  
My whole is a town of ancient fame,  
Now see if you can guess its name.

TANGLE No. 40.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

1.  
A vowel, science, a weapon, to draw, a letter.
2.  
The beginning of May, not near, a general principle, the edge,  
a consonant.

TANGLE No. 41.—SINGLE ACROSTIC.

1. A metallic oxyd.
  2. A large African bird.
  3. Courteous.
  4. A corner.
  5. A small fruit.
  6. An insect.
  7. Not present.
  8. An Indian spice.
  9. The yarn on a weaver's warp.
  10. A well-known American city.
  11. A common plant.
  12. Active.
  13. Promoting growth.
- My initials, read downwards, form the name of a magazine you all like.

(Answers in No. 33.)



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

PET-FANCIER.—Make your birdlime by boiling linseed oil till it gets thick enough, stirring it well and having patience till it is properly made. Pour it into cold water.

SAM. WOODS.—To varnish your walking stick, buy 10 cents worth of hard varnish. Put it on very carefully. The less you use, the finer the effect will be. A useful varnish, and one that will serve you for your summer's cutting of sticks, may be made from 2 ounces gum mastic, 1 of gum juniper, 1/2 an ounce of turpentine, and 1 quart spirits of wine. Mix them well. When you stop varnishing, set your brush in a small pot of cold water to keep it soft.

POLTRY RUN.—You may tell the age of fowls by the look of the leg, the spur, and the comb.

STUDENT.—The YOUNG CANADIAN has nothing whatever to do with politics in any shape or form. What we want to do is to draw all our young people together, to solder them up a little, and to teach them as much as we can about their country. When they grow up, they can choose their side of politics as they please.

HENRY M.—To judge of the time to allow for a train in its stoppages, give five minutes per station. That is: if a train runs from A to B without stopping and takes two hours, it would take two hours and five minutes if it had one stoppage on the way. If it had six stoppages the time would be two hours and a half.

SFASIDE.—The tides are caused by the attraction of the moon. Hence it is that they vary in time and intensity with the position of the moon.

MAID W.—At the equinox, the days and nights are equal all over the world. The word equinox means *equal day and night*. There are two in the year, namely March 22nd and September 22nd.

CHARLIE M.—You say your canary is losing its feathers round the neck. Try plain seed, a little green food, and a bit of a sweet ripe apple. Paint the neck with pure olive oil. Keep the cage out of a draught, and have the cage big enough to let the bird take exercise.

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WALFORD'S STUDIO



## STUDY

THIS COMPARATIVE ANALYSIS.

	Johnston's Fluid Beef.	Beef Extracts.
Albumen, Fibrine, &c., (Nutritious Element) -	22.10	none
Soluble Salts of Flesh, (Stimulating Element) -	33.40	58.50
Mineral Salts, (Bone Forming Element) -	12.80	21.50
Moisture, -	31.00	20.00
	100.00	100.00

BEEF EXTRACTS

—ARE—

MERELY STIMULANTS.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF IS A REAL FOOD.

H. A. MILLER,

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Paper Hanger and Decorator

GILDING, GLAZING, GRAINING,  
WHITEWASHING, &c.

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This Soap is the best ever introduced to the public; it is manufactured from the PUREST OILS, it contains no lye, or anything else injurious to the skin. It is especially recommended to the public for the removal of

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Leaving it Soft, White and Pink.

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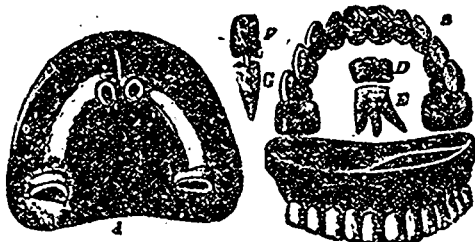
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TEETH WITHOUT PLATES!

If but four firm roots still remain in the jaw in proper position, we can attach an entire set of teeth to these roots, and restore the mouth to its original usefulness and beauty without the use of a plate.

Models showing how the Tooth-Crown and Bridgework are attached to the Teeth.

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Comparatively Painless.

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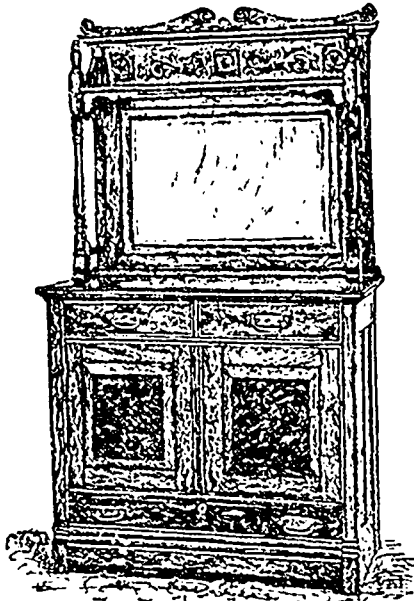
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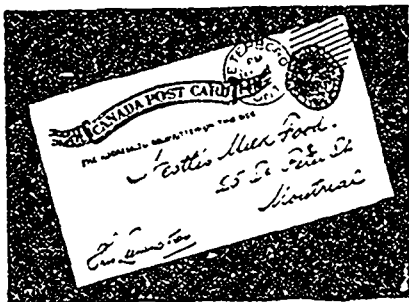
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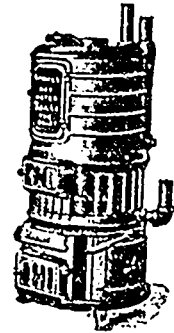
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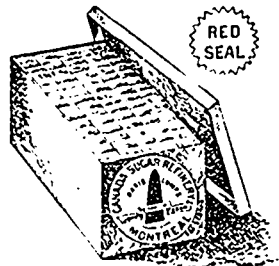
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