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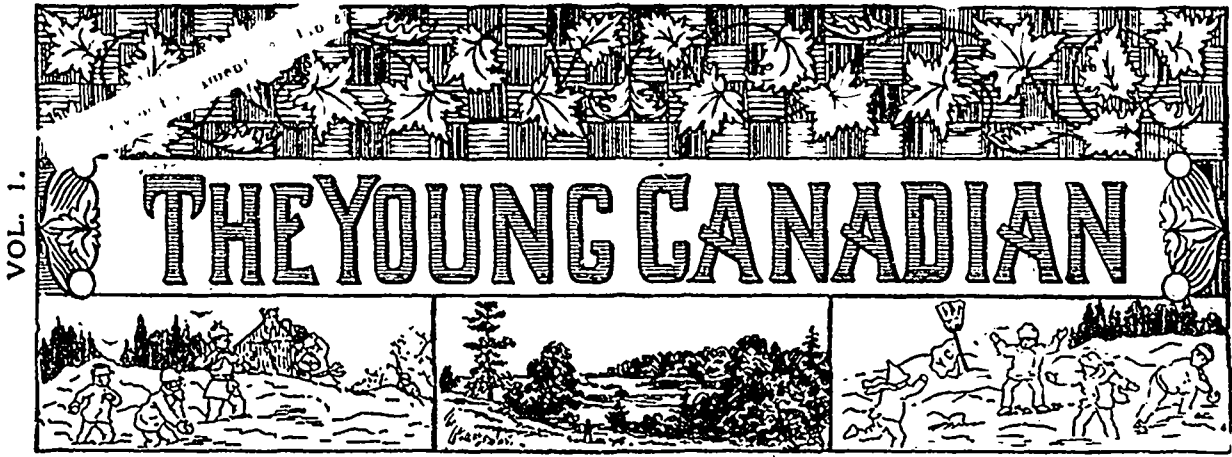
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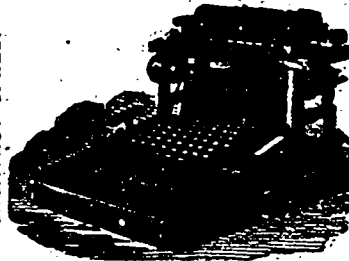
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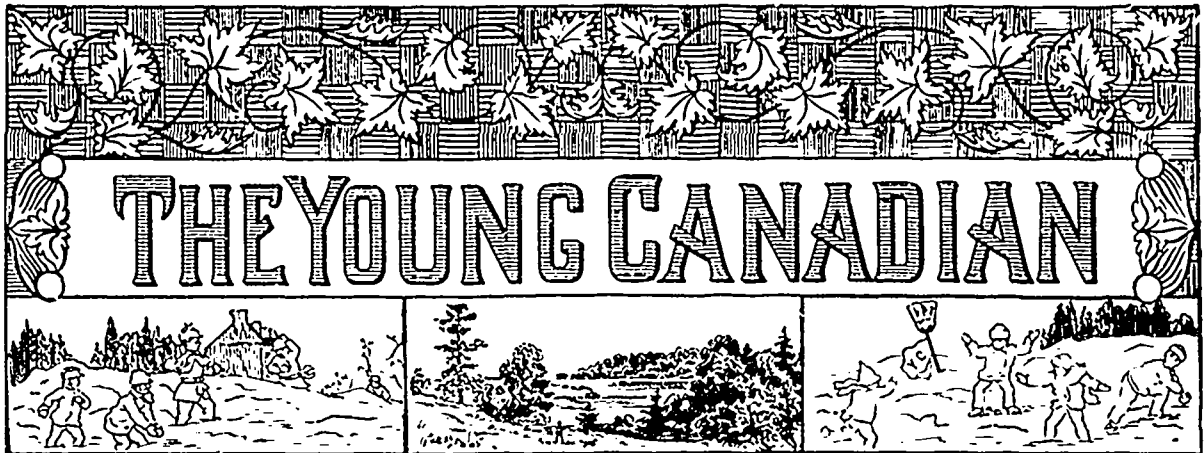
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SIGURD THE HERO.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I

THE TOWER OF THE NORTH WEST WIND.

On the rugged shore of the Northern Sea, where the summer sun never sets, there stood long ago a grim bleak fortress, called the Tower of the North West Wind. Before it stretched the sea, which thundered ceaselessly at its base, like a wolf that gnaws at the root of some noble oak. On either side of it glittered the blue fiord, dotted with numberless islets, throwing its long arms far inland. Behind it frowned a dense forest of pines as far as eye could reach, in which the wind roared day and night, mingled often with the angry howls of the wolves.

The Tower of the North-West Wind stood there, the solitary work of man in all that wild landscape. Not a sign of life was to be seen besides. Not even a fisherman's hut on the shores of the fiord, or a woodman's shed among the trees. The stranger might easily have taken the rugged pile itself for a part of the black cliff on which it stood. No road seemed to lead up to it, no banner floated from its walls, no trumpet startled the sea-larks that lodged amongst its turrets.

Yet the old castle was not the deserted place it looked, for here dwelt Sigurd, the mightiest hero of all that land, brother to Ulf, the king.

Men hated Ulf as much as they loved his brother; for Sigurd, with all his prowess, was just and generous, and lied to no man.

"If Sigurd were but king," said they one to the other, "our land would be the happiest the sun shines upon." As it is, Ulf makes us wretched. We had rather be his enemies than his friends.

But though they said this one to another, Sigurd listened to none of it, and when they urged him to rebel, he sternly bade them hold their peace. And he went forth and fought the battles of the king, his brother, and they followed him, wishing only the battle cry were "Sigurd" and not "Ulf."

For all this loyalty the king gave his brother little thanks. Indeed, as victory followed victory, and Sigurd's fame rose higher and higher, Ulf's heart swelled with jealousy, and jealousy presently grew to hate. For it was not in Ulf's nature to endure that another should be held greater than himself. So, instead of rewarding his brother for his service, he accused him and degraded him, and made another general in his place.

"Now," said the soldiers, "our chief will surely rebel, and we will follow his lead, and pluck down Ulf from the throne and set up our Sigurd."

But Sigurd sternly silenced them, and bade them serve their king as they feared him. He meanwhile departed sadly from his brother's court, and came and dwelt alone in his Tower of the North-West Wind.

For many weeks the time passed slowly, as Sigurd brooded over his wrongs and pined in idleness.

Yet this grieved him less than the secret visits of not a few of his old comrades, who had deserted Ulf, and now came begging him to lead them forth and rid the land of a tyrant. He sent them each sternly away, bidding them, on pain of his anger, return to their duty and serve the king; and they durst not disobey.

So passed many a weary month in the Tower of the North-West Wind, when one bright summer day a little fleet of English ships sailed gaily up the fiord under the castle walls.

Sigurd joyfully bade the voyagers welcome to his castle, for the chief of the little band was Rædwald, an English king, whom Sigurd himself only two years before had visited in his own land. There, too, he had met not Rædwald only, but Rædwald's beautiful daughter, who now, with her gay train of attendants, accompanied her father on this visit to his friend and comrade.

And now the days passed gaily and only too swiftly for the happy Sigurd. In the company of Rædwald and amid the smiles of the ladies, Ulf was forgotten, and all the wrongs of the past vanished. The Tower of the North-West Wind was no longer a gloomy fortress, but a gay palace, and, like the summer day in the northern heavens, the sun of Sigurd's content knew no setting.

Before the day of Rædwald's departure arrived a wedding had taken place in the chapel of the good old Tower, and the English king, as he hauled his anchors and set his sails westward, knew not whether to mourn over the daughter he had given up or to rejoice over the son he had gained.

As for Sigurd, he could do nothing but rejoice, and some who saw him and heard him laugh said, smiling,

"The queen his wife is a fairer sweetheart than was the king his brother. Ulf and our country and all of us are forgotten in the smiles of this little English maiden."

But three days after Rædwald had sailed a storm broke over the Tower of the North-West Wind. The summer sea lashed furiously against the rocks, and far up the fiord the angry breakers rushed in, so that no boat could live upon their surface for an hour.

That night as Sigurd sat heedless of the hurricane without and feasted with his lords and ladies, they came and told him that a raft had been driven ashore at the foot of the castle, with a man upon it half dead. Sigurd bade them instantly bring him to the castle, and give him fire and clothing and food, to revive him in his unhappy plight.

This they did, and presently came to the hero with the news that the man lived and desired to speak with his deliverer. So Sigurd ordered him to be brought up. And as the tempest raged without, his heart rejoiced to know that one man at least had been saved from its ravages.

The man was of the common order, and though clothed in a rough woodman's suit it was plain to see he was a soldier.

He fell at the feet of the prince and poured forth his thanks for the shelter given him that night.

"And who art thou?" asked Sigurd, to whom such thanks were never welcome.

"I am a servant of King Ulf thy brother."

At the mention of the king's name the faces of those present fell, and Sigurd asked, sternly,

"And what is thy errand here?"

"I was sent," said the man, "with two others, to spy into your state here. The king has heard of your merry-makings and of your alliance with the English king. He bade us see how you were armed and how prepared for a sudden assault, and then return secretly and report it to him."

"And is it thus you perform your errand?" cried Sigurd. "Where are thy companions?"

"Drowned, my liege, in the fiord, as I had been but for your gracious help."

"And when is the king coming to assault this tower?" demanded an English noble who sat near.

"Never," said the man, shortly.

"And why?" asked Sigurd.

"Oh, my liege," said the man, dropping once more on his knees, "please Heaven, in a week's time there will be no king in all this land but Sigurd."

The hero started from his seat and seized roughly on the speaker.

"What is it you say?" he cried. "Speak out, and that plainly, or it will be worse for you!"

"On this day week," said the trembling serf, "Ulf is to visit his castle of Nifheim. He goes there alone, as you, my liege, came hither, to receive his bride. But he will never return the way he came, for Bur and Harald, your friends, my prince, have vowed to slay him there, and at one blow rid the land of a tyrant and give it a just and good king."

When Sigurd heard this he turned white and red with wrath and fear. Fiercely he summoned his guards, and bade them seize the spy and cast him into the dungeon.

Then, as soon as words came, he turned to the company and said,

"You hear what this knave says?"

"Yes, we hear," cried some, "and we rejoice that Sigurd's day has come at last. Long live King Sigurd!"

Then Sigurd struck the table with his fist as he started to his feet and glared at the rash companions.

"Villains!" he shouted, with a voice that made the room itself tremble. "Yes, Sigurd's day has come—the day for teaching cowards like you the duty of a knight and a brother. Ulf, at his bridal, unarmed, slain by traitors' hands. Is that the chivalry ye praise? If so, begone from my sight and the reach of this arm! But 'tis no time for talk. Without there! my arms! and saddle my horse!"

"What means this?" cried all. "Where go you, Sigurd?"

"I go to my brother," he said.

"Your brother! Ulf is eight days' sail from here!"

"'Tis but five days across the forest," said the hero.

At this the ladies shrieked, and all looked on Sigurd as on a man that was mad.

"The forest, said you?" cried one. "It swarms with wolves, Sigurd, and where the wolves are not, the robbers lurk!"

Sigurd smiled scornfully.

"It is wolves and robbers I go to seek," he said.

"If thou wilt go," they said then, "we will go with thee."

"No!" cried Sigurd. "I go alone. Let him who

loves me remain here and guard my lady. I can trust you to be true to a lady—but ye have yet to learn to be loyal to a prince.”

At this many hung their heads and were silent.

Sigurd meanwhile put on his armour, and turned hurriedly to bid farewell to his wife. The hero's voice trembled as he prayed Heaven to guard over her.

Then they all accompanied him to the courtyard, where, quickly mounting, he departed, and rode slowly forward into the forest.

Sigurd rode slowly forward into the forest, and as he entered it he turned for one last look at the brave old castle which held within its walls the joy of his life—and a soft voice at his ear whispered “Return!”

Yet he halted not, nor did his courage waver, for another voice, louder than the other, cried “Onward!” It seemed like his brother's voice, as he had known it years ago, before trouble came, and when as merry boys the two lived with but one heart between them. And at the sound he put spurs to his horse and plunged into the wood.

Gloomy indeed was this forest of lonely pines, which rocked and groaned in the wind, and in which a dim twilight deepening often into black darkness reigned on every hand. And gloomier still were those distant cries which rose ever and again above the tempest, and caused even the brave horse to shiver as he heard them.

But Sigurd shivered not, but rode forward, trusting in his God and listening only to that old-remembered voice ahead.

For a league the road was easy and the perils few. For thus far the woodman's axe had often fallen amidst the thick underwood, clearing a path among the trees and driving before it the sullen wolves into the deeper recesses of the forest.

But as Sigurd rode on, and the boughs overhead closed in between him and the light of day, these few traces of man's hand vanished.

His good horse stumbled painfully over the tangled ground, often hardly finding himself a path among the dense trunks. And all around, those wild yells which had mingled with the tempest seemed to draw closer, as though eagerly awaiting the horse and its rider somewhere not far off.

Sigurd heeded them not, but cheered himself as he rode on by calling to mind some of the beautiful stories of the old religion of his land. He thought of the elves and fairies who were said to dwell in these very forests, and at midnight to creep up from their hiding-places and gambol and play tricks among the flowers and dewdrops with the wild bees and the summer insects, or dance in magic circles on the greensward. And it did his heart good to feel he was not alone, but that these merry little companions were with him, lightening his way and guiding his course all the night through. And he thought too of luckless dwarfs whom Odin had condemned to dig and delve all day deep in the ground, and throw fuel on the great central fire of the earth, but who at night, like the fairies, might come above and revisit their old haunts. And even these mischievous little companions helped to cheer the heart of the wayfarer and beguile his journey.

And so he plodded on all through the night, resolutely plunging deeper and deeper into the forest, and leaving the Tower of the North-West Wind league after league farther behind.

The day passed as the night had passed. Save for an occasional halt to rest his horse and refresh his body with food, nothing broke the dulness of the journey. The wolves alone were silent, waiting for the night. As the afternoon wore on Sigurd could see their gaunt forms skulking among the trees, casting many a hungry side-

long glance that way, and licking their cruel jaws as fore-taste of the wished-for meal.

And now Sigurd needed to stop his ears closer than ever against the voice which cried “Return,” and set his face still more steadfastly towards Niflheim. For though his heart never faltered, his spirits drooped as another night closed in, and weary and oppressed he pushed onward.

The fairies no longer cheered him, nor could he smile again at the antics of the dwarfs. The soft voice of one behind was all he heard, and the music of its tones was sad. The voice before still cried “Onward,” but it mingled dismally with the storm overhead and the wild and ever-increasing howling of the wolves. The horse, too, seemed to share his master's trouble, for he stumbled forward spiritlessly, hanging his head and trembling at each approaching howl.

Nearer and nearer those cruel voices closed in around him, not one but half a score. Stealthily at first they dogged their prey. Then, gaining boldness, advanced, and pressed more closely on the heels of the horse. Sigurd, as he glanced quickly round, saw a score of cruel eyes flash out in the darkness, and almost felt the hot breath in his face.

One bolder than the rest made an angry snap at the horse's heel. The unhappy animal, who long ere this had lost his wonted nerve, made a sudden bound forward, which almost unhorsed his rider. The sudden movement was the signal for the pack to leap forward with wild yells, and next moment Sigurd and his gallant horse were fighting for dear life.

Desperately fought Sigurd, swinging his trusty axe right and left, and carrying at each stroke death among his savage assailants.

At length the horse, beset on all sides, exhausted, wounded, dropped to the ground, unable longer to hold out. With a cry of savage triumph the wolves leapt upon him in a hideous, howling, struggling mass. Sigurd, scarcely gaining his feet after the fall, started forward alone. For the horse that was dead was more to the wolves than the hero who yet lived. And over the carcass they jostled and fought, and screamed ravenously, till nought remained to fight for.

Sigurd knew well, as he hastened forward, axe in hand and sword in belt—his spear had broken off short—that the respite was but short. A few minutes and the pack would be once more on the trail, and then it would be his turn. Yet he prayed his God to send him help and bring him through the peril.

He hurried on, yet slowly, by reason of the tangled paths and dense underwood of the forest, listening to the angry tumult behind and wondering how long before the hue and cry began once more.

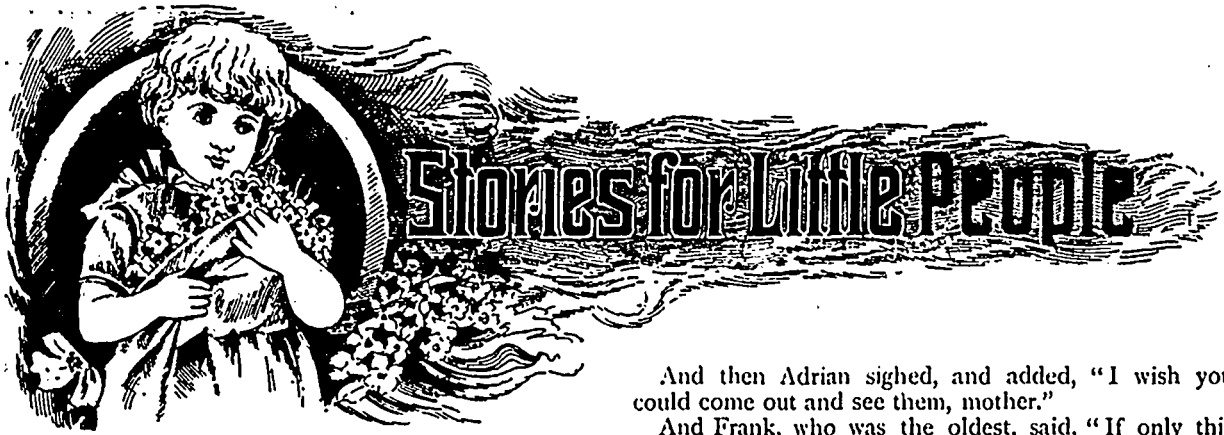
It was not long. Scarcely had he forced his way a half-mile when he could hear the pack following. Onward they came at a rush with hideous tumult, and Sigurd knew that the foremost would be upon him in a moment. He strode on, casting a glance back at every step, and gripping fast his trusty axe. Presently, just as he reached a small clearing among the trees, the brushwood behind him crackled, and a pair of eyes gleamed close at hand.

Then Sigurd turned, and putting his back against a broad tree, waited.

On they came, half sated, doubly savage with the taste of blood on their jaws.

Desperately once more fought Sigurd, swinging his axe right and left and dealing death at every blow, till he stood surrounded by a half-circle of dead or dying wolves.

(To be Continued.)



OUR TOMTITS.

BY AUNT MAMIE.

HT had been raining hard for three days, and the boys (at home for their holidays) were getting into an uproarious mood from being indoors so long, and tired of all their amusements, when out came the golden sunshine, and off they rushed, like bottles of ginger-beer with the corks out, too glad to give vent to their pent-up spirits. The little ones trotted down to ask if they too might go out for a walk. I had given my willing permission, and thankful for a quiet time, I sat down to write my letters.

The sun still kept shining, and an hour had passed tranquilly away, when a handful of gravel came pattering against my window, and on looking out, I saw Frank and Adrian, with such happy rosy faces, and arms entwined. Upon seeing my face at the window, Frank called out—

"Mother, guess what we've found in the old pump!"

"Pump, or pump trough?" inquired I.

"Oh, you'll have to guess; and we are only going to give you three guesses."

"Tadpoles?" said I.

"Wrong!" shouted the boys.

"A dead rat," said I, rather fatigued with thinking what it could possibly be.

"Wrong again!" said they. "And now be careful, for this is your last chance."

"A wasp's nest," said I.

"Altogether wrong," said my boys; "and as you never will guess it, we had better tell you at once. It's a lovely tomtit's nest."

"Adrian found it," continued Frank, "and we waited a long time behind the stick heap, to find out what bird's nest it could be. I thought it was a wren's, and Adrian declared it was a robin's, though it is not a bit like a robin's nest. Well, we waited and waited, and were getting so tired, and Adrian said it was such slow work—he was all for going away—when in darted, just at the hole the water used to come out from, a little blue-and-yellow bird. We only caught a glimpse of it, but we knew at once what it was; and to make quite sure, whilst Mrs. Tomtit was busy inside, up flew Mr. Tomtit in a great bustle and fuss. Such a lovely bird, mother! and doesn't he just know it!"

"I like the poor little hen bird much the best," said Adrian, "for she does *all* the work, which is a great shame. She was flying in and out several times with bits of feathers and soft stuff, whilst the cock bird did nothing but strut about and enjoy himself, full of swagger and airs. But he *is* a beauty, and no mistake!"

And then Adrian sighed, and added, "I wish you could come out and see them, mother."

And Frank, who was the oldest, said, "If only this weather lasts, we shall be having mother out again—who knows?"

For it was several years since I had been well enough to go out, excepting to lie on a couch in the garden. I re-echoed the hope that a "good time" was coming, and that I might be out before the tomtits were gone; and then the little lads continued: "There are no eggs yet, mother—they have not quite finished building; and the nest is so low down inside the pump, no one can reach it. But it is a good thing that pump is never used now, for if the handle *was* pulled up, why, over would go the whole concern, and down would go tomtits, nest and all!"

Then they nodded farewells, and waved their hands, and I was watching the retreating figures, when back they ran to ask, "If they lay a *great* many eggs, mother, do you think we might take two out *with a spoon* for our bird's-egg collection?"

I said I thought they might, if done very carefully, not to injure the nest or break the other eggs. "But," I added, "we had better not 'count our chickens' yet, for perhaps the birds would forsake, and then there would be no eggs."

But I was doomed to be altogether wrong about them, for the very next morning I was triumphantly told a dear little round spotted egg was visible amongst the feathers, and another was added every morning, till there were eleven, when I allowed two to be carefully *spooned* out for the collection, reducing the number in the nest to nine, which we were afterwards very glad we had done.

Then the little hen bird began to sit closely and tenderly over her treasures. Now, I must tell you that though this old pump never was used now, yet there was a large trough attached to it, which in wet weather was generally well filled with rainwater, and as the children, to see the tomtit's nest, had to stand on the edge of the trough, and lift up the top of the pump to peep down, I had many a fear lest they should tumble in; so for their sakes (as well as for the tomtits') I limited their visits to a morning call, which was a good arrangement for both parties.

However, Mrs. Tomtit did not appear to be at all afraid of her friendly visitors. She would hiss angrily at them and open her beak, flapping her wings at the same time as if she would fly at them, and no doubt gave Mr. Tomtit fine accounts of her bravery when he returned, and how she frightened away those hideous monsters, with their big mouths and eyes, who came uninvited to stare at her. I must say the male bird was very assiduous now in feeding his little wife, and was winning golden opinions, when one *sad* day the children found poor little Mr. Tomtit drowned in the pump-trough. Whether he was trying to drink, and overbalanced himself, or having a bath, and too venturesome, or whether he saw his own reflection in the water, and taking it for another

bird, tried to chase him away, I cannot tell. But there the pretty fellow was floating on the top of the water, quite dead, with all his bright feathers wet and drabbed.

Many were the tears shed over him, and he was buried in a night-light box in the violet bed. Great was the anxiety and pity felt for the poor little forlorn widow, sitting on the nest still. We feared she would be starved, as there was no longer a gallant little husband to feed her, and we almost hoped she would give up sitting and forsake, as grave were our doubts as to how she ever could feed her brood unaided if she did hatch them. We all said *some* of her eggs would prove addled; she could not hatch them *all*.

But no. Each day the report came, "She's still on her nest," and the poor little thing ceased to hiss and open her bill at the children, and looked very subdued and quiet. I removed my prohibition to go only once a day and let the children go frequently, and they dropped flies, bread-crumbs, and caterpillars where she could see them, and as they all disappeared, we *hoped* it was down her throat.

One morning the children rushed up to my room with the glad tidings that there were nine little tomtits in the nest in the place of the nine eggs.

"Surely," said I, "you are mistaken; they cannot *all* have hatched?"

But a chorus of voices answered, "All! And we have counted them several times, and there is no doubt there are nine little mouths, and all of them *wide* open!"

How Mrs. Tomtit fed them all and herself I can't imagine. She was flying in and out all day—the first thing in the morning and the last thing in the evening. The children tried putting food within her reach, but the sparrows gobbled it up; but she never wearied, or gave in.

Mercifully for her, our gooseberry-trees were not far off, and that summer were infested with green caterpillars. Probably that circumstance saved the little lives in the pump at the expense of a great many others. How I thought in my quiet room of the poor little anxious, overworked mother, and her labour of love. How I admired her, and longed to see her and her babies; but I was still a prisoner, and had to be content with the children's reports of how the little birds were thriving, and how their feathers were growing, and how the nest looked brimming over with blue-and-yellow fluffy balls with bright eyes.

It was on a lovely hot Sunday morning, and everybody but myself and the cook (in the kitchen) had gone to church. I was reading my service on the sofa placed by the open window, when presently I heard the harsh grating note of what I knew immediately to be a tomtit.

So out I popped my head, and *there* in the tree close by was Mrs. Tomtit, in the greatest fluster and agitation, with what seemed to me a countless family of baby-birds evidently trying their tiny wings for the first time. They were the loveliest blue-and-yellow feather balls I had ever seen—very strong and healthy, and all making the same peculiar harsh, grating call-note, which the mother never ceased making.

When my party arrived back from church they went to look at the nest in the pump, to find it deserted and empty, so that there was no doubt these were the genuine family of fatherless birds. They never went back to the pump. The mother kept them in our garden a few days till they grew strong on the wing, and then off they flew to the woods, and we saw them no more that summer.

The following summer, you will imagine what a sensation was produced when my husband announced to the children that there were a pair of tomtits building again in exactly the same place in the same pump.

There was a family chorus of rejoicing, and we all felt quite sure it must be the dear hen bird come back, having found another mate in the woods. Volunteers were at once found to empty the water out of the trough, and thus make a similar catastrophe impossible, and we all fondly hoped *this* time all would prosper and do well.

In due time the nest was built, nine eggs were laid in it, and eight of them were safely hatched. But we were not without our anxieties about them, for we heard the white cat had found out their abode, and though she could not possibly reach the nest, yet she spent every opportunity in watching the pump, lying on the stone wall close by, with one eye open and the other shut.

The maids (who all took a lively interest in the happy family in the pump) said pussy must be taught a lesson before the little birds came out for an airing, or she would catch them every one. So as there was a few inches of water in the trough, they popped her into it, frightening her, and at the same time wetting her very uncomfortably, and we hoped all was made safe.

Again we thought the cock bird rather a lazy fellow, and the poor little hen was still the working partner. As before, she never seemed to tire. It was the old story—early and late, in and out she flew, when one *dreadful* day I heard loud lamentations and wailings. And weeping bitterly, and carefully carrying something wrapped up in a handkerchief, my two little girls sobbed out the terrible tidings that "the dreadful cruel cat had caught and killed the dear little hen bird as she was flying out of the pump; that the cook had seen her do it from the kitchen window, and rushed out to the rescue; but too late! too late! to save the *good* little life *lived for others*." And unfolding the pocket-handkerchief I saw the body of my poor little bird friend, still warm, but quite dead.

We all grieved about it; and we wondered what would become of the hapless little ones without their tender mother; but we agreed that what *she* had done last year single-handed Mr. Tomtit ought to do easily, having one mouth less to supply.

We watched, oh, so anxiously! and too soon we saw that the father-bird was paying his motherless little ones very few visits. He seemed dazed and bewildered with his responsibilities, and was altogether taking his duties too easily.

Breathless grew our excitement, and the accounts worse and worse. The "eight little mouths were always open!" Then the children tried to feed them, but they were so low down in the pump it was impossible to reach them; and all our efforts were unavailing, for two days after the mother's death eight dead little birds were brought to me, laid out in a row on a newspaper, whilst Mr. Tomtit had absconded altogether. They were buried in the violet bed all in *one* night-light box, and close by where their loving mother and her first mate were laid.

HOW TO KEEP OUT FLIES.

The great secret of success in keeping these insect pests out of the house is in beginning the battle early in the season. Go over the house in the morning, and with a wet cloth kill every fly, which is certain to seek the warmth of the sunny window-panes; this will prevent the hatching of hundreds later on, for naturalists assert that 600 is only the average brood from a single fly. The other places where they most likely to deposit their eggs are in the dust which gathers, even in the most cleanly houses, behind books in bookcases, in the space between double windows, and behind the weights and cords of the windows.

TIRED OUT.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

"TICK and tock ! tick and tock !"
Steadily goes the old-time clock.
"Evening is come ; it is time to sleep :
Tick-away, tock-away : watch I'll keep.

"Sleep, good grandmother, sound and still !
All day long you have worked with a will.
Washing and mending, and sweeping and all,
Sleep now and rest while the shadows fall.

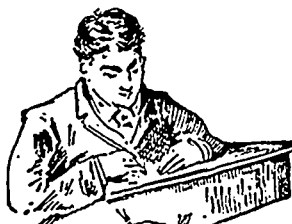
"Sleep, little baby, curled in your nest !
Playtime was merry, but bedtime was best ;
Tired at last on your pillows white,
Sleep till the kiss of the morning light."

"Tick and tock ! tick and tock !"
Cheerily goes the old-time clock.

"Weary ones, cheery ones, rest and sleep !
Tick-away, tock-away, watch I'll keep !"

BEAUTIFUL FRANCE.

What a bewitching land it is !—What a garden ! Surely the leagues of bright green lawns are swept and brushed and watered every day and their grasses trimmed by the barber. Surely the hedges are shaped and measured and their symmetry preserved by the most architectural of gardeners. Surely the long straight rows of stately poplars that divide the beautiful landscape like the squares of a checker-board are set with line and plummet, and their uniform height determined with a spirit-level. Surely the straight, smooth, pure white turn-pikes are jack-planed and sand-papered every day. How else are these marvels of symmetry, cleanliness and order attained ? It is wonderful. There are no unsightly stone walls, and never a fence of any kind. There is no dirt, no decay, no rubbish anywhere—nothing that even hints at untidiness—nothing that ever suggests neglect. All that is orderly and beautiful—everything is charming to the eye.



TERRIBLE TRANSFORMATION WHICH OCCURRED TO A BOY WHO WAS ALWAYS WRITING TO THE EDITOR.

THE RIGHT EXERCISES.

A girl should be able to move her own body swiftly and deftly ; but she should not try the lifting and carrying of weights. Girls should walk, run, climb, swim, ride, skate, shoot with the bow and arrow, but not with fire-arms. All exercise must be graduated according to previous habits. It is very injurious to start off suddenly in summer vacations and take walks of ten and fifteen miles, when previous custom had not exceeded a mile a day. It is never well, and sometimes dangerous to prolong any form of exercise too much. This is especially true of skating. No exercise is satisfactory which is taken in tight clothing.

♦♦♦

No matter what you undertake, be in earnest about it. Nothing can be accomplished without earnestness and concentration. The man who begins a work of any kind must make everything bend before that undertaking, if he would achieve success. He must literally clear the track before him, and go ahead with his eye ever on the result !

Never undertake to do two things at once. The mind can not entertain many ideas at the same time, and no one has more than two hands to work with, you know.

What we call luck is only dogged and persistent earnestness. Before the efforts of a man who is resolved to conquer what he has undertaken, impossibilities become possible. He has in his vocabulary no such word as impossible. He does not dream of the possibility of failure. Obstacles only incite him to fresh efforts. He tramples on opposition—he scales the stubborn mountains of resistance, and pitches his tent in the green fields of success which lie beyond.

The famous battle of Marengo was at first lost to the French, but Dessaix looked at his watch and said to Napoleon—"It is but two o'clock, and there is still time to win victory from defeat !" And his daring cavalry charge was made, and victory was indeed won.

And so in the ordinary concerns of life, if a man would be conqueror he must be earnest, and never give up. He may die with his hand upon the wheel of the ocean steamer, or with his shoulder to the plow, or with his sword in hand upon the battle-field, but he must never flinch from the post of duty.

Heroes, whom the world delights to praise and honor, are earnest men. All men who have ever become great, were earnest men. *Kate Thorne.*

I cannot praise the parson's eyes :
I never see his glance divine.
He always shuts them when he prays,
And when he preaches he shuts mine.

ANSELMO, THE ENVIOUS.

Two lads, named Giulio and Anselmo, went to the same college. They both wished to win honours in their studies; but while this wish was virtue in the one, it was vice in the other. Giulio, in order to accomplish his aim, applied himself with all his heart, trying to rise only by his own merits. The other boy always envied every one who knew more, and was constantly saying—"Oh, if I knew French like So-and-so! What would I give to paint like Such-a-one!" and while he indulged in these vain wishes, he neglected the means necessary to enable him to speak French well and to draw correctly. He envied Giulio most of all, and instead of liking him better for his many good qualities, he hated him because of them. In fact, his envy grew to such a pitch that it seemed as though he could not have either peace or happiness until some misfortune had befallen Giulio.

Giulio, in the frankness of his heart, often showed Anselmo his most successful achievements, saying—"Do you like this?" And Anselmo, while in words he admired them, felt that there was no calamity he did not wish to fall on his friend. When he heard Giulio win praise from his masters and school-fellows, he went away by himself and shed hot tears of jealous rage.

At the yearly examinations all the students were set to copy a certain picture. Giulio worked slowly and succeeded wonderfully, while Anselmo's painting neither progressed nor was well done. This was quite natural, for Giulio exerted himself to do his best, while Anselmo only thought of ways of spoiling Giulio's picture.

At last, carried away by this wicked desire, he ran to Giulio's desk and upset a pot of paint over the picture. Giulio was keenly annoyed when he found his painting spoilt! Meanwhile, Anselmo secretly jumped for joy. But though Giulio grieved, he did not despair. Some days after, he came to Anselmo, crying—

"Look, look, my friend, I have made my picture all right again!"

Anselmo turned pale, but pretended to be glad.

"How did you do it?" he asked.

"I managed to sponge out the smear," replied Giulio; "not altogether, but just enough for me, with proper lights and shades, and new colours, to make it do as well as before."

"The next time," muttered Anselmo to himself, "I will take care that no remedy shall be possible."

So on the first chance that presented itself, without being seen by anybody, he gave the picture two cuts across with his penknife. Even Giulio's goodness was not enough to prevent his getting into a passion at such a dastardly act. Before, when his picture had been spoiled, he had deemed it an accident; now, however, he could not doubt it was done in malice.

The Rector of the College made every inquiry, but without being able to find out the culprit. Nobody imagined that it could be the sly Anselmo, who was pretending to be altogether overcome by his friend's misfortune.

Giulio could scarcely close his eyes that night from grief, but at last he fell asleep, and sleep is an excellent cure for trouble. When he woke in the morning he saw that taking things to heart did not mend matters; that it was better to be glad of what was left, than to mourn for what was lost; in short, with all calamities it is wisest to think of mending them.

So, when Anselmo came up to him with feigned looks, he said—

"Never mind, friend, don't be sorry for me. You know the other day when my picture was smeared with paint I succeeded in taking away the stains, but not with-

out leaving some traces. I had not the courage though to throw away my work and begin again. This last thing decides me. I mean to work with all my might to do another picture without any of the defects of my first."

This he actually did. A fortnight's toil resulted in a picture superior to the former one. During this time Anselmo, rendered still more careless by the thought that he had got rid of his most formidable rival, neglected his work even more than before.

Therefore, when Giulio produced a far finer picture than the former one, he was furious, and determined to play a yet baser trick. He waited till the day preceding that on which the picture was to be shown to the masters. Then he snatched up Giulio's and rushed to the window which looked on to a river, and flung it out. This time, indeed, it seemed to him that his guilty act admitted of no remedy.

Scarcely could he hide his joy at seeing the wild things Giulio did when he could no longer find his picture. He looked here, there, and everywhere, and searched the cupboards of his school-fellows, but of course in vain. The eventful morning came, every student was in his place, his picture before him ready to show to the inspector.

Giulio, alone, who had worked so hard, then had to stand empty-handed. Bitterly he wept, and Anselmo rejoiced. Base youth! to what may envy lead us?

And now the inspector was coming. All rose and prepared to take up their pictures, while Giulio sobbed aloud. The inspector came in carrying a roll of paper in his hand; he unfolded it, held it up. Lo, it was Giulio's picture!

Beneath the window out of which Anselmo had thrown the picture, grew a fig-tree, on whose branches it had caught. The inspector coming by water to the college saw it, had it brought down, and was struck with its beauty. Now he asked whose it was.

"Mine! mine!" cried Giulio, and not able to contain himself, he ran to the inspector, and seized his picture. Everybody smiled at this enthusiasm. One alone trembled.

"Truly," said the inspector, when he had been made acquainted with the circumstances of the case; "truly the hand of God is in this. You are a noble lad, Giulio, and your virtue shall not be left unrewarded. As to the wicked wretch who envies you, the remorse of his conscience, and the sight of his intended harm turning to your good, shall suffice for his punishment."

Giulio was one of a large family in reduced circumstances. It was, then, a great thing for him and his relatives, when the inspector obtained a position for him from the Government as a recompense for his good conduct. He continued to work hard, and some years after became master of the same college where he had been educated himself.

As for Anselmo, you may be sure he never found anything that contented him. Indeed, an envious disposition is not easily altered. Giulio's prosperity was a thorn in Anselmo's side; he grew thin, pined away, and finally died when he was still a young man.

OF COURSE.

The man who in a sudden shower
Shares your umbrella on the street,
Is always very sure to be
Taller than you by several feet.

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MONTREAL

AN UNGUARDED MOMENT.

The Big Bayou, in the Island of Trinidad, is a dreary place. Everybody knows it, and dreads it. It is always gloomy and grim. The white-fever mist rises from the rank, oozy soil, like steam from a kettle. The mulattos shake their heads and mutter impolite speeches to themselves, as they recall the scenes of wild beasts that have pounced upon them as they stood waist-deep in the long lank grasses.

Here, however, it was that a young English officer and his servant were tramping through the gloomiest part of the morass, with double-barreled guns on their shoulders.

"This looks a likely place for big snakes. Sam," said the young gentleman, glancing keenly around, "I hope we shan't meet with any of them."

"*Me* hope meet dem berry much, sir," replied Black Sam with a broad grin.

"Why, are you fond of snakes? I hate them like poison."

"No fond of snakes, sir; but berry fond of de Government reward. Five pound for ebery big snake killed is big lump money for poor black man. Ha! See dere!"

The last words were spoken in a whisper, while Sam, stepping in front of his master, made a sign for him to remain perfectly still.

"Snake, sir?" whispered Sam, with a face as bright as if he had just met his oldest and dearest friend.

The officer cocked his rifle, but the negro waved him back, saying

"No shoot, massa leestenant; s'pose you no kill snake fust shot, nebber see him again. *Me* gib him settler wid dis" (and he flourished the long heavy club which he carried). "S'pose he too strong for me, *den* you make shoot."

With this Sam went forward into the reeds, stepping as cautiously as if treading on eggs. All at once he stopped short. On the ground lay a huge speckled mass, very much like a thick rope coiled round and round. Right in the centre of the mass was the flat, shining, lozenge-shaped head of the great "Python" snake.

"Ole fellow asleep," chuckled Sam: "me wake him little bit."

Down came his club on the monster's head with a thump like a thrasher's flail, but in his eagerness he struck somewhat aside, and instead of killing the snake outright, only gave it a very ugly bruise. Instantly the vast slimy bulk reared itself up with a sharp, angry hiss, and before poor Sam could draw back, the terrible coils were round his body. But the snake, half-stunned by the blow, had not full command of his strength, and before it could crush Sam in its embrace, both barrels were fired into his scaly body by Sam's terrified master. The coils relaxed, and instantly Sam's club, which he had never let go, came crashing down upon the hideous head once more. This time the blow was mortal. For a minute the huge thing writhed, and then lay dead.

"*Me* hab de five pound now," said Sam, grinning.

"And I'll have the snake," replied his master, and he kept his word. For the stuffed skin, seventeen feet long, adorns his little cabin still.

AT TANGIER.

The general size of a store in Tangier is about that of an ordinary shower-bath in a civilized land. The Mohammedan merchant, tinman, shoemaker, or vendor of trifles, sits cross-legged on the floor, and reaches after any article you may want to buy. You can rent a whole block of these pigeon-holes for fifty dollars a month. The market people crowd the market-place with their baskets of figs, dates, melons, apricots, etc., and among them file trains of laden asses, not much larger, if any, than a Newfoundland dog. The scene is lively, is picturesque, and smells like a police court. The Jewish money-changers have their dens close at hand; and all day long are counting bronze coins and transferring them from one bushel basket to another. They don't coin much money now-a-days. These coins are not very valuable. I went out to get a Napoleon changed, so as to have money suited to the general cheapness of things and came back having swamped the bank. I bought nearly half-a-pint of their money for twenty-five cents.

The Moors have some small silver coins, and also some silver slugs worth a dollar each. The latter are exceedingly scarce - so much so that when poor ragged Arabs see one they beg to be allowed to kiss it.

They have also a small gold coin worth two dollars. And that reminds me of something. When Morocco is in a state of war, Arab couriers carry letters through the country, and charge a liberal postage. Every now and then they fall into the hands of marauding bands and get robbed. Therefore, warned by experience, as soon as they have collected two dollars' worth of money they exchange it for one of those little gold pieces, and when robbers come upon them, swallow it. The stratagem was good while it was unsuspected, but after that the marauders simply gave the sagacious United States mail an emetic and sat down to wait.

The skin is delicate and fine of texture, and therefore requires careful treatment. Wrinkles and loss of freshness follow the use of a coarse towel or friction with any hard or irritating material. The softer the towel the better. To "dabble" the face with a soft linen cloth as a means of drying it, helps to preserve the beauty and delicacy of the skin.

THE BEST LUNCHEON.

When you are working steadily through the day, it frequently happens that you have no appetite for a meal at noon; so you take "only a nibble." It may be a piece of pie or cake, a tart, a doughnut, washed down with a cup of coffee. This is a mistake. If your stomach is too tired to digest a hearty meal, don't eat one of course; but let your "nibble" be something nutritious as far as it goes—a sandwich of cold roast beef, or tongue cut very thin; a soft-boiled egg; half a dozen raw oysters; a dish of oatmeal or other cereal, and milk; a light salad; or if nothing better, bread and butter with a glass of milk. Any one of these is simple, cheap, nutritious, palatable and easily managed if you will take a little trouble; and this will pay in the freedom it will earn you from dyspepsia, headache and "nerves."

A DONKEY RIDE IN HORTA.

As we came down through the town of Horta we encountered a squad of little donkeys ready saddled for use. The saddles were peculiar, to say the least. They consisted of a sort of saw-buck, with a small mattress on it, and this furniture covered about half the donkey. There were no stirrups, but really such supports were not needed—to use such a saddle was the next thing to riding a dinner table—there was ample support clear out to one's knee joints. A pack of ragged Portuguese muleteers crowded around offering their beasts at half a dollar an hour—more rascality to the stranger, for the market price is sixteen cents. Half a dozen of us mounted the ungainly affairs, and submitted to the indignity of making a ridiculous spectacle of ourselves through the principal streets of a town of 10,000 inhabitants.

We started. It was not a trot, a gallop, or a canter, but a stampede, and made up of all possible or conceivable gaits. No spurs were necessary. There was a muleteer to every donkey and a dozen volunteers beside, and they banged the donkeys with their goad-sticks, and pricked them with their spikes, and shouted something that sounded like "Sekki-yah!" and kept up a din and a racket that was worse than Bedlam itself. These rascals were all on foot, but no matter, they were always up to time—they can outrun and outlast a donkey. Altogether ours was a lively and a picturesque procession, and drew crowded audiences to the balconies wherever we went.

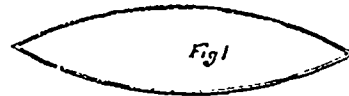
I could do nothing at all with my donkey. The beast scampered zigzag across the road and the others ran into him; he scraped me against carts and the corners of houses; the road was fenced in with high stone walls, and the donkey gave me a polishing first on one side and then on the other, but never once took the middle; he finally came to the house he was born in and darted into the parlor, scraping me off at the doorway. After remounting, I said to the muleteer, "Now, that's enough, you know; you go slow hereafter." But the fellow knew no English and did not understand, so he simply said, "Sekki-yah!" and the donkey was off again like a shot. He turned a corner suddenly and I went over his head. To speak truly, every mule stumbled over us, and the whole cavalcade was piled up in a heap. No harm done. A fall from one of those donkeys is of little more consequence than rolling off a sofa. The donkeys all stood still after the catastrophe, and waited for their dismembered saddles to be patched up and put on by the noisy muleteers. I was pretty angry, and wanted to swear, but every time I opened my mouth my animal did so also, and let off a series of brays that drowned all other sounds.—*Mark Twain.*

A CANVAS CANOE, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

BY FRED. THOMSON.

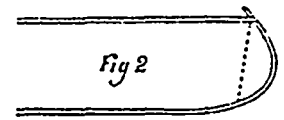
The most convenient size for you to make will be that of a canoe now in my possession, 17 ft. long, 27 in. wide, and 1 ft. deep. She is built as follows:

Two strong pieces of tough wood, forming together something the shape of a snow-shoe, as in fig. 1, and lashed strongly together at the ends, form the gunwale.



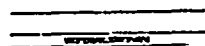
The ribs are of thin stuff about one-eighth of an inch thick, and two to three inches wide, running from gunwale to gunwale in one piece, the ends slightly pointed, as in fig. 3, to fit into notches cut in the under side of the gunwale. Between these ribs and the outer skin is placed some kind of thin bark pitched over, and the outer skin is composed of calico.

At each end, at the dotted line (see cut, fig. 2), there is a strong apron-piece, but the bows are simply sewn together, as are the other joints in the boat, which is very light and handy.



In the cuts, figs. 4, 5, 6, you have sheer plan, body and deck plan. The first thing you will have to do is to draw a plan to scale, one inch to a foot, and in this way, if you decide on a canoe fifteen feet by two feet by one foot, the plan on paper will be fifteen inches by two inches by one inch, which you can multiply by twelve to get your measurements for any part.

You must first get a piece of wood for the keel. These canoes are always built without any exterior keel, and are therefore easily turned and managed. They suit well to punt about in smooth water and in shallows.



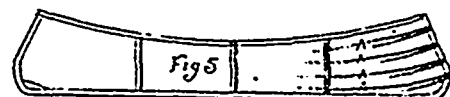
The keel proper had best be shaped broad in the middle—say, six inches—and tapering off to the ends where the stem and stern posts are joined on. Get your keel ready, and the stem and stern posts kneed in. Ascertain

by a plumb-line that they are perpendicular to the keel. The next thing is to cut out shadows, or frames, from the body plan. Three of these shadows will do (see fig. 6, c c c), one amidships, and one each between midships and the stem and stern. These shadows must be secured to the keel in such a way that they will not shift from the perpendicular, to which you must plumb them.

The keel can be made of any good wood, elm or oak, but common deal will do very well. It should be three-quarters of an inch by six inches in the middle, and taper to the ends.

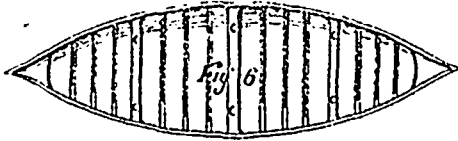


The stem and stern posts can be of three-quarter inch deal or hard wood, of sufficient length, and two to four inches deep, shaped out and secured with a galvanized iron or wooden knee to the keel. You can use an apron-piece or not, as you prefer. If you elect to dispense with the apron-piece the stem and stern posts must be deeper than if you use it, and a slight groove of, say, one-eighth of an inch cut to receive the ends of the stringers. (See cut 5, A A A A). Or this groove can be dispensed



with, and the end of the stringer tapered off so as to come flush.

You will now want two or three stringers each side, of elm, ash, or other tough wood, sufficient length, and about half an inch thick by one inch wide. These will run from stem to stern over the shadows, and be firmly secured to the parts. The gunwale must be of the same sort of wood, say one inch square, and let in half an inch into the shadows to bring it flush with the stringers. The gunwale must be secured to the stem and stern posts, leaving about an inch of the posts above



it; and a triangular piece of hard wood an inch thick and about three to six inches deep, must be shaped to fit between the gunwales and the stem and stern posts, and the gunwales firmly secured to it by countersunk screws. This will bind all firmly together. As you will have taken the measurements from your plans, in which you have decided the sheer of the boat, the gunwale will follow this sheer, starting from the midship shadow and curving up towards the posts.

You have now got the framework ready, with the exception of the ribs, which are put in afterwards. The next step will be to get the canvas to form the outside skin.

You must buy sufficient canvas to cover your canoe. See that it is close and strong. Turn the canoe upside down, and stretch your canvas over it, tacking it firmly along the keel with copper nails about an inch apart, and then strain it tightly to the gunwales and secure it there with copper tacks, first turning down the raw edge of the canvas. Then tack down the ends to the stem and stern posts, lapping one side of the canvas first round the opposite side of the part and securing it, and then bringing the other side of the canvas over the part secured and tacking it on the opposite side, thus doubling the canvas over the stem and stern posts. It is as well to run a copper band from six inches down the stem and stern posts to about a foot along the keel, to take the wear off the canvas, and a slight wooden false keel may be screwed over all with brass screws, or fastened with copper nails. Any slackness that may exist in the canvas must now be taken up. Turn the canoe right side up and gather in the canvas where you can find it slack, which will probably be at the bow and stern: and after gathering it tightly in in a pleat, sew it strongly down on the inside. This, perhaps, had best be done before you completely secure the canvas down, and while it is only secured at the ends and along the gunwale, leaving it unfastened along the keel.

Next get your ribs ready: these had best be made of rock elm or other tough wood, to avoid the trouble of steaming. They must be about three-sixteenths of an inch by three-quarters wide or one inch or even two inches wide will do if you can bend them. Space the ribs about six inches apart. See that they are cut the right length, that when put in -- which must be done by main force -- the ribs take all the stringers, and butt tightly under the gunwales. You may either cut a slight notch in the gunwale to receive the ends of the ribs, or, after all the ribs are in, run a strip of wood half an inch by half an inch under the gunwale and over all the ribs, screwing it firmly to the gunwale to keep the ribs in their places. When the ribs are all in their places you may remove the shadows and look over the canvas again to see if it is all tight, putting an extra rib in wherever you have taken it up, and securing such a plain to the rib by a few tacks.

You must now cut the crossbars the proper size and fit them in, securing them to the gunwale by knees on each side. You have now only to paint the canvas, and when it has had two or three coats firmly dried on the canoe is ready to use. After using it turn it upside down, so that water cannot accumulate inside, as if it does it will soon rot the canvas, and whenever the paint wears off a little be careful to replace it. With these simple precautions such a canoe will last a long while, and will be of great use and amusement to you, as it can be easily carried from one piece of water to another by one person.

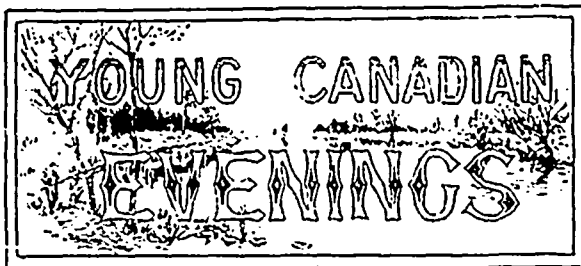
Do your work well and carefully, or you had better leave it alone, as bad work will only lead to the unfortunate craft being condemned when completed. Do not canoe unless you can swim. A canoeist, particularly when racing, thinks nothing of an upset, which to an accomplished hand is merely the loss of a few minutes, when, the canoe righted and the owner once more in charge, the prize is still held in view.

A TIGRESS TEACHING HER YOUNG.

Have you ever seen a cat catch a mouse and hand it over to her kittens to teach them how to kill? Well, a tigress is merely a big cat, and she teaches her cubs almost in the same way, only not with mice. An East Indian officer witnessed a scene of this kind: An old bull bison had been the victim, and the tigress had disabled him by breaking one of his right fore-legs just below the knee. She never touched the throat, the usual place of seizing, but allowed the cubs to worry the disabled animal. The eye-witness relates that the cubs acted exactly like kittens, advanced and retreated, and worried the victim, all the time mewing and snarling, while the tigress sat near by watching their antics and occasionally giving the bison a blow with her paw when he showed undue activity. The officer shot the tigress, and one of her cubs when his curiosity had been gratified, and he remarks that he could not help thinking--"Suppose it had been a human being on whom the cubs were practising?" The supposition is an awful one, but it has doubtless been realized many times.

A CURIOUS FACT.

Many years ago a gentleman built a country house, which he fitted up and furnished according to his own taste. To accomplish this, he caused to be brought from Italy a piece of pure white marble, out of which a mantelpiece was constructed for his own sitting-room. The mantelpiece was of singularly pure marble in one block, and free from flaw, save in one part. Shortly after its erection the owner of the house noticed a small, damp-looking stain, no bigger than the nail of his little finger, in the very centre of the mantelpiece; this, however, was so slight a blemish that it did not trouble him, till, as months and years went by, it became evident that the mark slowly but surely increased. For twenty years the good man of the house sat in his arm-chair facing the curious stain, and marvelling what caused its certain spread. At the lapse of that period it had increased to the size of the palm of his hand, and he could no longer rest in patient contemplation of it. Masons were sent for, and desired to take down the marble and break it in two, so as to disclose the mystery. This was done, and, to the amazement of all, out hopped an enormous toad!



TANGLES.

PRIZE.

A beautiful book—"OUR HOMES," for the best solutions in July. Competition closes August 12th. See who gets it.

ED. TANGLES.

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 18.

GEOGRAPHICAL "DIAMOND" PUZZLE.

- 1-2. Town in Piedmont Aosta.
- 2-3. Port on Red Sea Akaba.
- 3-4. Port in Peru Arica.
- 4-1. River in Ireland Avoca.
- 1-5. Bay in South Africa Algoa.
- 5-2. Port in Scotland Alloa.
- 5-3. River in Wallachia..... Aluta.
- 3-4. Town in Spain..... Avila.
- 3-6. Town in Sweden..... Aresta.
- 6-7. Town in Albania..... Avlona.
- 7-8. Town in Denmark..... Altona.
- 8-3. Country in Asia Arabia.
- 3-9. Town in Turkey-in-Asia..... Amasia.
- 9-6. Town in Hindoostan..... Almora.
- 9-7. Town in Italy Aquila.
- 9-8. Territory of United States..... Alaska.
- 7-10. Province in Europe..... Albania.
- 10-11. A State in United States..... Alabama.
- 11-12. River in Siberia Anchara.
- 12-7. One of the Muluca Islands.. Amboyna.
- 7-13. Town in Maine, U.S..... Augusta.
- 13-10. Port in Italy..... Asinara.
- 13-11. Port in Greece Arcadia.
- 13-12. Island in West Indies.. Antigua.

TANGLE No. 19.

U O a O, but I O u;
 O O no O, but O O me;
 O let not my O a O go;
 But give O O, I O u so!

TANGLE No. 20.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Primals and finals read downwards, using the 9 branches of study, a guide in which THE YOUNG CANADIAN "aims to foster." (See our First Number.)

- 1. A prominent Canadian gentleman and a good friend of THE YOUNG CANADIAN.
- 2. Inferior Turkish Judges.
- 3. Original occupiers of Canada.
- 4. What the Editor has to do.
- 5. A Papal messenger.
- 6. Initials of a great Canadian enterprise.
- 7. A character in the first story in THE YOUNG CANADIAN (No. 1).

TANGLE No. 21.—WORD PUZZLE.

Take one word of seven letters, which we recommend all young Canadians to study. Without altering the sequence of any letters, you may read twelve words:—1. An exclamation meaning "stop." 2. One signifying "listen." 3. A possessive pronoun. 4. Myself. 5. Third person singular of a verb. 6. Many a good one found in my school. 7. A preposition. 8. An Arabian town. 9. A political party. 10. An exclamation. 11. A conjunction. 12. (with one letter added) One of the chief products and one of the greatest curses of Canada.

(Answers in No. 26.)

A JOKE THAT MISSED FIRE.

BY MAX ADELER.

Cooley's oldest boy is a little too fond of playing practical jokes. The other evening he went up into the third-story back room in which the hired man sleeps, and fixing a piece of stout twine to the bedclothes, he ran it down stairs into his own room, with the intent to remove the covers from the hired man as soon as that individual got into bed. The Cooleys had just taken down their winter stoves, and they had the parlor stove standing temporarily at the head of the third-story stairs. The man discovered the string just as he was retiring, and comprehending the motive of the intended trick he quietly untied it, and fastened it to the stove. The boy meantime had gone to bed, and forgotten about the string. But about ten o'clock Mr. Cooley, who was up stairs getting apples in the garret, caught his foot in the string as he was coming down the steps. He fell, and pulled the stove over after him, and the next moment Cooley, a pan of apples, and about forty pieces of stove, stovepipe, grates, and brick lining were rattling down stairs, with a noise like a volley of musketry. As Cooley lay on the landing with a pile of apples and cast iron heaped upon him Mrs. Cooley, and the boy and the servants, came rushing out to ascertain what on earth was the matter.

As they approached, Cooley said:
 "Terrible, wasn't it? Awfullest earthquake we ever had in this country."

"Was there a real earthquake?" asked Mrs. Cooley.
 "I didn't feel a shake."

"Didn't feel it!" exclaimed Cooley, taking a stove-leg out of his shirt-collar and brushing the soot from his clothes. "Didn't feel it? Why, my gracious! The house rocked like a cradle. I thought she'd go clear over every minute. It's the worst shock I ever felt. Sent me skipping down stairs with things a rattling after me till I thought the roof had bursted in. There's something queer about these natural convulsions. These scientific men say that the shake always moves kinder in waves from east to west so that if it comes from the— Hello! what's this?" exclaimed Cooley, discovering the twine wrapped around his leg. "Who tied that string to that there stove?"

As he looked around inquiringly, he observed his oldest boy suddenly mount up on the balustrade and glide swiftly down to the first floor, where he stood waiting for an offensive movement on the part of his father. Then Cooley leaned over the railing, and shaking his fist at him said:

"You wicked little scoundrel, if you ain't a candidate for the gallows I'm no judge. You come up here and go to bed, and to-morrow morning I'll tan your hide for you with a bed-slat. You mind me? I'll give you enough earthquake to make you dance from here to the equator, you tow-headed outcast."

Then the family went to bed, and the boy crept softly up the kitchen stairs, thinking there was not much fun in such jokes anyhow.

NED DARROW;
OR,
THE YOUNG CASTAWAYS.

CHAPTER II.

THE RUNAWAY BEAR.

"AND the letter you spoke of told this?" inquired Ned.

"Yes, and with it was the deed conveying the sandy land to me. In the letter he made me your guardian, in a manner, directing me to sell the land if the opportunity offered, and to give you a voice in the disposition of the same. To the last, I think, he imagined there might be some value in it."

"And there was not?"

"I don't say that," he replied, evasively. "There was a bottle containing a sample of the soil among your brother's effects. My brother analyzed it."

"And found no trace of gold?"

"None. But, Ned, I have been experimenting with it. It's strange soil, and I've sometimes thought—but never mind. Wait till I'm through experimenting with it and I'll tell you. Now you know the truth."

"And am glad I do," replied Ned, heartily. "Mr. James, I have no false pride in this matter. The land is no dependence. When school begins again—"

"My brother and I will arrange for the future. Don't think of it now, Ned. The long vacation is before you. Enjoy yourself, and when fall comes you will find willing friends to help the best scholar in the academy."

"Have I a right to go on the excursion they are talking of?" began Ned.

"Right!" cried Mr. James. "Who has a better one? Have you not been a student for the past year, and does not the endowment of the academy provide for a yearly free excursion for the scholars?"

Ned experienced a sense of positive relief as he returned to the school-grounds. He knew the truth, but was not dismayed at the prospect of the future. "I can and will work," he murmured, in a determined tone. "The boys shall know the truth. If they shrink from me because I am poor, they are no friends."

He found the play-ground deserted, and, glancing towards the village, saw a knot of several of his companions gathered before the village inn, and among them was Ralph Warden. No one referred to the recent encounter of the two, however, and Ernest Blake greeted him with a cry of excitement and pleasure.

"Quick, Ned!" he said. "They've got a trick bear here."

He pulled Ned towards the circle as he spoke. A man, who was a travelling mountebank, had a huge bear and a pole, and was exhibiting the brute's sagacity in various ways.

The boys enjoyed the exhibition hugely, and Ned, engrossed in the same, had forgotten his present troubles. The excitement grew intense as a new element of diversification was introduced by the innkeeper himself.

He paid the mountebank a liberal sum for his clever exhibition, and called the hostler.



THE RUNAWAY BEAR.

"Bring Urchin here, Tom," he ordered.

Urchin was a bear the landlord had received from the West a short time previous. Young as the specimen was, he had a vicious streak, and when in the past the boys had tormented him it was at a safe distance from the end of the rope that secured him in the rear yard at the inn.

The hostler came leading young Urchin, not half the size of the trick bear, around to the spot where the boys were congregated.

Neither the old nor the young bear discerned one another until they had been led face to face.

The trick bear stared placidly at Urchin, and then lifted his huge paw caressingly.

The latter crouched back. The sight of one of his kind, unseen since his baby days, strange and unfamiliar, seemed to awaken the wildest terror.

With a roar that resembled the yelp of a whipped cur, he tugged violently at the strap that held him in check, tore it suddenly from the hostler's hand, and made a rapid bee-line for the nearest thicket.

"Catch him, stop him!" yelled the innkeeper wildly. "I'll give a dollar to the boy who catches him!"

"And I'll win it!" cried Ned, boiling over with excitement.

He darted nimbly after Urchin as he spoke. His swift departure had been preceded by a roar of laughter. Ralph Warden, when the young bear broke loose, had been directly in bruin's path.

His instincts of courage seemed to be very defective at that moment, for his own cry of terror, as he sprang aside, resembled that of the bear, and his rapid gait, as he took to his heels, made him the target of many unmerciful jokes on his cowardice for many a day afterwards.

Plucky Ned out-distanced the hostler, who, at last, breathless and exhausted, was compelled to abandon the chase.

He found some difficulty in overtaking or even getting near the scampering runaway.

Urchin's long imprisonment seemed to make freedom worth fighting for, and fright lent an additional impetus to his dash for liberty.

The bear entered a thicket by the roadside just as Ned climbed a fence near by, under which the former had darted rapidly.

"I'll tire him out," panted Ned. "There he goes through the bushes. I've caught you, my beauty!"

His hand had indeed grasped the trailing strap, but it was torn from his fingers a moment later, and bruin, with redoubled pace, darted toward an opening skirted by a path leading to the academy.

Some pitfall caused Urchin to stumble and flounder for an instant of time ere he reached his objective point of flight--the open country.

Ned saw his opportunity, and hastened to take advantage of it. He flung himself forward, clasped both arms around bruin's neck, and held him momentarily a captive.

Urchin struggled and howled, backed and crouched and kicked. His captor never knew how he did it, but suddenly the bear drew back, and then with a lunge forward, flung Ned sheer over his head into a clump of bushes.

The discomfited boy saw Urchin resume his flight. Not ten feet away ran the path. About to continue the pursuit, Ned Darrow paused and, with a curious feeling of mingled awe and enjoyment, witnessed a ludicrous denouement to his wild chase of the fugitive animal.

For, in the path, conversing, were two gentlemen whom Ned recognized at a glance. The one was Ralph Warden's father, the other, Professor Ballentine. The

two, engaged in some animated conversation, found their colloquy suddenly and startlingly interrupted.

Urchin, blindly dashing across the road, was making swift time, and did not turn aside for trifling obstacles. He darted straight ahead, caught the Professor between the knees, slipped through, and sent the amazed object of his assault head over heels into the middle of the road.

"Gracious me! what was that?" said Professor Ballentine, as, seated in the dust, his hat rolling into the ditch, his glasses flung to the ground at his side, he stared in wild dismay at the flying Urchin.

Mr. Warden, convulsed with merriment, endeavoured to speak collectedly. "The innkeeper's bear, if I don't mistake. This is an accident, Professor!"

"Extraordinary!" gasped Professor Ballentine, as he struggled to his feet and, with his companion's assistance, recovered his hat and spectacles, and dusted and arranged his disordered apparel.

"They'll think it some trick of mine, if I show myself," murmured Ned, with a rueful glance after the fast disappearing bear.

He drew out of sight of the path, behind a tree, and regarded the bewildered Professor's plight silently.

"Are you hurt, Professor Ballentine?" inquired Mr. Warden, solicitously.

"Not a bit, only strangely startled. The bear took me clear off my balance. Don't mind the trifle. As I was saying, when I sat down, about this expedition, the boys will have a vacation that will eclipse all other years."

The kind-hearted old Professor rubbed his hands together enjoyably, forgetful of his own recent discomfiture amid the happy anticipation of pleasure for his students.

"It will, indeed," assented Mr. Warden.

"Not one of them, unless it is your son, has ever seen the ocean," continued the first speaker. "Think of it, sir!--a land journey and a sea cruise. They won't be able to contain themselves, when I tell them."

"The ocean!" muttered Ned tumultuously. "He can't mean it. Oh! won't it be grand?"

He had unawares stumbled over the cherished surprise the Professor had held in store for his scholars. Its magnitude amazed him, yet a moment later he flushed guiltily.

"An eavesdropper!" he said, deprecatingly. "I won't listen any more. I wouldn't have even heard what I have if it wasn't by accident."

He managed to draw back unperceived into the thicket, and the voices of the two men faded from his hearing.

Ned's return tramp from the pursuit of bruin was a leisurely one, and it was growing dusk when he entered the last clump of trees between himself and the village inn.

"I'll cut through the thicket to the academy again," decided Ned, and he retraced his steps along the boundary fence.

He had proceeded but a short distance when he encountered a slight mishap, and a stumble over a grass-covered log sent him headlong to the ground.

He came down with hands outspread. As he became conscious that one hand clasped what seemed to be a tied-up bundle, and the other a soft, woolly surface, he wondered if he had not stumbled over bruin, by some rapid detour come to this spot.

But even in the gathering twilight of the forest he instantly discovered his error.

It was certainly some living object he had fallen against, however, for his hand had touched a woolly

coat. Its owner stirred, gave utterance to a startled cry, and sat bolt upright.

A big, swarthy man, wearing an enormous black beard, stared at the intruding lad with flashing eyes.

One hand of the stranger, with marvelous rapidity, had whipped out a gleaming knife from a heavy belt worn under his woolly coat.

His hoarse, harsh tones brought a momentary terror to the trembling and bewildered Ned.

"Ha! trying to rob me, eh?" growled the bearded stranger, catching Ned's wrist in a grip like iron.

Ned Darrow was so completely taken by surprise at the appearance of the strange man that he was speechless for the time being.

He reasoned that he had disturbed some sleeping tramp, until he noticed that the man was well dressed, and that the parcel by his side more resembled a traveller's outfit than a vagrant's bundle of rags.

"Are you going to speak?" yelled the man, angrily. "You were trying to rob me!"

"I never thought of it."

"Then who sent you here?"

"No one. I came by accident. I was going home to the academy, when I stumbled over you."

"Going where?" demanded the stranger, eagerly.

"To the academy—to Professor Ballentine's grammar school. Won't you please let go of my wrist? You hurt me."

The stranger released his hold of Ned's arm, muttering some incoherent words about "being pilfered and robbed everywhere," and that "they wouldn't catch no weasel asleep when he was around."

He replaced his knife and put on his hat, which had served as a pillow. Then he began to question Ned anew.

"You needn't be afraid of me, lad," he said. "I'm a stranger here, and come from a country where civility ain't much used, and I didn't know but you was trying to rob me. You're pretty well acquainted here. I reckon?"

"Yes."

"In the village? Ridgeland, they call it, don't they?"

Ned nodded assent, and edged slightly away from the stranger.

"Wasn't there a family named Darrow lived here once?"

Ned started and was silent for a moment or two. The stranger's manner impressed him most unfavourably, yet he wondered what possible interest he could have in the question he asked.

"Yes," replied Ned, finally, "there was a family by that name here. Why do you inquire, if I may ask? The Darrow family are all dead, except one member of it."

"And who's that? A lad, I believe?"

"Yes," responded Ned, more and more surprised at the stranger's knowledge of his family history.

"And his name is Ned, if I don't assume too much?"

"It is."

"Does he go to the school you spoke of?"

"Yes."

"Likely to be found there any time. I suppose?"

"He lives there."

"Good. That's all I wanted to know. That'll do, lad: I'm much obliged."

The stranger hobbled his head with rough courtesy, and Ned, glad to receive the signal of dismissal, moved from the spot with a feeling of relief.

"What new mystery is this?" soliloquized Ned, perplexedly. "Did I do right not to learn the object of

that man's questions? What can his strange interest in our family matters mean?"

Pondering deeply, Ned stood silently speculative for some time after he climbed the fence and gained the road.

It had grown almost dark. Suddenly the sound of a boisterous voice aroused the thinker. Looking down the road a few rods, he discerned the cause of the commotion.

Two men were coming towards him. The one he recognized as a farmer named Dale, who resided at the edge of the town. He bore a small jug in one hand and was talking vehemently to a companion.

Ned's heart came into his mouth, as the saying goes, as he glanced at that companion, for both men walked unsteadily, and the near proximity of the tavern, to Ned's quick mind, accounted for the boisterous tones and irregular gait manifest in the appearance of both.

"It is Mr. James!" whispered Ned in a half-frightened tone. "He has been to the tavern again. What will Professor Ballentine say?"

The two men came to a stop near Ned, as they reached a path that led toward farmer Dale's home.

The latter was discussing some agricultural theme excitedly. Mr. James was listening silently, but his eyes wore a dull, heavy expression, and his body swayed somewhat unsteadily.

"Well, good night, Mr. James. Just study over my new theory on the rotation of crops, in this climate, and see if I ain't right." Ned heard Mr. Dale say, as he started homewards.

The under-master waved an adieu, and then as his late companion left him, sat down on the rock.

Ned, stealing softly to his side, saw him lift his hand to his head in a confused, bewildered manner.

Mr. James looked up in a dazed sort of a fashion. Then his face showed a token of embarrassment.

"Oh, it's you, Ned? I'm not feeling very well, lad. You run along to the academy."

"Not without you, Mr. James."

The voice of the last speaker was serious, but it quivered with suppressed emotion. The under-master had spoken in a muffled, difficult tone.

"Why won't you go without me, Ned?" inquired Mr. James, again sleepily resting his head on his hands.

"Because you are in trouble. Mr. James, you know what I mean. You know that I, as well as the Professor, know of your—of your last trouble," concluded Ned, hesitatingly.

His words seemed to arouse Mr. James.

"You're right, Ned," he said drearily. "My brother told me three months ago, when I was foolish enough to drink some wine at a party, and it flew to my head, that he couldn't have me here if I repeated that. I have repeated it, Ned, to-night, but I ain't so much to blame. You see, I met farmer Dale. He insisted on a glass of spirits, Ned. I didn't want it, but you know my weak will. I didn't believe it would affect me so. It's mixed my head up in the strangest manner. I can't stand anything, since my sunstroke."

Ned Darrow gazed pityingly on Mr. James, as the latter arose, dizzy and unsteady, to his feet.

"You must get me to my room unperceived by the boys," he said faintly, to Ned. "I'm deathly sick, and my brother wouldn't believe that one little glass of spirits caused it all."

The under-master had not exaggerated his condition, and it was with no little trouble that Ned got him to the academy grounds, and thence to his room.

(To be Continued.)

NATURAL HISTORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

ADAPTED FROM JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

MORE ABOUT BIRDS.

When the little nest is built, when her house is ready, the bird lays a few, a very few, eggs in it, rarely more than five. Every bird has her own kind of nest, and her own colour of egg. Some eggs are white. Some are blueish-green. Some are yellow. Some are brown. Some have small spots all over. The bird sits upon her eggs for many days to keep them warm. She is very patient, and loves her eggs very much. When her wings and legs are stiff from sitting, she takes a fly about. The father bird then takes her place on the eggs. If the eggs are allowed to grow cold, the little ones inside will die. When she comes back, the father sits on a branch beside her and sings her a song. Sometimes he brings her something nice to eat.

When the baby birds arrive, the father feeds them. He is very busy and very fussy all day. He is proud. He flies here and everywhere searching for worms for his little children. Then he teaches them to fly, and by-and-by to sing. Birds are very neat and tidy. You have seen them take their bath, and dress their feathers after. They bring their little ones to the bath. They like it.

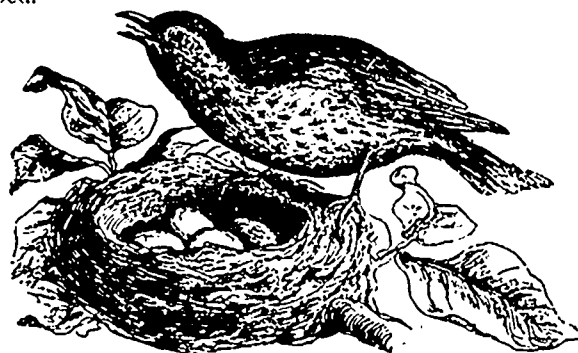
When a bird goes off for food, sometimes another bird, who is too lazy to build a nest for her own eggs, lays an egg in the empty nest. When the bird comes back she sees it. She knows it. She will be very angry. But it is no use. The egg is there. Very soon she will forgive the naughty bird, and take care of the egg as if it were her own. The little bird in this egg is the first to come out of its shell. The mother seems now to love the strange child so much that when her own birds arrive she does not care for them so well. By-and-by the stranger pushes the other children out of the nest, and the poor mother goes on feeding her one little baby that is not her own, but only a borrowed one. Is it not too bad?

One summer, a pair of wood-peckers built in a tall flag-pole near my house. They had cut out a nice round hole in the pole, and dug a deep place for a nest. Several times each day the father-bird took his turn on the nest, while the mother-bird went off to a swamp to get food.

It was curious to watch the nest-cleaning each night. The birds took up refuse from the nest in their claws, and flew off some distance before they dropped it. When the little birds came from the shell, the old ones were very busy, going and coming several times each hour, with food.

It was funny to see them at night-fall. The father-bird took his place, clinging high up on the pole, like a

watchman on a tower, to take a final look, and see if all was right. The mother-bird, at the same time, put her handsome head out of the hole, and stretched her neck, as if to take a look from her window before she went to bed.



When the birds were fledged, there was a grand time teaching them to fly. They were taken to a roof near by, where they sprawled about. Then they would be coaxed to make a little flight. The parents flew low and slowly before them. Great was the joy if one of the little things flew a few yards. The old birds seemed to think that they had never before seen quite such nice flying! Then the father-bird stood proudly before them, to give them a lesson in drumming, that is, in pecking at wood, to break it up, to find grubs or insects hidden in it. He seemed to say—"Look at me!" Then he braced his feet and tail, held his head on one side, and gave a number of swift, strong blows on my porch roof. He would drum, and then look at the little ones to imitate him.

Then they flew over the way, and the father seemed to say—"Now for another lesson in drumming!" At it he went. But that house had a *tin roof*. He could not make the splinters fly! He tried again. It was of no use. Then he looked much surprised. He eyed the roof, and tried once more. The little birds looked on.

But the father-bird failed again. Instead of a long, deep roll of sound, there was only a sharp rattle: no chips, no grubs! He seemed much ashamed. His wings and his tail drooped. Away he flew to the pole, and sat there very sad. He seemed to be thinking how much better houses grew when he was young! The hole of these birds, in the pole, was tinned over after they left. They returned next year, and cut a hole lower down. That was covered with tin in the fall. Next spring they came back, and cut a hole higher up. They did this for five years.

Finally the pole had to be taken down as dangerous, it was so cut up.

SO TRUE.

An old farmer, returning from the wedding of a niece in a distant town, was eagerly questioned by his family as to the bride's costume. "Well," said he, "she had on some kind of a dress, with a lot of flubdubbbery of some sort or 'nother down the front of it, and a thing-amajig on the back of it, with a long tail of some stuff

I don't know what it was — dragging out behind, and a lot of slip-flop flounces over the whole thing. There wan't no arms to it, and she had a lot of white truck, soft and floppy like, on her head, and that's jist all I know about it."

THE LITTLE COAT.

BY JAMES WILLCOME RILEY

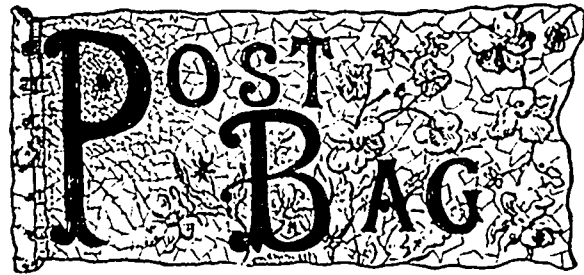
HERE'S his rugged "roundabout,
 Turn the pockets inside out :
 See, his penknife, lost to use,
 Rusted shut with apple-juice :
 Here, with marbles, top and string,
 Is his deadly "devil-string,"
 With its rubber, limp at last,
 As the sparrows of the past !
 Beeswax buckles leather scraps
 Bullets, and a box of caps
 Not a thing of all, I guess,
 But betrays some waywardness
 E'en these tickets, blue and red,
 For the Bible-verses said
 Such as this his memory kept
 " Jesus wept "

Here's the little coat — but oh !
 Where is he we've censured so ?
 Don't you hear us calling, dear ?
 Back ! come back, and never fear
 You may wander where you will,
 Over orchard, field and hill .
 You may kill the birds, or do
 Anything that pleases you !
 Ah ! this empty coat of his !
 Every tatter worth a kiss,
 Every stain as pure instead
 As the white stars over-head,
 And the pockets — homes were they
 Of the little hands that play
 Now no more — but, absent, thus
 Beckon us

MARK TWAIN IN FRANCE

We stopped at the first café we came to, and entered.
 An old woman seated us at a table and waited for orders.
 The doctor said
 " Avez-vous du vin ? "
 The dame looked perplexed. The doctor said again,
 with elaborate distinctness of articulation
 " Avez-vous du vin ? "
 The dame looked more perplexed than before. I
 said
 " Doctor, there is a flaw in your pronunciation some-
 where. Let me try her. Madame, avez-vous du vin ?
 It isn't any use, doctor — take the witness. "
 " Madame, avez-vous du vin ou fromage pain
 pickled pigs feet beurre des oets du beuf horse
 radish, sour-cROUT, bog and hominy anything, *any*
thing in the world that can stay a Christian stomach ? "
 She said
 " Bless you, why didn't you speak English before ?
 I don't know anything about your plagued French ! "

It has been computed that there are 100,000 railway
 locomotives in the world at the present time



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.

COLE M. — The flowers for the Wild Flower Prize should be sent
 in all at one time. This will save you postage, and will have the
 advantage of keeping the specimens in good order. You must send
 not only the flower, but the plant itself, and, if possible, by the
 root.

F. P. — No nicer birthday present for your little playmate could
 you get than the YOUNG CANADIAN for a year. Don't you think
 she would enjoy it ?

M. H. W. — Your solutions to the Puzzles were all right, but
 they came too late. Please remember that the Prize is decided on
 the last day of the month.

J. R. H. — I have not a copy of " Maple Leaf for Ever," or I
 should be happy to send it. Perhaps some of our young friends can
 help us to one.

BENJAMIN M. — I am glad your package of seeds arrived safely,
 and that your garden is getting on well. Take good care of your
 pear tree. Do not let it blossom too much this year.

PIGEON LOFT. — Yes, you certainly ought to compete for the
 challenge cup. Maj. gen. Cameron of Kingston, Ont., will tell you
 all about it. He is an enthusiast and an authority on messenger pi-
 geons. Mr. Moore, of Fredericton, near you, is also a fancier and
 could give you information. The secretary of the Dominion M. P.
 Association, at 374 Ontario St., Toronto, might also be applied to.

TOMMIE S. — Give your rabbits an abundance of fresh green food,
 juicy grass, hedge parsley, and clover. The morning is the best
 time to pick the food.

HERB R. — I believe some legislation has been proposed in On-
 tario to make cyclists responsible in cases where damage has resulted
 from horses taking fright at wheels. It is evidently unjust, and
 should meet with a bold front of opposition from every lover of the
 winged horse. The Queen's highway is open to all on equal terms,
 and whilst common sense would expect cyclists to be thoughtful
 and courteous, there is no kind of sense that would exclude eques-
 trians from the same criterion. Horses have had altogether too long
 a monopoly. Women and children, and cyclists should have their
 day. You should move against the absurdity through your club.

BEATRICE B. — Your list of names for our birthday book has been
 duly received and entered. The more the merrier, but you must
 have a very full house. We want them all, however, every one.
 Send us the names and birthdays of your little friends too.

GEORGE D. — The Prize Watch will be given on October first to
 the young Canadian who sends in the largest list of new subscrib-
 ers before then. The names, with addresses and money, should be
 sent in every week, so that your friends may commence immediately
 to get the magazine.

ROBERT B. — You can make a very good copying ink by adding
 sugar to your ordinary ink.

GEORGE. — " Kind regards " at the end of a letter is merely a
 matter of custom, or courtesy. I would say that the young gentle-
 man had no right to imagine that you intended anything else.

DICK W. — Perhaps I should have explained sooner that if ques-
 tions in the Post Bag are not answered immediately it may mean
 one of several things. Perhaps it takes time to find a helpful and
 reliable answer, or there is delay in the Post-office, and the YOUNG
 CANADIAN is always set up ahead of time, in order to do justice to
 the finish.

Visitor — " What are you painting ? " Artist (sarcasti-
 cally) " Can't you see ? " Visitor (sweetly) " Yes, I
 see it is a flower. Have you decided what to call it
 yet ? "

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Mineral Salts, (Bone Forming Element),	12.60
Moisture,	31.90
	100.00

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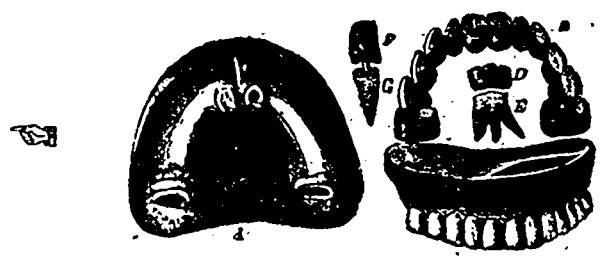
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 Leaving it Soft, White and Pliable.
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Models showing how the Tooth-Crown and Bridgework are attached to the Teeth.

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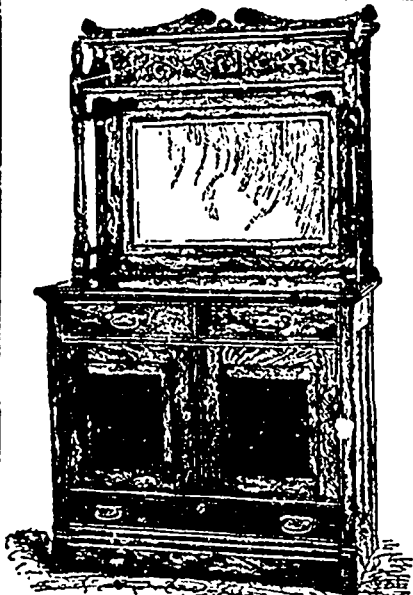
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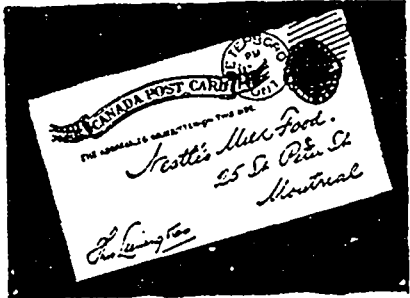
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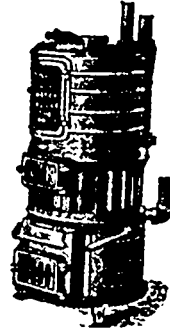
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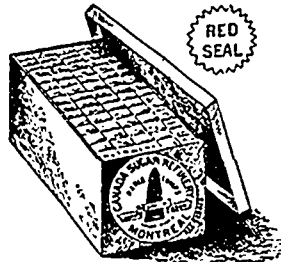
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