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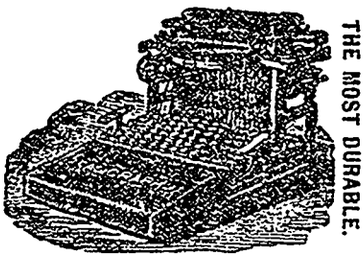

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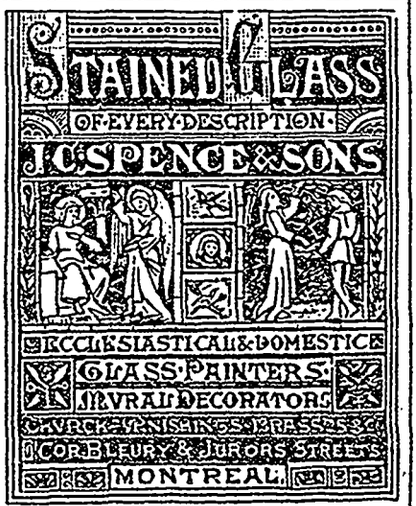

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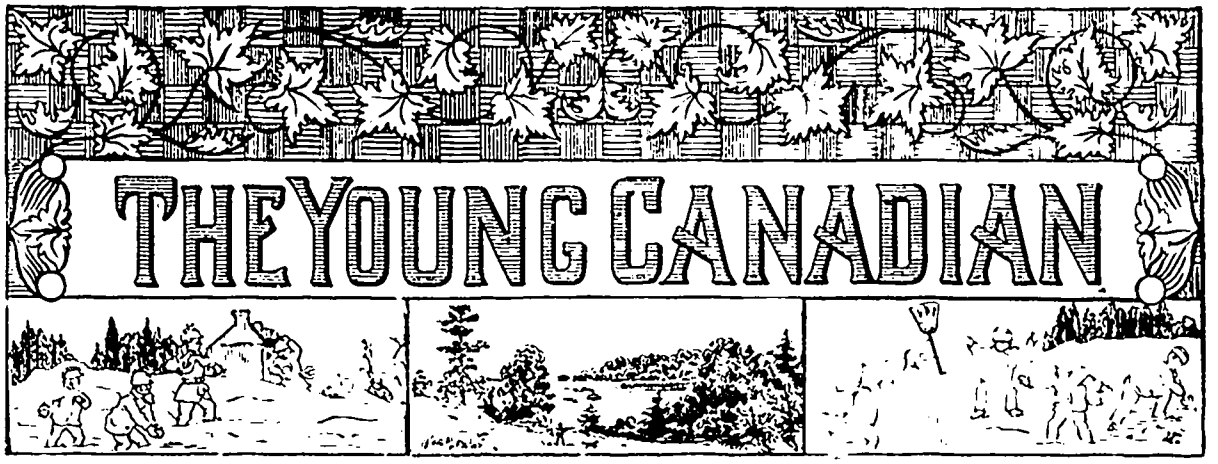

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LIFE IN THE GREAT FORESTS OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

FROM THE ALBERT NYANZA TO THE INDIAN OCEAN.

With the Rear Guard of the Emin Relief Expedition.

By Captain W. G. Stairs, R.E.

PART II.

I will now describe a day's duties with the rear guard during the first six weeks after we left Majamboms.

At five fifteen, or five thirty a. m. the trumpet would sound and in forty minutes all would be ready to march. Our chief (Stanley) would then blow his whistle and, with a bound, the advance, carrying ammunition, tents and officers' baggage, would move off. Then would follow another detachment of Zanzibari, then the Pasha, his daughter, and Capt. Casati under the care of some of his trusty trenchmen. Then would come the mass of men, women and children from the Equatorial Provinces. After these would come our cattle, sheep, and goats, driven by our Soudanese soldiers from Cairo. Lastly, and bringing up the rear, would come the rear guard of fifty to sixty-five Zanzibari rifles carrying boxes of ammunition.

A number of spare men would also be attached to us to relieve stragglers. Soon after leaving camp the weary and sick ones would fall out and lay behind. Hostile natives would ever be on the prowl to pick these up and spear them. Up would come the rear guard.

"What is the matter?"

"Oh master I am very sick, I can go no farther."

If the case proved to be a really sick man or women, he would halt the rear guard, detach two spare men, rig up a rough stretcher and send him or her on to camp. But soon we had not enough spare men for this work. The women and children, soft from their long sedentary lives in the Province, were no match at marching with our steel muscled Zanzibaris. The length of the marches had therefore to be curtailed.

Presently a deep gully would come in view right in the line of march. Into this poured the mass of women, men and children, blind to any orders shouted to them, shouting, cursing, crying, laughing, an indescribable mass of chaotic confusion. Perhaps, too, here and there in the midst of the crowd, would appear a few specimens of cows, or a goat bleating piteously at finding itself separated from its companions. On to the ground came the mats, skins, pots and pans of the family household, bundles of bananas, flour, corn, beans, and even meat seemed to scorn being carried on the shoulders of their owners, and would get stamped out of sight in the rapidly forming mud. Soon the plot would thicken.

"Who are you pushing?" would come from some six footed Soudanese.

"Can't you see me?"

"Am I a dwarf that you should walk over me so?"

"Heh! By the soul of the Prophet I will make you suffer" and so on. Perspiring and stormy could be seen some mother dividing her attentions between a fat baby and a dirty clay cooking pot.

"Now then, look out! the cattle are in and have bolted." And so the confusion and din would rise to fever height, until, gradually, those at the head of the gully would begin to wind out, and the crush in rear got less and less. In the midst of this mass often have I seen a devout Mahommedan, one Osman Effendi Lateef, jammed hopelessly between women and children, cattle and goats, praying to Allah to preserve his household gods from destruction, and clasping his hands in despair at the thought of such great risk to his pots.

In spite of the blown and hoarse condition one was usually in at such times, it was impossible not to laugh at a man jammed beyond help in a crowd, praying to Allah to save his earthenware pots and dish clouts.

After passing the gully it would be my duty to settle dozens of little disputes, and sometimes quarrels. This one had picked up that one's mat, or had filched some nice juicy bananas during the confusion; or again two men would be quarrelling over the ownership of a spear or knife. After settling these disputes, we would then turn our attention to the cattle and send men to rescue some unfortunate cow which had got stuck fast in some hole or bog.

And so the rear guard would proceed. Coming to the top of a hill I could see perhaps far away on another hill, one mile away, the large red flag of the advance of the column, stringing out in Indian file, the whole caravan winding in and out, and up and down, like a huge many coloured snake.

Here and there a gap, and here and there parties of women drawn up by the road side taking a rest, or washing some article of clothing, ere the rear guard should catch up to and drive them on.

Out in the open we would get the sun hot and fierce as molten iron, and by noon many of the women and children would declare they could go no farther. The advance, marching strongly and composed of picked men, might have been in camp by 11 a.m., but with all the little children and women to look after, it would be half-past four to half-past six p.m. before the flag of the rear guard was set up in camp.

"On! on! on! you must try to bear up, the camp is not far off now and we shall soon reach there. Songa Nebele! get on!" would be our cries, and so at last weary and dusty everyone would reach camp. Then there would be bright and busy scenes over the evening's meal, and many of the day's hardships would be forgotten.

A rest was generally given the people for one hour in the middle of the day.

Gradually the women and children became good marchers. Camps which seemed leagues to them some weeks ago were now nothing, and they could polish off their ten miles by eleven a. m., and then be still fresh. One noticed too that the gaps lessened in numbers and size.

For a long time, though, our cattle gave us trouble, as in changing them we were never able to train them into good marchers. We managed to exchange all the old tough and warlike bulls to friendly natives for smaller cows. Sometimes these would develop into "rushers" and charge our men. We generally found this out too late and had to shoot the animals.

It seems no doubt an easy thing to drive two hundred head of cattle peacefully along. It is nothing of the kind. When the country is rough, the bush thick, and there are many rapid streams to cross, it requires the greatest possible care to prevent the animals straggling and disappearing in the long grass, which in some places is quite twelve feet high. Several times we would be surprised to see a cow, walking along over short grass, disappear as if by magic. On close examination it would be found that she had fallen into an elephant pit, and all hands would have to be called to pull her out with a rope.

Goats and sheep are fairly good travellers and can be left to the care of the small boys to drive along.

Some of the Pasha's Makrakas are very good marchers, especially so the women. It is a common sight to come on a women carrying a small baby, leading another child, and at the same time literally smothered with pots, pans, mats, hides, baskets and porridge spoons. She has, one almost might say, got her house, family, kitchen, provisions, and clothing on her shoulders. It is not these strong healthy women who delay us so, it is the Egyptian clerks of the late Equatorial Province.

Mind I do not say one word against these men for the part they played in deposing their Governor, as I believe no good would come of it. I speak of them simply as men marching and camping with our column from day to day. And I venture to say that Capt. Nelson and I know these people better even than Emin Pasha himself. These yellow men have lived fat and easy lives up to now, attended by dozens of women slaves. We could not discover one single redeeming point in their characters. Lazy, whining, and sullen, they would kiss one's hand one minute in apparent openness, and the next would stab one to death had they dared. They are a standing proof of the maxim that "in colour never go by halves." That is, in either a pure white man, or a pure black, you will find the best qualities that exist in human nature.

There was one of these clerks, a little man of five feet high, who particularly caused immense trouble. The Zanzibaris called him "Gogoro" the obstacle. It was a most suitable name. As sure as we came to a bad place, where the mud was deep, or the thorns bad, so sure would we see our friend. Stuck in the deep mud shouting and cursing, he barred the way to others advancing. He had dropped his pipe, perhaps, and there we would stand on the brink and yell at him to go on. Then he was *always* thirsty– and when he did come to a stream would for certain forget to drink, and in another ten minutes you could hear him again nagging at the women to give him water.

Once he fired off five remington cartridges simply to get a light for his pipe. Some people are always thirsty. Experience never teaches them to carry a little water. These people are a great nuisance. They are like those who *will* sneeze just at the critical moment when you are trying to shoot an antelope. Much better that they should stay at home than spoil matters by their presence. Now, this little man was one of this sort. He irritated the Zanzibaris beyond measure and seemed hopeless—in every way.

Our experience goes to prove that women were by no means obstacles to long and speedy marches when once they got into good training. They carried the pots and food of their husbands, who thus had their limbs free to carry the ammunition boxes and rifles. Thus the men could go faster and farther, and arrive fresher in camp.

Then again the men were relieved of cooking their food. And even in building the shelters for the night the women were of great help to the men. Finally they enlivened everybody on the march by their lively talk and cheery singing.

Blacks are great consumers of water inwardly, but not so much outwardly. They will sometimes drink from the waters of a stream only thirty minutes out from camp in the morning, and then again and again at each successive stream. The women and children drink more often and deeper than the men. We whites could go for hours without touching a drop of liquid. On the other hand they require fewer meals than we. We had three a day, when possible the blacks had only one.

The children would munch away at corn cobs, or bananas as they marched along, but the men touched nothing until they had reached camp in the afternoons and prepared their evening meal. This made up for what time had been lost throughout the day, and often as late as nine p.m. have I heard the peculiar sound of natives in the act of eating wafted to my ears, shortly after which the sound of the native form of "grace" would reach us in loud grunts of satisfaction.

EGG-ROLLING AT THE WHITE HOUSE IN WASHINGTON.

WIDE AWAKE.

If you should happen to be in Washington on any Easter Monday you might witness a children's sport that does not exist in any other part of America.

At the Easter season the Washington parks begin to look attractive. Hyacinths, crocuses, tulips, cydonias and many native plants are in full bloom. The grass is emerald, the air balmy.

Early on Monday morning you would see thousands of children, boys and girls, of all grades and shades, marching in the direction of the White House, little baskets on their arms. All strangers who have never heard of this annual procession wonder why so many children are up and dressed, spick and span, so early, and why one and all they have been marching towards the southeastern gate of the Executive Mansion. I am now going to tell you.

For more than a week all the boys and girls of Washington from six to sixteen years of age, have been worrying about their Easter eggs. Fathers and mothers, older sisters, friends and relatives have been helping them to get up the prettiest eggs in town, decorating them in every fashion that fancy can conceive and coloured calico and "pas" dyes can execute. No doubt you colour eggs also. But yours do not have to be examined, scrutinized, compared, by many envious eyes, as do ours.

Washington breakfasts are over early in the morning of Easter Monday: then all these artists in eggs are off for the White House, where the President lives, dressed in pinafores and gay colours: not in their Sunday clothes. Rich children go with their white-capped nurses: poor children with one another: but each and all carry the pretty basket of hard-boiled eggs.

Without any previous announcement, or saying "by your leave, Sir" they march into the President's grounds, south of the Mansion, and take possession. General Grant loved to go out and sit on the benches and watch the gay company, smoking his Havana the while. Nellie Arthur used to take part in the egg-rolling. Mrs. Cleveland found infinite delight in the fun. One Easter Monday during Mr. Cleveland's term the tots arrived too early and found the gates locked. The watchman was not on hand, so they banged and rattled until the President came down and let them in himself.

Master Ben McKee, Miss Mary Dodge McKee and Miss Marthena Harrison have, since their residence in the White House, kept up the interest of their predecessors, and Grandfather Harrison, not to be outdone, orders out the Marine Band.

The children used to divide their affections between the Capitol grounds and the President's grounds. But one season, after a long rain, they injured the sodding, and Congress drove the fairies away. I cannot tell you whether that had anything to do with the elections; but I know that many who voted for the cruel measure have since had their career cut off suddenly.

The first thing on the programme is to get acquainted, to march round by twos and by threes, and to admire one another's pretty eggs, commenting as little girls especially know how to do.

The next fun starts itself. Some little girl goes to the top of a pretty knoll and drops an egg. No one tells her to do it. You know how that is. She does the thing, and that is all. She runs screaming after the egg for fear it will be broken. The little companions join the chase. As if by magic hundreds, nay thousands of eggs are rolling down hill, and Jack and Gill go tumbling after.

Act third is egg-racing. Two or more eggs are started down the knoll together. Perhaps fifty boys and girls will be interested. They laugh, scream, coax, scold, talk to the rival racers and even sprinkle salt on them to encourage them in their downward course. Youngsters bet on the race, chiefly eggs, and are as much interested as the old turfmen at Brighton.

There is not a particle of use in you saying "I should not see any fun in that." You might just as well tell the kitten that she is hopelessly silly to get so much fun out of a ball of yarn.

Perhaps you would enjoy act fourth better. Well, follow me to a quiet little hummock over there. A pretty priggish boy of eleven or twelve and a lovely girl of ten or eleven, not appreciating the general racket, are indulging in a peculiar sport. One of them goes to the top of a knoll and starts an egg down the slope, the other at the bottom holds an egg to receive the one descending. The egg that is broken is eaten by the young pair with much fun and banter. It takes some science to receive the broadside of the rolling egg with the point of the other held in the hand. All this fun is kept up pretty lively during office hours, from nine a.m. till four p.m., when many hundreds of grown children come to join in the sport, and to turn it into an out-of-door dress parade.

Act five is usually reserved until these old folk arrive. The principal character in this act is the professional "egg-eater." He may be a big man, but is generally a dirty little urchin from the street, and more times than not, his face is black, his hair is crisp, while his eyes and teeth rival in whiteness the glare of the eggs he is about to devour. His own resources did not allow him to lay up a store of eggs. But he is full of courage.

He approaches a large group of boys and girls and grown folks, grins, bows, wriggles, wipes his mouth and says pleasantly:

"I kin eat all you'll gimme."

This is a signal for side-splitting mirth. They take him at his word. They form a ring about him and pass in the shelled eggs as he calls for them. The show gets funnier with the disappearance of each egg. The assembled crowd cheer the hero on, and quite frequently the eggs give out before his indomitable appetite. Everybody is convulsed with laughter and prophesies all sorts of dire disaster o'. the grinning martyr. One little negro, last Easter, actually devoured in a few minutes twenty-six hard-boiled eggs and walked off with a wistful, hungry look upon his sable countenance.

A novel feature or two have been added to the egg-rolling custom in the last year or two. The red balloon man has found his way into the garden, and now some well-to-do gentleman buys him out, and sets them adrift one at a time, to the immense pleasure of hundreds.

In this singular Easter sport you can see how folk-customs have been amended, or how they grow. When this writer was a boy, the custom of egg-rolling was common as far as Baltimore, and was practiced in the adjacent counties of Virginia. There are those who used to greet the return of Spring, not after the manner of the Japanese by worshipping the cherry blossom, but by going out in little squads to roll eggs. The coloured people said "Lit was de bes'way to bring on lub."

With deep regret some of us have seen this local-folk sport driven from post to pillar until the President of the United States is its patron saint. And now, last year, the rough play of a rough class got the upper hand and threatened to drive the children from the park. I think it would be a very great shame to frighten away from the

National Capitol a pretty local custom which would never be restored. I have been tempted to write to Mrs. Harrison and ask her to instruct the watchmen to put rude and disturbing children out of the park on that day. Men are spending lots of money to preserve antiquities. Why not give a little attention to the conservation of antique folk customs?

Do you ask how such a queer custom arose in Washington?

I am not inquiring about egg myths, mundane eggs, ovolas in Greek architecture, cosmic eggs, solar eggs, and such matters. These questions would take us many miles from Washington and many centuries back from this blessed Easter Day 1891. But here is a funny custom, confined within very narrow limits, and practiced, so far as we know, in no other part of America. Perhaps my young readers will indulge me in a bit of antiquarian research.

The vicinity of Washington was settled by North England and Scotch people. One of them, named Pope, owned the very hill on which the Capitol stands and where I have gone egg-rolling many a time. He called his hill Rome, and the little stream that issued therefrom Tiber, although it would not fill a two inch pipe. Himself he called the Pope of Rome. At the other end of the town lived Davy Burns, who owned the land on which stands the White House, the Patent Office and the Post Office. Just south of the President's grounds is yet standing the Burn's cottage, a mute witness of Easter happiness for more than a hundred years.

I think I may safely say that the egg-rolling, now confined to the President's grounds, was formerly practised on Easter Monday everywhere in the vicinity of Washington, since this district was settled by Scotch and North England people. In Bohns' antiquarian library, printed in 1883, you will find Brand's *Popular Antiquities of Great Britain*. In this work it is stated that in the North of England, in Cumberland and Westmoreland, the boys were accustomed to beg on Easter Eve for eggs, which they called Paste Eggs. Of course Paste is a corruption of Pasque or Pascua, referring to the Paschal Lamb or Easter Festival. These eggs were boiled hard and dyed with various colours, and the boys played with them in the fields, rolling them like bowls, and tossing them like balls. Mr. Gordon Cumming told us long ago in *Scribners* of a place called Bannock Brae, at Grantown, in Scotland, where from time immemorial the young folks of Strathspey have assembled on May mornings to roll their bannocks or barley cakes as solid as hard tack and their hard-boiled eggs.

And, if you wish to carry the matter back still further, all over Druidical Europe the favourite mode of divination was by rolling some object down a hill side, generally a circle or a wheel of burning wood.

It would be easy to pursue this subject further, inquiring into the origin of the Easter Egg, the story of rabbits laying eggs, of the goddess Oastera after whom the day is named, of dyeing eggs to represent the beauties of Spring when the great sun-egg comes rolling down the sky from the far off south land, but the matter would fill a book.

I only show you how Washington children came by the pretty custom which is altogether their own.

* * * * * * * *

In reading this account of the charming custom among our friends across the border our teeth are tempted to water at the thought of it. How our little young Canadians would frolic and scamper over our hills and meadows. How the birds and drowsy flies would wake up at the sound of the merry feet. And how our big men would rejoice to know that we were having a festival like this to draw us together. All over the Provinces we could meet at the Residences of the Governors, at Rideau Hall in Ottawa and in the Capitals of each Province, and shew to the old folks and to each other just how much we loved each other and just how much we would stand up foreach other. Children that roll eggs together are not likely to grow up unknown to one another. Let us have it. Let us go direct to our fathers and mothers, to our Members of Parliament and let us not leave them till we have our young people recognized in the country as the important factor they are. Who will take it up in the present Parliament? In a week or two we shall see, and we shall week by week keep our young readers posted up in all about it. We shall see if some old gentleman will earn for himself the gratitude of a million children.

Ed. Y. C.

The Young Canadian makes no apology for the following poem by one of our young readers. Already one of our aims is being realized in most unexpected quarters: --

THE MESSENGER FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD.

She rose up in the early dawn,
And white and silently she moved
About the house. Four men had gone
To battle for the land they loved.

And she, the mother and the wife,
Waited for tidings of the strife.
How still the house seemed! and her tread
Sounded like the footsteps of the dead.

The long day passed. The dark night came.
She had not seen a human face.
Some voice spoke suddenly her name.
How loud it sounded in that place!
Where day on day no sound was heard
But her own footsteps. "Bring you word?"
She cried, to whom she could not see--
"Word from the battle-plain to me."

A soldier entered at the door
And stood within the dim fire-light;
"I bright you tidings of the four,"
He said, "who left you for the fight."
"God bless you, friend," she cried, "speak on,
For I can bear it." "One is gone!
Ay! one is gone," he said. "Which one?"
"Dear lady, he, your eldest son."

A deathly pallor shot across
Her withered face. She did not weep.
She said--"It is a grievous loss;
But God give His beloved sleep.
What of the living--of the three--
And when can they come back to me?"
The soldier turned away his head.
"Lady, your husband, too, is dead."

She put her hand upon her brow.
A wild sharp pain was in her eyes.
"My husband! Oh! God help me now!"
The soldier shivered at her sighs.
The task was harder than he thought.
"Your youngest son, dear madam, fought
Close at his father's side. Both fell
Dead by the bursting of a shell."

She moved her lips, and seemed to moan.
Her face had paled to ashen gray.
"Then one is left me—one alone,"
She said, "of four, who marched away!
Oh! over-ruling, all-wise God,
How can I pass beneath Thy rod!"
The soldier walked across the floor
Paused at the window, at the door—

Wiped the cold dew-drops from his cheek,
And sought the mourner's side again.
"Once more, dear lady, I must speak.
Your last remaining son was slain,
Just at the closing of the fight.
'Twas he who sent me here to-night."
"God knows," the man said afterwards,
"The fight itself was not as hard."

Ever a friend of

THE YOUNG CANADIAN,

A. J. O.

GRUBBING.

IN OUR WOODS IN MAY.

The winter is over. The snow is gone. The birds and the sunshine have come. How sweet the first chirp of the familiar sparrow, the first note of the shy robin, after the long silence.

Let us open our hearts to it all. It will do us good. Let us do so often. How delightful the emotions aroused by the song of birds! How it recalls our former frolics in field and forest, by lake and river. How it chants to us of summer suns and summer shades, of sparkling water and leafy trees. In looking back we only remember what is pleasant. The rain or the cloud is not in the song of the bird.

Under the stones the beetles are busy. Some are flitting hither and thither. Others are but half-awake after their long sleep.

Have you ever watched the water beetle, hurrying about, bustling over the top of the water, and then scuttling away down again, as if for a pocket-knife he had forgotten?

We are, in our laziness, tempted to think that all these funny little creatures are alike. We call them all "beetles," and there is an end of it. How much we miss by thinking so!

The blades of grass are pushing up to the sunlight, to let their tiny leaves see about them. Do not set your foot on them. It is cruel.

Why do we feel so braced and happy when we climb up a hill in our rambles? Because the air is pure. There are no bad odours to poison us. The broad and wide view excites and ennobles the mind. We are away from small things—from petty cares. We are raised from peasantry to royalty.

There is a hop twining itself around that old gate. How fast it grows. I have measured it of a warm, damp Spring, and found it had grown three inches in the night.

The catkins of the poplars are appearing in their best plush hats. These trees are in blossom before they are in leaf.

There is a caterpillar crawling with his shaggy coat, and a spider struggling over a small piece of half-melted snow. How surprised they both look!

The ox-gad-fly makes a nest for its larvæ in the backs of the cattle. A hole is in the middle of the little hump-nest, from which a large white maggot may be squeezed out.

Here is a dragon-fly larva in a pool of water—a sprawling, awkward thing. Take him home in your pocket and we shall have some fun with him. Put a little of this wet moss in your pocket-box, and lay him cosily on it meantime. Get a few larvæ of gnats and flies for him to feed on. We shall get a basin of water and put him in it. We shall see how he goes on. We shall watch him closely. His tail will act like a syringe, sucking in small atoms of mud, and then pushing him forward from them. As he draws in his tail, the water rushes in. It is then thrown back against the rest of the water, and the curious little chap starts on with a spring. He breathes by his tail too, much as a fish does by its gills. When we give him a gnat, you will see how cunning he is. He will wait till the gnat is quite still, and then with a flap he will gobble him up.

In the mud, under stones, buried in leaves, away deep down under rubbish, how many wonderful and beautiful things lie hidden!

OLD GRUB.

Dr. Barnardo's NIGHT AND DAY is a Magazine that Young Canadians ought to see and to read sometimes. It is full of information about children, and of what is being done for them. There are lots of "bits" that would touch the hardest hearts. The boys and girls that Dr. Barnardo works among and writes about are not those that have the roses and lilies of life to lie down on at night. They are "Nobody's Darlings."

Dr. McLean, whom we know as "Robin Rustler," has written a delightful book on our Indians. It is published in Toronto by William Briggs in a very neat and handy form. The best way to tell our Young Canadians about it is to give some of its good bits, which we shall do now and then. You will all want to read it then.

When you want to send to your friends in England or elsewhere a reminder of our beautiful country, do not waste your money and labour on cards that have all come out from England. Get something purely Canadian, something which surpasses any birthday or Christmas cards I have ever seen. Mr. McConniff's "Illustrated Montreal" is the thing. Let your friends far away see our beautiful cities, and the beautiful manner in which we can get up descriptions of them.

"OUTING" too you will like immensely. Just full of the chatty and breezy things on Sport that we all like to read, whether we are sportsmen or not.

One of my real favourites is Belford's Magazine. I liked the April number even better than the March.

SCRIBO.

A MAY-DAY CUSTOM.

THE TRIBUTE OF ROSES.

Long ago the French Parliament did not always meet in Paris, but made tours through the country every year, and the Princes and Princesses of the Royal House generally went about with it. This, of course, added much to the pomp and style of the occasions. During one of these tours, the custom of The Tribute of Roses was founded.

A matter of great importance had to be decided at this Parliament. A gentleman, high in the service of France, having married three times, it was necessary to settle whether the children of each marriage should share alike in his property. The laws of the province were not clear on the point, and the decision was left with the country. A young Count was appointed to watch the case, but the temptations of his gay life were supposed to be too strong for him, and the family concerned in the question had little confidence in him. The Parliament met at Poitiers. The Queen, who was Regent at the time, entered, accompanied by her Courtiers. The houses were gay with flags. The streets were strewn with flowers. Merry bells were clanging. The people shouted "Vive La Regente." At her own right hand rode her son, twelve years of age, on a superb palfrey, and who grew up to be one of the best Kings of France. Around and behind Her Majesty came counts and lords, warriors and noblemen, in glittering armour. The Parliament itself followed on horseback. Solemn mass was sung in the Cathedral, and the stately procession made its way to the place of deliberation.

As a rule the members were accompanied by their wives and families, and the Queen was desirous that they should find lodging in her immediate neighbourhood. Roses were then in full bloom—in the height of their beauty—and the abode prepared for Her Majesty was literally smothered in their fragrance. Her Majesty decided that Parliament should be held here. The President had one daughter, a beautiful and esteemed maiden, upon whom the old gentleman lavished all the affection of his widower days. The Count, who had charge of the important case to be decided, had repeatedly been privileged to consult with the President, and had, on these opportunities, come under the spell of the young lady's beauty. All his turreted castles and ancient ancestry, however, could not induce her to leave her father in his loneliness. The Count redoubled his attentions. The maiden was firm. She was an especial favourite with the Queen, and was much in Her Majesty's presence. The Count, too, was in attendance, and the beauty of the young lady increased with her coldness to him.

Venturing under her window one evening among the roses, to sing a song in her honour, he was rebuked from the lattice, and mildly but proudly urged by the young lady to go show his interest in the work he had on hand. Stung by the justice of the rebuke, he saw that if he would win the esteem of his fair lady, he must deserve it. He set to work to study the case which he was to plead. On the morrow the case was called. The President, fearing that the Count was unprepared for it, was about to pass on to another. The Queen, however, who had learned all that had passed the evening before, commanded that the case proceed. The Count stepped forward, made his bow, and presented a clear statement of the whole question. His eloquence astonished the very wisest of the counsellors. They were carried away by the presentation made, and unanimously adopted his view of it.

"Count," said the Queen, "tell us who has inspired you."

"The voice of an angel descended from Heaven to recall me to my duty," replied the Count.

The President was created Chancellor of France. His daughter was made the happy bride of the Count. In order to perpetuate the event, Her Majesty ordained that each young peer should give a tribute to the Parliament.

"What shall the tribute be?" asked one.

"A tribute of roses," replied Her Majesty.

Immediately the rose garden was robbed of its beauty. The flowers were carried in baskets and presented to the grave members of Parliament. After that, every first of May saw the youngest peer of France presenting his tribute of roses.

DICK'S OPINION OF HIS COUSINS.

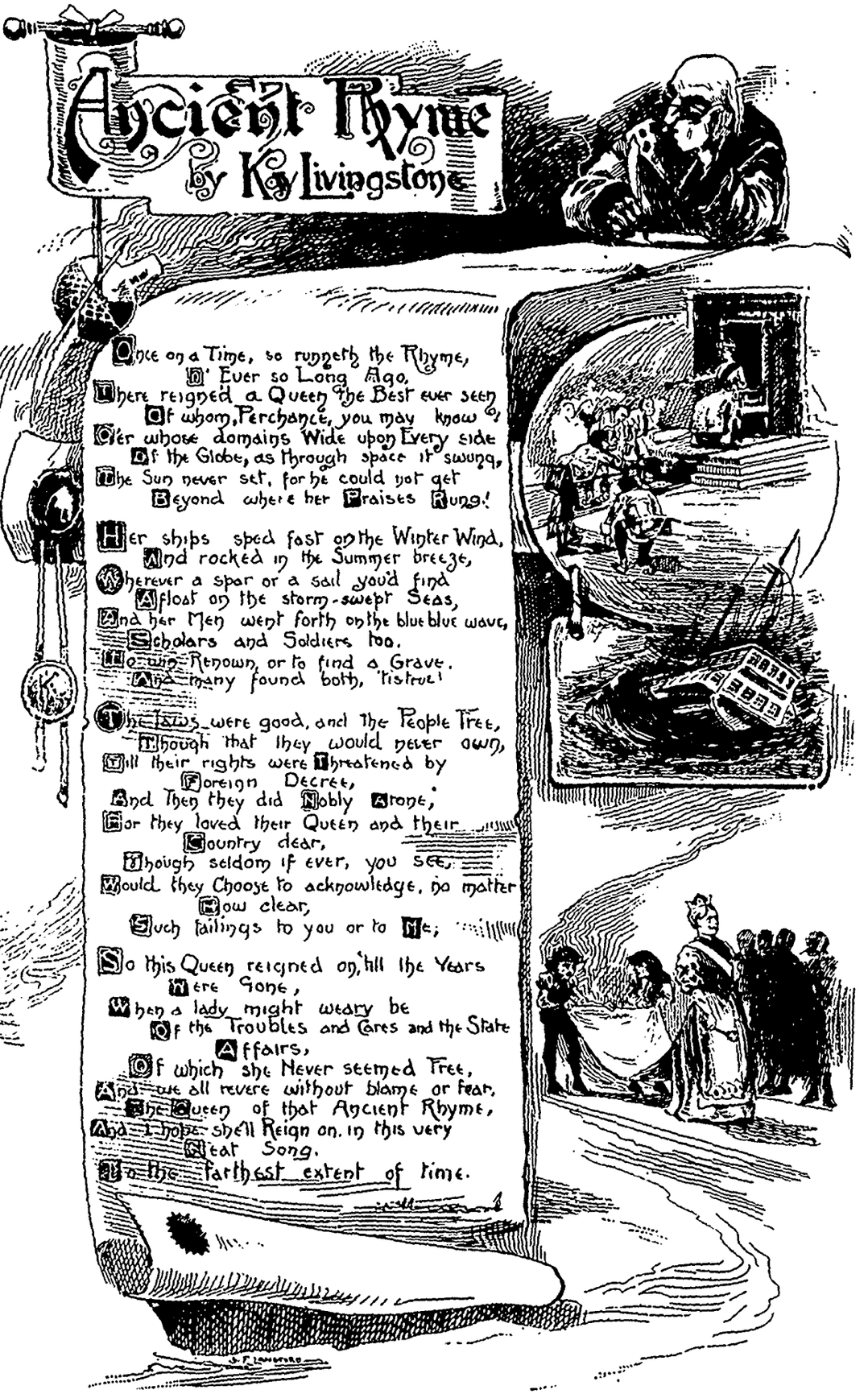
Girls is grate on making bleeve. She will make bleeve a doll is a live baby. She will make bleeve she is orfull sweet on another girl or a feller if they come to see her, and when they are gone she will say, "Horrid old thing!" Girls is olways fooling a feller. She can't lick yer, so she gets the best of yer that way. If yer don't do what a girl tells yer she says yer horrid. I drather be horrid than soft. If yer do what a girl tells you you will do all sorts of foolish things. Girls can be good in school every day if they feel like it. I shud think they would get tired and have to do sumthing wonce in a while; I know a feller does. Girls say fellers act orfull; but when a girl gets a-going it she acts orfler than any feller durst. They don't care for nuthing. If a girl wants a feller to carry her books home she ain't satisfied unless she gets the same feller the other girls want, whether she likes him or not. Girls is grate on having secrets—I mean telling secrets. They make secrets out of nuthing at all, and then tell it round to all the other girls, orfull quiet, just as if it was sumthing dredfull. I bleeve a girl likes to make bleeve they are doing sumthing dredfull. Girls olways gets their jogger-fry lessons better than a feller; but if they are going anywhere they don't know their way a bit, and they are sure to get lost. If two fellers has a fite the girls all go for the feller what licks, no matter whether he is good for anything else or not. If a girl don't feel like doing a thing you can't make her, no matter whether she had orter or not. If she won't she won't, and she will get out of it somehow. That is all I kno about girls this time.

CROWDED STREETS.

Some statistics recently published by the City of Berlin show that London streets are on the whole the most crowded of any city in Europe. In 1878 it was ascertained that 43,014 people passed every 16 hours along the Leipziger Strasse in Berlin, and in 1883, 36,000 people crossed the Jannowing Bridge every 18 hours. The most crowded bridge in Berlin is the Oramin, over which 80,000 people pass every 18 hours. In 1884, 58,743 passed along the Muntz Strasse every 16 hours, and 47,506 along the Getraudten Strasse. In London it is estimated 110,625 pedestrians pass over London Bridge daily; over Blackfriars, 79,108; Westminster, 44,460; Waterloo, 32,815. The most crowded thoroughfare in Europe is the Pont Neuf, Paris.

Ancient Rhyme

by Kay Livingstone



Once on a Time, so runneth the Rhyme,
'Ever so Long Ago,
There reigned a Queen the Best ever seen
Of whom, Perchance, you may know,
Over whose domains Wide upon Every side
Of the Globe, as through space it swung,
The Sun never set, for he could not get
Beyond where her Praises Rung!

Her ships sped fast on the Winter Wind,
And rocked in the Summer breeze,
Wherever a spar or a sail you'd find
Afloat on the storm-swept Seas,
And her Men went forth on the blue blue wave,
Scholars and Soldiers too,
Some won Renown, or to find a Grave,
And many found both, 'tis true!

The Laws were good, and the People Free,
Though that they would never own,
Till their rights were threatened by
Foreign Decree,
And Then they did Nobly Atone,
For they loved their Queen and their
Country dear,
Though seldom if ever, you see,
Would they Choose to acknowledge, no matter
How clear,
Such failings to you or to Me;

So this Queen reigned on, 'till the Years
Were Gone,
When a lady might weary be
Of the Troubles and Cares and the State
Affairs,
Of which she Never seemed Free,
And we all revere without blame or fear,
The Queen of that Ancient Rhyme,
And I hope she'll Reign on, in this very
Neat Song,
To the farthest extent of Time.

EDITOR'S PIGEON-HOLES.

A GOOD IDEA FOR OUR SCHOOLS.

Dr. Harper, Inspector of Schools for the Province of Quebec, has started a capital idea, and is vigorously putting his idea to the test among the schools under his supervision. With illustrations from a lime-light lantern he lectures in each school, and gives the proceeds to a fund for organizing a library in connection with it. In this way he has already made the nucleus of sixty school libraries in the Province, and in some instances museums have been commenced as well. It is scarcely possible to over-estimate the value of a movement like this, and THE YOUNG CANADIAN tenders to Dr. Harper its sincere appreciation of his efforts. Music, too, the Inspector finds a desirable, if not actually necessary, part of the education of the young, and he has set about collecting or otherwise procuring suitable school songs for our young people. Few things are more necessary, and few so sadly neglected in our schools. We want all our young people to sing—to sing with all their might—in their play, over their lessons, even through their disappointments when they have them. And let the songs be brimful of Canada, of their home, their native land. We shall consider our YOUNG CANADIAN honoured, if it should be the means of aiding such a movement, and we shall gladly co-operate with Inspectors in discussing ways and means of securing the object.

MORE YOUNG SALMON.

Not long ago I told you about the rivers of France being stocked with young salmon, and suggested that we might send them home a few samples of our young Canadian fish to astonish the natives. I have since heard of another opportunity for our hardy young salmon. In the north of Scotland some gentlemen are *very fond of lochs and lakes, and when they have none* they must make some. The next thing is to fill them with fish. One of these artificial lakes was, two years ago, stocked with fish from Loch Leven, and now an hour's fishing brings in a basket of trout, each weighing one pound.

HINDOO TRAVELLERS.

In imitation of the great western fashion, a project is being started in the east to enable Hindoo gentlemen to see the world, and at the same time to maintain their exclusive caste fastidiousness. Calcutta will be the scene of the first experiment, and as the tours propose to include Europe, China, Japan, and America, we may have an opportunity of letting the distinguished travellers see our Dominion.

MR. GLADSTONE AS HE WAS AND IS.

When the great statesman was a very small boy he went to Eton. The school then had a Magazine, the Eton Miscellany, to which the youthful pupil was a regular contributor, and all through his long and busy life he has maintained his affection for his old school. He has just gone to Eton again, now a famous man, after seventy years have passed, on a visit of a semi-official nature. I am sure the boy of seven dreamed not of the man of seventy.

PRINCE FERDINAND AND THE SECRETARY.

A curious thing lately occurred at Sophia. One of Prince Ferdinand's private secretaries, returning to the palace late one night, wanted to enter through a private door. He was told that he could not pass that way, and on making a forcible attempt to "rush" the sentry, he was arrested and put into the sentry-box till the guard came round. The affair being reported to Prince Ferdinand, he ordered his secretary to apologize to the sentry, and submit to a week's arrest. The secretary refused, and was dismissed. As for the sentry, he was court-martialled, and condemned to six weeks' imprisonment, for not having shot the secretary—a sentence which Prince Ferdinand confirmed, though he afterwards reduced it as an act of grace. The fact is that, Prince Ferdinand's life being exposed to so many dangers, the palace sentinels receive very stringent orders as to dealing with people who try to force their way in. It is strange that the secretary did not know this, and he ought to be congratulating himself on having had a very lucky escape.

TAKE AN IDEA FROM US.

During the recent storms in Britain, all the Railways suffered more than was necessary because they had no appliances for removing snow. With drifts from ten to twenty feet deep, the ploughs used served merely to compress the mass in front and at the sides, instead of clearing it right off.

PERFUME MAKERS.

Grasse, whither Her Majesty has recently gone for a brief rest, is the centre of a great perfume trade. As many as fifty scent factories are in the neighbourhood, and their steam chimneys will soon mar the beautiful landscape. May is the month for distilling from the flowers, and the daily consumption of rose petals for this purpose is enormous. Of orange blossoms, too, a cruel quantity.

NO DOUBT.

A small boy of four summers was riding on a rocking-horse with a companion. He was seated rather uncomfortably on the horse's neck. After a reflective pause, he said—"I think if one of us gets off I could ride much better."

THE YOUNG CANADIAN IN OTTAWA.

The early wild-flowers were peeping out to see me as I whirled through the woods to Ottawa. They nodded and whispered to each other—"That's THE YOUNG CANADIAN on the way to Ottawa to make the young people as Canadian as we Trilliums and Hepaticas are."

At the Great Tower of the House of Commons, beauty and fashion elbowed and jostled their way. Everybody *bustled in, and hurried to their places on the Floor of* the Red Chamber. The Red Chamber is where Parliament opens, where the Senate has its Sessions later on, and where His Excellency has his Grand Receptions. Chairs, handsomely stuffed, and luxurious in red, surround the floor two or three deep. At the extreme end rises the Throne with its dais, its Chair of State, and its canopy of gold. The front circlet of chairs was occupied by portly Senators. The row immediately behind was reserved for their wives and married daughters: while their unmarried daughters, the wives and daughters of the Commons, and the lady citizens of Ottawa filled up the chairs at the back. Extra chairs were placed around *the entrance for the Mayor of Ottawa, the Clergy, and a* few distinguished strangers. Beyond these, gentlemen are not admitted to the floor.

The costume is "by order," full evening dress, although the hour is three in the afternoon, but the galleries above are open to bonnets and morning dress.

Lady Stanley, with a quiet matronly air, and the Attendant Ladies of her Household, entered by a private door, and took up their places in chairs reserved for them on the left of the Throne. With characteristic punctuality the firing of cannons announced the hour, and the Governor, accompanied by an escort of Dragoon Guards, came dashing up in his State Equipage drawn by four *magnificent greys. At the signal of the National Anthem,* the brilliant audience within rose to their feet in his honour, and His Excellency, attended by Privy Councillors and soldiers glittering in golden braid, entered and passed gravely to his official seat. With much formality the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod was despatched through a procession of deep bows to summon the House of Commons, who thereupon appeared helter-skelter, crushing and squeezing for coins of vantage in the small and insignificant accommodation allotted to them more like a school-boy's Christmas recess than a Legislative Ceremony. But custom is a despot; and custom, from time immemorial, has decided just how the Commons ought to enter. With a gracious "*be seated,*" His Excellency raised his plumed hat, first to the Honourable Gentlemen of the Senate and then to the Honourable Gentlemen of the Commons, and proceeded to pronounce, in English and in French, The Address from the Throne. In another procession of bows The Address was handed to the Speakers of the respective Houses, and, the ceremony being over, the Representative of Her Majesty retired, followed by his suite, and the assemblage was at liberty to break through the bonds of formality. The cushioned chairs were quickly vacated. Old friends and new mingled in talk and smiles.

The Commons at once returned to their quarters, and commenced the work of the Session, although not much is done for a week or two. The gaiety of the season is ushered in by a State Dinner at Government House, which is followed by a continuous string of imitations among the Members of the Cabinet, and Heads and Deputy-Heads of the Departments. His Excellency is expected to overtake the entire Legislature, Cabinet, *Senate, and Commons, for which wholesale hospitality* his Ball-room is temporarily converted into a Dining-hall. The Speaker of the Senate entertains the Senate; he of the Commons the Commons; and the salaries attached to these distinguished positions are quickly devoured in similar formalities.

"The Drawing-Room" is the social event of the season. Through their Secretaries their Excellencies intimate that they will hold a Reception. It takes place in the magnificent and brilliantly-lighted Red Chamber. The nobility of mind, body, and estate, of the whole Dominion are in attendance. The dress of the ladies, the scarlet uniforms of soldiers, the official distinctions and *decorations of the courtiers, all make up a sight, which* for impressive magnificence has few equals anywhere.

The relative place of every guest in this pageant is decided "by order." Senators, with their wives and daughters, enter the Chamber by the Senators' Entrance. Members of the Commons, with their ladies, come in by west side of the Tower. "Others" enter where "red lights" are shown. All the great untitled enter by the "Red Lights," and great is the crowd of these. Majestic corridors, lofty ceilings, costly carpets, and multitudinous servants, add to the awe of the scene of squeezing and crushing. At the entrance to the Chamber, all crush is subdued. The guests enter, one by one, in slow and *stately succession. Presenting one card at the door,* and another to Aide de-Camp in waiting, each passes in, walks slowly up to the Throne, has his name announced, makes a deep bow, and makes room for his successor.

Their Excellencies stand on the dais, with a gracious smile, and all weariness suppressed. For two or three hours they have to undergo this ordeal, after which the "Drawing-Room" is at an end. The Session is opened.

EDITOR.

SOME NICE BOOKS TO READ.

MAISIE WARDEN. By J. D. Hutcheson. Alexander Gardner, Paisley and London.

The heroine, from whom this story takes its name, is the bonniest lassie in a Scottish village which forms the scene of the story. Being the miller's daughter, she is considered, especially by her father, to be much higher in the social scale than her lover, who is merely the blacksmith's son; and this forms the source of numerous obstacles to the union of the two, which gives a strong interest to the plot of the story, and which are *removed at last only by the sudden death of the obsti*nate miller. The characters are sketched by one who is evidently familiar with Scottish village-life, and with the Scottish dialect, especially as it is spoken in the West of Scotland. There is, perhaps, a certain degree of harshness too uniformly obtrusive in the principal characters; and in such a picture of village-life we might fairly look for one or two prominent types of those gentler virtues which a sympathetic eye is always ready to discover even under a clothing of rustic manners and language. Still, "Maisie Warden" is a capital story, and will be much enjoyed by those who appreciate the dialect of the Lowland Scots.

SETTING A MAN TRAP.

BY MOWER MARTIN, R. C. A.

WHEN I was a lad I always had a great pleasure in hunting and trapping, or in fact any kind of active out-door fun like cricket, football, or tobogganing, and such like games, so when my father thought I had had enough of school and set me to work in old Mr. Fusby's dry goods store I found it a good deal of a change, and was always longing for a good game of some open air sport. Though it was seldom I could get off to have a game of cricket or football with the town clubs that I belonged to, no doubt when I did I enjoyed it all the more.

One day when I had been three or four years with Mr. F., and had attained a considerable position in the establishment, I was taking a look at the mail while I eat my lunch, when I came across a paragraph stating that the police had been having a field day at Buffalo and had made a raid on some of the haunts of the criminal classes in that city, capturing a number of burglars, pickpockets and other noted characters of evil repute who had been given so many hours to leave the city. Now when you read a notice of one of these spasmodic efforts on the part of the police to clear up the reputation of their city, whether it be Buffalo, Boston or New York you may be sure that a fair proportion of those emigrants for their city's good, will come to Canada and take a little tour in the provinces. I had had occasion to notice this before, and so I had told the Governor that he had better look out for a visit, and as he had had a previous call of the same nature about five years ago, when he lost a lot of valuable silks and velvets, besides a hundred and sixty dollars in cash, he thought it would be as well to look out for another visit, and talked about hiring a watchman for a time, but as I thought I saw an opportunity for a little sport that would be at least equal to a game of football, I told him that if he would leave it to me I would be responsible for anything that might be lost.

He agreed to this and I proceeded to lay my plans, first stipulating that no one should be told of our expectations: then I walked down to the railway station and had a confidential chat with the baggage master, an old school fellow of mine, whom I took into my confidence.

Now I ought to say a little about our town. It is on the main line of the Western division of the Grand Trunk, and, although not large, is rapidly growing, being in the centre of a good agricultural district, and at the same time possessing a number of mills and factories which employ a great many hands and keep business moving, when the agriculturists are too busy at home to come shopping. Although it is a thriving little place not a very great way from Guelph and possessing similar opportunities and ambitions, it may be considered to be a future rival of that busy place. Our store was in a large stone block, the principal business block in fact, and was the corner house. We had a plate glass front, of which we were very proud, plate glass fronts being then very rare. In fact ours was the only one in town, and we held our heads up accordingly.

My interview with the baggage master was to arrange with him to let me know of the arrival of strangers who might be possibly professors of the fine art of burglary, as in a small place like our town we know all our own people, and can generally give a pretty correct guess at the business of any strangers who arrive. I did not expect that they would come straight to our little place, so I kept a lookout in the papers for reports of their further proceedings, and the second day I read of a burglary at a private house in Hamilton; the day after of two more in the same town, one at a jeweller's and the other at a dry goods store. Now it began to get interesting. It was evident they had confederates at or near the border line, to whom they shipped their stolen goods for transmission to the States, as it would be too tedious as well as too dangerous to try and dispose of them in Canada. Two days after this a burglary occurred in Guelph, and I thought it was time to be prepared for business. I found the excitement was as interesting as my old pursuit of hunting, and felt as if I proposed to trap some rare and large sized game. My confederate was also by this time highly pleased with the prospects of having some fun and kept a strict watch for suspicious strangers, following one or two to their hotels and discovering for his pains that they were only commercial travellers. Once he sent me word that a peculiar looking stranger with a mysterious bundle had arrived, but it turned out that he was only a photographer with a camera and some boxes of dry plates.

As ours was a corner store, I determined to arrange for the entry of my expected visitors by a side window, which, opening on a level with the sidewalk, would naturally attract the attention of the kind of people we were dealing with. It opened into a room behind the store where we unpacked our goods, and immediately under it was a trap door leading into the cellar. The door leading into the store was an ordinary four panel door, and was seldom locked. Inside the store, close to this door, was a long narrow closet, on the shelves of which we kept our best goods,—silks, cloths, and velvets. It was put up after the first robbery, and had a strong door with a good lock to it. There was only just room to walk in it beside the shelves. It was about ten feet long from front to back. This I thought would make a good trap with a little improvement or two. I would not make any alterations however, till I was pretty certain of a call. Two days after the Guelph burglary a boy called to ask me to run to the Hosmer House, which is one of our hotels, not the best, about the third perhaps in point of size and importance. Here I found my old friend Joe Stayner, the baggageman, who whispered me that he thought he had got the right scent at last. Two men who were strangers, had got out of different cars and gone to different hotels. They each had a small black valise, and each had asked where his hotel was as neither would ride in the hotel bus, but seemed in a hurry to get away from the station and escape observation. They did not speak to one another, but my informant saw one wink at the other as they turned to go their different ways. He had followed one to the Hosmer House and wanted to point him out to me. All this was told me outside the door, and on the strength of that suspicious wink, I determined to have a look at our visitor. He was soon pointed out to me as he was sitting reading the newspaper, or pretending to, I don't know which, and I thought as likely enough he was the man we were expecting. He was of that essentially modern type that is to be found only in the large cities of the States,—broad shoulders, tall, thick-necked, with a large round head, large cheeks and small eyes,

rather cruel mouth hid under a heavy moustache, clean shaven cheeks and chin. You can meet hundreds like him on the Bowery, or on Broad St., Buffalo.

Taking care he did not see me I hastily withdrew, and going to the other hotel, the "St. Regis," I watched for his supposed companion, guided by the description I had received.

Him I found standing outside the hotel door smoking a cigar,—the very opposite in all respects to the other. Small, thin-faced, with light sandy moustache and beard. He was the picture of a shrewd Yankee, and as he raised his arm to take his cigar out of his mouth I observed a projection in the region of the breast pocket of his coat which I knew could be nothing else than the barrel end of a revolver. He was looking at a man cleaning a horse, so I passed quickly by, and by a roundabout way returned to the store just as the factory bells and whistles sounded twelve o'clock, and the streets began to echo the tread of the toilers hurrying home to their dinners.

That same afternoon at about three o'clock, a small, thin-faced, sandy bearded man looked into the store and asked if we could match a piece of doe skin cloth he had with him. He spoke to George Sims, who is my assistant, and George went to the closet and fetched him out our best roll of cloth. It was almost the same but would not exactly do, he said, so he looked at some more but none were exactly what he wanted. He had however, a good opportunity to see our stock of those goods, at one time following George to the door of the closet and looking in. He then went over to Miss Jones's counter and looked at some silk and satin ribbons, buying a yard and a half of narrow neck ribbon for a tie. . He also priced some velvets and plushes, behaving very politely and apologizing for the trouble he gave. Then he left.

All this time I had been watching him while serving an old lady with some clothing for two small boys she had brought with her, and when he went I felt certain that he and I would meet again, especially as he had gone down the side street casting a keen glance in at the side window as he went by.

When I had at last got rid of my old lady customer who, I am afraid, found me less patient and polite than usual, I went outside the front door to take a look round when I observed the latter of the two strangers coming out of Corbie's the jewellers, looking at a ring on his finger which he had apparently just bought. Ah, thought I, that is to be the game is it. He has been looking over the stock and seeing where the goods are kept; also the fastenings of the doors and so forth. As he came my way he gave a sharp look at the goods in the windows and half stopped as if he were coming in. —altering his mind however, he passed on; but he too turned down the side street and looked into the side window intently.

Now I thought that the plot was thickening, and I longed for the evening to come when I could get to work and perfect my plans. We generally closed at eight, though sometimes I stopped later putting goods away or helping with the books. This I thought to myself, would be one of the nights when I should stay later.

HE THOUGHT HE GOT THE RIGHT SCENT AT LAST.

So when eight o'clock came it was a pleasant sight to me to see the people go, while I sat at the desk writing away as if I had hours of work before me, although ten minutes after the hour I opened the side door and admitted my old friend who was going to share the fun with me and possibly the danger too.

And the first thing we did was to bait our trap, as we wanted to catch the largest and most dangerous foe. In the closet we put some of the best goods on the highest shelves and took away and hid the short steps which were usually kept there. These goods we left projecting so that they could be seen; then we fixed the short crowbar we used for opening cases, so that it would fall into a staple across the door of the closet if it were quickly closed, and tied a string to the door by which we could pull it shut from our hiding place; the silk and satin ribbon and velvet goods we left as they were, behind the other counter upon the shelves which lined that side of the store.

We expected of course that there must be a third man to come with the wagon or buggy, the plan usually being to lay out work at two or three places, steal a horse and buggy from a livery stable, and after collecting the goods drive many miles from the town before morning. We did not anticipate being able to secure this third person unless he came into the premises, when we meant to try for him; and a wire attached to a bolt that secured the trap door under the window formed the means we expected to employ. About ten we had everything ready and put out the light, when I walked off down the main street ostentatiously locking the front door after me and saying good night in a loud voice to one or two people I met, going round one block I came up the side street and quietly entered by the window, which I left unfastened after me.

Both Joe and I had our pistols, but did not want to have to use them although prepared to do so if necessary, as we did not consider burglars of much value to the community, We waited till we heard the market clock strike two, and shortly after a muffled sound as of a horse with woollen shoes on, which stopped some distance away, and all was still again. It seemed half an hour after this when we heard the noise again,—and again it stopped in the side street close by. So far so good thought I. That means that they have gone to the jewellers and made a successful haul,—and now comes the tug-of-war. Joe was hidden under the counter. I was on top of the long closet where the goods were. I was covered up and not likely to be noticed. Presently we heard the window raised, and shortly after the two men were in the store. The tall man produced a small lantern and uncovered the light, while the short one spread a shawl on the floor in the middle of the shop: this done, they both went to the closet, and the big fellow went in and commenced handing down rolls of cloth and silk to the short one,—carefully inspecting each, throwing out all but the best. "Hurry old fellow, we can't carry away the whole store," said the shorter of the two. "Here, I'll get some of those velvets while you finish that job," and putting down the lantern where they could both see it he nimbly jumped over the counter and began piling up a heap of the best plushes and velvets in the store. The big fellow came out with a pile in his arms which he deposited on the shawl and said, "just one more load and we'll go, I see some good stuff on the top shelf." So saying he passed in again. I pulled the string quickly. Bang came the door and down came the crowbar into its place, and one head of game was secure. "What the deuce have you done now Jim" shouted the little fellow preparing to jump over the counter, when Joe seized him by the leg and he fell heavily on the floor where Joe immediately held him in a tight embrace. I slid down, and taking the straps that the thieves had laid ready for fastening their bundle, soon secured the little chap, putting a gag in his mouth, as we did not want to alarm the confederate we supposed to be in the wagon outside. I took his pistol out of his pocket and leaving Joe guard over him I went outside, where to my surprise I found a nice horse and a buggy without anyone in it, which I immediately recognized as the property of Jim Holdern, the livery stable keeper.

Tying the horse to a post I returned to the store, where the big fellow was cursing away in the dark cupboard and throwing himself against the door, but in vain. Afraid however that he would loosen the staple, I put some more supports to the door and sent Joe round to the railway station for help. The two men on duty there came along, and on their way called at the place that does duty for a police station, and found the two constables who should have been patrolling the town intent on a game of dominoes. They jumped up and came along with Joe, and in a few minutes we had both of the burglars secure and marched them off to the lockup. On searching the buggy we found twenty-six watches and a lot of silverware, both the black satchels being full of it. On the persons of the villians themselves we found a lot of splendid rings,—some containing diamonds, four hundred and fifty odd dollars in money and two fine gold watches and chains. Altogether it was the best night's trapping I ever did, as the watches, which were most likely stolen in the States, were unclaimed, and over two hundred dollars in cash, and these unclaimed goods Joe and I shared between us. The two men got five years each, and after serving it out were handed over to the New York police, who sent them down for seven years more on some old accounts. I have never had another chance, but I am still watching the papers.

MRS. MAYBURN'S TWINS.

The Story of One Day.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

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

Mamma dropped—threw—that dress upon the floor, resisting a vulgar impulse to stamp and dance upon it, and the face that she wore as she started to take The Jefful boded nothing less than impalement and subsequent quartering to that offender. But as mamma passed through the door and The Jefful saw her—and she saw The Jefful—everything that could have been reasonably expected changed to the deadest of Dead Sea apples, for The Jefful crowed as joyously as a whole perch of little roosters would have done at the coming of the dawn, and mamma, the terrible, the enraged, the avenger, the despoiled, mamma took her baby into her arms and didn't care one particle whether the dress would be too short, or whether she could match the silk so as to cover the rent with a flounce;—she simply didn't care for anything but her wee, pink-cheeked, bright-eyed laughing little Jefful.

NOON.

But the striking of the clock, whose hands had reached twelve, warned mamma of other joys to come; so, after devoting a moment or two to her personal appearance, she took The Jefful on her shoulder, and went below to see that dinner should be on the table at 12:15 sharp, her husband being due at that time, and the children five or six minutes earlier, though they were seldom punctual. On this particular day they were, for on the way home they saw in a shop window the latest nice thing in candies, and they hurried to their mamma to demand a penny each. She promised to give them the money, after dinner, if they were washed, brushed, and in the dining-room when the bell rang. Away they sped, and their haste occasioned some disagreement on the stairs. As the minutes flew, mamma

flew also; she dropped the baby in a corner of the kitchen that was out of the line of march between range, pantries, table, and dumb-waiter; she gave the finishing touches to the gravy, and made the sauce for the pudding, and carried one or two dishes to the dumb-waiter; and even then the kitchen clock, which was daily regulated by papa's watch, marked 12:15 before the waiter was quite ready to ascend. Then a decided step was heard overhead, and it worked more and more in the direction of the dumb-waiter corner, and then the call-pipe emitted a whistle, that to the ear of mamma, which was then within a foot or two of it, was a little the most soul-piercing sound ever heard. But as soon as mamma could recover herself she shouted up the dumb-waiter shaft, "Yes, dear — right away!" and went upstairs, and greeted her husband as smilingly and affectionately as if nothing had happened all morning long, and she had done nothing but sit still and long for her liege lord's return.

Papa was already in his chair, and Fred and Bertha were in theirs, but Bobbboker was invisible, which caused mamma to be somewhat absent-minded. But she did all that was required of the head of the table, and then, while papa, whose head was down, was remarking, "Oh, whom do you suppose I saw this morning?" mamma was at the dumb-waiter shaft, whispering down to Bridget that she wished she would run upstairs and find Bobbboker, and get him presentable and to the table.

"Well," said papa, "as you don't seem to care to know, I——" Just then papa raised his head, missed mamma, and asked:

"Wher *is* your mother, children?"

"Here I am, dear," said mamma, returning to her seat. "I had to say a word to Bridget."

"I should think," said papa, after a sombre moment, that a domestic should know her business well enough to leave you in peace at the dinner-table."

"It is no fault of hers, dear: I merely wanted her to find Bobbboker."

Papa noted the empty high chair, and replied:

"She ought to know enough to send him to the table without being specially instructed."

"It's hardly her business, Will; she has had her hands full in gettting dinner ready."

"Well, how much extra work would it be to get that little scamp ready for his dinner?"

"Not much, but——"

Papa paused for a reply, and finally asked:

"But what?"

"Oh, a great many things: you don't know how closely her time is occupied in the morning."

"Well, I've only this to say: if she were one of my men, and it was her business to have that youngster at the table she would do it or walk." And papa felt so savage that he helped himself to another slice of lamb, although his plate was far from empty.

"Woman's work is different, dear, suggested mamma.

"Perhaps it is." said papa, after a moment or two of reflection. "I know one thing, though; I wish I could be a woman for just one day, and show other women how to run a house on business principles."

"I wish you could, dear." There was not a particle of anger, or sarcasm, or pique in mamma's tone as she said this, but somehow papa did not seem to regard the remark as sympathetic. Mamma saw that her husband was retiring within himself, which always was too much to endure when she saw so little of him, so she made haste to ask:

"Whom did you see to day?"

"Oh," said papa, smoothing his brow, "it was my old classmate, Freindhoff. I hadn't seen the boy before in half a year."

Mamma was not particularly overjoyed to know who her husband's visitor had been. She had seen Freindhoff many times, and knew him for quite a noted analytic chemist, but as odd and absent-minded as a German student could be. Had he not sat and smoked with her husband evenings innumerable, while the two men talked of college days and everything else in which she had not the slightest interest, both men apparently being utterly oblivious of her presence? Papa said that Freindhoff was as true as steel and one of the best fellows in the world; but she knew this much about him: he was neither ornamental nor courteous; he had literally robbed her of her husband many a time, and she hated the very sight of him. But she was determined to at least feign interest in her husband's friends, so she asked:

"How is he?"

"Oh, queer as ever. By the way, I asked him to spend the evening with us to-night. Don't forget to have some Limburger and beer for a little midnight lunch, will you?"

"No," said mamma, though she shuddered uncontrollably as she spoke, for the mere mention of the German delicacies recalled memories of odors which always made her deadly sick, much as she had tried to conquer natural repugnance for love's dear sake. One thing she knew: the evening was doomed, so far as her own pleasure was concerned, and she half wished that a sick headache or something would come to her rescue, and enable her to leave the two men to each other and their vile refreshments, of which pipes of strong tobacco would form an important part. She would not hurt a fly—not she; she was tender-hearted enough to nurse all the invalid kittens that her children found in the streets, although she detested cats: but as for Freindhoff, she did not effectually resist a most unladylike willingness to hear that he had been taken dangerously ill, or even that he lay at death's door.

But if the Fiendhoof — that was the way mamma spelled his name in the privacy of her own thoughts—if he was to ruin her evening, she would at least make the most of her husband while she had him. So she talked of everything interesting she was able to recall, and compelled her husband, in spite of haste and hunger, to listen to her; and, finally, cajoled him into the sort of conversation which he enjoyed as dearly as she did, when he found himself fairly into it, and everything was going as it should between people who profess to love each other above all else, when papa smacked his lips suspiciously, and remarked:

"That stupid Bridget has forgotten to put salt in the pudding! What a shame!"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed mamma. "Isn't that provoking?"

"I should say it was," said papa. "It tastes as flat as a back-woods pan-cake."

"And I hurried my life nearly out to make the sauce for that pudding," remarked mamma.

(To be Continued.)

An Irishman found a sovereign in the street, which proved to be light, and he could only obtain 19s. 3d. for it. Soon after chance threw another in his way, but Pat exclaimed — "By the Powers, I'll have nothing to do with you, for I lost 9d. by the last one I found."

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

The Bible is known to us by various names, every one of which has a beautiful meaning.

The word *Bible* itself comes from a Greek word which means *a book*. This was the name given to the inner bark of the linden tree, and afterwards to the bark of the papyrus, the materials out of which early books were made. From *papyrus* we have the word *paper*.

Testament means *covenant*, or *bargain*, and the Old and New Testaments are therefore the old and new covenants or bargains which God has been pleased to make between Himself and us, His people. These names were first applied only to the covenants themselves; but in course of time they were given to the writings or books which contained records of the covenants; just as we now speak of the decision "of the bench" instead of "the judge," and of addressing "the chair," instead of "the chairman." An "appeal to the Throne" is an appeal to the Sovereign who is supposed to sit on it.

Scriptures, of course, means writings, and refers to the fact that these records were in existence before the time of printing, when writing was the principal mode of preserving records of any kind.

In Acts VII. 38, the records are called "lively oracles," and in Romans III. 2, and Hebrews V. 12, "the oracles of God." *Oracle* comes from two Greek words which mean *to speak* and *mouth*; so that the "oracles of God" should signify something which came from the mouth of God by speech, that is, the Word of God. This is perhaps the most suggestive and impressive title which we associate with the sacred book. However, in 1 Kings VIII. 6., the writer uses the word *oracle* in connection with a part of the Temple, proving that it was sometimes applied to the place where the Words were spoken or revealed.

The word *law* is derived from roots which mean *to lay*, and a law is a rule of action *laid* down by some superior authority. It is therefore easy to see how "The Law" was applied to writings which taught and explained the rules for governing men's actions; and in "*The Prophets*" we have another example of the way we continually use the name of the speaker for the words he spoke.

Among the Jews the Old Testament was called "The Law, The Prophets, and The Writings." "The Law" comprehended the books which in our present arrangement come before the Psalms; "The Prophets" included those from Isaiah to the end; and Writings meant Psalms, Proverbs, Song of Solomon, and Ecclesiastes. This classification has been, in the main, adhered to by the Jewish Church, although in more recent times the Hebrew Scriptures have been differently arranged.

Another name for these sacred records is "*Canon of Scripture*." *Canon*, in Greek, signifies *a straight line*, and the process by which it came to be used for *a rule* or law of conduct seems evident and natural. In Galations VI. 16, St. Paul speaks of "this rule," and in Phillipians III. 16, of "the same rule."

The history of the name of a thing is often the best name of the thing itself. In the history of the names of the Bible we find a condensed statement of what the Bible is, and of what we believe regarding it. It is a *Testament* or *covenant* between God and man. It has been preserved to us by the most ancient of methods and is presented to us now in the most modern. It is an *oracle*, an opening of the mouth of God, of such grave and holy import that it gave its name to the place in the Temple where it was read. It is a law *laid down*, —a canon, or *straight line*, "a rule," "this rule" "the same rule," yesterday, to-day and forever."

PANSIES.

They are all in the lily-bed, cuddled close together,
Purples, Yellow Cap, and little Baby Blue;
How they ever got there, you must ask the April weather,
The morning and the evening winds, the sunshine,
and the dew.

YOUNG CANADIAN HISTORICAL CALENDAR.

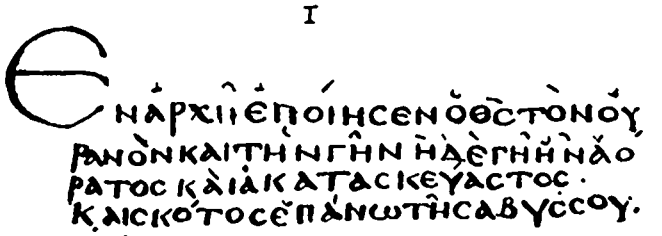
MAY.

1.	First Missionaries of the Recollet Fathers arrived at Quebec.	1615
2.	Ville-Marie founded by Maisonneuve.	1642
3.	Hudson's Bay Company formed in England.	1670
4.	Casco taken by Portneuf	1690
5.	Casco taken by Du Vivier	1735
6.	Battle between "Le Vigilant" and Warren's fleet at Gabarus Bay	1745
7.	Fort Sandusky taken by Indians	1763
8.	Great Fire at Montreal	1765
9.	Americans defeated at Vaudreuil	1776
10.	St. John, N.B., founded by E. U. Loyalists	1783
11.	Rocky Mountains crossed by MacKenzie	1793
12.	Americans defeated at Sackett's Harbour	1813
13.	Oswego captured by British	1814
14.	First steamer, "The Pumper," passed through Rideau Canal	1832
15.	Hudson's Bay Company's new charter	1838
16.	Great Fire at Quebec	1845
17.	Kingston, Ont., founded	1846
18.	First Ocean Steamer, "The Geneva," arrived at Quebec	1853
19.	Anglican Synods authorized	1857
20.	Weekly Steamers started by Messrs. Allan	1859
21.	Skirmish with Fenians at Eccle's Hill	1870
22.	Prince Edward Island Railway	1875
23.	Royal Society founded	1882
24.	Col. Otter attacked Rebels at Cut Knife	1885
25.	Batoche taken	1885
26.	Railway from Montreal to Vancouver	1887

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

A VERY ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT OF THE BIBLE.

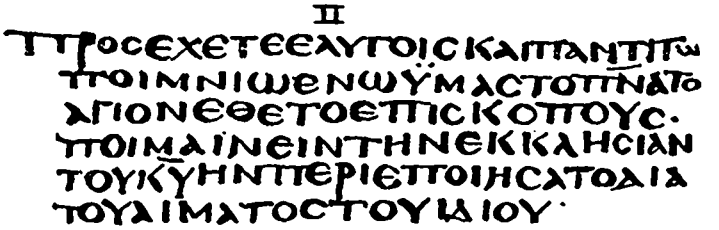
I



I

The first two verses in Genesis. These four lines are in bright red ink The small marks above the letters shew where to breathe and to accent. This M.S. is one of the very earliest in which capitals appear.

II



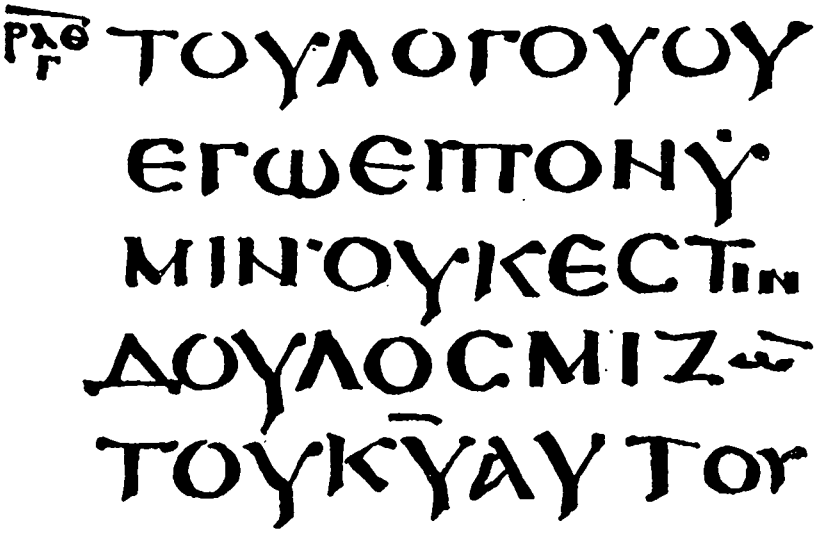
II

From the Twentieth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles

III

From the Epistle of St. John. the Twentieth verse of the fifteenth chapter.

III



SHOW US WHAT YOU ARE.

Do it *now*! Begin! Begin! You
"Mean to;" that won't take you far;
If the thing is there and in you,
Show us what you are!

Future statesmen, preacher, poet,
Playwright, leader of the bar,
You may, but *we* do not, know it,
Show us what you are!

Leave off dreaming, "if" and "and"-ing,
Gazing at a distant star;
The world's not waiting while you're standing;
Show us what you are!

Set your lofty genius working,
Take a task to make or mar,
Fame nor wealth are won by shirking;
Show us what you are!

If you're abler, nobler, stronger
Than the rest of us by far,
Don't just think so any longer;
Show us what you are!

ARTHUR GUNDRY, Ottawa, in *Belford's Magazine*.

To my dear little explorers of the Wild Flower Club:

Do you know what has just happened? You won't guess. I know you won't. Not if I gave you a whole week. It's just this. This morning an old gentleman called at my office, and as it was "dummy day" he received the answer that Post Bag was engaged. I cannot take time just now to tell you what "dummy day" is, but I must do so soon. Well my friend was told that he could not see Post Bag, and he looked so disappointed that my G. A., (that is *guardian angel* to keep away idle people when I am very, very busy) my G. A. said it his business was very important he might walk in. In he walked, you may be sure, and when I discovered his message I was not sorry that my G. A. for once was tender-hearted.

O. F.—Your YOUNG CANADIAN is improving very much.

P. B.—That's very nice.

O. F.—I like your Clubs.

P. B.—That's nice too.

O. F.—I have a weakness for Botany.

P. B.—No wonder. How could any one help it, who has ever studied it?

O. F.—How would a prize do for your youngsters?

P. B.—A Prize! Oh! how delightful!

O. F.—I've been thinking of it for the last week, and if you tell your young flower gatherers right away, I shall look around and see what would be suitable.

P. B.—How very good of you, sir, I really do not know how to thank ——

He was gone and "good morning" was all I heard from the door as he hastily slipped out. My G. A. was nearly upset in the hall by his walking stick. So now we shall set to work every one. Let us see how much pleasure we can give to our old friend in return. Lots of competitors. Lots of flowers. Lots of rambles. If you have any difficulty in naming your little specimens, send them along to me.

ED. P. B.

To my dear little scribblers in the Calendar competitions:

A coincidence has happened in our prizes so curious that I must tell you about it. The Prize for January was carried off by a girl. That for February by a boy. That for March by a girl again. Now it is the boys' turn for April. See who will be the best?

ED. P. B.

FROM OUR MARCH PRIZE.

MONTREAL, April 16.

DEAR EDITOR POST BAG,—Thanks, thanks very much for the lovely ink bottle you sent me. It was such a lovely one, and a new kind. I never saw one of that sort before. I like the YOUNG CANADIAN very much. I look forward to its coming every week. I take a lot of other magazines, but I like yours best of all. The pictures are so nice. My mother is going away for a little trip, and I shall be able to lend her my ink bottle.

Your sincere friend,

GRETA MURRAY.

CENTERVILLE, N. B.

DEAR POST BAG,—I am so glad you have a letter box because I can write to tell you how much I like your Paper. Percy and I like the reading very much. I also like the letters. I hope you will print this because I want to surprise mamma. We are going to learn Shorthand when you print it. I am taking music lessons. I like music very much. Would you please find out how much it costs to go to Sackville College for a year? I am fourteen years old, and read in the Sixth Book.

Goodbye,

GLADYS F.

MY DEAR LITTLE GLADYS,—I am so pleased with your letter. It was very kind of you to write so nicely to me. I wish I could see your mamma's face of surprise when she sees her daughter's sweet little letter in our magazine. Percy too, will feel a big man now, when he has a sister who can drop such a neat letter into the post office. I have written to Sackville College, and the moment I receive a reply I will send it to you. Do write to me again, and tell Percy I shall be happy to hear from him.

Your friend,

ED. P. B.

EMBRUN.

DEAR POST BAG,—I went to Ottawa for a place, but I found none. I suppose I could have more chances in Montreal,—so please don't forget me. I'll be ready to start at any time and ready to correspond with any one and send copy of my Diploma and recommendations. It is because you are so good and amiable though I have never seen you, that I trouble you. You can't imagine the pleasure it gives me to hear from you personally. I have celebrated my fifteenth birthday last Tuesday.

Your friend,

I. P.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—Thanks for your nice letter. I like very much to hear from you and to write to you. I sent you off a long letter this morning by the Post, a much longer one than the printer will let me put into the Post Bag. He says I must not take up too much room, for the nice things that are waiting to be printed are too good to keep long. I am glad to think of you being now fifteen years old. You will soon be able to fill a very good situation indeed. How nice it would be to have you in Montreal. You could then come to see me and I could tell you everything. That is much better than writing.

Your sincere friend,

ED. P. B.