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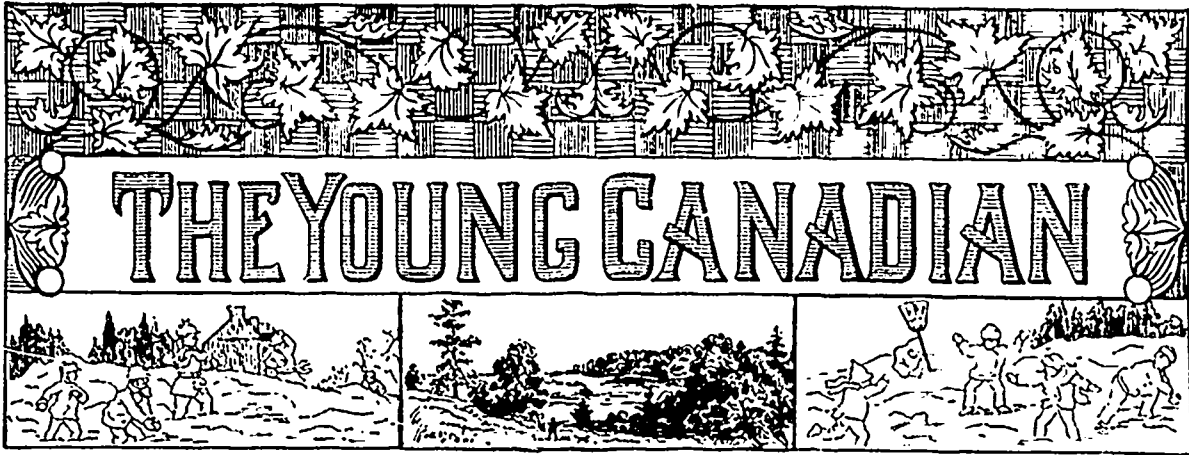


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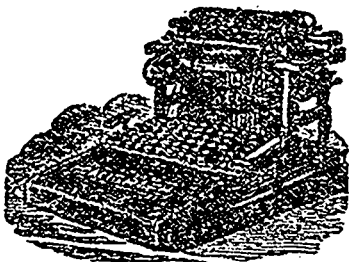
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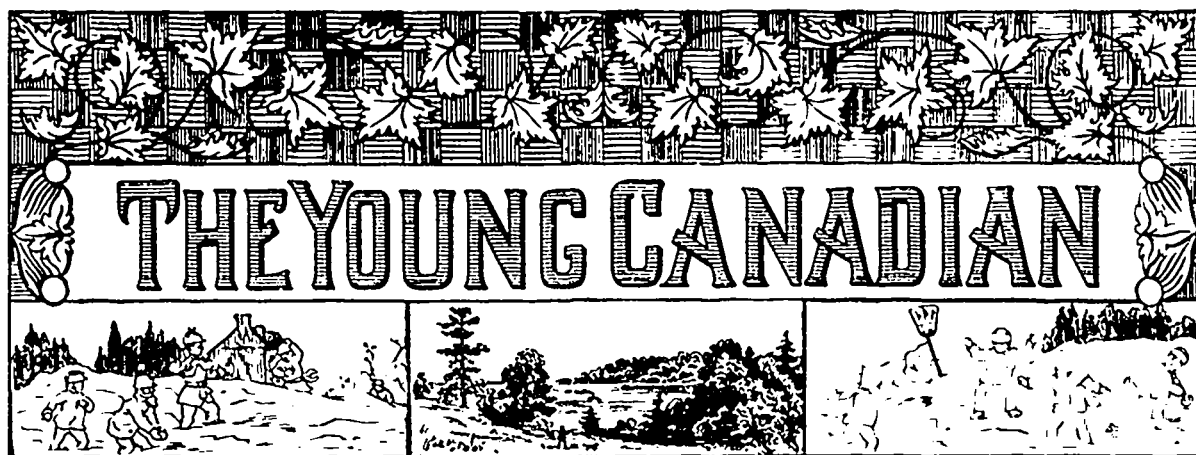
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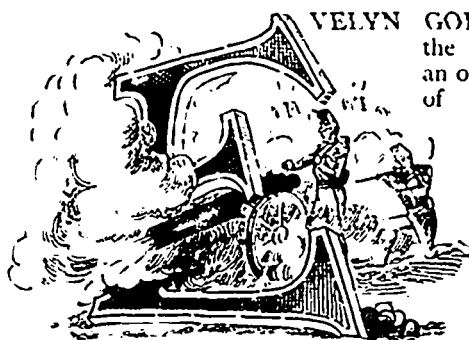
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## REBEL OR PATRIOT.

BY S. M. BAYLIS.

### CHAPTER II.

"The next dreadful thing to a battle lost is a battle won."—WELLINGTON.



EVELYN GORDON was the daughter of an officer in one of the British regiments at that time stationed in Montreal. As was the custom among a section of the English and Protestant population, she had been sent to study in a convent conducted by one of the orders of nuns devoted to teaching. While there she met and formed a friendship with the sisters of Raoul de Bienville, who were being educated with a view to themselves taking the vows of the sisterhood. Their friendship resulted in an invitation being accepted by Evelyn to spend the summer holidays with the de Bienville family at their seigniorial manor on the banks of the Richelieu. While there, the political excitement, long slumbering, finally broke out, and, in the disturbed state of the country parts, it was thought unwise to subject young girls to the possible discomforts of a long journey by carriage to reach the city. The hospitality of the manor being further extended and pressed upon Evelyn, her father was induced to allow her to remain in the expectation of quiet being speedily restored. Instead of which, open hostilities breaking out in the very district where they were, all hope of getting back to town was given up,

and, believing that his daughter was in good hands, though in the care of those known to be in sympathy with the Patriot cause, her father was content to allow Evelyn to remain with her friends. Had he known of the complications likely to arise through associating with one of the temperament of young de Bienville, uncompromising Tory as he was, Captain Gordon would have moved Heaven and Earth and the government to rescue his daughter from the contaminating influences of "those damned rebels," as he was pleased to style them.

Thus it was that the turn of events brought Evelyn to the position in which we find her on the morning of the 25th of November.

She rose with a heavy heart, dressed, and sat down by her window which commanded a view of the road leading to Chambly. She had not been there long when her attention was drawn to a heavy column of black smoke rising in the distance, and, while trying to discover what this might mean, another broke out, and so much nearer that she could distinguish the flames glowing amid its blackness. Straining her eyes over the expanse of road, dun colored fields, and rail fences, she caught the glint of light reflected from polished metal, and there was borne to her ears a sound of music, which, gradually drawing nearer, proclaimed in shrill and rattling tones the presence of a British regiment on the march.

"The troops! They are coming and burning the barns of the poor country folk!" she cried, and hurried out to warn the seigneur's family.

The alarm, however, had already spread. The noise

of the fifes and drums, and the ruse of the burning buildings, had the desired effect, and the people of the village became wildly demoralized. The women and children, and some of the faint-hearted among the men, hastily snatched up what household goods came first to hand and rushed pell-mell for the belt of woods back of the village, the ladies of the manor-house alone remaining in their home, but prepared to retreat to the cellar in the event of the conflict coming near them. Intense excitement was apparent on the faces of the men who were hurrying off in the direction in which "*les soldats*" were coming—excitement not lessened on learning of the disappearance of some of their leaders who had got them into difficulty, and basely left them to their fate.

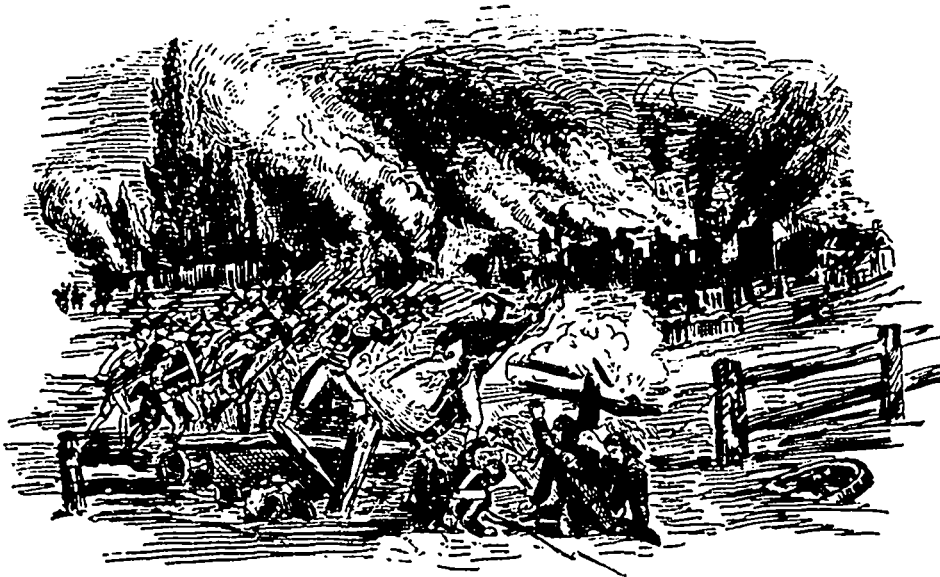
De Bienville had assumed command and was rushing here and there inspiring, persuading, threatening.

"Follow me!" he cried, "be not afraid, our cause is just and must prevail! Remember we fight for home and country! Down with the tyrants! To the barricade!"

His high courage and fearless bearing put new heart into his band of undisciplined enthusiasts, who now ill-equipped as they were—joined in a wild, straggling rush

tion of the small force being reserved to support it, and the remainder detailed for a flank movement through the fields, both detachments to advance on the charge simultaneously and carry the position with a rush. The colonel naturally thought of his own men first: how many of them might probably never cross that short bit of road and meadow? But his heart ached more for the poor wretches caught in the trap of their own setting. Those of them who escaped the bullets of the soldiers' first volley would only save themselves from the crueler death by the bayonets' thrust by instant and unconditional surrender as prisoners of war, trusting for the future to the summary and scant justice of the impending court martial.

The gunners were ordered to fire, and a solid round shot crashed through the flimsy defences, hurling the splintered timbers among the defenders, and badly wounding many. Others followed in quick succession, replied to by discharges from the muskets of the besieged fired through the openings between the logs. The charge was sounded, and, with that wild exultant cheer that has inspired the gallant wearers of England's uniform in many an historic fight on land and sea, the



"THE TROOPS! THEY ARE COMING, AND BURNING THE BARN!"

to where a rough defense of logs, trees, and fence rails had been thrown across the road, at a little distance from the village, in the vain hope of checking the advance of the veteran troops.

In obedience to de Bienville's orders the defenders remained quiet behind the barrier and made no opening.

"Reserve your fire," he commanded, "till the enemy begins his attack; give our foes no excuse to say we precipitated a conflict; when he does come, take aim and shoot true!"

Meanwhile the colonel had halted his force under cover, and in a matter-of-fact way was examining the position through his glass. His practised eye quickly took in the situation, and the mode of attack was easily settled. The barrier stretched across the road to the river on one side, but on the other ended at a short distance in the meadow beyond the road. A field piece was trained to bear directly on it at short range; a por-

soldiers swarmed over and around the barrier. The contest—if such it might be called with the odds all on one side—was short, sharp, and decisive; bayonet and clubbed musket were plied with powerful stroke, and all who did not instantly yield felt their deadly force. Caught as they were in a pocket formed by the angle of the barrier and the river, retreat was almost hopeless. Many did attempt it, however, some escaping, others being shot down as they ran.

Raoul, brave to the last, refused to surrender, but stood his ground defying the soldiers to take him, and calling on them to shoot if they would. One man levelled his piece to take him at his word; another prepared to thrust him with his bayonet; but a burly sergeant of grenadiers, taking in at a glance the dauntless bearing of the youth as he stood with bared head, his face and hands and once dapper dress begrimed with powder-smoke and dirt, swinging his clubbed musket and shouting defiance to the whole

British army, could not but recognize a brave spirit, and wishing to spare one so young and fearless, he dashed aside the two assailants, rushed on the youth, wrenched his gun from him, and, with the quick combined movement of leg and fist known to boxers, he hurled him stunned but unharmed into a corner among the logs out of the way of further danger.

The affair little more than a skirmish - was no sooner over than the sad duties of counting up the cost began. The casualties among the attacking British force were light, but of the insurgents some thirty five or forty lay dead on the field, besides many wounded. A large proportion of the wounds were from bayonet thrusts, showing that a lofty, if mistaken, courage had led the poor fellows to resist to the death. Those who had not escaped were made prisoners, among whom was the unfortunate Raoul, now recovered from the effects of the blow of the sergeant's fist.

The regimental surgeons were soon in attendance on the wounded, treating friend and foe with equal kindness and military promptness. Fatigue parties were detailed to gather the dead and guard the wounded. The kind offices of Father Phillippe—who was speedily on hand to offer consolation and assistance to those of his flock who

stood badly in need of both - were enlisted to persuade the fugitives to return from the woods, and to assure them that the soldiers were not going to kill them all as they firmly believed. The sorrow was heavy enough, however, in the little village when the sad truth became known of the fathers, husbands, and brothers, dead, wounded, and in captivity, and bitter were the tears shed as Father Phillippe read the service of the church over the common grave in which all the fallen were buried together.

Preparations were in time completed for conveying the prisoners to Montreal, and the grief of the poor people broke out afresh as they saw their loved ones dragged off to what, in their simplicity, they imagined to be unknown tortures, the parting between Madame de Bienville and her son being affecting in the extreme. The commander and his officers—some of whom had made the acquaintance of the lady and her daughters in the city—did all in their power to console them, and assured them of their desire to treat the prisoners with every consideration consistent with their duty as military guard, offering at the same time to escort Miss Gordon and place her safely in the hands of her friends. This, however, Evelyn respectfully declined, preferring to go



"SHE TOOK HIS PROFFERED HAND IN SILENCE."

in charge of Father Phillippe, who purposed leaving next day to report in person to his bishop the unhappy ending to the ill-judged attempt of the disaffected portion of his people.

Evelyn approached Raoul to say farewell, her pale face, and haggard look, being the only evidence of the feelings she tried to conceal under an otherwise firm bearing. To the onlookers these seemed but the consequent effects of the sad scenes through which she had been compelled to pass, and caused no surprise.

She took his proffered hand in silence, afraid to trust herself to speak. He bowed over it respectfully and said simply:

"Farewell! Miss Gordon. I regret that you have been made the unwilling witness of these troubles,

and ask your pardon for any share I may have had in causing you pain. If your influence with the authorities can mitigate the punishment my poor people are likely to suffer, please exercise it on their behalf. For myself I ask nothing, not even pity. I have no regret for any action of mine as it may affect me personally. My course was deliberately chosen, and I must now suffer the consequences, whatever these may be. Be assured of my sincerest wishes for your future happiness. Farewell!" and with a firm step he turned to take his place in the ranks of the prisoners. The command was given; the escort formed up in position on either side of the forlorn squad, and the march to the city, and captivity, and—to some—death began.

(To be continued.)

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## WHAT DO YOU THINK ?

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BY PROF. T. P. HALL, WORCESTER, MASS.

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**V**ERY much depends upon it. If your thoughts are true and wise you may become a good and useful man or woman, but if they are foolish and bad you are on the road to every kind of evil. In childhood thoughts come and go like summer winds, but they must be controlled. One who *cannot* control his thoughts is insane; one who does not is nearing the same condition. Every sane person can think about whatever he chooses, but little folks are often at a loss to know how *not to think* of something that is wrong. The way is easy. You cannot put dirt into a cup that is already full of solid gold; and if you fill your mind with right thoughts the bad ones will not bother you long. If some one has done you an injury and you feel angry or revengeful, recall the good deeds he has done, or the disadvantages he has had in early training, and so drive away your evil thoughts. If this does not do, then count the leaves of a flower, look for pictures in the clouds or in the fire, or see whether there is not some way in which you can be of use to others so that they won't think of you as a lazy good-for-nothing.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." That is to say, you will come to *be* as good or as bad as the thoughts you love to cherish. It is worth your while then to cherish honest thoughts about yourself so that you will not become a hypocrite, and to shun all thoughts of meanness and of every kind of evil in yourself and in others. We cannot help sometimes seeing or hearing of wickedness, but we can keep from thinking it over and over. It is well to remember the favors that are done to us; but forget the injuries, because the injuries are generally done in a passion, under provocation, while kindness is deliberate and shows the heart more truly.

Let yourself think sometimes of larger things—of

our country from Cape Breton to Vancouver, and how all these people are to be made wiser, better and happier,—of the earth as a ball rolling through space with us as tiny specks upon it, and think how far it is to the sun, and away beyond to the stars, and past the stars, on, and on, and on—to what? Or look back to see how evenly the world wagged before we came into it; back to the time when men were not even thought of, when the world was a shapeless cloud, and all the stars a scattered mist. Then on to the time when men shall all be gone, the drama of life ended, the stage broken up and the whole theatre faded like a dream away. Think occasionally of these infinities and eternities, and you will be wiser and better for the thoughts.

As a rule forget yourself. Take a look now and then to see what kind of a creature you are so that you may check bad habits or gauge your powers, but press on and busy yourself with things that are kind and noble and true, and God will look after you, for that is the way of Life. Those who are concerned very much about themselves are sure to go wrong. One troubles himself about his stomach and becomes a dyspeptic. Another, who is very anxious to get rich, becomes selfish and unscrupulous. Another, whose chief care is about dress and attitudes, degenerates into a mere dude.

Day dreams are dangerous, like everything else that lets the thoughts run wild. Groundless suspicions or hatred of another because he happens to belong to a different race or church are beneath the dignity of the lady or gentleman that every boy and girl ought to be. Thoughts you would be ashamed to express publicly, be ashamed even to think. A little care now may save you years of useless regret for evil habits and memories you would like to destroy, and may lead you toward the truest life with ever increasing vigor and happiness.



## THE LENTEN TIME.

BY THE EDITOR.



most ancient origin it is, and handed down to us from the early Fathers. The Greek, Roman, and Oriental Churches, as well as ourselves, have clung to the season—a commemoration of the time when Christ spent forty days in the wilderness fasting. From the earliest days it has been a fasting—a time of self-denial, self-examination, penitence. In whatever shape or form the penitence may have been expressed, the one central idea is the same. It is good now and again, and at stated periods, to set apart a portion of time for a little private conversation with ourselves; away from outside influence, from the opinion of our friends, from the pressure of circumstances, to look ourselves in the face, just as we are, and to learn how we stand in such an examination. Lent is a season of spiritual and moral stock-taking, just as essential in every well-conducted life as the principle of stock-taking in a commercial establishment. We know where we have gained, and where we have lost; where we should retrench, and where we may spend; on which side of the sheet stands our yearly balance.

Not that the world has always kept the penitential idea well in view, in its Lenten observances. It has too often done the very opposite.

## SHROVE TUESDAY,

for example, the day preceding Ash Wednesday, instead of being a day of sobering our minds down to our quiet talk with ourselves, has been more of a riotous outburst of merriment, as if we were determined to have one good fling of thoughtlessness before we commenced our thoughtfulness—a sort of “last touch,” to be quits with the world beforehand.

The great Carnival in Rome and in Venice was an expression of this feeling—a last fling festival of masquerade, fooling, and buffoonery. The rich began this feasting and fun in good time, to have plenty of it. The poor could only have a few days. The clergy, in olden times, strange to say, began first of all, and we are, most of us, familiar with the extent of magnificence, prodigality, and riot, to which the carnival was carried. Its culminating point, its climax, took place on the eve of

## ASH WEDNESDAY.

This last fling idea gave rise, from time to time, to many ludicrous customs, which could not well be explained on any other principle, much less upon a principle of deep religious intensity. Shrove Tuesday carries in its name the idea of a stated period when we could, in a very special manner, feel that we were *shrived*, or *shrove*, that is, forgiven, absolved from all wrong that we had done, so that we might the more easily enjoy the Lenten time. But instead of humble and reverent customs that would have been the sweetest form for our gladness to take, we find all sorts of mirth, and even what we should think fun not very refined.

The penitence began on Monday, which was called

## COLLOP MONDAY,

but not because the people in old days were so sad that they could not eat. Everybody eat as much as he was able, and sometimes more than he was able, of collops of salted meat and eggs. At dawn on Tuesday morning bells rang the people out, not to prayers but to fun, to

merriment, to feasting. The great dish of the day was “pancakes,” and what piles of them were devoured; so many that the people began tossing them around in play. A great thing was who could best toss them in the pan, and old books are full of very funny pictures and stories of the fun over the tossing. Sometimes the first pancake, brown from the pan, was, with much grotesque sport, presented to the laziest boy or girl. Again it was fastened up on the door of the school-house, to the knocker, for every door had a knocker then instead of a bell. Curious it is, too, how customs cling, however void of sense they may be. Even now, at the present day, in the great

## WESTMINSTER SCHOOL

of London, this early fashion is kept up. In the early morning of Shrove Tuesday the beadle of the Abbey, in his gown, and carrying a silver baton, walks in state out of the college garden, followed by the school-cook dressed in a white jacket, apron and cap, and carrying, with much dignity, a pancake. Entering the school-room door he tosses his pancake about in the pan, and then among the boys. Such a scramble! Such tumbling and piling of boys in heaps over the prize! When the poor pancake is captured, if indeed it should survive to tell the tale of the scramble, the successful boy marches off in triumph to the Dean and claims a guinea as his reward. The cook receives two.

## TO GO BACK TO OLDEN TIMES,

football was the event of Shrove Tuesday. It was conspicuously the penitential game. Now, between ourselves, let it be said that a sound grain of truth lies in this custom, whether our forefathers intended it or not. A game of football, or any good romp in the fresh air, ought to be a very penitential occupation. The bright air, the joyous sun, the exercise, the healthy rivalry, the laugh over our own success, or our own (not another's) defeat, the fine flow of animal spirits, should make us ashamed of ourselves for having done wrong in the past, and should make us resolve to have no more to do with such meanness in the future. For all wrong-doing is mean, and unmanly.

Well, our great great-grandfathers in dear old England had their great games of football on Shrove Tuesday, although, I am sorry to say, they sometimes forgot themselves so much that timid ladies had to put the shutters on their windows. The game lasted for hours. The Mayor turned out to applaud, and, tell it not in Gath, the ladies—even Madame the Mayoress—joined in,—“belonged,” as our young Canadians would say.

The village boys made an effigy, called an “ivy girl,” which they said they stole from the girls; and away at the other end of the meadows the girls made one, called “holly boy,” which they claimed to have succeeded in snatching from the boys. Both figures were very uncouth and homely, the more so the better fun, and then both were carried in procession to a fire in readiness, and, amid the most riotous cheering, were consigned to the flames. I hardly see the penitence of this—

## NOR OF THIS,

when the scholars barred the school-master out for three days, made strong barricades against the doors and win-



dows, and armed themselves with home-made guns in defence of their self-assumed fort. You may be sure the master did his best to get in, for school-masters, with all their good points, and however much they may like a holiday to themselves, are not noted for their superabundance of alacrity in advancing the claims of their scholars for one. So he tried to take the fortress as well as he could. If he got in, he wreaked his vengeance in heavy tasks. If not, terms of capitulation were proposed and accepted, and a good feast of sport paid up for the imaginary insult.

#### THE PENITENTIAL SPORTS,

in these old days, were not, however, so innocently carried out, nor did they always end in such harmless fun. The very extravagance of the season led the people on to cruelty. Poultry were tied to a stake by a short cord. Men and boys stood at a distance of twenty yards, and shied broom-sticks at the poor birds, who were killed stroke by stroke amid the heartless laugh of the spectators. If some fellow were in need of money, he charged twopence for three such shies, and, I am sorry to say, that oftentimes he drove a roaring trade. Cock-fights, too, were common, and whole schools of children took part in them. It was the custom for the master to supply the cocks, and to preside over the battle. The birds were buried in the neck in sand, and so enraged by the cruel multitude that even in this predicament they tore at one another. If a bird got frightened and ran away, he became the property of the school-master, and appeared at the next family dinner, and the custom was so common, that in counting the salary to be paid to that worthy functionary for his ardour in training these young ideas how to shoot (broom-sticks), he got—not so many hundreds of dollars and cents, but a few pounds and a great many frightened roosters.

#### EVEN DEAR LITTLE MOTHER HEN

did not escape the general desire for penitence. If she forgot to lay her first egg before Shrove Tuesday, she was thrashed to death on the barn-floor. When the people were so sorry for their sins that they wanted to play blind-man's-buff, they took a hen and tied her to the back of one of the players, who had some bells attached to his shoulders, and who ran hither and thither to avoid being caught. The others, blindfolded, chased him in order to get a blow at the poor hen. If the man and not the hen had the misfortune to receive the blow, you may imagine the turn in events; but the squabble usually wound up by Mistress Hen being walked off to the pot of the nearest inn, boiled, and made into a delicious supper with bacon and pancakes.

After all this preliminary sorrow, the people were ready for

#### ASH WEDNESDAY,

the first day of Lent, of self-sacrifice, of inward talk with themselves about their past and future lives. The priest took ashes, blessed them, and sprinkled them with holy water. His flock gathered before him, dressed in sack-cloth, the coarse stuff out of which sacks are made, and which, in itself, is a symbol of humiliation. The priest then dipped his finger into the ashes, and with them marked each humble forehead with a cross, repeating in Latin a short exhortation reminding his people that they were made but of dust. The ashes were made from palm that had been consecrated on Palm Sunday.

Still the spirit of fun would out, even on Ash Wednesday, and after this most solemn service they went back to their games. The proceedings of the previous day having made poultry rather scarce, puppets had to take their place. These were set up, strange scare-crow looking things, and shied at with sticks—a regular old-fashioned Aunt Sally. Boys went about begging the wherewithal for an Ash Wednesday feast, and all who were crusty enough to refuse had their key-holes plastered up with mud.

#### THE KING'S COCK-CROWER,

too, was a curious custom, or rather his peculiar duty in Lent was curious. During that season he took the place of watchman in the Palace, and at every hour in the night, as it came round, he appeared and crowed out in a very unearthly voice, "two o'clock," "three o'clock," right on till day.

Even the abstinence from food, so familiar to ourselves, was, by time and custom, perverted into habits very far from fasting. As flesh meat was forbidden, the quantities of fish consumed would astonish us, and the daintiness of the cookery quite compensated our forefathers for the monotony of the material, although, as the sea-wolf, the grampus, the porpoise, and the whale were then believed to be fish, the material cannot have been too monotonous. Herring pies were a favourite dish. Sturgeons by the barrel, and herrings by tens of thousands, were ordered for the Royal Household; but lampreys were the delicacy; no feast of correct form could dispense with them; no more valued present could be offered to the King than a lamprey-pie; envoys were sent abroad to procure them as often as they were sent to procure peace in war; and, if you remember, it was a lamprey-pie that brought King Henry I. to his grave.

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FROM " '85."

BY BARRY STRATON.

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Shall we not all be one race, shaping and welding the nation?  
 Is not our country too broad for the schisms which shake petty lands?  
 Yea, we shall join in our might, and keep sacred our firm Federation,  
 Shoulder to shoulder arrayed, hearts open to hearts, hands to hands!

## Topics of the Day

AT HOME.

## OUR CANADIAN FLAG.

BY ANNIE ROTHWELL.

At first sight it may seem somewhat presumptuous to contravene an opinion which carries such weight as that of Sir Daniel Wilson; but as in the matter of a National flag for Canada all Canadians have equal right to think, perhaps a few words in answer to him on the subject may be permitted.

The writer has heard two objections suggested to the flag proposed by Sir Daniel. To the second quarter it was objected that it gave a fourth part of the space to the recognition of one Province, ignoring all the rest, which was looked on as an injustice, and in connection with the third quarter it was observed that though the members of Confederation were now but seven it was not probable they would always remain so, and were we to go on adding maple leaves as our American friends do stars?

May it not be that Sir Daniel confuses those "Arms" and "distinctive heraldic bearings" which the Provinces, as such, all possess, with the National flag? A shield of many quarterings is honorable, and even if, in course of time, our national shield arrives at the aristocratic "sixteen," (and seven is a very good beginning,) we shall have all the more reason to be proud. But a National flag is a different thing—it should be so simple that every child of the nation can know and understand it, and in most cases they are so. Take for instance some of the republics of to-day; France has a tricolor with no device whatever; Switzerland only a white cross on a plain field, and the flag of our neighbors to the south—we all know it—could scarcely be improved on for simplicity, and we may add, beauty. Of the Empires mighty Russia has an eagle on a plain field, China a dragon on a plain field, Japan a sun on a plain field, and what could be simpler than our own Union Jack? for *that* is the British flag known, feared and loved in every corner of the world, and not that Royal Standard which is flown on holidays and for crowned heads.

We agree with Sir Daniel Wilson, however, that there is no difficulty in devising a flag for the Dominion—it is already done. Why change that Maple which is indissolubly connected in most minds with Canada, and whose leaves are even now on the shields of three Provinces? What though those leaves in British Columbia measure fourteen inches, while in Manitoba they are small and graceful? What though those in Ontario turn to flame and gold, while those by the Atlantic keep their tender green till they fall? All are alike of Canada, as all her sons and daughters are Canadians, whether they dwell by the ocean, in the mountains, or on the plain.

Let each Province keep and love her own distinctive emblem, the Thistle, the Buffalo, the Crown, the Fleur-de-lys,—as every regiment has its regimental colors—but let us as Canadians, while we continue to give the first quarter of our flag to the Union Jack, faithfully devote the remainder, (omitting all else,) to our lovely Maple wreath and our Beaver, emblems of fertility and industry, on a fair red field. Prince Edward Island, on her shield places her pine tree under the shadow and protection of the Maple; shall we not all be loyal enough to follow her example?

## Topics of the Day

ABROAD.

## ANOTHER TUNNEL.

BY ENGINEER.

Now-a-days we are staggered by nothing. Difficulties invite us. Hard things tempt us. Impossibilities ensnare us. We want to get not only to the top of everything, but also to the bottom, to turn everything inside out and outside in. When there is a valley in the way, we fill it up. If it be a mountain we slice it down. If a rock is too big that we can't carry it off, we bore through it. We certainly have no time to go round it.

Last week you were told of a tunnel. Here, this week we have another. Last week, between Prince Edward Island and our own mainland, this week between two Tight Little Islands that we know something of, and that we love very well. They are not very far apart, but after all they do not know each other very well, and the new tunnel is supposed to help them to a better acquaintance with each other.

You have all heard of the difficulties that have been known as "The Irish Question," and still you may not understand much about it. At all events you may at least understand that England and Ireland are not good friends sometimes. But I think a good deal of it is imaginary, or caused by imaginary things which is just as bad. It is like two boys, each in a field with a fence so high between them that they could not even peep over to see how much mistaken they were in each other.

Now, although our cousins in Britain have very short journeys to go when they do make a start, they are no great travellers for all that. Perhaps it is because they have such short journeys. Anyway a few hundred miles are nothing to us, not so much as ten would be to them. So, although you may hardly believe it, the people living in England, Scotland, and Ireland, do not see each other very often, or know each other well. Even between England and Scotland this is very much the case, but it is more so between them and Ireland.

Yet it is not far. The channel is not very wide to cross, nor is it expensive. But the sea is the sea, and although the nation is a nation of sailors, it is a very small portion of the main body of the people that care to trust themselves to its dangers and discomforts.

People in both islands seem to be tired of disputes; especially as they think they may arise from ignorance. So they are going to try the experiment of making a tunnel between the two, under the sea, like our own in Prince Edward Island.

Of course it will cost a pile; everything that is good does. But it will open up a traffic between the two islands that has not been dream't of before, and the traffic will bring the people together. They will learn to know one another, to trust one another, and to value one another.

I sometimes wonder why the surplus of people in England and Scotland do not think of Ireland as a field for emigration. It is a beautiful island. It is rosy with hill and valley, field and forest. The people have true blood in their veins and true hearts at bottom. Think, though, how they have been cut off from the world by want of capital. There is no reason but fashion. It has not been the fashion to invest in Ireland, to get up combines and monopolies there, and so it has not been done.

Well, this tunnel may do great things. It may work wonders, whether it be built from the Mull of Cantyre to the Giant's Causeway, as some propose; or from Wigtonshire to Belfast Lough, as others would have it; or from London to Dublin, as might please many; it is worth considering even in itself, as a development of the country; as a development of good feeling,—of friendliness,—of brotherliness, it is worth the world of gold.

One thing more:—if it should be built, I hope some of our young Canadians will have a finger in the engineering pie. We have colleges now to train our young men. We have bridges and tunnels enough to boast of. We have brains enough now to go out to the world and show what we can do.

Look out then, for your chance. Remember Shakespeare where he talks about the tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.



The Dominion Government sent Mr. John Sanders of Kemptville, Ontario, to England to enquire as to the prospects of opening up a better trade with our eggs and poultry. Mr. Sanders' own business connection with the trade gave him a great advantage in such an enquiry, and his report, sent into the Finance Minister in December, is full of practical advice, that our farmers would do well to consider and act upon.

The trade in eggs and poultry is carried on in England in a manner very different from with us, and Mr. Sanders wisely advises our farmers to study that manner. Although England in all things is harder to move from ways that have been, by persistence in trade, and by always sending first-class articles, Canadians should look forward to a large and profitable trade being established. He met with the most cordial reception from extensive dealers in poultry and eggs. One large firm that has five hundred licensed meat stalls in various parts of England, offered to take as much as we can ship over on a commission, and to supply cold storage in the event of shipments arriving at a time when the markets were not satisfactory.

Mr. Sanders suggests Liverpool as the best distributing point. Within a radius of fifty miles of that great city there is a population of four millions. From December first to March is the season of greatest demand, and consequently of the best prices, and as our poultry, especially our turkeys, are as fine as any in the world, both in size and in quality, this trade ought to develop immensely in the near future. Valuable suggestions he gives also as to how the poultry should be killed and sent, and in this respect it seems to be a matter for our farmers to take up, even for our own home market. The old-fashioned way of stuffing up the turkey with a regular glut of pease before consigning it to the knife, must long ago surely have been smiled at as too thin by even the most careless of judges. The English connoisseur is more on the alert than we are. Appearances go further with him than

with us. Therefore, the instructions of Mr. Sanders ought to be written in red letters and stuck up in every barn-yard in the Dominion, even on those who aspire no further than the nearest village market:—

"Both turkeys and geese must, before being killed, be starved 24 hours, or at least until the crop is entirely empty. Turkeys should be bled in the neck, and the head and feathers left on and entrails undrawn. Geese should be bled in the same manner, but the feathers should be picked off, excepting those on the wings, leaving the down on the body and the entrails in. Geese must not be scalded, but simply rough plucked. All poultry should be killed the day before delivery to the Canadian purchaser, so that the animal heat may be completely gone."

For our eggs there appears to be an equal inducement for our farmers to send their surplus across. Our cousins in England ate up last year all the eggs that they could produce at home, and ninety-four millions of dozens besides. Of this, almost none have been Canadian. Although we have sent away twelve million dozen, none of them go home to England, which is a pity. Our Canadian eggs would look nice on the English breakfast table, as nice as they would look down in the well-filled larder. Mr. Sanders speaks emphatically on this point. He says that our eggs are as large, as heavy, and as delicious as any that our British cousins buy. Therefore, we want our cousins to get them.

Here again, the envoy gives valuable instructions. Of course, the kind of eggs we leave to the hens. But we must attend to the best way of sending them—of doing our hens justice. The large eggs should be selected from the small ones, and shipped separately. They should be packed in clean cut straw, in cases large enough to contain twelve hundred dozen. This makes a package big enough to require two men to handle it, and, strange to say, heavy packages suffer on the journey less than light ones. The cases should be so arranged that on arrival they may be sawn in two for smaller sales, without the necessity of unpacking.

So we send our best wishes to the little feathered ladies of our barn-yards, and may they and their eggs in future decorate as many inviting tables, and tempt as many healthy appetites in England as they have had the pleasure of doing in Canada in the past.

BYTOWN.

Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done!  
 Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate.  
 Tho' faint souls fear the keen, confronting sun,  
 And fain would bid the morn of splendour wait;  
 Tho' dreamers, mpt in starry visions, cry,  
 "Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame!"  
 And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh,  
 Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name;—  
 This name which yet shall grow  
 Till all the nations know  
 Us for a patriot people, heart and hand  
 Loyal to our native earth,—our own Canadian land!

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

HERE'S TO THE LAND.

BY WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

Here's to the Land of the rock and the pine :  
 Here's to the Land of the raft and the river !  
 Here's to the Land where the sunbeams shine,  
 And the night that is bright with the North-light's  
 quiver !

Here's to the Land with it's blanket of snow,—  
 'To the hero and hunter the welcomest pillow !  
 Here's to the land where the stormy winds blow  
 Three days ere the mountains can talk to the  
 billow !

Here's to the Land of the axe and the hoe !  
 Here's to the hearties that give them their glory ;—  
 With stroke upon stroke, and with blow upon blow,  
 The might of the forest has passed into story !

Here's to the buckwheats that smoke on her board ;  
 Here's to the maple that sweetens their story ;  
 Here's to the scythe that we swing like a sword ;  
 And here's to the fields where we gather our glory !

Here's to her hills of the moose and the deer ;  
 Here's to her forests, her fields and her flowers ;  
 Here's to her homes of unchangeable cheer,  
 And the maid 'neath the shade of her own native  
 bowers !

L'ISLET AU MASSACRE.

BY K. MADELEINE BARRY, OTTAWA.

**A**MONG the many beautiful and storied spots which are girt by the waters of our fair St. Lawrence, there is, perhaps, not one which boasts so weird and wild a history as the little barren islet, known to the inhabitants of the pretty village of Bic, by the thrilling and expressive title of *L'Islet au Massacre*. Within easy reach of Cacouna, on the line of the Intercolonial, is the small but picturesque village of Bic, and looming up out of its quiet harbour, with its stern front set seaward, is the gloomy, spectral thing which gives to the tiny hamlet its tragic and historic flavour. At twilight, or when the day is dull, and mists enshroud the tall dark object, it would scarcely excite the interest or curiosity of the most observant tourist, who might not unreasonably take it to be some lumbering nautical construction running its chances with the tide and current, but when the weather is bright and clear, and the high pile is distinctly outlined, the stranger looks at it more than once, standing sullen and immovable in the deep, dark water, and he questions a native haply, who knows its story well, and who is sure to repeat it with a relish. If "Monsieur" or

"Madame" would care to visit the spot in person, it is easily and cheaply done. "Monsieur" and "Madame" ask nothing better generally, neither does the speculative *habitant*, who reaps quite a harvest of small luxuries out of his home-spun tragedy.

L'Islet au Massacre resolves itself, as one approaches it more nearly, from a sombre, shadowy pyramid into graded masses of broken and disordered rocks, interspersed with yawning clefts and perilous fissures; these rise high and steep out of the swift river, and culminate in sullen beetling peaks that guard the entrance of a low, wide cave, "whose rocky ceiling casts a twilight of its own"—a twilight which no sunshine ever dispels—over the still and lonely precincts. Here it was, one dire, dark night, more than three hundred years ago, a band of hunted Micmac Indians, with their women and little children, came speeding in their fleet canoes, wearied and worn with watching, and fleeing the brandished weapons of their cruel and bloodthirsty foes, the lordly Iroquois. Tradition has it, that the night was wild and stormy, and the weather-worn Micmacs, having dragged their boats up the steep cliffs and hidden them in the

deep recesses of the higher rocks, were glad to seek the friendly shelter of the spacious cave, upon whose cold floor they made their beds in silence and laid themselves wearily down to sleep. "Before the dawn," they said, "we will set out again, but in the meantime let us try to rest. We shall have need of all our strength to-morrow!" And so they slept and rested. Slept, though the swift canoes of their invincible pursuers bore down, with vengeance and death in their wake, upon them. Slept, even when the fiendish war-cry of the feared and hated tribe outnoised the angry storm, at the very threshold of their doomed retreat, to arouse them. Slept a terrible, pitiful sleep, nor awoke till the crafty Iroquois had made defence and escape impossible.

"*Kohe! Kohe! Kohe!*" They were awake now; men and women and children! The death-knell had stirred them at last, and O, how it froze the blood in their brave hearts, and smote them with horror and despair! Seizing their weapons madly, chieftains and warriors rushed to the mouth of the cave, but the storm and the darkness made their well-meant resistance vain; escape from the cruel and degrading death which menaced them on every side was clearly impossible! And now, above the demoniacal chorus of war-shouts, came the booming of fell explosives, whose lurid glare revealed to the bewildered Micmacs the savage exultation of the strong and merciless battalions below; torn asunder by the powerful combustibles, the great rocks tottered and fell, while the wails of the women and children rose piteously above the din and tumult of the awful hour. In their ungovernable frenzy, not a few of the veteran warriors rushed headlong down the cliffs to defy the hideous carnage, but the volleys of poisoned arrows aimed from the ambush of canoes below soon arrested their daring flight.

Driven at length by the intolerable heat to seek the mercy of the tomahawk and quiver, the remainder of the unhappy band forsook the cave, and went out boldly to a sure and cruel martyrdom. In scores they fell, under the showers of broken rock, or pierced by the unremitting darts from below, their dying groans drowned by the blatant shrieks of their insatiate slaughterers, and the persistent roar and rumble of the storm. It was a busy night for the victorious red men, and well they did their fierce and fearful task. Sated at last with the lives of well-nigh two hundred victims, they turned their light canoes back towards their distant camp, leaving the lonely islet, now dimly discernible in the grey of the early dawn, to bear its own testimony to their unexampled cunning and cruelty. And a woeful one it bore, with blood dripping and trickling from its topmost crag to the water-lapped rocks beneath; there was blood, too, on the dark river's surface, and blood upon the drifting arrows and broken paddles that rode out to sea with the early morning tide; such a night of blood as it had been, no wonder that it stands rubric to this day among the records of the storied past!

There was unwonted glee in the victors' camp next day, but for every gory scalp that trophied the conquerors' belts there lay high and dry upon the lonely islet's naked rocks a grim and ghastly corpse. Out of the two hundred Micmacs who landed for shelter at its shores, five only are said to have survived the horrors of that fearful night, to hand down to posterity the harrowing story of the massacre they had witnessed with their own eyes.

From the crannies of the higher rocks, all stained and slippery with the warm blood of their slaughtered friends, the haggard and frightened survivors emerged at sunrise; around and about them everywhere, prone on the slopes of the stony isle, were heaped the mangled and bleeding bodies of their erstwhile hale and hearty band,

and trickling down in sluggish, sickly rivulets from stone to stone, were the clotted, crimson streams of their stolen life-blood. Speechless with pain and horror the poor bereaved survivors stood mournfully surveying the hideous spectacle; above them, a hot and pitiless sun—beneath them, the wide, indifferent river—around them, on every side, the fetid, reeking forms of murdered men and women. O, it was of all maddening and revolting conceptions, the very worst and awfulest!

Finding among the wreckage a couple of their own canoes, the little remnant of the martyred Micmac band launched them speedily and pulled for shore; hard and fast they worked the paddles with their nervous, feverish hands, eager to stretch the distance, at every stroke, between them and the blood-red charnel-islet, now swarming with hawks and carrion-crows, whose wild, uncanny rejoicings at the unexpected booty, fell like steel-barbed arrows on the stout hearts of the poor forlorn fugitives.

At last the shore was reached, and the dark tragedy of the awful night recounted to the sympathetic settlers on whose hospitality the sorrowing survivors were now thrown. Some of the more interested, doubting the truth of so harassing a tale, put out in boats to visit the uncanny spot, and returned only too sadly convinced of the reality—a massacre, indeed, had taken place—the weird and woeful evidences of it were only too mournfully visible all over the desecrated island.

Thus, the days and the years and the centuries came and went, and though the scarlet pools had vanished and the ghastly faces of the murdered Micmacs stared no longer at the rising sun, *L'Islet au Massacre*, shrouded in a lugubrious solitude, bore a lasting and solemn testimony to the unspeakable struggle which had strained her strong sinews on that eventful night; and, to this day, if one goes into the houses of the older villagers at Bic, when the family is grouped about the fireside on a wild wintry evening, he is told that years afterwards, when time had tempered the more revolting aspects of this fierce, foul deed, the stout-nerved settlers who had heard the story, would go down to the riverside on its mournful anniversaries, and there see the ghosts of the murdered red men wandering in the pale, cold moonlight, along the silvery beach, and blending their hoarse, low sighs with the muffled moaning of the sea. Once or twice, too, they say, when ill-luck had come upon the redoubtable Iroquois, the giant spectres were seen to come trooping down the rocks from the cave above, each bearing in its fleshless hand a lighted torch, whose sickly flame, fanned by the damp midnight breeze from the river, revealed to the petrified watchers on the shore the grim faces of the ghostly procession as they wended their dismal way to the waters' brink. Here they danced with a horrid levity, rending the still night air with their unearthly howlings, and making of the ill-starred island a spot that even to this day is dreaded and avoided by many superstitious *habitants*, whose faith in their country folklore is unwavering and strong.

Some years ago, it is said, that in the corners and recesses of the cave there were found the dried and blanched bones of many of the unfortunates who perished there; and if, even now, one sees from the top of the hill some small white object nestling amid the lower rocks, he may believe that it not unlikely is a remnant of the calamitous night when, in a baptism of flowing human blood, this spot received its stirring and significant title of *L'Islet au Massacre*.

One of the many results of this fearful massacre was, that no Micmac ever again set foot upon the cursed isle, preferring to perish from cold and want, if benighted in its neighbourhood, rather than seek a refuge in the gloomy cavern above.

## WHAT IS PARTY GOVERNMENT?

BY J. EDMUND COLLINS.

**VERY** one talks about "party" and about "party politics," and somehow or another there is an impression among a great many who do not think for themselves that both are evils. A great many able and high minded writers say they are evil, and the Canadian citizen who says this with greatest force is Goldwin Smith. But he does not mean that party and party politics are in their nature bad; he only means that they are too often used to unworthy ends. Let us see what party means.

Brown believes that the nation would become rich, and populous, and great, if Canada, say, had Free Trade. Before the elections he goes from platform to platform proclaiming his belief and giving his reasons. Presently several others are convinced by his arguments or already hold his views, and they gather around him, or "under his standard" as they put it. By and by his following is large and compact, and everyone calls it the "Free Trade Party." When the election hour arrives a candidate or more will appear in each riding or county declaring himself a Free Trader or a member of the Free Trade party. If elected he knows it is his duty to work for, vote with, and "stand in" with his party to the end that Free Trade may become the law of the land.

When the elected members all take their seats, if the Free Traders are stronger in numbers than any other party, their leader is usually chosen to form a government. This would be a party government, and it would proceed to make Free Trade the law.

Of course there are always more than one party. There are generally two, sometimes three or more, though "third parties" so called, hardly ever accomplish anything. Their leaders and rank-and-file as a rule are men who hold unsound public opinions though they are oftener what may be called political "sore heads," that is men who have failed to get what they expected from either of the two large parties.

The Free Trade party, which I have instanced, is of course opposed by another party called Protectionists, but they are in a minority, and are therefore called the Opposition. Whenever a division or vote occurs in the house on the policy of the government, each member votes with his own party, so that it may not be overthrown.

Somebody says, "It is all very well for the Protectionists to stand together, or the Free Traders to carry what they believe in, but why should a protectionist vote with his party on a hundred and one other things, just as the Free Trader follows his party through thick and thin? Why shouldn't they vote independently and according to their personal convictions, instead of doing what their leaders want?"

My reply is that very-often members do vote in this independent way, but not as often as they ought. They get into the way of following their chiefs and stifle private opinion. But in the main they are bound to vote with and support their party, otherwise it is overthrown, and the other party takes the reins.

Let me say here that those who decry party politics, as such, have not looked into the question of government. Under responsible government the party method is the only one that can be adopted. It simply means that the ruling power is put into the hands of the majority of the people, as comprising some party. And it is right that the majority, not the minority, should rule; for the views held by the greater number are apt

to be more accurate than the views held by the lesser number, the intelligence being equal in both cases.

There was a time in the history of Canada when there was no party but a body called the Family Compact. It held the power and scorned the people; but as soon as party government, in the sense that we have it now, came into being, Compactism was cloven to the earth. And it was well to cleave it.

But let me amplify briefly some allusions that I have made to the sins of partyism. It is one thing for a man to be loyal to his chief and his party, and it is a good thing; but who can excuse him for condoning political trickery, for supporting his chief when his chief does evil and betrays the trust that the country has put in him? There are some men who will follow their leaders into any political infamy, vote for any measure no matter how evil or injurious they believe it to be; and they try to soothe their consciences by saying, "It was my duty as a party man." I do not wish to uncover old sores now, but it is enough to make ones cheek burn to think of the large number of men who have, in Canada, indorsed the bad deeds of their leaders.

I have been absent for a few years from Canada, and I find on my return that some of the old-fashioned bad methods are still in "full swing."

This is why I think there is such a glorious opportunity coming for our younger men. The man who is patient and strong enough to purge Canadian politics of the evils which have grown into the party system will be a greater benefactor of the Canadian people than the man who first thought of Confederation. And let ambitious readers of THE YOUNG CANADIAN ponder this fact well.

## TO THE WEST WIND.

BY MARY B. PAGE.

I turn my face to the sweet west wind  
 For I crave by its breath to be kissed,  
 And I swear its caresses are sweeter to me  
 Than the kisses a maid will resist,  
 When wooed by a lover to yield him her lips—  
 Most perfect and utter surrender.  
 Ah! a thousand times would I choose the wind  
 For my lover, kingly and tender.

In heaven or on earth could a lover be found  
 More passionate in his suing,  
 Than the wind that blows from the sun-set land,  
 So strong in his princely wooing.  
 In his mighty arms he can bear me away,  
 Invisible, sleetier than death;  
 And I—tho' I can not look on his face—  
 Can drink of his perfumed breath.

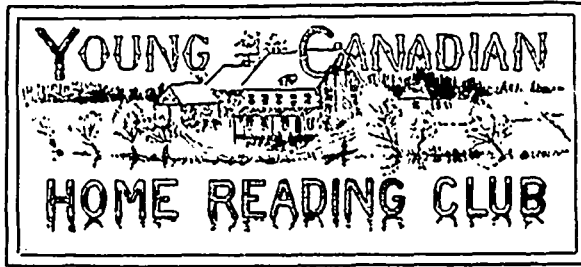
Oh! wind that blows from the gate of heaven,  
 From the splendid pitiless west,  
 Where the sun-set clouds of centuries past  
 Have lived and died on her breast.  
 Oh! wind that has conquered the demons of storm,  
 And scattered the driving mist;  
 To you, my lover, I lift my face,  
 As a child lifts its mouth to be kissed.



On the verge of the month of the white new year,  
 When friend to friend gives heartiest cheer,  
 The rain and the frost for a night and a day  
 Have cunningly worked alternately.  
 They have thickened the crust of the dazzling snow  
 Over whose surface the cold winds blow :  
 They have fringed the eaves with their old device,  
 Enormous daggers of glittering ice :  
 And the nails in the walls, where in summer time  
 The scarlet runners were wont to climb,  
 They have crowned with gems more bright, more fair,  
 Than eastern queens on their bosoms wear.  
 But scarcely a glance do we waste on these,  
 For our wonder is fixed on the jewelled trees :  
 Never before, in all their days,  
 Have they borne such beauty for mortal gaze :  
 On them the frost and the rain have wrought  
 A splendour that could not be sold or bought.  
 Heavily laden from foot to crown,  
 Like fairest of brides with heads bowed down,  
 In park and square, demurely they stand,—  
 Stand by the wayside all over the land,  
 Thick-crustèd with pearls of marvellous size,  
 Whose lustre rebukes our aching eyes.  
 Thus for a night and a day they have stood,  
 Modest and chaste in their virginhood :  
 But are they as happy, as joyful at heart,

As when, in green vesture, they gladly took part  
 In all the fresh bliss that to spring-time they owed,—  
 In all the hot pleasure that summer bestowed ?  
 “Nay, verily, nay,” I hear them repeat :  
 “The blood in our veins, even down to our feet,  
 Is gelid and still,—we are sick unto death :  
 Oh send us, ye heavens, oh send us a breath  
 Of warmth that will bear all these jewels away,—  
 These fetters that we for a night and a day  
 Have borne in silence with infinite pain.  
 Oh give us our freedom, our bare arms again.”  
 A wind that had slept all this time in the south,  
 In an orange grove that was faint from drouth,  
 Heard the soft plaint of the jewelled trees,  
 And came in the guise of a gentle breeze,—  
 Came, and with kisses tenderly  
 Unbound the captives, and set them free.  
 Their crystalline chains were broken asunder,  
 Filling all earth with a blinding wonder,—  
 With a crash and a flash and a musical sound,  
 Like a shower of stars they fell to the ground :  
 And, freed from their bondage, the grateful trees  
 In their bare brown arms caressed the breeze,  
 Caressed the wind that came from the south,  
 From the orange grove that was faint with drouth :  
 And they wept for joy, their thanks they wept,  
 While the wind lay still in their arms and slept.





## OUR CLUB.

One hour a day with a well-chosen book gives the rest of the day something very nice to think about. How to choose a book well is not always an easy matter. We are very busy all day long, and one hour, or half hour comes along before we are ready. We cannot buy all the books we should like, and perhaps we are not within easy reach of a library. There is great waste of time in not knowing what to read,—in not knowing where to lay our hands on the right book, and in not having that right book lying by us, just where it is handy to pick up. The very busiest people are those who get through the greatest amount of reading.

I presume, however, that every young Canadian may not have an hour every day that can be set apart specially for our club. So I commence upon the lowest average, say half an hour. Now, half an hour a day for seven days in the week will amount to one hundred and eighty four hours in the year, or, counting twelve hours to a day, to fifteen days and four hours. Fifteen days that we shall have saved, and utilized, and put out to good account,—to usury. Only think of it! Made up of scrap half hours that in all probability should have been idled or frittered, and lost. I say half an hour a day for seven days in the week; for we ought all to have a distinct and regular system in spending the Sunday hours just as in spending the week day hours, and for the Sundays I have a special course prepared.

Now, then, the first thing to be done is to think it out quite clearly in our own mind; and to decide that at the end of this year we should like to have those hundred and eighty odd hours in the bank to our credit. This done, we had better look about for a friend to join us. There is a wonderful stimulus in the presence of a friend, and our pleasures are all the sweeter that they are shared with those we love and trust. Well, then, your friend agrees, and he thinks of another that would most certainly like to join; and in a few days you have half a dozen gathered, who have all thought it over in their own minds; who have all decided about the hours in the bank to their credit at the end of the year, and who are all ready to start.

The next thing is to meet; to talk over together your plan; and to come to an understanding with each other. Then you will appoint a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, and a Treasurer. The President's duty will be to take a greater lead than the rest of you. The Vice-President will take the place of the President, should he be prevented from attending of an evening. The Secretary will keep a record of your meetings; write down after every meeting what you have read and talked about; keep a list of members names; mark them present or absent; and the Secretary is the one who will write to me. The Treasurer's duty is to take charge of any little funds you will have, and you may be surprised some day to know just how much all these officers may have to do.

The next step is a most important one, namely, the

choosing of a name for your club. I think the name should be a pretty one, and at the same time it should have some kind of reference to the object you have in view. I shall be most pleased if you display your own taste and individuality in this, as well as in other things. At the same time as it may be a difficult matter to make a start in this direction, how would "Young Canadian Half Hour Club" do; or "Young Canadian Spare Moments Club"; or, if you think more of one author than of another you can put in your favorite name instead of Half Hour or Spare Moments. Only do not fly away too far in quest of a good author. You do not need to jump at Shakespeare, or Tennyson, or Macaulay. We have historians, and poets, and dramatists of our own. After we study them we shall, now and then, take a little excursion into older times and older lands.

PATER.

## CANOE SONG.

BY ISABELLA VALANCEY CRAWFORD.

O LIGHT canoe! where dost thou glide?  
 Below thee gleams no silver'd tide,  
 But concave heaven's chiefest pride.

Above thee burns eve's rosy bar;  
 Below thee throbs her darling star;  
 Deep 'neath thy keel her round worlds are!

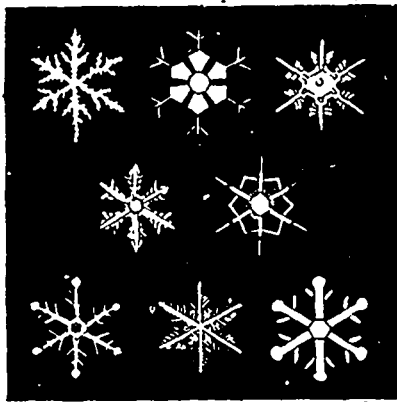
Above, below, O sweet surprise!  
 To gladden happy lover's eyes;  
 No earth, no wave,—all jewelled skies!

## GRUBBING.

IN OUR WOODS IN WINTER.

**H**ERE are some snow-flakes lighted on my coat sleeve. Let us have a look at them with my pocket magnifier. Only look! how exquisite in form! How dainty in workmanship! How varied in structure! A thin delicate star of transparent crystal! If you look at a thousand—a million of them, you will not find two alike, but you will find every one with six rays, neither more nor less. These are what makes them crystals, and you will find that not only are there always six rays, but they always shoot out at one and the same angle. We must look at them outside, and only on a very cold day. The slightest warmth destroys them.

We had a silver-thaw this morning. First we had some rain which froze on the branches as it fell, and on the walls of the houses. Then the sun came out in full



glory, and turned the whole thing into better than King Solomon's mines,—a fairyland of forest, silver forest, necklaces of diamonds, wreathes of sunshine; glittering, sparkling, twinkling. A small boy was full of mischief. He struck the tree I was admiring, and lo! with a crackling crash the crystal beauty was gone.

Did you ever observe how delicious the air is after a snow-storm; how it is alive with life, full of clear and cool atoms, sparkling and dancing in the sunlight, with many-coloured beams glancing hither and thither?

Now, set a glass jug of water in your room at a temperature of 22°. Put a thermometer into the jug, and let it stand untouched. The temperature of the water will show 22°, and still the water is not frozen. But shake the water, and instantly it turns into a mass of spongy ice with the thermometer at 32°.

Look at the evergreens. We despise them in summer, and say they mean poor soil. We are glad of them in winter when we have nothing else. When the prophet sang of "instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree" it was not the same species as ours. The most valuable of our evergreens is the pine. The spruce, too, is used for building. The hemlock looks well, but is not of much use. It grows on the very poorest of land, and is scarcely worth the trouble of cutting down, except for rough fences, and the inside covering of roofs. Its bark, however, if not better than its bite, is at least better than its wood, and is much prized by our tanners. A young hemlock looks light, graceful, and feathery, and sways beautifully in the wind. An old one is sturdy, rough, deeply-furrowed, gnarled, broken, and top-blighted.

The fir is better for staves of baskets and casks than for boards. The tamarack is chiefly used for fire-wood, and even then it is best for kindling. When green, though very resinous, it burns with difficulty. When dry, it consumes quickly, and throws off light burning fragments called "flankers" which are dangerous. Our cedar, though unsightly and zig-zag to a degree, may be exposed to all sorts of usage from time and the weather without the slightest symptom of decay, except perhaps the bark dropping off. It is almost indestructible. It grows in marshy land, and crops up very densely. A cedar swamp is our farmers' joy. But our farmers would do well to shew a little providence for the future.

Every tree has its own form and manner of growth, so that now, when we have not a leaf to guide us, we still can know it. Every tree has its life and history, told on its face and by its surroundings. In sketching them in, always remember this. No two trees,—no two blades of grass alike—no two clover blossoms—no two flakes of snow. Our wonderful world! An elm tree that has grown in the forest, will die when transplanted to a meadow;—die for very loneliness and grief. It cannot do without its friends.

AN OLD GRUB.

## INGENIOUS BOYS.

BY IOTA.

Look at a map of Canada and west of Lake Superior, you will see a chain of small lakes. Lakes and rivers make a chain from these, westward and northward, far into the heart of our North-West Territories. Scattered here and there throughout this vast region are numbers of Indian Reserves, and at some future time I may tell you something of the life people lead on them, but at present I am just going to give you an instance of how dexterous these Indian boys are that dwell in the far north-west.

There is nothing to show that the Indian in his native state had anything corresponding to our skates, but these have been introduced for many years by white traders, and Indian boys know their use and value. But skates are very dear indeed in this part of the world, and many an Indian boy longs in vain for the shining steel bars that are such a help in moving over the glassy lake or river. Not being able to purchase, the boy sets to work to make them out of such materials as can be got on an Indian Reserve. Blacksmiths' shops are generally not to be found there, and even if they were, he has no more money to pay the blacksmith than to pay the store-keeper, so he must trust to simpler materials.

First he gets a piece of wood and fashions it roughly into the form of the body of an old-fashioned wooden skate. At this stage it looks something like this

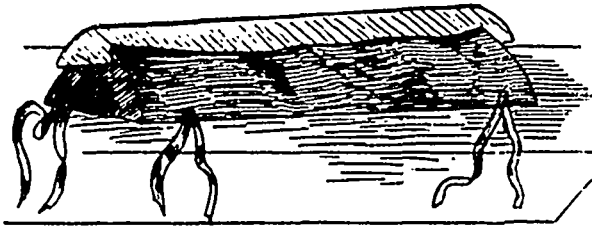


Next he takes a saw and saws a long slit down his wooden body; or if a saw be not obtainable, he digs out a slit with a knife.

From some source he has obtained an old piece of hoop iron, perhaps a piece from a Hudson's Bay Company iron-bound packing case, or from an old pork barrel. This he rubs patiently on a rough stone until it looks like this



and then he drives it into the wooden body. If the fates are agreeable, the iron sticks firmly in the wood; if not, he must tighten it by including a piece of old rag as he drives it in, or drive in a few carefully kept iron nails beside it. The skate is now near completion. Four more nails are driven into the sides of the block, and to these he attaches his thongs of deerskin and the skate is complete. Since he has no boots, but wears moccasins, a screw in the heel is out of the question, and the way he gets about on the ice shows that these home-made articles answer the purpose for which intended very well.



Now, boys, who think yourselves handy with tools, do you think that you could make a serviceable pair of skates out of cordwood and hoop iron, with only a jack-knife and a rough stone, and perhaps an axe for a hammer? Just give it a trial, and then remember that these are the people that up until a few years ago were thought unfitted for learning trades.

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### DECREASING OUR POSTAGE.

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In the discussions from time to time about reducing the rate for carrying letters between the Mother Country and her Colonial children, the British argue very reasonably that they may make any rate they choose without waiting for our consent. In postal arrangements between two countries each country keeps the postage it collects. As every reduction in postage in Britain has resulted in an enormous increase of revenue, it is evidently but a matter of time, and it is to be hoped of a very short time, when the postage from Britain will be one penny.

The British Post Office is one of the strongholds of public revenue. Ours is one of the strongholds of public loss.

Why is this?

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### OUR OWN ALBANI

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thinks that artists may be made as well as born; indeed, that they must be made as well as born—that all high excellence is the result less of genius than of work. She herself began at four years of age. At eight she could with ease read Beethoven and Mozart. Though she sang before she was taught, still she was taught too, and she is quite willing to confess that her teaching did as much for her as her genius. Better work without genius, than genius without work.

People have been asking her for advice for singers. She tells them to eat plain and nourishing food so that they may have good health, for good health is an absolute necessity to a singer; to keep regular hours; to live among refining things, such as clever books, fine buildings, good pictures; to give their whole life to their art, but not to shut themselves up selfishly in it; and

NOT TO BE DISCOURAGED

if they have to wait for results.

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ARYANS. By Dr. Isaac Taylor.  
(The Humboldt Library of Science.)

It is just about a hundred years since an eminent English scholar, Sir William Jones, who went out to India, discovered that the ancient language of that country—the Sanskrit—was so like ancient Greek and Latin, and German and Celtic, that they must all be derived from the same stock. Accordingly, a large number of other scholars at once began to study the connection of all these languages, to try and find out something about the primitive people who spoke the original language, from which these derivative languages have come. At first there was some difference as to the name which should be given to this primitive people and their descendants with the numerous languages to which they have given rise. Some scholars called them Indo-European or Indo-Germanic, because of their connecting India with Europe or Germany; others called them Japhetic, supposing them to be descended from Noah's son, Japhet. But more recently a great German scholar, Professor Max Müller, who has spent most of his life in England, suggested the name Aryan; and this has been very generally adopted by scholars now. An immense amount of information has been collected on this subject in recent times, and Dr. Taylor's book on *The Origin of the Aryans* is intended to put that information within reach of English readers. If you wish to learn what is worth knowing about the Aryans, it may be safely said that there is no book in English which will be found so serviceable as this.

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There is a gold mine in India, but it seems almost as deep as the centre of the earth. Who will venture to explore it?

—ANDREW FULLER.

I will go down, but remember that you must hold the rope.

—WILLIAM CAREY.

---

Among the great beginnings of modern Christian progress was the meeting of two obscure men in a shoe shop in the little village of Moulton, England. Andrew Fuller had stepped in to ask William Carey to fasten a shoe buckle, when, to his astonishment, he saw hanging up against the wall a very large map of primitive make, consisting of several sheets of paper which Carey had pasted together, and on which he had traced with a pen the boundaries of all the nations of the known world, and had entered on the vacant spaces such items as he found in his reading relative to their religion and their population.

We all know who Carey was—how he did go down that mine, and what he did there. That much of what he did was unostentatiously due to his friend of the shoe buckle is not very generally known, and in order to pay a just tribute to so worthy a servant in the great vineyard, the Rev. W. J. Stewart, Secretary of the Baptist Foreign Mission Board, has written a very neat and appreciative pamphlet, published by Messrs. J. & A. McMillan, St. John, N.B.

The Government of the Province of Quebec, during the session 1888, passed an act for the establishment of a Station of Experimental Agriculture at St. Hyacinthe. The Station is now in working order, and it has sent us its first annual report. It has a chemical laboratory for the purpose of scientific analysis, and experiments of much value to the farmers have been made.

The Station is under the management of the Collège de St. Hyacinthe, and Mons. C. P. Choquette is the chemical director. A garden for experimenting with seeds, etc., is attached, and the report states that over one hundred important experiments have already been undertaken. Of the subjects suggested to him by the Provincial Government, Mr. Choquette has given his particular attention to four—namely, ensilage, chemical foods, wood ashes, and milk. Altogether, the report is full of interest, as an indication that the Province of Quebec is on the alert to follow in the path of its sister Provinces in stirring up the farmers to investigation of scientific methods.



MANITOU, MANITOBA.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN,—Please send me a copy of your children's paper, and tell me if there are any good Canadian poultry papers.

Yours truly,

H. B., Junr.

The "Canadian Poultry Review," a monthly, published in Toronto; "The Live-Stock and Farm Journal," a monthly, published in Hamilton, O.; "The Maritime Farmer," a weekly, published in Fredericton, N. B.; "The Alberta Live-Stock Herald," published in Macleod, N.W.T., should give you what you want. Any of the addresses I have given will reach the publishers.—

ED. P. B.

AMHERST, N. S.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN,—I am waiting for your promise about the Banjo, and the prices. You said you would tell us.

H. S.

MY DEAR H. S.,—I had by no means forgotten about your banjo enquiries, but these things take a little time, and occasionally I am disappointed in getting my information when I expect it.

There are many kinds of banjos, of which the chief are—"The Student," "The Amateur," "The Ideal," "The Standard," "The Professional," "The Elite." Each of these names carries in it, to a certain extent, an explanation of the instrument. The "Student" and the "Amateur" are of course intended for beginners; the "Ideal" and the "Standard" are for the advanced players; the "Professional" is for the top of the tree; and the "Elite" is for the airy-fairy musicians who want to look well as well as sound well.

There was once a Prince, and not very long ago either, who was being instructed in the violin by a celebrated professor. After some years of patient labour the Prince naturally thought that he should receive some praise from his master. On venturing to approach the subject one day, the master replied that His Royal Highness was improving very much; that he divided his students into three classes—those who could not play at all, those who could play badly, and those who could play well. The Prince pulled himself up a little to prepare for the high compliment which was evidently in store for him. The master assumed a most respectful air, bowed, and said—"I find that your Highness has succeeded in rising out of the class that cannot play at all, into the class that can play badly."

But this, of course, was of the violin, the king of instruments, that takes a life-time and presents a life-time of difficulties. The banjo you will easily learn, and few instruments could be better suited to our exquisite summer weather.

There is one point, however, on which I should advise you to show some care—namely, in the choice of the size. There is neither comfort nor pleasure in handling one that is too large for your arm. Here is a good plan for you to tell:—Take any banjo you can get a hold of. Place the second finger of the left hand on the third string at the second fret, the first finger on the second string at the first fret, then reach the little finger down on the first string to the fourth fret, or as far as you can comfortably, and measure the distance from the first fret to the point of the little finger. This is the measurement by which you can secure a banjo of the right size for you. If you send it to me, I will see that you get what you want.

The prices are as follows:—The "Student," from \$10 to \$12.50, according to inlaying; the "Amateur," \$15; "Ideal," \$20 to \$22.50; "Standard," \$25; "Professional," \$35; "Elite," \$50. These are all finished in handsome grained woods, ebony finger boards, and inlaid most beautifully.—ED. P. B.

OTTAWA.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN,—We like our first number of our own Paper very much, indeed, and I send you this little sketch of General Wolfe, which I have done in my best style in accordance with the invitation given to your readers in the January Calendar. I am just twelve years old, and I am not sure if I should address this to the Post Bag or not.

Can I write a sketch from the February Calendar if I want to?

Your young friend,

B. B.

MY DEAR B. B.,—I am so pleased to receive your letter, and the sketch of the brave General Wolfe. I will hand it over to the Editor, who has a pile of sketches to read and decide upon. You were quite right, however, to send it to me first, and I hope you will write on the February Calendar. The topics are such as should interest all our young readers, and make them know a great deal about their country. So soon as they know, you will see how proud they will be of Canada.

Your sincere friend,

ED. P. B.

#### OUR CANADIAN FLAG.

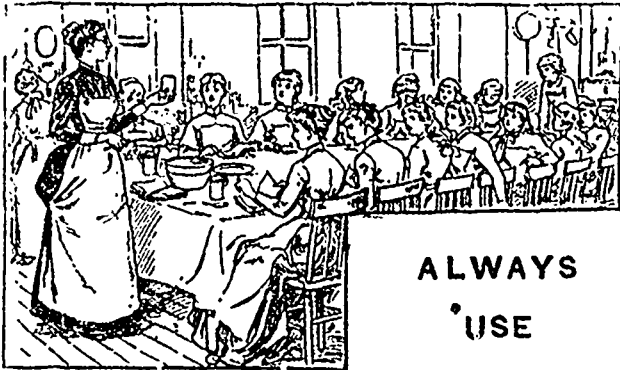
If the young gentleman who writes to me from Guelph, O., about our flag will send me his name, I will be happy to insert his letter and reply to it.—ED. P. B.

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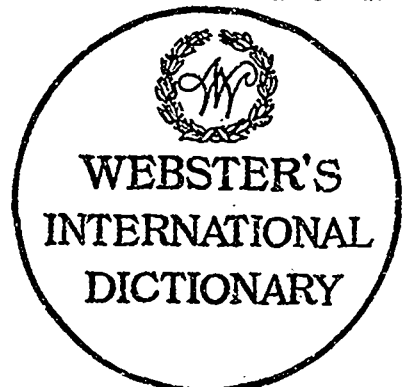
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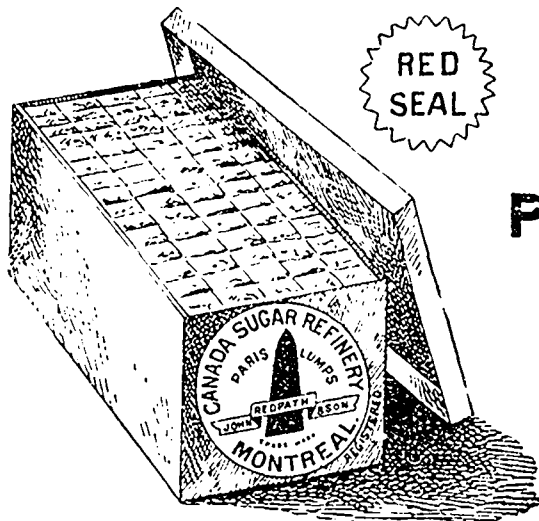
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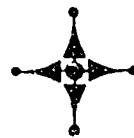
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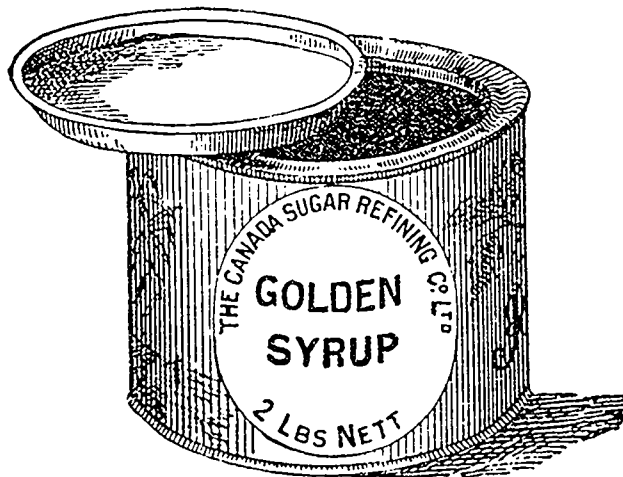
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