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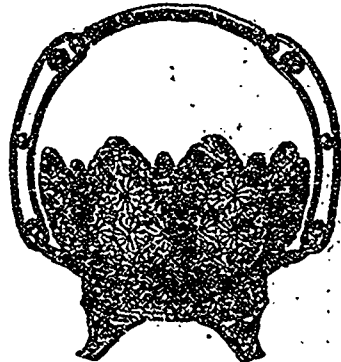
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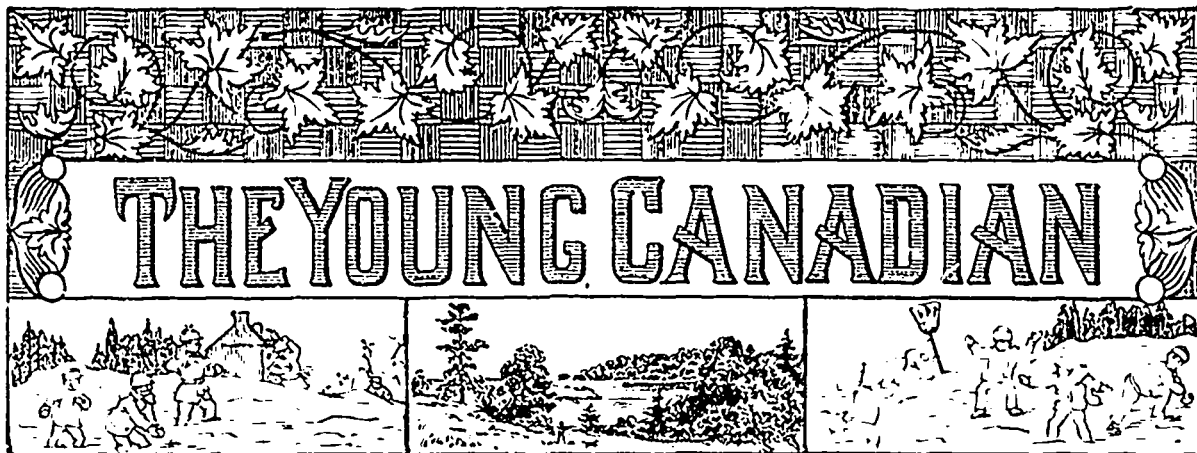
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\$2.00 per annum, in advance.

NED DARROW;
OR,
THE YOUNG CASTAWAYS.
—
CHAPTER XVIII.
—
ON THE ISLAND.

BEHIND the delighted voyagers the dark and frowning cliffs cast deep shadows on the waters. Before them, like an oasis in the desert, was presented a picture that was paradise like in its rare magnificence.

A wealth of forests, dells, and plains spread before them. A little stream flowed bubbling to the ocean, rolling over golden sands. Luxuriant trees reached wide with dense foliage, while flowers of bewildering loveliness of hue bespangled the ground on every side.

Enchanted by the prospect, the occupants of the boat suspended their oars, and breathlessly allowed it to drift on the shining beach of this new fairy-land.

Even Professor Ballentine forgot his cares, his anxiety over the thought of anguished parents at home, in suspense for the fate of their sons. There could not but be plenty in such a land as this. No halcyon dream of an earthly Eden could demand a fairer spot for existence.

Birds of gaudy plumage flitted from tree to tree, strange animals sped through the undergrowth. To the south was visible the barrier of cliffs, but beyond that, far as the eye could reach, extended a flowery garden, gently undulating and marked by what appeared to be a vast inland lake some distance in shore.

There could be no doubt now but that they had been wrecked on an island, for, at the far horizon point, they seemed to see the ocean beyond. There was no evidence of human habitation, and the shore showed no trace of harbourage for ships.

For half an hour Ned and his companions wandered over the spot where they had landed. A brook clear as crystal murmured down to the sea and wound in and out toward the centre of the island.

One discovered a curious bird, another some rare fruit, another a species of Brazil nuts, and still another

some gorgeous tropical flower. When they at last returned to the beach Ned startled them with a quick question—

“Why, where’s the Professor?”

Where, indeed? for he certainly was not in sight. They scanned the landscape, but there was no trace of him.

Ned ran down the beach and looked in and out among the rocks near the headland.

A murmur of dismay parted his lips as he glanced down. Behind a slippery rock lay Professor Ballentine.

“What’s the matter, Professor?” inquired Ned, solicitously.

“I slipped and fell, and have either sprained or broken my ankle. In fact, both feet are almost useless at present.”

They tried to lift him, but the Professor suffered so much from the effort that they were forced to let him sink back on the sand.

“He can’t stay on the damp beach here,” remarked Ned to his companions. “He’s growing weak with the pain, too, and needs attention. I have a plan. Come, Ernest! Ralph! Dick!”

Ned proceeded to the life boat, and taking two of the oars, carried them toward a thicket. He cut some long, thick boughs from a tree and tied them with rope to the oars. Then they covered these with some rushes they found near the river.

“It makes a comfortable stretcher for the Professor, boys,” he said. “Now let us select a camping spot.”

They found a point where ample shade and shelter was afforded by some large trees, and lifting the ambulance returned to the beach.

They had some difficulty in moving Professor Ballentine to the stretcher, for he was almost helpless, but at last they succeeded, and a dozen willing hands seized the oars, and carefully proceeded under Ned’s directions.

The old tutor smiled his thanks as they deposited him under the trees. Upon examination of his ankles he decided that they were only severely sprained and swollen, and that with proper attention he would be able to be around in a few days.

Their dinner, consisting of shell-fish, that day had several additions. Ned had found a vine resembling the sweet potato, and had dug up several large vegetables resembling that esculent in shape and taste. They were

exceedingly palatable when roasted, and were relished with avidity by the hungry boys.

"Young gentlemen," said Professor Ballentine, after dinner was over, "there seems to be no doubt but that we are destined to remain here for some time. My accident places me in a helpless condition, but I do not believe any of you will wantonly cause me anxiety by venturing heedlessly into danger."

"No, no," responded twenty hearty voices.

"I suggest that you proceed to work systematically to better our condition. A place could be made with rocks here for a fire-place, and a protecting hedge built out from the trees."

"Let me attend to that," interrupted Ralph Warden.

"Good. Master Ralph Warden and nine assistants, superintendent of construction. Another party must attend to the commissary department. Harold Gould, you and four aids will attend to this important branch of our domestic economy."

"And you, Ned Darrow, with four trusty comrades, I constitute the exploring corps. You will not venture too far, but for the remainder of the day will endeavour to learn, first, if this is really an island; next, its size and general characteristics."

Ned selected Dick Wilson, Ernest Blake, Eugene Dale, and Sam Pardee to accompany him. They cut some stout, long sticks, and led by Ned set out toward the beach.

"To the west is the ocean, to the north and east evidently the same," remarked Ned. "We want first to learn if water also surrounds us on the south."

"Come, boys, we'll follow the rocks towards the interior, and see what we can discover."

A mile or more inland a deep gap cut through the wall of rock, and down its tortuous length they threaded their way. They managed to climb quite a high cliff, and paused breathless on its summit. The grandeur of the scene was indescribable. The island seemed to be miles in extent, but the blue line of water was apparent on the far southern end.

"An island, sure enough," remarked Ernest Blake. "We're castaways for certain, boys."

"And not a ship in sight," supplemented Dick Wilson, as he scanned the ocean.

"What's that?"

Sam Pardee, as he spoke, pointed to an object about two miles to the southwest near the rockiest portion of the coast.

His companions strained their vision in the direction indicated.

"It's a tree in the rocks," said Ernest.

"No," spoke Ned, slowly, as he shaded his eyes to obtain a better view. "Boys, it's a ship. It's the wreck of the Neptune!"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE STRANDED WRECK.

Ned and his companions were very much excited over their discovery, and Ernest Blake was in favour of at once hastening to the spot where the ship was.

"We could not reach it if we did," said Ned. "It lies farther from the shore than it looks."

"But think of it, Ned, we could find enough there to feed us for months."

"Don't do it," cried reckless Dick Wilson. "It's too jolly grubbing for our food as we are."

Ned was silent and thoughtful for some time, and seemed revolving some mighty scheme in his mind.

At last he spoke. "See here, boys," he said, "can you keep a secret?"

"Can we? of course we can," was the reply, in unison.

"Then don't tell any one that we have seen the ship."

"What! not even the Professor?" inquired Ernest, surprised.

"Not even the Professor, because he is not able to aid us in a plan I have in view, and would worry if we tried it alone."

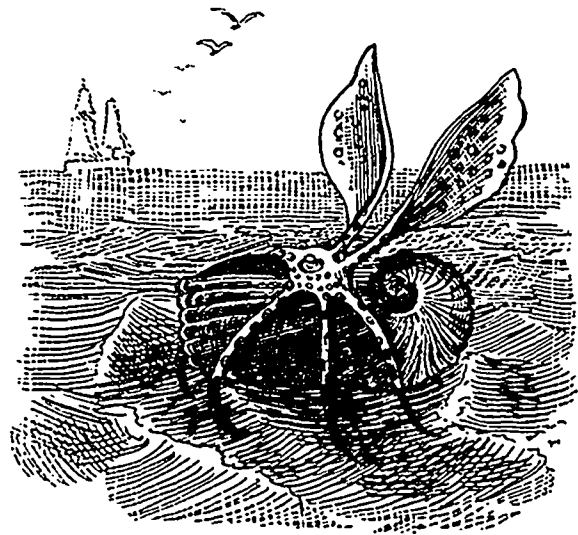
In a few words he detailed his scheme—to secretly visit the wreck in the life-boat that night.

There would be broad moonlight, and they would keep close to the shore. There was no necessity of alarming the Professor, and the result of the trip might be a beneficial one to all concerned.

Ned's comrades pledged implicit secrecy, and when they returned, Ned reported all they had learned except the discovery of the wrecked Neptune.

Before evening he and Ernest Blake strolled inland along the course of the brook. At a spot rarely situated they took minute observations, and decided that no more favourable place for a permanent camp could be found.

At ten o'clock the camp had subsided into silence. It was after he had satisfied himself that all his companions were asleep, that Ned stole cautiously to the side of his four comrades of the day's expedition. He



awakened them gently, and they soon left the blazing camp-fire behind them, and wended their way to the beach.

The moon gilded all the scene with silvery beauty as the five boys pushed off the life-boat. They kept near the shore and rounded their first landing-place, rowing free of rocks, and finally coming in sight of the wreck.

They found the Neptune fast on the rocks and lying on her side, a sad contrast in her shattered appearance to the beautiful schooner that had ploughed the waves so proudly a few days previously.

The after-part of the ship was almost entirely under water. Ned climbed over the submerged rail, and although thoroughly wetted by the operation, pulled himself along until he reached the fore-castle.

His companions, less venturesome, secured the life-boat to the ship, and watched his movements with some anxiety and curiosity.

The first thing Ned searched for as he groped around the fore-castle was a lantern. He found one near the cook's quarters, and lighting it, proceeded to investigate.

He regretted that he could not penetrate safely to the cabin, for there was stored the clothing and baggage of the party. He determined to visit the ship again, however.

"I will carry what I can, especially for Professor Ballentine's present comfort," murmured Ned, coming on deck again. "Hello, boys! Row along to where I am, to catch some things I want to take ashore."

Ned first selected quite a stock of boxes and cans from the cook's store, some tools, two guns and powder flasks he found, a hammock, mattress, and quite a variety of goods.

He also cut away a quantity of rope, a large piece of sail-cloth, and secured the binnacle lamp. These he dropped into the life-boat, and, following them, found that they made quite a cargo.

It was after midnight when they reached the little river.

"Now then, boys," said Ned, "keep as quiet as you can. We won't unload here. I propose dragging the boat past the present camp and to the place we selected this afternoon."

"What for?"

"Because it's a much more desirable spot for a home, and because we can make the Professor more comfortable. Come, boys, who votes for all-night work and a surprise for our patient in the morning?"

"All!"

"Come ahead, then, and be silent as mice in passing the camp."

They did not awaken any of their sleeping comrades as they pulled the boat by the rope up the river.

The spot Ned had selected was admirably located for a camp. The stream ran by it, furnishing pure, fresh water, while its slight elevation commanded a fair view of interior and coast.

There was a velvety plat of grass backed up by a clump of high spreading needle palms, and here the boat was beached.

Like phantom figures in the moonlight, the five boys laboured for several hours. Ned directed their movements, and they soon had the sail-cloth formed into the roof and side of a house, while the cook's stores were distributed conveniently.

"It looks as home-like as our old tent in last summer's excursion," remarked Ernest.

They dragged the boat down the stream to the original camping-place, and then went to sleep.

It was not until after breakfast that Ned announced to the Professor that he had found a more desirable spot for a camp, and asked him to allow them to remove him.

Professor Ballentine was first fearful as he found himself unable to move unaided, then undecided, and finally agreeable to Ned's wishes.

They carried him to the boat and landed him safely at Camp Ballentine, as they had named the new place of rendezvous.

The Professor regarded the ship-shape house and treasures from the Neptune in open-mouthed amazement.

But when they lifted him to a broad, easy hammock, supplied with a mattress and pillow, and presented him with a bottle of liniment found in the schooner, for his injured limbs, tears stood in his eyes.

"You are all too kind to me," he murmured; "you are more like sons than scholars."

"Why shouldn't we be," cried bluff Dick Wilson, "when you've been like a father to us?"

The Professor looked quite serious when Ned told of their unauthorized visit to the wreck, and begged of Ned

to be careful in making further visits until he was able to direct or accompany them.

The entire day was devoted to perfecting their new home, and each boy managed to make a hammock or swinging-bed by means of the ropes Ned had brought from the wreck.

There was abundance and variety now in their larder. The Professor was very thoughtful all day, and evidently decided that they were veritable castaways. He seemed formulating some plan of systematic work for the future.

The weather continued delightful, and in the cool of the evening the boys wandered in little groups where they listed.

They began to observe and realize more carefully their surroundings. Wild grapes, a fruit resembling quinces, the cabbage palm, and various nut-trees had been discovered in the forests where the cypress and ferns and bushes with woody stems abounded.

A whole world of sea-birds infested the rocky head-land, including frigate birds, boobies, sea-gulls and albatross, and in the interior Ernest Blake averred he had seen snipe, partridge, cockatoos with their red throats, and parrots as large as ducks.

Along the sandy shore, in places composed of brilliant crystals, the fragments of bivalve shells, cuttle bones, and protoxide of iron, they came across turtles, scallops, craw-fish, and many another curious thing.

One of these was an object which, to the curious, careless glance of the boys, seemed half butterfly, half snail.

"We found it sailing the waves like a ship," explained Elmer Ray to Professor Ballentine.

"It is a ship in a way," replied the old tutor. "This is the paper nautilus, a kind of shell-fish, furnished with a membrane that serves as a sail. It has the eyes and beak like other mollusks, but no arms or feet in the place of which you see these circles of cupless tentacles. It floats like a feather, and, with sails outspread, might soon reach the land we have left."

These last words set Ned thinking, and, as he noticed an anxious, careworn expression on the Professor's face, he began to realize that the new life so enjoyable to their careless souls must be tinged with sorrow and anxiety to the old tutor, who was thinking of the parents to whom he was accountable for the safety of his youthful charges.

He got nearly all the boys around him, and then developed a new plan.

"We'll light the binnacle-lamp and swing it near the rocks for night, and build a day signal on the beach," he said.

"So ships passing may see us?" inquired Ralph Warden.

"Exactly."

"They may never come here."

"We will try the experiment anyway. There's another thing of importance, too, we must not forget, boys."

"What's that, Ned?" inquired a dozen voices.

"We must send a bottle afloat with an account of our shipwreck."

"On that big ocean?"

"Yes. If the paper nautilus can float across it, why not an air-tight bottle? Yes, boys, we'll do it, and in the bottle we must put a *round robin!*"

(To be Continued.)

It was John Stuart Mill, the philosopher, who said—
"I ride third-class because there is no fourth-class."

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MORE FLOWERS OF THE SEA.

ADAPTED FROM JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

A SPONGE UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

AT THE SEA-SIDE.

AS the summer days went on, Archie's parents took their little boys to the sea-side. Archie's principal occupation there, after the daily dip in the sea, was the building of sand fortresses on the shore, in which he was assisted by a great many other bare-legged, short kilted children, whose mothers and nurses sat placidly by, reading or working, in the comfortable assurance that their young charges were happily employed, and not likely to do any mischief, except to their clothes, which everybody knows must wear out in one way, if not in another.

On one particular morning the tide was remarkably low, and a castle, on which a great deal of time and pains had been spent, was ruthlessly destroyed by the gambols of a black retriever, who, after losing sight of his little masters and mistresses for some time, came upon them just as the moat round their mimic edifice was filled and the drawbridge completed. The poor fellow did not know what to make of their scoldings and efforts to draw him away from the fortress, and finally sat down and wagged his tail in despair in the very middle of it; so as there was no alternative, most of them called him "good dog," and amused themselves with throwing stones for him to fetch, and getting all the pleasure they could out of the spoiler of their handiwork.

Archie was rather distressed at this sudden annihilation of his morning's labour, and began to think that the sun was very hot, dinner-time very distant, and life on the sands eminently unsatisfactory, when he saw his father approaching in the distance, and went rather listlessly to meet him.

"Why, what are you doing, Archie?" asked papa.

"Nothing!" with a deep sigh.

"Why don't you play, my boy?"

"I've nothing to play with," said the child, blankly, and as he saw a twinkle in his father's eyes, added—

"What are you going to do, papa?"

"Going to get some sponges," was the prompt reply: "would you like to come?"

"No, thanks, not shopping," said Archie, turning his eyes seawards again.

"But I'm not going shopping, I'm going to find my own sponges among the rocks," said papa.

"Oh! then I should like to come, please," was the delighted rejoinder, and off they went along the shore, with the little tongue chattering at a rate rather more than nineteen to the dozen, as his father told him. But before they had got beyond the town, Archie stopped short, and asked—

"Hadn't I better run back and get a basket?"

"What for?" inquired papa.

"To put the sponges in. We couldn't carry many in our hands and my pail."

"Do you think I mean such sponges as we use for our baths?" said papa, laughing.

"Yes," replied Archie, "of course I do."

"That is just your mistake, my boy," was the answer. "I only want a few live sponges to look at through the microscope."

"Live sponges!" repeated Archie, incredulously. "Are they animals, then?"

"Yes, indeed they are, though for many years they were supposed to be vegetables."

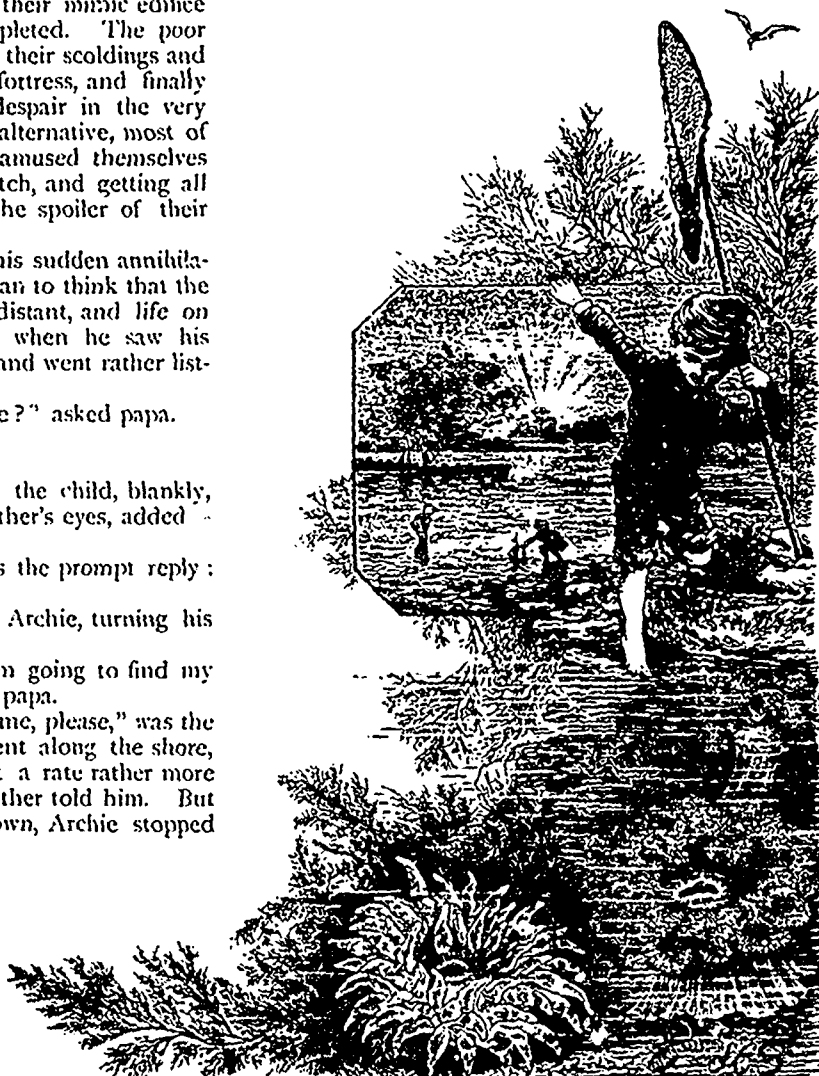
Archie looked more astonished than ever, not because he was not in the habit of hearing wonders, but because every succeeding one was a fresh surprise.

By this time they had reached the rocks, and Archie stopped to put a green sea anemone into his little pail, and to collect some sea-weeds of various descriptions, and was endeavouring to catch a couple of crabs not much bigger than spiders, when his father called to him to come to the spot where he was standing, and pointed out some irregular patches of a yellow fleshy sort of substance, with which several pieces of rock were incrustured.

"There," he said, "that is the commonest species, and it is called the 'Crumb of Bread' sponge. Come and look at it closely; do you see that it rises into a number of little conical hillocks with a tiny hole at the tip of each?"

"Yes, I see them," said the child.

"Now we will try and get some little pieces off without injuring them," continued papa; and when this was managed to his satisfaction, he looked about for some



sack sponge, which he was fortunate enough to find, though it is not very common, and then the two returned home with their treasure-trove.

In the afternoon the microscope was got down, and its glasses carefully wiped, so that everything might be seen through them with the utmost clearness.

The specimen of sack sponge when taken out was declared by Archie to remind him of three ivy leaves on a twig, only that the leaves were of a dirty white instead of green colour, and were actually little bags, with a small hole at each point or angle, and he was quite distressed when his father tore one of them open.

"Why didn't you cut it, papa?" he asked. "I could have lent you my knife."

"The sharpest knife or pair of scissors I could have had would have injured the delicate texture of these bags, so that I could not have shown you the signs of life in them," answered his father while carefully arranging the torn edges and bringing a lens of very high power to bear on them.

"Now come and look and tell me what you see," he added.

Archie could hardly believe his eyes, and had considerable difficulty in describing what was before him, but at last he said—

"There are a lot of capital Y's all higgledy-piggledy—I mean things that go three ways, something like the legs on my Manx penny, and at one side the legs aren't so pointed as they are at the other."

"Bravo, Archie!" said papa; "that's a famous account. Now I shall put on a still higher magnifying power, and you must tell me if you can see anything else."

When Archie took his second peep, he not only saw that the capital Y's had increased in size, but that they were surrounded by something that he called *net*, and that there were several long threads which reminded him of the lash of a whip in perpetual motion, as though they were actually whipping some unseen particles.

"Those whips," said papa, "are the cilia, and by the continual lashing or waving movement, when in their natural element, they propel the water through the cells of the sponge, and send it out in streams from the mouths which are at the end of each angle of the bag which you compared to an ivy leaf."

"I suppose, then," said Archie, meditatively, "that that is what shows the sponge to be alive?"

"Exactly so," said the pleased father, with a hand on the curly head, while Archie continued—

"What is the stuff like net?"

"Those are the cells, through which the water is pumped by the cilia in the same way that our blood passes through our veins," was the answer.

"And what are the three-legged spiky things?" asked the child.

"Those are the spicules—the parts that enable a sponge to suck up water into its cells and pores."

Papa next laid a small branch of another sponge—*Spongia coalita*—which a friend had given him, in an old watch-glass full of sea water, and putting it under the microscope told the little boy to watch it, which he did eagerly.

"I can see one little round hole beautifully," he said, "and it *does* send out a lot of water, and tiny bits of something like sand besides. I wonder it doesn't get tired, and how long it means to keep firing away like that?"

"I once watched a similar one for five hours," replied papa, "and the little torrent rolled on just as rapidly all the time, but during the sixth hour became less active, and finally ceased altogether."

"I wish we had some more sponges to look at," said Archie.

"So do I," rejoined his father, "and perhaps we may find some others, for there are more than sixty different species to be collected, and every coast, especially in the warmer parts of the globe, has its own peculiar sponges."

"I should like to see quite a little baby sponge," was Archie's next observation.

"I don't know that I have ever seen one," said papa; "but it can only be an atom."

"How funny!" said Archie. "I should think such tiny things couldn't settle; they must be washed away by the water."

"Ah!" replied his father, "they are provided with a means of taking root, for they are able to attach themselves by a kind of glue to the rock, shell, or weed they choose for their habitation, and when quite established there they absorb their own cilia, and take to growing bigger, till they possess the same structure as their parents."

"I wonder how long my sponge that I wash my face with took to grow, and where it came from?" said the little boy.

"It is a very soft skeleton," was Archie's next remark.

"Indeed it is," answered papa; "but soft as it is, its spicules are all composed of either flint or lime."

"Oh, papa, you are laughing at me! It would scratch me if it were stony."

"I am not laughing, dear, but I don't think I can make you understand any more about sponges at present, as the subject is a very extensive one, about which you may read on some future occasion," said his father, "so run away and see where your sponge is now, and wash a very grubby little face, and hands that I can only consider paws in their present dirty condition."

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

(To be Continued.)

A FAMOUS BOY TRAVELLER.

Mr. Ernest Morris, who died in America recently, was quite well known some years ago for his remarkable travels as a boy in South America. He was known as "the boy traveller." While yet in his teens he decided to visit the wilds of the Amazon basin, and when he returned well laden with all sorts of nicely-preserved specimens illustrating different branches of natural history and ethnology, his story was told in all the newspapers as showing what a determined and intelligent lad could do. His experience 1,500 or 2,000 miles up the great valley only whetted his ambition to engage in other adventures in the same region, and in the course of time he made a number of voyages to the Amazon basin. Sometimes he would bury himself for months in the great forests, where he saw no white people, and lived among the savages of those regions, who took a liking to him. Morris knew very well the taste of monkey stew, and, like the natives among whom he wandered, he more than once appeased his hunger with a meal of snake meat, which he declared to be not at all disagreeable. He was evidently able to suppress his imagination, and could eat without a qualm anything that would appease his hunger.

A SNAP SHOT.

THEY were sitting by the fireside
On a very frosty night,
And their heads were close together
As they talked of well the weather,
Or, perhaps the "Injun" fight.

As their chat grew more engrossing
Near and nearer yet he drew,
Till her fair hair brushed his shoulder,
And in trembling tones he told her
Of the sorrows of the Sioux.

Then he put his arms about her
In the dimly-lighted room,
And they saw naught but each other,
Never heard her bad, small brother.
Stealing softly through the gloom.

Till a flash dispelled the darkness
And a shrill voice cried with glee :
"Caught your photo you and sister
Pa will like to know you kissed her
Buy the negative from me?"

Topics of the Day

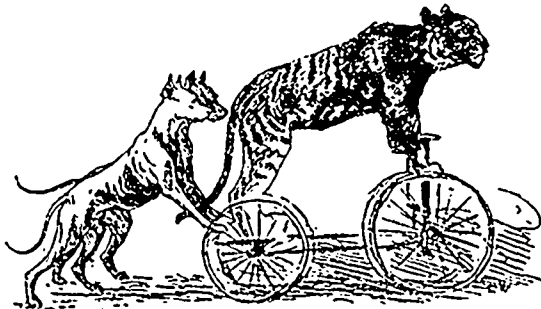
ABROAD.

DON'T MIND IF I TRY.

BY INDUSTRIA ON HIS HOLIDAYS.

I must tell my young Canadians at home of a wonderful performance that is attracting immense crowds to the Crystal Palace here in London. I am sure you would all have enjoyed being present, and you would have stood aghast at the wonders you would have seen.

Mr. Hazenbeck is here with a great show of trained wild animals. For the last quarter of a century he has been an importer of savage creatures, and has had passing through his hands so many wild animals of all kinds that he has earned for himself the title - "King of the Beasts." Last year he stumbled upon the idea of bringing a great many pups of wild animals together to see what could be made of them for an exhibition at the



Chicago World's Fair. Mr. Hazenbeck has a brother-in-law, a German, himself a famous importer of wild

animals, and this gentleman undertook to train the little dears if they could be trained. Without having had experience of their ways and dispositions, it was rather a tall undertaking. But in a couple of days from the time Mr. Hazenbeck made the proposal, the brother-in-law replied: "Don't mind if I try." For four days Mr. Hazenbeck went with him among the wild pups. After that they were left alone with their plucky master.

His happy family consists of young lions, tigers, speckled panthers, polar bears, white as milk, and Thibetan bears, black and smooth as velvet thirty of them altogether in a large arena built for the purpose. His principle of action is kindness, universally and persistently. Punish brutally and you get obstinacy and savage force in return, he says. Maintain a policy of patience, gentleness, and coaxing reward, and you get success in the end. Get the wild things, with their natural savage instincts, to know that if they do as desired they will get a sweet and dainty morsel and a pat on the back, and the battle is won. This principle has taken Mr. Hazenbeck, since he was eight years old, out and in the cages of wild and even infuriated animals. Since then he has shipped, re-shipped, trained, nursed,



and handled more wild hearts than any other man in the world, and is not only alive to tell the tale, but is never happier than when among them.

Two of the young tigers are harnessed as a team in a dainty little car. A couple of boar-hounds act as footmen, and, with their fore-paws placed on the back of the car, walk majestically with their hind legs. His Royal Highness, the largest of the lion cubs, with his mane just beginning to grow, stands in the gilded miniature chariot, as proud as a king in his purple robes and crown of gold, keeps the reins tightly in his mouth, and seems as happy as the ride is long.

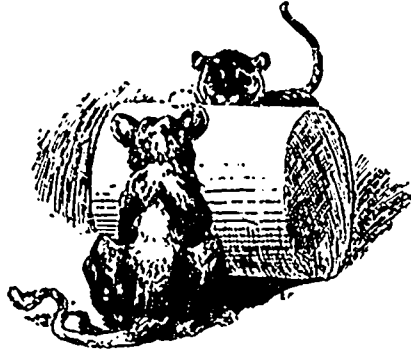


I send you a few pictures from a London paper, which will give you a better idea than my pencil could produce in this bustling city. What do you think of the bear on the tight rope? Or of the two smart little chaps rolling the cube about?

Mr. Hazenbeck has had some exciting experiences while handling his rare cargo. One day he was unpacking a case of alligators. Twelve of these monsters had to be taken out of one box and placed in another, a rather touchy operation. Three of them he got shifted easily, but the fourth was troublesome. His master could not get hold of him. He writhed and wriggled, and gaped, and excited the others. At length Mr. Hazenbeck thought he had him, when his foot slipped, and he fell right in the midst of the lot. Coolness, however, and nerve are a

safeguard always, and the huge alligators must have been not a little amused to see their master jump up again in a twinkling, before they had time to decide what they should do to him.

Another day he was getting half a dozen pythons into a cage to be sent away. Suddenly his hat fell off, when one of the serpents immediately attacked it with his fangs. While Mr. Hazenbeck tried to get at his hat, another of the dreadful creatures began to coil himself round his leg. He dropped the idea of saving his hat, in his



desire to save himself. Upon this the first serpent dropped the fun of the hat too, and came to help his friend over the keener sport. For fifteen dreadful minutes the man had a two-to-one conflict each of his opponents being at least sixteen feet long, and of enormous strength. Indeed, the dinner of one of these fellows had been five lambs that day. By watchful dodging they were both, however, held at bay till assistance came.

On another occasion Mr. Hazenbeck was called to quell a row in a cage in which two bears, two hyenas, two dogs, and a lion were all raging and scolding in a furious roaring mass. But they get attached to their masters, nevertheless, these furious creatures, and are capable of genuine affection and gratitude, which seems to require their keepers for the danger connected with caring for them.

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet, and thrush say- "I love, and I love!"
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong:
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he-
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me."

PETER'S FAITH.

Peter Sinclair, a native of the parish of Sandwich, Orkney, was at one time a catechist appointed by the Original Seceders to visit the various islands in the county. On one occasion he wished to get across from the mainland to Shapinshay; but it was late before he arrived at the ferry, and poor Peter had not the wherewithal to bribe the boatman. Now Peter was a man of great faith, and the idea struck him that he, like his namesake of old, could get across by walking on the water. He walked out into the water till it rose to his waist, but still he appeared to be sinking. Looking around, and seeing the tails of his old surtout floating out behind him, he ruefully exclaimed:—"Ah, Peter, Peter; man, ther's mair faith in yer coat-tails than in yer haill body!"



AN ICE CREAM MAN.

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MONTREAL

I hope my little "Tots" have enjoyed "The Eagle's Nest," of which the second chapter is now given. Next week the story for them will be another very pretty one - "Going with the Stream;" also, for the bigger brothers and sisters, a charming story - "Was He a Coward?"

I would remind our young readers to look out for September, when we hope to announce a few of the good things in store for the autumn evenings. We shall all be coming home again soon with new life for work, and a new enjoyment for play. Meantime, when you have been holiday-making, THE YOUNG CANADIAN has been working like a Trojan to have lots of nice things ready for you.

SUCCESS, AND HOW TO ATTAIN IT.

Leave off wishing and go to working. If an obstacle appears in your pathway either remove it or surmount it. Have you need of a well-filled purse? Do not wait for the expected legacy of some wealthy relation, but engage in some honorable avocation; in other words, go to work and earn it, and be not too fastidious as to the kind of work, so only it is legitimate and honourable, and is honestly conducted. If your neighbour has set you an example of well-doing profit by it; do as well as he has done, and then do better. Never be satisfied with accomplishing just what someone else has accomplished. Do you desire the nation's honour? Be worthy of it. It is better to be worthy of it, though you never receive it, than to receive it unworthily. Have an aim in life, worthy of a life-long effort, and then make a life-long effort not only to attain it, but to achieve still nobler successes. Never appear to be what you are not. Be satisfied with being yourself, but be not satisfied with yourself till you have made yourself everything that is pure, true, worthy and honourable. Be such skilful artisans in the building of your greatest life achievement, character, that it, too, shall be a glorious success, and that it may be truthfully said of you that your life has not been a failure.

MAKE HOME HAPPY.

Don't shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets, nor your hearts lest a merry laugh should shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without when they come home at night.

When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in disappointment. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere. If they don't find it at their own hearthstone, it will be sought at other and less profitable places.

Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand.

Don't repress the buoyant spirit of your children. Half an hour of merriment around the firelight of a home blots out many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic circle.

Put home first and foremost; for there will come a time when the home circle will be broken; when you will "long for a touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still," and when your greatest pleasure will be in remembering that you did all in your power to put a song under every burden; to make each other happy.

A PLEA FOR OUR MOTHERS.

Many mothers are labouring with hand and brain almost incessantly, day after day and year after year, to supply the oft-returning wants of their families; no other class lead such lives of daily sacrifice as do our patient, plodding mothers. They anticipate all our wants and needs, come and go at our slightest wish, with untiring love and interest in all that concerns us from early infancy until they sink beneath the burdens and cares of this life. From force of habit brought about by the tender devotion of their hearts, they are always thinking and doing for others. Yet in many homes no one seems to think of the mother's comfort, or that she can have any need for relaxation.

This much-needed rest the mother will always protest against taking so long as she feels that any of the family need her care and labour; but her future health, and in many cases her life, depend upon a few years of rest, rest! physical and mental. Who will say she has not earned it? Can you let the time slip quietly by and do nothing while the life of one you dearly love is slowly wearing away in a tread-mill-round which seems a daily necessity to the family?

Arouse yourselves; see to it that your mother gives up her cares entirely for a time, even though your comforts are lessened. Send her to visit a sister or some dear friend, and make her stay a good long time—six weeks or more! When she returns see that some one is installed to share the burdens that have always fallen upon mother. Take her out to ride often. Encourage her to take walks and call on her neighbours and friends. If she has long regretted that she was always too weary to make the effort to attend church and prayer meeting, see that she has a day of absolute rest preparatory, and then offer to accompany her. Make her feel young again by your thoughtful care; she has done much for you!

THE SERFS.

FROM THE GERMAN BY JAMES F. COBB.

"No one will do that," replied the bailiff, with a malicious smile, for he knew by thus contradicting him he would urge his master on to still greater severity.

"Ha! ha! then I shall be the first to do it!" cried the Count. "Let him starve; hunger will make him docile enough; don't give him even bread, we will see whose hand is the hardest. He shall implore me, and when he has begged of me, then I will have him thrashed!"

Only too gladly did the bailiff fulfil the Count's command. He brought the unhappy prisoner neither bread nor water. Schober scarcely remarked it. He was not thinking about himself, nor what was happening to him. Quietly would he have sacrificed his life if by so doing he could have purchased the happiness and freedom of his family. His son's fate filled his mind; in one moment had the happiness he had called his own been swept from him, and he could not help fearing that the Count would vent his rage on Heinrich too, that he would punish him also. Perhaps he was already a prisoner in the Castle. No sleep came to his eyes. He wished to remain quiet and composed, and yet despair more and more took compassion of him; he sprang up, and wildly and violently shook the iron bars across his little window. They defied his strength; his arm sank back exhausted. Then tears started into his eyes, and he, the strong man, wept over the hard fate which had given him up to the will and cruelty of the Count. As a serf, he had no rights.

There was a law, indeed, which did not permit the lord of the manor to give a serf more than fifteen blows at a time; but it was a dead letter. And if the Count were to have him whipped to death, who would stand up against the powerful proprietor and accuse him? What court of justice would hear such an accusation and give satisfaction? The Count's arm reached further than the petitions and accusations of all his serfs. With gold he could open every door and every ear for himself.

Again several days had passed, and no one knew anything about the luckless Schober's fate. In vain had some neighbours besought Heinrich to go to the Castle and intercede with the Count for his father.

"I cannot," he had replied. "If I implore the Count, —if I throw myself on my knees before him in vain,—if his heart shows no compassion, then I shall not be able to control myself; I shall have no mastery over my passion; then it will cost him his life, even were I to strangle him with my bare hands. And what, then, would be my father's fate? Would not my deed be revenged on him, on my mother, my sister, even on my unhappy bride? And even if I slew the Count, another proprietor would succeed him, who would, perhaps, be still more cruel."

He sent the men away, and sought out solitary spots in the fields and the forest. All the powers of his mind were fixed on one thought—on the deliverance of his father; but much as he thought over it he could devise no way of effecting it.

He was one day sitting alone in a ravine staring before him fixedly on the ground. It was a warm, sunny afternoon. What did it matter to him? In his heart it felt as if never a beam of joy or happiness could penetrate there again. Should he implore the Count for mercy? Should he try to soften his heart? Had the man any pity?

The sound of a horse's hoofs, not far off, startled him. He looked up. The Count was galloping through the ravine. Two of his great dogs accompanied him. He looked dark and angry.

Heinrich's heart beat violently when he saw the hated man. He wished to spring up and hasten out of the ravine in order not to meet him; but the thought of his father kept him back. Fate seemed to have brought the lord of the manor hither. He was alone with him. No one could hear him. He would beg him, implore him to spare his father, not to punish him.

He remained standing in the middle of the road.

"Stand back, fellow!" cried the Count as he approached him.

Heinrich did not stir from the spot.

"Most gracious master," he begged, "spare my father! do not have him beaten!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Count mockingly. "Have you learned to beg at last? I thought your mouth had forgotten such words! But you made a mistake, boy, your father will not get off so easily. I shall pay him out now what I have owed him for years!"

"Most gracious sir," repeated Heinrich, "have pity on my father! Do not order him to be beaten!"

"Yes, fellow!" cried the Count, "I will bend his stiff, proud neck. To-morrow I will have him whipped in the middle of the village till he sinks on his knees and begs for mercy. All shall see it; you among the number! Through him will I show you all that you are only miserable serfs,—dogs that I can have whipped to death if it pleases me!"

"Gracious master!" Heinrich exclaimed, "have compassion; let me be punished for my father, but spare him, only spare him! It was for me he interfered, he could not see me ill-used, and it is for this cause that he is to suffer!"

"Yes, for this cause," cried the Count, mocking him. "For this cause, rascal! And you, too, shall feel my punishment next!"

"I am not afraid," replied Heinrich, with increasing excitement. "I will bear everything quietly if only my father is not punished!"

"To-morrow in the middle of the village, shall he make acquaintance with the whip."

"No; you dare not do it!" cried Heinrich, no longer able to master his temper.

"Ha, ha! I dare not do it! Will you prevent me? Try it! Come, march out of my way!"

The Count put spurs to his horse. Heinrich did not stir from the spot. As the horse dashed upon him he seized its bridle and held it back.

"You dare not have my father whipped!" he exclaimed, and his eyes flashed. "You must have pity; he is a man like yourself!"

"Back!" cried the Count, furiously. "Let go the horse, rascal!"

"Not till you have assured me of my father's forgiveness! Not before that!—not before that!" replied Heinrich, still holding the bridle tightly in his hand.

The Count's heavy riding whip now came down upon his head. He still firmly held the bridle—his own and his father's fate must be decided.

"Back!" exclaimed the Count once more.

"You dare not have my father beaten!" cried Heinrich, forgetting everything, violently, threateningly.

At a call from the Count both his dogs rushed upon Heinrich and dragged him down. In vain did he try to drive off the animals, they held him firmly to the ground.

With a loud, mocking laugh, the Count sprang from his horse.

"I will show you what is in store for your father to-

morrow!" he cried; and he mercilessly struck him with his riding whip on his head, on his face, wherever he could.

The blood ran down from Heinrich's cheeks, from his hands; but not a cry of pain did he utter.

He lay unconscious, when the Count, ceasing his barbarous treatment, sprang on his horse, whistled to his dogs, and galloped off.

A long time elapsed before Heinrich came to himself again. Slowly did he raise himself up, and then sank down again. Agonizing pains tortured him; he thought not of them, the disgrace he had suffered tortured him far more. The Count had treated him as if he were a brute beast, and only because he had interceded for his father. With both hands he covered his bleeding, swollen face. He no longer thought now about his father, a burning feeling of revenge possessed him. Life had no longer any value for him. He wept from sheer exhaustion; from extreme bitterness, too, because he had no weapon in his hand by which he could have rendered that monster, the Count, harmless for ever. Hitherto he had repressed every thought of violence, now he gave himself up to the idea with wild and eager passion.

He was ashamed to return to the village and let others witness the disgrace he had endured. What did it matter to him that he must pass a night in the open air? And had not the Count said that on the following morning he would have his father publicly whipped in the village? He raised a wild, loud laugh. That would be the moment for him to slake his burning vengeance; there publicly, in the presence of all the peasantry, he would do the deed.

Pursuing these thoughts he remained sitting in the ravine—quiet, motionless. He did not remark when the evening, when the night itself came on.

CHAPTER III.

Heinrich's absence had filled his mother and sister with the greatest anxiety. In vain did they inquire of their friends in the village about him. No one had seen him. They suspected what might be going on in his mind, and trembled at the thought lest he should carry it out. The last few days, too, had filled them with deep sorrow. Anna hastened again to the village to make more inquiries about her brother; with weeping eyes did she return.

"Have you heard nothing of him?" eagerly inquired her mother.

"Nothing," replied Anna; "he has done himself some injury, he has taken our father's misfortunes so deeply to heart."

Her mother shook her head.

"No; he has not done that, child," she replied. "Would he thereby make matters any better? He is too sensible for that. He has but one thought, to save his father, and this thought and fear will drive him to extremities—to some deed of violence. It is this which makes me so anxious about him."

Marie rushed into the room. She, too, had searched

for her lover without discovering anything about him. But the news which she brought caused their anxiety about Heinrich to pass into the background.

One of the bailiff's servant's had come into the village and related that Schober was that morning to be publicly whipped in the centre of the village, and had given orders to all the peasants to assemble at the appointed spot.

These tidings brought fresh despair into the house. In vain did these unprotected ones look round for help. Even Heinrich failed them now.

"The disgrace will kill my father," cried Anna; "he will never survive it!"

Her mother was silent. She, too, must confess that Schober would never survive this public punishment. She knew him too well; his heart was proud.

"It never can happen!" continued Anna with increasing indignation. "It shall not!"

"Child! what can you do to prevent it?"

"I will go myself to the Count, throw myself once more at his feet; I will implore him."

"He knows no pity," replied her mother.

"Then I shall throw myself upon my father, and protect him with my body! They may beat me then—I shall bear it,—I shall not cry,—I shall not tremble!"

Filled with heroic indignation she hastened from the room and from the house. In vain did her mother try to keep her back.



HA! HA! COUNT. IT IS MY TURN NOW!

Without, in the village, on an open space, the peasants were assembled; men, women, and children. It was not curiosity which had brought them hither, but the command of the lord of the manor, and they were too timid, too utterly crushed to dare to disobey.

Terror and anguish were impressed on all their faces. The best man in the whole village, Schober, whom they all loved, who was ever ready to help and advise them all, was to be publicly whipped. He had always, without murmuring, done his work for his master; he had always cheered them on to persevere and endure—yes, when their strength began to give way, when embittered feelings would have driven them to rebellion. What might not happen now to themselves, if the master did not spare him, if he treated him in so

cruel a manner? They trembled when they thought of the future.

One of the bailiff's servants now came and brought some ropes, with which the unhappy man was to be bound to a tree, which stood in the centre of the village green.

"Back!" he cried to the peasants. "Ha! ha! to-day you shall witness a spectacle such as you have never beheld before. You shall see how many blows a man can endure before he dies! Ha! ha! you have a tough nature, like cats; but a cat, too, can at last be beaten to death, only one must not leave off too soon."

"Be pitiful!" implored one of the peasants.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the savage servant; "that we will be. When he has had enough! we will stop. The

Count himself shall give us the sign and he won't be frightened if a little blood flows. Take care how you behave yourselves, or the same will happen to you!"

None of the serfs ventured after this to put in a word for Schober; and if they had, it would have availed nothing.

The bailiff came down from the Castle with his son and two servants. They led Schober between them. The Count followed, accompanied by his two great dogs.

"They are coming!" was whispered through the assembly, and not one of them ventured to breathe freely.

Schober's hands were bound; he looked pale and emaciated. In a few days he seemed to have grown years older. His gait was tottering and uncertain. His spirit was not broken, but anxiety about his family, hunger and thirst, had exhausted his strength. His eye gazed anxiously through the crowd. Silently he nodded a greeting to them. He seemed to be looking for his son, for his wife, his daughter. He appeared calmer when he did not see them. The fear that had troubled him most was lest they should be witnesses of his disgrace.

With a dark, fierce look, and in a threatening attitude, the Count walked behind him. He gazed on the serfs; not one of them ventured to return his look. He meant that all should tremble before him, and they did tremble.

With his hand he made a sign to the bailiff to strip the unhappy man to the waist, and to bind him to the tree.

Schober offered no resistance. It would have been vain to do so against the rough, strong hands which held him. A rope was already bound round him and the tree, when Anna pressed through the crowd and threw herself at the Count's feet.

"Pardon—mercy!" she implored, as she threw both her arms round his knees.

"Take away this saucy girl!" the Count commanded his bailiff.

"Have pity on my father!" cried Anna, in the anguish of despair, as she clung still tighter to the Count's knees.

A feeling of pity seemed to be aroused even in the bailiff's breast, for he hesitated to carry off the girl.

"Away with this girl!" cried the Count, as he pushed her from him with his foot.

A wild-looking figure, smeared all over with blood, at this moment rushed out from behind a house—it was Heinrich. In his right hand he swung an axe.

"Back!" he cried, as he rushed upon the bailiff and the servants, who were binding his father more tightly.

They started back terrified. Heinrich's appearance filled them with horror. His face was disfigured, covered with blood.

Heinrich placed himself before his father, swung his axe threateningly, and exclaimed,—

"Now strike him! Let him who dares touch him!"

No one moved. He looked too fierce. There was an expression of madness in his features.

"Come, strike my father!" he repeated, with a wild laugh. "Ha, ha! you still hold the whip in your hand. Come on, then!"

The bailiff and his servants did not move. The Count was the first to recover himself.

"Seize that fellow!" he cried. "Bind him, whip him to death!"

The bailiff did not move, he had no desire to risk his life.

"Seize him!" commanded the Count, but still in vain.

Then he called to his dogs at set them at Heinrich.

With savage fury they rushed upon him, but before they could seize him, the axe whizzed twice through the air, and both animals rolled over yelling, and, mortally wounded, sank to the ground.

"Ha! ha!" cried Heinrich, laughing wildly. "Ha! ha! Count, it is my turn now. To-day I will pay you back what you did to me yesterday! Blood shall flow! There stand your bailiff, your servants! Come on yourself, then!"

The lord of the manor had turned deadly pale. Fury had almost deprived him of his senses. He sought for a weapon, but he found none.

"Seize that mad dog!" he exclaimed once more, and was about himself to rush upon Heinrich.

The bailiff held him back.

At that moment a horseman suddenly galloped into the midst of the assembly.

"Room!" he cried. "Make way! The King is coming."

"The King!" repeated every one in amazement.

In terror the Count started backward a step. "The King!" he repeated; and his voice trembled. "Away! away!" he cried, recovering himself. "Loose the man from the tree—set him at liberty. Away from here! Away from here! Away!"

The bailiff was about to approach Schober to unloose his fetters.

"Back!" cried Heinrich to him, threateningly. "The King shall see this barbarity! Remain where you are," he said, turning to the peasants; "the King shall learn everything!"

Once more the Count tried to disperse the people.

The carriage which conveyed the King now stood still. The Count hastened up to him in confusion.

The Minister Von Stein, who sat near the King, leaned out of the carriage to inquire why the peasants did not draw back.

The lord of the manor stammered out some excuse.

Anna, at this moment, forced her way through the bystanders, and with upraised hands threw herself on her knees before the carriage.

"Pity!" she exclaimed. "Mercy for my unhappy father and my brother!"

"What is it all about?" asked the minister.

The King and Von Stein alighted from the carriage.

"What is going on here?" inquired the King, in amazement, when he saw Schober tied to the tree and Heinrich disfigured, covered with blood, still holding the axe in his hand, standing before him.

"Rebellious serfs," stammered out the Count. "That man has ventured to attack me. The young fellow, also, threatened to take my life because I was going to have his father punished."

"He lies! he lies!" cried Heinrich, as he threw himself down before the King. "Exercise justice—only justice," he implored; "not for me, but for my father, who is innocent!"

The glance which the minister took round the circle, and the Count's manifest consternation, had shown him what had been going on here. He knew all the misery of serfdom.

"Your majesty," said he "some injustice appears to have taken place; one of those acts of barbarity which, alas! are too frequently performed on the poor serfs."

The Count muttered a few more words about rebellious serfs and the necessity of punishment.

The King scarcely appeared to hear him; he made a sign to Heinrich to stand up.

"I cannot stand up," replied Heinrich, "till your majesty has assured me that justice shall be done to my father."

"We will investigate everything," promised Stein, "and justice shall be done to him if he is in the right."

Heinrich stood up.

"He is innocent," he repeated again.

"What has been done to this young man?" inquired the King, pointing to Heinrich's disfigured, blood-stained countenance and turning to the Count.

He was silent.

"The Count yesterday set his dogs upon me, who dragged me down to the ground, and then he beat me with his riding-whip till I lay quite unconscious," cried Heinrich; "and all this only because I implored him to show pity and mercy on my father. For this alone."

The King cast a severe and searching look upon the Count.

"Have you really thus maltreated this poor fellow?" asked he.

The Count could not deny it.

"He is my serf; he seized my horse's bridle: he held it tight," he replied. "He threatened me."

"I did not threaten him," exclaimed Heinrich. "I was without arms. I had nothing in my hands."

With the eloquence of truth he related the whole circumstance, and why the lord of the manor had ordered his father to be whipped.

The King's face had grown darker and darker. The whole truth was only too evident from Heinrich's words.

"And this is true?" exclaimed the King, at last. "This is all true? And for what reason were you about to have yonder man beaten?"

The Count was silent.

"It is all true!" asserted Schober, who had hitherto been silent.

"Set that man at liberty!" ordered the minister.

And without delay, the bailiff unloosed the rope which had bound Schober.

With tottering steps the unfortunate man approached the King. Once more he related everything, and described the Count's cruelty.

The King was silent.

"Your majesty," spoke Stein, earnestly, "now--here, in the presence of the misery of these unhappy men, I repeat my petition which I have frequently made to you—abolish serfdom in your dominions. Give full freedom to each of your subjects!"

The King hesitated. He seemed as if he could not make up his mind so quickly. He promised to investigate strictly the Count's cruelty, and carefully to examine into the condition of the serfs.

"Your majesty," exclaimed Stein, in his free, determined manner, "here stands the Count now: here let him try to deny what he has done. He may endeavour to do so; but he will not succeed, for in the faces of all these people I read the confirmation of the truth of all we have just heard."

"Come, speak, then!" said the King to the Count.

He stood utterly abashed like a culprit.

"They are my serfs," he repeated. "I have a right to punish them."

"But no right to treat them with inhuman barbarity," exclaimed the minister. "Your power, too, Count, is limited by law, and every step you take beyond it renders you liable to punishment."

Once more he repeated his request to the King to abolish serfdom: to give the unfortunate people their liberty.

The King hesitated. His heart was deeply wounded by the cruelty of the lord of the manor, and yet he could not make up his mind to take such a decisive step so suddenly.

At this moment an old man was led up through the crowd. It was Marie's grandfather, old Rude.

"Where is the King? where is he?" he cried, feeling about him with his hands. "Lead me to him! where is he?"

They led him nearer.

"Who is this man?" asked the King.

They mentioned the blind man's name, and added, too, that he was Marie's grandfather.

With trembling hand, the old man seized the King's coat and put it to his lips.

"Your majesty," said he, in a trembling voice, "my eyes cannot see you, but for nearly half-a-century I have longed thus to stand before you, to touch your garment, and to beg of you for mercy and justice!"

"What is it that you wish? Speak," said the King, kindly.

"Mercy and compassion!" exclaimed the old man. "Not indeed for myself, I have already one foot in the grave, and to-day even I might sink into it; but mercy and compassion for my unhappy brethren—for the poor serfs!"

"I will espouse your cause," the King assured him.

"Your majesty," continued the old man, raising his voice, "you do not know our misery, our cry of agony has never reached you; but behold my dead eyes—they speak for us all, they accuse our master, the man who never knew what pity was, who never showed compassion."

"What have you against him?" said the King.

The Count became uneasy. He was about to go away.

"Remain where you are!" said the minister, casting a severe look upon him.

"It is a long while ago," continued the old man. "I have ever been silent about it, because I was ashamed to publish it. Only he and I know about it; yet my dead eye-balls still pain me as often as I hear his voice, as often as I think of him! The lord of the manor's father was living then. I was quite a young man; I was happy, in spite of all the misery and distress which we serfs had to endure, for I had my wife and child, and with them I always found refreshment and rest when I came home from work. I possessed then a horse, too. With it I had to plough my master's fields. I did it, for I dared not murmur; I must obey. The animal succumbed to the hard, excessive labour; it fell down before the Count's plough. He was standing close by, and was enraged at this. He said it was my fault; yet I was quite innocent. He harnessed me to the plough, and said that I should now plough his fields; and I did it, but my strength failed me. Then he took the whip in his hand and struck me. His son stood by him—the present Count—he laughed at my agony; he asked his father to give him the whip. The old man did so, and then he struck me, and then—ah! that I must repeat it—the young ruffian struck me on both eyes repeatedly, as hard as he could, and I never saw again!"

Exhausted and overcome, the old man stopped. A cry of indignation and of pity had arisen from the King's lips.

All had heard with horror the blind man's words. No one present had known before about this cruel deed.

"I have never before told it to any one," continued the old man shuddering. "I was ashamed to think that a mere boy should have robbed me of my eyesight; I only told my family that an unfortunate accident had befallen me!"

"And this is true?" cried the King.

"God is my witness!" said the old man, solemnly.

"And you did this?" inquired the King, turning to the Count.

"I was very young at the time," stammered the Count.

"I was very sorry. I did not mean to do it!"

"So cruel, even when a boy!" exclaimed the King.

"Your majesty," interrupted the minister, "will you

still hesitate? Will you any longer delay giving these unhappy men their liberty!"

"No—no! they shall have it—they shall have it!" exclaimed the King, deeply moved.

"Accept my thanks, your majesty, for these words," exclaimed Stein, "thereby you have made millions happy: and so, then, I venture in your majesty's name, to proclaim it publicly, that henceforth in your dominions there are no longer any serfs—that all your subjects are free men!"

With loud shouts of joy these words were welcomed. All pressed round the King and his minister to touch their clothes and to kiss them. A few days after a decree was proclaimed which abolished serfdom throughout the Prussian States.

A few more words are necessary to complete this little story.

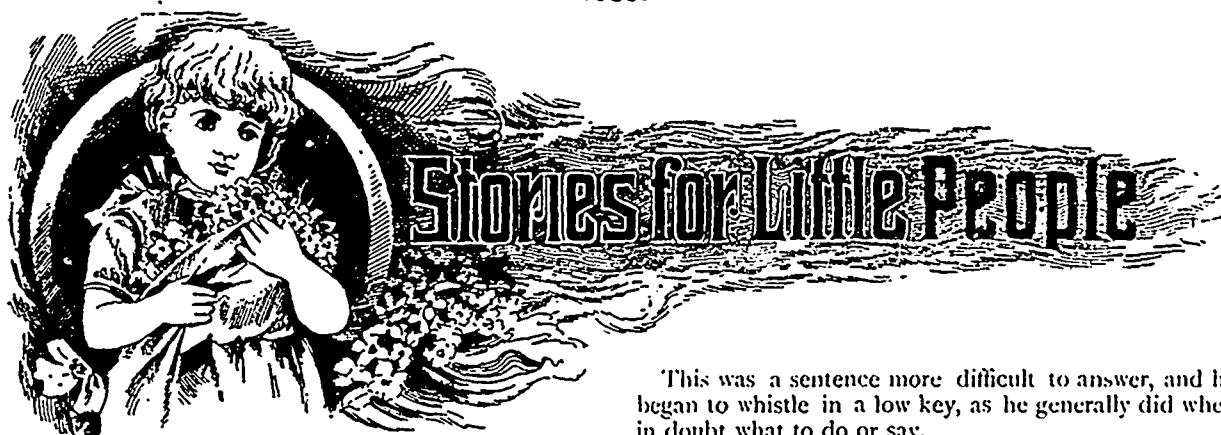
By the King's Command, the Count had to com-

pensate Schober and Heinrich very handsomely for the injury he had done them. Some days after, Heinrich and Marie's wedding took place, and as free men and women their friends met at the marriage-feast.

Their shouts of joy reached up to the Castle; but the Count did not hear them. The day before he had started on a journey. It was impossible for him to meet the men who had been his serfs, and in whose presence he had been so deeply humiliated.

The accident which, in the King's journey through Silesia, had led him to that village had brought Stein's grand plan to maturity. It was the greatest deed of his life—this abolition of serfdom—because thereby liberty, and the right of every man to be free, were established in his native land.

THE END.



THE EAGLE'S NEST.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Tom got home he questioned Lizzie very closely as to the number of men who had held the rope for the American, and as to the precise manner in which the man had defended himself against the attacks of the eagles. The eagerness with which he asked the question soon roused her suspicions.

"But surely, Tom, you are not thinking of the nest you saw on Saturday?"

"Perhaps I am."

"Oh, Tom, what nonsense!" she exclaimed, her dismay plainly showing itself in her voice.

"Why nonsense?" he rejoined, his vanity slightly wounded.

"Because you think it will be brave to—tc—"

She did not know exactly what to say, so she sought relief in tears.

Nothing made Tom feel more miserable than Lizzie's tears. But he did not wish to give in, and so, moving to the window, he muttered something about "not caring a fig" whether anyone thought him brave.

"Yes, you do," she impatiently replied.

"Re-ally!" he ejaculated with mock humility; for he could argue more easily with that dear little sister of his when she lost her temper—which was very rarely—than in her ordinary gentle mood.

"You do not care for me a bit!" she said, fresh tears starting into her large blue eyes.

This was a sentence more difficult to answer, and he began to whistle in a low key, as he generally did when in doubt what to do or say.

Suddenly jumping up, she crossed the room to where he stood by the window, and flinging her arms round his neck, said—

"Forgive me, Tom, I did not mean it. But, oh! do promise me this— not to go near that nest."

The watery eyes were so beseeching, and the voice was so gentle and so brimful of sisterly love, that he found it hard to stand out against her: and in a few minutes she had his full promise not to go near the eyry.

"Tom Lee is afraid, after all!" exclaimed young Graham next morning, as a couple of boys sauntered up the school steps.

"Scared, eh?" laughed one.

"I thought it was all brag!" sneered the other.

About a week later, soon after daybreak, five boys might have been seen hurrying up a hill-slope, and next along a narrow footpath that ran parallel with the dizzy brink of a line of rock-walls, which rose precipitously from the beach below. It had once been a coastguardsmen's beat, and was the same path that we saw Tom Lee pursuing the evening he discovered the eyry.

Two of the boys carried a coiled rope between them: Tom led the way. Suddenly flinging himself on the ground, he bade his companions crouch likewise.

For a week he had disregarded the oft-recurring sneers of his schoolfellows. But on the preceding day, in an unguarded moment, his braver feelings gave way—braver, because what he was now undertaking was not the true courage that has nobility of purpose for its aim, but paltry bravado. Far nobler and braver would he have been had he remained faithful to his promise.

The boys had approached to within a hundred yards or so of the old beacon that stood almost over the eyry

when Tom, in a loud whisper, bade his friends extend themselves on the ground; for one of the eagles had just left its nest, and was flying seaward for its morning meal and to cater for its young. It was quickly followed by its mate.

They remained motionless for a few minutes, and as they watched the birds become smaller and smaller the sun slowly raised himself above a bank of clouds that hung drowsily over the sea horizon, and casting his slanting yellow gleams upon the long line that marked the edge of the precipice from the sea, brought at the same time the old beacon, lying in front of them, more distinctly before their eyes. It suggested a new idea to Tom.

"Graham," he said, turning his head, "we must make use of yonder old stump."

"I see," returned the rope-maker's son, "we'll give the rope a twist round it, which will make our hold more secure."

"You've hit it! Let's get to our work."

And rising, the boys walked on to the beacon, the eagles being now out of sight.

Tom soon got himself into the loop they made at one end of the rope; then, stepping slowly towards the edge of the rocks, he laid himself down full length on his chest, and worked his body, as he had done once before, in zigzag fashion to the brink.

Giving one quick glance down at the eyry, and another out to sea, he bade his accomplices "hold on tight" to the other end of the rope, "for I am going to crawl back to you," he said.

Upon which there was some merriment at Tom's expense.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked, when he had jerked himself to within safe standing distance.

"At you, of course!"

"You think I'm afraid," he said, examining the edge and point of a carving-knife with which he had provided himself in case he was attacked by the eagles, "but that's just where you are wrong. I'll go down, only we must shift our position a little. I was not quite above the nest."

However, by changing their ground the benefit derivable from the old beacon would be lost; and it was now seen that without some resistance to the strain on the rope, such as the beacon afforded, there might be a disaster.

"Better give it up," suggested Graham. And the other boys readily chimed in, for they began to see that it was not only Tom who would be exposed to danger.

But Tom was still smarting under the recent laughter, and was determined to make the descent, happen what might.

"No," said he: "it's too late to give it up now. We must do it *without* shifting our ground, that's all."

And in less than two minutes he was again calling upon them to "hang on tight," as, twisting himself round, he flung his legs over the precipice, and then, more cautiously, the rest of his body.

Instantly the rope tightened, and the ancient beacon gave a slight vibration, the boys, hanging on though they were with all their might, being jerked forward nearer the stump than was pleasant.

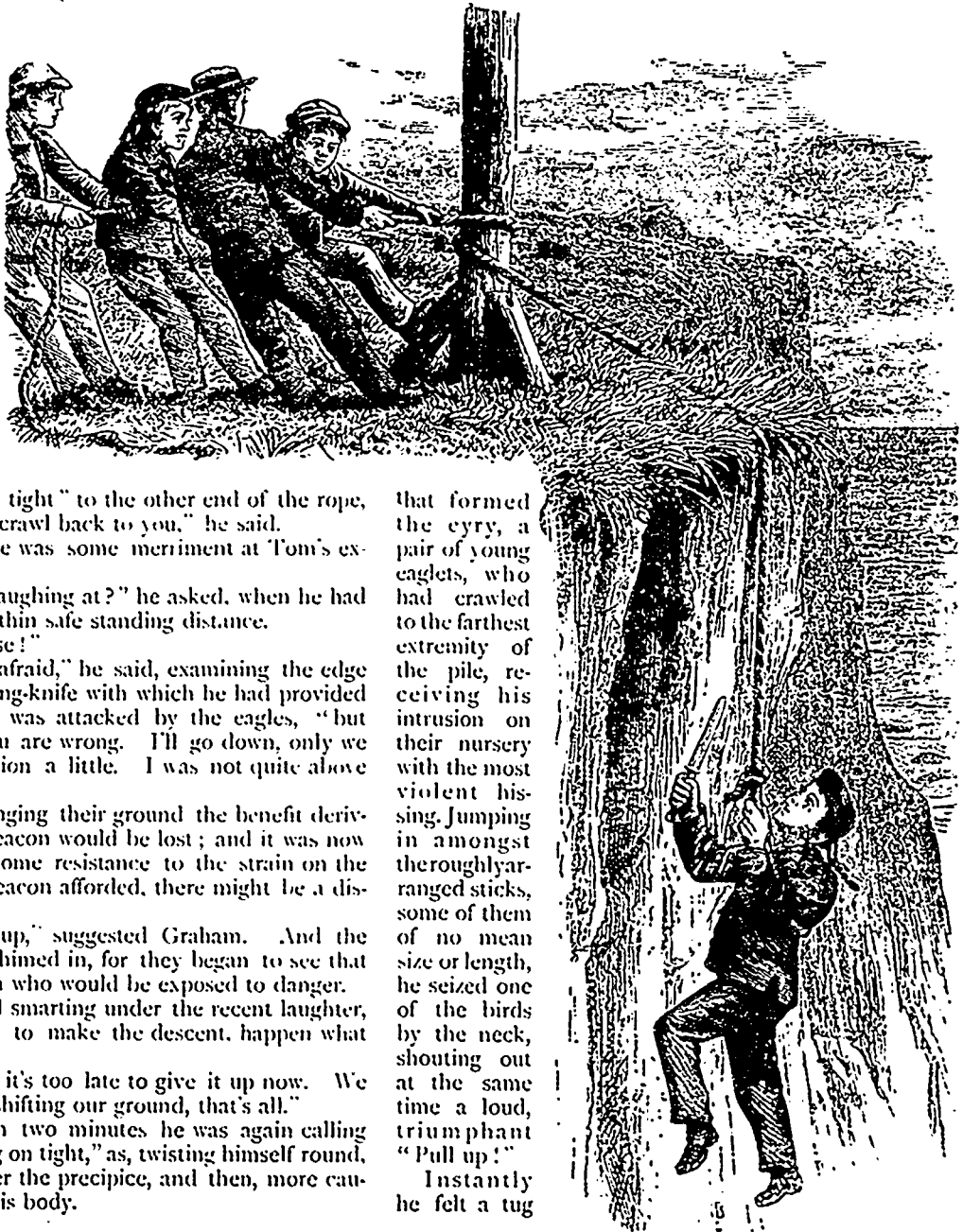
"Be careful!" sang out Tom, angrily, as with one hand he kept himself from scraping against the perpendicular wall, and with the other flourished the carving-knife. Doubtless he felt very heroic at that moment, dangling there in mid-air, with the sea-waves far down below him; still it was in a voice savouring considerably of fear that he cried out

"Let me down more gently, can't you?"

He would fain have kept his eyes fixed above him, for it made him dizzy to look down; but he had no alternative, it being necessary that he should spring forward to the ledge of rocks before coming quite level with the eyry.

"Hold hard!" he cried, at length, and swinging himself three or four feet out of the perpendicular, he gained a footing on the rock platform.

In a moment he was kneeling by the great pile of sticks



that formed the eyry, a pair of young eaglets, who had crawled to the farthest extremity of the pile, receiving his intrusion on their nursery with the most violent hissing. Jumping in amongst the roughly-arranged sticks, some of them of no mean size or length, he seized one of the birds by the neck, shouting out at the same time a loud, triumphant "Pull up!"

Instantly he felt a tug

at his arm-pits, and he was swung from the ledge, glad enough to be away, although a misgiving had arisen whether the sudden jerk would not be too much for the boys above. And so, indeed, it might have been; but a pair of strong, manly arms were assisting the accomplices of his perfidy.

"Rash, foolish boy!" accosted his ears, when he stood, trembling from his exertions and excitement, on the firm, welcome ground above. But his schoolmaster—for he it was who had helped with the rope—was too thankful to have the boy up there safe and sound to say anything just then about his folly, and grasping his hands warmly, the sometimes stern, but oftener gentle-hearted, clergyman quickly added, "Thank God, my lad, you are not a mangled corpse!"

In the meantime, Will Graham had seized the struggling eaglet, and taking to his legs, called upon the others to follow. For skimming over the white-crested sea, as yet some distance off, were the parent birds returning.

Each boy went his own way. They had risen early, and hoped to be back in time for breakfast. Tom had just got home, and was running up the steps, when the door opened, and he met the physician of the neighbourhood.

The doctor stood still for a moment to survey the boy from head to foot; then smiling, asked—"What mad prank have you been up to *now*, young man?"

"Oh, nothing particular," he said, evasively; then quickly, "Is anything wrong with my sister?"

"Yes, she is very ill."

"But she will be all right soon?"

The doctor shook his head gravely.

Tom did not wait to hear anything more. Closing the door, he threw his cap on the hall table, and was about to rush up-stairs to Lizzie's room, when he met his mother coming down.

"Mother," he said, kissing her, "what is wrong with Lizzie?"

"She is very ill;" and the brave mother, who for the last couple of hours had not suffered herself to waste time by useless tears, now laid her troubled brow on her boy's shoulder, and wept.

He tried to comfort her, but the shadow of the coming trial was falling upon him too, and he found it hard, very hard, to say anything to alleviate her grief.

Presently she said—"But where have you been, my boy? Your clothes are torn and dirty."

"On the rocks."

The poor mother was too troubled in mind to make inquiries.

"Lizzie wanted you a few minutes ago. Will you go and see her?"

Tom had bounded up half-a-dozen steps, when he stopped to deliberate. Turning to his mother, he asked, his lips quivering—

"Would it do in an hour's time?"

"Why not now, Tom?"

"I'll tell you, mother dear, when I come back."

Darting through the hall, he left the house, and ran at his topmost speed to Will Graham's home. Having gained access to the house, he broke without ceremony into the breakfast-room.

"Where is Will?" he asked, breathlessly.

"In the yard," replied Will's father, "with a young eagle the foolish boy has somehow captured."

Tom did not wait to hear anything more. Running into the yard, he snatched the poor fluttering bird from a hen-coop, under which young Graham had thrust it.

Without deigning to give his schoolfellow any explanation, Tom bolted through the house, back into the street he had left, and ran off in the direction of the hills overlooking the sea. The bird, wearied with its struggles to

get free, became at length passive enough. But soon after Tom had got into the path that led to the old beacon it suddenly renewed its efforts, and again began to hiss vigorously.

There was a loud scream close behind him. Looking back over his shoulder, Tom instantly dropped his captive. He had scarcely got a dozen yards away from it before the mother bird, with a great swoop, darted to the spot where he had thrown the queer, half-fledged little thing.

Tom was back again at his home within the hour he had spoken of. Learning that Lizzie was not asleep, and that she was still wanting to see him, he went straight to the sick-room.

"Oh, Liz!" he exclaimed, stooping over the pillow, and kissing her with all the hot fervour of his boyish love, "I thought you were dying."

And seating himself on a chair by the bedside, the heaviest portion of his grief vanished with the tears he indulged in for a few seconds.

"Couldn't you spare me, Tom?" she asked, softly, her own eyes filling in sympathy with his.

"No, that I couldn't," he said, impetuously. "And mamma couldn't."

"Perhaps God is not going to take me away from you yet; but if He does, Tom dear, it will be because He loves me, so you must not be very unhappy, and mamma must not be very unhappy. And you will be very good to poor mamma, and you will be brave, Tom, and do what is right, won't you?"

She wanted to say something more, but the effort was too great, for her voice and strength were feeble, so she satisfied herself by stretching out her hot white hand and resting it in his.

* * * * *

A long weary week dragged out its seven sad, anxious days, during which no one spoke louder than in whispers, for it seemed that the shadow of death hung over the household.

However, at its close, to the doctor's surprise, Lizzie gradually rallied. Throughout that interminable week Tom was at the lowest ebb of despondency—so much so, that when they told him she was out of immediate danger he could not believe it. It was not until repeatedly rushing up-stairs to see with his own eyes that it was really her sweet smiling self who reclined near the sunlit window amidst a pile of shawls and pillows, and after repeatedly clasping her dear thin hand, and looking wistfully into those mild blue eyes of hers, that he became at length convinced.

He had felt, with bitter heart-burnings, what a blank Lizzie's death would leave in their home, and that had set him pondering on the grief he had too probably occasioned in many and many a nesthome. She did not chide him when he told her about the cry, but that made the resolve gradually forming in his mind only the stronger.

"Liz," he said, bursting into her room one bright May morning, with an armful of hawthorn-blossom, "I'll never steal a single egg again."

And he kept his word.

—♦♦—
 "There was a young lady of Niger
 Who went for a ride on a tiger;
 They returned from that ride,
 With the lady inside,
 And a smile on the face of the tiger."



YOUNG CANADIAN TANGLES.

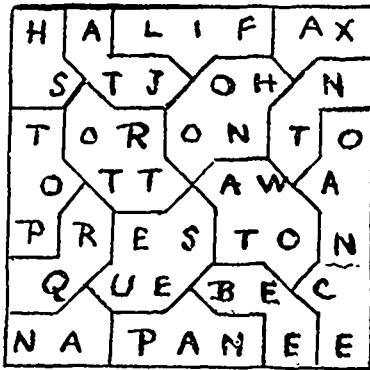
It is always a genuine pleasure for me to hear from my young friends on any point on which they have anything to ask.—ED. POST BAG.

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

We publish on Wednesdays, and competitors are reminded that their answers must be mailed before the Wednesday in which the solutions appear. In all cases they must be mailed, and post marked before the answers appear. Address solutions to

Tangle Editor, YOUNG CANADIAN, Box 1896, Montreal

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 30



ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 31 DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A - rro - w
L - onis - a
B - a - g
A - n
N - in - o
I - nie - r

Alban - Wagner.

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 32

HIGGLYD PIGGLYD PROVERBS

1. Waste not, want not.
 2. Let sleeping dogs lie.
 3. Still waters run deep.
- Charade—E in glass.

TANGLE No. 36. CHARADES

1
My first is sometimes on, and sometimes under the table
My second they make bread of.
My third is what we all want, and none can do without.
And my whole is one of the United States.

2.
My first is water frozen.
My second is dry ground.
My whole a little island.
In the Atlantic 'twill be found

(Answers in No. 32.)

TUTTIE ALLAN — It will probably not be long before your parrot commences mimicking or talking. The gray parrot is supposed to be particularly loquacious. Parrots may best be taught to talk by covering the cage at night, or rather in the evening, and by then repeating to them slowly and distinctly the words you desire to teach them. They should not be kept in places where they are liable to hear disagreeable noises, such as street cries, and the whistling and shouts of boys at play, for they will imitate them, and become too noisy to be tolerated. We may add a word as to their diet. Parrots may be fed upon soaked bread, biscuit, mashed potatoes, and rape-seed. They are fond of nuts. They should be kept very clean, and allowed a bath frequently. When parrots appear sickly in any way, it is best to keep them warm, change their food for a time, and give them luke-warm water to bath in.

YOUNG AUTHOR — If your stories are good they will be accepted by any of the Canadian Magazines, but we believe The Young Canadian is the only publication of the kind in Canada that pays for such. It would not be an easy matter to induce a publisher to take them up at his own risk. Until an author has made a name, or a lucky "hit," publishers are hard hearted individuals.

MINNIE WARREN. — A good household paste may be made by taking a few spoonfuls of flour, mixing it with cold water, adding a little powdered alum, and boiling the whole. The alum will keep it from getting lumpy, and a little essence of cloves will prevent it from turning sour.

YOUNG SAILOR. In a few instances tattoo marks have been got rid of, but it is a very uncertain and painful process, and one that leaves a mark in every way as bad as the tattoo. I believe that sailors practice the custom so that their bodies may be identified in case of drowning.

JIM THOMSON. — Instead of using oil to grease your bicycle, mix glycerine and water together in equal proportions. For ball-bearings add blacklead to the mixture. You might like also to know that if glycerine were used for taps they would be much less likely to freeze in winter.

ANDREW TAIT. — You can frost the windows of your office by washing them with a strong solution (hot) of sodic sulphate. When dry give them a coat of gum water. For a window where there is no danger of touching, a mixture of whiting and water rubbed on, and then "dulled" all over with a stiff dry brush, is quite effective.

CHARLIE M. — A cocker-spaniel should not weigh over 25 pounds, be about 10 inches high at the shoulder, with a 22 inch girth of chest; total length about 40 inches; silky, wavy, thick coat; medium-sized, well-feathered ears, colour, liver, or liver and white, mottled on face and legs.

GRUMBLER. — In writing to any of the Departments of the Civil Service in Ottawa on department business, you need not stamp your letter. The Departments have their postage free. The privilege is extended to the officers of the various Departments.

MARY TUCKER. — Oleographs and chromolithographs are both printed in oil-colours, and in exactly the same way. The only difference is that the oleograph is, when finished, passed through a machine to be "roughed," — in other words to have the canvas texture embossed upon the paper. I should not advise you to varnish them, as, unless carefully done, you would lose the pleasure of your pictures. If there is danger of dust or other injury, I should advise you to frame them with glass.

QUEENIE, Edinburgh, Scotland — To our dear little friend in Scotland we send our best thanks for her nice letter. I am glad you like our YOUNG CANADIAN, and hope that you will lend it to your friends in Edinburgh to show them the nice magazine we have for our young people in Canada. Like you, I enjoyed "Mrs. Mayburn's Twins." I thought it one of the very funniest stories I ever read.

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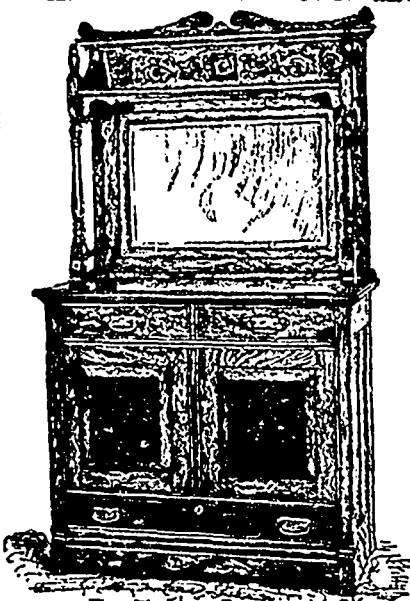
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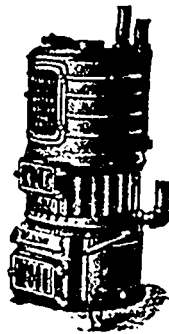
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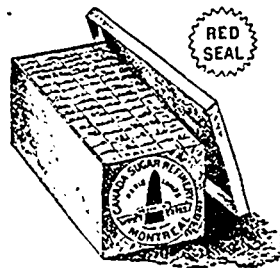
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