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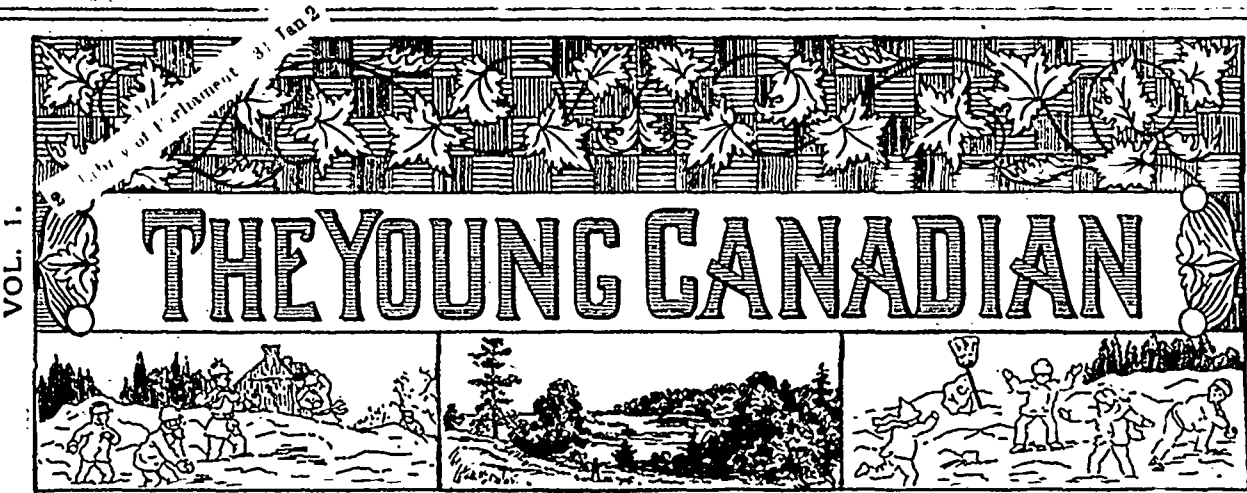
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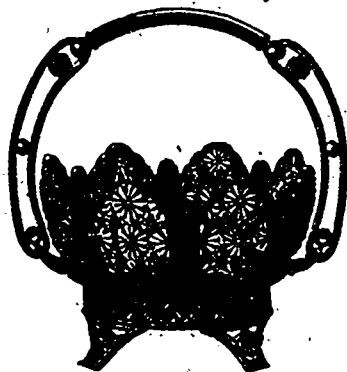
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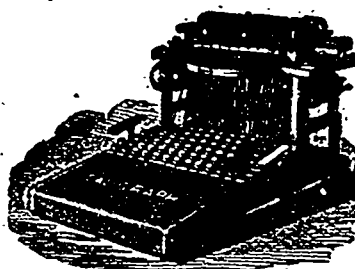
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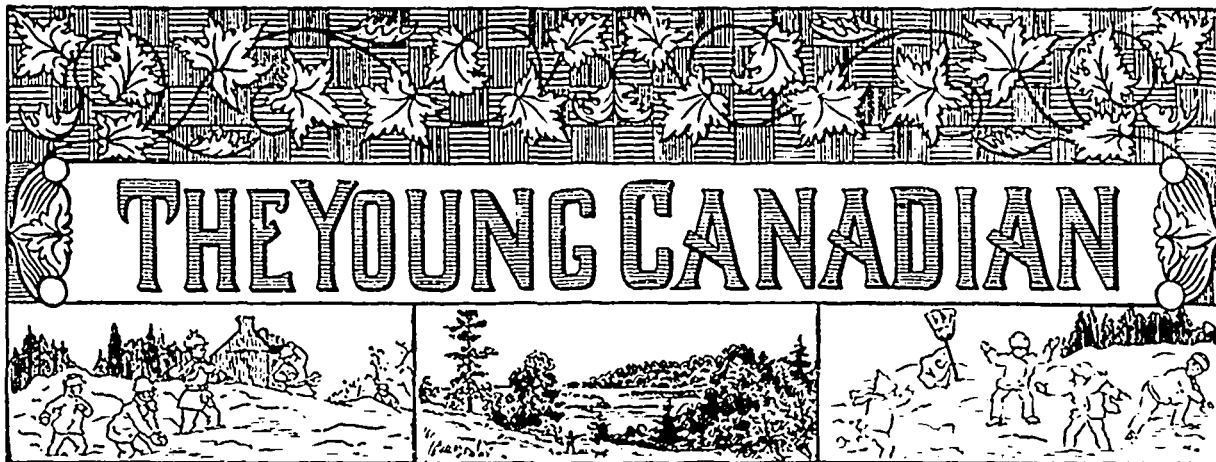
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CHAPTER I.

THE LONG VACATION.

"ANOTHER cheer for the long vacation, boys! Hurrah!"

The scene was the play-grounds of Professor Ballentine's grammar school for boys at Ridgeland, and the hour five o'clock in the afternoon of a glorious day in late June.

The occasion was one filled with more than ordinary interest and excitement to the dozen or more lads whose voices joined in an enthusiastic huzza in reply to the sentiment proposed by the best scholar and most popular boy in the academy, Ned Darrow.

"And one for the dear old school and our mysterious journey of to-morrow," supplemented the voice of Dick Wilson.

Again the campus rang with the hearty cheers of the little coterie.

Dick Wilson had struck the key-note of current thought and interest when he referred to "our mysterious journey."

For several years preceding, as some of the older students of the even twenty constituting the school membership well remembered, at every long vacation Professor Ballentine had prepared for his classes a pleasant surprise.

A delightful old man, who ruled his scholars as a father might his children, he had always entered with as much zest into their holiday enjoyments as into their studies.

The academy was one of the best of its kind west of the Mississippi River. The majority of its scholars came from a distance, but a few resided in Ridgeland and its vicinity. For several weeks youthful enthusiasm had been evoked over the coming vacation, for it was known that the Professor meditated some excursion for his school on a scale that would cast the expeditions of former years completely in the shade.

"I'd give my best ball and bat to know what the Professor's plans are," cried Dick Wilson above the babel of confused discussion about him.

"It's going to be a regular excursion, and no mistake," remarked Ernest Blake. "For over a week I have been receiving extra money and clothing from home, and my parents wrote me that they would not expect me there this vacation, but told me that I would be under the charge of Professor Ballentine for the next eight weeks."

"The same with me, boys," interjected another voice. "Eight weeks! It means a long journey."

"If they only make it eighty days, it would give us time enough to go around the world," suggested Dick.

"We won't do that," smiled Ned, "but we'll go farther than last year, when we had such a glorious vacation camping out at Lake Clear."

"Or the year before, when the Professor took the whole school to the dells of Wisconsin," remarked Dick. "I had a peep into the Professor's laboratory yesterday."

"What did you see?" demanded a dozen curious voices.

"Maps and charts, and all marked off as if for a long journey."

"And the railroad agent was closeted with the Professor for an hour yesterday," said Ernest Blake. "The orders are out to pack up at once."

"I say, boys, was there ever such a jolly old fellow as Professor Ballentine," broke in Dick Wilson, "and his good-natured clerk and brother, Mr. James? There's a satisfaction in learning lessons. Don't you find it so, Ned?"

Ned Darrow flushed with conscious modesty. He had that morning received the first prize for scholarship, and his friend's allusion made him the admiring centre of the group.

Not an envious emotion was visible in a single face. Ned Darrow, accommodating and courteous, had been their acknowledged favourite and leader for many a month.

But Professor Ballentine's grammar school had a rival faction, and the lively personal gossip was silenced as a party of four boys slowly sauntered towards the spot.

The eldest and centre of the approaching group was a lad older and taller than Ned Darrow, and much better dressed than any of his companions.

His name was Ralph Warden, and although he had attended the school only a few months, he had during that time established an element of dissension and rivalry among the hitherto friendly classes of the academy.

The spoiled, haughty scion of an aristocratic family, he had made himself intensely disagreeable on many occasions, and was generally avoided, except for a few chosen companions. He seemed to possess an especial dislike for Ned Darrow, and his ill-timed sneers and quarrelsome disposition had a tendency

to repress the vivacity of the group as they saw him approaching.

His face showed its usual haughty expression of assumed superiority, and as he passed Ned Darrow by with a glance of indifference, it was manifest to his companions that the prize Ned had received for scholarship rankled in Ralph Warden's heart.

"What's going on?" demanded the latter of Ernest Blake. "You're making noise enough to welcome the President."

"We're worked up to the highest pitch of curiosity as to the Professor's intended trip to-morrow," responded Ernest heartily.

Ralph smiled contemptuously.

"Humph! Going wild over some penny trip of ten miles," he ejaculated.

"You'll find it a pleasant trip if it resembles that of last year," ventured Ned Darrow, refuting Ralph's slur on their yearly expedition.

"You have the advantage of knowing that, perhaps," sneered Ralph, turning a glance of dislike on the speaker.

"Why should I?" demanded Ned.

"Because you're in all the old fogy's secrets."

"What old fogy?"

"The Professor."

"Shame!" murmured several voices.

"Oh, don't play the hypocrite," cried Ralph in a bullying manner. "The Professor gets paid for all he does for us. Don't mistake his kindness of heart for services. I said you were in his secrets. You are; everybody knows that. You ain't thick with your crony, his brother, Mr. James, for nothing."

There was no comment on Ralph Warden's words now. A dead silence had fallen over the group. In Ralph's disagreeable manner the boys traced an incipient quarrel, and stood mute, fixedly regarding Ralph and Ned as they faced each other aggressively.

"Ralph Warden," Ned said steadily, after an ominous pause, "there is not a boy here who echoes your ungentlemanly sentiments against the kind Professor we all love and respect, nor do I believe one can be found who believes your unjust accusation against myself. You want to quarrel with me."

"You're too much of a coward to fight," taunted Ralph, clenching his fists menacingly as a murmur of approval of Ned's words reached his ears.

"I'll save my courage for something better than a play-ground brawl," replied Ned calmly. "Come, boys, we won't mar a happy day by keeping up this useless contention."

Ned turned on his heel with quiet dignity as he spoke. Ralph Warden flushed with anger as he observed the willing desertion of a majority of the boys to Ned's cause.

"You imagine you own the school and the boys in it because you took a prize in scholarship," cried Ralph spitefully after Ned. "You are rather high-toned for a charity scholar."

Ned Darrow turned as though stung by a serpent. The declaration was a startling one. His face paled quickly, and in a voice a trifle husky with emotion he demanded sternly—

"Ralph Warden, what do you mean by that?"

"I mean what I say."

"You call me a charity student. I do not choose to allow a statement like that—"

"Beggars should not be choosers," interrupted Ralph savagely, in a reckless tone of voice. "My father, as a trustee of the academy, sees the books, and your tuition has not been paid for six months."

"I do not believe you are telling the truth."

"Then go and ask your particular friend, Mr. James."

The boys had listened breathlessly to the conversation. They were still silent as Ralph Warden turned to leave the spot.

"If what you say is true," they heard Ned say, in a strangely agitated tone, "there is far less disgrace in the fact than in your vindictive attempt to humiliate me. If I am a charity student, I will not remain so long, Ralph Warden; no, not while industry and honest endeavour can keep me from being what, to your shame, you term me—a beggar!"

With head erect, compressed lips and pale face, Ned Darrow left the campus. He did not pause to analyze his emotions, or to give way to them.

Straight to the office, attached to the recitation-room, he went.

When Ralph Warden had termed Ned a favourite of James Ballentine—a sort of clerk and under-master at the academy—he was not far off in his surmise.

There were many reasons for this. Mr. James' position in the school was far from being a pleasant one. He was under considerable restraint from his brother, and his easy-going manners and simple, unsuspecting mind had made him the object of more than one practical joke at the hands of the students.

A placid, quiet sort of a man, Mr. James exhibited but feeble will-power in guiding the boys. In fact, he rarely interfered with their pranks. Weaknesses and characteristics of excellence were passively displayed to the casual observer, but Ned Darrow was in Mr. James' confidence, and the fact that he knew some of his failings, and, young as he was, had become a companion and counsellor of his more mature friend, constituted a bond of union between them.

"Oh, Mr. James! can I see you a moment?"

The nervous under-master turned sharply, disagreeably startled at Ned's abrupt call, but a smile of genuine pleasure crossed his sallow face as he recognized his young friend.

"I know what you want!" he cried in a playful tone. "Want to pump me about the vacation trip. It won't do, Ned, you'll have to be patient—why, lad! what's the matter?"

He stopped his bantering talk suddenly, as he noticed his companion's pale and serious features.

"I want to ask you a few questions, Mr. James," spoke Ned earnestly.

"Sit down, Ned," he said. "Now, then, what's the trouble, for you look as if you'd lost the last friend you have in the world?"

"Not so bad as that, Mr. James," replied Ned, with a vain attempt at a smile.

"What is it, Ned?"

"I want to know two things," spoke Ned, in a steady tone of voice. "Am I a charity student at the academy? Is it true that my tuition has not been paid for the last six months?"

A startled, confused look stole into the under-master's face. For some moments he was silent. His eyes sought the ground, evading Ned's earnest, steadfast glance as evidently he would have avoided a reply could he have done so.

Then, with an apparent effort, he replied in a low, unsteady tone—

"Yes, Ned, it is true."

Ned Darrow was slightly overcome by the unexpected reply of his friend, Mr. James, and sat staring blankly at him for some moments.

"You say it is true," he found voice to utter after quite a lapse of silence. "Oh! Mr. James, why did you not tell me this before?"

The under-master fidgeted uneasily. His face was divided between an expression of restless indecision and sympathy for Ned.

"Because I did not want to spoil your vacation, Ned," he answered finally. "Who told you? What meddling tale-bearer has revealed a secret that was nobody's business but my brother's?"

"It was Ralph Warden."

Mr. James frowned. "I earned it from his father, eh? Well, all I've got to say is that Squire Warden is in poor business——"

"Don't, Mr. James!" interrupted Ned. "It don't matter, if it's true, who knows it. There's no disgrace in it, that I see, only it's better I should know where I stand. Now, tell me all about it."

"To begin at the first," he said finally, "as you know, two years ago your brother, William Darrow, after the death of your widowed father, placed you here at school. Your tuition was paid in advance, and your brother went to the far West. There he invested his means in business, and your bills were paid up to six months since."

"And then," murmured Ned softly, "my brother died."

"Yes, on his way back to Ridgeland, shattered in health, a broken-spirited, disappointed man. His body was sent here, and he was buried in the churchyard of the village beside his parents."

"But I thought there was some money?"

"Sufficient to pay the funeral expenses—nothing more."

"And you have kept me here at school without compensation?"

"Yes, Ned."

Tears of gratitude stood in Ned's eyes, as he grasped his companion's hand.

"Kept you here, Ned," he continued, "intending next fall to either make you a proposition to do some office work as pay for your tuition——"

"Which I would willingly do——"

"Or find you employment where you could win your own living. Your brother *did* leave something else, Ned—a letter and a deed."

Ned looked interested. "A letter and a deed," he repeated curiously.

"Yes. The deed conveyed a lonely stretch of barren ground on the Pacific coast, near a settlement called Sandy Flat. The letter related his Western experience. He had made money in the West, and had met there a half-cousin, his only relative except yourself."

"Do you know his name?"

"Yes, it was given in the letter. It was John Markham."

"I have heard of him, but never saw him," remarked Ned.

"It was an evil day when he met your brother," said Mr. James ominously. "Because he proved his ruin. He was a heartless, unprincipled schemer. He formed a conspiracy against your brother, while pretending to be his friend, and robbed him of the money he had worked so hard to earn."

"How did he do that?"

"He and some others purchased some gold and buried it in different places in a worthless hundred-acre piece of land in Sandy Flat. They then induced your brother to visit the place. They dug up the gold. He believed their stories about the fabulous wealth it might produce. He paid all his money and secured a deed. The next day the conspirators disappeared, and your brother learned that the land was worthless."

(To be continued.)

cut off the inch of wood with the holes in it when you set the entering ferrules and reel-seat. After getting down the wood in the *square* to the proper size, allowing for the final scraping, plane the corners off and bring it to a true *octagon*, then file and scrape to a perfect *round*—the handle to a size that will allow the reel-seat to be slipped on when ready to glue, and the ferrule end to a diameter that will permit of the ferrule being set in place flush with the wood. You can make a good scraper by taking a bit of broken saw or other flat piece of steel, and, with a rat-tail file, filing on its straight edge three half-circles corresponding to the diameters of the rod at the juncture of the handle, the large ends of the middle joint, and the tips, respectively. These three sizes will give you all you want to use on the rod, and if filed true and held at the proper scraping angle, you have a most useful and handy tool. After scraping down to a perfect round (which may be facilitated in the final stages by imparting a rotary motion to the joint held in one hand while scraping with the other), of the proper size to fit the reel-seat, the winding check, and the ferrules, set these in place, cutting off the surplus inch with the holes in the butt, and fitting with glue. Use care and patience in filing the shoulders on the rod equally all round, so that the ferrule will set true and straight, and placing it no further on the wood than will allow of the ferrule of the second joint to enter to its full extent without striking the end of the butt piece.



BUTT END Proceed now to plane down the second joint, *from* you, by using the pin instead of **FERRULE.** butting it *against* any thing, in a true dimin-



ishing taper in the *square*, from the diameter of the entering ferrule at the large end, to that of the receiving ferrule at the other, then bring it to a perfect *octagon* and scrape to the *round*. Cut off the surplus inch with the holes, fit and glue the ferrules true and flush with the wood, carefully setting them so that they will lie straight with the line of the joint, the receiving ferrule in proper position to admit the entering ferrule of the tip without striking the wood of the second joint, nor yet leaving a space between. Treat the tips in the same way, tapering them from the diameter of the entering ferrule down to the insignificant diameter of the top rings, which are not to set in place yet. The tips being so light will require most delicate handling, using your small 3-inch plane adjusted to the finest possible tissue paper shaving. Should the joints in planing take a warp or twist, heat the part over a gas jet or lamp, and work it back to the true, where it will likely remain.

Your rod is now ready to joint and put to the crucial test, from which, if you have done your work carefully, examining every step of the way, planing your joints and setting your ferrules true, you have every reason to believe it will emerge to your entire satisfaction. Jointed together, it should spring from the centre of the handle at a diameter of fifteen-thirty-two seconds ($\frac{3}{8}$) of an inch and diminish in a perfect taper to the tip, each ferrule in place in a perfect line with the rod. Held in the hand at the grasp and tested with a swaying motion, the action should be even, free and elastic, and comprise the whole length of the rod down to the handle, and when fastened by a line at the tip and bent its curve should sweep in a graceful, circular bow. If your rod does all this you may complacently shake hands with yourself and proceed to the next stage of sand-papering and varnishing.

Sand-paper each joint in turn with the coarser paper till all unevennesses are removed, and rub to a high finish with the very fine, taking care not to scratch the polished metal of the ferrules, then rub down with a soft cloth and you are ready for varnishing.

This is the point where your patience will be tried in waiting for the slow-drying coach varnish to do its work; you could expedite matters by using the quicker-drying hard *shellac*, but at the expense of permanent excellence and superior finish; *don't do it*.

Pour out a small quantity of varnish in a saucer, and thin with a few drops of turpentine till it drops freely from the brush, then apply it evenly in as *thin a coat as you can*, just enough to allow of its "flowing" quality to show itself and obliterate quickly all traces of the passing brush marks.

Note this point in varnishing: *thin coats, evenly applied, and plenty of them*, allowing one to dry hard before applying another on top. Observe this rule and you will go along swimmingly, if slowly; neglect it and you may have your work to do all over again.

Now tie a string to the metal parts of the joints, fasten this to a hook and hang them up on a line in a room free from dust, out of the way of careless handling, and with plenty of room to allow of free circulation of air about them. Treated in this way, with good varnish, you ought to be able to apply a fresh coat every twenty-four hours, but don't do it till the one is *perfectly dry*. Apply four or five coats in this way, and then allow the joints to hang for two or three days before proceeding to "rub down," which you will do, first, with pumice stone and water, and then wipe dry and clean; next with rotten stone and water, to be afterwards washed off and dried; next with *dry* rotten stone, and then polish with a soft linen or silk handkerchief till it reflects your satisfied smiles as you finish this stage of your work.

Allow the pieces to hang for a day or two to thoroughly harden the polish, so as to avoid all danger of "smudging" in the twisting of the joints in the next process of "winding."

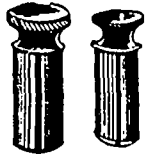
Now joint your rod and test its working, twisting the ferrules till you find the proper adjustment that will give the best action and take the truest set, then lay it on the floor with the ring side uppermost, and make a scratch on the varnish where each is to be placed. Put *three* on the butt piece—one at the junction of the ferrule with the wood, and the others equi-distant between that and the handle; *seven* on the middle joint—one at each ferrule, and the others equi-distant between; *eight* on the tips—one at the ferrule, and the others at an *evenly diminishing* distance apart between that point and the ring top. By placing the rings in this manner on the tip you better distribute the strain on its delicate structure, and by placing a ring close to each ferrule you greatly ease the strain and lessen the chance of breakage at a point where the danger is always greatest.

Having marked the places for your rings in a straight line from reel-seat to tip, proceed with the winding, beginning with the hand-grasp.

It is assumed that you have learnt that essential to an angler's training—the "wind" with "invisible fastening"—if not, don't delay, but get hold of it at once; it is invaluable in neat repairing of broken rods, splicing and ring winding, and, while readily learnt from practical demonstration, is not so easily explained in the space at command.

Trim 'own the wood of the handle at the "check," so as to make a shoulder to prevent the cord from slipping. Wax the cord you have procured for the hand-grasp with bee's-wax, and proceed to wind it evenly and closely round the "grasp" from the check to the reel-





FERRULE PLUGS.

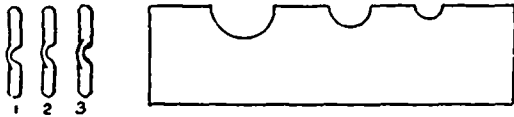
seat, and finish with the invisible fastening. If you use a fine quality of drab-linen line for this purpose, you can add to the beauty of the "grasp" very greatly by winding some of your scarlet silk between the turns of the heavy cord.

Now come to the first ring. Wax your spool of silk lightly throughout with bee's-wax, and re-wind on to another empty one; then, having with a file beveled the end of the keeper to the thinnest possible edge so as to permit the silk to wind more evenly and readily to place, fasten the keeper temporarily in position by a turn or two of thread round the half of it further away from the end at which you begin to wind. Start the winding a few turns distant from the keeper, and wind the silk evenly and closely around rod and keeper up to where it arches to fit the ring, taking care not to overlap, then undo your temporary fastening, bend up the keeper, and continue the winding round the rod *under* the arch of the keeper. When you have covered the short distance occupied by the arch of the keeper, insert the ring in place and continue the winding around the other half of keeper and rod, and fasten at a few turns beyond the end of the keeper.



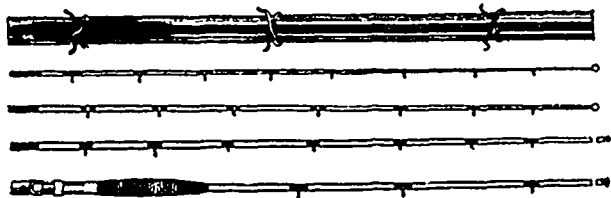
Do not attempt to wind the silk with one hand round and round the rod held in the other, but, having started the winding properly, hold the silk in one hand and twist the joint round with the other, so as to draw the silk through the fingers which guide the coils to their place on the revolving rod.

Continue the winding in the same way with each ring down to the ring top of the tip, which you will now cement in position to receive the line from the continuous straight row of rings you have so carefully fastened on. Now burnish your windings with some polishing tool—an old tooth-brush handle is as good as you can use—to remove any unevenness and produce a smooth surface, then give a *thin* coat of varnish, being careful not to daub the rings, and with a pointed stick



insert a drop of varnish under the keeper. Apply several coats to hand-grasp and windings, after giving plenty of time for each to dry, until you have a number of smooth polished bands around the rod, which, when hard and dry, will be as firm and binding as metal circlets.

With the exception of a grooved wood form fitted to the size of the joints (which you can either make yourself from a piece of soft wood the length of the joints, and one and three-quarter inches in diameter, or buy for a small sum, with a cotton case to slip it into), *your rod is now finished!* and my word for it, if you are what I take you to be, the enhanced pleasure you will get out of it will more than repay for all the trouble, and you will esteem it at a greater value than one costing many times as much if bought in a shop.



THE FINISHED ROD.

NATURAL HISTORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

ADAPTED FROM JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

MR. AND MRS. SPIDER.

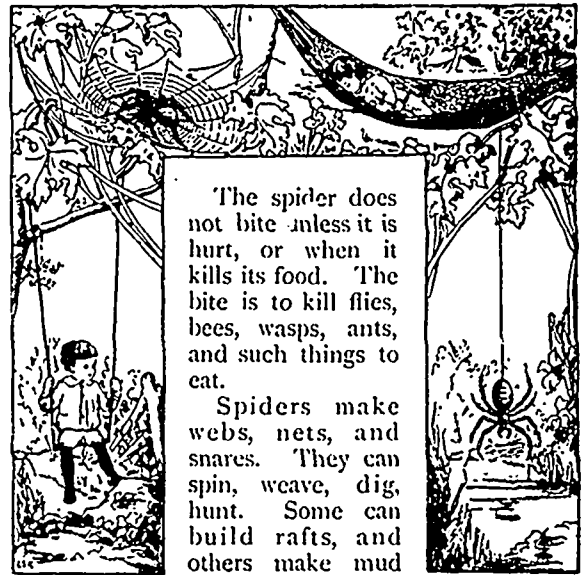
The spider lays eggs. Out of the eggs come little spiders. They grow to be big ones. The body of the insect is soft and hard, and is made in rings. Its skin is tough; it changes its skin often when it is very young.

The spider has eight legs instead of six, and most spiders have eight eyes. The spider's body is in two parts. The front part is not so large as the hind part. The spider can walk up a wall. The brush on his feet will not let him drop off. He uses his legs to jump and to walk, and to guide his thread when he spins.

Spiders spin webs. The hind part of the spider is large and round. It has six small, round tubes. In the tubes is a kind of glue. When it is drawn out into the air, it gets hard. It is then a fine silk, and as it comes out it is woven into a net which we call a web.

Spiders are of all colours. Their dress is like velvet. It is black, brown, red, and gold. It is in stripes and spots. The spider is like a king in his rich dress. The eight eyes of the spider cannot move. They are set so that they can see every way at once.

While the spider is growing, he pulls off his dress. His skin is hard and tough, and before the baby spiders are two months old, they shed their coats three or four times. They spin a bit of line to take firm hold of. Then the skin on the front part of the body first cracks open; then after this the skin on the hind part falls off; and by hard kicks they get their legs free.



The spider does not bite unless it is hurt, or when it kills its food. The bite is to kill flies, bees, wasps, ants, and such things to eat.

Spiders make webs, nets, and snares. They can spin, weave, dig, hunt. Some can build rafts, and others make mud houses. The nests

are for baby spiders. The snares are to catch food. The silk of the web is very fine, but it is very strong. It will hold up a big, fat spider. It will hold fast a wasp or a bee. Do you see the spider on his thread? It is his swing. He can swing as the boy does in his rope swing. Do you see the spider lie at rest in his web? Do you see the child rest in a web made of string?

How does the spider make his web? First he finds a good place. Then he presses the end of the tube he spins with, and makes a drop of glue fast to a wall, or leaf, or stem. Then he drops away; and as he goes,

the glue spins out in many fine streams, which unite into one, and turn to silk-like thread. If he does not find a good place to make his web fast, he can climb back!

How can he climb back? He runs up his line as fast as he came down. If you scare him, he drops down on his line like a flash. It will not break. If you break it, he winds up the end quickly. Then he runs off to find a new place to which to make it fast. The long lines in the web are called rays. The spider spins the rays first. The rays are spread out like the spokes of a wheel. Webs are of many shapes. You often see the round web. The spider guides the lines with his feet as he spins. He pulls each one to see if it is firm. Then he spins a thread, round and round, from ray to ray, until the web is done.

Mrs. Spider begins her lines at the outer edge. They are laid nearer to each other as she gets to the centre of the web. When all is done, she is in the centre, and does not need to walk on her new web. She has a nest near her web. From the nest runs a line. Mrs. Spider can sit in the door of her nest, and hold the line in her claw. When a bug or fly goes on the web, the web shakes. She feels her line move. Then she runs down the line and gets the fly or bug, and takes it to her nest to eat. But before she takes the prey to her nest, she kills or stuns it. Then she winds some fine web about it. She makes a neat bundle of it, and then carries it off.



You can make Mrs. Spider run down her line if you shake the web a very little with a bit of grass or stick. She will run out to see if she has caught a bee or a fly. The nest of the spider is made of close, fine silk. It is like soft, nice cloth. In shape it is like a ball, or a horn, or a basket. Each kind of spider makes its web in the shape it likes best. In the nest the spider lays her eggs in a silk ball. The eggs at first are very soft. After a time they grow harder.

More than two spiders never live in a nest. Often a spider lives all alone. Spiders are often apt to bite off each other's legs. A spider can live and run when half its legs are gone. But it can get a fine new leg as a crab can. When the baby spiders come out of the egg, they must be fed. The mother takes good care of them. They grow fast. When they are grown, they go off and make their own webs. Webs are very pretty, if spiders are not.

Spiders eat flies and all kinds of small bugs. When a fly is fast in a web, he hums loud from fear. The spider will eat dead birds. One kind of spider kills small birds to eat. There is a spider that lives on water. He knows how to build a raft. He takes grass and bits of stick and ties them up with his silk. On this raft he sails out to catch flies and bugs that skim over the water. There is a spider that lives in the water. She can dive. Her nest is like a ball. It shines like silver. Her web is so thick that it does not get wet.

When spiders eat, they do not chew their food; they suck out the juice. Spiders are very neat. They hate dust and soot. They will not have a dirty web. If you put a bit of dirt or leaf on the web, Mrs. Spider will go and clean it off. She shakes her web with her

foot until all the lines are clean. If the dirt will not shake from the web, the spider will cut the piece out, and mend the web with new lines.

There is a spider that runs on water. This spider wears shoes. They are shoes made for walking on the water. They are like bags of air. She cannot sink. There is one spider called a trap-door spider. She lives in the ground. She digs a tube down, and makes her nest deep in the earth. Then she makes a door. It is a nice door at the top of the hole. It has a hinge. It will open and shut. It is like the lid of a box. How does she make this? She spins a thick, round web. She fills it with earth. Then she folds the web over, to hold the dirt in. She makes a hinge of web. This trap-door will open and shut. It is firm and strong. Once a man put a lady-bird at a spider's trap-door. She took it in to eat. She found it had too hard a shell to bite. Then she took it back and laid it out by her door. Then the man put a soft grub by the door, and the spider took that to eat. She did not bring that back. She ate it.

Small spiders will stay by their mother and sit on her back. They act like the small chicks with the hen. Most spiders live only one year. Some live two. Some live over four. Some spiders are so small you can hardly see them. The big ones are black, with spots and stripes, and have thick coats like fur. If you could find a spider, and sit down to watch it build or catch its food, I think you would be happy for a whole day, or for many days.

The tower spider builds over her hole a neat tower two or three inches high; she sits on her tower. She has as many as fifty baby spiders at once. They sit on her back for four or five weeks, until they molt two or three times. They do not fight with each other. When Mrs. Spider gets a fly or bug for the little ones to eat, she crushes it, and the baby spiders come and suck the juice, as she holds the food for them.

A CARPET OF CATS' SKINS.

Spain chastised the Moors five or six years ago, about a disputed piece of property opposite Gibraltar, and captured the city of Tetouan. She compromised on an augmentation of her territory; twenty million dollars indemnity in money; and peace. And then she gave up the city. But she never gave it up until the Spanish soldiers had eaten up all the cats. They would not compromise as long as the cats held out. Spaniards are very fond of cats. On the contrary, the Moors reverence cats as something sacred. So the Spaniards touched them on a tender point that time. Their uncatlike conduct in eating up all the Tetouan cats aroused a hatred toward them in the breasts of the Moors, to which even the driving them out of Spain was tame and passionless. Moors and Spaniards are foes for ever now. France had a Minister here once who embittered the nation against him in the most innocent way. He killed a couple of battalions of cats and made a parlour carpet out of their hides. He made his carpet in circles—first a circle of old gray tom-cats, with their tails all pointing towards the centre; then a circle of yellow cats; next a circle of black cats and a circle of white ones; then a circle of all sorts of cats; and, finally, a centre-piece of assorted kittens. It was very beautiful; but the Moors curse his memory to this day.

"Boots soled and heeled while you wait." Quite right. We have waited three weeks, and they are not home yet.

The Young Canadian

IS A HIGH-CLASS ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE FOR THE
YOUNG PEOPLE OF CANADA.

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Is to foster a national pride in Canadian progress, history, manufactures, science, literature, art, and politics; to draw the young people of the Provinces closer together; and to inspire them with a sense of the sacred and responsible duties they owe to their native country.

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THE YOUNG CANADIAN CO.,

BOX 1896.

MONTREAL.

DOMINION DAY.

National holidays are like the memorial stones set up by the Children of Israel after crossing the river Jordan, set up in order that those who come after them may ask, "what do these things mean?" Twenty-four years ago our fathers appointed the first of July a national holiday and called it Dominion Day. To very many we fear Dominion Day means just a holiday, a day of pleasure, a day for an outing or an occasion for fireworks and nothing more. We keep holiday on the first of July because twenty-four years ago, that is to say on July 1, 1867, the provinces of Upper Canada (now called Ontario), Lower Canada (now called Quebec), Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were united by the royal proclamation of Queen Victoria as the Dominion of Canada. It was proposed to call the new federation the Kingdom of Canada and the Dominion is really almost an independent Kingdom enjoying the protection of the British empire and a rich endowment of British political institutions. In the days of imperial Rome whenever a new conquest was made, a Roman consul was sent to govern the conquered country according to Roman ideas. Great Britain, greater and wiser than Rome, encourages her distant colonies to govern themselves as soon as they display the strength and capacity for self-government. That is why Canadians are proud to call themselves British subjects and proud of their share in the glorious traditions of the empire. England has sometimes departed from this great principle of equal liberty to British subjects at home and abroad, but always to her own loss. As her greatest poet has written:

This England never did nor never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror
But when it first did wound itself—

• • • • •
Come the three corners of the world in arms and we shall shock
them,
Naught shall make us rue if England to itself do rest but true.

Whatever the political destiny of Canada may be, may she be true to the principles that have made England great, and may Canadians be worthy of their own great country and their own glorious history.

EDITOR'S PIGEON-HOLES.

HERE IS THE GOLD WATCH.

It looks a beauty. Does it not? It was intended for the young Canadian who sent me the largest number of subscribers on the First of July--Dominion Day.

At the special request of my young workers I have postponed the decision till October First. They could not begin till school was over, they said, and could work twice as well then. Every week send in your names and



addresses, with the money by P. O. Order or Registered Letter. It will all be entered to your name, and kept till the final day. My object in asking you to send them every week is that the new subscribers may get THE YOUNG CANADIAN at once.

THE EDITOR.

YOUNG CANADIAN HISTORICAL CALENDAR.

JULY.

1. Quebec founded by Champlain	1608
2. Lake Champlain discovered by Champlain	1609
3. Battle between Champlain and Iroquois	1609
4. Three Rivers founded by La Violette	1634
5. Lake Huron discovered by Champlain	1645
6. Fort Niagara surrendered to England	1759
7. Americans defeated at Oriskany	1777
8. Mackinaw surrendered to England	1812
9. Americans defeated at Lundy's Lane.	1814
10. First Iron Steamer built in Canada, launched at Mont- real.	1843
11. Railway from Montreal to Portland	1853
12. The Great Eastern arrived at Quebec	1861
13. The Atlantic Cable laid	1866
14. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick confederated with the Dominion	1867
15. Hudson's Bay Territory united to Canada	1870
16. Manitoba Province formed	1870
17. British Columbia joined the Dominion	1871
18. Prince Edward Island joined the Dominion	1873
19. Railway from Quebec to Halifax	1876
20. Canada joined the Postal Union	1878
21. Lachine Bridge over St. Lawrence opened.	1887

Our young competitors are reminded that their essays must be sent in by July 31st. The Prize for July will be a beautiful patent convertible pen and pencil-holder.

HIDE AND SEEK.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

BY AUNT FANNY.

CARRIE'S eighth birthday had come at last, and more than that, all the little girls who were to help her keep the great day had come too, and were now standing by the shady cedar on the sunny lawn, waiting for her to decide what the next game should be.

"The Birthday Queen must choose," said Winifred.

"Yes, Carrie, you must choose; and choose a nice game," said little Jessie.

Carrie had to think a minute or two; they had already played so many games. They had swung on the swing under the beech-tree, they had run races down the avenue, they had tried to shoot with Carrie's new bow and arrows; and now that they were tired of all these amusements, what could she think of to please her guests?

"Shall we have forfeits?" suggested Carrie.

"No, no: that is such a quiet game," said a little romp whose name was Jenny, but who was far oftener called Jemmy, on account of her boyish ways. "Let's have something stirring, please, Carrie dear."

"I know what we will have," said good-natured Carrie; "we will play hide and seek. There are splendid hiding-places among the trees and bushes in the garden, and there is plenty of stirring for you in that game, Jenny."

All the children were pleased with this proposal, and first one hid, and then another till it came at last to Jenny's turn.

Now Jenny had determined her hiding-place should not be easily found, and she had settled some time before where it should be.

In a lonely part of the garden stood a summer-house—a large room, with a room over it in which the gardener kept bulbs, and labels, and anything he wanted out of the way. This room was seldom used even by him, and it could only be reached by a ladder from the outside. The ladder was now standing there, for the gardener had just been to the loft to fetch some nails, and had left the ladder, intending to take it away when he left off work.

This loft Jenny had fixed upon as her hiding-place, and she now skipped up the ladder as lightly as a cat, and reached the loft in safety. She crept into the furthest corner of the room, pulled a hamper in front of her, and covered over her white frock with an old peach-net that lay on the floor. "Now they will never see me if they do come here," she thought.

By-and-by she heard the children running up and down the garden looking for her. They

peeped in the bushes, they gazed up the trees, they hunted every nook and corner of the garden, but no Jenny could they find.

They were quite tired out at last, and seeing the gardener, who was coming to fetch away the ladder, they asked him if he had noticed a little girl hiding anywhere.

No, Giles had seen no one. "She isn't up the ladder, think ye?" said the old man.

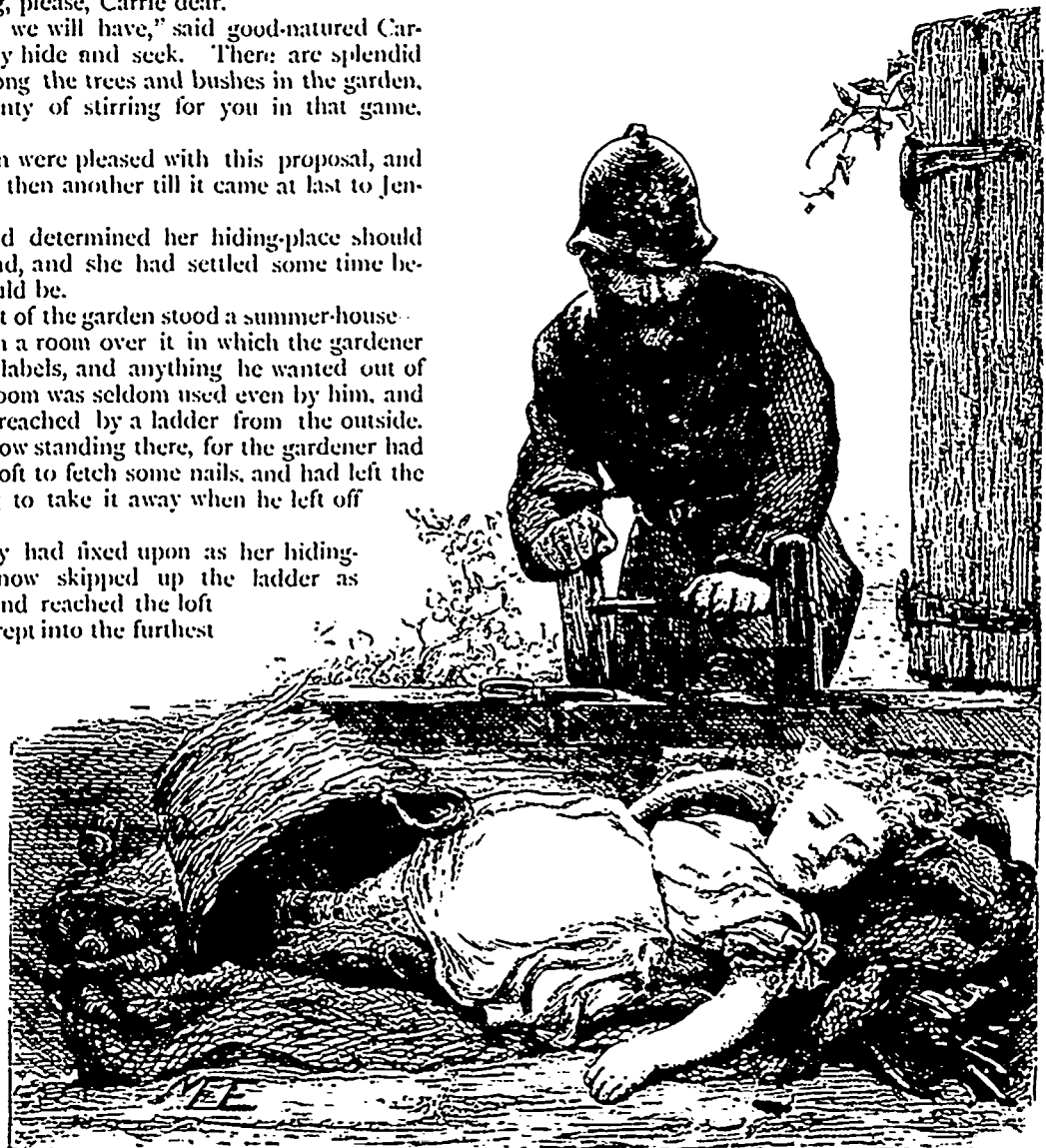
"Oh no! she daren't go up there," said timid Winifred.

"She *dare* go anywhere," said Carrie. "Please, Giles, just go up and see if she is in the loft."

"I'll go for ye, Miss Carrie," said he, "though I hardly think the little missy would get so high."

Up climbed Giles, but Jenny was so well hidden by the peach-net that he thought the room empty. "There's naught here," he called to the expectant children at the foot of the ladder.

Meanwhile, Jenny was shaking with laughter at her cleverness in taking in the old gardener, and was so amused at it that it was some minutes before she remembered he would take away the ladder, as it was his time for leaving off work. So, cautiously raising herself from the floor, and throwing off the thick covering of peach-net she got up. But where was she? what had hap-



JENNY'S HIDING-PLACE.

pened? All was dark as night, and yet it was a June afternoon. She could see nothing; all around was black darkness, except a few rays of light peeping through a crack in the door.

Then the truth flashed across her. The gardener had closed the door of the loft when he left, and here was she shut up in a dark room far away from every one! There was no way of getting out; the door was fastened outside, and there was no window.

Poor little Jenny! What could she do? She was a brave little girl, and did not despair all at once. She banged away at the door with her tiny fists, but Giles had shut it too well for her little force to open it; so then she raised her voice, and cried—"Carrie! Carrie!" till she was hoarse.

That, too, was useless; the walls were so thick that her voice could not be heard beyond them, and besides, there was no one near. The children had gone away to look elsewhere for her; and at last the poor child, tired out with knocking and screaming, sank down on the floor, and sad tears now would force their way from her eyes.

Meanwhile, the children had given up looking for Jenny. They had shouted to her to come out, they would look no more; but finding that even these messages did not bring her, Carrie ran into the drawing-room, where her mother was writing.

"Mother, mother!" cried the child, "Jenny is lost. We cannot find her anywhere."

"Lost! nonsense!" said Mrs. Leigh, smiling. "No one can be lost in our garden."

"But she is lost," persisted Carrie; "I am sure she is." And the tender-hearted child burst into tears.

"My darling, do not cry on your birthday," said Mrs. Leigh, kissing her, "I will soon find Jenny for you. Dry your eyes, Carrie, and go in the schoolroom. I will send the others to you, and old nurse shall tell you a story until I come back with Jenny."

Mrs. Leigh left the room, and telling nurse to keep the children amused until she returned, she went into the garden to find the little truant. She was, however, no more successful than the children had been. She went to the summer-house; but at that time Jenny was sobbing on the loft floor, and did not hear Mrs. Leigh's gentle voice calling "Jenny! Jenny!" So that chance was gone.

Mrs. Leigh at last became really anxious. Where, thought she, could the little girl be? There was no river for her to have tumbled into. Could tramps have passed and taken Jenny for the sake of her clothes? Mrs. Leigh remembered seeing a gold locket and chain on the child's neck; could she have been stolen? The thought made her shudder. No, it could not be. There was no public road near the garden, and any tramp wishing to go up the avenue would have been turned back at the lodge. Then where was Jenny? Mrs. Leigh could not imagine, and tired of useless searching, she made up her mind to visit the village policeman, and ask his advice in the matter. So, resolved to lose no time, she left the garden, and walked quickly to the cottage where the policeman lived.

He was enjoying a rest in his garden when Mrs. Leigh arrived.

"Johnson," began Mrs. Leigh, hurriedly, "I want your advice. My little girl has had a party this afternoon, and she and the children have been playing hide-and-seek, in the garden, and one of them is lost—little Miss Lawson. We have looked everywhere. What must I do?"

The policeman thought a moment, and then, assuming his professional voice, said—"I will come and view the premises, ma'am, and then I shall be able to decide what is best to be done in the case."

Johnson loved a "case," and was ready in a few minutes to accompany Mrs. Leigh to the Hall, taking with him Boxer, a clever sheep-dog.

They reached the garden, and Mrs. Leigh showed him the spot whence the child had started.

"We know she went past here," she said, "for one of the children found her scarf, which she must have dropped as she ran."

"Would you let me have the scarf a minute?" asked the policeman, respectfully; and taking the scarf in his hands, he called—"Boxer! Boxer!"

The dog came instantly at his master's call, and showing him the little pink scarf, the policeman trailed it along the ground, saying—"Go seek, Boxer!"

Off ran Boxer, with his nose to the ground, and Mrs. Leigh and the policeman followed.

The dog stopped outside the summer-house, but search as they might, no Jenny was to be seen there.

"The dog must have made a mistake," thought the policeman, as he again searched the empty room; "but I never knew it at fault before." Then addressing Mrs. Leigh, he said—"There is no secret cupboard here, is there, ma'am, that the young lady could have crept into?"

"No, there is no cupboard," said Mrs. Leigh, sadly, feeling another chance gone now the dog had failed. "We keep nothing here. There is the loft above, where old Giles keeps his nets, but how could the child get there?"

It did not seem possible; but as the dog still remained rooted to the same spot the policeman resolved to see what there was in the loft; so, fetching a ladder, he climbed up, opened the door, and there on the floor lay Jenny, tired out with grief and tears, and fast asleep. He took her carefully up in his arms and carried her down the ladder. Mrs. Leigh, who was more thankful than words can say, took the little girl from him and laid her gently on the summer-house seat. Jenny was awake now, and, seeing the policeman, clung tightly to Mrs. Leigh, and implored her not to send her to prison.

Mrs. Leigh did her best to comfort the frightened child, and assured her that they were too pleased to have found her to think of sending her anywhere.

"We will not even send you home till you have had supper," she said, gaily. "Come along, let us go in; the others will be tired of waiting, and there is the birthday cake to be cut."

So Jenny at last let herself be comforted, and went with Mrs. Leigh into the house, where she was rapturously greeted by the children, who had given her up for lost.

"Well, children, you see I have found Jenny for you; so come to supper now, and Jenny shall have the place of honour next me, for I believe she is the only little girl who was ever 'lost in a garden.'"



BETTER UNSAID.

The first Lord Eldon, in one of his shooting excursions at Wareham, came across a person who was shooting on his land without leave. His lordship inquired if the stranger was aware that he was trespassing, and if he knew to whom the estate belonged. "What's that to you?" was the reply. "I suppose you are one of old Baggs' keepers." "No," replied the peer, "your supposition is wrong, my friend: I am old Baggs himself."

CAT-TAILS.

"Twas a group of merry children,
And, the marshes going by,
One boy shouted— "See the cat-tails!
See the cat-tails, nice and high!"

Then a wee tot, from the city,
Said, with brimming eyes of blue:
"What a shame it was to drown them!
Did they drown the kittens too?"

GEORGE E. COOPER.

IN THE AZORES.

The community is eminently Portuguese—that is to say, it is slow, poor, shiftless, sleepy, and lazy. There is a civil governor, appointed by the King of Portugal; and also a military governor, who can assume supreme control and suspend the civil government at his pleasure. The islands contain a population of about 200,000, almost entirely Portuguese. Everything is staid and settled, for the country was one hundred years old when Columbus discovered America. The principal crop is corn, and they raise it and grind it just as their great-great-grandfathers did. They plough with a board slightly shod with iron; their trifling little harrows are drawn by men and women; small windmills grind the corn, ten bushels a day, and there is one assistant superintendent to feed the mill, and a general superintendent to stand by and keep him from going to sleep. When the wind changes they hitch on some donkeys, and actually turn the whole upper half of the mill around until the sails are in proper position, instead of fixing the concern so that the sails could be moved instead of the mill. Oxen tread the wheat from the ear, after the fashion prevalent in the time of Methuselah. There is not a wheelbarrow in the land—they carry everything on their heads, or on donkeys, or in a wicker-bodied cart, whose wheels are solid blocks of wood, and whose axles turn with the wheel. There is not a modern plough in the islands, or a threshing-machine. All attempts to introduce them have failed. The good Catholic Portuguese crossed himself and prayed God to shield him from all blasphemous desire to know more than his father did before him.

The climate is mild; they never have snow or ice, or chimneys in the town. The donkeys and the men, women and children of a family, all eat and sleep in the same room, and are unclean, are ravaged by vermin, and are truly happy. The people lie, and cheat the stranger, and are desperately ignorant, and have hardly any reverence for their dead. The latter trait shows how little better they are than the donkeys they eat and sleep with. The only well-dressed Portuguese in the camp are the half a dozen well-to-do families, the Jesuit priests, and the soldiers of the little garrison. The wages of a labourer are twenty to twenty-four cents a day, and those of a good mechanic about twice as much. They count it in reis at a thousand to the dollar, and this makes them rich and contented. Fine grapes used to grow in the islands, and an excellent wine was made and exported. But a disease killed all the vines fifteen years ago, and since that time no wine has been made. The islands being wholly of volcanic origin, the soil is necessarily very rich. Nearly every foot of ground is under cultivation, and two or three crops a year of each article are produced, but nothing is exported save a few oranges—chiefly to England. Nobody comes, and nobody goes away. News is a thing unknown in the Azores. A thirst for it is equally unknown.

HE FILLED THE PITCHER AND THE "BILL."

Farmer Crane has some very unique methods of examining the men who apply to him from time to time for work.

One evening a tall, big-boned fellow, in his shirt sleeves, asked Crane if he had any work to do.

"I don't know," said the farmer. "Can you tend horses?"

"Yes, indeed. I've worked about horses all my life."

"Come around here to the pump," said Crane, and led the way to a common sucker rod pump near the barn. Going inside he got a long, narrow pitcher, and placed it under the spout. "There," said he, "pump that pitcher full of water." The big-boned fellow complied, carefully pumping the pitcher full without spilling a single drop.

"That'll do," said Crane. "Go inside and get ready for supper: I'll give you a job in the morning."

About a week later the big-boned fellow asked Crane what pumping the pitcher full of water had to do with his getting a job.

"Well, I'll just tell you. This is mighty dry weather, and water is getting scarce. You must have thought that far, for you didn't spill any water. If you hadn't pumped hard the water would have been spilled, and if you had pumped too hard the water would have gone over the pitcher. Now, the way I argue is this: If a fellow don't pump hard enough he won't work hard enough. If he pumps too hard he'll work too hard for a little while, and I don't want either kind to work for me. You pumped exactly right, and you got a job."

WHAT NEXT?

The latest atrocity is the "sleep-fasting contest," in which a number of idiotic people try which can stay awake longest. A recent show of this sort at San Francisco ended in W. C. Woodford, the only competitor who remained awake, being forced to retire by the management, the physician having declared him in danger of losing his reason. Woodford had been without sleep for 158 hours and 48 minutes when finally compelled to close his eyes. For this performance he is rewarded by \$100 and the "championship" in this branch of sport, the previous record being 144 hours and 20 minutes, at Detroit. The men who took the second and third prizes (\$50 and \$25) had given in after 95 hours. It is said that Woodford will now, thanks to the interference of the management, continue sane, at least as sane as he could have been before.

IN THE SCALES.

Professor Mosso, an Italian physiologist, may be said to have weighed thought. He has shown by experiment that thinking causes a rush of blood to the brain, which varies with the nature of the thought. Mosso proved it by balancing a man in a horizontal position so delicately that when he began to think the accession of blood to his head turned the scale. When the subject was asleep, the thoughts or visions which came to him in dreams were sufficient to sink his head below his feet, and the same thing took place when he was disturbed by a slight sound or a touch. The balance even indicated when a person was reading Italian and when Greek, the greater mental exertion required for Greek producing a greater flow of blood to the head.

WHAT LADY IS SHE.

Did you see a little lady
 Pass you by without a bonnet,
 In a robe of crimson satin,
 With some pretty dots upon it?
 All the day she haunts the garden,
 'Mid the roses, pinks, and lilies,
 Under cooling leaves she loiters,
 When the drowsy noon so still is.
 Then, on busy quest, she hurries
 'Till the dewy twilight closes;
 Bees may hum, and birds may carol,—
 She's as quiet as the roses.
 Other ladies have their mansions;
 But a lily's lighted chalice
 Is a lovely home to live in,—
 That's my Lady Bug's own palace.

GEORGE COOPER

THE RIGHT WAY.

A boy of seven years was reading in a corner of the parlor where his mother was in earnest conversation with a gentleman, her guest for the evening. Presently the boy, without looking up from his book, asked the meaning of a word. The mother instantly excused herself to her visitor, leaned over the boy and gave the required answer, then, seeing that the sentence containing the word was somewhat involved, its meaning hanging on a full understanding of the word in question, she opened an unabridged dictionary, bade her son read the definition carefully, and afterward explained the sentence to the boy's perfect understanding. As she resumed her seat she apologized for the interruption to their conversation, and her guest, who had been an eminent teacher for many years, earnestly responded:

"No apology is necessary, madam, and I must be allowed to express my unqualified delight in this little incident. The time to answer a child's question is when he asks it, and while his mind is open to receive information. Your son will probably never forget the definition of that word."

DO NOT SIT ON YOUR FOOT.

Who has not seen the ungraceful practice! Once acquired, the trick becomes second nature. With a cunning twist of the body, and a little side switch of the skirts, the feat is accomplished, and quicker than thought. The girl curls herself up in a kittenish sort of way, and with such an air of content that few have the heart to find fault. The habit, once established, is apt to stick, even on into more discreet years. In the days when the small steel skirt was an important part of woman's attire, a lady took her seat in a horse car, and, without a moment's thought, deftly curled up one foot beneath her. When she arrived at her destination, she signaled the conductor to stop the car and attempted to rise, but found that her foot had become entangled in one of the steels of the wretched skirt. What to do she did not know, but finally, finding that she was becoming a target for all the eyes in the car, she concluded to ride on, not daring to make a second move until she reached the stables. From that day to this she never attempted to sit on her foot.

HOW I BOUGHT MY GLOVES.

Every now and then, my glove purchase in Gibraltar intrudes itself upon me. Dan and the ship's surgeon and I had been up to the great square, listening to the fine military bands, and contemplating Spanish female loveliness and, at 9 o'clock, were on our way to the theatre, when we went over to a little variety store, to buy some kid gloves. They said they were elegant, and very moderate in price. It seemed a stylish thing to go to the theatre in kid gloves, and we acted upon the hint. A very handsome young lady in the store offered me a pair of blue gloves. I did not want blue, but she said they would look very pretty on a hand like mine. The remark touched me tenderly. I glanced furtively at my hand, and somehow it did seem rather a comely member. I tried a glove on my left, and blushed a little. Manifestly the size was too small for me. But I felt gratified when she said:

"Oh, it is just right!"—yet I knew it was no such thing.

I tugged at it diligently, but it was discouraging work. She said:

"Ah! I see *you* are accustomed to wearing kid gloves—but some gentlemen are *so* awkward about putting them on."

It was the last compliment I had expected. I only understand putting on the buckskin article perfectly. I made another effort, and tore the glove from the base of the thumb into the palm of the hand—and tried to hide the rent. She kept up her compliments, and I kept up my determination to deserve them or die:

"Ah, you have had experience!" (A rip down the back of the hand.) "They are just right for you—your hand is very small—if they tear you need not pay for them." (A rent across the middle.) "I can always tell when a gentleman understands putting on kid gloves. There is a grace about it that only comes with long practice. (The whole afterguard of the glove "fetched away," as the sailors say, the fabric parted across the knuckles, and nothing left but a melancholy ruin.)

I was too much flattered to make an exposure, and throw the merchandise on the angel's hands. I was hot, vexed, confused, but still happy; but I hated the other boys for taking such an absorbing interest in the proceedings. I wished they were in Jericho. I felt exquisitely mean when I said cheerfully:—

"This one does very well; it fits elegantly. I like a glove that fits. No, never mind, ma'am, never mind; I'll put the other on in the street. It is warm here."

It *was* warm. It was the warmest place I ever was in. I paid the bill, and as I passed out with a fascinating bow, I thought I detected a light in the woman's eye that was gently ironical; and when I looked back from the street, she was laughing all to herself about some thing or other.—*Mark Twain*.

THE nautilus is nothing but a transparent web of jelly, that spreads itself to catch the wind, and has fleshy-looking strings a foot or two long dangling from it to keep it steady in the water. It is an accomplished sailor, and has good sailor judgment. It reefs its sail when a storm threatens or the wind blows pretty hard, and furls it entirely and goes down when a gale blows. Ordinarily it keeps its sail wet and in good sailing order by turning over and dipping it in the water for a moment. Seamen say the nautilus is only found in waters between the 35th and 45th parallels of latitude.

Topics of the Day

ABROAD.

THE ROYAL NAVY EXHIBITION.

The Royal Naval Exhibition, opened by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales last month at Chelsea Hospital, is the attraction of the summer. Few things go so far to make a successful exhibition as ships' models, torpedoes, guns, and the varied and wonderful instruments that have made our Mother Country supreme on the seas. The crowd of visitors is so great that the exhibition will remain open till October.

Three hundred thousand dollars have been expended upon it, but it is quite expected that not only will this enormous sum be drawn in again, but that a large surplus will be secured.

A Panorama of the Battle of Trafalgar shows the great historic fight at the moment when Nelson received his death-blow, and a model of H.M.S. *Victory* has all its guns cleared for action, and everything ready for the fight, as it was on the morning of the great battle. In the cock-pit, where the famous admiral died, the death of the hero is represented. Nelson lies dying. Capt. Hardy is bending affectionately over his commander. The doctor, chaplain, the surgeon, the steward, the purser stand by, and Nelson expires, breathing the words—"Now I am satisfied: thank God I have done my duty."

Among the other interesting features of the exhibition are relics from Sir John Franklin's expedition, bottles, tobacco pipes, telescopes, watches, spoons, forks, and Franklin's own Bible and walking-stick, a real whaling-boat, an actual representation of a travelling party about to encamp for the night, a 110-ton gun, the largest ever made; a model of Eddystone Lighthouse, 170 feet high, built of iron and steel, with a lantern 14 feet in diameter, and a light equal to three million candles; and a reproduction of a ship in the frozen seas, being nipped in the ice-pack, and the sledge parties preparing to leave for the mainland, over the ice-floes.

CHRISTIAN DOGS.

So dire a profanation is it for a Christian dog to set foot upon the sacred threshold of a Moorish mosque, that no amount of purification can ever make it fit for the faithful to pray in again. Some years ago the clock in the tower of the mosque got out of order. The Moors have so degenerated that it has been long since there was an artificer among them capable of curing so delicate a patient as a debilitated clock. The great men of the city met in solemn conclave to consider how the difficulty was to be met. They discussed the matter thoroughly but arrived at no solution. Finally, a patriarch arose and said

"Oh, children of the Prophet, it is known unto you that a Portuguese dog of a Christian clock-mender pollutes the city of Tangier with his presence. Ye know, also, that when mosques are builded, asses bear the stones and the cement, and cross the sacred threshold. Now, therefore, send the Christian dog on all-fours, and barefoot, into the holy place to mend the clock, and let him go as an ass!"

And in that way it was done.

WHAT THE OLD HEN SAID.

Into the house he came running,
And begged me to cut off his curls,
Over his head richly clustered,
As bright and as fair as a girl's.

"Why would you lose them, my darling?"
"Because our old hen," pouted he,
Screams, when we meet, 'Get-your-hair-cut!
Get-your-hair-cut!'— I know she means me!"

GEORGE COOPER.

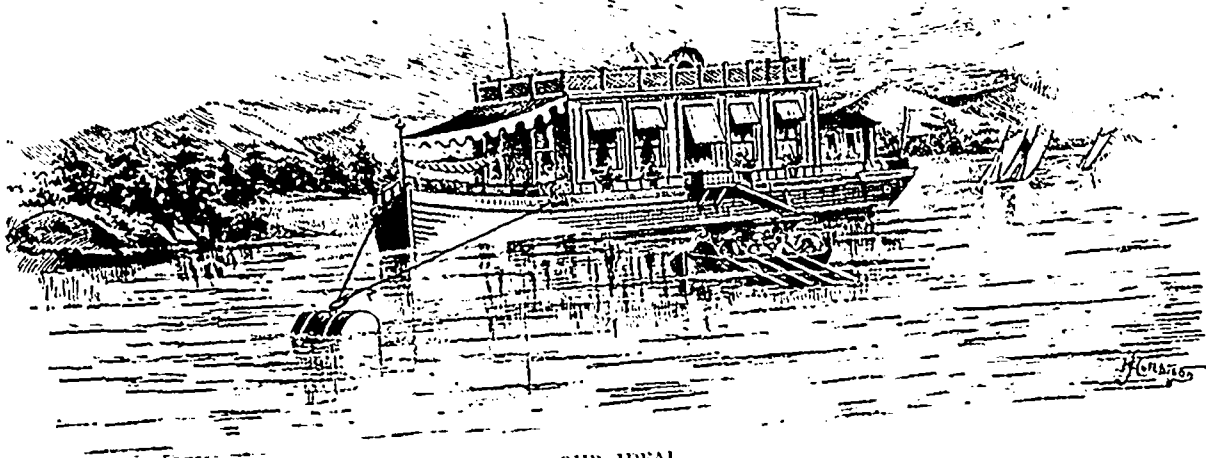
A HOUSE-BOAT FOR OUR CANADIAN LAKES.

Our artist has drawn for us a beautiful picture. It is a representation of a house-boat that is very fashionable on the Thames in England. The idea is an excellent one for Canada, and we have pleasure in calling attention to it, and in urging its advantages. With our long summer, our glorious weather, and our magnificent lakes and rivers, there is no country where its charms ought to be so appreciated. It ought to become a peculiarly Canadian institution.

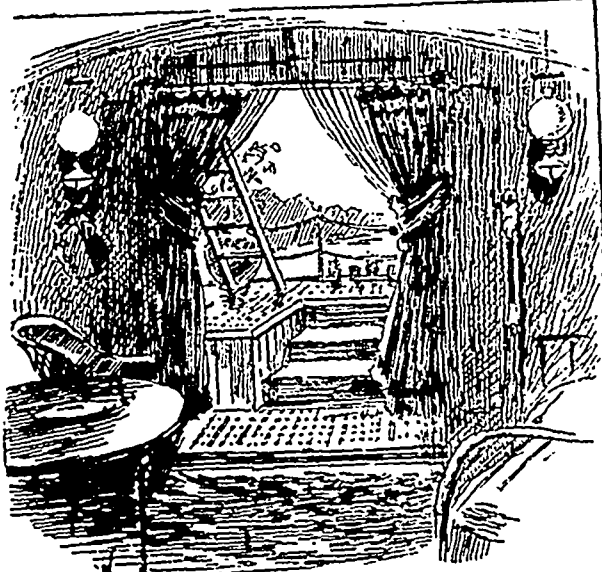
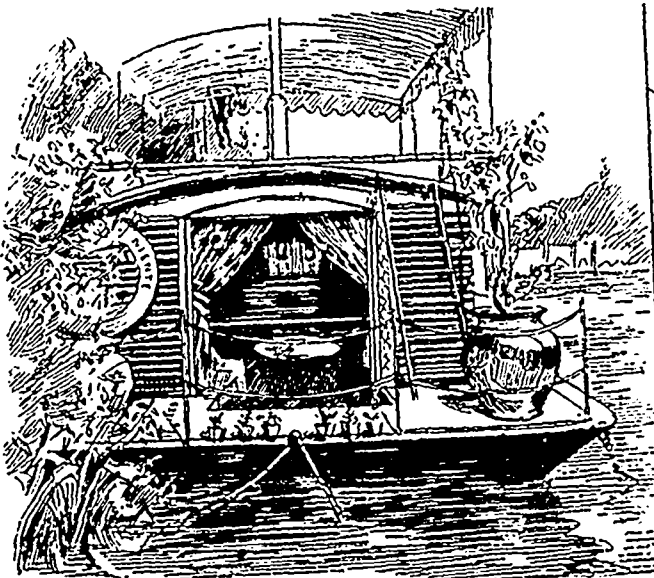
It may, of course, be a means of expending a small fortune. It can also be made and enjoyed for little cost compared to the return. A discarded grain barge, if not too aged, could be fitted up with inexpensive accommodation, and cheap and pretty chintzes in the hands of our fair young ladies, with chromoes and flowers, would make a palace "fit to set before a king." The saloon should be surrounded by permanent sofas and lounges that may on a pinch be improvised into sleeping quarters. A few family rooms, and a cosy kitchen would complete the interior arrangements, and outside hammocks, boats, canoes, and fishing-rods would supply everything else for a novel, economical, and most delightful outing.

Arrangements could be made to have the house-boat towed to our destination, and every week might see us in a new water. A barge specially built and fitted up with steam, while more luxurious, could not be more enjoyable. We add a description of one taken from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, from which also we have selected some of our illustrations:

"To begin externally, its appearance from the river is extremely pleasing, the dark wooden walls, leaded windows, and the boxes of well-chosen flowers looking really charming against the back-ground of willow and elderberry. The internal arrangements are equally prepossessing. The principal room or saloon, which is evidently furnished with an eye to comfort, has some very persuasive chairs, pretty hangings, and a piano. Electric bells and a speaking tube communicate with the servants at the other end of the boat. A corridor, out of which are the three bedrooms, connects the saloon with the kitchen, and is hung with red and black curtains. The bedrooms are also very comfortable. The washstand with adjustable toilette-glass is a useful invention, as it contains a cistern for water which pours into the basin by pressing a knob. The kitchen is fitted up, in the usual manner of kitchens, with a good cooking stove, sink, plate-racks, and swinging-shelf for decanters and bottles. All the lamps and candlesticks are hung in swivel-sockets. Coal is kept in bunkers behind the kitchen. Meat-safes and a refrigerator are also to be found."



OUR IDEAL.



A TRAVELLING HOUSE-BOAT.

A PETITION.

Ethel, fairest of the fair,
 Ethel of the golden hair
 And eyes of magic splendour,
 Brighter than stars of tropic night,
 Now flushing with a radiant light,
 Now melting soft and tender.

I ask not, Ethel, for thy love
 That were a crown far, far above
 My moderate ambition,
 I only ask thee, cousin mine,
 If thou wilt graciously incline
 To grant one brief petition

Small, small the boon I crave, but thou its
 Beneath, I fear, thy queenly notice,
 'Tis much, so much, to me ;
 Then wilt thou, twice a day, endeavour
 To recollect, dear, that I never
Take sugar in my tea

TO PURCHASE A PILGRIMAGE.

The Moors have three Sundays a week. The Mohammedan's comes on Friday, the Jews on Saturday, and that of the Christian Consuls on Sunday. The Jews are the most radical. The Moor goes to his mosque about noon on his Sabbath, as on any other day, removes his shoes at the door, performs his ablutions, makes his salaams, pressing his forehead to the pavement time and again, says his prayers, and goes back to his work.

But the Jew saunters up shop; will not touch copper or bronze money at all; soils his fingers with nothing meaner than silver and gold; attends the synagogue devoutly; will not cook or have anything to do with fire; and religiously refrains from embarking in any enterprise.

The Moor who has made a pilgrimage to Mecca is entitled to high distinction. Men call him Hadji, and he is thenceforward a great personage. Hundreds of Moors come to Tangier every year, and embark for Mecca. They go part of the way in English steamers, and the ten or twelve dollars they pay for passage is about all the trip costs. They take with them a quantity of food, and when the commissary department fails they "skirmish" for more. From the time they leave till they go home again, they never wash either on land or sea. They are usually gone from five to seven months, and as they do not change their clothes during all that time, they are totally unfit for the drawing-room when they get back.

Many of them have to rake and scrape a long time to gather together the ten dollars their steamer passage costs; and when one of them gets back he is a bankrupt for ever after. Few Moors can ever build up their fortunes again in one short life-time, after so reckless an outlay. In order to confine the dignity of Hadji to gentlemen of patrician blood and possessions, the Emperor decreed that no man should make the pilgrimage save bloated aristocrats who were worth a hundred dollars in specie. But behold how iniquity can circumvent the law! For a consideration, the Jewish money changer lends the pilgrim one hundred dollars long enough for him to swear himself through, and then receives it back before the ship sails out of the harbour!



[Owing to the increasing work of the Post Bag, and its demands upon our space, I am compelled to ask my young inquisitives to be satisfied with my replies only. The enquiries, however, shall continue to command my fullest sympathy, and to receive my very best attention. 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.]

LITTLE TOM.—The coloured bottles in chemists' shops, which look so imposing, are supposed to contain essences the shopman has distilled, to show the perspection of colour. They are, in reality, filled with coloured water merely, and they are often made with a double glass to require as little as possible.

FANNY.—Grasses will dry and remain ornamental for years—for twenty years—and still grow when sown. Those you pick in your own fields are sometimes better than those you pay for in shops.

DICK W.—When dogs have been poisoned and have recovered, like yours, they often suffer, for a long time, from irritability. Give him five grains of the tris-nitrate of bismuth three times a day. It has no taste, and you can put it far back on the dog's tongue. A teaspoonful of cod-liver oil three times a day, and a little castor-oil once a week, will do him good.

ALFRED COOK.—I do not know the best authority on Fau-Tail pigeons in Canada, but Mr. E. B. Bingham, of Barrie, Ont., is an expert, and might give you some good "tips." He has gone in for "Faus" specially.

BICYCLIST.—Yes, I believe so. A ladies' European Bicycle trip is being arranged, which will leave New York about August 15th, to return in October. The cost will be \$300. The trip will include France and Germany, and the average daily run is to be 5 miles. It would be quite the thing for you to join. A good bicycle will last a lady for ten years. The exercise is allowed by physicians to be good for girls, indeed, even with delicate girls, it is beneficial. Many doctors prefer it to walking for their patients.

ALEX. WAT.—You do not mention which examination you are preparing for. You should address a letter to the Secretary of each of the Universities, who will give you the fullest and most reliable information. All the Universities have either boarding-houses connected with them, or under their control in a manner sufficient to guarantee their standing.

BATHER.—It is not bad to jump into the water when you are hot. The danger is in remaining in too long, or in being chilled on coming out. The shock does you good. But you should not bathe when you are very much fatigued as well as hot, or soon after a meal.

FRASER RIVER.—The calico you have made your canoe of may be made quite water-proof by being covered with boiled linseed oil.

TWO COUSINS.—For full instructions about your Reading Club see the last seven numbers of THE YOUNG CANADIAN, from Jan. 25th to March 11th. The Badge you will find there too.

A YOUNG man led his blushing bride to the house of Rev. Dr. Carpenter. "We want to be married," he said. "Are you Dr. Carpenter?" "Yes," replied the minister. "both Carpenter and Joiner."

A MAN never fully realizes the wealth of information he does not possess till his first child begins to ask questions.

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Soluble Salts of Flesh, (Stimulating Element),	33.40
Mineral Salts, (Bone Forming Element),	12.00
Moisture,	31.90
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Tan and Freckles from the Skin.

IT CURES

BLOTCHES, PIMPLES AND ALL OTHER HUMORS IN THE SKIN.

Leaving it Soft, White and Pliable.

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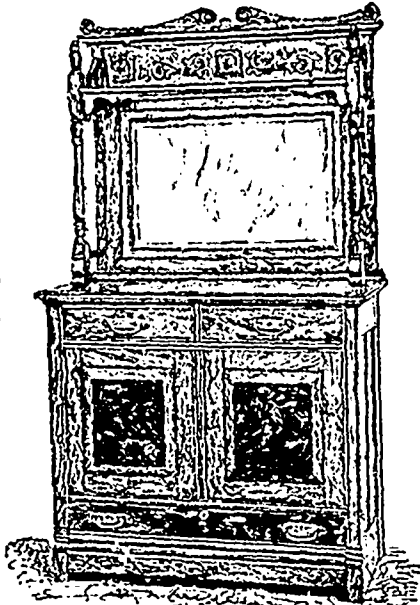
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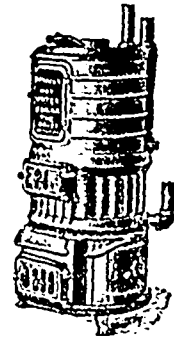
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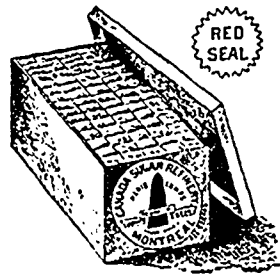
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