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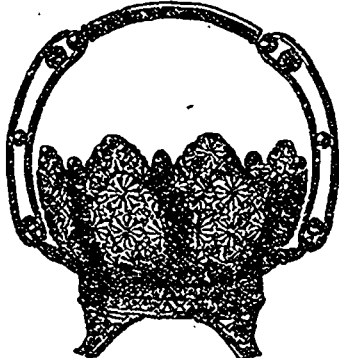
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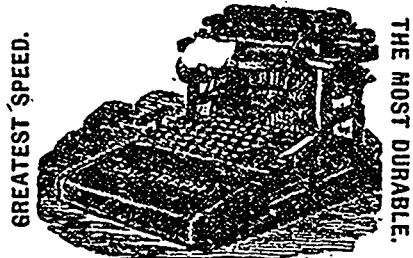
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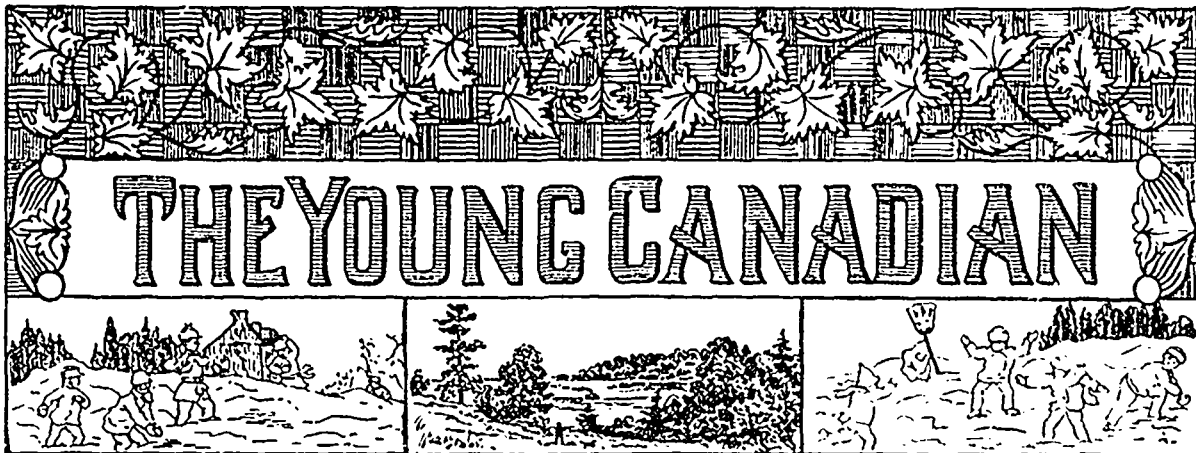
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WAS HE A COWARD.

BY FRED. OWEN.

CHAPTER II.

"What is that?" he asked.
"I sleep there," replied Dondon, simply.
The child looked up at him wonderingly.
She moved closer to her father.

At the gate she put both her hands into her
parent's and tiptoed to whisper.

The gentleman stooped to listen, then he
nodded approvingly, with a smile, and the little
one drew from a tiny bag upon her arm a
silver English coin, which she held out to
Dondon.



"HE FELT THE FIGURE RELAX UPON HIS ARM."

The boy making no hasty movement of acceptance, she urged it, looking up into his face with earnest eyes.

"Do take it," she said. "It is English money, but they will change it into French for you at the little shop upon the quay yonder. Please *do*."

Then slipping it into the boy's reluctant hand she hurried after her father, turning, as they reached the gate, to call, in her soft childish voice, "Good-night."

Dieudonné stood listening to the retreating footsteps. Long after these had died away he seemed to hear the tender pitiful tones of the pretty little visitor.

It was nearly dark before he bethought himself of his evening duties, and turned towards the kennels.

He went to the dark cavern, and cut the lumps of meat for the supper of his pensioners. The rats scudded away before him. Upon the night air rose the strong foul smell of the carrion.

"She had never seen anything like it," he was thinking.

After he had fed the dogs, and given fresh litter to the puppies, he sat by the gate. The night was dark, he could not see beyond the quay-side. Ocean and sky seemed all one.

"It is too hot to go to bed," he said to himself; and somehow he did not want to go to sleep and forget.

"She was just like the picture in the big window of the church," he was thinking.

With her soft pure face, her spotless white dress and flower-wreathed hat, the little figure of the English child was indeed something quite new to poor Dieudonné. The gentlemen who strolled in at times to look at their own or their friends' dogs had made him familiar with such as they, but this small visitor was quite another thing.

"And how sweet she spoke," said Dondon, lingering over the pleasant memory.

"Hullo! Dondon! petit Fichu!"

Not a sweet voice, that!

"It is Jean Pitou, and he is angry," said the boy, as he rose to his feet and moved in the direction of the voice, for as yet he saw no one.

"Show a light here little Fichu! if you are not asleep!"

"Such a night as it is!" said Pitou, as he lighted his pipe at the lantern little Dondon brought forward. "Pouf! It is suffocating! A storm is brewing; and to refuse a man shelter! Scoundrel!"

"Who has refused you?" asked the boy, timidly, for he saw that his friend was far from being in a genial mood.

"That little Snippet Simon, at the Sword and Buckler yonder; because I owe him a bit of a score, and I have had such bad luck too for these ten days past? Who has not? Why this heat! 'tis enough to scorch up all the fish in the sea! We shall all starve if it goes on so!"

Jean leaned upon the rail of the enclosure, and moodily puffed at his pipe.

Dieudonné had fetched his rusty knife from the cave, and was digging up the earth in one corner.

Presently he replaced the dirt hastily, and came towards his friend.

"Here, Pitou."

He took hold of one hand of the fisherman, and poured into it a small store of copper and silver coins.

The big fellow stared at the money, then at the donor. "Why, how long have you turned highwayman?" he said, with a hoarse laugh.

"They give what they like, you know. It is all mine," said the boy.

"And this is all you've got?"

"All but this," Dondon said, as he took out the piece the little girl had just given him.

"I want to keep this Pitou, if I can. She was just like the picture on the window in the church," he added, hurriedly.

"Ay, 'tis the little daughter of the English milord you mean; his yacht was putting out to sea awhile since. The fools! Have they been here?"

"Yes. She spoke kindly, and she gave me this."

Jean Pitou opened his fingers and let the money drop to the ground.

"See here! I won't take your money-- not I!"

"Oh, but yes! I have no need of it," urged Dieudonné; "they give me my food; and see, my blouse is quite new still. Take it, Jean."

He gathered up every coin, and replaced them in the hand of his friend.

"Ha! Well, since you will have it so," said Jean. "I will repay it to you when fortune changes."

He went off, and Dieudonné was again alone.

It grew darker; even the stars were hid. A sultry gloom was spreading from the sea over the land.

"There will be a storm before long," said the boy to himself, as he went to his lonely, unattractive bed. Even his canine neighbours felt it in the air; they whined and were restless in their dog-sleep.

From a confused dream of painted windows, flying angels, and silver coin, mingling with Jean Pitou in odd array, Dieudonné was awakened by a tremendous peal of thunder, which echoed from cliff to cliff above his head. He started to his feet, and before he had hurried on his scanty clothing a vivid flash of lightning was followed by another crash.

As he opened the door of his shed a gust of wind dashed in his face fierce hail, mingled with salt spray. He hurried to the harbour. The wind was blowing with terrific fury, right inland, hurling huge masses of water, in quick succession, with mighty force over the quay.

The rain and hail descended in floods, the forked lightning flashed, and the thunder pealed almost without a pause. Utter darkness prevailed. Which was sea or land, black waters or sombre clouds, it was impossible to tell. Yet when the vivid flashes came, seeming to cleave asunder the darkness overhead, they lighted up momentarily the heaving mass of waters, the grey stone faces of the timeworn houses, and far across the other side the quay.

One moment all was revealed by the pale weird glare, then the thunder crashed, and all was darkness. The winds howled, the rain fell, and each moment the storm seemed to gather force.

Dieudonné, crouching low, holding on to the old iron windlass, felt as though he were alone in the world, which was going to wreck around him. But what was that?

Suddenly, straight and swift flew a clear blue light, then another and another.

Well enough the boy knew what this betokened. A vessel in distress!

He darted along the quay towards the houses, shouting as he went. But his voice was caught up and whirled away; the wind beat him back, and, howling, made as though it would hurl him away just as fast.

A flash of lightning showed him a dark moving object ahead, and he ran straight into a knot of people eagerly gesticulating.

"Ah, another!" they cried, as a rocket again clove the darkness.

"What is it?" "Where is it?"

"Who can make out! The terrible darkness!"

Then a sorrowful sound went through the entire group, for help seemed impossible.

"And the wind even now increases!"

"It is right on shore!"

"If she can't make the harbour she'll be to pieces in half an hour," said an old sailor.

"But ye may save some of them," cried a woman.

"And how?"

"The lifeboat!"

"Oh! and who's to man her?"

"We'll have her out, anyway!"

A rush to the boathouse, where the lifeboat lay snug, and in less than seemed possible it was ready.

"Now, who's here?" said the old man.

"There's me and there's Martin."

"And I, Jerome Leduc."

"Thou here from thy sick bed!"

"Yes! when lives are in peril!"

"Where is Jean Pitou?"

"Eh! where? Down at the wine-shop, or sleeping off his liquor."

Most of the men were away with their boats. Only one able-bodied man, the invalid, and the old man were to be found.

"It is a fearful risk," said one, "and short-handed too!"

"I will go!" cried a voice, and out of the darkness a small figure sprang into the boat as it was launched.

"Dieudonné!"

Various exclamations of surprise burst from the lips of the assembled crowd.

"I will go," repeated the boy, as if fearing opposition. But none was offered, the need was too great. Already the boat was on the move.

A woman flung out a life-buoy. "God bless thee, child!"

Dondon caught it.

In silence they started. Every heart throbbed too painfully for speech. With difficulty they made way to the mouth of the harbour. Here the fierce winds and waters seemed to concentrate their force to hurl the boat to destruction, but the brave hearts within might have endowed the inanimate thing with their spirit, so gallantly did she strive.

The gale, howling with fury, swooped down upon the waters, threatening annihilation to all upon them.

The lifeboat now shivered, now lay as it were, prostrate, then righted herself, and struggled on unvanquished.

Another rocket flew upward with its silent appeal for help. A flash of blue lightning quivered in the air, then the thunder crashed.

For the first time one man spoke. "She is on the Black Caps. 'Tis a yacht."

For the next few minutes breath was precious. They labored manfully, yet made little progress.

Now and again a heavy sea would dash over them, and leave them half blinded and drenched.

"It will likely be the yacht of the English milord. He left the harbour—"

The speaker stopped, as a loud cry came across the dark tossing waters in a lull of the storm from the direction of the distressed vessel.

"Look out! She's breaking up!" cried the younger of the men.

Dieudonné, raising his head, beheld the outline of a dark mass lifted for one second high above them against the white seething billows. Then it sank, and the cries ceased. Only the howling of the wind and foaming of the waters made themselves heard.

The men in the lifeboat drew breath in one deep low sigh of horror. Now came swirling past pieces of the wreck. The keen eyes of the sailors peered out to discover if any living thing was to be seen.

But no! Yes! Here was one clinging frantically to a broken spar. They caught at him, and dragged him on board, fainting, speechless. He lay in the bottom of the boat; dead, the boy believed.

Dieudonné had forgotten his dread of the sea, himself, everything but the scene before him. "Look! look!" he exclaimed, as a floating mass came drifting past, to which clung some form of humanity, and a voice was heard faintly calling.

"'Tis a man! he is crying to us!"

A boat-hook and a rope were flung, and the rail to which the swimmer clung was hauled towards the boat, while one of the crew bent forward to help the fainting creature. But at the moment they touched him his strength failed. He flung up his arms. "My child!" was all he said, in a cry of utter despair. Then he would have surked, but that the rail on which the grappling held caught him momentarily by the shirt and kept him afloat just the instant of time which sufficed for the united efforts of the men to drag him into the boat. As they did so the rail went floating away, unnoticed by all, save Dieudonné.

Horror-stricken, he had caught sight of a small white face, a mass of hair drifting slowly by. With never a word, with but one thought, the boy plunged into the sea. In an instant he had grasped the rail, had twined his hand in the long floating hair. He could not swim, but the belt kept him afloat. He glanced round, but alas! he was already far from the boat. He shouted, but well he knew the wind bore his voice *from* his mates to the shore.

The cold waters pierced to his heart, but he clung to the rail, and kept the child afloat upon it. It was in all but a few minutes. It seemed hours to Dieudonné. Oh! if only he could make them hear! Surely they would miss him and look out.

That was the boat now, between him and the land. They were returning. He shouted, and there was a gruff shout in reply.

Oh, joy! They would come now. Yes, they were here; an oar is held out—a rope thrown. They know nothing of his burthen.

At that moment the rail snapped and whirled away. Without support other than his brave little arms the child still floated. No breath to speak, he clung with his teeth to the rope.

"Here he is, mates! Hurrah! Why, what's this? Here's two of 'em. Bear a hand here. 'Tis a girl!" They lifted the child, and laid her beside her unconscious parent.

Dieudonné's stiffening fingers dropped to his sides, and he fell forward, striking his head against the oar. "Why, hold up, my lad!" sang out one of the men. "Thou hast done a good night's work for certain—thou that wast afraid." He stopped, for, by the light of his lantern, he saw the change which was passing over that set, white face. He felt the figure relax upon his arm.

In silence they rode into the harbour. The storm was abating, the moon was looking out pitifully from between the parting clouds, as amid the cheers of the women assembled on the quay, the lifeboat made its way.

But as the rescued ones were carried in—none knew whether dead or alive—a word was spoken by the sailor which stopped the cheering.

"Ah! poor Dieudonné! Oh! the brave child!"

Suddenly the crowd was broken up. A man, brown and stalwart, rushed through them to where lay the silent figure of the boy. "Who says he is dead?" he cried.

He raised him in his arms. He looked into the pallid face, he put back the black wet hair from the cold brow. The people standing round shook their heads. He was answered.

"How?—how?—"

It was all he could say.

"He must have struck his head against the boat," one of the men made answer.

"But he was not used to the water, and the cold went to his heart, I doubt," put in a woman.

"He gave his life for another. He died bravely, doing his duty," Jean Pitou.

"It is the little daughter of the English milord," said one who now came up, from where efforts were being made for the restoration of the half-drowned.

"She is coming too—so is her father and the captain of the yacht."

"These brave men saved them all."

"He saved the child," said the old man, pointing to where lay that which they had called "Petit Fichu."

"We didn't see her at all," said another.

Jean Pitou staggered home. He was sober enough, though. He cast himself into a chair and threw his arms upon the table; his head dropped upon them. "I was not there, and he is dead!" he groaned.

His mother put her wrinkled hand softly on his head.

"He is in better keeping than thine, my son," she said.

Then the strong man broke down and wept bitterly.

* * * * *

There is a little monument, though it is but of wood, hard by the place where Dieudonné lived his short life; the pence of those who had jeered at him while he lived, but now mourned him dead, erected it. The Englishman, whose child he had saved, would gladly have paid for one in marble; but "No," said Jean Pitou, "he would have rather had it so." Roughly-cut letters beneath tell how he lived and died. "Our Dieudonné," as they proudly say who point to the simple record. Often wild flowers lie about it, laid there by the children, and not unfrequently may be seen wending his way thither a big seafaring man, who looks full of sad memories as he gazes on the rough memorial sacred to his boy-friend.

A wiser as well as a sadder man is Jean Pitou. Master Simon gives him no credit now, for he goes no more to the Sword and Buckler.

THE END.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Mother (to her boy Bobby, who has just been caught fighting in the street) - "He hit you first, did he?" Bobby—"Yes, ma." "Well, you shouldn't have struck him back. Don't you remember that the Bible says 'If he smite thee on one cheek turn to him the other also?'" "Yes, ma, but what's a fellow going to do when he gets *hit on the nose?*"

Very much in the line of Bobby's delicious humour was the question put to a staggered parent by a boy of ten the other day who asked:

"I say, pa, what makes you pray for our daily bread all the time? Isn't it about time to pray for some early vegetables? The season's about on."

"I'm not going to say my prayers any longer, ma." "Why not?" asked the astonished parent. "Well, I don't hear you say your prayers, for one thing, and papa don't say his. I know; and as for me praying for the whole family any longer, I shan't do it."

"My friends," remarked the minister, "the collection to-day will be devoted to my travelling expenses, for I am going away for my health; the more I receive the longer I can stay," and strange to say, the largest collection ever made was then taken up.

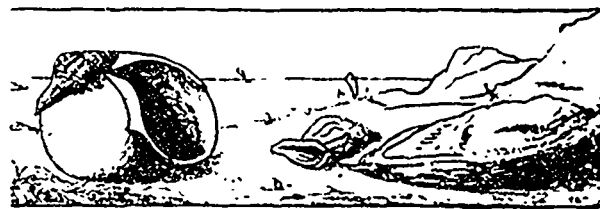
NATURAL HISTORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

ADAPTED FROM JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

ABOUT MR. DRILL.

He is a small shell-fish. He looks like Mr. Conch, but is not so large. His real size in the sea is not much larger than he is in this picture. His name is Mr. Drill. His colour is dark brown. His shell has ridges on it. The drill does not live alone in a place by himself. A whole host of them live near each other.

The very strangest thing about the drill is his tongue. It is from his tongue that he gets his name. It is like a file. With this fine tongue the drill can cut or saw a hole in a thick shell. The drill is very greedy. He eats many kinds of shell-fish. He likes best of all to eat the



THE LITTLE ROBBER.

oyster. The way he does is this. With his tough foot he gets fast hold of the oyster-shell. He picks out the thin, smooth spot called the eye of the shell. Then he goes to work to file his hole. It will take him a long time.

Some say it will take him two days. But he is not lazy. He keeps fast hold and saws away. At last the hole is made clear through the shell. He puts into the hole a long tube. He can suck with that, and he sucks up the oyster till the poor thing is all gone.

What can the oyster do? Nothing. The poor oyster cannot help himself. Does he hear hour after hour the file of the drill on his shell? Yes. He knows the drill will get in and kill him. But all he can do is to keep still and wait.

The oyster is not the only kind of shell-fish that the drill eats. Those that have no heads, he eats them up with ease. They cannot help themselves. They do not know how to get away from Mr. Drill. It is a bad thing, it seems, to have no head.

But let us see Mr. Drill try a fight with a shell-fish that has a head. Now he meets his match! He goes to the top of the shell. He makes fast, and begins—file, file, file. The fish inside hears him. "O, are you there, Mr. Drill?"

Then what does the shell-fish do? He draws his body out of the way, and builds up a nice little wall! Then, when Mr. Drill gets his hole made, and puts in his tongue—no fish, only a hard wall! Then Mr. Drill also moves along.

He picks out a good place. Once more goes to work—file, file, file. "O, here you are, Mr. Drill!" And the shell-fish with a head once more pulls his body out of the way, and makes a new wall. Sometimes Mr. Drill gets tired of the war and goes off. Now and then, as he too has a head, he finds a spot where there is no room for the wall. Then he makes his hole and sucks out the animal.

For all Mr. Drill has a head, he is not so wise as at first he seemed to be. He will sit down and make a hole in an old dead shell where no fish lives. Now and

then he makes a hole in an old shell, long ago turned into stone. He will spend two days on such a shell as this!

Do the shell-fish all feed on other shell-fish? Oh, no. Some of them live on sea-weed. Some of them live by fishing. They catch, from the water, small bits of food, as small as grains of sand. The shell-fish that live on sea-weed have a long, slim tongue. It is like a tiny strap. The teeth are set on it, three or four in a row, like the points of pins. As the teeth wear out from work on the tough weed, more grow.

These shell-fish walk along on their one big foot. First one side of the foot spreads out, and then the other. That pulls them along. Is it not very slow work? But what of that? All they have to do is to move about and find food. They can take all day for it. They have no house to build and no clothes to make. They creep along to a good bed of sea-weed. Then they put out the fine, file-like tongue.

It cuts off flakes of sea-weed for them to eat. They are never tired of that one kind of food. They can climb up the rocks, then go back to their rock when they have had all they want to eat.

The world of the sea is as full of life as the world of the land.

HIS HARD LUCK.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

He entered the train and dropped into the last seat of the last car and began looking vacantly out of the window. He was lost to the world and utterly oblivious to the shrill screech of the candy vender and the pathetic solicitations of the boy who passed through with the papers and magazines. Finally he said to himself: "I don't believe there is another man in the country that has the hard luck I have."

"Has anything happened?" asked a sympathetic man with white whiskers.

"Well, yes," replied the man of hard luck, "and something seems to be a-happening all the time to upset my peace of mind and drive me pretty near wild."

"Life is made up principally of disappointments," replied the old gentleman with whiskers, consolingly, "and we are all doomed to more or less ill luck. Now, would you mind giving me a few samples of the unhappy things that are continually befalling you?"

"I will with pleasure," said the man of hard luck, glad to unbosom himself to a sympathetic auditor. "Now, once I bought a piece of land. On one side of the way the ground was high and dry, and offered at \$20 per foot. On the opposite side the ground was low, and in some parts damp. The price was \$10 per foot. I bought the latter, from motives of economy, and after my house was finished it cost \$1,000 for grading and filling in the swamp and making a drain to carry the occasional pond out of the cellar; so I really paid as much for the swamp as I could have got the high and dry ground for."

"That was a great misfortune!" replied the old gentleman with white whiskers; "but almost every inexperienced person comes to grief when launching out, in the purchase of real estate."

"I know," said the man of hard luck, "but I can have a great misfortune in buying a pair of boots as another man could experience in building a castle. If I should buy six pairs of boots at a reduced rate, it would be just my luck to lose both legs in a railroad collision. Why, not long ago I bought a dozen shirts, and, what do you think, a swelling came on my neck which I was told was

a goitre. The neck bands were about two inches too short to take in the goitre, and I gave all my shirts and collars to a brother-in-law who was going to China. In a week the goitre turned out to be a plain carbuncle, which went away when lanced, and then I had to whistle for my shirts. Once, when I suddenly became very stout, I laid in a new supply of clothing and gave my old stock away. I was then taken sick and reduced to my old weight, in which condition I remained for several years, and this necessitated the purchase of another outfit just the dimension of the one first given away."

"The total depravity of inanimate things is indeed wonderful," said the white whiskered man with a smile.

"I don't blame you for smiling," muttered the man of hard luck, "because all my trouble is of a kind that excites merriment. Once I bought a number of pigs on speculation. They had been increasing in weight ever since the day of their birth up to the time I got them. Although I fed them on the best corn to be had for money and took the best care of them, they all got fever and ague something that never prostrated any other pigs before or since -- and inside of a month they shook all their flesh off and looked like a lot of greyhounds; the thinner they got the more their appetites increased, and as I supposed they were fighting their thinness to gain flesh, I, of course, poured the corn into them with a lavish hand. My idea was to fatten them up to a certain weight, if possible, and kill them on the spot before they could fade away into oblivion like so many ten-dollar silk umbrellas. But it was no go, they kept fading and fading away, until finally they got so thin that they slipped between the slats of the pen, and a few days later we found their skeletons in the woods and a flock of crows cawing in disgust at not being able to get a boarding-house luncheon off them."

"You have certainly had some very queer experiences," remarked the white-whiskered gentleman, "and the element of humor in some of them is quite delightful. It really seems strange that such queer combinations could be -- indeed they are stranger than anything we could invent."

"Indeed they are," replied the man of hard luck. "It just seems to beat everything how circumstances will step in and thwart you, and make you sick from the hat to the boot heels. Now once I had a pass to see a man hung. I paid \$25 for the pass, and determined that I would make up for the cost of the luxury by going without pie for the winter and watermelons for the summer. I was waiting for the event just as a small boy waits for the day of the circus. Finally the joyous morning arrived and I arose at 5 o'clock and went to the jail without any breakfast, and what do you think? Only ten minutes before I arrived the authorities received a telegram saying that the Governor had commuted the sentence of the condemned to imprisonment for life, and then I had the \$25 pass that wasn't worth a cent."

Here the man of hard luck was so overcome that he could not continue the story of the sad circumstances of his missing the execution. The conductor finally stepped up and took his ticket and said:

"This train doesn't stop at Frog Pond!"

"It doesn't?"

"No; you will have to go to Raccoon Corners and then come back."

"How far is Raccoon Corners beyond Frog Pond?" asked the man of hard luck.

"Twenty-four miles!" replied the conductor.

"Just my luck again," said the man of hard luck placidly. "Got to go twenty-four miles past my destination and lose four hours' time, and pay my fare back! Just my luck! Believe that if I undertook to cultivate water-cress the brook would go and dry up on me!"

EAGLES IN ENGLAND.

At one time the golden and white-tailed eagles bred not uncommonly in the mountainous environment of the English Lake District. Most majestic of the winged poachers, they held sway over a wide area and suffered no intrusion. The eyries were perched high upon the almost inaccessible mountain fastnesses. It is asserted by the shepherds of the district that the eagles during the breeding season destroyed a lamb per day, to say nothing of the carnage made on hares, partridges, pheasants, grouse, and the waterfowl that inhabit the lakes. The farmers and dalesmen were always careful to plunder the eyries, but not without considerable risk to life and limb. A man was lowered from the summit of the precipitous rocks by a rope of fifty fathoms, and was compelled to defend himself from attack during his descent. The poet Gray, in his "Journal," graphically describes how the eyries were annually plundered, upon one of which occasions he was present. Wordsworth says that the eagles built in the precipices overlooking one of the tarns in the recesses of Helvellyn, and that the birds used to wheel and hover over his head as he fished in the silent tarn. Now the spot is occupied by a pair of patriarchal ravens—the sole remaining relics of the original "Red Tarn Club."

Among the mountains an instance is related of an eagle which, having pounced upon a shepherd's dog, carried it to a considerable height; but the weight and action of the animal effected a partial liberation, and he left part of his flesh in the eagle's beak. The dog was not killed by the fall; he recovered of his wound, but was so intimidated that he would never go that way again. Subsequently the owner of the dog shot at and wounded one of the eagles. The bird, nearly exhausted, was found a week afterwards by a shepherd of Seatoller; its lower mandible was split, and its tongue wedged between the interstices. The bird was captured and kept in confinement; but it became so violent that, ultimately, it had to be shot. On the eagles being frequently robbed of their young in Greenup they removed to the opposite side of the crag. At this place they built for two years, but left it for Raven Crag; here they built annually during their stay in Borrowdale. On the loss of its mate the remaining eagle left the district, but returned the following spring with another. This pair built during fourteen years in Borrowdale, but finally abandoned it for Eskdale. At the last-mentioned place they were also disturbed, and the female eagle being afterwards shot, the male flew off and returned no more.

Eagle Crag is a grand towering rock, or collection of perpendicular rocks, connected by horizontal spaces of variously coloured vegetation. Its form is fine, and it is a majestic background to many pleasing foregrounds. On that part of Eagle Crag which is opposite to Greenup the eagles occasionally built their nests. But they were so destructive to the lambs, and consequently injurious to the interests of the shepherds, that their extermination became absolutely necessary. Their building-places being inaccessible by climbing, a dangerous experiment was ventured upon. A man was lowered by a rope down the face of the cliff for ninety feet. A piked staff such as is used by shepherds was the weapon with which the man defended himself against the attack of the parent birds while he robbed the nest of eggs or eaglets. If birds, their possession was to be his remuneration; but if eggs, every neighbouring sheep farmer gave for each egg five shillings. The nest of the eagles was formed of branches of trees, and lined with coarse grass and bents which grew upon the neighbouring rocks. The eagles sometimes flew off with lambs that were a month old,

and in winter frequented the head of the Derwent, where they preyed upon waterfowl.

The white-tailed sea eagles bred upon the rocks of a towering limestone escarpment overlooking a recess of the sea, and fed upon gulls and terns. The vast peat mosses which stretched away for miles below them abounded with hares and grouse, and among these the birds made devastation. Year after year they carried off their young from the same cliffs, and now return only at rare intervals, when storm-driven. The peregrines have the eagles' eyrie, and are only eagles in miniature. The seafowl form their food in summer, so do wild ducks in winter. At this latter season the Osprey or "Fish-Hawk" comes to the bay and the still mountain tarns, adding wildness to the scenes which his congeners have left never now to return.

A COLLAR BUTTON COLUMBUS.

The man at the desk was rushed and did not want to be bothered by visitors, but this one had a business air about his person which demanded attention.

"You've heard about collar buttons and how they get lost so often and imperil a man's immortal soul by the language they drive him to?" he said inquiringly.

The editor put his hand up to his neck and nodded, as he jagged his finger on the point of a pin stationed there.

"Well, I'm on to a scheme to put an end to that business."

The editor's face brightened and an interrogation point grew out of its lines of care.

"You see it's this way," the inventor went on, "I've practiced with one of the darned things till I've got it down to a mathematical point. I stood up before the glass, as we all do in dressing, and dropped the button on purpose. It struck the floor and went north under the bureau. Second time it rolled south under the bed. Third time it went east under the wash stand. Fourth time it started west and landed under the grate. Then it hustled all around the compass, northeast by east, northwest by west, east by north, east by northeast, and at last got back to the place of beginning. Do you follow me?"

The editor nodded.

"Then I had it, sir," and the man's face shone. "I had it, sir, and I had its conqueror. I got the right twist on it and every time I dropped it after that it went to the same spot. *Veni, vidi, vici*. That's me. All you've got to do is to put the fore and aft twist on to her and no more lost collar buttons and immortal souls. See?"

The editor looked doubtful, but the visitor didn't notice it.

"Now print that in your paper at top of column, next to reading matter and ameliorate the condition of mankind. That's all, good by," and the man went out with a hop, skip and a chuckle.

Three hours after, he returned, just as the editor began to prepare an article on the subject of his first visit.

"Well," was the brief inquiry, "any new discoveries?"

"Yes, one; you'll find it in this," handing him an envelope with a dollar bill pinned to it, and disappearing hurriedly.

The editor opened it and read as follows:

LOST—SOMEWHERE IN THE HOUSE, A plain gold collar button, valuable only as a memento of a wife's affection. Finder will be rewarded by leaving it at this office and no questions asked.

THE PROFESSIONAL INVALID.

The travelling invalid seems to be under the protection of a special Providence. He comes unscathed out of the most manifest perils. With a faith that would do credit to an innocent child, he places himself in the hands of twenty doctors in as many weeks, and is yet no worse at the end of the twenty weeks than he was at the beginning. How does he manage it? one is prone to ask. For my part, I believe he finds his entertainment in comparing the prescriptions of one doctor with those of another. He accepts very varied medicines, but he does not take them. The advice of different kinds, which he receives in the like manner, he treats with the like contempt.

Certainly the different injunctions of his different medical advisers are enough to make him smile at the mere sight of a medicine bottle.

The Herr Physician-in-Chief at Mudbad thinks almost any malady can be cured if the patient only be made to perspire sufficiently.

In the Swiss highlands, on the other hand, our friend is expected to get as fat as he can, and to become as tawny as a gipsy.

No self-respecting microbe, it is said, will tolerate Davos for more than two years. Unless, therefore, our friend is really very ill, and if he is still fairly strong, the Swiss mountains will put him to rights. As a matter of fact, however, he knows more than the doctors. He does not stay two years in Davos, because he is tired to death of the place in two months, and because, too, he knows quite well he will live quite as long elsewhere. Moreover, he rather likes shocking the faculty, and only to give them a lesson in humility.

Of course he disregards completely the more general counsel of his advisers. He is told by one doctor to sleep with his window open and lightly covered; by another, with his window shut, and under several blankets; a third will not let him leave the house in the morning until an hour before noon; a fourth tells him to get up early, and take a walk before breakfast. And one and all attempt to physic him with medicines of price. It is an odd business. They cannot be blamed. Neither can he.

The ordinary traveller is constantly meeting the professional invalid where he would least expect to find him; upon the tops of mountains, in the teeth of icy blasts; in suffocating billiard-rooms at midnight; at prize-fights, in cellars and other out-of-the-way places; seated at the green tables of Monte Carlo; or in the slums of Naples, where, it is thought, one may catch a fever as easy as breathing.

The ordinary traveller's tour is cut short as often as not by typhus or blood-poisoning; and it is then as much as he can do to pull himself together for a long spell of convalescence. But his acquaintance, the invalid, jogs light-heartedly from risk to risk, sipping one pleasure after another until he is surfeited, and all without appreciable discomfort. He does not brag about his happiness, or his immunity from contagious diseases. He takes the gifts that Heaven tenders to him, and allows his thanks to be understood.

Neighbour- "How do you like your new neighbours?"

Little Girl—"Mamma says they is awful nice people, real polite, an' Christian."

"Has she called?"

"No, but we've sent in to borrow a dozen diff'rent things, an' they didn't once say they was just out."

YOU SHOULD AND YOU SHOULDN'T.



MISCHIEVOUS Tommy.

A Homely simple,
He hears every day,
Beginning this way:

"Now, Tommy, you mustn't,"
And, "Tommy, you mustn't;"
And, "Tommy, stop running,
You'll kick up the dust;"
And "Do not go swimming,
Or you will get wet."
And "Do not go sailing,
Or you will upset;"
And "Do not be wrestling,
You'll fracture your bones;"
And "Do not go climbing,
You'll fall on the stones;"
And "Do not be whistling,
You're not a mere bird;"
And "Good little children
Are seen and not heard."

Which Tommy, on hearing,
Exclaims "Deary me"
What can a boy do,
And where can a boy be?"

--ST. NICHOLAS.

FACTS ABOUT FLAGS.

To "strike the flag" is to lower the national colours in token of submission.

Flags are used as the symbol of rank and command, the officers using them being called flag officers. Such flags are square, to distinguish them from other banners.

A "flag of truce" is a white flag, displayed to an enemy to indicate a desire for a parley or consultation.

The white flag is a sign of peace. After a battle, parties from both sides often go out to the field under the protection of a white flag, to rescue the wounded or bury the dead.

The red flag is a sign of defiance and is often used by revolutionists. In the Canadian naval service it is a mark of danger, and shows a vessel to be receiving or discharging her powder.

The black flag is a sign of piracy.

The yellow flag shows a vessel to be in quarantine or is a sign of a contagious disease.

A flag at half-mast means mourning. Fishing and other vessels return with a flag at half-mast to announce the loss or death of some of them.

Dipping the flag, is lowering it slightly and then hoisting it again to salute a vessel or fort.

Aunt Isabel "Gracie, those crusts are not hard. If I were you I'd eat them."

Two-year-old (pushing them under the edge of her plate) "No, auntie. If you was me you wouldn't eat 'em, but if I was you I would."

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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BOX 1896.

MONTREAL

A PRIZE.

I want all my young readers to write me an account of Where and How They Spent Their Holiday. I have received from a friend a beautiful new Winter Game in a handsome box, which I have set aside to send to the writer of the best account. The Game is one of the novelties of the season. The board is handsomely lithographed in many colours, and the box itself is a beauty. It will amuse you for the whole winter. Try your best to get it.

The new story to-day—“Rajah Pandu” though only allegorical, has a very pretty lesson for us.

I have just come home from my holidays with sackfuls of good things for you—so many, that the printer says he must put them in a column by themselves for next week, which he has done. Many new Departments I have added, and such a stock of new stories for your evenings as will make you the happiest young people on this Continent. Pretty things to make, too, and pretty things to do I have for you, and I am sure we shall have a pleasant time together. If you could all have a peep into my pigeon-holes, you would see how nice it is for me to be

YOUR EDITOR.

TWO BOYS.

He was a sharp philosophic little urchin who asked his teacher one day, while exercising with figures on a slate, “Maister, whaur does a’ the figures gang to when there rubbit oot?”

Of a similar type was the boy, who, when asked to what trade or profession he would like to be brought up, replied

“I would like to be a trustee, because, ever since papa became a trustee we have had pudding every day.”

YOUNG CANADIAN HISTORICAL CALENDAR.

SEPTEMBER.

14. Stadacona discovered by Jacques Cartier	1535
15. Port aux Baleines taken by Daniel	1629
1. Wreck off Labrador coast, 1,000 lives lost	1711
8. Johnson defeated Dieskau at Lake George.	1755
10. Dispersion of Acadians in Nova Scotia	1755
14. British defeated at Grant's Hill	1758
13. Wolfe defeated Montcalm on Plains of Abraham	1759
15. Quebec capitulated	1759
8. Montreal capitulated	1760
17. St. John, N.F., retaken by Lord Colville	1762
14. The Senecas defeated the British at Devil's Hole	1763
19. The Battle of Bemis' Heights	1777
3. Boundary between Canada and the United States.	1783
16. Americans repulsed at Presqu' Ile	1812
21. Gananoque raided by the Americans	1812
10. British Fleet captured on Lake Erie	1813
28. Battle in York Bay	1813
3. American vessel “Scorpion” captured at Notawassaga Creek	1814
11. British defeated at Plattsburg	1814
3. American vessel “Tigress” captured at Notawassaga Creek	1814
17. Americans repulsed at Fort Erie	1814
7. Steamer “Frontenac” launched at Ernestown.	1816
11. Toronto Street Railway	1861
5. Methodist Churches united in Canada	1853
13. Canadian Pacific Railway opened	1886

The Calendar Competition for August closes on the 31st, after which the decision will be made and published, and the prize forwarded.

For the best description of any of the items in the September Calendar we shall send a handsome volume of Christmas Stories, bound in blue and gold. For hints which will be invaluable to you in the composition of these descriptions, see No. 19 of THE YOUNG CANADIAN. Write on one side of the paper, and not more than from two to three pages of foolscap.

♦♦♦

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger,
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away!

What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger,
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

NED DARROW;
OR,
THE YOUNG CASTAWAYS.

CHAPTER XXII.

PLEASANT EVENINGS.

"**H**ERE he is at last, Professor! Ned Darrow, where have you been?"

Ernest Blake dragged Ned into the radius of the glowing camp-fire, as the latter reached the place after his stormy adventures of the night.

He found Professor Ballentine pale and anxious for his safety, and the boys surveyed his torn and dripping garments curiously, and listened to his startling story breathlessly.

The rude house they had erected now supplied them comfort even during the storm. The Professor was almost tempted to leave it when Ned told of the visit of the ship.

"Get to the beach, all of you," ordered the Professor, aroused to more than ordinary excitement, "and build the largest fire you can. The island has been undoubtedly visited. The storm may drive the ship away, but if they can keep sight of the island they will probably endeavour to do so."

All the night through, weird figures flitted in the glow of an immense fire on the beach. With the morning, they scanned the sea suspensefully, but no sail was in sight.

"The storm has driven the ship away," decided Ned.

"But they have the round robin," suggested Dick.

"Probably. But it doesn't give any exact location of the island.

"Even then they may take it to America and search will be made for us," comfortingly spoke Professor Ballentine, when they reported the condition of affairs.

Meantime, a watch was kept continuously on the shore. They knew that the Neptune had gone to pieces, as part of the wreck kept coming ashore, and what was not of use was made into a signal station on the rocks.

For two days they watched the sea eagerly, but no ship visited that portion of the island.

Professor Ballentine's sprained limbs began to mend, and, with the aid of a pair of crutches, he was able to get around quite comfortably.

He continued his classes, much to the dislike of Ralph Warden and a few of his chosen companions, upon whom the monotony of the island life began to pall.

"Why don't he let us explore inland," grumbled Ralph, "instead of staying at this humdrum old place?"

"Because a ship visiting here could be seen, and because he is not strong enough for a journey yet," replied Ned.

"Some fine night we'll go alone," threatened Ralph.

The evening lectures were to Ned and others a source of great pleasure and benefit.

The Professor's mind was stored with curious knowledge of a thousand familiar subjects, and the more studious of the boys had begun a systematic course of study in botany, geology, and the like, with nature as their hand-book.

One evening he would lecture on the rocks, and the next on the stars. Again, he would take any desultory subject suggested by some discovery of the boys.

When Elmer Ray found a large bird's egg one evening, the Professor gave a simple yet exhaustive talk on its wonders.

He told them that the shell was composed of mineral matter, not tight and compact as it looks, but perforated with a multitude of holes invisible to the naked eye, a sieve in fact, through which constant evaporation lessens the weight of the egg according to heat and cold. He informed them that varnish, lime, or lard will preserve it for years; that its interior has a tough membrane which divides it near the obtuse end and forms a bag filled with air, and which enlarges the older the egg becomes, but which is not a part of the shell itself, although it adheres to it.

"The shell is made up of ninety-seven per cent. of carbonate of lime," said the Professor, "a substance like marble and chalk. Where does the fowl get this substance? Not from its food, for, when shut up, with two pounds of oats alone, a hen laid eggs with perfect shells, having nearly three hundred grains of lime in their composition. Chemical changes turning hard and fixed substances into others of an unlike nature, account for it, and decomposition, and the influence of animal heat vital forces, produce the lime, the fowl drawing on its own body for the material.

"An egg shell weighs about one hundred grains, and in a year the fowl will produce in shells over a pound of carbonate of lime, which would afford chalk enough to last a carpenter a year; a large flock of hens producing nearly one hundred and fifty pounds of chalk annually.

"The white of the egg has two parts in distinct membranes. The outer bag, thin and watery; the next, which holds the yolk, heavy and thick. The yolk is yellow, because it contains an oil capable of reflecting yellow rays of light.

"When we eat an egg we consume an embryo chicken, for all the materials that enter into legs, bones, feathers, and bill are there. A hen sometimes lays an egg for twenty-two consecutive days, of an average weight of one thousand grains each. The egg placed in a uniformly warm place will hatch itself, and the albumen, water, oil, and mineral salts will become transformed into a live chicken. A chemist can carefully weigh the water, albumen, phosphoric compounds, the sulphur, iron, and soda, and construct an accurate egg mixture, but out of it will never come a live chicken. In this we obtain an idea of how little we know of the life principle, although we may fully understand the origin and nature of material things."

The Professor supplemented his lecture with a brief reference to diamonds, the theme having been suggested by a bright pebble resembling that gem, found by Harold Gould that day. He told them how a century and a half ago the East Indies furnished all the diamonds on the market; of their wonderful discovery in Brazil, and described more particularly the process of diamond cutting.

"Holland monopolizes this trade, with two thousand men constantly employed at it in Amsterdam alone," he said. "They use heavy machinery holding wheels which revolve on a level with iron top tables. The rough gems are lustreless, and the dust is employed to cut and polish the large gems. A ten carat diamond is worth ten thousand dollars, although single carat stones run lower than two hundred dollars. One gem worth over a hundred thousand dollars was found in Africa. A few diamonds have been found in the Southern States and California."

"Where Harold found the crystal, we came across a turtle," began James Sheldon, when Professor Ballentine had concluded.

"You mean a tortoise," corrected Dick Wilson.

"Yes, that's it, and I was trying to tell the boys the old story about Achilles and the tortoise."

"Have any of you heard it?" inquired Professor Ballentine, looking around inquiringly.

"I have, but can't remember it correctly," said one of the boys. "You tell us, Professor."

"Very well. Achilles starts in pursuit of a tortoise, each travelling in the same direction, and on the same straight line. The tortoise has a lead of one hundred yards, but Achilles travels exactly ten times as fast as the tortoise. Will he overtake the latter?"

"Yes, yes," answered a chorus of voices.

"Why, that is a self-evident proposition," cried Ralph Warden.

"The Greek philosopher who first propounded it thought not," answered the Professor. "He admitted that it seemed as if he must, but maintained that, on mathematical principles, it was impossible."

"He must have made figures lie," suggested Sam Pardee.

"Here was the way he put it," resumed the Professor. "While Achilles travels the one hundred yards which the tortoise has in its favour, the latter travels one-tenth of that distance, or ten yards, and is that much ahead. While Achilles travels the ten yards, the tortoise travels one yard; while Achilles is covering the one yard, the tortoise has placed one-tenth of a yard to his credit. Achilles covers this one-tenth, and the slow but patient tortoise scores the one-hundredth part of a yard, and while Achilles traverses that, progresses the one-thousandth part of a yard, and so on ad infinitum, Achilles reducing the distance in a geometrical progression, whose ratio is ten, but ever leaving a minute fraction of space between him and his goal."

The boys manifested surprise, and asked for an explanation.

"Achilles will overtake the tortoise readily enough," said Professor Ballentine, "if we give him time. The fallacy of the reasoning consists in this, that while we are subdividing the distance by the ratio ten to infinity, we are also, unconsciously, subdividing the time which must of necessity elapse before Achilles overtakes his competitor in the race. As, if he travels one hundred yards in one minute, the ten yards will occupy but one-tenth of a minute, the one yard one-thousandth of a minute, the one-tenth of a yard the one ten-thousandth of a minute, and so on."

A general discussion on reasoning and fallacies ensued, and the Professor gave illustrations of how fallacious syllogisms may mislead.

"Now here is a preposition," he said. "Major premise: None but whites are civilized. Minor premise: The Americans are whites. Conclusion: Therefore they are civilized."

All the boys thought this correct, except Ned Darrow, who pointed out the defect.

"If you were to say that *all* whites are civilized, and that the Americans are whites, it would follow of necessity," he remarked, "that they were civilized, since they are included in the class of which civilization is affirmed, otherwise the proposition is fallacious."

"Here is a syllogism of a different kind," resumed Professor Ballentine. "Cheap houses are rare in New York. All rare things are dear. Therefore, cheap houses are dear in New York. What do you say to that? Does the conclusion follow from the premises?"

The boys thought not.

"If *all* rare things are dear," explained the Professor, "and cheap houses in New York come under the general class of rare things, it, of course, follows that they

are dear. There is no fault in the reasoning. The defect lies in the major premise. 'All rare things are dear,' which, though plausible, is untrue, while the necessary conclusion that cheap houses are dear in New York involves a manifest absurdity."

The evening's task concluded with this discussion. It was the last pleasant gathering of the kind for many a day.

For with the morrow the monotony of camp-life was rudely broken in upon, and the exciting element of adventure once more became woven into the lives of the twenty Crusoes.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE RUNAWAYS.

All the ensuing day Ralph Warden acted in an exceedingly suspicious and mysterious manner, and Ned noticed him several times engaged in confidential consultation with some of his chosen friends.

Amid the enjoyments of the hour, however, Ned's mind was diverted from attributing any extraordinary importance to his actions. They had found the life-boat that morning some distance down the beach, overturned, but only slightly injured. They had also taken stock of their larder that morning, and found that sufficient food from the ship still remained to last them a week.

"Then we will have to depend on the fish, the fowls, and the fruits," remarked Professor Ballentine.

It had been his custom each evening to call the roll of his students, more as a matter of system and form than anything else.

That evening Ned Darrow gave Ernest Blake a significant look as the names of Ralph Warden, John Kelsey, Robert Banks, Willis Hardy, Paul Brown, and Charles Wilson were called out.

"It is time they were in camp," said the Professor. "Will you make a search for them, Ned?"

Ned Darrow and a couple of other boys went down to the beach, and then searched the river bank for some distance.

After a visit to the little stone storage-house they had built a few days previous, Ned returned to the Professor with a curious look on his face.

"I guess Ralph Warden has carried out his threat, sir," he said.

"What threat?" inquired Professor Ballentine.

"That he would run away and try camping out alone."

"Did he threaten that?"

"Yes, sir."

The Professor looked distressed. Ralph Warden had been his most troublesome charge, and, as he realized fully, was the least able to combat perils or hardships.

He also knew that rich parents are very exacting as to the care of their children, even when such children are wayward and ungovernable.

"He can't get in much trouble, and he'll come back soon enough when he experiences the discomforts of loneliness and lack of provisions," said Ned.

"Have they taken anything with them?"

"Yes: both guns, all the ammunition, and the boat."

"The boat!" cried Professor Ballentine, with a start of dismay. "Surely they have not put out to sea?"

"It certainly seems so, for the boat we recovered today is gone. My impression is that they have decided

to visit some other portion of the island on a hunting and exploring expedition on their own account."

The Professor was anxious and uneasy all that evening. His face looked serious when Ned, after visiting the beach the ensuing morning, came to him with the announcement :

"Professor, I have found the boat."

"Where, Ned?"

"On the beach, floating to and fro. The oars are gone."

Professor Ballentine looked startled.

"Can there have been an accident?"

"I think not. In fact I do not believe Ralph Warden and his party went to sea at all."

"Then they did not take the boat?"

"Yes. I theorize that they went up the river with the boat, and, finding some obstacle to further progress, abandoned it, and it floated back to the sea."

The Professor looked relieved.

"I sincerely hope they have not foolishly exposed themselves to any danger."

The afternoon brought no tidings of the runaways.

Ned finally proposed a plan to the Professor, which, after much persuasion, the latter acceded to.

"I will follow the course of the river and try and find Ralph," said Ned. "If it was not that he might get lost, I would allow him to follow out his own schemes."

"I am very anxious," replied Professor Ballentine, "but I cannot consent to send you into unknown perils."

"But I promise to return within a day or two, Professor, and you know that I can take care of myself."

The Professor finally agreed to Ned's plan, and late in the afternoon, the latter and Ernest Blake, armed only with two long knives found in the ship cutlery, started forth on their mission, the other boys not being apprised of their intention at the start, as they might wish to join them.

The boys followed the river for some miles, when it curved into a district hitherto unexplored by them.

Here there was a small waterfall, and here, unable to proceed farther by boat, Ralph Warden and his party had evidently abandoned the life-boat.

Beyond that, the country became more luxuriant in its trees and grasses, in fact, at times, the boys came across a kind of jungle.

Night found them at a spot on the river bank near a thick forest. They built a fire and prepared a meal from the provisions they had brought from the camp.

Early in the evening, sounds unfamiliar on the coast startled them, and night-birds flew all around them. The sounds came from the woods, and seemed to be the growlings of animals.

"Do you suppose there are any wild beasts here?" inquired Ernest, with some apprehension.

"It is not likely on an island, but the fire will keep them away if there are any."

Both boys slept profoundly until midnight, when Ned woke with a start.

The fire was out, and a light rain was falling. He became intensely startled as he heard a low, growling sound, which had evidently disturbed his slumber.

It emanated from a tree near by, on a branch of which was dimly outlined a small crouching body.

That it was some animal, Ned Darrow surmised a moment later, for two glittering eyes, resembling stars of fitful fire, glowed ominously down upon himself and the slumbering Ernest Blake.

(To be continued.)

PUSSY'S CLASS.

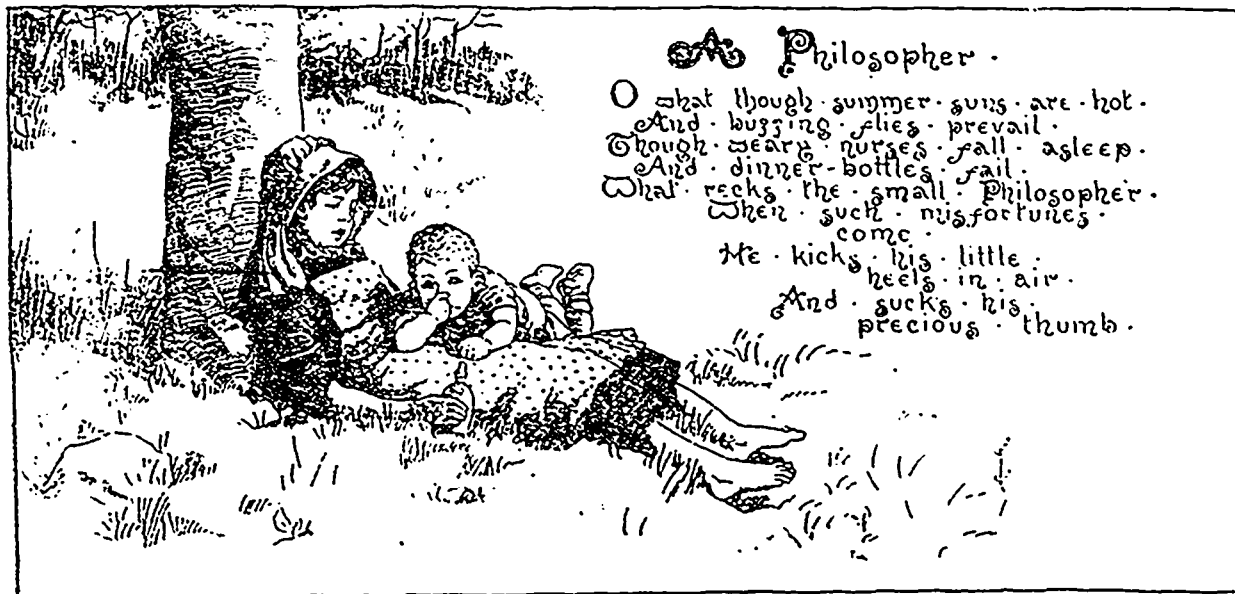
"Now, children," said Puss, as she shook her head,

"It is time your morning lesson was said."

So her kittens drew near with footsteps slow,
And sat down before her all in a row.

"Attention, class!" said the cat mamma,
"And tell me quick where your noses are!"
At this all the kittens sniffed the air,
As if it were filled with a perfume rare.

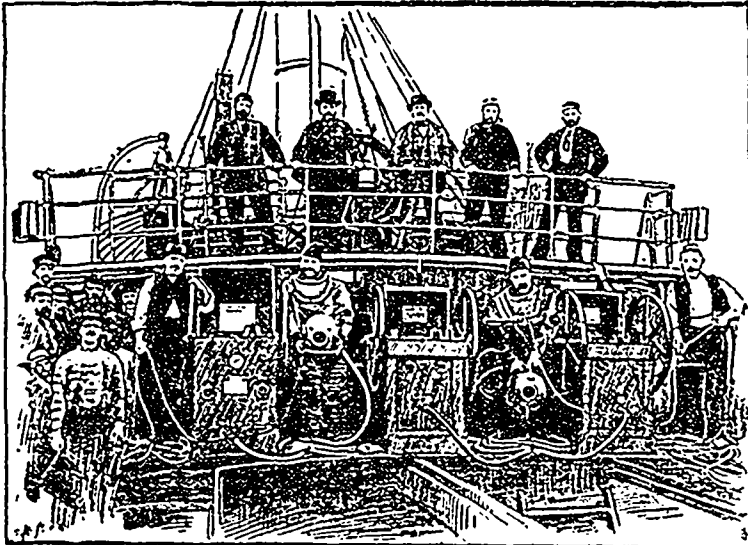
"Now, what do you say when you want a drink?"
The kittens waited a moment to think,
And then the answer came clear and loud—
You ought to have heard how those kittens *meow'd!*



HOW SUNKEN TREASURE WAS RECOVERED.

A STRANGE TRUE STORY OF TO-DAY.

In February, 1884, the Spanish mail steamer, the *Alfonso XII.*, belonging to the Lopez Line, bound from Cadiz to Havana, sank off Point Gando, Grand Canary, in 25½ fathoms of water, and about a mile from off the shore. She had on board £100,000 worth of Spanish dollars - these being the only five-dollar pieces bearing the year 1884, which were specially coined for the trip. The insurance was effected on the specie at



Lloyd's, and was paid over to the insurers after the vessel foundered. More than a year had elapsed before the underwriters organized a salvage expedition, and in May, 1885, Captain L. T. Stevens, a Lloyd's surveyor of great experience in salvage operations, was intrusted with the expedition, taking with him three well known divers. Special diving apparatus had to be constructed for the work, and in the above month Captain Stevens and his men left Liverpool in the steamship *Viger* for Las Palmas, and arrived at their destination on the 25th of May.

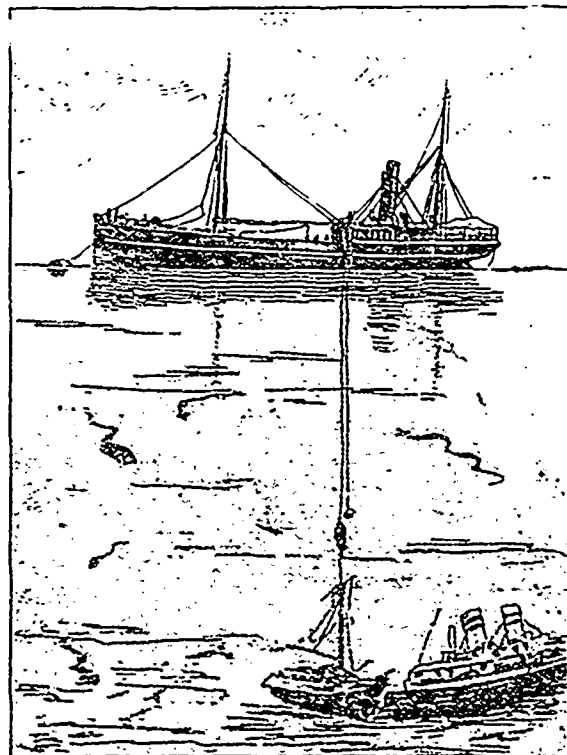
On the morning of the 29th, Captain Stevens proceeded in the steam-launch *Alianza* in search of the wreck, a strong trade wind from the N. E., with a chopping sea blowing at the time. On arriving at her supposed position he steamed about it, sounding at intervals, endeavouring to strike the wreck, but failed to do so. Captain Stevens then employed a boat's crew of fishermen to assist him in finding her, and after some little time the fishermen gave a signal, and on steaming up he found that they had swept the fore topgallant mast, and on looking down through the water he distinctly saw the shadow of the mast and the fore topgallant sail loose and floating in the water at a depth of six fathoms. He then had the topgallant mast buoyed, and as soon as the weather moderated he intended laying down moorings so as to place the schooner in such a position that the diving was to be done from directly over the wreck.

The money was in the mail room, almost at the bottom of the vessel, and to obtain access to that part of the ship it was found necessary to blow up the decks. The dangers and difficulties which were experienced in these operations were of the most extraordinary nature. Not only bravery but great patience and perseverance had to be exercised, as testified by the fact that Captain Stevens and his plucky divers were about nine months on the island before they had completed their task. The

wreck lay on a ridge of rocks, and one of the fears entertained before the explosion was effected was that the force might precipitate the vessel to almost fathomless depths. But fortunately, through Captain Stevens's great experience in the use of explosives, the fear was not realized. When the explosion took place, one of the masts shot right out of the water, and thousands of dead fish came to the surface. Another difficulty, and probably the greatest the divers had to encounter, was the extreme pressure of the water at so great a depth, but the gallant fellows were most enthusiastic at their work, and, although their commander had been advised to abandon all hope of recovering the treasure, he was sanguin of success directly fine weather set in. His hopes were soon to be realized, for on November 17, after waiting anxiously and patiently, he had the pleasure of wiring to London as follows: "Lambert has got both scuttles open, and succeeded in sending up first box of gold." This was glorious news to all concerned, and especially to Capt. Stevens, who had charge of the tedious undertaking.

The saving of the remaining boxes of gold was now merely a question of opportunity. Dip after dip was made by the divers with varying success, and by the 12th of December they had recovered between them six boxes, the lion share being obtained by Mr. Lambert, thus leaving a balance of four boxes to be raised. In a very short time, considering the unfavourable weather, they succeeded in sending up three more boxes, making in all nine boxes, or £90,000 out of the £100,000. Unfortunately the last box could not be found, so Captain Stevens and his plucky divers had to come away without it. No praise is too great for the manner in which the divers worked under such an able commander.

The treasure chest and the golden dollars were exhibited at the Naval Exhibition in London, and were the centre of universal admiration and wonder.



CHASED BY A LION.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

"We must bolt," said Captain Angus at my elbow. "that lion means mischief by the manner in which it is advancing towards us; and mark you how restive the horses are! Their instinct is keener than ours; they can scent danger in the air. The instant we move to fly, depend upon it the lion will start in chase, and our only chance will lie in out-running him, for unarmed as we are, what could we do to defend ourselves against such a brute?"

"Look you, Angus; yonder is a mounted orderly riding across country. You have good eyes; see what you make of him."

Captain Angus shaded his sight with his hand, and stared towards the retreating figure.

"It is a Lancer trooper," said he presently. "I can see the plumes in his head-dress, and I can also see the pennon fluttering from his lance."

"He is armed, then?"

"He is carrying his lance," replied the captain.

"Good!" I cried. "Now, if we can reach that soldier before the lion catches us, we shall be alright. It will not take him long to touch the heart of the brute with the keen steel head of his spear. Fortunately we have not been working our horses hard, but they must go now if ever they did for their very lives. Are you ready?"

"Yes," said he, drawing his hat on firmly, and planting himself squarely upon the saddle. "Come now!"

We urged our horses about, and with shouts and slaps gave them rein. The intelligent creatures, as though conscious of their danger, started off like frightened deer along the sandy valley. I let the newly-lighted cigar drop from my mouth, and setting my knees firm against the sleek sides of the mare, grasped the reins with a grip of steel.

A low sullen roar reached my ears, and turning for an instant to glance over my shoulder, I caught a glimpse of the lion flying after us in pursuit, its lithe form bounding like a flash of light from ridge to ridge, and its whole shape a mere fleeting vision of flowing mane, flashing eyes, and distended jaws.

"Hey-on! Hey up!" It was like a dead heat with the order of the hunt reversed. The horses' hoofs thundered over the sand, raising a smoke-like column of dust, as they swept with the velocity of the wind towards the figure of the soldier, every instant growing more defined. My cap flew off; I tried to catch it, but it whirled away astern like a bit of chaff.

Our speed was prodigious. I felt my horse tremble beneath me, and the steam rose from her reeking hide in a warm mist. I lay forward to whisper in her ear, although, breathless as I was, I rather hissed than spoke the syllables of encouragement which came from my lips.

My companion and I kept our stations abreast of each other with wonderful precision. We occasionally exchanged a few hurried words, but it was no time for talking; the whirl and tumult, and above all, the sense of danger, were too great for coherence and almost for articulation.

Five minutes passed, although so much of sensation was packed into them that the time might well have been an hour. Once I turned again to see whether we still maintained our station ahead of the lion, and perceived that the creature was slowly but visibly gaining upon us.

Yet the speed of our horses was prodigious. I could

feel the heart of my mare beating with a violence that sent a thrill through her whole frame to each throb of it, but she kept bravely on, with no signs of flagging. Whether the soldier had perceived us or not as yet it was impossible to say.

I could now clearly make him out, even to the glitter of his accoutrements. He was heading traversely away from us, his horse going at a moderate trot. Several times we united our voices in a shout, but he was apparently still too distant for our confused hallos to reach him, for he kept steadily on.

Presently, however, I saw him turn his head in our direction. I raised my arm and flourished it wildly, hoarsely calling to Angus to do the same. He snatched off his hat, which still adhered to his head, and waved it violently. The soldier continued looking our way, growing plainer to the view even as he did so, then apparently noticing our gestures and interpreting them into signals, he drew rein, and brought his horse to a standstill.

Now that he had stopped, we swept down upon him like a whirlwind. As we approached we alternately shouted and pointed behind us, but he apparently made nothing of these signs - as indeed, what suspicion should he have of the real motive of our heading flight towards him? Suddenly, however, he rose nearly erect in his saddle, and I saw him hastily release his lance from the sling which confined it to his arm, and lower the long glittering weapon down to the trail.

I then knew that he had caught sight of the lion, and remember amidst all the hurry and tumult of my thoughts at that moment admiring the prompt presence of mind of the fellow, staggered as he must have been by the unexpected apparition of our wild and fierce pursuer.

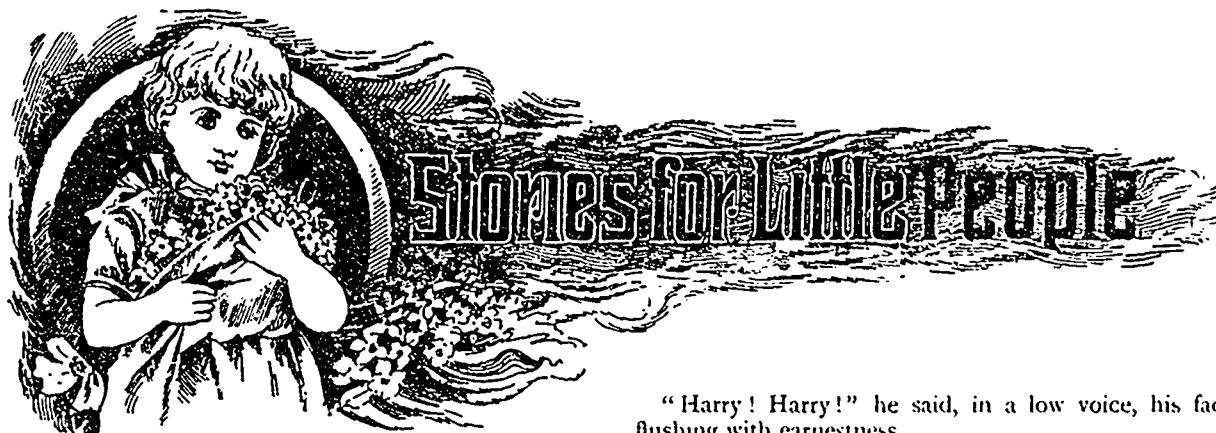
Then what followed took place, as it seemed to me, all in a breath. Ourselves, panting like a hare in its final spurt, and our horses reeking and spent, we darted past the soldier, crouching with his spear pointed low, and came to a standstill, wheeling round to see what would now happen. The trooper's horse reared up on its hind legs till it seemed as though the man must slide from off the saddle.

In a flash the lion was upon the creature, leaping upwards at its throat at the very moment that the soldier, like St. George slaying the dragon, plunged his lance with all his might into the quivering yellow body of the beast. The creature gave a loud deep roar, and a moment after the trio of man, horse, and lion rolled over into the dust with a dull dead thud. Captain Angus vaulted clean out of his saddle, and in an instant gained the side of the struggling group.

The lion was doubtless badly wounded, but it was tearing the shoulders of the horse cruelly with its claws, and the soldier, who lay pinned to the ground by the weight of the animal's carcase, was in danger of being mutilated by the ferocious brute.

The pole of the lance stuck out from its side, buried high as its pennon in the flesh. With the rapidity of thought my companion seized this, and withdrew it, the lion giving a prodigious howl of pain as he did so. Then stepping back a few paces, and gripping the spear with both hands, the captain poised it for an instant, and rushed full tilt at the prostrate creature, plunging the gore-stained head of the lance with such force that I looked to see the barbed point appear on the other side.

The lion sprang into the air, doubling itself nearly up in the rigour that ran through its frame, then fell with a flop upon the sand, tumbling over on its side with the lance sticking up straight into the air, as though it pinned it to the earth. A few silent struggles convulsed its form, and then it stiffened out, with its jaws distended, its eyes lolling out, its tail rigid as a spike - dead as a nail!



PERIL AND DELIVERANCE.

"I HATE old Waugh! I hate everybody and everything, and life itself into the bargain!" was Harry Fairley's by no means wis- speech, as he bounded out at the great school doors, down the steps, and into the midst of some half-dozen of his schoolfellows who awaited him.

"Whew! you old croaker! we know better than that," spoke one named Wells; while another waggish little fellow, called Daldy, drew near with the remark, "Listen, Fairley:

'Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but a hateful dream,
For the soul is dead that grumbles,
And things are not what they seem.

'Life is real, life——'

"Shut up, Daldy!" cried one of the merry crew, putting his hand over the other's mouth, "and let's come at the root of the matter, not stay mooning here all the afternoon."

"I didn't want you to moon here for me," said Fairley, ungraciously.

"Don't excite yourself, my dear sir: your nerves are unstrung with long study and confinement. Come and sit with us, Fairley; that's what we've been waiting here for, to get you

'Sailing on life's solemn main;
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Sailing may take heart again.'

"Will you shut up?" asked Fairley, playfully taking him by the jacket and giving him a shake.

"Will you go for a sail? To be or not to be? that's the question," queried the other, freeing himself.

"Yes, I'll go."

"Let us then be up and doing
With——"

But the quotation of the merry fellow was cut short by their all laying violent hands on him, and away they went, a rollicking party, down to the shore. The sea was glorious, many-coloured, radiant, and changeful as the thoughts of the lads themselves. Now it beckoned, now it called; now frolicsome little waves ran races with one another, and now they seemed to hold out shining fingers, tipped with emerald, amber, and gold. Once out of sight of the school, Harry, for the first time, perceived that a little fellow of nine, with dark curling hair and wistful eyes, was following him. This was his brother. The child laid his hand on the other's arm.

"Harry! Harry!" he said, in a low voice, his face flushing with earnestness.

"Well, Archie, what is it?" The boy spoke half petulantly.

"Do you know what mamma said in her last letter?"

"No; what about?" Perhaps he knew what, for he coloured in turn.

"About—about—I'll tell you by-and-by," was the faltering reply.

"Very well; now run along." But the child trotted by his side till they were at the starting place. There was Dan, their favourite boatman, free to take them whither they listed.

"Here we are, Dan, ready for a trip! Be quick now; time is on the wing." Thus admonished, the old man soon had his boat ready. The six elder lads leaped in, Archie looking on wistfully the while.

"Take me, Harry," he pleaded, as they were about to shove off without him.

"No, we don't take such sprats as you," cried Harry.

"There isn't room," acquiesced Wells.

"I wouldn't take up much room, I wouldn't indeed; and I'm not heavy," urged the child.

"Here, let him go in my place," said good-natured Daldy, standing up.

"No; sit down, Daldy. He must learn not to spoil other folk's pleasures," dissented Harry. "Go, for a walk with Bigwood and Clare, Archie."

So Archie pleaded no more, but, after watching them glide away on the sunlit waters, strolled along the shore in the direction the boat was taking.

They were bound for some famous ruins, lying at some distance along the coast. The ruins made a beautiful picture on that fair autumn afternoon, flooded with the mellow light, which seemed to soften all that was rugged and unsightly. How the boys enjoyed this half-holiday trip. But Harry only made pretence of enjoying. He was ill at ease; everything had gone wrong with him at school for some time past. He had fallen into idle ways, and was in bad repute with the masters, and much that was lovely and generous was dying out of his character. What would his father and mother in India say if they knew only the half? Poor little Archie! whom his pale trembling mother had given into his care to love and cherish. Had he done this? Had he guarded him from evil? No, no. The thought troubled him greatly; even this afternoon he had denied the child an innocent pleasure. He wished he had given up his place in the boat to him. He wished, he wished surely a good angel was whispering to the lad!

He stole away from the rest and crept into a cave, a marvel of beauty and a geological wonder at low water, but where the waves rioted at will when the tide was in. He threw himself down and wept over his misery, nobody missing him, and, as others have done before, fell asleep, heavy with sorrow.

It was time to be away; the boys shouted, the boys

hurried and fussed; Dan was at his post; they were all scrambling into their places when Fairley was missed.

"Fairley! Fairley!" The old echoes among the rocks took up the name, and bore it hither and thither; but no Fairley answered, no Fairley came upon the scene.

"He must have gone home; he was glum as glum!" asserted one.

"We shall be late," cried another.

Dan screwed up his mouth and looked this way and that; the slanting sunbeams, stealing rosy red across the sea; warned them that they themselves were going home, and that they would do well to follow their example; and so they did, leaving Harry sleeping in the cave. And as the sun went down the wind arose not all at once boisterous, but in sudden gusts, which swept past and died away, leaving the waves angry and resentful. And slow and sure came in the flowing tide, with its sullen stamp, stamp on the beach. On, on it came till it beat and thundered at the entrance of the cave itself, and then Harry awoke.

A nightmare, a great desolation, a horror was upon him. He saw his danger—that death, death, without any power of escape on his part, was staring him in the face. Death, when life was all before him—life, which only this afternoon he had said he hated. His hair stood on end. The wind roared and shrieked; now wild voices seemed to be shouting, "You said you hated life, and now death is come!" How the darkness was stealing on; and oh, those pitiless waters! What cared they for a boy's life or a boy's death? Nothing. He tried to pray, but the words would not come. He could only wring his hands and look upward. Ah! now the waves were upon him; now they lifted him to the entrance. Oh, joy, joy! there came the splash of oars: a dark something was gliding close; then a child's voice, full of terror, but still thrilling with love, cried, "Harry! Harry! are you there?"

It was Archie, dear little Archie. Saved! Saved! He took his seat in the boat. He did not question the child how he had managed to come; he only wrung the hot little hand which helped him in, and took the oar waiting for him. How they rowed, how the waves clamoured, how the wind blew, how the shadows fell and deepened! Little Archie's face grew pale and his eyes wistful.

"Archie, boy, are you afraid?" asked Harry, bending down his head, so that he could hear him above the roar of the winds and waves.

"Just a little; but God will take care of us, won't He?"

A great wave came rolling on: their boat rocked like a shell.

"Oh, Harry!" cried the child.

"Courage, Archie!" shouted Harry. And now another wave and another swept them hither and thither, as if in mockery at the frailty of their bark.

"God will take care of us," cried Archie, his young face pale as a ghost's. "And perhaps mamma is asking Him to do so."

Mamma! How the hearts of both boys yearned as they thought of her and their father; and what hard things conscience was whispering to Harry!

"Harry, do you know what I meant this afternoon when you were going sailing?" asked the younger boy.

"Yes, Archie; I knew then."

"You will give it up for mamma's sake?" pleaded the child. Harry groaned, but the winds and waters did not heed or care.

"Oh, Harry!" Archie almost shrieked, "the water is coming into the boat!"

"Yes, Archie, I know," replied the other, with terrible calmness; "we must bale it out if we can."

They stopped rowing, and began to bale out the water with their hats.

"Harry, if we can't keep it out we shall sink," said little Archie, as the water did not decrease.

"Yes, we shall sink!" Poor Harry! he put his arm round his shivering brother. The little fellow clung to him. "Harry, shall we pray?" he asked, in his terror. Pray! Life, precious life, seemed going—life which he had spoilt while he had it, which only this afternoon he had declared he hated. And now the boat was filling fast; no use baling, no use doing anything. He drew his little brother closer to his heart. One swift thought of school and school associates, one lightning glance at India and her who might be even then praying for them; a pitiful, wordless prayer went up towards the sullen sky; and then God had heard them—some sort of vessel was by them, rough voices hailed them, rough kindly hands rescued them; they were on board a vessel laden with coals, which would take them into port a little way down the coast. Oh, children! what a song of praise went up from the hearts of the brothers! Then little Archie told Harry how it happened that he came to the rescue. He had watched among the rocks for the return of the boat all the afternoon; and when the boat shot past and the other lads shouted that Harry had walked home, he felt certain that he had not, or he should have seen him. Something whispered to him that he was in the cave, knowing how many times they had gone there together to admire its beauties and to watch the rosy sunbeams on the sea from its entrance. And if there, the tide was fast shutting him in. As the conviction flashed upon him he knew there was no time to run for help, the boat was in the distance gliding away over the darkening waters. Hard by was a fisherman's cottage, and a crazy old boat moored near—how frail he did not know; there was no time for thought. He loosed it and rowed away, brave little brother as he was. It was hard work for him, but he did it and saved Harry's life. How the two clung to each other after this! how precious they were the one to the other! And oh! how Harry ever after strove to make his school life a noble striving after all pure, lovely, and manly virtues, by the remembrance of that hour of peril and deliverance on the sea.

♦♦♦

When the potato bugs first began to ravage the Eastern fields, a good many years ago, a farmer had a promising potato patch, and his next neighbour also had one, the two fields adjoining, with a fence between them. He rose very early in the morning and went at his field, and was out of it by the time his neighbour got up. The neighbour worked very industriously clearing his vines of the beetles, which he stripped off into a tin pail, and then put them into a fire which he had built near by; but he seemed to make no impression upon the pestilent insects. One day the farmer passed by as the neighbour was thus busily engaged, and saw him putting a pailful of the potato beetles upon the fire. The philosopher looked very much pained.

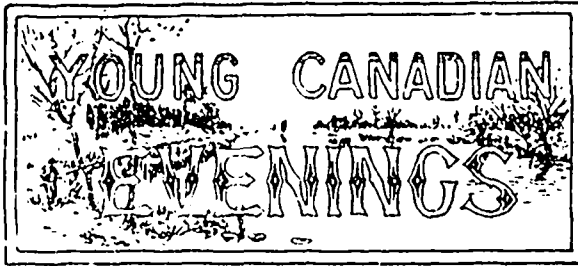
"My friend," said he, "I wonder how you can be so cruel as to burn those insects."

"Have to do something with them," said the neighbour. "I see your vines look pretty clear; what do you do with yours?"

"Oh," said he, "I gather them off carefully into a basket, and then, as gently as I can, throw them over the fence into your field!"

♦♦♦

"I owe my first success in life to my good handwriting." *Benjamin Franklin.*



YOUNG CANADIAN TANGLES.

Tangle Prize for September, "IDUNA," a book of beautiful stories. Competition commences Tangle No. 42 in this number, and closes October 14th, with answer to Tangle No. 57, the last given for September. Competitions must be sent in weekly, and must be mailed before the answers appear.

ED. TANGLES.

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 36.—CHARADES.

1.
Mat—rye—mony—(Matrimony).

2.
Ice-land.

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 37.

HIGGLEDY FIGGLEDY PROVERBS

1. Wisdom is happiness.
2. Avarice makes us blind.
3. The last thing that is lost is hope.
4. As you sow so shall you reap.
5. A little pot is soon hot.

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 38 —DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

V	—	icto	—	R
A	—	ipl	—	E
N	—	assa	—	U
D	—	au	—	B
Y	—	ok	—	E
K	—	ee	—	N
E	—	xces	—	S
Vandyke	—		—	Reubens.

TANGLE No. 42. HIGGLEDY FIGGLEDY PROVERBS.

1. a. ddd eeeeee. f iiii k. ll. nnnnn. o rrr. s t. v. w.
2. a. a. b. dd. ccc. hh. iiii. k. ll. nn. oo. p. rrr. sss. t. v. w.
3. aaa. ddd. gggg. hh. l. nnnnn. oo. p. s. y.

TANGLE No. 43 — NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

- My whole is a city in Turkey.
- My 12, 2, 5.—a vessel to hold liquids or meat.
- My 5, 14, 10, 8, 6, 8, 9, 27.—trial.
- My 1, 11, 12, 14.—a priest's cloak.
- My 5, 14, 9, 3, 8.—colour.
- My 1, 9, 12.—a small draught.
- My 13, 6, 10, 14.—a narrow street.

- My whole is an island in the Pacific Ocean.
- My 7, 2, 3.—a conveyance.
- My 9, 2, 4, 8.—generation.
- My 5, 1, 8, 9.—across.
- My 4, 5, 6, 9.—French for part of the body.

TANGLE No. 44. —CHARADES.

1.
My first was waiting at the door
To take my second out,
When, suddenly, my second
Began to cry and pout,
And what, think you, provoked her tears?
In running she had stumbled,
And having let go nurse's hand,
Upon my total stumbled.

(Answers in No. 34.)



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.

OLD BACHELOR.—We encourage our young people to keep pets, because the habit brings them interesting and instructive occupation. Even if it be a little costly, the happiness a boy derives from it is reward enough. I might go farther and say that some older people might do worse than find a solace in woe, and a relief in care, from the affection returned by a well-attended pet.

BENJAMIN R.—Whatever trade you do adopt, my best advice to you is to learn it thoroughly. Give your whole mind to it, and you are sure to get on. There is always a lively demand for skilled workmen everywhere. It is the non-descript clerks, etc., that find themselves left out of the procession.

ROBT. TURNER.—In training your dog to do tricks, the lessons should be frequent and not too long at a time. I believe also that he will do better within the morning hours than in the evening.

SUSIE B.—In going off for a short holiday from school teaching or study, it is a great mistake to go in violently for all sorts of exercise to which you have not been accustomed. Many students like yourself come home from such a holiday dragged to death, and they wonder why.

MARY FAN.—It is injurious to the eyes to study at night. If you cannot avoid it, you may relieve the situation by using a lamp well shaded. Set the lamp at your back, or side, and have the light fall on your book, without falling on the eyes.

FANNY MUIR.—The only advice I have to give you in choosing a short and inexpensive holiday, is to remind you that long journeys are not necessary. They are fatiguing and costly. Pure air, quiet, a bit of water, a few trees, some green grass, with country fare, would make a holiday for a princess. Lots of princesses cannot have them.

DOLLY W.—Rub your warts with a bean leaf until they are green, and after a few doses they will disappear.

TOM BRISTOL.—Soda-water, such as is usually sold, was at one time made with soda, but at the present day it consists of a mixture of carbonic acid water flavored with various kinds of sirup. Consequently special apparatus, such as pumps, cylinders, etc., will be required to make it at home. A glass of plain soda, to which flavoring might be added, is made by placing in one tumbler 30 grains of carbonate of soda, and in the other 25 grains of tartaric or citric acid. Pour an equal quantity of water on each and mix; the result will be an effervescent drink, which, flavored with lemon, lime juice, or other fruit extract, is very delicious.

LILY WHITE.—If you wish to make your hands white and delicate you might wash them in hot milk and water for a day or two. The hands should be kept scrupulously clean, not merely rinsed in soap and water, but thoroughly lathered and scrubbed with a soft nail brush.

SOPHIE MARTIN.—To remove dandruff spend at least ten minutes every day brushing your hair, and wash it occasionally in a wash made from one ounce of borax and a small piece of camphor dissolved in a quart of boiling water; the hair must afterward be washed in warm water. Consult your family physician before using any hair restorers.

HARRY WILSON.—A post card receives the same attention from the Post Bag as a letter.

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	100.00	100.00

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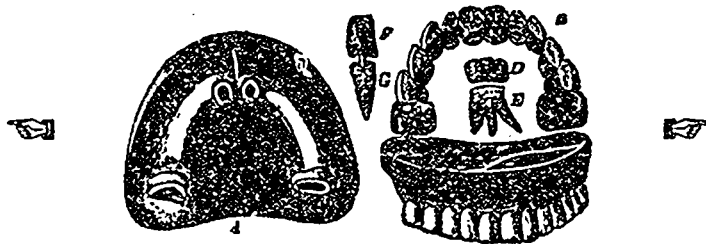
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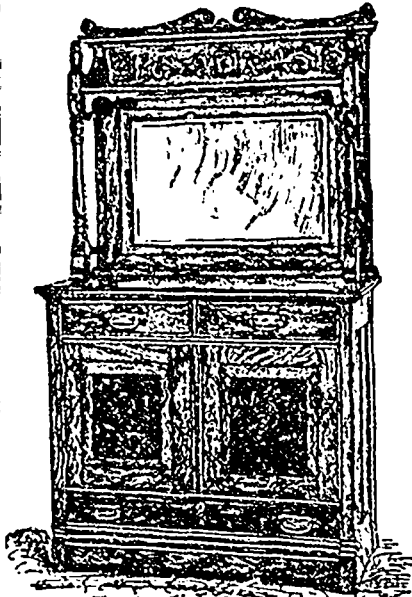
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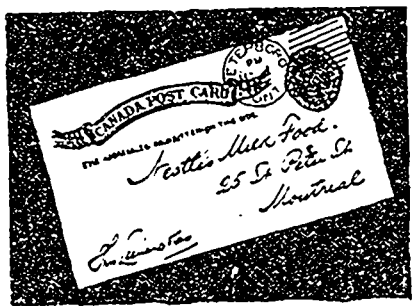
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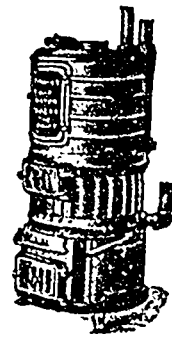
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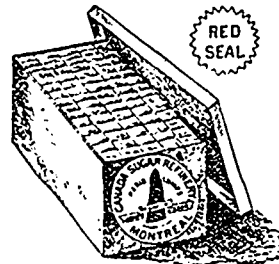
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