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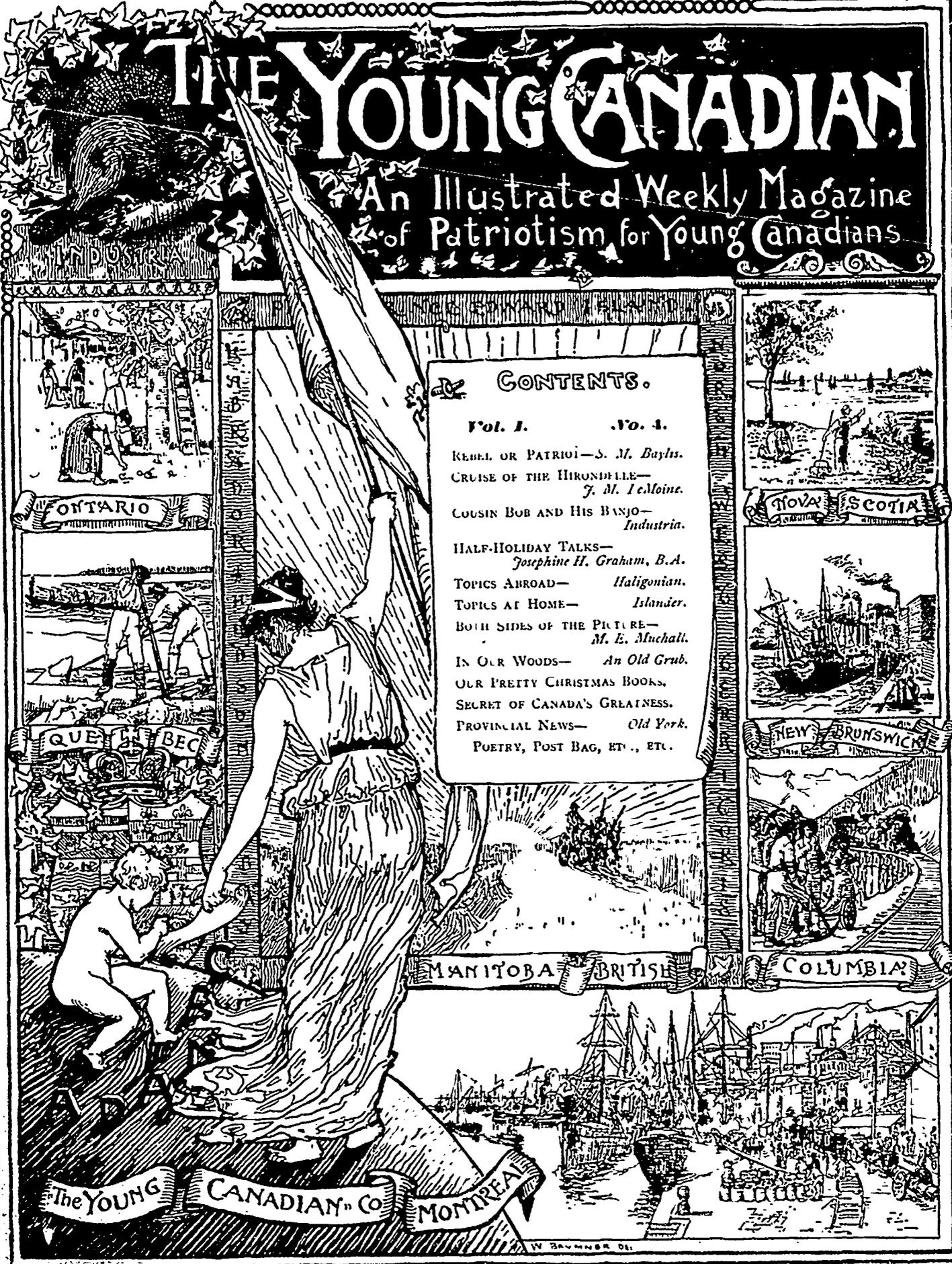
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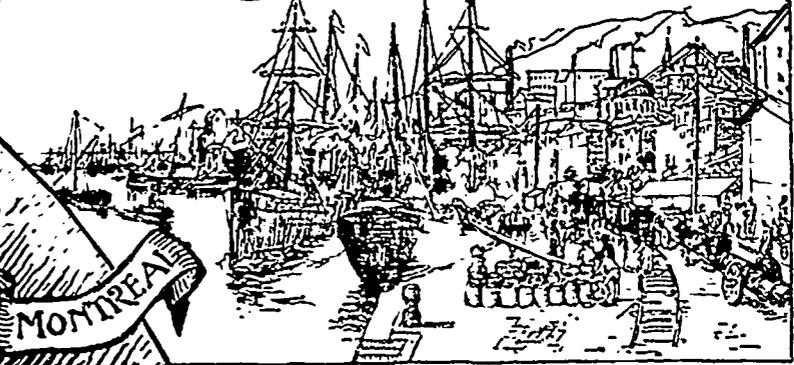
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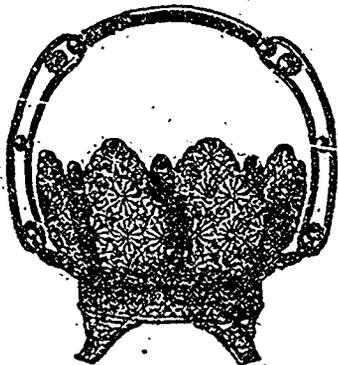
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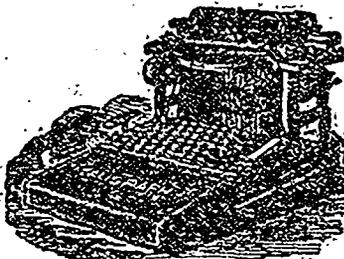
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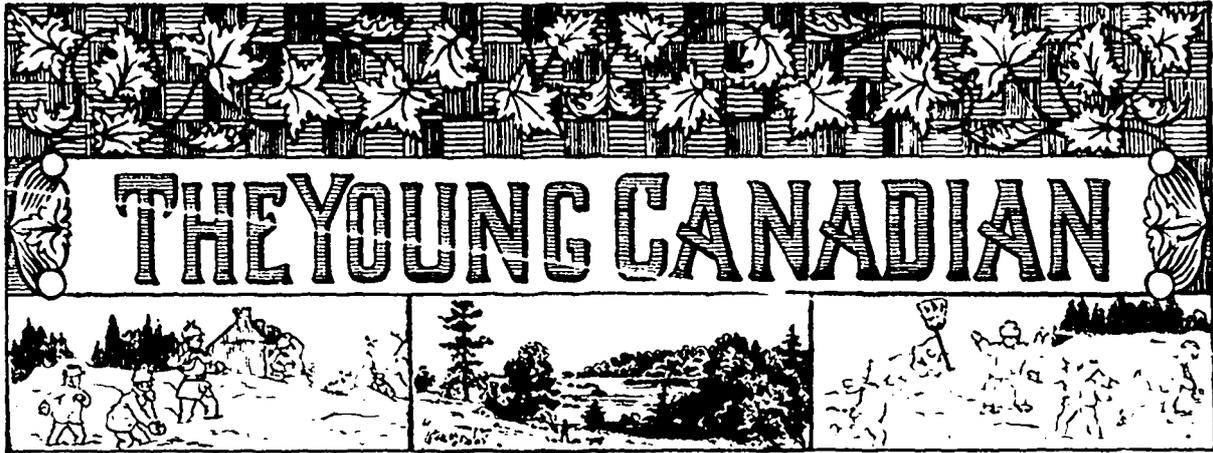
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REBEL OR PATRIOT.

"I have read, some where or other, that History is Philosophy teaching by example" BOLINGBROKE

BY S. M. HAYLIS.



AS it then come to this? Are a people's aspirations to be laughed at as the vapourings of a morbid imagination, their just demands spurned with contempt, and their dearest rights trampled under the heavy heel of a brutal alien, who, by the fate of conquest, now

rules in this land of our love, and seems to think that the Treaty of Cession gave him the souls of a people to despoil as he did their land and goods! The veriest cur that scuttles along the alleys of the city will turn to bay in desperation if cornered by his pursuer, and shall not we, in whose veins flows the best blood of France, rise in the strength of a righteous cause and avenge the studied insults heaped upon us? We would live in peace, forget the mistaken past, and, hand-in-hand with him, strive together to work out the new destiny that God has in store for our beloved Country. He will none of us or our ideas, his haughty notion of going hand-in-hand with the "besotted *habitants*," as he contemptuously calls us is thus" and the speaker, with a quick, fierce motion, grasped his left wrist with his right hand, the intensity of his emotion being shown in the marks of his fingers thereon imprinted as he flung his hands apart in an expressive gesture of protest and despair.

"What does it then mean" he continued, "when the voice of a people through their elected representatives is stifled, and their complaints ignored?"

'War, war, my noble father'
Thus I fling it;
And fair-eyed peace, farewell!

"But they tell us we are not prepared for this, point to the garrisons of British soldiers ready at a moment's notice to sally forth and crush the first attempt at sedition in the blood of our deluded dupes, who shall be shot down in the field, or reserved for the traitor's death on the gibbet. What of it! 'It is the cause and not the death that makes the martyr,' and were the dangers a thousand times as great,

'My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a free-born people long debate
Which of the two to choose—slavery or death!'"

Strange words these, surely treasonable, and, one would think, hardly suited to the time of the first year of Her Gracious Majesty's reign, or proper to the speech of a loyal subject in Her growing Canadian colony. However *we* may judge of them, there was no mistaking the meaning of them to the speaker, or interpreting the fiery ejaculations and impassioned gestures as other than the outward signs of a noble spirit stirred to its profoundest depths.

The time was towards the evening of the 24th of November, 1837. A dull, leaden sky threatening snow: the hard frozen ground and fast forming ice; the ungainly limbs and branches of the trees rising gaunt and bare, save for the few shrivelled leaves that still clung to their stems in spite of the whistling winds that had dispersed their scattered companions, all betokened a typical day of early Canadian winter. The scene was the valley of the Richelieu River, truthfully described as the "Garden of Canada." In the verdant beauty of its summer dress, or the golden richness of its ripening fields of grain, it would seem as if the appellation was fitly bestowed, but in its preparation for a long winter

sleep, the blue waters of the Richelieu hiding beneath a fast-forming icy covering, and the signs of tumult and disturbance in the very air, desolation seemed to claim it for its own.

Here it was at a spot about midway between the little villages of Chambly, at the head of navigation, and Sorel, at the mouth of the river where it opens into the St. Lawrence, that the leaders of the "*Patriotes*," as they were called, had gathered what number they could muster of the *habitants* of the district and persuaded them—ill-equipped as they were—to make a stand and offer armed resistance to the authorities. It is not our purpose here to discuss the political questions that disturbed the country at the time, suffice it to say that the French party did suffer under substantial grievances, which, however, the more thoughtful of their leaders did not despair of overcoming by constitutional means, and strongly discountenanced the more hot-headed in their wild appeals to the last resort of the oppressed. A skirmish had already taken place at St. Denis a few miles below, the day before our story opens, and the forces under Col. Gore were compelled to retire temporarily on their base at Sorel. Encouraged by what appeared to be the victory of their cause, the people of the neighboring village of St. Charles were being aroused to a more determined attitude, and now awaited what might follow such an—probably on both sides—unexpected opening of the campaign. Such in brief was the situation; and now let us take a look at him of the fiery and eloquent tongue discovered in the opening sentences recorded above.

Raoul de Bienville, the son of the *seigneur* of the district, was now in his twenty-first year. He had been sent, as was, and still is, the custom with the wealthier country folk, while very young, to the classical College of Montreal, and having completed the eight years' course, was entered to study law in the office of one of the best known French practitioners. Quickly falling in with the custom of his young compatriots, he joined a political club, and, being specially gifted among men all born orators, was soon in demand on occasions of elections and meetings, where his eloquent speech was noticed by the leaders of his party, and he was marked as a rising young man. The ardent, emotional, and

passionate characteristics of his race being intensified in his nature, he was soon drawn into the advanced rank of the *Patriote* cause, and on the first mutterings of revolt he, disregarding the wiser counsels of his friends in the city, hurried off to his native county to wait developments.

See him now as he paces excitedly up and down the stretch of road before his father's house in the gathering twilight!

The house stands a little back from the road and overlooking the river; a prominent object; a veritable *enfant-du-sol*; the creation of a past century; a long, low building with a frontage of perhaps eighty feet, its massive four square stone walls, three feet thick, pierced by four many-paned French windows on each side of a wide centre door with its columned portico. Rising above the single storey on the ground floor, stretches the high-pointed, shingled roof, with its double row of little dormer windows, flanked by the solid chimney which forms the apex of each gable end wall. A row of tall Normandy poplars is planted just inside the low paling fence. In one corner of the house lot stands the familiar well frame, with its long, overhanging sweep, and solid iron bound well bucket attached. In the other, surrounded by a low railing, rises a tall wooden cross with its little glass front shrine inserted at the junction of the arms, and, radiating from this centre in the form of a star, are seen the spear, the reed, and other emblems of the Crucifixion; above these a wooden tablet bearing the inscription INRI; the whole surmounted by the Cock, and, in more peaceful times, an object of devotion to the passing *habitant*.

Who would know the natty law student from the city in his strange dress—half uniform, half that of the ordinary farmer of the district—adopted by the insurgents as a patriotic badge? On his head was the well-known faded blue *tuque* of the farmer which, though now pulled down over his ears to protect them from the cold, did not conceal his handsome, clear-cut features and glossy black hair worn long and flowing. His dark eyes flashed out in his excitement from their setting in the rich olive of his face, which was devoid of hair, save for the long, dark and gracefully curving eyebrows. His coat, cut after the fashion of the time, was made of



A LITTLE BACK FROM THE ROAD AND OVERLOOKING THE RIVER.

the grey *étouffé-du-pays*, short in the waist, long in the skirts, wide in the cuffs, and finished off with a low cut, deep collar and wide rolling lapels. Around his waist were bound the folds of a sash, of the kind known to this day as *ceinture stéché*, and probably handed down to him as a precious heir-loom through several generations. His breeches, of the same material as his coat, were thrust into the legs of a pair of the ordinary red leather beef moccasins of the country, which are still the usual foot wear of the French Canadian farmer, and whose easy fit is now appreciated by the city sportsman in his excursions.

Again those fiercely muttered exclamations; the upturned frozen earth in the wheel ruts crunching beneath his moccasins as he rapidly paces his beat, with head bent, and hands tightly clasped behind his back :



"WAR, WAR, MY NOBLE FATHER!"

"It must be! we must fight it out and see it to the bitter end if need be! But *she*, my fair English lily, what will *she* say when I tell her of my hopes, both as regards herself and my unhappy country? Will she listen to me, or laugh at me, or, worst of all, treat me with the cold indifference her people show ever to us? Is it a wild fancy, this dream of mine, that two young hearts should join together and strive in bonds of love to symbolize the peaceful union of two divergent interests? Or is this new born love but another burden laid upon my soul to try it as by a heavenly fire? I cannot, I will not give her up, for *I love her! I love her!* God help me if I am wrong in doing so, but to-night decides my fate. She promised to meet me here and"—

"Ah! Mademoiselle Evelyn—Miss Gordon I should say," this with a courtly bow of easy, natural gracefulness, "you startled me!"

"You said you had something important to tell me, Monsieur de Bienville, and I came to hear it, though why you could not say it in the library by a comfortable fire, instead of bringing me out here at the risk to my bodily self of a cold in the head, and to my sensitive spirit of a lecture from your stately mother on the proper behaviour of a young lady, I can't for the life of me see. But forgive me, you seem worried and anxious about something—and this dress—what does it mean? Believe me, if I can be of any service to you—any advice"—

"Advice! No mademoiselle, unfortunately my friends have lately been giving me an overdose of that and I want no more from you—fool! is this the way to win a lady's favor—pardon my boorish speech, Miss Gordon, but I am troubled and spoke hastily, I want a kind

word more than I do advice, even of the best. Listen: You cannot but have seen that important events have been impending and that our down-trodden people have at last aroused themselves to a final appeal to arms. You have heard the glorious news from St. Denis how Providence has guided our efforts and given us a great victory. Here in my old home the people are burning to join in the holy cause, and rightly look to their *seigneur* to show them an example. I do so! this dress is my pledge! I am one of the *Patriotes*, sworn to do, and, if need be, die, in the sacred name of Freedom!"

"Oh Monsieur Raoul!" she burst out, and, at the more friendly form of address he started in surprise, "think, I implore you, of what you are doing; even if your cause were ever so just, what chance have you of making any stand against the might of England's power, which will surely be brought in full force to crush any puny attempts your ill-disciplined *habitants*

can make to overcome the government? Don't take my poor, and, as you may possibly say, biased judgment, but listen to the advice of your wiser leaders; or your beloved curé, Father Phillippe, he will tell you"—

But with an impatient gesture he interrupted her excitedly:—

"Oh! talk me no curés, false shepherds who sell the sheep they should carefully tend! as for our leaders, the noblest of them believe as I do, for the rest, time-servers and place-hunters—Bah!"

Without heeding his interruption she continued:

"As for the temporary check offered to Col. Gore's expedition yesterday, think you it means anything, or will have any greater effect than to further exasperate the soldiers, already maddened by the foul murder of poor Lieut. Weir by some of your 'brave patriots,' into whose hands he had been thrown by fate a defenceless prisoner?"

"Oh! Mademoiselle, no one regrets that sad event more than I and others in command, who, if we had been there would certainly have prevented it. Would you have a cause responsible for the blunders of each of its ignorant adherents?"

Ignoring his question she continued: "Do you not know that Col. Wetherall is marching from Chambly, and that it is the purpose of the commander-in-chief to effect a junction of the two columns which will probably be done at about this very spot, and by to-morrow morning at the latest? What can you do? Where will your poor 'army,' with its scythes and wooden cannon, be then?—Crushed like that"—and, suiting the action to the word, she grasped a handful of the dried leaves by the roadside and ground them to powder in her hand.

"Miss Gordon! you belong to a race whose devotion to duty is their proudest boast. Death has no terrors to them when duty calls. I too, no less, can claim descent from those to whom honor was as the breath of life. Honor and Duty both point in one direction. I am pledged. I go. And then, Mademoiselle, there is another matter; we may, as you say, 'be crushed' to-morrow, and I have something to tell you"—

"Go on," she said quietly, as he seemed to hesitate.

And then as if determined to risk all on one desperate chance, he plunged blindly into the matter affecting him so nearly:

"Mademoiselle! Evelyn! what I have to say may seem strange and ill-timed, and, on such short acquaintance, almost impertinent, but I have fondly dreamed that your heart would anticipate my faltering tongue and plead for me." Then dropping to one knee he seized her hand exclaiming: "See! as a vassal to his queen I salute thee and proffer my devotion! say that you love me! that should I live through the fight to-morrow, and when peace returns to my unhappy country, you will some day be my wife! Say this and give me another motive to nerve my arm!" and kissing her hand he waited breathlessly for her answer.

Withdrawing her hand she stammered:

"Oh! Monsieur de Bienville, this is very sudden—you do me honor—but my people in Montreal, my presence here as your mother's guest:—You forget, too, that my father holds Her Majesty's commission, and I am one of Her loyal subjects, while you are—a rebel. See! here is some one coming, and you do not look very dignified kneeling there in the mud."

"What! you laugh at me, you spurn my honest love! Fool that I was to think the poor *Canadien* should aspire to the hand of a daughter of the proud English officer, or to dream that love could leap over the barrier of race, and that in affairs of the heart mere opinions had no weight! Hearts! why do I talk of such things to you? You English cannot know the passion that burns in our

breasts. You are cold, haughty, indifferent; you have no heart."

She staggered at this outburst as if he had struck her, then, looking straight at him, she said quietly:

"Yes Raoul, you are right, I have no heart, I lost it some time ago, have you found it?"

At this, a revulsion of feeling seemed to sweep him away, and he flung out his arms as if to clasp her to his breast, but she waved him off.

"Oh! my darling," he cried, "forgive my cruel words, forget all I have said except that I *love you!* I *love you!* Only love me in return, say you will be mine, and this night we will fly across the lines to the Land of Freedom, and together begin a new life, away from these scenes of trouble and heartbreak that keep us asunder."

"Raoul de Bienville, would you have me marry a coward? I would that you could choose the path your friends point out to you, but you refuse. You say your duty calls you in the other direction. Is it for me to remind you of it? if so, I say: do your duty, come what may, and I shall do mine, though hearts break in the doing of it."

Nothing was said for a moment till de Bienville, raising his pale face, said huskily:

"I thank you, Miss Gordon, for teaching me that word. Pray forget all except my deep regard and respect for you. We may meet again in happier times, if not, farewell!" and touching his *tuque* in military style he bowed, turned in the direction of the insurgent camp, and was soon out of sight.

Evelyn stood staring after him in a dazed sort of way, her eyes following his figure as it vanished in the gathering night, but her mind vainly trying to realize the situation, until suddenly the despair of it all flashed before her in its bitter intensity, and relief came to her in a flood of fast falling tears.

"Oh what have I done! Gone to his death and I sent him! And yet it could end no other way. Mine is the bitterest lot, as I must live on with the zest of life gone out of it."

The foot steps she had heard echoing on the hard-frozen road came nearer, and presently a mellow voice rang out cheerily:

"What my child, crying! Ah! that rascal François, I must give him a talking to. What has he been saying to cause you such trouble, as if we had not enough on our hands already?"

She turned to look at the speaker and confronted the well-known form of the village curé, Father Phillippe Lebeau. With a start the good curé saw his mistake and hastened to apologize:

"Ah! Mademoiselle, a thousand pardons! I presume I have the honor of addressing the young English lady, the guest of Madame the Seigneure? Yes! I regret the inconvenience caused to Mademoiselle by her involuntary detention here in the midst of all this excitement. Foolish children! they will not be advised, and I trust it may not cost them too dear. But these tears! is it that you fear for your safety? Not so, my child, you are safe with us, and whatever fate may be in store for our poor people at the hands of your compatriots, you will be cared for by both parties. If your trouble is in yourself, and, in the absence of your friends you can confide in an old man to whom the troubled often come, be assured, my child, of his best wishes to assist and advise you."

"Oh! *monsieur le curé*, I thank you with a grateful heart for your kind words, but I fear you cannot help me. Raoul—Monsieur de Bienville—has just informed me of his decision to share the fate of your poor misguided people, and I—his mother, his sisters—what will become of them if harm should come to him?"

"Ah! is it so? Headstrong boy, impulsive, but mistaken, he would not be guided, and now he seeks to drown the poor lamb with him in the impending flood of misfortune! My child, you have my deep sympathy, and you may command me as one of my own flock, and may the good Lord comfort you as I cannot."

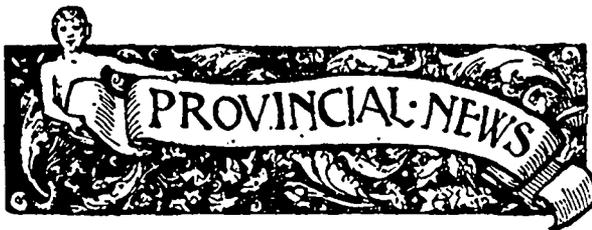
These kind words deeply touched the sorely tried girl, and for a moment she was undecided whether she would not tell the good man everything, and accept the proffered assistance to try and bring back the wanderer. Her native reserve, however, stood her in good stead, and she merely said:

"Thank you, *monsieur le curé*, I thank you from the bottom of my heart. I shall not forget your kindness and may sometime remind you of your promise. In the

meantime, I must be going in as Madame will wonder where I am, and, with your permission, I will wish you good evening." With a grateful look, a pleasant smile, and a bow, she turned, pushed open the little gate, passed on up the walk, and disappeared into the house.

The curé watched her go with a puzzled expression on his benevolent face, now unusually clouded by the weight of care the times had brought to his quiet life, and muttering: "Ah! these boys and girls, what troubles they will bring upon themselves, as if they did not have enough brought to them unsought," he shook his perplexed head and walked slowly off in the direction of the *presbytère* to seek the consolation of the little supper he knew his careful housekeeper had ready for him.

(To be continued.)



ONTARIO.

WHAT should we do without our sugar? It has become to us as necessary as clear crystal water. With all our heat in the scorching months of July and August, our climate is not warm enough to grow sugar cane for ourselves, and so we have to bring it from other countries when we need it. This is a very troublesome and expensive thing. A gentleman who makes sugar out of the cane after it is brought here told me that he sometimes pays as much as \$150,000 of duty on his material at one time.

The Ontario Government has been trying to save all this money to the country, by finding sugar out of other things than the sugar cane. Almost everything that Nature grows for us to eat contains more or less sugar stowed away in it somewhere. You would be surprised if I told you them all. There is a good deal in the beet, the common mangold-murzel, and we can grow any quantity of these in Canada. The government has been making experiments in different parts of the Province as to where it can best be raised and how it should best be attended to. In Ontario beets grow well, as well as in Europe, and the great matter for us is to see that we improve the kind that we plant, that we plant it properly, and that we cultivate it thoroughly after it is planted. Some kinds of beets contain more sugar than others, and the quantity that we can get out of the same kind depends upon the care we bestow upon it. In that the beet is like everything else. It is the old story of the talents. The more we court nature, the more she does for us in return. She is fond of being coaxed and caressed. So soon as we take pains to find out her laws, which are intended for our good, just then she is on our side. So I hope the Government of Ontario, and our farmers all over the Dominion will give their very best thought to the laws of nature about beets, to have that

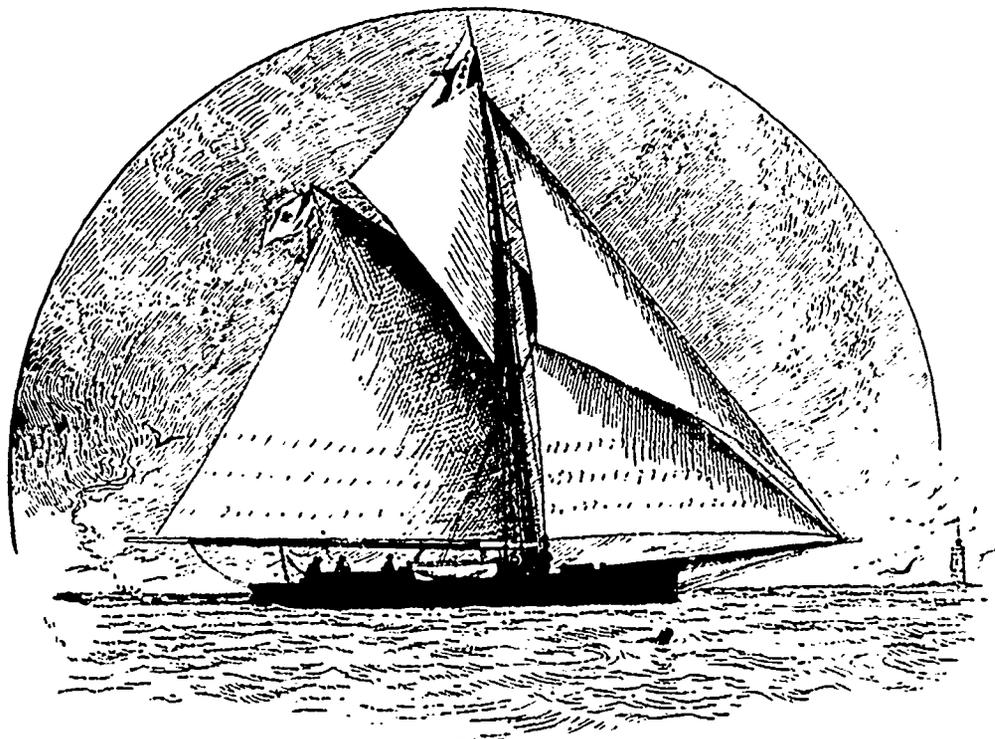
wonderfully powerful little lady working with us in summer and in winter, by day and by night.

The sugar that we have so far procured from the beet is not so sweet as that from the cane. That is we do not get as much sweetening power from the beet. But the cultivation and the processes are improving so that it is impossible to say how soon we may not have just as nice sugar from the one as from the other. At present the beets are washed and broken up by machinery. The pulp is then put into bags, and the juice is pressed out by heavy weights. This is taken and purified with chemicals, and filtered again and again until there is no sediment. Then it is put into huge vats and boiled down until it comes out a dark brown syrup. In this syrup there is a great deal more than sugar stowed away, and the chemist steps in to separate the one from the other, by several interesting processes.

Since I am writing from our great Province of Ontario I must tell you of a tremendous piece of good luck we have had, so tremendous and so important that it should be told you under the Dominion rather than under the Provincial news, for every Province is likely to reap a share of the rich harvest in store for us. Every boy knows what a *nickel-plated* door handle, or coffee-pot is; that it is hard as iron, takes a polish like silver, can be beaten and moulded into any shape, and does not rust with dampness. Every day more and more articles are being made of it, until nickel has now become perhaps the most urgently useful metal we possess. The good luck I refer to is that in Ontario we have received from the same kind Dame Nature a supply of this nickel in mines, in quantities greater than in all other countries of the world put together. Suppose the quantity in the whole world to be one dollar's worth; of that we possess ninety cents. We can scarcely believe it. It almost turns our heads to think of it,—a perfect fairyland of wealth,—an almost unlimited and inexhaustible supply of the metal that the world is most pressingly in need of.

Meantime our financial men are busy planning how best to work the mines, how best to make good use of Nature. Most of us who know little would say "Why; dig up the nickel, of course, put up a factory at the pit and go ahead." But you would be surprised to know the list of questions to be considered. There is the cost of the factory; the risk in the venture; the freight from the factory to the purchaser; and a dozen more. But you may be sure we shall do our best.

OLD YORK. . .



THE CRUISE OF THE YACHT "HIRONDELLE" IN 1890.

SUNNY MEMORIES OF MY YOUTH.

A DETACHED CHAPTER OF A COMING BOOK.

BY J. M. LEMOINE, F.R.S.C., QUEBEC.

Basin of St. Thomas, 9th Sept., 1890.

"Well done, Carleton, you have admirably hit the tortuous, intricate channel of St. Thomas; your fifty years' experience with its currents and shoals has indeed done you good service. Put out your kedge and we will saunter ashore to the village, and see the sights," thus held forth the commander of the "Hirondelle."

"I say, Mr. Oldbuck, tell us what St. Thomas was like in the days of your youth, when, during the 'rising' of 1837, its *patrotes* were thinking of waging war against the fleets of Britain and the veterans of Waterloo, with wooden cannon—rusty old fire-locks and butchers' knives attached to them in lieu of bayonets, resolved on ruining her

colonial export trade in broad cloth and foreign spirits, by wearing *étouffe du pays* coats and pants, beef moccasins, and drinking small beer only. Could you not, for our edification, describe some of the doings of your early days at the village school, or possibly one of the memorable *grandes chasses d'automne* of Jacques Oliva, the Baron?"

To this touching appeal, J. O. replied:—

"You have, indeed, struck a tender chord in my whole being. How could I forget the ten blissful years of my youth, spent in this sunny spot?—then a mere village—now a thriving shire-town, blessed with a district judge, a court house, and that indispensable adjunct of civilization—a district lock-up. 'Tis now the growing need

town of Montmagny, 'twas then the pastoral parish of St. Thomas; imagination can yet lend it, through the enchanting prism of years, its rosiest tints. 'Twas, in verity, a hotbed of political agitation in 1837-8, though my Scotch grandparent, inaccessible to surrounding disaffection, never swerved an inch from his allegiance to his sovereign. Not even the fierce, gushing speeches of his esteemed friend and trusted medical adviser, Dr. E. P. Taché, the village Esculapius and moving spirit of the place, could prevail against the deep-rooted loyalty of my aged relative and protector, Daniel McPherson, J.P. A United Empire Loyalist, he had bid adieu to Philadelphia, and went in exile in 1783; settled and prospered in Canada; and died at St. Thomas in 1840, at the ripe age of 87 years, through his long, blameless career, true to the teachings of his younger days."

"Kindly can I recall the wild meetings of its young men, the inflammatory addresses of its self-elected leaders at this momentous crisis in Canadian history. But disloyalty was more than once rebuked. Methinks I see the genial, portly Laird of the Seigniorial Manor, William Randal Patton, bustling round—eager to throw oil on the troubled waters—a splendid type of the sturdy Briton, as well as an enterprising exporter of Canadian timber, admired even by his French Canadian *consulaires* and retainers, though occasionally there cropped out, to my regret, in his discourse, a dash of franco-phobia, hard for me to forgive, in spite of my partiality towards him."

"Had he not been to me a tried, a revered friend, ever since my most tender years? Did he not allow me—and how I prized the privilege—to roam unheeded through his woods and plantations, to scan every rock, every tree, in quest of birds' nests, which, however, I was not to disturb. The owner himself of a large aviary and lover of song birds, had he not taught me the first lessons in ornithology—a study which has so agreeably filled so many spare hours in after life?"

"Later on, on my admission, as a Barrister, to the Quebec Bar, had he not entrusted me with his lucrative seigniorial business—the recovery of the arrears of seigniorial rents?"

"Did I not, at all times, meet with a cordial welcome at the hospitable board of the Manor—among his five handsome, manly boys—alas! now cut down by the scythe of the destroyer to one single representative!"

"Commodore, forgive me for rendering this tardy tribute to my dear old friend—so suddenly, so mournfully, snatched away from a true-hearted wife and disconsolate family, on the 19th August, 1853."

"I fancy I can still catch a glimpse—as he hurries past my happy home—a long white house, with green blinds, hid among Lombardy poplars, amidst a plum orchard and flower garden, dear to a beloved sister—of Baron Jacques Oliva, the St. Thomas Nimrod *par excellence*. I see protruding from the mouth of his game-bag a Canada goose (*autarde*), shot by him at Dupuis Point, and which his inseparable sporting companion—his Newfoundland dog, "Gaspé"—swam out for and retrieved in the basin of St. Thomas.

"Why do you style him Baron?" asked Mac of the Iles.

"It was a *soubriquet*, bestowed on him on account of his grandiloquent style of speaking and pompous deportment."

"The scene changes, but let me continue: Here comes, erect, with a jaunty military swagger, a former Lieutenant of the Canadian Voltigeurs, in the American war of 1812—brave Doctor Taché."

"Little does he dream, in 1837—when discanting with such vigour on the misrule of England and her dead ear to colonial grievances—that the time will come, when a

belted knight, he will, as Sir E. P. Taché, be honoured with the rank of Aide-de-Camp to the Queen."

"Dr. Taché, during the eventful year of 1837, was a daily attendant on his aged patient—I may add, his respected friend, Daniel McPherson, my grandfather; right well can I still recall, after more than a half century, the dialogue exchanged between the physician and his patient, on a memorable incident of the insurrection."

"Tidings of the death of heroic Dr. Chenier, at St. Eustache, had just reached us. A version, much exaggerated, was the universal theme of comment—Chenier, mortally wounded, had fallen to the ground. His remaining strength enabled him to raise himself on one knee, and, though wracked with pain, he succeeded in taking aim and shot down an English trooper, when a thrust from a British bayonet ended his career. Tradition says a British corporal—out of revenge—tore out and eat his heart; but this is one of the many legends to which Chenier's death gave rise."

"The Doctor, as usual, made his professional morning call to his octogenarian patient. Pains and aches having been discussed, Mr. McPherson enquired about the news of the day, when Dr. Taché, with flashing eyes, sprang from his seat, and after succinctly relating the particulars of the disastrous engagement at St. Eustache, added in French—"Le Dr. Chenier, M. McPherson, est mort comme un héros de l'ancienne Grèce!" (Dr. Chenier died like a hero of ancient Greece). To which Mr. McPherson emphatically replied—

"No, no! Doctor! Chenier was a rebel—a rebel to his king and country!"

"The good Doctor was beside himself with excitement. All this I heard and saw with my own ears and eyes."

"Commodore, the old U. E. Loyalist of 1783, for all that, never ceased to esteem his trusted physician and friend of 1837."

"Here he comes, the plucky Voltigeur officer of 1812, walking arm-in-arm, past the grand parish church, with his friend and neighbour notary, Jean Charles Letourneau, the member for the county—to whom he will shortly succeed; both are hurrying to greet the irrepresible, eloquent agitator—rebel, perhaps, some will say—Louis Joseph Papineau, as he drives past in his soft-cushioned carriage (no railroads in those days) to Kamouraska, stopping a minute to receive a welcome at Mr. Mercier's village school, where I was then the biggest boy of the class."

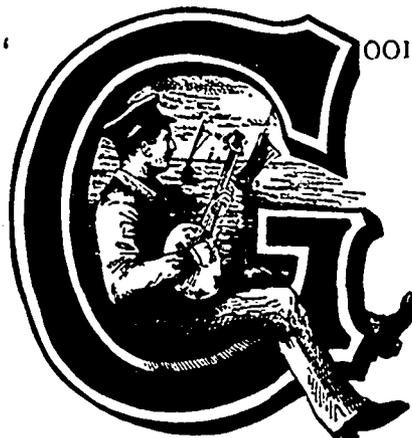
"There goes, in his black cassock, the worthy parish priest, Rev'd Curé Beaubien—still in the heyday of his usefulness! How many more familiar faces of the period could I recall?"

"Those were, doubtless, Mr. Oldbuck, living and stirring actors in that period of the exciting drama of 1837, rehearsed at St. Thomas," observed the Commodore; "but, as once a sportsman and still a lover of the feathered race, has not the author of *Les oiseaux du Canada* some specially remembered souvenir of bird-life—some memorable *partie de chasse*, to tell about in connection with such a famous resort for game, as the *battures* of St. Thomas were in olden times?"

"Right well, Commodore," retorted J. O., "could I gratify your wish, and describe some sporting episodes of the past; for, be it remembered, there were several mighty hunters to be found, each September, ensconced on the reedy shores of the *Ruisseau de la Caille*, on the watch for ducks or snipe, or hunting for grouse on the wooded heights of the mountains to the south. One bird memory, I think, will never vanish from my remembrance:

A DAY DREAM."

COUSIN BOB AND HIS BANJO.



HOW TO HOLD THE BANJO.

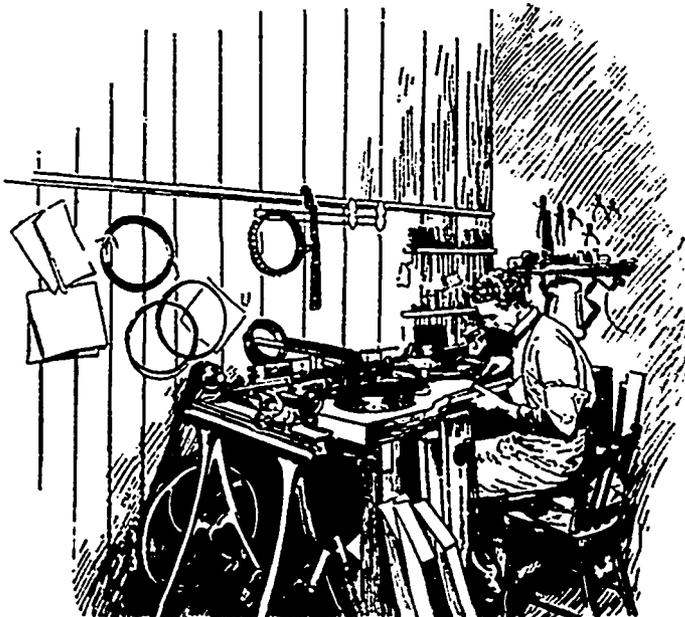
don't half know what that means. But he shook the shavings from his great apron, and came forward, politely returning my salutation, with a glance at my companion.

"I have brought you a customer, a cousin from the West. He is in search of a Banjo, and fancies he must take a return fare on the Vermont Central to get one."

My cousin blushed a little. In the West they don't like to have their family failings blurted out in this fashion, and with a look in his eye that said, "I'll square up this with you yet," he stepped forward, saying—

"Well, you see, it's a little weakness of mine, is a Banjo; as necessary to me in my winter nights and my summer evenings as sunshine is to roses. I have been strumming away on a second rate thing I got of a chap on the Railway; traded for it with a rifle and a pair of snowshoes, and being down in your good city on a bit of a holiday—"

"Thought you would like a first-class one?" interrupted Mr. Parker, with a beaming smile. "You have come to the right spot, sir; headquarters, in fact, for a Banjo—the only headquarters in Canada. Just take a look about you. All sorts, sizes, prices. There's a beauty—and there—and there. Any of them is fit for the Empress of India."



"GOOD morning, Mr. Parker," said I, a few days ago, opening the door of 2083 St. Catherine Street, Montreal.

Mr. Parker was full of business, up to his eyes in *arms, pegs, heads, rims, brackets*, and an array of native woods in all the colours of the forest, and we

"They're going to be the rage with us up West. I believe mine was the first, and being a bit of an enthusiast, I stuck at it until now I love the little witch; really, sir, I do. Would not be without it for a good deal."

"Well, now, see if I don't give you a good one, and cut the price close, too. You may depend upon any of these as the best article made. I season my wood for three years; cut it in arms first to let the air reach the wood; next put it into the kiln to dry it with heat, and then finish it off by exposure to the air."

"Where do you get your woods, Mr. Parker?" asked I, as cousin Bob went round the place, examining and strumming by turns.

"Our own Canadian Maple is the best for acoustic purposes; and for decoration I get woods from South America and the West Indies. You would be surprised to see the variety—fifteen or twenty different sorts."

"Indeed; what are they?"

"Well, there's Mahogany, Rosewood, Canadian Cherry and Maple, Coco-bola, Holly, Amaranth, Tulip Wood, Ebony, Hazeled and Mottled Wood, Curly White Wood, Hungarian Ash, Bird's-Eye Maple, and—"

"Here's the one for me," broke in Bob, with a show of more feeling than I had given him credit for.

"That is a beauty. I see you are a judge. That one's going to Ottawa to-night, but I'll make you its duplicate. How would you like it mounted? That, you see, is inlaid with gold and silver. It's for a grandee. But perhaps you would like pearl better," and Mr. Parker laid on the table a box which dazzled the eyes of Bob.

"That's snail pearl, that dead white; that's peacock green; and that there is aurora. Isn't it pretty? All the colours of the sunrise."

"Is that the stuff you make the pretty borders of?"

"Yes. I saw Indian shells up into sheets, very thin, cut out my pattern, grind it smooth on an emery wheel, and then fit it into the wood. No easy job, I assure you. I make all my own designs, too."



"But that border of coloured mathematical figures, that's paper pasted on, isn't it?" I ventured to ask, to edge in my knowledge.

Mr. Parker and Bob seemed suddenly seized with illness. Such faces! You should have seen them! I hastily glanced around for the telephone, and remembered with some bitterness that we were at least a block from the nearest doctor. An uproarious burst of laughter from my imaginary patients, however, made my breath come easier.

"That!" said the Banjo manufacturer, his composure restored, and turning round to bring a handful of long, narrow veneers of wood, "that is made by hand—by my own hand, too, and from my own designs. All these colours are natural—the veritable colours of the forest—brown, black, white, red, orange. That's what I call *marqueterie*. Here's a scrap; there are eighteen separate pieces fitted into that."

"Upon my word," said I, forgetting my Aunt Matilda's mania against slang, "I never saw anything so pretty. How can you do that? So fine, so exquisite."

"It's a secret of the trade," smiled Mr. Parker, "and I can make you that in silver and gold, if you like, and set your monogram on the drum; the drum is made of

calfskin," added mine host, seeing me wax inquisitive, "calfskin specially prepared for banjos. Italian and Russian gut strings are the best, and the pegs—you would like them of ebony or ivory, I suppose? The metal parts are all brass, plated in Montreal. And I finish everything in French Polish. By the bye, let me tell you of a patent I am bringing out. You see these rims? They are made in hollow sections, each section communicating at one end with a steel peg. Well, I am going to make them communicate at the other end with a hollow tube, and get double the vibration, and a better tone, too."

"Oh, ho," ejaculated Bob, "You'll have all the magnates whiling away their cares on the banjo."

"Why not?" replied Mr. Parker. "The Governor-General's son plays one; and Talmage, and Gladstone, and the Czar, and the Prince of Wales."

"Pity they don't all live in Canada," interrupted Bob, "where they might have acclimated to enjoy it. There is no climate in the world for the Banjo like our Canadian summer. Look at our camps, yachting cruises, canoeings, picnics, excursions; what would they all be without it?"

Let me have the duplicate; WITH ONE mind, sir, the duplicate of the grandee's, with the gold and silver mountings, the coco-bola, hazeling, mottling, and all the rest of it; and—a case, I suppose?"

"Of canvas, leather bound; or of English trunk leather, handsomely embossed?"

"The best that's made. Pack it well, and send it by express. It only costs fifty cents or so. And the price?"

"Bother the price," said the happy Mr. Parker, "the best is the cheapest in the end; and I'll slip in a roll of solos, duets, and quartets of my own composition."

"All right," added my cousin Bob, to my consternation, "You've got me in a good humour, you see. I'm on my wedding tour."



A TRIO.

A DUET.

SHORTHAND.

We have arranged with Messrs. Isaac Pitman & Sons for a complete and progressive course in THE YOUNG CANADIAN, with full instructions and exercises. The plates are specially prepared for ourselves, and we want little clubs to be formed to study by themselves, where no teachers can be had. It is one of the most fascinating, as well as one of the most useful subjects of to-day. This Department alone is worth ten times the annual subscription.

THE YOUNG CANADIAN is printed and published by the YOUNG CANADIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY.—M. P. Murray, Secretary, 111 Mackay Street, Montreal.



FEW things are of such importance as the selection of reading for the young. We are proud to have secured the most competent Editor for this Department. A Home Reading Club is our aim. We shall direct home reading. We shall suggest courses, and the best books. We shall give help to those who join in the Club. Difficulties will be explained and removed. We hope to stimulate the taste for good and educational reading. In connection with schools, Sunday schools, temperance societies, reading circles will be formed, with prizes, certificates, etc. Every circle shall have its leader. All young people need guidance in their reading. Few parents have time to suggest and supervise the best courses.

In our experience we find that one great obstacle to patriotic sentiment lies in the fact that WE HAVE NO HISTORY OF OUR OWN COUNTRY WRITTEN FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE. In order to supply this great national deficit, THE YOUNG CANADIAN will shortly make ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENTS ever made in Canada.

In these days of many (too many) physicians' prescriptions, it is refreshing to stumble upon a cough mixture of a hundred and fifty years ago.

"Two or three snails boiled in barley water or in tea is of great service for a cough. But the child must not know of it. It has no manner of taste. But nobody should know of it but the mother. It is a good way to boil six or eight in a quart of water; strain it off and put it into a bottle. Add a few spoonfuls to everything he drinks. They must be fresh done every three days, because they grow too thick."

If the decoction were as effectual as it must have been economical, no wonder our ancestors lived far on into the nineties.

HALF-HOLIDAY TALKS ON ANCIENT HISTORY.

BY JOSEPHINE H. GRAHAM, B.A., WHITBY, ONT.

TED'S "big sister," who has just come home from Europe, and of whom Ted is immensely proud (though he wouldn't acknowledge it for the world,) looks up from her story of Stanley in Africa as Ted bangs his book upon the table and savagely chews a stubby lead pencil.

"So you 'hate history' do you Ted? Especially *Ancient* history; and you think it is 'a horrid grind to have to take it.' *Take it!* Well if you look upon it as medicine I don't wonder at your use of such vigorous expressions, but"—

(Ted looks uncomfortable, so his big sister smiles reluctantly and continues)—

"Well, I won't preach, Ted. But do you know I think that you are not taking hold of it at the right end, most things get into a snarl because people will persist in tugging at the wrong end."

"Suppose you read me over those notes you made about half-an-hour ago, which you've been trying so hard to 'cram' ever since."

Ted reads:—

"Reign of Nebuchadnezzar.....	B. C.	604 to 561
Reign of Pisistratus in Athens....	"	560 " 527
Capture of Babylon by Cyrus.....	"	.. 536
Egypt conquered by Cambyzes....	"	.. 525

Want any more? That's only four out of the whole beautiful dozen I've got to get off for to-morrow's lesson."

"Why, Ted! Is *that* the way you study?—I don't wonder at your hating it. Isn't it anything more to you than a string of names with dates attached, to be learned to-day and forgotten to-morrow?"

(There is such grieved astonishment in the big sister's voice that Ted hastens to exculpate himself at the expense of his syntax.)—"Us fellows all study it that way; and as long as Morton thinks we're straight on the names and dates,—'everything's lovely and the goose hangs high;' but just you wait till a fellow trips on some one of these old beggars, and *then* you'll see double stars!"

For fully three minutes Ted's sister sits and thinks. Then she says,—*"I wish you had been with me Ted when I was at Chamounix; there where the Col. de Balm or the Tete Noir marks the Alpine boundaries of the beautiful valley, stretching away on either side peak after peak, springing out from that wall of mountain, and each peak sharply defined against that wonderful blue sky. There were the lofty summits of the Domes, there Aiguilles, there, nearer, were the crevices, the avalanche beds, the glaciers, the leaping cataracts, there fine green fields and tiny villages."*

"I didn't see the Alps all at once, but bit by bit I grew to know and love them, studying their outlines, and feeling the meaning of their names."

"Now, Ted, that's the way to study history. The will, the words and the acts of great men; the hero who represents the millions he influenced; Darius, not Persian history; Alexander, not Grecian history; Napoleon, not French history. Get hold of the facts, study the plans and purposes and failures and triumphs of the world's great leaders, and then and not till then will you know and love

history. Do you remember what Emerson says,—*'When nature has work to be done she creates a genius to do it. Follow the great man and you will see what the world has at heart in these ages. There is no omen like that.'*"

"Now you know you can't study these men unless you know where to place them; you must follow their wanderings through the great plains of Assyria, Babylon, and Egypt; seek for their footsteps as they march down to the sea across Greece, Italy, Germany, and Britain; scale the mountain fastnesses of Seir and Switzerland and find them in their natural fortresses. Not a sea or desert but has its story of brave explorers; not a mountain or river or splendid ruin but cries 'We are immortal because to us are linked those names which the world will not let die, names of warriors, saints and sages.' So, Ted, to study history you must study geography."

"And because man was made in the image of God he becomes a creator. The hut that is built to protect his body from the heat and cold, the fortress that is reared to protect his borders from the invader, the palace or pyramid that is piled as a monument to his pride, the temple or mosque in which he goes up to worship,—all become instinct with deeper meaning when you look upon them as monuments of man's activity, part of his story written in stone and marble, telling of great men, great deeds, or great ideas, that have 'had their day and ceased to be.' So to study history you must study architectural antiquities."

"But back of all great deeds and great men there is a Great Power which the plummet and man's wisdom cannot fathom. There is the great God who gives to man a freedom and an opportunity for which he is held responsible 'to the uttermost farthing'; who punishes and who rewards; who develops through the slow centuries those plans of which some are now manifest, others yet to be made plain. We would understand the *philosophy* of history, Teddie, if we could understand it not as biographical, nor geographical, nor monumental history, but as *Providential*. 'Then shall ye see the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our God, and of his Son Jesus Christ.'"

There was a soft hush in the little room as Ted's sister ceased speaking.

Her white fingers had been threading in and out of the kindly little brown curls that had been close to her knee for the last ten minutes; the stubby pencil had hidden away under the cover of the note-book, and Ted was meditating. Suddenly he said,—*"I say, Sis, sposin' Tom was to come around to-morrow—Tom's my chum, and we generally 'cram' half-an-hour or so Wednesday afternoons,—would you mind giving us a boost over some of those hard places? He'd like it tremendously I know, for he hates it just as hard as I do—or did."*—he added, looking up with such a twinkle in his bright eyes that the big sister smiled and said,

"Very well Ted. It's a bargain. If you will go with me we'll take a through ticket from the Tower of Babel to Independence Hall, with liberty to stop over at, say twelve interesting places along the line." And this was how Ted and Tom and the big sister began their half-holiday talks on Ancient History.

Topics of the Day

ABROAD.

OUR RIGHTS TO FISH FOR SEALS.

BY HALIGONIAN.

It is a rule of International Law, that is the laws that one nation obeys in regard to the rights of other nations, that the sea on the shore of any country belongs to that country only to a distance of three miles. Beyond that all is public property. Countries that are near have no more real right than countries that are distant. All have an equal right to sail in the sea and to fish in it.

If you find your atlas and turn up the map of North America, you will find away up in the left hand top corner Behring Sea. This sea at one time belonged to Russia. When Russia sold Alaska to the United States the sea went with it. Now it is in the territory of the United States.

The sea is a very valuable one on account of the enormous quantities of seals that frequent it, and while all nations must regard the International Law that reserves for the United States the necessary monopoly of the three mile limit to fish for seals, we, among others, have been sending our boats to the sea to get our share of the fishing.

However, one day one of our boats, called the "Sayward," was fishing in the waters where anyone might fish, and, to the surprise of the captain, a United States cutter came along and seized his boat and its cargo of seals. Of course the cutter would not have done this if it had not thought it was doing its duty. And in a sense it was doing its duty. It was not to blame, for the United States had given it instructions, and a sailor, as well as a soldier, must obey orders.

It so happens that when the sea belonged to Russia, it was as it were surrounded by Russian territory, which would make it belong much more to Russia than if it had been only partially so surrounded. But when the sea became the property of the United States this surrounding of territory was divided, inasmuch as Alaska was American, while the other shore, Siberia, was not. When the sea belonged to Russia, the American people declined to admit the claim of Russia to the whole of the sea for itself. Now, when Americans own it, they insist that the sea all belongs to them. The ground they take is that it is an inland sea, a sort of lake, or gulf, and that no one but an American has therefore the right to come and take the seals. And so the cutter seized our boat, the "Sayward," when it was fishing away out as far as one hundred miles from the shore. When Russia made the claim, even although she had territory on both sides, the Americans denied the claim. Now, when America, with territory only on one side, makes the claim and we deny it, she seizes our fishing boats and makes no end of a fuss. The claim of Russia never was recognized, although it was more reasonable than that of the United States, and the American people were the stoutest against recognizing it.

Great Britain, who stands by us as a parent does for her child, has had a long official correspondence with the United States on the subject. Lord Salisbury, who is the Foreign Secretary, denies that the United States had any right to seize the "Sayward." Mr. Blaine, who is Foreign

Secretary in Washington, holds that they had. Lord Salisbury has offered to submit the whole question to arbitration—that is, that the United States and Great Britain should each appoint some men, in whom all have confidence, to talk the matter over, and decide what should be done—a very sensible plan. But Mr. Blaine has refused to do this.

Meantime, in this suspense of negotiations—that is, when both parties are taking a breath to think what they will do next—our Canadian Government, with the sanction of Great Britain, has decided to test the case in the Supreme Court of the United States. We claim restoration of our vessel, on the ground that the seizure was against law—against even American law. The "Sayward" is now up in Alaska. The American Government was on the point of proceeding to sell it. We have applied for an injunction to prevent such sale by them of property that so evidently does not belong to them.

If the Supreme Court of the United States decides that the American Government, by its own laws, had no right to seize our ship, that will settle the whole dispute. If it should decide the other way, that won't settle it at all. We shall still contend that we have a right to fish in Behring Sea, except within the three miles limit, and in this we shall be supported by Germany and other nations who have a similar right and interest with ourselves.

THE MAPLE.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Oh, tenderly deepen the woodland glooms,
And merrily sway the beeches;
Breathe delicately the willow blooms,
And the pines rehearse new speeches;
The elms toss high, till they brush the sky,
Pale catkins the yellow birch launches,—
But the tree I love, all the greenwood above,
Is the maple of sunny branches.

Let who will sing of the hawthorn in spring,
Or the late-leaved linden in summer;
'There's a word may be for the locust-tree,
That delicate, strange new-comer;
But the maple, it glows with the tint of the rose,
When pale are the spring-time regions,
And its towers of flame from afar proclaim
The advance of winter's legions.

And a greener shade there never was made
Than its summer canopy sifted;
And many a day, as beneath it I lay,
Has my memory backward drifted
To a pleasant lane I may walk not again,
Leading over a fresh green hill,
Where a maple stood, just clear of the wood—
And oh, to be near it still!

Topics of the Day

AT HOME.

UNDER THE SEA.

Now, children, find your atlas. Spread it open at the map of our own country. Look towards the east and you will find Prince Edward Island snugly sheltered behind Nova Scotia, and surrounded by the deep blue sea. It is a lovely island, with one of the most delightful climates in the world, and has rich and beautiful farms.

Now turn over to the map of New Brunswick, and on the point of land nearest to Prince Edward Island you will find a Cape marked Tormentine. You see the channel there is not very wide, but we can't step over it. In summer we have steamers that take us over when we want, and on a fine day the sail is most delightful. But in winter—well, I need hardly tell you—it is not always delightful. Indeed, sometimes the steamer cannot cross, and we must go in an open boat or stay at home. When we have our farm produce to take over we have hard times, and sometimes we cannot get it across at all, and so we cannot sell it. For the whole of the winter months we are in this condition, cut off from our Sister Provinces of the Dominion, and we feel it very much.

We have been very patient, however. We have been complaining, it is true, for a long time, but we have not said a great deal that we cannot be excused for, and we think we have some reason to grumble. When all the Provinces were united into one Dominion, there was a bargain made between us that the Province of Prince Edward Island should get a regular and reliable means of communication with the mainland all the year round. Nature gives it to us in the summer, but what are we to do in winter? What we propose is to build a tunnel under the sea. It is a tremendous undertaking, and a costly one. But we reason in this way about it. At present we cross by steamer when we can, or by open boat when we cannot. This costs every year the enormous sum of \$200,000, and it is not efficient. Well, we want to take that money, and by adding some to it build our tunnel across. Years ago the land and the sea have been measured by the Government engineers. Maps have been made of the currents of the tides. Everything has been ready except the money, and for that we have been waiting, and waiting, until our hearts are sick.

Now, don't you think it fair and right that we should get it? We were promised. Boys and girls know what a promise is, and they know what they think of people that do not keep their promises. Our good Senator has been fighting for us for a long time, but he has not got it yet.

If you turn once more your atlas to the island you will see a Cape marked Traversc. That is where we propose to start the tunnel, across Northumberland Straits, and you will see that we have chosen the shortest road and the best. Now ask your father and mother what they think of it.

ISLANDER.

BUT ONE.

BY MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

Benton, New Brunswick.

They say the world is full of flowers :
I see but one, the rose ;
Fed by earth's dews and heaven's showers,
To me none other grows.

They say the sky is strewn with stars :
I see but one, its height
Blindeth me to all else and bars
Heaven's myriads from my sight.

I'm growing old, they tell me : yet
My heart recalls one day
Only, and still my eyes are wet
Since it hath passed away.

They say eternity is long :
In all its awful vast
One day alone moves me to song,
That which brings back the past.

TO THE HEIGHTS.

FIDELIS.

Sic itur ad astra.

As fair to the Hebrew leader
O'er the desert pathway dun,
The distant shadowy mountains
Loomed—soft in the morning sun,

Although on their radiant summits
His feet might never stand,
And, but from the Mount of Vision,
He might view the Promised Land !

So fair on our inner vision,
As on through life we go,
Loom the shadowy hills of promise,
Soft in the morning glow :

How long is the way to reach them,
But little we heed or care ;
How hard and weary the climbing
To the summits so bright and rare !

Yet still they recede before us,
And ever their promise sweet,
Like a spell they have woven o'er us,
Lures on our wandering feet :

And though we may reach them never,
Till the cold dark stream is past,
For us they shall keep their promise,
And the heights shall be ours *at last !*

Both sides of the Picture

By M.E. Muchall



They make themselves such general pests,
To those at home and all our guests.
The truth, alas must be confessed -
Our brothers.



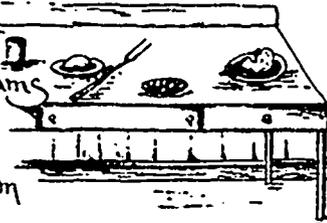
They have their clothes
all lying round
Hats caps and coats upon
The ground
Their school bags never
can be found -
Our brothers.



They make themselves
such awful bores
About the carpets mats
and floors,
We almost hate to come indoors -
Our sisters

They stuff our balls and bats away,
Where are they? Oh, they cannot say,
To hunt them up takes half a day -
Our sisters.

They cut into
our fresh boiled hams
They steal our jellies, pies and jams
And when accused tell bare-faced crams
Our brothers



They give us boys the sky-blue shrim
But keep the cream for Mr. Simm,
Were sure they almost worship him -
Our sisters.



They have a smuch and more to say
Than our Prime Minister John A.
Were sure they'll rule the world some day -
Our noisy brothers.



We really wish their lazy beaux
would come round quickly and propose.
Wed have some peace then we suppose
Without our sisters

Illustrated by G.C.L.

GRUBBING.

IN OUR WOODS IN WINTER.

The farmer's day in winter is a short one, and his obstacles are many. He gets his cattle fed and attended to. When he has too many he kills them and prepares them for sale. When you see long rows of nice fat pigs in the butchers' stalls, frozen, with their feet and arms stretched out, then know that they came from the farm of some of our brave farmers, who have sometimes a very hard life, that we may get eating all their nice things. Then they go in the woods, too, to fell, and cut, and split cedar rails for their fences, to be ready when the spring comes. Then cord-wood for the fire, for their fire and ours, has to be cut, hauled home and piled. Logs, too, for the saw-mill are cut and drawn. Many a long day does the Canadian woodsman's axe flash in the sunshine. But he is happy, is our farmer, with his grain all threshed and ready for market; his rosy boys and girls growing up, and his thrifty wife in the dairy and in the kitchen. Some day I will tell you all *she* does. She is a busy woman. No farm can get on without her.

There is a little titmouse. In the very coldest day you may see the merry little creature in his warm fur coat among the branches, chirping as if it were summer. He gets tiny little morsels of food in the bark, insects that are hiding away from the cold, spiders, a few flies, and a few seeds of evergreens for desert. When he comes upon the pupa of a moth, he smacks his lips and sits down for a good feast, a regular Christmas or birthday feast. How he knows where to find one. You and I might hunt about for a very long time when we want to find a pupa.

By the way what is a pupa? I think I will tell you for this time, but another day when we go out grubbing, I shall expect you to turn up these things for yourself. There is no better habit. Better than reading all the books in the world is the habit of finding out for yourself everything you don't know. Well, a pupa is a snug little house that the caterpillar has made for himself to keep him warm in the winter, and to give him peace to think upon the colour he should have his wings when he comes out as a moth, and a snug little house it is. How the titmouse enjoys nibbling it.

But hush, do not stir. There is a little field mouse stealing over to the barn. See the dainty marks it makes in the snow with its toes and the tip of its tail. And that trail, still more curious, shows that a red squirrel has been here. His two fore-paws are short, and make marks close to each other; the hind ones are wide apart, and there is now and then a brush from his tail. He keeps his eye on the barn for wheat, grain, and oats.

However, it is cold, and we had better get home soon. Just one more look at the snow. Why is it so white and the ice so blue? Why can we see through ice and not through snow? A flake of snow is composed of minute films of ice, all resting upon each other at every imaginable angle. A single film is quite transparent. If they all rested on each other in the same level, the whole mass would be as transparent as ice.

AN OLD GRUB.

HOW OUR PRETTY CHRISTMAS BOOKS ARE MADE.

Marvels they are! Are they not? With their chubby baby faces, their fascinating boys and girls, their bewitching pictures of life, serious and comic, bright and shady, gay and sad. How we wish we could always look as pretty!

And yet so cheap, it is wonderful. You would hardly believe if I told you they take two years to prepare. The publishers begin in good time to think of what we should like, and no small business it is. I daresay most of you think the stories are the first thing, but it is exactly the reverse. The pictures are the first and chief consideration. After they are finished, they are sent away to have stories written for them.

The pictures are first drawn on stone, a fine-grained limestone; traced on in chalk or with a fine pen. Every separate colour needs a separate drawing on a separate stone, containing that and nothing else. In some Christmas books as many as eighteen different colours and stones are used. First one colour is printed in its proper position from one stone, then the next from another stone, then the next, and so on. Imagine the skill and care to print eighteen different colours, one after the other, so that the picture looks as if it had been done at one stroke of a brush.

The most of this work, for English books, is done in Germany, though sometimes in Paris. The German work is the best. The labour there is cheaper, and the hours are longer. The paper, however, is nearly all of English make, but foreigners have an advantage in manual skill distinctly traceable to kindergarten drill in their early years. The business is an expensive one, and full of risk, as after all that is spent, some freak of youthful fancy goes against the book that may have had best prospects at first. Arrangements are made for French, German, and Italian, as well as English editions, and the market is the whole world. Every country has its young folks, and all young folks must have their Christmas books.

Early in the month of June travellers start from London and go all over with samples of their books. Each is called into the chief to receive instructions as to contents and charms of each book. The travellers set off, make appointments with booksellers, and discourse on the merits of their wares. The booksellers listen, admire, inspect, and order. The orders are at once sent in to headquarters, and long before we are dreaming of our Christmas stockings the whole thing is decided. The books are all ordered, packed up, and shipped off.

We know who does the rest.



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

I need not explain to Young Canadians what a *father* is. The duties which a father performs to his child, and the blessings a child enjoys in having a father, are

best told by the contrast of the want of both. We all know what our father is to us, and what we are to him. The relation is one of love, support, protection, on the one hand, and on the other, one of trust, respect, and obedience. The relation is so tender and yet so strong, so free and yet so binding, so full of what is human and yet so full of what is higher than human, that the term father has come to be applied to many things where love, support, and protection are given. A king is the father of his people. Abraham was the father of the faithful. God, Himself, is "Our Father Who art in Heaven."

When Christ had planted His Young Church on earth, and was compelled to return to God from whom He came, His followers needed love to cheer them in His absence, support to strengthen them to persevere in the good path, and protection from the evil men by whom they were surrounded. And when, from time to time, we hear of the *fathers of that early Church*, we must think of men who loved the words that Christ had spoken, and the life that He taught; who, although they had not heard His loving voice, or seen His gentle face, were so devoted to the spirit which He had breathed on earth, that they set themselves zealously to support and protect the young church where support and protection were required, and stood in such a relation of trust, respect, and obedience to all who loved the teachings of Jesus, that they came to be known by the name which Kings and Princes are proud to bear—FATHERS.

One of these great and good men was called Irenæus. He was Bishop of a small part of the young church in Gaul, the ancient name of France. At Lyons, the same town which gives its name to a kind of silk we use at the present day, Irenæus wrote a book to explain how certain things were wrong which the people believed were right. The word which we use for these things is *heresy*. When Irenæus wanted to prove that one thing was right and that another thing was wrong, he went for his material to the Gospels. He did not go to the Gospels very seldom, as if nobody knew much about them. He went as often as four hundred times; and of these four hundred quotations, as many as eighty are from the Gospel of Saint John. This Father of the Church wrote his book at the end of the 2nd century; that is, about 150 years after Christ was crucified.

In other books than that of Irenæus there are hundreds of pages taken from the Gospels; and a very curious and ancient catalogue of books, such as our book-sellers and libraries require, has been discovered, in which the New Testament is quoted as among the Sacred Books. The first part of this catalogue was torn off when it was found, but it gives the Gospel of Luke as *third*, and that of John as *fourth*, leaving us to infer that there were a *first* and a *second* as well. From this interesting document we gather that even so long ago the very *order* or succession of the Books was the same as it is now.

You will easily see from this that the name of *doubtters* or *waverers* is a good name for men who, in spite of these facts, persist in saying that the Gospels could not have been written at that time. They are, indeed, like a feather on "a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

SEA-SIDE AND WAY-SIDE. Illustrated. By JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

Another number of this charming series of Messrs

Heath & Co. has been received. No. 2 takes us over ant-hills, and down among the worms; tells us about flies, and introduces us to beetles; gives us a glimpse of the bottom of the sea, and a flight with the dragon-flies. The style is most charming, and ought to form the key-note to the solution of the inattentive-child-question. Nature and her works should be to all young people the subject most naturally attractive, and not one to be taken up as a task. Our children would simply revel among animals and their ways, but for the want of tact in presenting them to the subject.

ILLUSTRATED TORONTO, THE QUEEN CITY OF CANADA.
Toronto: The Acme Publishing and Engraving Co.

This is a handsomely executed book of 194 pages, richly embellished with cuts, and a coloured Title Page. It is intended as a history of our fair Queen City of the West, as a record of its manufacturing progress, and as an indication of the expectations of the future.

The data has been procured from authentic sources, gathered by the editors from men of indisputable reliability. The illustrations are varied, artistic, and intermingled with valuable portraits. The whole work is one of which Toronto may be proud, and as an indication of an awakening desire to record our history, and to take pleasure in the record, the book should not only find its way all over the Dominion, but suggest an example that cannot, at least for a long time, be too frequently followed.

CANADA'S NATIONAL SONG, "MY OWN CANADIAN HOME," written by E. G. Nelson, composed by Morley McLaughlin, and published by the Maritime Steam Litho. Co., St. John,

Is an outburst of patriotism from a promising Young Canadian. The music is *tempo di marcia*, and its dedication to the Bisley Rifle competitors ought to ensure its introduction as a military song-march. The song was sung in the Mechanics' Institute, St. John, on November 15th. In times of peace our soldiers may be satisfied with brass and drum. In time of war they must take to singing.

RAISE THE FLAG, AND OTHER PATRIOTIC CANADIAN SONGS AND POEMS, is the Title of a very neat collection, published by the Rose Publishing Co., Toronto.

A deputation of influential men last year waited upon the Hon. the Minister of Education for Ontario, requesting that our flag should be hoisted over our school-houses on national anniversaries. The idea, once started, gained ground as it went along. On October 13th, the anniversary of the Battle of the Queenston Heights, a commemoration was held, and the scholars sent in large numbers of essays on the battle. A Toronto newspaper has offered a large flag to the school which shall write the best essay on the subject "Raising the Flag."

A few gentlemen have got up this nice collection of patriotic songs for the children who wrote the best essays, as a souvenir of the day and the occasion. The songs themselves are well-selected. They are all from our best authors. They all breathe a strong attachment to Canadian history, and to Canada as our native land. Many of them touch on periods in our history that tell of the endurance and loyalty of our ancestors, those who fought that we may have peace, who braved peril and suffering that we might live under our own dear flag.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

BY GOWAN LEA.

Hark! 't' thy step, New Year!
With sure but stealthy pace thou'st come,
And in thy train are gladdening gifts for some
O haste thee, glad New Year!

Too swift thy step, New Year!
I he past had gathered friends from many lands,
And thou dost come to part their clasped hands,
Alas, so soon, New Year!

'O haste!' 'Delay!' New Year,—
Two prayers together rising up to Heaven:
The answer trust, for is it not God-given?
Meet bravely the New Year!

Bid welcome the New Year!
O clear-voiced Truth, lead in the coming morn,
And gentle Charity, our lives adorn;
Hope lives in the New Year!



REGINA, N. T. W.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN,—I like what you tell us about the snow. I never knew it before. Please tell me about the large flakes, when mother goose is plucking her goslings.

T. B.

As the snow passes through the air, it comes upon currents of atmosphere that are milder than others. The flakes get a little soft, and stick to each other. The wind, too, beats them all about, as wind is apt to do, into a general snow-flake wreck. This is why we have sometimes very fine snow, as well as these large flakes. The wind breaks up the flakes, and where the current of air is very cold the little atoms freeze up, and start off as snow on their own account.

Perhaps I might also tell you about the castles on the windows, the caves and fairies that grow on our panes, when we are asleep at night; gardens, glens, brooks, mountains, palaces, and everything that is beautiful and curious. Since you are fond of snow, perhaps you have noticed that when it is very, very cold, the fairy lace-work is made up of extremely fine points, while on milder days the scenes are large and bold. This is because on the very cold day the freezing went on at many points,—all over,—at one moment, and the palaces and caves have to elbow in as much as possible, and sometimes you can hardly see them. The mild day, on the contrary, gave plenty of time, and therefore plenty of room, for all to spread out as much as they liked. And still how noiselessly, how peacefully, does nature work. No fuss, no hubbub, and yet a thousand men could not do in a life-time what she does in one short minute.

Take a candle to the window as the snow is gently falling, and see if you could count how many flakes are in a square foot.—ED. P. B.

FREDRINGTON, N. B.

DEAR POST BAG,—Mr. Old Grub seems so fond of our beautiful snow that I thought he would like to hear of a pretty sunset me and grandma saw last night. The sun had just gone to bed, and as he gathered his blankets up around his face, to hide himself so that we might get sleeping, all the sky shot up red as crimson, with down near the sun, quite close, wonderful clusters of gold and scarlet. Away out over the snow, too, right up to Uncle James' farm, six miles off, the same glorious red was streaming in waves, and showers, and streaks. Oh! it was lovely, and grandma thought so too; more than me. Me and grandma were coming home in the sleigh, and a little later on the Aurora Borealis, I hope I have spelt it right, came out in the sky, with mountains, and meadows, and forests, and Princes' palaces, all dancing up and down, and a whole army of soldiers keeping time with them. It was beautiful.

Your friend,

TATTIE.

Thank you, dear, for your kind remembrance of Mr. Old Grub. You should have seen how his face beamed with joy as I gave him your letter to read. Your description of the sunset and of the Northern Lights is delightful, and you spelled that hard word, *Aurora Borealis*, quite correctly. I hope you enjoyed your drive with grandma. I am sure you did, and I think she must have done so too if you chatted to her as nicely as you have written to me.—ED. P. B.

GUYSBORO', N. S.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN,—You say in your Reading Club that you are always wanting to know what we are reading about, and I think I will tell you about an

OTTER'S TOBOGGAN SLIDE

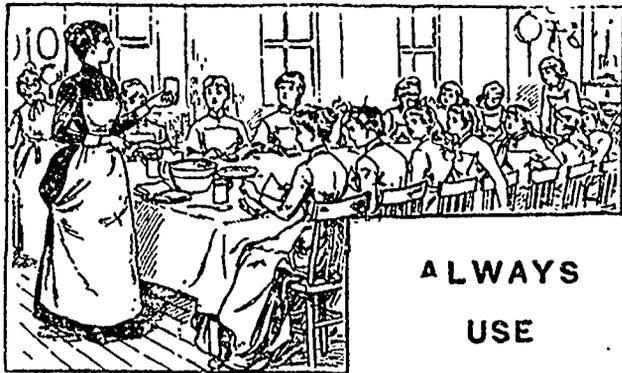
that Aunt Kate read to us last night. Aunt Kate reads so sweetly, her voice is like music. Well, we were around the parlour table after supper, when our lessons were all put away, and Aunt Kate said—"Look here, boys." We knew what that meant, and we sat right flop down beside her, as close as we could pack. Of course I forget some of the story, but it was about a lot of otters that were having a nice time one day in January. The snow was deep, and the otters lived up a steep bank. The bank sloped down to the river, and in the river there was a small pool of water that was not frozen. Well, here they were, the otters coming down to drink, a whole crowd of them, and going up again. Suddenly one of them lost its footing, and slipped from head to foot of the bank. The rest looked on, and I suppose must have laughed; for in a few minutes they all, one after another, did the same. They lay down flat on their stomach at the top, gave themselves a little push, and tobogganned down to the foot. Here they plunged in for a bath, and their wet feet going up and down soon made the slide first-class. For hours they kept up the sport, which made us boys laugh like fun to think of.

FRANK H.

I am delighted to hear from you, dear Frank, and do write again soon and tell us more of what you are reading. You will not only confer a pleasure upon me, but you will improve your own mind. Nothing is so good as to try to tell what you have read.

And the otters, hadn't they a good time? How I envied their lovely slide, and wish I had seen them! It was something new to me, too, to know that otters have their own toboggan clubs. Old Grub has handed me a foot-note for my answer, which you may read the next time you get sitting with Aunt Kate; something more about otters. Here it is:—"My grand-children gave me as a Christmas present a set of furs for my overcoat, and I feel no end of a grandee as I walk out with deep collar and cuffs of otter. The hair is smooth, shiny, brown-black, with a close warm grey down nestling next the skin. The skin is cut at the head and drawn off, as our young Canadians do their over-stockings. A board is then thrust in to make the skin flat, and is drawn out when the skin is dry. If you want to test an otter skin, put your arm up the inside of the skin, or pelt. If your sleeve comes out quite clean, buy the skin. If your sleeve comes out hairy, don't."

Isn't he a curious Old Grub?—ED. P. B.



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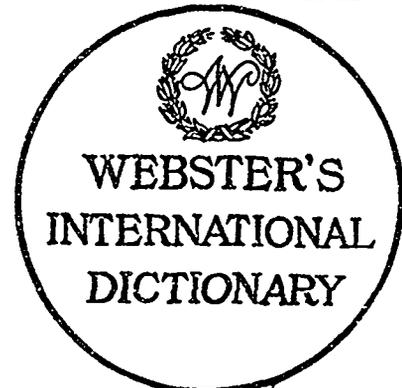
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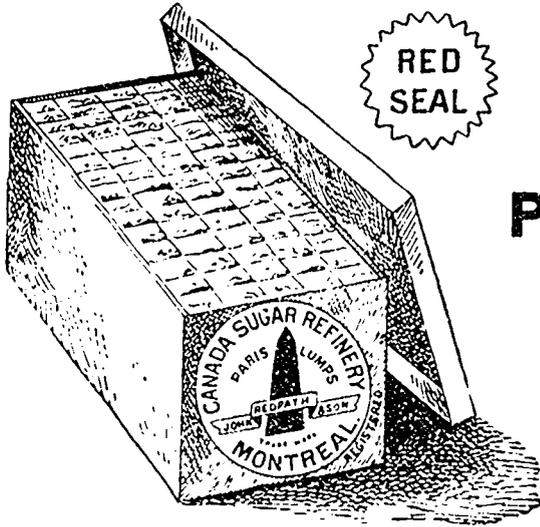
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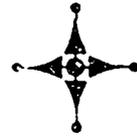
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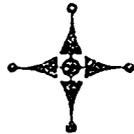
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