

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER

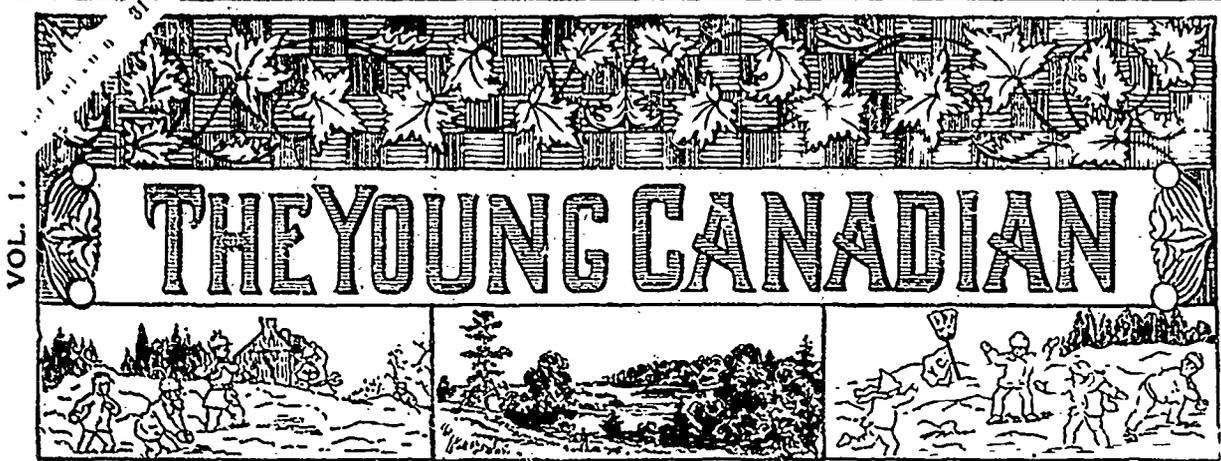
Absolutely free from anything unhealthy.
Best Value in the Market.

The Favorite in Canadian Homes.

McLAREN'S COOK'S FRIEND, the only genuine.

NUTRITIOUS—EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP—ECONOMICAL

NUTRITIOUS—EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP—ECONOMICAL



+ INSIST ON HAVING +

Pearl's SOAP.

Substitutes are sometimes recommended by druggists and storekeepers for the sole purpose of making greater profit.

There is nothing so good as

PEARS' SOAP.

It has stood the test for 100 YEARS.

REMINGTON TYPE-WRITER.

"I advise parents to have all their boys and girls taught shorthand writing and type-writing. A shorthand writer, who can type-write his notes, would be safer from poverty than a great Greek scholar." — CHARLES READE, on "The Comings Men."



SPACKMAN & CO., BARRON BLOCK

161 St. James Street, MONTREAL, P.Q.

GEO. BENGOUGH,

4 Adelaide Street West, TORONTO, Ont.

SHORTHAND INSTITUTE and Remington Type Writing School,

MRS. J. BULLOCK, Principal.

5TH FLOOR, ROOMS 97A TO 99A TEMPLE BUILDING.

ILLUSTRATED MONTREAL,
 THE BEST SOUVENIR PUBLISHED!
 A CONCISE HISTORY OF THE CITY. UPWARDS OF 40 CHOICE ENGRAVINGS.
 No Canadian should be without it, and no visitor should fail to secure one.
 AT ALL BOOKSELLERS; OR OF THE PUBLISHER, WINDSOR HOTEL TICKET OFFICE.
 PRICE, 75 CENTS.
 IN COVER READY FOR MAILING.

SECURITY. Organized 1854. LARGE PROFITS.

THE UNITED STATES LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

Issues all plans of old-line Life Insurance, also the favorite business man's policy, the CONTINUABLE TERM. Write or call for particulars.

E. A. COWLEY, Manager Prov. of Quebec.

INDISPUTABILITY. 180 ST. JAMES STREET. PROMPT PAYMENTS.

Alexander

CHAS. ALEXANDER.
 PURE CONFECTIONERY.
 LUNCHEON AND COFFEE-ROOM.
 Candles and Bon-Bons, own manufacture. Wedding Cakes a specialty.

219. St. James Street, - - MONTREAL.

TRY ALEXANDER'S COUGH DROPS.
 WELL RECOMMENDED

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.

16 & 18. DeBrosles Street,

MONTREAL.



Tea Sets, Butter Dishes,
 Waiters, Wine Stands,
 Cruets, Eperones,
 Pickle Costers, Fruit Stands.

REPLATING A SPECIALTY.

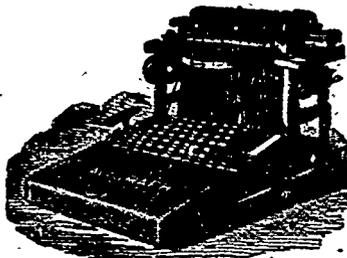
Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors of the celebrated Wm. Rogers Knives, Forks, Spoons, &c.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE
 FINEST QUALITY SILVER-PLATED WARE.

A. J. WHIMBEY, Manager for Canada.

CALIGRAPH!

GREATEST SPEED.



THE MOST DURABLE.

Best for Manifold. 100,000 Daily Users.
 CIRCULARS ON APPLICATION.

AGENTS FOR QUEBEC AND EASTERN ONTARIO

MORTON PHILLIPS & CO.,

Stationers, Blank Book Makers and Printers,

1755 & 1757 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL.

BOY'S

SCHOOL SUITS

TWEED AND SERGE.

Stylish!
 Durable!!
 Cheap!!!

AT SPECIALLY LOW PRICES.

CALL EARLY AND SELECT.

JOHN AITKEN & CO.,

1757 NOTRE DAME STREET.

Bell Telephone 1982. Established 1847.

PISO'S CURE FOR

Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians.
 Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the
 taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

CONSUMPTION

25 CTS

25 CTS

THE BURLAND LITHO. Co.

(LIMITED)

MONTREAL,

Engravers & Fine Color Printers

SPECIALTIES:

Map Engraving.
 Photo-Litho. Reproductions.
 Illustrations for Books.
 Illustrations for Advertising.
 Photo-Zinc Engravings.

9 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.

DR. FULTON cures by LETTER or INTERVIEW all forms of Piles, Pimples, Catarrhs, Skin Diseases, Nervous Complaints, Tumors and Enlarged Glands, WITHOUT OPERATIONS. Enquiry FREE. Hours 1 to 10 p.m. 2444 St. Catherine street. Bell Telephone, 3351.

ROYAL CANADIAN PERFUMES.



Arbutus,
 May Blossom,
 Prairie Flowers,
 White Violet, &c.

The only Canadian Perfumes on the English Market.

London Depot:

No. 1 LUDGATE SQUARE.

A HANDSOME CARD and descriptive circulars of the whole line, post free, on application to

LYMAN, SONS & CO., - MONTREAL.

LOVELL'S

CANADIAN COPYRIGHT SERIES OF CHOICE FICTION.

LATEST ISSUES.

Name and Fame, by Adeline Sergeant.....	\$0.30
Alias, by Rhoda Broughton.....	30
A Double Knot, by Geo. Manville Fenn.....	30
Lady Maude's Mania.....	30
A Hidden Foe, by G. A. Bentley.....	30
Brooke's Daughter, by Adeline Sergeant.....	30
The Risen Dead, by Florence Marryat.....	30
Pretty Miss Smith, by Florence Warden.....	30
A Life for a Love, by L. T. Meade.....	30
Good Bye, by John Strange Winter.....	25

CANADIAN AUTHORS' SERIES:

A Daughter of St. Peters, by Janet C. Conger.....	30
Marie Gourdon, by Maud Ogilvy.....	50
Brighter Spheres, by Spiritus.....	30
The Crime of Paul Sacristan, by Arthur Campbell.....	30
When the Shadows Flee Away, by Bernard.....	30

Sent by mail on receipt of price, if not to be had of your local bookseller.

JOHN LOVELL & SON,

MONTREAL, April, 1897.

Publishers.

DECKER
 BROTHERS

THE STANDARD AMERICAN

PIANOS.

SOLE AGENT FOR THESE CELEBRATED PIANOS

O. W. LINDSAY, 2270 St. Catherine Street, MONTREAL.

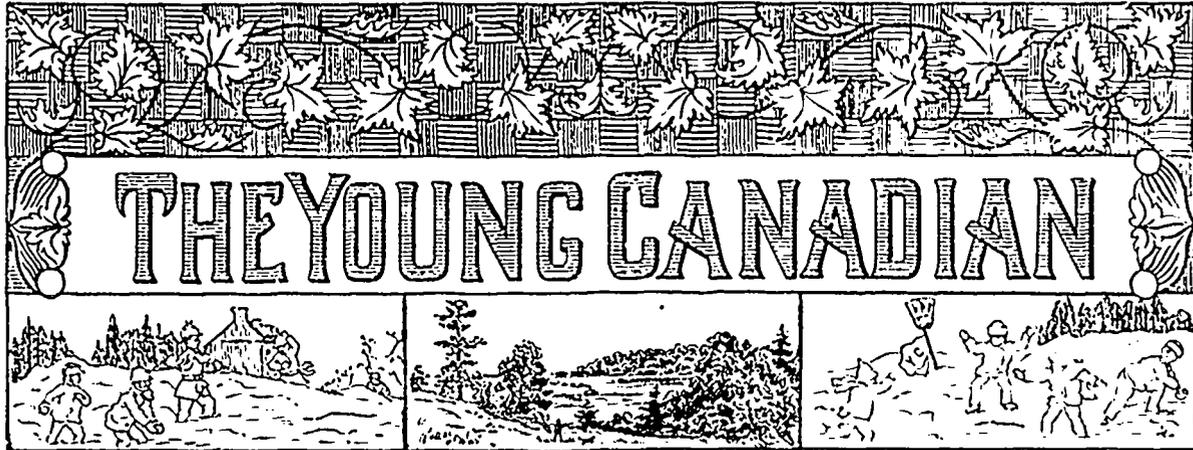
AWARDED BRONZE MEDAL, PHILADELPHIA, 1876.

HEINTZMAN & CO., TORONTO.

Canada's Standard Piano Makers.

OLD COINS.

P. N. BRETON, the popular Numismatist, buys and sells Rare Canadian Coins, and makes a specialty to provide Museums and Institutions with Collections at reasonable prices; also, the publisher of Breton's Illustrated Canadian Coin Collector, 313 Illustrations, for 50 cents. Address: 1664 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Can.



Printed and Published by THE YOUNG CANADIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY.—M. P. MURRAY Secretary 111 Mackay Street, Montreal.

No. 29. VOL. I.

Montreal, Wednesday, August 12, 1891.

Five cents a copy.
\$2.00 per annum, in advance.

NED DARROW;
OR,
THE YOUNG CASTAWAYS.

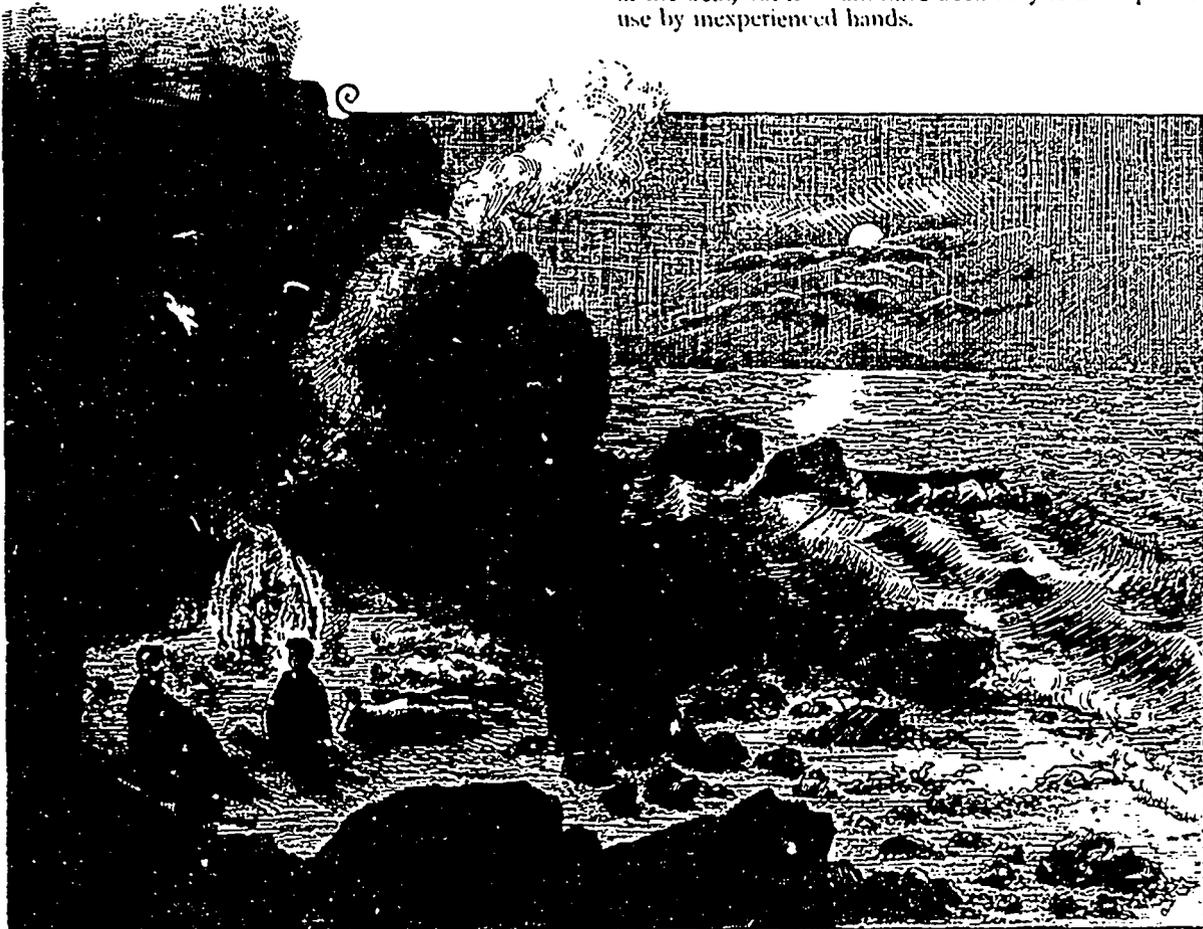
CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER THE WRECK.

THE life-boat, containing Professor Ballentine and his youthful charges, was lifted like a cockle-shell on the crest of the waves as it separated from the Neptune.

Amid that woeful scene the terrified lads could only blindly follow the order given, and though the salt water choked and drenched them, close their eyes and hope for the best.

Professor Ballentine was agonized at the horror of the situation, and his inability to aid them. There were oars in the boat, but it would have been folly to attempt their use by inexperienced hands.



BY THE CAMP FIRE.

The boat would be lifted twenty feet aloft, and then sink into the trough of the sea with a dive that seemed certain to swamp it.

Suddenly a tremendous wave swept it up and forward. It came down with a crash, motionless, while wave after wave dashed over it and filled it with water.

"Sit still, if you value your lives!" shouted Ned, in thrilling tones. "We are very near the shore and the boat is caught between the rocks."

His words quieted the boys, on the verge of a panic, and his action a moment later made Professor Ballentine thank Providence for Ned's presence.

For the latter had uncoiled a long line he found in the boat, affixed it stoutly to the bow, and lifted himself over the edge of the boat on the slippery rocks.

He waited for a receding wave, and then made a dash for the shore. The path was a rocky one, and as he paid out the rope he managed to get beyond the reach of the pursuing waves by running rapidly toward the beach.

He gained a spot where the water was scarcely ankle deep and tied the rope taut around a huge rock. He thrilled to quick triumph and hope, for now there was a means of every soul in the life boat reaching the shore.

The waves swept him off his feet as he retraced his way to the boat, but he kept a firm clasp on the rope and reached the waiting passengers in safety.

His identity had been discovered by this time. Even amid their peril the mystery of his strange appearance had startled and bewildered the boys, and a dozen welcoming voices spoke his name as he explained to Professor Ballentine what he had done.

He made the old tutor descend first, and grope along the line for the shore. One by one the boys followed. They seemed to reach the shore in safety, and grouped around the Professor, whose voice was raised in grateful thanksgiving as he viewed their dim forms on the lonely beach.

"All here," he spoke. "Ned Darrow, your bravery —"

His words were suddenly checked by a sharp query from Ernest Blake.

"Ralph Warden; where is he? Ralph! Ralph!"

There was no answer to the call. The Professor gasped wildly:

"Oh, he cannot be lost! Search the beach, boys."

Ned Darrow seized the rope again and crept along it toward the boat. His eyes pierced the darkness searchingly.

"Thank heaven!"

Every emotion save fervent joy was absent in his heart as he seized a form washed to and fro between two rocks. He forgot all the past bitterness of rivalry as he bore the unconscious Ralph Warden ashore.

Ten minutes time brought back life to the half-drowned lad. In tremulous tones the Professor called over the names of his scholars:

"Ernest Blake, John Kelsey, Paul Brown, Elmer Ray, Willie Ray, Eugene Dale, Charles Wilson, Richard Wilson, Willis Hardy, Aleck Dobson, Sam Pardee, Ned Darrow, Alan Deane, Phil Talcott, William Lee, Ralph Warden, George Mitchell, Harold Gould, James Sheldon, Robert Banks."

"Here; all here!"

The old Professor's voice was tremulous and thrilling as he briefly directed them to carefully pick their way after him along the beach.

What was the discomfort and uncertainty of the hour compared to the perils through which they had just passed. So blissful was the sense of safety that for the

first time in many hours the old ring of honest laughter and careless, boyish sport, broke forth spontaneously.

The veil of darkness and storm was gradually lifting from the bleak scene, but they could form no definite idea as to their surroundings.

Only a rugged, rocky expanse was dimly visible.

"We had better find a sheltered spot until morning breaks," suggested Professor Ballentine, and Ned was foremost in exploring the immediate vicinity to carry out his ideas.

They found a cave-like indentation under a towering cliff where the rain could not beat nor the wind penetrate.

Huge masses of dry sea-weed lined its interior, and Ned had soon discovered a water-tight match safe full of dry lucifers, in the possession of one of his companions.

He knew from what the captain and mate had said aboard of the Neptune, that the place they had reached could be no part of a mainland.

"It is some solitary island, probably," he said to the boys, as he ignited some sea-weed and a blazing fire soon illuminated the dark recesses of their temporary abode.

The cheerful warmth of the fire imparted first vitality and then somnolence to the exhausted boys.

One by one they sank to sleep on the soft moss, slumbering as serenely as if in their comfortable beds in the old academy at Ridgeland.

Professor Ballentine sat thoughtful but placid, gazing into the fire. Ned, his mind upon the captain and mate of the ill-fated Neptune, kept feeding the fire and gazing seaward.

Finally, both gave way to exhaustion, and sleep, deep and refreshing, fell over the care-troubled Professor and all his rescued charges.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TWENTY CRUSOES.

On a jutting point of rock far above the strange resting place of the cast-away boys, a bird of gay plumage had built its nest. As morning broke it began its matutinal twitterings, then its plaintive overture of harmony, and finally broke forth into glorious, melodious song.

The echoes of its voice mingling with the dull swish of the waves on the beach disturbed the sleepers. They awoke finally, as the most restless of their number arose to his feet, and soon twenty curious, hungry boys dotted the shore, enjoying the novelty of their uncertain situation and awaiting the first directing words of Professor Ballentine.

It was not long before the latter knew most of the details of the circumstances which had led to Ned Darrow becoming one of their number.

Ned had withheld all allusion to the culpability of Mr. James in the study episode, and had only stated that the under-mastee had insisted on following the expedition, and he had accompanied him.

In view of his harsh experience the Professor could not chide him. Still believing him guilty of breaking into the study, he forgot the former enormity of the offence in his eyes when he realized that but for Ned's dauntless energy one of their number, Ralph Warden — perhaps all of them — might never have reached land.

"One moment, gentlemen!" said the Professor, as he

called the boys to his side, and stood upon a rock, the centre of the little group. "As you all realize, we have been mercifully saved by a kind Providence, after great peril at sea. Where we have been cast away we have no means of knowing at present. It is probable, however, that this spot is an island, perhaps an uninhabited one. Should this be true, and should it lie out of the course of ships, we may remain here for a long time to come."

Youthful exuberance was manifested at the Professor's announcement. The boys did not seem to trace any serious aspect in the picture presented.

"Regular Robinson Crusoes!" cried Ernest Blake.

"If so, I hope my students will learn to emulate the patience, industry and ingenuity of that noted character in fiction," remarked the Professor, gravely. "We can formulate no plan for the present, but when breakfast is over we must endeavour to determine the true merits of our situation, to abide its uncertainties and discomforts, and to better the same by all means that lie in our power."

"Breakfast?" repeated Ralph Warden, with a glum face. "I don't see it cooking, nor any prospect of it."

Like all selfish persons, Ralph's personal discomfort was pre-eminent in his calculations. He had at first regarded Ned Darrow with gratitude for his rescue, but his old disagreeable manner was too natural to be held long in check.

"Why, of course, we'll have breakfast!" cried Ned Darrow. "Either all the story books don't tell the truth, or we'll find plenty of shell-fish on the beach yonder."

His words caused a scamper of the group to the rocks, and for half an hour they resembled a gay picnic party. They returned in triumph to the cave and presented the result of their explorations to the Professor.

Ned's search was rewarded by the finding of quite a number of small oysters, while his comrades had gathered together a quantity of mussels, shell-fish and other mollusks, of which there seemed no scarcity.

It was an appetizing meal that the boys managed to prepare at the moss fire, and they voted their first breakfast a complete success, finding fresh water from the recent rain in the hollow of a large rock.

The storm had passed away, and the sun came out strong and warm. The sea was placid as a mirror to the view. There was not a trace, however, of the Neptune, or its captain or mate.

The life-boat lay quite a distance from shore, wedged in between the rocks, the rope still running to the shore, but at that distance they could not determine how badly the boat had been injured.

The spot where they had landed was almost a perfect semi-circle, less than five hundred feet in extent. On all sides it was enclosed by almost perpendicular walls. That beyond it might be verdure and beauty, the Professor did not doubt, and imparted that belief to Ned Darrow.

Ned's brain was busy with thought as he surveyed the cliffs.

"I believe, with the aid of the rope from the boat, I might reach the top point yonder, and see what the island is like," he remarked to Ernest Blake.

"The rope is not long enough."

"Then I could work my way up ledge by ledge."

"The cliff is two hundred feet high," remarked Ralph Warden.

"Nonsense, it ain't more than a hundred feet," chimed in Dick Wilson.

"We can soon find out," said Ned.

"How?"

"By applying some of our geometrical theory to practice."

Among the sea-grass Ned found a long, dry stalk, and planted it in the sand some distance from the base of the highest cliff.

The boys watched him with considerable curiosity, and Ralph demanded:

"What are you trying to do?"

"Find out the height of the cliff yonder."

"You can't do it."

"Yes, I can," and Ned walked a short distance from the stick and lay flat on the sand.

He moved forward and backward until his eyes were on a perfect line with the top of the stick and also on a line with the top of the cliff. Then he called for a pocket-rule. Ernest Blake produced one, and at Ned's direction measured the distance from the spot where his eyes had the stick and cliff in line to the pole.

"Twelve feet," he reported.

"And the height of the pole?"

"Six feet."

"Good, now then, measure from where I lay to the base of the cliff."

Ernest was some time doing this, but finally reported:

"A hundred and sixty feet."

"The height of the cliff is eighty feet," said Ned, promptly.

At this moment Professor Ballentine came up, and was a pleased witness of Ned's clever mathematical experiment.

"How do you know that you are right, Ned?" inquired Ernest.

"Because the distance from my eyes to the foot of the stick, shows the same proportion to the distance to the foot of the cliff that the height of the stick does to the height of the cliff. Twelve is to one hundred and sixty as six is to eighty. Of course this is not mathematically correct, as the ground is not quite level, nor the face of the cliff exactly perpendicular, but it won't vary much."

Ned appealed to the Professor to allow him to attempt to scale the cliff, but the latter shook his head negatively.

"It is too dangerous an experiment," was the reply.

"But we cannot remain here always, Professor. There's the life-boat yonder."

"We have had such a terrible experience at sea, I hesitate to trust again to the water."

Ned explained that once around the point of the cliff the level beach might begin, and finally won Professor Ballentine's consent to visit the life-boat.

Ernest Blake and four other bare-footed lads accompanied him, crossing the slippery rocks and wading to the spot where the life-boat was by the aid of the rope.

They found the boat scarcely injured, and for over an hour they worked at the imprisoned craft. A cheer went up from the watching boys on the shore as they saw it pushed from between the rocks into the water.

The Professor, Ned, and two others took each an oar as the throng seated themselves in the boat, pushed off from shore, and were once more afloat.

Every eye was strained as the life-boat rounded the point of rocks which surrounded the cliffs at their base and reached some distance out to sea. Then one universal cry of delight escaped their lips. A scene of glorious vernal beauty, of sunny, flowery loveliness burst upon their enraptured vision.

(To be Continued.)

THE ROBIN'S EGG.

What was ever so dainty of hue?
 Who can tell is it green, is it blue?
 Look, little girl,
 At this beautiful pearl
 Hid in the nest of the robin!

Nay, little girl! Nay, nay, don't touch!
 Wait for a week—a week's not much—
 Then come here, and see
 What there will be
 Hid in the nest of the robin!

What shall you see? A wonderful sight.
 Then, little girl, step light, step light,
 That no sound may be heard
 By the baby bird
 Hid in the nest of the robin!

NATURAL HISTORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

MORE FLOWERS OF THE SEA.

ADAPTED FROM JUVENAL MCNAIR WRIGHT.

THE FLYING FLOWERS.

I knew a little boy who, the first time that he noticed dragon-flies, cried out "Oh, see all those flowers flying!" That was a pretty idea. It well described the dragon-flies. Their shape, colours, and motions are very lovely. I am sorry that such beautiful creatures have had harsh names given to them. They are called Dragon-Flies, Horse Stingers, Darning Needles, Spindles, and so on. These names have nothing true in them. These pretty insects never harm any one.

The French people call them Little Ladies. Now, that is a nicer name. It is given to them because they are graceful and pretty, and also neat and delicate, in their looks and motions. I knew a man who called these insects Air-Jewels. That was because they are almost always on the wing, and their eyes and bodies flash and shine like precious gems. I have known silly people to start and scream when one of these dragon-flies came darting by. That was foolish; they might as well scream at a rose or a violet.

They are very active in their motions, and are very seldom at rest. They fly so swiftly that you can scarcely see their thin wings, but only the flash of their bright coloured bodies. Dragon flies like damp or wet places. You will find them above lakes and ponds. They fly over marshy places or by the edges of quiet streams. There you will see hundreds of gay dragon flies darting up and down. They swing in the sunbeams, as if glad to be alive. In their great beauty the dragon flies are as pretty as the butterflies. Like them, they love the sunshine. They are the children of the summer time. The hotter the weather, the happier the dragon flies seem to be.

The wide wings look like delicate lace spread on a fine frame. A little child who found one of these wings; brought it to me, saying "I dot a dood piece of lace!"

While it is an egg, a larva, and a pupa, it lives under the water. Only when about to burst from the pupa-case, and at last get its wings, does it leave the water

and seek the upper air. This larva does not run after its food, but lies waiting for it. On the bottom of the pond, hidden in the shadow of a leaf, root, or stone, or seated on stems or leaves that are under water, the larva waits patiently for its prey to come by. Did you ever see a person with a net for catching insects? As insects dart by, the person with the net brings it down over them with a quick motion.

The dragon-fly larva has something much like this to catch its food. When the prey comes by, the larva snaps out its rool, and so catches the things that are swimming along a little way off. They do not see their foe, and do not know that he can reach so far with his sweep net.

I suppose the little creatures that swim along feel quite happy and safe, and then, all at once, out springs this weapon, and they are gone. But this little plague of the pond is not quite safe himself. There are some other creatures down under the water that eat him. All nature is a kind of game of "tit for tat," you see.

Once the larva wanted nothing better than to chase bugs about under water. Now, all at once it longs for the free air and for the sun. It needs no one to tell it what to do. It knows exactly how it should act.

It seeks the stem of some tall reed that grows in the water. Slowly it crawls up the stem. The hooks on the feet take fast hold as it goes, and it keeps on until it is nearly a yard above water. It drives the hooks into the stem. It

likes best to find two reeds or stems near, so that it can take hold of both and swing between the two. Then, like a child in a swing, it begins to sway to and fro. Now, as it sways, a strange thing happens. The hard pupa-case splits open upon the back, and look, inside the case, we see the perfect insect, with its wings!

The new insect twists and pulls, and so gets free; and little by little its head, legs, wings, and long body come forth, and finally hang only by the last ring of the body. Then you would think it was dead. But it is only resting. After about fifteen minutes it awakes. Taking hold firm with its feet upon a stem or leaf, it lets go its hold upon the pupa-case. That is left hanging by its hooks in its place.

Here is now a dragon-fly, with large head, with two great cluster eyes, six legs, four wings, and long, bright-hued body! But still the insect does not look like the full-made dragon-fly. The colours are dull, and the wings are folded up. The body is soft, damp, and too short. The big eyes are dim. Now and then its wings quiver. As they quiver they spread out, fold after fold, as silken banners wave out upon the air. Then at last they are spread out wide in all their beauty. The dragon-fly has reached its last and highest state. It can sail away where it pleases on its new wings.



HOME OF THE DRAGON-FLY.

The dragon-fly eats almost every kind of insect. Beetles, spiders, flies, centipedes, fresh-water shrimps, and polliwogs are its food. It is a larva for a year. It is a perfect dragon-fly only a part of one summer. You will find the most dragon-flies in July or August. When the frost comes, they die. Dragon-flies are very strong; they are fond of chasing other insects. They seem to catch and tear them for the mere pleasure of pulling them to pieces. They also fight with each other, and Mr. and Mrs. Dragon-fly have some hard battles.

There are several kinds of dragon-flies. These are different in colour and size, and in the shape of their bodies. One, with a very long, thin, dark body, is called the Darning-Needle. One, with a thicker body, is called the Ringed-Club. Its body is largest at the tail end. One is dressed in black and gold, and is large and strong.

A smaller kind of dragon-fly, which has no spots on the wings, is called the Little Lady. They flit here and there like streaks of gay-coloured light, and you can scarcely see the wings on which they fly.

At our special request, one of our first scientists has undertaken the supervision of this charming Department. A Question Box has been opened, and the Editor has much pleasure in asking the co-operation of parents through this means. Address letters—"Natural History Question Box," YOUNG CANADIAN, Box 1896, Montreal.

(To be Continued.)

A TIP.

A writer in a contemporary explains a method by which one in a railway train can, like the driver, tell the rate at which he is travelling. Take the number of seconds you are travelling from quarter mile post to quarter mile post, and divide 900 by it to find the number of miles you travel per hour. If the train takes 30 seconds between the posts, then 900 divided by 30 gives 30 miles an hour; if it takes 15 seconds between the posts, then 900 divided by 15 gives 60 miles an hour—the reason for this being that there are 3600 seconds in an hour, which, divided by the number of seconds occupied in running a mile, will give you the rate; and, therefore, a quarter of 3600 divided by the seconds occupied in a quarter of a mile will also give you the rate, with the use of fewer figures.

THERE are few stranger places in the world than Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, and were any one to go ashore there for a day's sight-seeing, he would hardly know which to look at first of the countless queer spectacles around him. Warehouses encircled by palm-trees, senators in straw hats; merchants going on change in full evening dress at ten o'clock in the morning; black men dressed in white, and white men dressed in black; street-cars drawn by mules; children playing in the streets with no clothing but their own matted black hair; young sharks selling by pairs in the fish markets; and negro cooks buying monkeys for soup and parrots for pies. If there happens to be a parade going on in front of the palace of the emperor, you will see black, white, yellow, and copper-colored faces mingled like pieces on a chess-board. In the stores you will receive your change in small printed slips of paste-board,—the passenger tickets of the Street Car Co.

THE BANISHED CHIEF.



GERMAN traveller in the Far West, halted for some days at a Mission Station. During the services in the church on Sunday he was much struck by a tall Indian, who officiated as sacristan. In his wild, shy looks there was something strange and mysterious. After the service, the traveller expressed to the clergyman how much this man had struck him, and he begged him to tell him something about his history.

"You are right," said the clergyman; "Neykeemie is no ordinary Indian. He possesses much sense and deep feeling, and therefore I have appointed him to this office, which all envy. His pride was broken by a great misfortune which befell him when he was chief of the Ojibbeways. Banished by his own tribe on account of a deed of despair, and broken-hearted, the rough warrior came here, to seek pardon from the God of the white men. His story is very interesting, but very sad; but, if you like to hear it, I will willingly tell it to you.

"Neykeemie, a few years ago, was the most powerful and respected chief of the Ojibbeways. When I first came to this country, a short time back, he promised me, for a small service I rendered him, his protection; and he faithfully kept his word, helping the mission in every way in his power.

"He was not less esteemed in the judgment of his tribe, and he was the first to lead the way in the bloody path of war. Thus, some years ago, he prepared, in the middle of winter, an expedition against the Yanktons, across the boundaries of Dakota, from the result of which he promised himself great things. Alas! he could not foresee the end of it.

"Imagine to yourself a large Indian village in the midst of dark pines, the huts covered with birch-bark, and the wigwams with many-coloured skins, to protect them from the icy north wind. The whole population, from the grey-haired veteran to the infant, is on its legs, and the young squaws have clothed themselves in their brightest garments, to charm the warriors of the tribe; round the striped post which stands in the middle of the camp the red men silently assemble, with feathers in their black hair, and their faces fantastically painted.

"In the midst of this assembly of his soldiers stood Neykeemie, in deep thought; for during the night he had dreamt a fearful dream, and all Indians are superstitious. But whether it was the cold morning air or the sight of his brave men which inspirited him, he cast away all care, and gave his commands. He proudly showed the scars with which he was covered; and his contented look fell on the scalps which hung from his girdle, and on the claws of the grey bear, which, tied in a string, hung down upon his broad breast. The hollow drums beat in increasingly quick time; the war-song of his brave men rose and fell in ever wilder cadences, and each warrior, as he yelled forth his battle-cry, struck his tomahawk into the striped post. Neykeemie, springing on his saddleless horse, gave the signal for departure, and placed himself at the head of his people, who, riding one after the other, vanished in the darkness of the forest, whilst the hollow sound of their drums echoed after them. Thus they withdrew to their bloody work, determined to slay the first enemy they found, whether they met him in the open field or fell upon him in an ambush; while the old veterans, left behind for the protection of the village, made their rounds sadly and dejectedly, because they could not share the dangers of their brethren.

"This time Neykeemie was not fortunate in his expedition, for the Yanktons, being timely warned by their spies, were prepared, and a successful surprise was there-

fore impossible. At the same time, a violent north wind began to blow, which, passing hither across the polar regions, always brings with it such a terrible cold that sleeping in the forests is hard, even to the Ojibbeways. Therefore the chief determined, in order not to return home entirely without booty, to divide the large company of his warriors into smaller bands, because such had always a better chance of coming slyly upon the enemy.

"After a wearisome ride through the woods, Neykeemie reached the extensive snow-covered prairie which stretches on both sides of the Assiniboin river, when suddenly the horses started, and gave plain signs of terror. Yes, enemies indeed were approaching, more cruel than the hated Yanktons. In severe winters, the great northern wolves, driven by hunger, appear in vast multitudes in this region, and venture to attack even men. The proud Neykeemie, who had often, as a jest, chased down a pair of solitary wolves on the prairie, was now himself chased by these beasts of prey, when, convinced of the uselessness of resistance, he turned to flee. He knew that a few miles distant, on the river, was an abandoned fort of the Hudson's Bay Company — this, with his warriors and prisoners, he endeavoured to reach by the shortest route. But the wearied horses, driven as they were both by their fright and by the heavy whips of their riders, could not fly across the prairie with the same speed as their light-footed pursuers, who sprang over the half-frozen snow without breaking through it.

"Single shots, which the Indians, as they fled, fired at them, had but little effect: for if the foremost fell, and the nearest following them stopped to devour their bodies, it did not cause hundreds to desist for a moment in the chase. They flew over the icy covering of the prairie as if they were sure of their prey.

"At last they beheld the little fort, standing on a rising eminence, before them, and the sharp eye of Neykeemie discovered also that the gate stood wide open. They had now only one mile to flee, but between the gradually rising ground and the fugitive Indians was some low ground, completely covered with snow. Here the foaming horses, so overdriven that they were almost dead, could not go so fast, because at every step they plunged up to their knees in snow. Thus the horrible beasts now gained upon them rapidly. The horses of two Ojibbeways sunk down exhausted with fatigue. When their riders saw that neither whipping nor caressing was of any avail they calmly resigned themselves to their fate, sung their death-song, and, leaning back to back, awaited the attack. Though tomahawk and knife slew many a wolf, yet their desperate resistance was in vain, for, in an incredibly short time, they and their horses were torn to pieces. Whilst a herd of the beasts fought over their bones, the great multitude continued the pursuit, and were not again arrested till an old Ojibbeway, who had two sons among the fugitives, sacrificed himself by cutting the throat of his panting steed: it staggered backwards and forwards, and at last fell. The noble father, after he had cast one loving look at his children, sat down quietly on the snow, and with resignation awaited his fate.

"Neykeemie, who, with the rest of his companions, had now arrived at the foot of the hill upon which stood the stockade which was to afford them protection, cast a despairing glance behind him, pointed to the open door, and galloped up the hill borne by the last strength of his exhausted horse, the rest following him as quickly as the worn-out condition of their steeds permitted. But the wolves were now close behind them; and there was no doubt one last sacrifice must be made, if they were not all to perish. Such a thought was agitating Neykeemie's brain; his decision was quickly made; he seized his

rifle, and shot the horse of the Ojibbeway who was riding close behind him through the head, so that horse and rider fell to the ground. The latter tried to disentangle himself and escape; but, before he could succeed in doing so, he already felt the warm breath of the beasts at his throat: he wished to raise his death-song, but it was too late even for that.

"The short space of time purchased through this barbarous deed sufficed to bring the chief and the remaining warriors into safety. They galloped through the open gate into the enclosure, and instantly closed the gates, so that they had now a firm barrier between themselves and their pursuers. A furious howling now resounded all round the palisades, when the wolves saw that they were cheated of their prey. They tried to press in, and burrow under the strong enclosure; but the hard, frozen ground, resisted all their efforts, whilst the rifles of the Ojibbeways made deadly havoc among them. As soon as one of the beasts fell, the others rushed upon it to devour it; but the number of the assailants did not diminish, for new herds continued to appear. The besieged Indians determined not to waste their ammunition thus fruitlessly; so they kindled a huge fire before the one-storied block house, which stood in the middle of the stockade, and threw, from time to time, large burning faggots among the wolves, to drive them from the walls. One of the northern snow-storms was raging with such a fury over the midnight winter landscape, that the raging of the hurricane drowned the howling of the ravenous beasts. It was scarcely possible to keep up the fire. They tried to light a second fire within the old block-house, but the snow-penetrated through the dilapidated roof in large quantities, so that the attempt was vain. So the Indians, wrapped up in their blankets, crouched down silently round the ashes.

"Neykeemie, who had twice made the round of the stockade, to see that all was in order, now sat down on the trunk of a tree, his elbows on his knees, and his eye fixed on the dark, threatening firmament. The icy hurricane drove the thick snow-clouds out of the north before it; they took the most fantastic forms, which the superstitious chief gazed on as appearances from another world. He believed, too, tormented by the pangs of conscience, that in the howling and raging of the storm



he heard the cry of the warrior whom he had in such a cowardly way sacrificed to the wolves. It was not the icy cold, not the savage howls of the bloodthirsty beasts outside the palisades, which made him tremble, but the deep pain of feeling that he, as chief, had failed in his duty. He ought first to have sacrificed himself, as, in such cases, was the custom and tradition of his tribe; instead of this, he had delivered one of his best warriors, who had always fought bravely at his side, to a most cruel death. Cold and indifferent, he saw the terrible night change into the grey dawn. Indifferent, he heard the joyous announcement of his men, that the storm had driven away the wolves. Only when his beloved war-horse rubbed his bloody head on his master's shoulder did a milder look pass over his stern countenance. The warriors, who previously watched for his every word and sign, appeared no longer to take any notice of him; they only cast reproachful glances at him. As the clouds still rested on the prairie, they sent out a horse, down the hill, to observe from his actions whether the wolves were still in the neighbourhood. The animal trotted merrily through the deep snow, drew in the fresh morning air, and, by his neighing, gave his comrades to understand that the terrible enemy was no longer there. The Ojibbeways thus knew that there was no longer any danger at hand, and when the sun dispersed the clouds, and their sharp eyes could survey the whole country, they took up their weapons and assembled to depart. They did all this without consulting the chief—a proof that they no longer recognized his authority. Neykeemie followed them some distance off, and, without further adventure, reached the village, where his deed of despair was soon noised abroad.

"The next day the whole tribe assembled round the striped post, and the elders held judgment on the chief who had so grievously failed in his duty. Though he was defended by a few of his relations, he did not speak a word himself; he was condemned by a large majority, and cast out in disgrace. The squaws tore down his eagles' feathers, robbed him of his scalps and other marks of honour, and drove him, with scourges, out of the camp. Broken-hearted and despising himself, Neykeemie wandered through the forests, till, one day, some people belonging to the mission took compassion on his wretched condition, and brought him under my roof. There he found sympathy, consolation and care, and I had the joy of seeing him, through Christian instruction, turned away from those thoughts of revenge which he had before harboured. Since then he has daily increased in religious knowledge, and I had the satisfaction of receiving him as a faithful member into our Church some time ago."

Such is the sad story of the banished chief, as told to the traveller.

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S DAUGHTER.

Sir Robert Peel gave his daughter a magnificent riding habit on her nineteenth birthday, and, attired in the embroidered gown, she rode side by side with him in the parks of London. She had scarcely returned home before she was taken ill with the most malignant form of typhus fever, and in ten days was laid to rest in the churchyard. And the secret was a very simple one. The poor seamstress, in a garret in one of the slums, while she was embroidering that garment looked upon a husband shivering in the paroxysm of chills, and she took the half-finished garment and laid it over him; and the garment took up the germs of fever, and conveyed them from the hovel of the poorest to the palace of the statesman.

THE SINGING LESSON.

BY JEAN INGELOW.



NIGHTINGALE made a mistake;
She sang a few notes out of tune;
Her heart was ready to break,
And she hid away from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing,
But was far too proud to speak;
She tucked her head under her wing,
And pretended to be asleep.

The nightingale shyly took
Her head from under her wing,
And giving the dove a look,
Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass;
The night was divinely calm;
And the people stood on the grass
To hear that wonderful psalm!

The nightingale did not care,
She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below
She knew but little about;
And this story's a moral, I know,
If you'll try to find it out!

SHORT, IF NOT SWEET.

Lord Tweeddale was very fond of dogs, and on leaving his country house for London, he instructed his head-keeper, a quaint bodie, to give him a periodical report of the kennel, and particulars of his favourite dogs. Among the latter was an *special* one, called Pickle.

It happened one day that poor Pickle, during the absence of his master, was taken unwell, and the watchful guardian immediately warned the Marquis of the sad fact, and of the progress of the disease, which lasted three days, for which he sent the three following laconic despatches:—

"MY LORD,—
"Pickle's no' weel!
—"Your Lordship's humble servant," &c.

"MY LORD,—
"Pickle will no' do!
—"I am, your Lordship's humble servant," &c.

"MY LORD,—
"Pickle's deid!
—"I am, your Lordship's humble servant," &c.

One of the most effective ways of cleaning a sponge is to dissolve a small quantity of ammonia in hot water, and well wash the sponge in it; if one water is not enough, use more.

The Young Canadian

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

ITS AIM

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.

ITS FEATURES

Are Original Literary and Artistic Matter; Fine Paper; Clear Type; Topics of the Day at Home and Abroad; Illustrated Descriptions of our Industries and of our Public Works; Departments in History, Botany, Entomology, etc., with prizes to encourage excellence; a Reading Club, for guidance in books for the young, an invaluable help to families where access to libraries is uncertain; a Post Bag of questions and answers on everything that interests the young; and a means of providing for the people of the Dominion a thoroughly high-class Magazine of Canadian aim, Canadian interest, and Canadian sentiment.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

Two Dollars per annum, in advance, with reduced rates for clubs of ten and twenty. Subscriptions may commence at any time. Money should be sent by P. O. Order or Bank Cheque.

A LIMITED SPACE

Is allotted for high-class advertisements, and as The Young Canadian is the only young people's Magazine in Canada, it is the most direct means of reaching their eye and ear.

Address:

THE YOUNG CANADIAN CO.,

BOX 1896.

MONTREAL

We are sure our young people are following with deep interest the fortunes of Ned Darrow. There is something in Ned which we all love and admire.

It is from no rivalry with Ned, but from a desire to let our readers know something of a life very different from his that we commence to-day a Short Serial for our little "Tots," "The Eagle's Nest." Next week we shall have a beautiful illustration of this story all for their own dear little selves.

In calling the attention of our young readers to the Electric Car Service opened recently in Ottawa, we have much pleasure in reminding them that that was not the first of its kind in the Dominion. St. Catharines, Merriton, Thorold, Windsor, Walkerville in Ontario, and other places in others of our Provinces have for some years not only enjoyed the advantages of electric railways, but have shown their enterprise in their establishment.

HOW TO STOP A DISCUSSION.

Dr. Barclay was one day dining with a large party composed chiefly of medical men. As the wine went round, the conversation accidentally took a professional turn, and, from the excitement of the moment, or some other cause, two of the youngest gentlemen present were the most forward in delivering their opinions. Our unledged M.D.'s gradually got heated in their remarks, and finally settled into a debate, in which they made up in loudness what they lacked in learning. At length one of them said something so emphatic - we mean as to manner - that a pointer dog started from his lair beneath the table, and *how-roared* so fiercely that he fairly took the lead in the discussion. Dr. Barclay eyed the hairy dialectician, and thinking it high time to close the debate, gave the animal a hearty push with his foot, and exclaimed, in good broad Scotch—"Lie still, ye brute! I'm sure ye ken jist as little about it as ony o' them." This remark effectually brought the argument to a close.

THE GIRLHOOD OF THE GERMAN EMPRESS.

The Princess Victoria was remarkable for the zest with which she pursued her various studies, and she quickly developed a decided talent for painting and music, the taste and ability for which latter art she had inherited from her mother. History was also among her favourite subjects, but her father was very solicitous to guard her mind from prejudiced and immature judgment regarding any special nationality. If a fore-shadowing of his daughter's future destiny was already in his mind, he could not have adopted a wiser course. Amid all these provisions for mental culture, physical education was by no means neglected. Early rising and systematic bodily exercise formed a part of each day's duty; every species of self-indulgence was rigidly avoided, and the Prince was in the constant habit of taking long walks in all weathers with his daughters, who were the very models of blooming, stately young maidenhood. The luxury of a private carriage was not included in the domestic arrangements, and when a drive became a necessity it was taken in an ordinary hired equipage.

A HINT.

At home stations the private soldier's washing is usually done by the married soldiers' wives, who are expected to sew on missing buttons and do little repairs, for which a small sum is deducted from the private's pay. Private McGinnis had a great deal of trouble with his laundress. Saturday after Saturday had his shirt come bac' with the neck button off, or else hanging by a single thread. He had spoken to her on the subject, and she had promised to see after it, but still the button was not on properly. He got out of patience on a Sunday when the missing button had made him late for parade, and exclaimed—"Bad cess to the woman! I'll give her a hint this time, anyhow." He took the lid off his tin blacking-box—about three inches in diameter—punched two holes in it with his fork, and then tied it on the neck of the shirt that was next to be washed. Next Saturday, when his washing came back, he examined his shirt to see if the hint had been taken. It had; she had made a button-hole to fit it.

PATHETIC.

Magpies, like their tropical friend the parrot, can be got to say a few words through hearing them spoken by members of the household. A magpie had a hypochondriac invalid for his master. This gentleman's manservant inquired regularly every morning "How are you to-day, master?" He as regularly got for answer—"Oh, John, I'm dying." The pet magpie, always hearing this doleful answer, learned to repeat it with great distinctness, and in a tone of dejection, the exact counterpart of the owner's voice. When the invalid heard it he was himself much amused, and repeatedly rewarded the bird for its cleverness. This confirmed the accomplishment. One day, however, the poor magpie wandered far from home, and was brought down by a rustic's gun, who mistook it for a wild bird. The sportsman, whose name was John, hurried to bag his prey; but what was his horror, as he lifted the bird, to see it slowly open its eyes, and hear it say in dismal tones—"Oh, John, I'm dying!" He flung down the bird, happily wounded but slightly, and fled in dismay as if pursued by an avenger.

A DARING ADVENTURE.

The story of England's triumph over the invincible Armada, in the memorable year 1588, has been told many times, yet never fails to stir the hearts of those who love to hear of brilliant victories and dauntless bravery. What followed that wonderful defeat is not so familiar, and we have chosen one incident in the ceaseless warfare carried on against Spain, because it shows how daring our sailors had become, and how hopelessly crushed was the power of the Spanish navy after the loss of that matchless fleet.

It was chiefly against the Spanish settlements in America and the West Indies that these expeditions were undertaken. The fabulous wealth described by Sir Walter Raleigh as existing in the inland parts of South America made men wish to try their fortunes against the enemy when such golden harvests were to be reaped by doing so.

Fleet after fleet, some large, some small, sailed from our shores and swept the southern seas, burned cities, gathered vast treasures, and returned home to inspire by their conquests further expeditions. Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Martin Frobisher, with a host of adventurous and able men, contributed to their own glory and the greatness of the kingdom by their achievements. Not alone the government, but private individuals also, fitted out vessels for these expeditions, and wherever a Spanish flag waved Englishmen considered themselves at liberty to wreak vengeance and collect plunder to their hearts' content.

And this feeling was only natural, considering the state of anxiety that existed in the country as to the gigantic design of Philip. When it is remembered what his plans were, and how terrible the consequences would have been had they succeeded, we cannot be surprised at the exultant joy that filled the heart of the nation, and which expressed itself in defiant attacks upon every part of the Spanish possessions.

On the 12th March, 1595, a little English squadron sailed for the West Indies under Sir Amyas Preston. It consisted of the *Ascension*, *Gift*, *Darling*, and *Angel*, four ships in all. The *Ascension* was Preston's ship, and he purposed doing as much damage and securing as much booty as he possibly could during the voyage.

For nineteen days he met with no adventure, then he sighted a strange sail and gave chase, getting separated from his small squadron in consequence.

Losing sight of the stranger, and nearing the island of Porto Santo—one of the Madeira group—he determined to attack it, although he had only sixty men in his ship. Hakluyt records that with this handful of men he attacked 500 Portuguese soldiers in the principal town of the island, routed them, set fire to the place, and reduced it to ashes. This act Preston defended because of the treachery of the inhabitants to a Captain Harvey, and their punishment was as sharp as it was unexpected. We can hardly wonder that such deeds carried terror wherever the Spanish flag waved, and that the name of Englishmen became terrible on sea and land. Preston rejoined his little squadron on the 12th April, and the news of his triumph and the evidence of his spoil raised the spirits of the sailors, and made them long for an opportunity of showing their valour and sharing the booty.

On the 19th May they captured a number of Spanish prisoners on a small island in the Caribbean Sea, where they also obtained some fine specimens of pearls. Two days later they were before Cumana, a Venezuelan town on the River Manzanares, where great salt-works were erected. The inhabitants ransomed their town from

destruction by the payment of a heavy fine, but they lost three caravels which lay at anchor in the bay. Preston landed on the 27th, at a fort on the coast of the Caracas, and, having stormed it, made the governor prisoner. From him he learned that the city of Santiago de Leon had already been made aware of the presence of the English ships, and was prepared to meet any force that might be sent against it.

Nothing daunted, Preston determined to advance. The way was most difficult, and to a spirit less daring it would have been impossible. The usual approach was by a pass twenty feet broad, with steep precipices on each side. This pass the Spaniards had barricaded and fortified, so that it would have been sheer madness to attempt its passage. He offered liberty to any of the prisoners who would conduct him safely into the city by some other way, and a Spaniard was found treacherous enough to undertake the duty.

An old Indian path, almost obliterated by the trees that had been thrown across it, and known only to a few, was the way by which the Spanish traitor led the daring sailor into the doomed city. It proved a more difficult way than was at first supposed. Following in the steps of their guide, Preston and his seamen pushed noiselessly on, over mountains and through dense masses of trees, scorched by the fierce heat by day, and worn out by the almost ceaseless marching. Many of the seamen dropped down on the march, and begged their officers to kill them: yet the resolute old sailor held on, determined to conquer or to die in the attempt.

Knowing no fear, and having no such word as "defeat" in his dictionary, Preston reached Santiago de Leon on the 29th May, and, throwing himself on the unprepared garrison, speedily became master of the city. The alarm, however, had been given in time to allow some of the chief citizens to fly to the mountains, carrying with them vast treasures of gold and pearls. Here they received Preston's demand for a ransom of thirty thousand ducats. They professed their inability to pay more than four thousand, but it was whispered in Preston's ear that they only sought delay until reinforcements should arrive.

With a ruthless haste, Preston gave orders that all further negotiations should cease, and that the city should be burned. Soon the black columns of smoke rising from the plain told the refugees in the mountains that their fair city was no more; and far and wide from peaceful villages, deserted by the panic-stricken villagers, there rose the same black record of a terrible doom. When the city and its neighbouring villages were only heaps of ashes, Preston razed the fort which had defended them, and marched back over the same ground to his ships, boasting that he had not lost a man in the expedition.

But so far from being satisfied with his achievement, he thirsted for more conquest, and on the 5th June appeared before Coros, another Spanish town. Three ships lay at anchor in the bay, and these he captured. The Spaniards, however had taken the precaution of carrying the sails ashore, fearing an attack from the ominous-looking squadron.

Preston ordered the ships to be fired, and they were burned to the water's edge, as it would have been impossible to have brought them off without canvass.

Lying to for four days, he then ordered the squadron to sail into the bay, and Coros was reduced to ashes, as Santiago had been, after much plunder had been secured by the freebooters.

Having thus done as much damage and secured as much prize-money as he could, Preston set sail for England, and the squadron dropped anchor at Millford Haven on the 10th September of the same year.

THE SERFS.

FROM THE GERMAN BY JAMES F. COBB.

CHAPTER II.

“**COULD** I do otherwise? Could I sacrifice the happiness of Anna's life to the man? I had no suspicion of it. When he came I was very civil to him. This, indeed, I never expected. I told him straight out that I would never give my consent; that Anna was too good for his son. He thought he was showing me an honour and favour, so my refusal doubly enraged him. I could not act otherwise.”

“You could not act otherwise, indeed,” cried Heinrich. “I consider that lad even more heartless than his father. Has the bailiff threatened you, too?”

“Yes, threatened indeed, and told me that I should bitterly repent my words. He will carry his threats into execution, I know him only too well. If it only affects myself I will not complain; but you, Heinrich, keep calm and composed; be silent about it to your mother and sister,—to Marie also. Their hearts are so full of joy and happiness, why should they fear before they are obliged to do so? I am afraid the bailiff's vengeance will only come soon enough.”

“I fear the bailiff less than you do, father,” said Heinrich. “How often has he already threatened us? Without the Count's commands he can do nothing against us, and the Count is now kindly disposed towards us or he would not have given his consent to my marriage.”

Schober wished to reply, but with difficulty he repressed his words. Why should he tell his son that he put no confidence in the Count's friendly humour, and did not believe in it? Nothing remained for him but to wait quietly the course of events.

“You may be right,” he said to Heinrich; “we will hope for the best.”

He left the room, and the house, in order to be alone that he might regain his former calmness and composure.

The preparations for the wedding went on without any hindrance. Schober appeared completely calm and cheerful again.

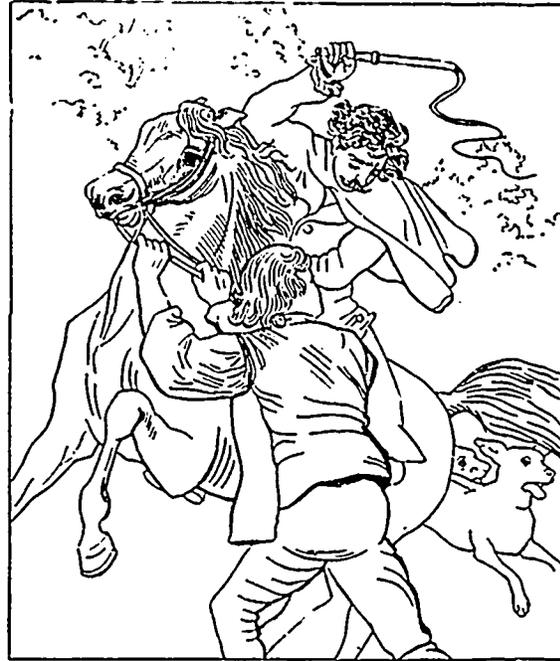
The wedding morning dawned. The invited guests took their places in Schober's house. Very few out of the village were wanting, for, as may be imagined, all were reckoned among his friends. None had heard a word about the affair with the bailiff. All were in cheerful spirits.

Heinrich and Marie, arrayed in their wedding costume, now entered and stood among the guests; and scarcely ever had a handsomer pair been seen in the village.

Even the sky seemed to rejoice at their happiness. Not a cloud was to be seen. The air was pure and mild and the autumn sun sent its warm beams down upon the earth.

The time to go to church had arrived. The wedding procession was arranging itself before the house. Merrily and good humouredly the best man was settling the lads and maidens in their proper places. He had the right to give orders that day, and it was his duty, too, to make all as merry and cheerful as possible.

“In a wedding procession no gloomy looks should be seen,” he called out to the girls. “Much merriment before the ceremony is an omen of much happiness and joy in the marriage! Come, be merry, then, or I shall put on a very black face when you yourselves go as brides to church.”



Schober often and earnestly had longed for the happiness of this day, and now it was about to be realised. He was celebrating the marriage of his only son.

“Come, Marie,” he said to the bride, “I will lead you to church. Your parents are both dead; your grandfather is too weak to do it: besides, from this day forward I am your father too, and my own children will not be dearer to me than you will be.”

He took her hand and placed himself with her at the head of the procession.

“Now everything is ready,” cried the best man, whose breast was adorned with an immense nosegay and with long ribbons. “Now, then, to church!”

The procession began to move forwards. At that moment the bailiff, with his son, entered the court-yard.

“What does he want here?” cried Schober, his cheeks turning pale. He had observed the mocking, malicious look on the bailiff's face.

“Ha! here come two more, who wish to close the procession,” cried the best man. “Much honour you do us,” he added in a jesting tone; “but I know what has enticed them hither. They have heard how good the beer is in this house on such a festal occasion, and the bailiff's throat is always dry. Come, Heinrich,” he added turning to him, “if your stock of beer is not large to-day many will suffer thirst! The bailiff alone drinks enough for twenty men!”

But an anxious foreboding was rising in Heinrich's heart. He tried to smile and not to betray what was passing within him.

“Now be quick and take your places,” cried the best man to the bailiff; “you see the procession has already started for church.”

“Ha, ha!” replied the bailiff with a savage laugh. “It has time enough for that; and it will have to wait a long time before it reaches the church! I can spare you the trouble. Remain where you are!”

“Ha, ha! Are you going to undertake the parson's office?” cried the best man, who still suspected nothing.

“Silence!” said the bailiff, interrupting him angrily, “I am not in the humour for jokes. Take off your wedding coats and frocks, and then go to work, all of you; the Count has commanded it!”

“What is this?” exclaimed Schober and Heinrich, at the same time stepping forward in amazement.

"Ha, ha!" said the bailiff, laughing sneeringly in the peasant's face. "A few days ago you had little desire to celebrate a wedding, so you shall not do so to-day. Do you understand me? Take off your Sunday clothes and then go to your work!"

A murmur of displeasure arose from the whole circle. Heinrich was about to give an angry reply to the bailiff; but his father put his hand on his arm and restrained him.

"Don't, Heinrich!" he said, with great difficulty mastering his own temper. "Be calm, friends! The Count has given his consent to my son's marriage, he knows that the wedding is to be to-day, therefore he cannot desire that you should work for him now."

"He cannot, indeed?" exclaimed the bailiff. "Will you, perhaps, hinder him then? Ha, ha! You are serfs, and nothing more! You must obey when the Count commands, or you will taste the whip soon enough!"

Still louder became the expressions of discontent among the peasants at this harshness, and that the happiness of the day should be disturbed in such a bitter manner.

Schober tightly compressed his lips. He wished to master himself, but he had not strength to do so.

"I know that we are serfs, and that we must obey!" he exclaimed. "Friends we must submit. A few days ago the bailiff swore vengeance against me, because I would not give my daughter to his son for his wife—this is his revenge. We will go to work afterwards! We will obey his orders as soon as the ceremony is concluded."

The bailiff's face was red with fury.

"To church you shall not go!" he cried. "The wedding shall not take place, the Count has given his orders!"

Heinrich sprang forward aghast.

"The marriage not take, . . .?" he exclaimed. "The Count has given me his consent, and no one shall hinder me from going to church—you least of all!"

"Silence, you rascal!" the bailiff interrupted him.

"Not an inch from this spot shall you move! You will not be united to the girl—no, never! Go to work every one of you!"

The anger of the peasants now broke forth loudly and openly. Threats were uttered, the young men wanted to attack the bailiff. Schober had regained his composure. He kept the lads back.

"No violence," he exclaimed. "I will hasten to the Castle to the Count, he cannot be so cruel!"

He was about to hurry off when the Count himself stood in the courtyard. His eye looked dark and threatening. Heinrich alone stepped forward boldly; his happiness was at stake.

"He has stopped the wedding procession from going to church," he said in a trembling voice; "he wishes to drive us to work!"

"I have commanded him to do so, and you have to obey," replied the Count.

"Gracious lord and master, you gave me your consent to the marriage," cried Heinrich, full of despair, scarcely master of himself; "you dare not break your word, merely because the bailiff hates my father, and wishes to revenge himself on us!"

"Impudent fellow!" exclaimed the Count. "Serf, I will show you what I dare, and can do!"

He raised the riding whip which he had in his hand over Heinrich's head, and was about to strike him. A shriek of horror rose from the bystanders. Schober stepped hastily forward up to the Count, and, with his strong hand, held back his arm.

"Not so, my Lord Count!" he exclaimed, in a stern voice; "my son is right: you dare not break your word! You must keep your promise!"

His anxiety about son's happiness had made him go to such a length as this. In a violent passion, the Count turned upon him, and pushed him back.

"Bailiff!" he exclaimed, "bind the impertinent scoundrel! The dog! he has dared to lay hands upon me! Bind him, lead him up to the Castle—throw him into prison, he shall atone for it, bitterly atone for it!"

With a look of cruel malice the bailiff, assisted by his son, hastened up to the peasant and seized him.

Schober offered no resistance. Despair took possession of Heinrich when he saw his father captured.

"Father! father!" he exclaimed; he wished to hasten up to him, to free him.

"Back!" exclaimed the Count, and a heavy blow from the riding whip struck the young man in the face. "Think about your own safety, and take care that I do not shut you up, too!"

Heinrich reeled backwards. His bride, his mother and sister, screamed aloud, but not one of the peasants had the courage to support him. They had been brought up in bondage, and there were few among them who had not already suffered a similar chastisement from their hard master. Their courage had long since been broken.

Schober covered his face with both his hands when he saw his son so savagely misused. A wild, fierce thought, indeed, passed through his mind; if he had had a weapon in his hand he would, perhaps, by the Count's death have revenged the insult which his son had received—but he was weak and powerless.

"Help my father! help him!" cried Heinrich to the bystanders; he was himself scarcely able to stand on his feet, and not a hand dared to move for the poor man's deliverance.

With a malicious, triumphant smile, the Count remarked their timidity.

"Yes, help him!" he replied, mocking them; "venture only to move, and I will whip you to death like dogs who will not obey me! like dogs who have bitten their master! Help him! ha, ha! I will put those words to the rascal's account. Serfs you are! You shall tremble when you see me, when you hear my voice. You shall not dare to look at me. You hold your heads too high. The whip shall bend your backs for you! To work with you! be off!"

Not one of the men ventured to reply by a single word. Hastily they left the house and the court-yard.

Schober was led to the Castle. The Count followed him. Silence now reigned in the peasant's farm, where a short time before there had been so much life and merriment. With one blow the universal happiness had been destroyed. The wreaths and decorations still hung, as if in mockery, on the walls and doors.

Still dressed in his wedding suit, Heinrich sat in his father's room, staring vacantly on the ground. He did not hear the loud lamentations and the sobs of his bride, his mother, and sister; he did not even see them. His thoughts had followed his unfortunate father to the Castle. He saw how the bailiff thrust him into a dark, damp dungeon; he heard, in imagination, the master's loud, mocking laugh, as he shut the door behind him. He knew the cruel disposition of the Count, and he could not hope for mercy. And should he let his father suffer for his sake? And what punishment would the Count inflict on him? Would he have him whipped, as he had had so many other victims up in the Castle-yard lashed till their cries of agony sounded down into the village, and with such barbarity that the traces of the whip were after the lapse of years, still visible on the backs of the wretched men?

Could his father be destined to such a fate? He did not think of himself, of his own completely destroyed happiness, he thought not even of his bride.

Wildly he sprang up. Despair spoke from his eyes. His gaze passed searchingly round the room. He was about to leave the house; his mother held him back. In his face she had read what was passing on within him.

"Heinrich, whither are you going?" she asked.

"To the Castle," he replied.

"What to do there?" she asked, still more anxiously.

"What to do there?" repeated Heinrich. "I will go to my father, I will fetch him back by force. I do not fear the bailiff, nor the Count either! I shall meet them without fear. They have only one life. Do you think that no one can hurt the Count? He is only a human being like you and me, and when he is dead he will not be able to beat his serfs any more."

"Heinrich!" cried his mother, "will you plunge yourself and all of us into still greater misery?"

Marie, too, seized his hand and implored him sobbing to remain with them. Her words calmed him. He saw that he could not save his father by a deed of violence, but would only make his condition worse. And yet the dark thoughts which had once taken possession of him did not leave him. Day and night they pursued him: so that each day his agony increased.

There was a savage feeling within him, such as he had never experienced before. He avoided his fellows, he wished to be alone. In the forest, or out in the fields, he would sit apart, in a solitary spot alone, brooding darkly over his misery.

Old Rude's house had been fitted up for him and Marie; the door was wreathed around with fresh, green leaves, they were withered now with his hopes, with the entire happiness of his life. Since that sad day he had not entered that house. He feared to come in contact with the old man. Had he not told him not to believe in the friendly disposition of the Count? Had he not told him that the lord of the manor had given his consent in order to make him all the more wretched afterwards? Every one of his words had been fulfilled.

Days had passed since Schober had been taken to the Castle. Still the unhappy man sat in prison, with composure looking forward to his fate. In vain had Marie implored the Count's daughter to put in a kind word of mediation to her father for the poor man, in vain had several peasants gone to the Castle to beg the Count to remit Schober's punishment—he had driven them off with angry words. For the very reason that this man was beloved by all in the village he wished to exercise all his power and severity over him, in order to intimidate the others. Moreover, he had cherished for years a secret grudge against him. He was embittered because Schober had never given him any cause to punish him. He was vexed that Schober should, by industry and economy, have risen to prosperity. That he held his head higher than the other serfs, and that he had had his boy taught by the pastor. This long-standing grudge he would now be able to satisfy.

In a dark and angry mood the Count was pacing up and down the Castle-yard; the bailiff came up to him to ask him what was to be done with Schober.

"How does the fellow behave in prison?" inquired the Count.

"As proudly as ever," replied the bailiff; "not a single complaint, not even a word, has escaped his lips. As often as I have gone to him I have found him sitting with his head resting on his hand. He has not even looked at me. I know the man—his neck will never be bent."

"I will bend it!" exclaimed the Count. "I will bend it, even if I must break it! He has no desire to open his mouth, to ask my pardon—I will drive him to it, so that he shall cling to my knees! I will bend the strong will of this man!"

(To be continued.)

WHO BEGAN IT?

BY LUCY E. THILLEY.

Twelve sweet little jonquil maidens,
So solemn and quaint and fair,
Their little white sunbonnets wearing,
Were allowed to take the air;
They had many an admonition
As to how they must behave;
They were never to talk to strangers,
But be maidenly and grave.

Surely they meant to remember,
But right in the maidens' way
Stood twelve little daffodil laddies,
So dashing and bright and gay.
Just then, too, a bobolink whistled
In the maple tree, by chance,
The cunningest waltz, and straightway
One and all began to dance.

The soft spring breezes applauded;
Yellow caps and bonnets white
Went bobbing and swaying together,
And all were happy and bright.
Ah, me! just then they were searched for,
Alas! for the maidens grave,
Alas! for the daffodil laddies,
So dashing and blithe and brave!

The daffodils said 'twas the jonquils
Who began the dance that day;
While the jonquils said with decision
'Twas quite the other way;
That "The daffodils began it,
And went dancing to and fro,
Till we had to move a little,
'To keep out of the way, you know."

While I, who had seen from the window,
So knew who "began" quite well,
Laughed soft to myself in the shadow,
And of course would never tell.

— ♦♦♦ —

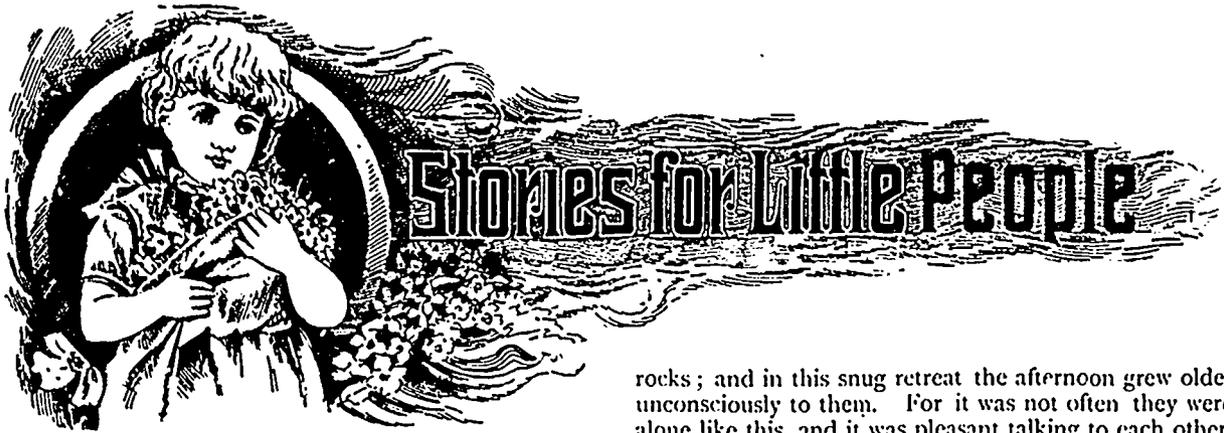
Happiness, of whatever kind, needs utterance, prompt and joyful. Sadness and gloom, pain and distress, may well have the shield of silence to prevent their diffusion, but everything that is bright, cheery, and delightful, should be shared and spread as far as possible. Yet how frequently is this reversed, and the misfortunes of life are disclosed in all their details while its blessings are passively accepted without remark! The shadows are eagerly described, while of the sunlight nothing is said.

♦♦♦

Mrs. Breezy (with hammer)—"There, I've hit the nail on the head at last."

Mr. Breezy—"Why do you put your finger in your mouth?"

Mrs. Breezy—"That was the nail I hit."



THE EAGLE'S NEST.

CHAPTER I.

TOM, dear, you've been very long," said Lizzie Lee, half reproachfully, as her brother entered the room, from the window of which she had been gazing for the last half-hour. "It's beautifully fine to-day, and mamma says I may go out on the beach with you, if you will take me."

"Bravo! I've found such a jolly nook in the rocks, where no one ever goes. But stop a moment, Liz; shut your eyes."

While "Liz" waited patiently for considerably longer than a moment, Tom proceeded to empty his pockets. Then carefully undoing the knots in his handkerchief, he produced two tiny mottled eggs—delicate, fragile little things, whose dusky grey streaks and black spots seemed to guard the pale green beneath and to defy the cruel pin.

"What little beauties! But, Tom, you have taken *two*!"

Now it was scarcely a week since he had promised her never to take more than one egg from the nests he had once so ruthlessly robbed; hence Lizzie's exclamation of sorrow.

"But you cannot think," he urged, "how rare they are. Only one other fellow in the school has a grosbeak's egg."

Lizzie was silent, but Tom saw something in her kind, soft eyes that made him sorry he had grieved her. Biting his lip, he put the eggs away, and said, "Well, Liz, let's be off to the rocks."

It was a Saturday half-holiday, and the almost summer weather made it a typical inauguration-day for the cricket-season. Tom had looked forward to this day with some pride, for he was a good "bat;" but when he found Lizzie might go out with him, he instantly determined to give up the afternoon to her, not without an inward feeling that he had thereby amply atoned for breaking his word with her about the nests, nor could he resist the temptation of telling her what a good brother he was, and of the self-sacrifice he had made. But so good did Lizzie think him, she could not find it in her heart to scold him very severely when he came back from a raid up a sand-bank with more martins' eggs than were necessary for an ordinary collection; besides, he kept his word, and took only one egg from each of the holes he plundered.

Any way, Lizzie was not going to preach to him to-day. Had he not given up the cricket for her sake? No, she would be extra kind and indulgent to him, and think only of the good points in his character. She was charmed with a little cave he took her to, under the

rocks; and in this snug retreat the afternoon grew older unconsciously to them. For it was not often they were alone like this, and it was pleasant talking to each other, with the warm sunbeams streaming down slantwise into the cave, and to hear the faint echo of the advancing wavelets sent back from the walls of their secluded resting-place.

The tide crept slowly upwards, and threatened to shut them off from their way home across the sands, for a mass of rock, over which they could not climb, jutted out from the main ridge towards the sea, while a similar mass cut them off on the other side.

A shriek, that came from the towering rocks above them, rent the stillness of the air. The strange cry brought the brother and sister instantly to their feet, and thus saved them from a possible disaster.

Looking upwards, they saw, sailing majestically across the clear blue sky, the great black outline of a sea-eagle. But they did not gaze on the huge bird long. On springing out from their domed retreat, the boy's eyes at once took in the danger that threatened them; and, much as he would have liked to watch the eagle's flight, he took Lizzie's hand in his, and pointed to the rock-promontory, against which the little waves were already breaking.

"We must be off, Liz. How thoughtless I have been as usual; and I promised mother to take such care of you!"

They hurried across the intervening sand; then taking her carefully in his arms, he carried her over the surf.

"There, Liz, you're safe and dry!" he exclaimed, drawing a long breath and setting her on the firm sand.

"But, Tom dear, you are dreadfully wet. Why did you not go closer to the rock?"

"Because the spray would have wet *you*, you little goose. But where is the eagle?"

The eagle had vanished, to Tom's great disappointment.

"I'd give two weeks' pocket-money to see it fly back to its nest," he said, with schoolboy ardour.

"Perhaps its nest is far away," commented Lizzie, sincerely hoping it was.

They lingered for some time; but as the great bird made no sign, and as a west wind was rising that played unpleasantly about his drenched lower garments, he reluctantly took Lizzie's advice, and they went home.

No sooner, however, had he changed his clothes, than he rushed back to the rocks; not this time down on the beach, but up a hill slope, and then along a footpath that skirted the edge of the rugged, precipitous rock-walls facing the sea. He stopped when he thought he had arrived at that part of the crags beneath which nestled the little cave he had taken Lizzie to. Leaving the path, and passing the relic of an old beacon, he advanced cautiously towards the edge of the precipitous rocks; then, lying down full length on his chest, he wriggled himself forward until his hands clasped the very brink. Bringing his face close up to his hands, he gave a rapid, eager glance below.

No eyry could he see, though he strained his eyes to their utmost; raising them, he gazed upon the dimly-lighted sea, and was not long in detecting a black speck in the distance.

The speck, becoming momentarily larger, proved to be the eagle returning home. As it neared the rocks, it seemed to be sailing straight towards him. Its outstretched wings scarcely moved, yet it seemed coming towards him with great velocity. A piece of silver glimmered amongst its talons, which piece of silver had a very short time since been swimming, all unconscious of its fate, in the briny sea. The erne seemed almost upon him, when its mighty pinions began to flap, and the bird was about to alight on a shelving piece of rock forty feet or so beneath him. Suddenly dropping its prey, with a loud scream it darted upwards, high up above him.

The eagle's quick, piercing eyes had perceived that its eyry was watched. The mother-bird, too, alarmed at the sudden disappearance of her mate, instantly left her bed to join him.

Descending into unpleasantly close proximity to Tom, they hovered over him, uttering meanwhile low threatening cries. Judging that discretion is the better part of valour, Tom worked his body backwards several feet from the edge of the precipice; then rising, he retired to a safer distance.

But as the birds still menaced him with beak and talon, he took to his legs and beat an ignominious retreat. Turning round, and finding that he was not followed, he flung out the presumptuous challenge—

"I'll be even with you yet!"

He came home with a warm glow on his cheeks, and with a sparkle in his eyes that suggested some mischief brewing. He did not conceal from his mother and sister what he had been doing, but said nothing of a scheme he had in his head; however, his mother divined the meaning of that excited twinkle in his eyes, and took the opportunity to speak to him seriously about birds and nests. So pitifully did she plead for them that Tom went to bed that night with wonderfully good intentions.

But, alas! what a slight thing will upset a good resolution. On Monday morning he was on his way to school, when a well-known sound arrested him. A sharp ringing, half-laughing cry, not very high above him attracted his attention. Raising his eyes, he beheld a kestrel pursuing its steady, stately flight; suddenly pausing, its wings moving rapidly, it hovered for a moment or two, and then dropped to the ground more swiftly than a shaft from a well-strung bow.

Now it was not many weeks since he had found the somewhat clumsily constructed nest of this dainty-looking hawk. It had been no easy work getting to the ledge of rock on which lay the kestrel's nest, and his schoolfellows had been loud in their praises of his agility and pluck. He by no means disliked being thought daring, and the sight of the beautiful bird recalled to his memory the pleasurable excitement he had experienced in scaling a certain scarp of rocks.

"Hulloa, Tom!" exclaimed a voice behind him. "Did you see the kestrel dive just now?"

"Yes," said Tom. "What did she carry off?"

"A mouse, I think. Come, old fellow, won't you sell me the kestrel's egg?"

"No; get one yourself for nothing," returned Tom, contemptuously. "For my part," he added, "I mean flying at higher game."

"You won't beat that kestrel's nest in a hurry, so you needn't brag!" retorted Will.

"Won't I just? What would you say to an eagle's nest?"

"Have you found one, then?"

"Yes."

"But the eggs will all be hatched."

"Oh, I dare say! Still I mean to have a peep at the nest."

"Where is it?"

"High up in the rocks, on the other side of those shooting out towards the sea."

"But can you get at it?"

"There's the rub!" said Tom, dubiously, rushing up the school steps, and leaving his friend to construe his words as he pleased.

After school, four of Tom's special friends went down on the beach to see, from a distance, the eyry.

"Can't be done," they at once decided.

"It can," said Tom.

"Rocks too perpendicular," said his friends.

"We must get at it from the top," explained Tom, coolly. "We shall have to get a good strong rope, and loop it round one of us under the arms; the other fellows must hang on to the rope like anything, and quietly let the chap who is tied down to the nest. Now, then, which of you will go down?"

No one volunteered.

"Pooh! You are none of you worth a snap! I will do it if you'll all come and help with the rope."

"Who will get the rope?"

"Will Graham's father is a rope-maker; he can get one easily enough from his father's yard."

Lizzie had told her brother an American story of a man who had reached an eagle's nest in the manner Tom had described, little thinking, poor child, what dangerous notions she was thereby putting into his head. Only there was this wide difference between the American hero and Tom Lee: the hero of Lizzie's tale was one in the true sense of the word, for he had rescued a babe from an untimely death; whereas Tom's fancied heroism would be nothing but a vain-glorious feat of empty daring.

Will Graham promised to provide the rope.

(To be continued.)

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

A doctor and a clergyman were exercising their hunters one morning in the country lanes, when an argument arose between them as to which of the animals possessed the sweetest disposition. "I'll wager that if their respective tempers could be tried," said the doctor, "mine would be far and away the best." "That's all nonsense," retorted the clergyman. "My mare has a mealy nose, and that, in horseflesh, is a sure sign of good temper." "Well, here's a stiff hedge, let us try their leaping capabilities," suggested the doctor. "Right you are," agreed his friend. The doctor's hunter quietly refused the jump, although put at it again and again. The clergyman's little mare also refused, but at the same time threw back her ears and exhibited considerable ill-temper. When repeatedly urged to jump she finally displayed a clever back-jumping feat, which threw her master straight over the hedge. Strange to relate, the reverend gentleman was quite unhurt, and, scrambling to his feet, commenced to scrape the mud from his broadcloth, whilst the doctor laughingly remarked—"Perhaps you are convinced now that my hunter has a better disposition than yours?" "Not at all," replied the clergyman. "My mare is such an unselfish little brute that, although unable to take the fence herself, she had no desire to keep me from going over. In fact, she facilitated the mode of my transit, whilst your horse displayed a dog-in-the-manger temperament, by not going himself, and not allowing you to go either."

A PIG IN A POKE.

"Would you like a het crock in your bed this cauld nicht, mem?" said a good-natured chambermaid, in Dumfries, to an English lady, who had lately arrived in Scotland for the first time in her life.

"A what?" said the lady.

"A pig, mem. Shall I put a pig in your bed to keep you warm?"

"Leave the room, young woman! Your mistress shall hear of your insolence."

"Nae offence, I hope, mem. It was my mistress bade me ask; and I'm sure she meant it in kindness."

The lady looked Grizzy in the face, and saw at a glance that no insult was intended; but she was quite at a loss how to account for the proposal. She was aware that Irish children slept with pigs on the earthen floors of theirs cabins, but this was something far more astonishing. Her curiosity was now roused, and she said in a milder tone:

"Is it common in this country, my girl, for ladies to have pigs in their beds?"

"And gentlemen hae them too, mem, when the weather's cauld."

"But you would not, surely, put the pig between the sheets?"

"If you please, mem, it will dae you maist gude there."

"Between the sheets! It would dirty them, girl. I could never sleep with a pig between the sheets."

"Never fear, mem, ye'll sleep far mair comfortable. I'll steek the mooth o't tightly, and tie it up in a poke."

"Do you sleep with a pig *yourself* in cold weather?"

"No, mem; pigs are only for gentlefolks that lie on feather beds. I sleep on *cauf*, with my neighbour lass."

"Calf! Do you sleep with a calf between you?" said the Cockney lady.

"No, mem; you're jokin' noo," said Grizzy, with a broad grin; "we lie on the tap o't."

The "pig" was the Scotch maid's word for the bottle or bag of hot water, and the "cauf" was her's for chaff, of which humble beds in Scotland are not seldom made up.

HORSE-JUMPING EXTRAORDINARY.

What distance and what height can a horse jump is a curious inquiry. If the reader will carefully measure out thirty-nine feet, an idea of the horse's capacity in this direction will be gathered. Such a distance a steeple-chase horse called Old Chandler is reported to have covered at Warwick, in England, some years ago; and there is more than one apparently authentic record of a horse clearing seven feet in height.

The scene of one such exploit was at the Phoenix Park, Dublin, and the horse was an animal descended from a famous winner named PotSos, himself called Turnip. The animal belonged to Sir E. Crofton, and the Duke of Richmond, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, wagered £500 that seven feet in height could not be cleared. A wall of the requisite dimensions was built, and Turnip was ridden at it. He did what was asked of him in perfect style, but it happened that his Grace, not knowing that the feat was ready for performance, was not looking when the jump was made; and Turnip was therefore ridden over it again, not only successfully but easily.

The wall of Hyde Park, London, opposite Grosvenor place, six and a half feet on the inside, with a drop of eight feet into the road beyond, has also been cleared.

YOUNG CANADIAN TANGLES.

PRIZES.

Prize for the best Solutions in July—"OUR HOMES," a book of 150 pages, on the healthful management and arrangement of the home. Competition closes August 12th. See who gets it.

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

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

Address solutions to

Tangle Editor, YOUNG CANADIAN, Box 1896, Montreal.

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 27.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

C u m b e r l a n d
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Proof—

19863)	51127362	(2574
		39726		
		114013		
		99315		
		146986		
		139041		
		79452		
		79452		

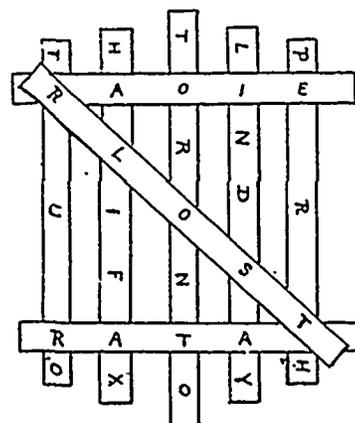
ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 28.

HIDDEN CANADIAN TOWNS.

1. Tor-on-to. 2. Kings-ton. 3. New-West-minster. 4. Corn-wall. 5. Peter-borough. 6. Mill-brook. 7. Wood-stock. 8. Lind-say. 9. New-castle.

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 29.

GAP IN THE FENCE.



The perpendicular lines give Perth, Lindsay, Toronto, Halifax, and Truro.

TANGLE No. 31.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- A weapon of war in the middle ages.
- A girl's name.
- A receptacle.
- An article.
- A number.
- To bury.

My initials read downwards, form the name of a celebrated Canadian singer; the finals, the name of a well-known musical composer.

TANGLE No. 32.

HIGGLEDY PIGGLEDY PROVERBS.

1.
a a. o. n n u. s. t t t. w w. o o
 2.
d. e e e e. g g. i i. l l l. n o. p. s s. t.
 3.
a. d. e e e. i. l l. n. p. r r. s s. t t. u. w.
- The above letters, re-arranged, make up each a well-known proverb.

TANGLE No. 33.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

- My 1-2-3-11-12.....A small bottle.
 - My 6-11-1 To immerse.
 - My 8-5-3-6Stored away.
 - My 10-11-6-7To conceal.
 - My 2-7-12-6Part of an animal.
- My whole is a large city in America

TANGLE No. 34.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- The border of a garment
- A river in Italy.
- The French for part of the face.
- A town in Egypt
- A volatile fluid
- An elevated floor.

The initials and finals, read downwards, form the names of two great musical composers.

TANGLE No. 35.

ANOTHER HIGGLEDY PIGGLEDY PROVERB.

1. a a a. e. d. e. h. i i. l l l. m. n. r. s s. t t t. u u. y.
2. a a a. b. e. d d. e e e. f. h h. i. l l l. m. n. r. s s s s. t u. v. y.
3. a. d d. e. f f. g g g. h. i i. l l. o o o o. s. t t.
4. e e e. f f. g. h h. i i. l. n n. o o o. r r r. s s. t. u. v.

(Answers in No. 31)

As Tangle No. 29 is the last of the July Tangles, only lists posted by the 11th of August can compete for the July Prize. The Prize offered for August is for the Tangles from August 5th to August 26th, the last answer to which will be given two weeks after the last Tangle.

Ed. TANGLES.



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

FARMER'S WIFE.—A jug of your nicest buttermilk should be on your children's table every day. It is a pity to let the young pigs get all the fat.

FRED. JACKSON.—Send us the name and address of your friend and we shall mail him sample copy free.

SCHOLAR.—The national flower of England is the rose; of Scotland, the thistle; of Ireland, the shamrock; of France, the fleur-de-lis, of Canada, the maple. The United States have no general national flower. Each State has its own

YOUNG FARMER.—Experiments have been made with the effect the snow has upon the soil in winter. At a depth of 14 inches the soil, which had a covering of 2 feet of snow, was 10 degrees warmer than at the surface. Our snow is a blanket to the earth.

ANDREW FULLER.—I do not know of any purpose you could put your extraordinary collection of old stamps, except as exchange with other collectors. The Chinese are said to want thousands to paper their houses with. But I think it is a fairy tale.

The following is so interesting to us, and will be to all our readers, that I must insert it as it stands. We tender to the young competitors our heartiest congratulations.

"Toronto, July 23."

"Editor Post Bag.

"We want to tell you that we won \$11.50 in prizes at the great Horticultural Show here this week. We, that is The Young Canadian Wild Flower Club, took all the money offered in prizes but \$2.00. There were seven prizes and we took six of them. Each of us showed our flowers planted in moss, in big cake pans and milk pans, in which they grew splendidly and looked so fresh and lovely. We had 70 or 80 different kinds. We thought that you and our other Young Canadian Clubs would like to hear of our success. All the Horticultural Societies should have a Wild Flower Department in their annual exhibitions.

"Yours sincerely,
"Wardie and Otto White."
"Art and W. Keith."

GEORGIE WALSH.—N. X. X. (New York.) We do not recommend any recipe for improving the complexion, but we have heard that flower of sulphur mixed with a small quantity of milk, after standing a few hours, and then rubbed on the skin, is good.—I should say early to bed, and early to rise, good plain food, plenty of out-door exercise, and a smile, will surpass all the nostrums of the chemist.

AMATEUR.—The preparation of fiddle-strings is a very delicate operation, and for the finest violin strings requires the utmost care. The best scraped guts alone are used, and such as have any flaw in them are rejected. Each gut is treated separately. It is put into a clean earthenware pan containing a weak alkaline solution, and this solution is changed (a fresh pan being used each time) twice a day for seven or eight days, and each time the gut is transferred it is stripped through a ring formed by bending a strip of copper, or through a perforated brass thumb, the thumb being pressed upon the gut as it is passed through. After this treatment it is ready for spinning. The first strings of violins are made by twisting together three, or better, four such prepared guts.

YOUNG CHEMIST.—1. Dry wood will naturally burn more readily than wet wood, for the simple reason that it does not contain any moisture. Stones contain a certain amount of mineral, and when they are put in the fire they snap and break apart with a loud report. 3. The clouds coming together cause a discharge of atmospheric electricity called lightning. This electric fluid has a tendency to turn milk sour.

TOM. SIMONS.—To polish alligator teeth, first rub them well with finely pulverized pumice stone, moistened with water. Then wash and polish with prepared chalk, applied moist upon a piece of chamois leather, rubbing quickly.

MILLS, THE HATTER,

2397 ST. CATHERINE STREET, (Near Windsor Hotel), MONTREAL.

QUEEN'S HALL BLOCK,
Cor. St. Catherine and Victoria Streets.

is furnished with the LATEST and
BEST Appliances in the Art
of Photography.

WALFORD'S STUDIO

Fortify yourself against the Hot weather by strengthening up!

THE REGULAR USE OF



HAS A WONDERFUL
EFFECT IN KEEPING THE SYSTEM
WELL NOURISHED.

The best safeguard against disease is to keep strong.

THE GREAT STRENGTH-GIVER!

H. A. MILLER,

House, Sign & Window Shade

PAINTER.

Paper Hanger and Decorator

GILDING, GLAZING, GRAINING,
WHITEWASHING, &c.

1996 St. Catherine Street;

MONTREAL.

USE THE ROYAL LEVIGATED
TOILET SOAP.

This Soap is the best ever introduced to the public; it is manufactured from the PUREST OILS, it contains no lye, or anything else injurious to the Skin. It is especially recommended to the public for the removal of

Tan and Freckles from the Skin.

IT CURES
BLOTCHES, PIMPLES AND ALL OTHER HUMORS
IN THE SKIN.

Leaving it Soft, White and Pliable.

For EYEWEAR'S BASIS, it is superior to any other Soap in the market. It is also highly recommended for Barbers' use for shaving and shampooing.

THIS SOAP IS THE CHEAPEST.

Being a Powder, it contains no water—all Bar Soap contains thirty per cent. water, and manufactured of grease obtained from galls and hospitals.

It is put up in nice boxes, doing away with the use of a soap dish. When once used, it will never be dispensed with, being the Cheapest and Best in the market.

Price, large Boxes, 50c. Small Boxes, 25c.

Liberal Inducements offered to fire agents. Samples post-paid upon receipt of price, 25c.

Address,
W. M. RAMZA,
Molson's Bank Court,
196 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

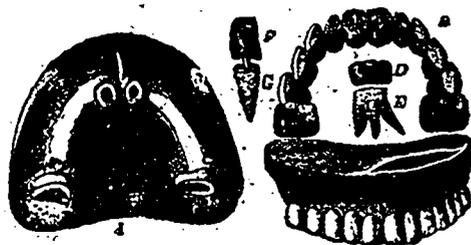
DIXON'S

ARTIFICIAL
TEETH WITHOUT PLATES!

If but four firm roots still remain in the jaw in proper position, we can attach an entire set of teeth to these roots, and restore the mouth to its original usefulness and beauty without the use of a plate.

Models showing how the Tooth-Crown and Bridgework are attached to the Teeth.

EXTRACTION AVOIDED



Comparatively Painless.

A.—Mouth with Roots prepared to receive Artificial Teeth. B.—Bridge with Teeth ready to be attached to Roots. C.—Represents the Teeth firmly and permanently cemented to the Roots. One can masticate on these Teeth the same as upon natural Teeth. D.—Gold crown put on a broken down molar root, and the masticating surface restored. E.—Root prepared for crown. F.—Porcelain crown for attachment to root of Front Tooth which has been broken off, and crown restored without the use of a plate. G.—Root prepared for Crown.

Everything known to the Art of Dentistry at more reasonable rates than the same class of work can be procured elsewhere.

TELEPHONES: Bell 3423;
Federal 1026.

JOHN C. DIXON, Dental Expert,
62 Beaver Hall Terrace.

Late with the distinguished specialists, Dr. T. B. Sheffield, D. H. E. Van Horns, New York.

The Medical Hall,

(DRUG DEPARTMENT)

COLONIAL HOUSE,

is now open and ready for business.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS

PROMPTLY PREPARED

An inspection of the MODEL DISPENSING DEPARTMENT is invited.

BEST STAMP CO.—Montclair, N. J.
Sheets on approval at 50 per cent. discount. Deposit or reference required.

EAGLE STAMP CO.—81 N. 1st Street,
Kansas City, Kan. Sets, Packets and Albums. Approval sheets at 25 per cent. commission. Price list free.

DREW CHAS.—P. O. Box 3250, New York City. Low priced approval sheets at 25 per cent. commission a specialty. 10 page price list free.

Bedding Patented for its Purity!

EVERY DESCRIPTION

Bedding and Mattresses,
Brass and Iron Bedsteads,
and Children's Cots.

- WISE PEOPLE, -

For HEALTH'S SAKE, get their Bed Feathers PURIFIED and dressed, and their MATTRESSES PURIFIED and RENAI.

At TOWNSHEND'S,

No. 1 Little St. Antoine Street, Corner St. James Street ONLY.

BELL TELEPHONE 1906.
FEDERAL " 2274.

MARTIN'S PHOTO STUDIO,

141 St. Peter Street, (cor. Craig Street), Montreal.
Photography in all its branches. Enlargements in Crayon, Pastel, Water Color or Oil a specialty.

JOHN FAIR,

Notary.

Temple Building, - - - Montreal.

THE DOMINION

GLASS BENDING WORKS!

Painting in all its Branches.

T. POLITO, 356 St. Hypolite St.

Bell Telephone 6728.
Federal Telephone 1544.

CASTOR-FLUID

Registered—A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family, 25c. per bottle.

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,

122 St. Lawrence Main Street.

CAMERAS for AMATEURS!

NEW AND SECOND-HAND.

INSTRUCTIONS and use of DARK ROOM free to all.

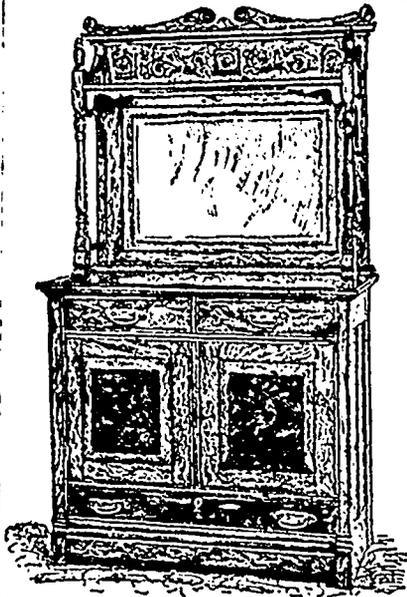
A rare chance to buy at from 10 to 25 per cent. below regular prices. Write for particulars or any information desired in reference to Photography, or better still, call and examine.

STANDARD DRY PLATE WORKS,
658 Craig Street, Montreal.

UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. of PORTLAND, Me.
30 St. Francois Xavier Street, MONTREAL.
WALTER I. JOSEPH, Manager.
BELL Telephone 2366.
ISSUES THE MOST LIBERAL CONTRACT IN AMERICA
Insurance extended in case of lapse, after payment of Three Annual Premiums, by means of MAINE NON-FORFEITURE LAW.
SEND FOR PARTICULARS.

ALWAYS ORDER **GURD'S** GINGER ALE, SODA WATER, APPLE NECTAR, &c., &c. CHAS. GURD & CO., MONTREAL.

W.M. NOTMAN & SON, Photographers, 17 Bleury Street, MONTREAL,
Dealers in PHOTO SUPPLIES, KODAK CAMERAS, CANADIAN VIEWS, &c.



OUR \$22.50 SOLID
QUARTERED OAK SIDBOARD,

Oil Polish, with a Large Bevel Plate. Workmanship and material of the best.

RENAUD, KING & PATTERSON,
652 Craig Street.

MOODIE, GRAHAM & CO.

The Universal Warehouse.

IMPORTERS AND GENERAL DEALERS IN

Choice Groceries, Fruits, &c.

2567 ST. CATHERINE STREET,
Corner of MacKay,
MONTREAL.

FEDERAL TELEPHONE 1299.

BELL TELEPHONE 4690.



To any Mother sending us her name and address on a postal card, we will send two sample tins of Nestlé's Milk Food, sufficient for four meals. Nestlé's Food requires the addition of water only in its preparation. The best and safest diet to protect infants against Summer Complaints.

Talk with your physician about it.

THOS. LEEMING & CO., Solo Agents,

25 St. Peter St., Montreal.

J. PICOT, PARIS, SOLE PROPRIETOR.

LESSIVE PHENIX



For all purposes for which Soap is used.

**CHEAPER
BETTER
EASIER**

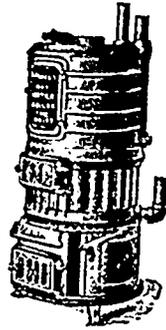
than any known article for Washing and Cleaning

For sale by Grocers and Druggists Everywhere.
FACTORY IN MONTREAL.

EVANS & SONS, SOLE AGENTS.

A. DEMERS.

G. BRUNET.



DRAPEAU, SAVIGNAC & CO.,

Finsmiths, Plumbers, &c.

140 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET,
MONTREAL.

DRAPEAU, SAVIGNAC & Co undertake all kinds of work, such as Slate, Tin and Galvanized Sheet Iron Roofing, also repairing, at very moderate prices.
SPECIALTY.—Fitting up and repairing hot water and steam Furnaces.

R. SUMMERHAYES, 1 Bleury Street,
Photographer,

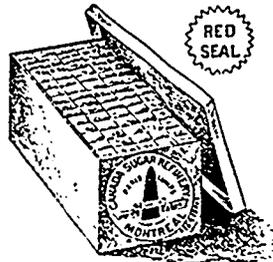
ALL STYLES OF PHOTOS. THE VERY FINEST FINISH.
Children's Pictures a Specialty.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co.

Redpath (Limited),
MONTREAL.



Finest Sugar Syrups in 8 and 2 lb. tins; very superior in purity, consistency and flavour; an excellent substitute for butter, preserves, etc.



**PARIS
LUMPS.**

Lump or Loaf Sugar of very finest quality in 5-lb. boxes.



FEATHERSTON'S \$3.00 SHOE.

A. M. FEATHERSTON 1 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET & 2243 ST. CATHERINE STREET, MONTREAL

Guaranteed equal to any four dollar shoe imported. King's calf; whole foxing; solid stock; three widths. Delivered to any express office in Canada at \$3.25. Send for a pair.

THE KEY INDEMNITY COMPANY OF CANADA, H. H. DATE, Manager, 654 Craig Street, MONTREAL.
OBJECT:—To recover lost keys, with no expense to owner—owner's name not known to finder. Each member furnished with metal tag, with directions on. Terms of membership, 50c. per annum