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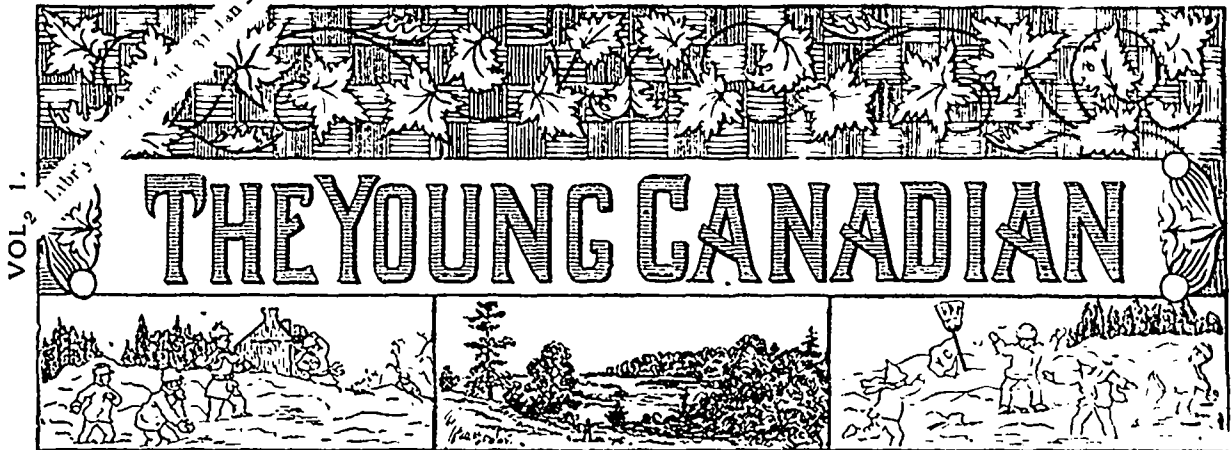
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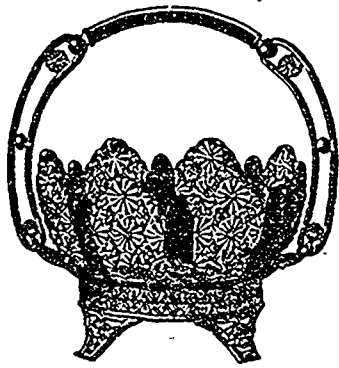
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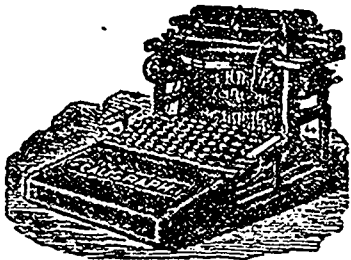
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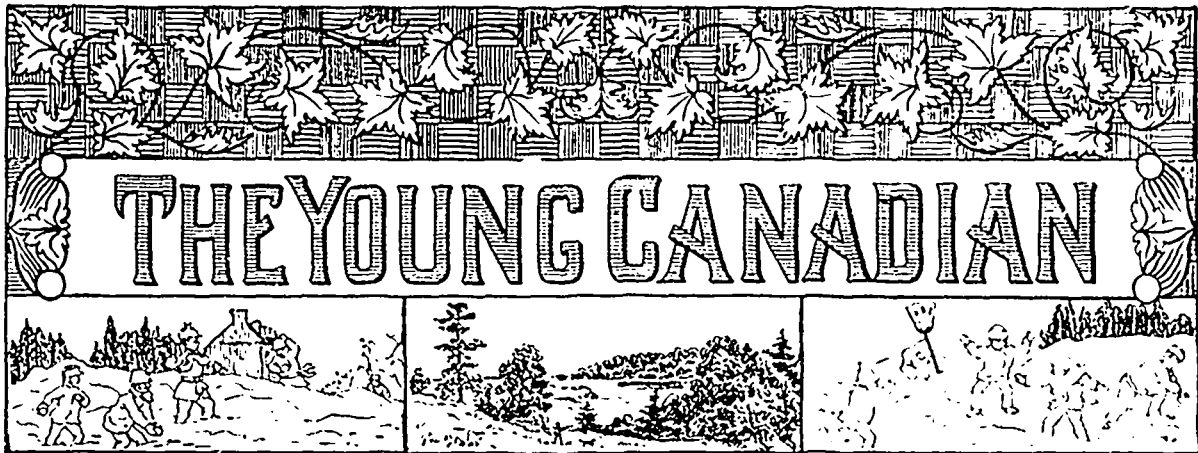
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# AN APPLE BLOSSOM


*By Agnes M. MACHAK. Illustrated By J. Cameron Hufchison*



**JUST A LITTLE MAIDEN  
IN AN APPLE TREE,  
LAUGHING, SINGING, SMILING,  
IN HER CHILDISH GLEE;-  
ROSY LIPS AND DIMPLES,  
CLOUDS OF GOLDEN HAIR,  
MID THE APPLE BLOSSOMS  
JUST THE FAIREST THERE!**




**BUT THE APPLE BLOSSOMS  
DROP THEIR DAINTY LEAVES,  
GROW TO GOODLY RIPENESS  
WITH THE AUTUMN SHEAVES;  
FAIR AND SWEET AND MELLOW,  
SEE THEM GLANCING BRIGHT  
THROUGH THE LEAFLETS YELLOW,  
IN THE AUTUMN LIGHT!**



**AND THE LITTLE MAIDEN  
WITH HER LOCKS OF GOLD,  
WITH HER BLUE EYES DANCING,-  
MUST SHE, TOO, GROW OLD?  
YES!- BUT IN THE BEAUTY  
OF A NOBLE PRIME, -  
EACH DAY GROWING NOBLER,  
SHE SHALL CONQUER TIME!**

## BOTH IN THE WRONG.

## CHAPTER II.

 O that is your 'gentle, docile little girl,' Arthur?" said Evelyn a little later, when Sophy's absence was first discovered. "She does not strike me as being specially docile. I do not mean to *me*; that would be too much to expect. But to *you*—"

"I do not understand, my love," her husband replied, helplessly, and a little wistfully. "Something seems to have come over the child which I cannot make out. But try and be patient with her, will you? She will soon—very soon—grow to love and honour you; as who could help doing? I suppose she fancies, foolish child, that she is not quite the same to me as when I had only her."

"She is jealous, and looks upon me as an interloper," the young wife said to herself. But she did not breathe the thought to her husband, who was evidently so anxious to see her and his daughter on truly affectionate terms with one another; and to please him she exerted herself next morning to be even more than usually kind and conciliatory to poor Sophy, who came down to the breakfast table cold, silent, and, it must be confessed, rather sulky.

But her well-meant advances met with no better return than they had done on the previous evening. There was the slightest suspicion of patronage in her manner which stirred up every ill feeling in the girl's heart, though Evelyn herself was entirely ignorant of offence. But to be patronized by a stranger! She, who had reigned supreme hitherto at the Towers; she, who had been her father's own darling until supplanted by an intruder, should she submit to be patronized by her? Never!

Besides, to admit this stranger, with her beauty and her winning ways—for beautiful and winning she was in spite of all—was treason to the dead mother; and was *she* to forget the loved and lost because her father did?

So the foolish child reasoned with herself, steeling her heart against the beautiful stranger, and even against her father, towards whom she felt a jealous, maddening bitterness, born of her absorbing love for him.

So all the young bride's advances met nothing but the most chilling of responses, monosyllabic answers, averted looks, and not the ghost of a smile. Evelyn merely shrugged her shoulders, and, smiling rather scornfully, told herself that the girl really was not worth any more thought or trouble.

"We are going for a ride, Sophy," her father said, as they rose from the breakfast table; "wouldn't you like to come with us? It seems a long time since you and I had a gallop together. I will ask Mrs. Gray to excuse you from your lessons this morning." He put his hand affectionately upon her shoulder as he spoke, but Sophy drew back coldly.

"I do not think I can go with you this morning, thank you, papa," she answered with a flushed face and averted eyes; "I do not like to leave my lessons, besides—" she stopped short. "You and Mrs. Tremaine will not want me," was on her lips to say, but she did not give the words utterance.

Her father urged, and Evelyn, at his request, backed up his wishes, though, truth to tell, it was done reluctantly. But Sophy resolutely refused, and finding that urging her was in vain, they left her to herself, Evelyn with a sense of great relief.

The girl betook herself to the schoolroom and Mrs. Gray's company, and bent low over her French exercise

as she heard the horses' feet on the gravel drive, and the merry voices of the equestrians. Her eyes were full of bitter tears and her lips were quivering, but for the world she would not let Mrs. Gray remark her trouble.

She stumbled through her lessons somehow, and the elder lady, seeing that her heart was not in her work, and guessing the cause, kindly excused all shortcomings, and, more kindly still, neither asked questions nor made remark.

Released at last, Sophy's first thought was to get clear of the house, and she was soon mounted upon her chestnut pony and cantering over the downs, in the opposite direction to the one she knew her father had taken, feeling the exercise and rapid motion a relief from the bitter mingled feelings surging in her heart.

And so things continued, week after week, with very little if any change in the relations between Evelyn and her step-daughter. Sophy would not or could not meet the kindly-meant advances. She still cherished the idea that she was miserably ill-used; that her father had been faithless to the memory of her own dead mother; that she was the only one in all the house who cherished that dear memory; that all sunshine had for ever gone out of her life; that she was neglected, despised, and altogether miserable. And so she hugged her sorrow, feeling that she was very hardly used, when all the time she was very far from blameless herself.

And Evelyn, after the first few days, grew tired of trying to make friends with such an unapproachable subject, and gradually gave up the attempt. It seemed a waste, she told herself, to lavish kindness and attention on such an iceberg. It would be better to leave the girl to follow her own whims and fancies. If she chose to come to her senses and behave better in the future, well and good; if not, why—with her usual customary shrug of the shoulders—she—Evelyn—would not break her heart.

"She is a stupid, spoiled child," the young wife wrote to one of her especial friends, "who thinks she is dignified and unhappy, when in reality she is only sulky and jealous. That is the true state of the case; but I do not like to tell Arthur so, for he dotes on the child, and will not admit that he sees any fault in her, though I can see very well how sadly troubled he is with her conduct. However, I have made up my mind to leave the young lady alone. We each follow our own way of life, interfering as little as possible with each other, and so manage very well. I should be sorry for a chit like that to spoil my happiness; for I am very happy indeed, dearest Nellie, and have got the best and noblest husband in the world."

And here followed a little rhapsody about Arthur's many perfections.

And so time passed on, and the two who ought to have been loving friends and companions were drifting gradually farther and farther apart, while poor Tremaine himself watched them, sorely troubled and puzzled, knowing not how to set things right, and bitterly regretting the breach between the two who were dearest to him on earth.

From her father, too, poor Sophy had seemed to be separated of late by a gulf which seemed daily to grow wider, and which she sometimes felt could never be bridged over, wilfully losing sight of the fact that the coldness and estrangement were due solely to herself.

And so the months of winter passed, followed by spring and summer, and very little change came to the little party at the Towers. Evelyn was careless and patronising; Sophy cold, resentful, and unapproachable; while Tremaine himself bitterly lamented the breach, but knew not how to heal it.

It troubled him sorely—kind-hearted, easy-going man

that he was—and he wearied himself with endeavours to change the discord into harmony.

"What are you going to do with yourself all day, dear-est?" he said one morning, as he rose from the table and drew on his riding gloves. "I am sorry I have to be away on this tiresome business all day, but it cannot be helped; and I should hardly like to ask you to accompany me, even if the weather were not so very uninviting," glancing as he spoke through the window, where the landscape looked dull and grey under the November sky, while a bleak north-east wind tossed the trees to and fro, and ruthlessly shook down their few remaining leaves.

"O, I shall be all right," Evelyn answered, with a little involuntary shudder as her eye followed his glance. "I only wish you had not such a long ride before you on such a dismal day. I wish you would take the brougham instead, Arthur."

He laughed pleasantly. "No, thank you, my dear: no closed carriages for me! I don't mind a cold wind, even when it blows across the downs; and Mahmoud has often carried me on longer journeys and in worse weather than this. So you and Sophy must spend a cosy day together and be ready to welcome me back in time for dinner. Good-bye, dearest; good-bye, Sophy!" patting his daughter affectionately on her cheek.

Sophy glanced up without the ghost of a smile, and offered him a cold kiss. Her father regarded her for a moment with a wistful expression, and then turned to leave the room, his wife following him.

"You will be cold if you come to the door, my love," he said; but Evelyn only replied with a bright smile as she took a fleecy white shawl from the hat-stand, and throwing it round her head, followed him to the front door.

Mahmoud, Mr. Tremaine's favourite horse, was standing there in charge of a groom, his sleek black coat shining, his head moving impatiently, and his eager feet pawing the gravel walk.

Evelyn was ready with her usual caress for her husband's favourite, and with a handful of sugar which the intelligent animal knew well to expect. She stroked and patted him; kissed his velvety nose and bade him bring his master home safely and quickly. Then as Tremaine gathered up his reins and turned the horse's head down the avenue, she stood on the door-step watching him until the last moment, and waving him adieux.

The house felt very lonely and empty when she re-entered it, and yet it would be better by far, she told herself, to have no companion than silent, repellent Sophy, who had betaken herself to the window-seat with a book, and was crouched there reading, and never glanced up when Evelyn re-appeared. Mrs. Gray was away, so there was no one but the girl to keep her company.

However, the two interfered very little with each other, and scarcely met all day except at luncheon, which meal they partook of in almost unbroken silence.

Evelyn was restless and depressed all day, and would have almost been glad of Sophy's company to dispel a sort of nervous terror which seemed to have crept over her. But she would not condescend to ask any favour of the girl, and so tried to battle with her foolish nervousness alone.

The weary day passed somehow. The wind sank, and an intense coldness fell with the early twilight. The pools and little streams left by recent rain were turned to glistening ice; in the sky the stars began to gleam brightly and frostily. Evelyn declined to have the lamps lighted as darkness fell, but seated herself by the window to watch for Arthur when he should appear riding up the avenue. The time for his return was getting near, and how glad he would be to exchange the outer cold and gloom for the light and warmth of home! He might

come any moment now. Why, there he was! She was sure that was Mahmoud's hoofs clattering over the stones of the yard; but why had Arthur come in by the back way? Perhaps to save time; perhaps he wanted to get home as soon as he possibly could. She would run and meet him, and bring him into the fireside.

She tripped lightly down the stairs with a happy smile of greeting; but at the foot she encountered Sophy coming out of the schoolroom with a pale, anxious face.

"Your father has come back," Evelyn said, speaking more pleasantly than she usually did to the girl.

"Mahmoud has," Sophy answered, in an anxious, frightened tone. "I saw him come tearing past the window and rushing into the yard; but he was alone! Papa was not on him. What has happened, do you think?"

Evelyn caught the significance of the news in a moment, and her face turned deathly pale. Without a word she ran past the girl, through the side door, and out into the stable-yard, where, travel-soiled and foam-flecked, with his bridle hanging loose, and an ugly bruise upon his shoulder, as if he had had a severe fall, stood her husband's horse, while two or three of the men-servants were gathered round him in a sort of helpless bewilderment. What did it mean?

What it meant was that two miles away from home Arthur Tremaine was lying upon the road, helpless and unconscious! Riding home in the gathering darkness, his horse's feet had slipped on a treacherous ice-encrusted pool, and he had fallen heavily upon his side, flinging his master with violence to the ground as he fell.

They found Tremaine as he lay there, and quickly and carefully he was borne home, and the assistance of both surgeon and physician called into requisition. But for long their best skill was powerless to rouse the injured man from his deathlike unconsciousness. He had sustained a severe wound on his head, and the surgeon feared serious internal injuries, while coupled with these was the exposure to the severe cold of the night air. There was cause for the gravest anxiety.

And so, suddenly, fear and trouble fell upon the inmates of the Towers, and for days the angel of death hovered over that stately home with his sword drawn.

From his deadly stupor Tremaine only woke to the delirium of pain and fever, and each day the doctor paid his visits he grew graver and graver, and had no word of hope or encouragement for the young wife, who hung upon his verdict as if her very life depended upon his word.

She watched by her husband's side with unwearied love and care, with no thought for self, apparently unconscious of fatigue in her terrible dread and anxiety.

Poor Sophy was excluded from the sick-room, though she pleaded hard to be permitted to share the watching.

"You could do no good, my dear child," said old Dr. Merlin, who had known her all her life. "It is no sight for you, nor would he know you. Rest assured that you shall hear when there is the slightest change, and God grant it may be a favourable one. Go and rest, my dear," he added, pityingly, touched by the white misery of her face.

But Sophy could not rest. Instead she would sit for hours just outside the bedroom door, that she might ask news of each and all who passed out. And there she would wait in a sort of heartbroken patience, torturing herself with the recollection of the breach that had grown between her father and herself, reviewing her own coldness and sullen behaviour, and seeing all at last in its true light.

"Oh, papa, papa," she moaned to herself, "I will be a better daughter to you than I have been if only you will live! To please you I will even try to love her, though it was she who seemed to separate us first. And yet—no; it was I. I was so jealous of your love. But

you really loved me all the time, didn't you, papa? And you'll love me again, if only God will spare you to us."

And so the weary days of anxious suspense passed by, and the fear and gloom deepened.

One day old Dr. Merlin with difficulty prevailed upon Evelyn to go and rest for an hour in the drawing room. He thought there might be a change that night, he told her, when she would need all her strength and endurance.

"I am not all tired now, doctor. Please let me stay," she pleaded. "I cannot bear to leave him."

"My dear lady," he replied, with gentle authority, "there cannot be any change just now, or, if there were, you should be called at once. You have not closed your eyes for so long that, though your anxiety causes you to forget your fatigue, I fear your strength may fail when you most need it. Let me persuade you to rest for an hour at least, and you shall be told when the smallest change comes."

Reluctantly she obeyed, and slowly left the room for the drawing-room, as she had been bidden. Dr. Merlin had spoken of a crisis coming soon, and though he had spoken very guardedly, she could tell only too well that he feared the worst results. The fever had run its course with such unabated violence that the strength of the patient was almost exhausted. Was it possible that all medical skill, all love and care, all prayers and tears, would be impotent to stay the death angel's sword?

"He means I shall need all my strength for the last good-bye," she said to herself. "Oh, I cannot bear it! It would kill me to lose him!"

Sophy was sitting in the drawing-room as she entered with her weary step and wan, white face. The girl was standing by the window looking out over the wintry waste of country with eyes that saw nothing, and with a heart full of bitter trouble. She did not turn round as Evelyn entered; she hardly was conscious of her approach. But the young wife, almost wild with anguish, and with a passionate yearning for sympathy in her extremity, drew nearer, and, sinking down upon a chair, held out her hands imploringly towards the girl, with a piteous cry of entreaty, "Oh, Sophy, help me to bear it!"

Sophy started at the words, but more at the tone in which they were uttered, and turned hastily round. She saw her young step-mother sitting there, with her wan, white face, and grief dimmed beauty, with dark shadows under her blue eyes, caused by sleepless nights and anxious watches, and with a world of misery in her appealing tones.

The piteous appeal of her tones, and the sight of the young wife's anguish, roused all that was best and noblest in the girl's heart. In a moment she had forgotten all the soreness and bitterness of the past - all the small jealousies and trifling annoyances, and she remembered only how the wife was breaking her heart for the sake of one who was the dearest on earth to his daughter's heart, and who even now might be slipping away from them. She only remembered how dear he was to both of them, and in the unity of their common sorrow she impulsively sprang forward and threw her arms round Evelyn's neck, with a gesture of loving sympathy that spoke more eloquently than words. Then, with a tender womanliness, she drew the weary head down upon her shoulder, and smoothed the golden hair, until Evelyn's overcharged heart found the relief of tears. She wept hysterically for a time, with passionate sobs that shook her from head to foot, while Sophy waited silently and patiently until she grew calmer. Not a word was spoken between the two of regret or forgiveness, but peace was proclaimed, and in this hour of bitter sorrow all the barriers had fallen down between them, and this storm of trouble had done what the calm sunshine of prosperity had failed to do.

"Don't give up all hope," Sophy whispered at last. "I

cannot think God means to take him from us, and he so dear to both of us." And then she persuaded Evelyn to lie down upon the sofa, and sat by her side until he fell into an easy slumber, when she stole away silently, returning almost immediately to be ready, when her weary eyes unclosed, with a refreshing cup of tea and dainty little repast to tempt her appetite.

But it was the thoughtful care and the girl's unaccustomed gentleness which did Evelyn more good than the fragrant tea, and as she kissed the girl and glided back to her anxious watch it seemed to her as if her misery was robbed of its overwhelming bitterness by the thought that she had gained the girl's heart.

And Sophy stole away to her own room to pray, to watch, and, if it were possible, to sleep. And her heart was warmed and lightened, even in the midst of her anxiety. Evelyn had only said, in acknowledgment of her little attentions to her, "Thank you, dear." But the tone had said far more than words could have expressed, and Sophy was more than repaid.

In spite of all her anxiety, Sophy slept that night, and for a time forgot all sorrow in the happy oblivion of youthful dreams. But from these she was roused in the early morning hours by a light at her bedside, and woke to see Evelyn standing there looking down upon her with eyes full of happy tears.

"Thank God, Sophy, he is better," she whispered, in scarcely audible tones. "Dr. Merlin says he has taken a turn for the better now, and the fever has gone. I must go back to him at once, but I could not help coming round just to let you know. And now you can go to sleep again with a happy mind." She bent down to kiss her as she spoke, and then glided away quickly and silently as she had come, leaving Sophy to weep out all her gladness, her thankfulness, and her relief in a burst of happy tears.

It was a long, weary convalescence, but the invalid gradually improved, and in the hearts of none of his dear ones did there seem to be any room for impatience. He was saved, he had not been taken away from them, and that was more than enough.

He used to wonder in the first days of his convalescence, in a sort of weak bewilderment, how it came about that his wife and daughter seemed to be so much together now, why they would sit side by side and chat so much together in low tones, and why Sophy had lost that hard sullen look which had grown almost habitual to her fair, girlish face. And he wondered still more with returning strength as he saw what fast friends those two seemed to have grown. He wondered what had wrought the change, but, while rejoicing over it, he did not like to speak of it. Could it be a reality? Could it be that the old difficulties had melted away, and that in future peace and love were to reign supreme in his home?

At last one day, when he was far advanced on the road to recovery, and he and his wife happened to be alone, he said, half inquiringly "You and Sophy seem great friends, dearest?"

And then his young wife answered, with a happy light in her eyes - "Yes, thank God; there will be no more dissensions in your home, Arthur. There were faults on both sides, we have both been to blame. But sorrow taught us both a lesson we are not likely to forget. When we thought we might lose you," and her voice faltered, "we found each other, and that terrible time drew us close together, and now I think I can truly say we love each other more and more every day. Are you satisfied, Arthur?"

"More than satisfied," he replied, with a smile of utter contentment. "It was the one cloud in my sky."

"And so good came out of evil," she said, softly. "and there was a silver lining even to this cloud."

## BOYS AND BOATS.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

**H**APPY is the boy who is born by the water side, whether that water be fresh or salt. His life will have a flavour unknown to another whose environment does not include a stretch of sea, a reach of river, or an expanse of lake. There is no sport better calculated to make boys self-reliant, ready of resource, and steady of nerve, than boating, especially if that boating be done upon a bay or harbour where wind and tide play their perplexing pranks, and oftentimes, like tiger-cubs, are found to have dangerous moods, when their play becomes dead earnest.

Now by boating, I do not mean only that feverish fighting for records and first-place in races which absorbs so much attention now a days, but being in a boat for the pure love of the thing, taking delight in driving your jaunty craft through the rippled calm, or amidst the snowy "white caps," by dint of deftly feathered oar, or expertly-managed sail. That, after all, is the best kind of boating, because it is not monopolized by a few "phenomena," but may be shared in by any boy who has strength enough to tug an oar, or wit enough to handle a sail.

What a simple matter it seems to dip an oar into the water, draw it steadily through, turn it neatly as it emerges dripping from the brine, and throw it forward for another stroke! But lo! it proves anything but easy when you try it for the first time. You plant yourself firmly upon the thwart, press your heels hard against the stretcher, take a light grip of the oar with both hands, and then, bending forward until your nose almost bumps against your knuckles, plunge the blade in deep, and pull for all you are worth. Hurrah! in spite of a little wobbling the oar cuts through the water, and you have the delight of feeling the boat move forward in response to your effort. Exultant in your success, you recover hastily and give another stroke. Hullo! What's become of you, and why are your heels bobbing up in the place where your head ought to be? Surely you can't pretend to row lying on the broad of your back in the bottom of the boat?

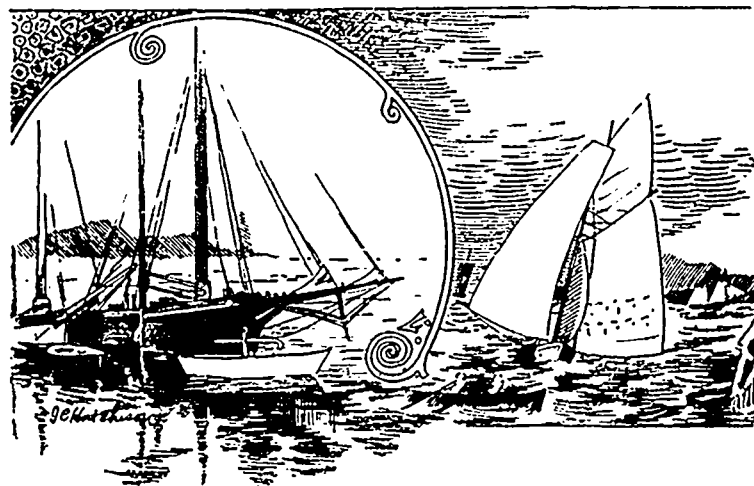
"Ah! ha! my boy, you've caught a crab!" laughs somebody who knows all about it. "Caught a crab?" Expecting to see a pink and mottled shell-fish at the end of your oar, you scramble back to your seat, and look eagerly over the gunwale. No crab there. What *do* they mean? Well you learn soon enough, and a particularly bright boy you need to be to succeed in mastering the difficulties of reaching, dipping, pulling through, feathering, and recovering, without catching a dozen crabs at least.

The features of a perfect stroke can be described in a few lines. You must reach forward until your hands are just over your up-turned toes, and dip your oar in so that the blade is completely covered without being buried, then draw it steadily through, maintaining the same depth from the beginning to the end of the pull, commencing your feather before the blade leaves the water, and finishing it by a quick turn of the wrist as you gather yourself together for another stroke. Dip evenly, pull steadily, feather cleanly, recover quickly, and you are a good oarsman whether you sit in a fishing flat, a trim-built wherry, an egg-shell scull, or a long-legged eight-oar.

Of course, all this is not to be learned in a single summer, any more than Rome was built in a day. When you have got over crab-catching, the next direction given you, in all probability, will be "Don't watch your oar

Keep your eyes astern," and this you will find more easily said than done, for there still seems to be a good deal of perversity in the piece of wood your hands hold, and somehow or other it behaves very much better when you have your eyes on it than when you are looking at the coxswain. Nevertheless, orders must be obeyed, and you fix your gaze astern, and tug away manfully. The blisters gather, your back begins to ache, and the seat to feel uncommonly hard. You are, of course, too proud to confess it, but oh! how glad you are when the command comes "Easy all ship your oars," and the lesson is over for that day.

When the difficulties have all been overcome, then comes the delight of independence, and there is, perhaps, no prouder moment in a boy's life than that which sees him for the first time able to manage a boat alone. It is well for him if his bump of caution is duly developed, or he may be tempted into enter-



prises beyond his powers. The other side of the harbour may look wonderfully attractive on some calm summer morning, and he cannot resist the impulse to voyage across. It is only a couple of miles, and what is that when the water is like glass? So off he starts, and, exulting in his new accomplishment, awakens the calm into merry ripples as he pushes vigorously forward. Half-way over he pauses to rest his hands, and looking back is inclined to turn about, the distance seems more than he thought. But pride says "No, go ahead," and he resumes rowing.

At length more tired than he expected to be, and very hot, he reaches his goal. The beach is of clean yellow sand, just perfect for a bathe. Off go shirt, and trousers and boots, and in goes the boy, who finds the water so delicious that he is slow to notice that the calm has vanished, and a brisk breeze taken its place. When he does discover this, he hurries into his clothes, pushes off his boat, and plies the oars with nervous energy. Soon he realizes that he is to have no easy task getting home again. The ripples grow into waves, the waves put on white-caps, and it takes all his strength to keep the boat's head up to the wind.

To the bottom of his heart he repents having started, and wishes himself safe home again. The work is so hard that he would fain drop the oars, and let himself drift, in hopes of being picked up by some other boat or passing vessel. But the waves look so threatening that he dare not do this, and, banishing the idea, he applies



himself more vigorously to the oars. His hands smart, his back aches, the perspiration pours down his face, yet doggedly he adds stroke to stroke, every now and then glancing anxiously over his shoulder to see what progress he is making, until at last with a sigh of unutterable relief the home-side of the harbour is reached, and he feels as though he will not want to go boating again for a fortnight.

Of course this frame of mind does not last long, and the next fine morning finds him ready for another adventure.

So sure as a boy has a proper amount of "go" in him he will not be content with merely learning to row. He must find out whether he cannot make his boat move faster than Frank, or Harry, or Dick, can theirs. So races are arranged, and a course of preparation is entered into with great energy.

Now, whatever objectionable features there may be about boat-racing as carried on by the great colleges and rowing-clubs, with its long and arduous training under professional "coaches," intense excitement, and harmful gambling, there are absolutely none about boys' boat-races. It is all innocent rivalry and pure amusement, and serves to lend an additional zest to a noble sport, and to teach the contestants something about their own powers of endurance and self-control. I had won many a race before I was fourteen, and the only one of any consequence that I lost, I think I can put down to an error in getting ready for it. In preparing for previous races, I had always made my practice consist of a steady but quiet pull over the course. This time, taking the advice of an unwise counsellor, I practised by pulling over the course at racing speed, with the natural consequence that instead of building up my strength I was breaking it down, and had very little left when the struggle came. The lesson I learned from that race did not need to be repeated.

And so, back I come to where I started. Happy is the boy whose home is by the water-side! Let him not fail to make good use of his opportunities. Boats are made for boys just as surely as ships are for men. There is no prettier sight to be seen afloat, than four sturdy young Canadians handling their oars like miniature Hanlans, and sending a trim four-oar skimming over the water.

The best of it is, that boats are not made for boys only, but for girls also. Every word of what I have said applies to them equally well. They may row, and race too, and do it so well that even their own brothers dare not laugh at them. I remember a charming young girl, scarce five feet in height, and slender in proportion, rowing a pair of oars in a heavy boat containing seven people four long miles one breathless mid-summer night, and every boy might be proud of that feat, which she performed as quietly as though it had been fancy work.

Hurrah! for boating then—be it amid the salt-sea waves, in the current of a river, or upon the placid bosom of a lake. There is no better amusement for boys or girls. May all who read these words have the good fortune to enjoy it freely!

#### QUITE CLEAR.

A deer-stalker, after a series of inexcusable misses, remarked "Well, Donald, whose fault was it that time?" "Weel," quoth Donald, "he wasn't more than a hundred yards awa', and it's no my fault you missed him; and it wasn't the fault of the stag, for he stood still eneuch; and it's no the fault of the rifle, for I ken weel it's a right good one, sae I'll just leave it tae ye to think it ower and find oot whose fault it was."

#### SOME HINTS ON SWIMMING.

BY LOUIS CHAPMAN.

Most boys have an opportunity of picking up the accomplishment of swimming somehow. Perhaps they could not tell you where or when. But our girls have not the same chances. The more's the pity. My first lesson was a good one. It will be *yours*. The way to gain confidence in water is, not to try to keep up, but to

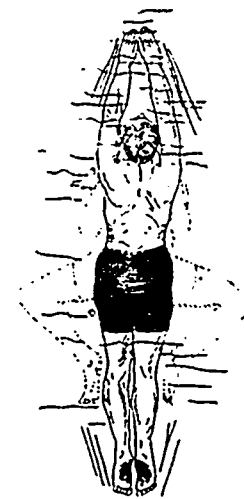
#### TRY TO SINK.

It is harder than you imagine, as you will see when you make a few unsuccessful attempts to reach a pebble at your foot. Try it. Wade out to your waist, and take a bet that you will sink yourself to a sitting posture at the bottom. You may get down, but only when you learn how. Work on in this fashion, experimenting with yourself and with the water. You will find that what I have said is true. It is hard to sink. As you gain confidence, and begin to feel at home in the water, make up your mind that it is one of your best friends. Court from it the secret of its "little ways," as you would those of a friend. Suit your laws to the laws of the water, and you are friends for life—fast friends.

#### THE BREAST STROKE

is the most useful, and the basis of all others. Put the forearms close to the chest. Extend the elbows slightly. Take a full breath to fill the lungs.

Before springing forward, learn the next steps, and know them well, as once you have sprung out you have little time to think. Arms and legs have alike to do their duty. When the arms are thrown forward, the legs also are extended to their utmost, with the feet close together, and the great toes stretched well out in line with the legs. The body is now in one long straight line, and the straighter the better. The arms are pointing ahead, with the hands flat open, back upwards, and the two thumbs touching; while the legs are pointing back, the feet close, and the toes all eagerly anxious to keep in line. The arms are then slowly swung back till they come in a line with the shoulders, and still at full stretch, the hands perfectly flat, and the



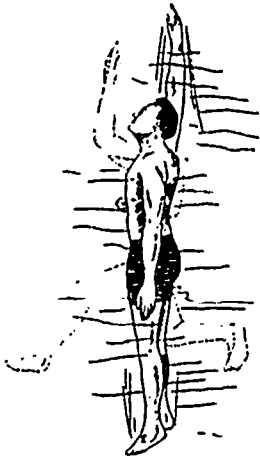
Breast Strokes

fingers close together in line. Here the stroke is ended, and the arms are then rapidly drawn back to their original position, with the forearms close up to the chest, ready for a fresh spring. Meantime the leg movement is the same as that of the arms. The legs are drawn up, with the knees thrown wide apart, and the inner edges of the feet drawn close together. This should be done while the arms are swinging round to the shoulder line, so that when the stroke of the arms is completed, both legs and arms are in position for the next effort. As the arms are thrown forward again, the legs are pushed down, the soles of the feet are acting like a pair of oars to shove the body along. As the arms again swing round the legs are once more drawn up. The great secret of the breast stroke lies in the

manner in which the feet push or "kick" the water to give speed, in the speed with which the legs are brought into line again pointing behind, and in the cleverness with which the whole motion is carried on from spring to kick, from kick to recover, and from recover to spring. Get these different attitudes of the body distinctly in your mind. Keep the order of their succession well in memory. Oil the whole machinery with easy, slow, steady, and frictionless motion. Keep your head cool. Take time. One thing more, and you can swim. That one thing more is—the management of your breath. Always breathe when you are beginning to draw back the arms, so that the body may be most buoyant when it most needs buoyancy.

THE OVERHAND SIDE STROKE.

The head is turned sharply to the left, and the right ear and eye are almost constantly under water. The left arm works continually in the manner of a windmill—being half the time out of the water and over the head. The right arm makes a movement somewhat similar to the one it performs during the breast stroke, only it stops at the hip and not at the shoulder, and on the recover it pulls the water back directly under the right hip and not by the side of the body. When the left arm is coming back the legs are kicking out. When the left hand is fully extended the legs are outstretched and the right arm is straightened out back on a line with the chin. When the left arm is coming down the right is coming back and the legs are being drawn up ready for another stroke.



Overhand Strokes

If you are swimming in rough water and want to keep your head above the waves, make more of a downward stroke with your under arm. This lifts the body partly out of the water. If you want to gain speed, draw the arm in toward the pit of the stomach, or even a little higher than that, and you will find that you can put more force into your stroke.

The only difference between this overhand and the ordinary underhand side stroke is, that in the former the over arm reaches out of the water. The overhand stroke answers all the purposes of the underhand stroke, and is far superior to it in the matter of speed.

THE TURTLE STROKE.

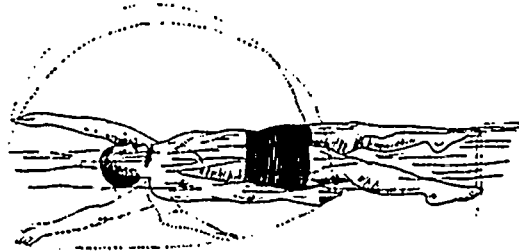
The fastest of all strokes for a short distance is the turtle stroke. It cannot be used to advantage, however, longer than one hundred yards, as it is extremely tiring. The swimmer throws his arms alternately right and left out of the water and ahead of him, pulling them in with all the muscle he has at his disposal. As the right arm is coming in the left leg is kicking out; at the same time the left arm is going out and the right leg coming up for another kick. The swimmer pushes the water towards his body with his arms, and in kicking brings his legs in toward the centre of his body after the kick is nearly ended. This latter movement sends him through the water as a fish is propelled by its tail.

SWIMMING ON THE BACK.

Now I will describe to you how you should learn to swim on your back. After you have swam out into deep

water roll over on your back and stretch out your legs, letting them drop a very little lower than your body. Keep your hands close to your side. Then paddle with your hands in a rotary fashion and from the wrist. Keep your lungs well filled with air, and then you will find you are as safe and more comfortable than when you are lying on your stomach.

After you have learned how to do this try the double kick. This is precisely like the breast stroke, only your position is reversed. As your legs come together your hands go forward over your head.



FLOATING.

Now for floating. The best way to learn to float is to catch each foot by the toes with each hand, lie on the back and swing the feet outward, throwing the head well back. Always be careful before doing this to fill the lungs with air. While you are floating breathe quickly and do not exhaust the lungs, for when they are empty the body immediately sinks. After this has been tried a number of times let the feet go and stretch out the legs, extending the arms above the head so that your face, toes, and fingers are visible above the surface. There are many ways of floating. You can put your arms by your side or fold them over your chest or behind your head. If you want to make progress while floating put your arms by your side and paddle with your feet, as described in the overhand back stroke.

In treading water hold your hands above the surface and step up and down first with one and then with the other foot, taking care to point the toes downward when raising the foot, and, by bending the ankle, step down flat-footed, so that in raising the foot the body is not dragged down, and, in stepping down, the body is raised up.



Turtle Stroke

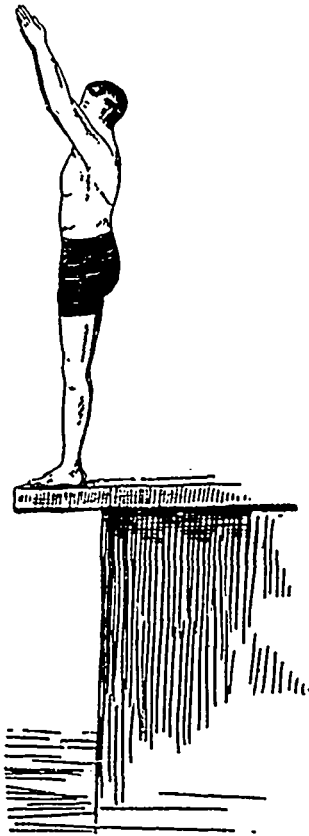
HOW TO DIVE.

Diving should be learned as soon as one has acquired the use of the breast stroke, but there are many swimmers who are self-taught who have never learned this valuable accomplishment. The best way to learn it is by squatting on the edge of the water with the elbows resting on the knees and the hands drawn up as they are in preparing for the breast stroke. Then plunge in the water, taking care not to open the eyes until the head and part of the body at least are under water. Gradually raise the body in practising until you are able to stand upright with the arms extended in front of the face, and leaping upward strike the water with the hands. As I said before, close your eyes while you are in air, and do not open them

until you are partly under water. I have known a number of boys who have lost their eyes by opening them before they struck the water. A chip on the surface is apt to strike the eye and inflict serious injury.

There are many ways of diving, but the straight-forward plunge is the simplest and most useful. When you dive in shallow water it is best to squat and make a plunge, striking the surface flat and glide out into deep water.

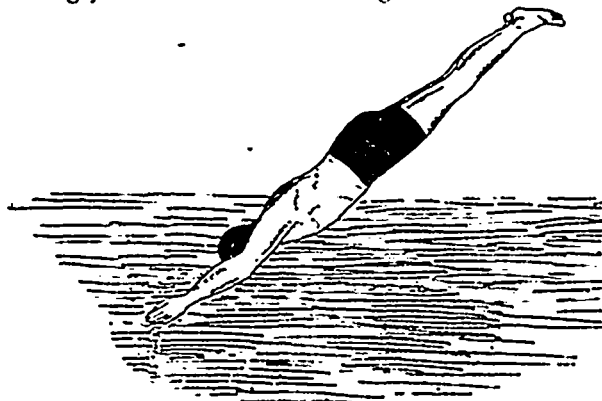
It is not hard to swim under water. When you are once the proper distance below the surface you should strike out, using the breast stroke, taking care to bring the arms back straight. You can see the light through the water and know exactly how deep down you are. When you want to come up, make a downward stroke with your arms.



SAVING LIVES.

In saving lives of drowning persons I can hardly lay down any particular rules. I never know how I will act until I am in the water. Coolness is the first quality you need under those circumstances. There are several rules, however, that may always be followed when practicable:—

1. Don't let the drowning person clasp you around your neck, body, or arms.
2. Swing around, dive down, or even swim away, to avoid such a clasp, for in nine chances out of ten it means your death as well as his.
3. If possible grasp him by his coat collar or hair, and hold him out at arm's length, swimming meantime with the other arm and legs.
4. You should always be behind the person you want to rescue, and if possible get him on his back as well as yourself, particularly if you have a long swim to make.
5. If the drowning person is unconscious try to hoist him on the lower part of your stomach, where his head will be above water, and hold him there with your legs, leaving your arms free for swimming.



## MARK REED'S ESCAPE.

### CHAPTER IV.

**T**HERE were no stars or moon overhead to cheer me that night. Black clouds hung low above the skylight. A few heavy drops fell, and I was forced to creep away to a corner.

I was not so hungry now, but a sick, weary sensation was over me. I remembered tales I had read of the sufferings of shipwrecked men, and after a bit it seemed to me I was at sea. The wind howled among the chimney-pots—no, the ropes—and the waves pelted in at the port-holes. Why, why were they left open? Oh, of course that boy had broken them—but they shouldn't starve him! How sick I was!

Ah! Puck would go—but Harry—Gates—Mark! Mark! Why are they calling him Mark?

I struggled from my rambling dreaminess. I sat up. Some one was calling "Mark!"

I tried to answer; my voice failed. Then I gave a wild foolish scream, more like a frightened girl than a boy. But it was enough. A lantern was flashing down on me, a ladder was descending from the skylight.

Crash went the woodwork, then a man's foot and leg, and a moment after Harry Gates stood beside me.

"Why, old man!" was all he said.

"All right, mate," he shouted up, and down came an arm and a hand.

A mug of hot tea, bread-and-butter, with ham between it. No food was ever so delicious! It seemed cruel to give me only so little, but Gates shook his head.

"Not just yet, my lad! And now stand up. Are you hurt? When did you fall? Hullo! what's that?"

A bursting open of doors below was heard, a rush of feet up the stairs, hoarse voices calling, lights flashing.

"They're off!" cried one.

"Here! here!" shouts another.

Then a loud knocking upon the door of the room where we were.

"Open! in the Queen's name!"

"It's the police!" said Gates.

Before he could reach the door it was burst open, and a couple of big constables entered, while another kept at the door, on guard.

"Here we have them!" cried the foremost man, rushing upon Harry, who burst into a laugh.

The man started back as the lantern flashed in our faces.

"Why, Gates!"

"Aye, it is me, Mr. Martin, and this is young Reed—Mr. Timms's lad. You know him?"

"Why, of course!" said the other policeman. "But, what!—you'll have to explain—"

He caught sight of the ladder, and was up in a trice.

"This youngster was after his pigeons, and fell down that skylight two days ago—wasn't it, Mark? He's half dead with cold and hunger."

"I didn't fall," I began.

"Oh, well, clear out of this," said Mr. Martin, the chief constable. "Get down, all of you, to your own shop, and I'll be there directly to hear particulars."

They had pretty well to carry me down the stairs and into our place, where old Betty was ready for us in a fine state of excitement.

Whether she thought I had been half-drowned or

what—she had hot water, blankets, irons at the fire; but besides there was a well-spread table—tea, sausages, gruel, broth, toast, and all ready. She met us with uplifted hands.

"All along o' they dratted birds," she cried. "I wonder he hadn't broke his neck afore."

Then Mr. Martin came in. "They are clean gone this time," he said. "The scoundrels! we had thought to have nabbed them there too, pat enough."

"What scoundrels?" Harry asked.

"Was it them I saw cooking?" I asked.

Then I had to tell my story.

"Cooking!" cried the chief policeman. "Nice cooking! They are the worst gang of coiners out! You may think yourself lucky you got off as you did, my boy. That fellow sticks at nothing! But we shall have them yet."

But Puck! I was so anxious to hear all about my pigeon.

"Ah!" said little Mrs. Gates, who made one of the party. "Doesn't it seem like a Providence that we should have altered our minds and gone to my brother's at Rundlewood, where that very bird was hatched and brought from? and of course he flew straight there, as Harry and Tom had always used to send their messages, and came right up to Tom waddling and lifting of his wing to show him what he'd got, and Tom with the writing he couldn't make head nor tail of, and brought it to Harry, thinking it was one of his larks, and Gates, as soon as he'd read it, starts off without a morsel in his lips—"

"And you as bad, little woman, so you needn't talk," said her husband.

"Then you didn't call for me on Sunday, Harry?" I asked.

He looked up surprised.

"Oh! of course! you never got my letter. Why, I sent word that you was to meet me at the station, as we should not have time to come for you, leaving early for Rundlewood. You've got that letter?" he asked of Betty.

"Better!" returned the good old woman, nodding at me. "Oh, he'll soon be better when he gets his appetite."

There was a general laugh at that. It seemed to me as though I should be *all* appetite for the rest of my life.

I was so shaken and queer that when Mr. Timms came in next day he would not hear of my going to work just yet.

I was to rest for a week, and Harry proposed I should go to stay at Rundlewood, his brother-in-law's place.

You may guess my delight when I found that it was a sort of menagerie on a small scale.

Mr. Farmer trafficked in such things, going to and fro between the seaport towns and Rundlewood, to buy the animals brought from abroad, and disposing of them to gentlemen and others who had a fancy that way.

There were foreign sheep, and goats, and antelopes, two young bears, lots of monkeys and dogs, and birds without number—kinds which I had never even heard of.

Here I found Puck again—or rather he found me—for I had not been there many minutes before he found his way to my shoulder.

I entered into the ways of the business so heartily, that good Mr. Timms said it would be a pity to hinder my bent. I should make a better naturalist, he said, than ever I should a bookbinder. No doubt he was right.

Any way, he kindly cancelled my indentures, and my home was made for many a year at Rundlewood. There

in time "Farmer and Reed" became pretty well known, and there my son Mark was born.

\* \* \* \* \*

"So that was the same man who came in with the bird to-day?" son Mark asks, when my story is ended. "The man you saw in the attic?"

Well, I did not recognize him, nor he me, it seems. But the sight of the lad's face scared him, by its likeness to the one which no doubt was printed on his memory as his had been on mine, though it was only when I saw it in the same aspect, turned upwards in sudden terror, that I recalled it.

What he had specially to fear from me it is impossible to say.

Perhaps the remembrance of the boy he had left to starve in the empty house had haunted him, for it is true enough that an evil conscience "doth make cowards of us all."

THE END.

### FASHIONABLE DOGS.

In the hot season in London, dogs are compelled to wear muzzles, and some of the daintier of their kind, reared in the lap of luxury, have muzzles that cost twenty dollars a-piece. Silver and silver-plated ones are quite common, and great care is taken with the fit. Poodles are decorated with gold bangles, and terriers with gold and silver collars. Mr. Poodle's bangle has his name engraved on it, and he wears it on his right fore-leg. One of the fashionable ladies of London recently walked out with twelve hundred dollars worth of diamonds around her dog's neck. A tailor-made coat, too, he wore, which in cold days is lined and trimmed with fur. He goes with his mistress to be "measured," and again to "try on," and if the garment does not fit, it is altered to suit. This coat may have cost eight dollars. Navy-blue, faced with red, looks nice. A soft wire-brush is a toilet requisite for Mr. Doggy to smooth his hair, and a basket is always at hand in a snug corner for his lordship to curl himself up in. The delicacies of the season are specially cooked for him. A lap-dog is never allowed to go out by himself. His mistress leads him along by a silver chain. It may have cost from fifteen to thirty dollars.

### THE "KILKENNY CATS."

In 1798, during the Irish Rebellion, Kilkenny was garrisoned by Hessians. The soldiers used to amuse themselves by tying two cats together by the tails and hanging them over a clothes-line, where they would fight desperately till one or the other, or both perhaps, were killed. When this cruelty became known to the officers they determined to stop it, and so sent an officer every day to watch for any offence of this kind, and to punish the offender. The soldiers would keep a man on watch themselves, and when the word was given of the approach of the officer the cats would be let loose. One day the man neglected to keep a look-out, and the officer coming upon them suddenly, one of the soldiers divided the cats' tails with his sword, and the cats ran off, "leaving their tails behind them," like Bo Peep's sheep. The officer inquired about the curious sight of two cats' tails hanging on the line, and was told that two cats had fought desperately, destroyed each other but the tails, and the soldiers had picked up these appendages and hung them on the line.



RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR JOHN ALEXANDER MACDONALD.

During the past fortnight all Canadians, young and old, have had their minds taken up with one subject more than any other—the loss which Canada has sustained by the death of her Prime Minister, the Right Honourable Sir John Macdonald. And Young Canadians are very apt to ask why it is, that this man should be so much thought of, and his death should be so much spoken of as a loss to our country.

Well, there are many answers which may be given to this natural question of the Young Canadian, for different people were attracted to our late Prime Minister for different reasons. For instance, many loved him because of his winning ways. Those who came to know him well say that his manners were so kindly, that he seemed at once to become a warm-hearted friend, and even when people quarrelled with him, he was always very ready to forget their quarrels, and to treat them as pleasantly as if nothing had ever happened to spoil their friendship. Now, the longer you live the more you will find that these little kindnesses of manner make up a great deal of the goodness and happiness of our lives; and therefore we may well love those who do so much to promote our well-being.

Many, again, even of those who were not his personal friends were attached to Sir John Macdonald because their opinions agreed with his. Now, we are not going to discuss whether his opinions were right or wrong; but even if people did not agree with him about what was best for the country, they all admit that, when he made up his mind as to what was best to be done, he worked hard to do it well. Now, here again it is important for Young Canadians to bear in mind, that often all the difference between a good and bad man is to be found in the fact, that the one works hard to do well whatever task he is called to perform, while the other is a worthless idler who throws upon others the burden of doing the work which he should have done himself, or of repairing the mischief arising from his idleness. The best of men, as even young people soon find out, make mistakes in trying to find out what it is best for them to do; but if we do well whatever seems to us to be best, we shall assuredly never lose our reward.

The fact, that Sir John Macdonald toiled hard to do well the work which had been given him to do, leads us also to think about the nature of that work; and this furnishes another reason of the admiration entertained for him by many. The work, in which his life was spent, was essentially a service of others rather than of

himself. Everybody allows, that, if he had devoted his great abilities to some private business of his own, such as the profession of law to which he was brought up, he could certainly have made himself a rich man—at least a very much richer man than he was. It is not always easy—it is often very difficult—to get men of ability to devote themselves to the business of the public, because such men know that they can make far more wealth by giving their time to their own private occupations; and therefore we have the more reason to be grateful to those who sacrifice the desire of riches for themselves in order to promote the general interests of the whole nation. The young Canadian should never forget, that true goodness and true greatness are to be attained only by ceasing to live solely for our own petty gratifications, and spending our lives in the service of our fellowmen.

Montreal is 900 miles from the ocean. The trip before getting out to, and after coming in from, the ocean, is one of the finest in the world. Ocean steamers come up the whole way.

#### GOT HIS FEE.

A lady was very solicitous about her health. Every trifle made her uneasy, and the doctor was called immediately. The doctor was a skilful man, and, consequently, had a large practice. It was very disagreeable to him to be so often called away from his other cases for nothing, and he resolved to take an opportunity of letting the lady see this. One day the lady observed a red spot on her hand, and at once sent for the doctor. He came, looked at her hand, and said—"You did well to send for me early." The lady looked alarmed, and asked—"Is it dangerous, then?" "Certainly not," replied the doctor, "to-morrow the spot would have disappeared, and I should have lost my fee for this visit."

#### ROUSING FIREMEN FROM SLEEP.

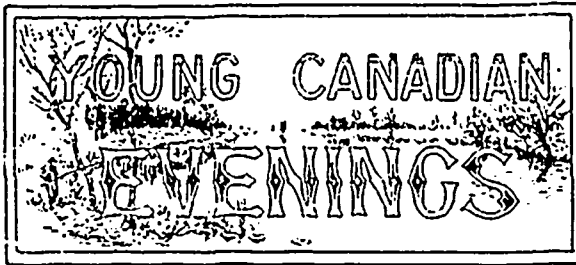
When a man first joins the brigade he is wakeful and nervous, but a few weeks' acquaintance with the method of being awakened banishes all this, and no matter how tired or weary a fireman may be when he retires, or how soundly he sleeps, he is wide-awake at the first tap of the bell.

Long service in the brigade makes this method of being awakened so habitual that the sound of even the bell of an alarm clock will waken the fire laddie when he could not be aroused by calling or tugging at him.

I was in the department nearly a month before I got my first holiday, and I remember that when I went home and fell asleep my folks tried to awake me at midnight to go to work. They tugged and pulled at me, but I did not awaken.

They became alarmed and called in a neighbour, who was also a member of the brigade. He saw at once what was the matter, and brought in a dishpan to my bedside and hammered on it with a stick. I was up at the first stroke, and threw my arms round him, thinking he was the pole by which we slide down from our sleeping quarters to the engine.

It caused a great laugh, of course, but fully illustrated the force of habit.—*No. 5 Station.*



YOUNG CANADIAN TANGLES.

ANSWERS TO TANGLES.

No. 14.—TELESCOPE PUZZLE.

First Tube in the Telescope.      Second Tube in the Telescope.

- |          |              |
|----------|--------------|
| 1. A L E | 1. T A L E S |
| 2. A P E | 2. N A P E S |
| 3. O W E | 3. L O W E R |
| 4. O W E | 4. R O W E L |
| 5. A V E | 5. K A V E L |
| 6. A C E | 6. R A C E R |

Third Tube in the Telescope.

1. S T A L E S T
2. A N A P E S T
3. F L O W E R S
4. T R O W E L S
5. T R A V E L S
6. B R A C E R S

No. 15.—BOOK PUZZLE.

1. Book Open.

B E S S	T A R
A N N	G I R D
L A N D	E R E
P A N	S I R S
R U I N	O N E
E R R	S O R T
H A I R	E V E

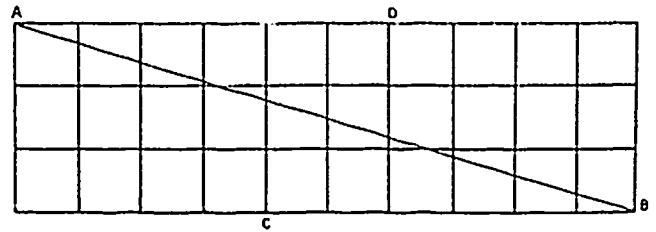
2. Book Shut.

B R E A S T S
D A R N I N G
L E A R N E D
S P R A I N S
R E U N I O N
T E R R O R S
H E A V I E R

TANGLE No. 16.

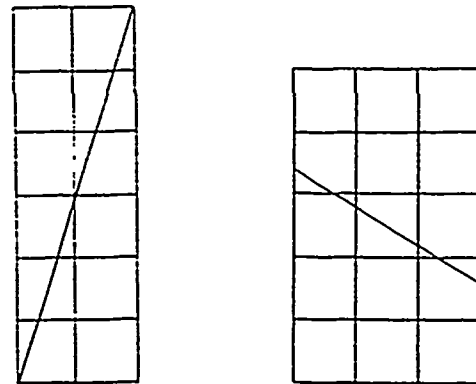
(With answer.)

The diagrams below show how easily the eye may be deceived. Take a piece of cardboard, an inch and a half in width, and five inches in length, and divide it by lines into thirty squares, thus :—



Then cut from corner A to corner B, so as to form two triangles. This done, cut off the points of the two triangles where marked C, D. Then arrange the pieces as represented below, when the cards will seem to contain thirty-two squares, while in the original there were only thirty. How is this? A very correct eye can detect the cause. How many of our readers can do so?

(No answer required.)



TANGLE No. 17.

PUZZLE.

- My 1st is a word for a stick.
- My 2nd is a small sea off the Mediterranean.
- My 3rd is a small but prominent part of the face.
- My 4th is a gulf near the Red Sea.
- My 5th is the old name for a river which rises in the Caucasian Mountains, and flows into the Caspian Sea.
- My 6th is the most useful of all metals.
- My 7th is a word meaning in expectation.
- My 8th is something that young Canadians like to crack.
- My whole is a department in THE YOUNG CANADIAN that we all like very much.

(Answers next week.)

A man accused of being so mean that he would quarrel about a cent, retorted—"I know I would, and I'm proud of it, for everybody knows the less one quarrels about the better."

## 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.

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### 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

## NED DARROW;

OR,

## THE YOUNG CASTAWAYS.

In next week's issue of THE YOUNG CANADIAN we shall begin printing an intensely interesting and exciting story of boy adventure by land and water, entitled "NED DARROW; OR, THE YOUNG CASTAWAYS."

It is an admirable story, showing how honest pluck, energy, and straightforward conduct are bound to win in the end, and how the boy who has them in his character will live down and overcome any amount of misfortune or misrepresentation.

Ned Darrow is a splendid model for a boy to follow, and all subscribers to THE YOUNG CANADIAN should not only read the story themselves, but give their young friends and acquaintances, who are not subscribers, a chance to read it by lending them their copies.

Look out for "NED DARROW" in next week's issue.

## ANOTHER DEPARTMENT.

We begin in this issue a new Department, called "NATURAL HISTORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES."

The chapter on Worms, adapted from Mrs. Julia McNair Wright's talks on nature (which begins the series) is written in delightfully simple language which the youngest child can understand. The facts connected with the existence of these humble creatures are told in such a thorough way as to be just charming.

We have also arranged with a gentleman well learned in science to answer any questions which our young readers may wish to ask about natural history.

Next week the chapter will be about spiders, and will be equally interesting as the one printed this week about worms.

## OTHER DEPARTMENTS.

Week by week for some time we shall be adding new Departments to THE YOUNG CANADIAN, and as we are anxious that our young readers should all of them have all their wants attended to in these Departments, we would be glad to have them send in suggestions for new ones. Let us hear from you.

### NOT TO BE BEATEN.

Little Dollie has just commenced her school-life. She found herself one day in a group of school-children who were further advanced than she was. They were telling each other what books they were "in" in school, and making as much as they could out of the subject. She could not stand it. Even to her infantile mind the position she held in that company was clear. But she did not mean to be quite out of the discussion. She took advantage of a pause in the talk, and burst out with her list—"I'm in a primer, and a slate, and a pencil, and a sponge!"

### EDITOR'S PIGEON-HOLES.

NOT FOR OURSELVES, BUT FOR OTHERS.

Send me your name and address on a Post-Card. In return you will get something nice. I want a lot of them—a "fearful" lot.

### OUR SECRET.

Do not forget what I told you recently about your birthdays. Turn it up and read it again. You will find it on page 264. My YOUNG CANADIAN Birthday Book is now lying ready. Let us see who gets entered first. Go by the instructions given.

### HERE IS THE GOLD WATCH.

It looks a beauty. Does it not? It is for the young Canadian who sends me the largest number of subscribers on the First of July—Dominion Day. Not a day is to be lost. Make up your mind about the number you will secure every day, and do not let the sun go down till you have got them. Every week send



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

THE EDITOR.

## NATURAL HISTORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

ADAPTED FROM JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

## MR. WORM AND HIS FAMILY.

I saw a boy make a hole in the ground, and dig out a worm.

"What can you tell me about worms?" said I.

"Worms are long, soft things, alike at both ends. If you cut one in two, each end goes off, and makes a whole new worm. They have no heads and no feet and no feelings, and are no good but for fish-bait."

That boy thought he knew all about the worm.

Let us take a careful look at our humble friend. He is a long, round, soft, dark, slimy thing. His body is made of from one hundred to two hundred rings. Each ring has on it tiny hooks, too small for you to see. By these hooks the worm moves along, and digs his way in the ground. Mr. Worm can hold so fast to his den or hole, that you have hard work to pull him out. Have you seen Mr. Robin brace his feet and tug with all his might, when he pulls out a worm? The worm is holding fast by his hooks.

His mouth has two lips. The upper lip is larger than the under. He has no teeth. He is dark-coloured because his body is full of the earth which he swallows. If you keep him out of the earth for a while, his skin will get pale and clear. He dies very soon if he is shut up in a close box. Mr. Worm has no teeth with which to grind his food. He has inside his body small bits of stone. These are as small as grains of sand. They are instead of teeth to grind his food. When you study birds you will find that, like Mr. Worm, they have no teeth. They, too, carry little millstones inside their bodies. The soft body of the worm will stretch like India-rubber. It will hold a great deal of food. One end has the head, the stomach, the parts that serve for a brain, and a heart. Look at the worm when he lifts his head, and you will see his mouth. The tail end has very strong hooks with which to hold fast to his cell. This tail end is also his trowel, or mould, a tool with which this poor, ugly worm helps to build the world.

The chief food of the worm is dead leaves and stems of plants.

The worm also likes meat, and will suck the bodies of dead worms. They have no teeth. They pinch off what they eat. They like onions and cabbage best of all food. They like water, and must live in damp places. If you wish to find worms to study, you must seek for them in early morning or late in the evening.

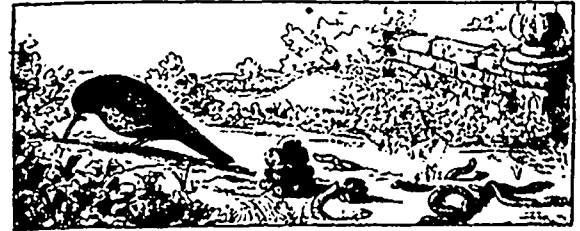
They hurry to the surface to enjoy the falling rain. When there is a long, dry time, the worms go down deeper and deeper into the earth. You cannot find them when you dig for them.

This is very strange, that humble and dirty worms can be a help to man! Let us see.

The worms live under ground. They make long, winding halls, like streets. These little tunnels help to keep the earth loose, so that the fine roots of the plants can grow well in it. They also serve to help the air move more easily through the soil. All this is of great use, and people say—"Many worms, rich land." When they make their halls and houses, they fill their long bodies with the earth. Some say it is their food. Mr. Darwin says—"Oh, no! they fill their bodies with earth just to get it out of their way." They turn themselves into baskets to carry the dirt out from their houses. They work, work, work all the time, taking out earth, and carrying it to the top of the ground. Each piece

is the shape of a small worm. There are so many worms busy all the time, that each year they bring up tons of earth. This shows you the power that is in small, weak things. The worms make the earth fine and loose, by pinching it off with their mouths. Then they bring this rich soil from below, and lay it on top, and so on and on. It is only some twenty years since this work of worms was known. At first people said—"Oh, no, no! It cannot be that little, soft worms could cover a great field, some inches deep, with new earth." But it was shown to be quite true. Fields once stony and hard have become rich and fine. Things grow now where once scarcely anything would grow. All this is done by the busy worm. That is why I said that he helps to build the world.

Baby worms are just like the parent worms, only smaller, and have not so many rings. As they grow, they get more rings. In some kinds of soil the worms are born in a little hard skin bag. This keeps them from harm, until they get strong. Mr. Worm's home is like a row of long halls. These halls are lined with a kind of glue from the worm's body. This glue makes the walls firm; then they will not fall in. The halls are not very deep under ground. When winter comes, the worms plug up the doors of their houses. This is done



by dragging into it a plant stem that will fit and fill it. The worms carry into their homes leaves and stalks to eat. They bring out, and throw away, things which they do not like. Worms show much sense in the way in which they carry things in and out of their holes. If a stem will not go in, they turn it over, and try it in some other way. Worms usually come out of their holes at night or in wet weather. If they go far from their house, they cannot find their way back. Then they make a new hole. Each worm lives alone. Often in the evening or early morning, or during rain, you will see worms near their houses. The birds know all these ways of the worms. Watch a robin or a bluebird. He searches for his food at sunrise, or after sunset, or while it rains. Now his keen eyes see the worm at his door! In goes his sharp bill! He pulls like a good fellow! He is hungry. He wants his breakfast. The worm holds fast by his hooks. The bird braces his feet and his tail, and tugs hard. Out comes the worm to feed Mr. Bird. He does not break off even one little bit of his soft body. No boy could get him out in that way.

Little young worms know how to dig houses, make worm casts, carry out the soil, find food, and plug up the door of their houses. They know at once all that old worms do.

There is much more to be found out about worms, which I hope you will be glad to learn for yourselves.

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 1590, Montreal.



## HOW TO MAKE A TELEPHONE.

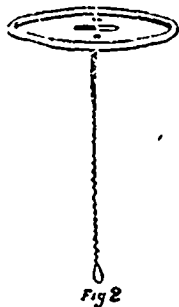
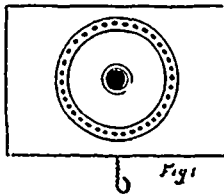
BY R. B. WILLIAMS.

The telephone which I am about to describe has been a source of great pleasure to me, and as I think it too good to keep, I will give my readers the plans for its construction.

The materials you will require are two pine boards ten by thirteen inches, and half an inch thick, two fresh beef bladders, one box of four-ounce tacks, two large gutta-percha overcoat buttons, some strips of thin leather one-quarter of an inch wide, and lastly, some flexible wire. The best wire for the purpose is that used in book-binding machines, but any soft flexible wire will do.

Prepare the bladders first by blowing them up tightly, and leaving them so for a day or two until they are thoroughly stretched, but do not let them become dry and hard. While the bladders are stretching you can obtain the other materials. To begin, take one of the boards, and having brought it to the required dimensions, draw a circle in its centre eight inches in diameter, which saw out, taking care to keep on the line, for if the opening is not round and even, the instrument will not work satisfactorily.

Next take one of the bladders, and after cutting the neck off, cut away about one-third of it from end to end; then soak it in warm water, but not too hot, until it becomes white and soft; after which stretch it loosely but evenly over the opening, letting the inside of the bladder be on top, and tack temporarily all around one inch from the edge of the opening.



Now test it by pushing the centre with your finger: if it stretches smoothly and without wrinkles, it will do; but if it does not, you must change its position until it does so. Next take a strip of the leather and tack completely around the edge of the opening, putting the tacks closely together, and taking care to keep the bladder stretch evenly while doing so. When you have it tacked properly, take your knife and cut away that part of the bladder on the outside strip. (Fig. 1.)

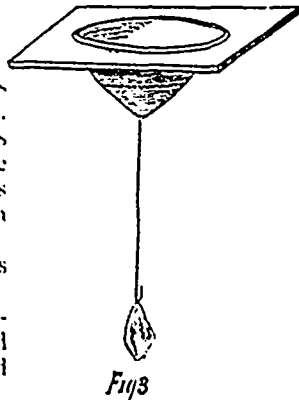
This done, break off three feet of the wire, and after attaching it to one of the buttons (Fig. 2), pass the free end through the centre of the bladder until the button rests on its surface. Then fasten a weight of eight pounds to the end of the wire, and set in the sun two hours or more until thoroughly dry. (Fig. 3.)

Proceed with the other materials in a like manner, and when you have both drums well dried, place one at each end of the line, and connect the button wires with the main wire by loops, and stretch it as tightly as possible. The course of the main wire should be as straight as possible, and with few sharp angles.

Wherever a support is needed, make a loop.

To call up, strike the button with a lead-pencil, and the one called will respond in a like manner.

This is no toy, but a good serviceable telephone, and will work from five yards to five miles.



## AN UNWELCOME POST-BOY.

Don Miguel de Alencar was an old Brazilian grandee, and a well-known figure in the society of Rio de Janeiro. He was the most dignified old fellow you can imagine, and wouldn't have quickened his pace beyond what he thought becoming if a wild bull had been after him. It is said that when a robber got into his study one night as he was sitting there alone, old Miguel sternly ordered him to take his hat off, and asked him how he had presumed to come into the presence of any gentleman uninvited.

Regularly every day he used to drive into the city from his house, pass into certain streets, find his way to the shore, and always go home by the same route. His carriage, with its four brown horses, its painted panels, and its blinds drawn down to keep the common people from staring at him, was well-known all over the town. But the sight of the whole turnout was the negro coachman, Blas, who was quite as solemn and dignified as his master. As he sat there on the box, in all the splendour of his gold-laced crimson livery, never going faster than a walk, he looked as grand as the Archbishop, and felt every bit as great a man, you may be sure.

On a certain day it is the custom to burn wickerwork figures of some great historical criminal, and you can't go through a single street of the town without finding one of those things lying in the roadway or hanging from a roof, crackling and blazing away like a firework. The servants of a large house had just hung an image out of the third-floor window, dressed up in rags, and all covered with little bells, and were just going to set it on fire when Don Miguel's carriage came along, at its usual solemn pace. It was just passing under the window where the dummy hung, when the cord broke, and down came the scare-crow, rags, bells, and all, with a ting-a-ring-ring fit to wake the dead, right astride of the near leader's back. Without the bells it was enough to frighten any horse alive. Away tore the four beasts round the corner, knocking over fruit-stalls, upsetting old women, smashing trucks and wheelbarrows, while the shouts and cries of the people, the rattle of hoofs and wheels, and the jingling of the dummy's bells, made an uproar worse than Bedlam itself. Poor Blas, with his black face perfectly livid, and his eyes starting out of his head, tugged fruitlessly at the reins, till there came a tremendous lurch, and he went flying, head foremost, through a shop window. But the dummy kept his seat like a post-boy, the wickerwork having caught somehow in the harness, and went bobbing up and down ringing his bells with all his might, as if enjoying the fun.

By this time the top of the carriage had got torn off, and the whole town could see poor Don Miguel's fat figure jammed down between the two seats, like a big baby in a small cradle, with his head up on one side; and his feet up on the other. But just as all seemed over with him, a hay-cart crossed the road, and the horses, unable to stop, ran their heads right into the hay, and came to a stand-still.

The old gentleman was soon released, but he was not to be consoled by any attention. The idea of having made himself a show for the whole city, and the sight of the dreadful scare-crow that had ridden postillion for him, were more than he could bear. When they pulled him out, he just sat down on a stone and wept for half an hour from pure chagrin. The offending horses were sold next morning, and so long as he lived, Don Miguel never drove again.

## MORE 'AN HE WANTED.

"**W**HAT would you like to be, Tommy, when you grow up?" asked Mr. Miggs, turning to his son.

Tommy opened one eye, looked smilingly up into his father's face, and replied, "A cow-boy."

"You shall be a cow-boy," said Mr. Miggs, rubbing his hands; "but you are not large enough and old enough to be one just yet. It would be too sudden a change to lift you from the nurse's lap on to the back of a mustang. I am going to send you out to Benlow's dairy farm, where we spent a month last summer."

"When can I go?" asked Tommy eagerly.

"Just as soon as we can get you ready."

"I haven't a bowie-knife," pleaded Tommy.

"Never mind that," replied Mr. Miggs; "wait until you have reached that stage. Besides there are no dangerous characters around Benlow's; but if you want a knife just for the sake of appearances, Mr. Benlow will be happy to lend you his sickle to carry around, as he has no use for it when the ground is covered with snow."

That night Tommy Miggs dreamed himself a cattle king, walking haughtily around in a red shirt, top boots, sombrero, long hair, and a portable nickel-plated armoury madly shining under his coat tail. He dreamed of flying across the prairie like the wind on an impassioned steed, and being looked upon as dangerous, and avoided by the stranger. Next day he was proud, would have nothing to say to his companions, and it is only fair to say that they envied him, and regarded him as born under a lucky star. A day or so later he started for the farm with a light heart. It was not a great distance from the city, and Mr. Benlow was on the lookout for him, as he had received a letter from Mr. Miggs, instructing him to create in Tommy's breast such a hatred of cows that he would never after care for roast beef.

So when Tommy Miggs arrived, Mr. Benlow was at the station with a sleigh to meet him and drive him out to the farm, which was several miles distant. After they had gone a little way, Tommy said, "I've come out here to learn to be a cow-boy."

"We'll make a cow-boy of you before long," replied Mr. Benlow, "do you know anything about cows?"

"Nothing," said Tommy, humbly.

"Well, we'll open your eyes on cows," said Mr. Benlow.

In a short time the sleigh drew up before the Benlow mansion, an old-fashioned farm house, and Tommy was ushered into the parlour, dining room, and kitchen, at once, for these three rooms were in one at Mr. Benlow's.

That night Tommy Miggs' supper was of salt pork, a glass of milk, some potatoes, and a piece of pie. Although he was not exactly satisfied with it, he had the good sense to appreciate the fact that it would harden him for the rigours of cow-boy life, if he could only outlive it. At eight o'clock he went to bed in a large unplastered room, with no carpet on the floor, and lumps like cobble-stones in the mattress, and the windows rattling a perfect tattoo in the fierce winter wind that shrieked without. For a moment he thought of his little sister at home, asleep under a handsome crazy quilt, and a roof that didn't leak, with her doll on her pillow beside her, and the nice nursery fire. But he banished this thought instantly, and went to sleep with a thought of gratitude at his rare good fortune.

He was awakened at four in the morning by Mr. Benlow's big boots, as that gentleman came in with a candle, and told him it was time to get up to do the milking and get the cans ready for the train. "We'll make a cow-boy

of you soon," remarked the farmer, cheerfully, as Tommy rubbed his eyes.

Tommy rose rather reluctantly, for the bed was as warm as the room was cold, dressed for the day, and used the paper curtain for a towel. He had to blow on his fingers to keep them warm, and when he got out to the barn he was shivering.

"Just give each of the cows some hay," said Mr. Benlow.

Tommy did as he was told, being under the impression that he would next be told to go out and lasso a bull. But he was made sick at heart when he learned that lassoes were not used, for the simple reason that every animal in the place would come when called, like a dog.

As soon as the milk was canned and sent to the train, the Benlows sat down to breakfast, which consisted of buckwheat cakes and coffee that seemed of the strength of hot water. The Graham rolls and mutton chops of his home would have been more palatable, but he didn't grumble. When he was eating on in silence, Mr. Benlow said, "How is Carlo to-day?"

"Very sick," replied Mrs. Benlow, "and I don't see how we are going to work the tread-mill for the churning."

"Why," said Mr. Benlow, "we'll let Tommy run eight or ten miles on it. It will do him good and improve his wind."

So after breakfast, Tommy walked on the tread-mill until he thought he would drop.

"We'll make a cow-boy of you before long," said Mr. Benlow, as he entered with a smile to see how the butter was progressing; "so cheer up, and don't feel homesick, for I have something for you to do that you may enjoy."

"What is it?" asked Tommy.

"It is to break a pair of yearlings to the yoke. We will yoke them and hitch them to a sled, and you can drive as fast as you like."

"That will be fine," said Tommy.

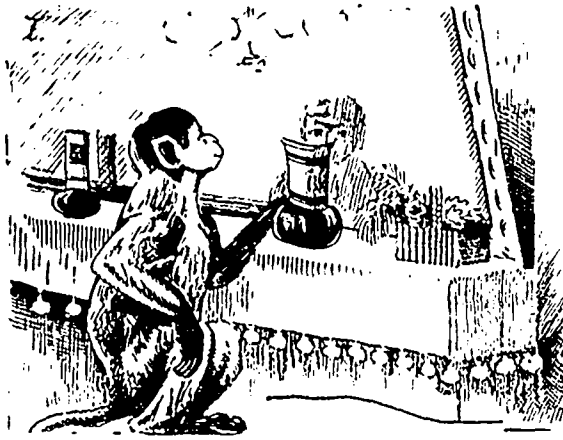
So after dinner the steers were brought forth, and yoked and hitched to the sled, upon which Tommy stood as a circus-rider stands on a horse, and started them.

"We'll make a cow-boy of you yet," rang out on his ears as the yearlings went off at full speed. First they darted in one direction, then in another. First Tommy was in the snow, and then back on the sled, for the yearlings jerked it in every direction, and pranced on their hind legs, and whisked his hat off with their tails, and tried to jump fences and drag the sled after them. Tommy thought there was more snow inside his clothing than on the ground, and when he was completely upset, in more ways than one, by the yearlings, he sat down on the snow and cried, while the yearlings seemed to melt out of sight over the rim of the horizon.

The Benlow boys, who followed, caught the runaways, and drove them home.

At four next morning Tommy Miggs was altogether too sore to rise at milk time. He was also too sore to go down to his breakfast. That night, to make a long story short, he was back home, and has not been away since. It makes him very angry, when called "Texas Bill," because he has given up his dreams of cow-boy life. Tommy is now studying book-keeping, with a view to entering his father's store. He wouldn't be a cow-boy if he could; and now the wax-doll goes unscalped, the toy babies unmurdered, and the cats and dogs in the vicinity unlassoed.

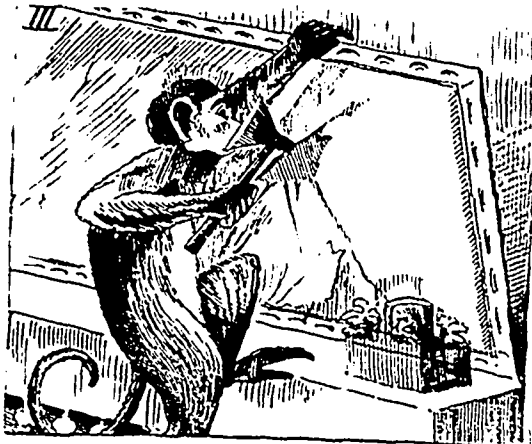
At the horticultural show—"This is a tobacco plant, my dear." "Indeed! how very interesting! But I don't see any cigars on it."



I. JACKO DISCOVERS A FELLOW-COUNTRYMAN.



II. "YOU'RE GOING TO HIDE, ARE YOU?"



III. LOSES HIS TEMPER.



IV. REPENTANCE AT LEISURE.



owing to the increasing work of the Post Bag, and its demands upon our space, I am compelled to ask my young inquisitives to be satisfied with my replies only. The enquiries, however, shall continue to command my fullest sympathy, and to receive my very best attention. It is always a genuine pleasure for me to hear from my young friends on any point on which they have anything to ask.—Ed. Post Bag.]

M. E. H.—I must answer your questions in two parts. 1. The Heading for the series of Papers on "How We Got our Bible" is taken from a combination of two pictorial ideas, namely, the lantern from Holman Hunt's *Light of the World*, and the star is from the *Star of Bethlehem*; and 2. The motto is from a beautiful story of an Indian dignitary who came to our own good Queen to ask her what was the secret of England's Greatness. Her Majesty replied by holding out to him a Bible, which the dignitary knelt to reverence. The combination of the two ideas makes an apt title to our Series.

JAMES B.—The expression "to set the Thames on fire," indicates one very able to do anything that is expected of him, and not to be able to set the Thames on fire, of course, means that he is something of a failure. But the expression has nothing to do with the Thames, nor indeed with any river. It arose in this way:—In olden times, when hand-flour mills were made of wood, they were apt to catch fire when turned very rapidly. The name for that kind of mill was the "thammis," and you can easily see that when the thammis was set on fire the miller must have put a good deal of elbow grease into his work. The corruption into setting the Thames instead of the thammis on fire is one of those gradual liberties which our language takes with itself.

J. B.—The railway from Toronto to Bradford was the first in Upper Canada on which locomotives were used. That between Queenstown and Chippewa, built by the Erie and Ontario Company, and opened in 1839, was a horse railway.

R. C.—The Halifax "Post" was the first daily newspaper in Nova Scotia.

A. F. H.—One of our largest bee farmers tells me that it takes 19,000,000 good bees, and a favourable year, to produce 75,000 lbs. of honey. Our Canadian honey stands high in the markets of the world, although there is a flavour to be got from the heather which places the Scotch article at the top of the tree.

S. F.—The confections called jujubes, which are such favourites with our young folks, are, it is sad to have to confess, merely preparations of common glue, flavoured and sweetened to taste.

Thomas A. Edison, who may be called the Prince of modern invention, has taken out his 500th invention. There's an example for you to spur you on. Edison has not only "set the Thames on fire," he seems to keep it ablaze.

MARY A. "The Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated into almost every language under the sun. I think it has been recently translated into Abyssinian, which makes up, if I remember, between eighty and ninety different languages in which it may be read. I believe Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" comes next in fame in this respect.

SERGEANT W. W.—We have schools of instruction in military drill at Quebec, Kingston, Victoria, Fredericton, St. John's, Toronto, London, and Winnipeg. For information about the Royal Military College, Kingston, apply to Major D. R. Cameron, Commandant. The Cartridge Factory is at Quebec. Last year I believe we turned out one million and a half of small arm ammunition.

M. K. Chinese junks have flatly covered bottoms, and are built in the shape of an oriental slipper, the rudder and sternpost doing for the keel, the forepost for the toe turned down when it is a little out of repair. They have two or three masts and a short bowsprit to the starboard of the stem. The sails are made of mat, stiffened with bamboo battens.

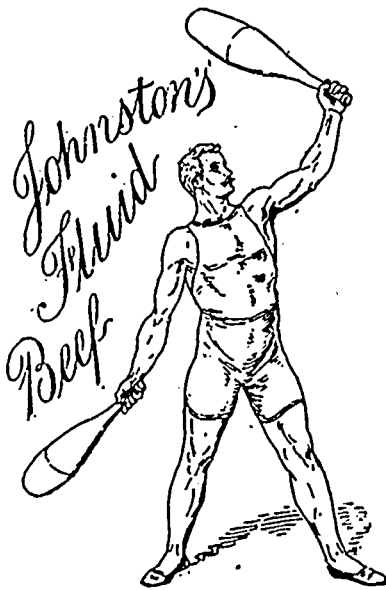
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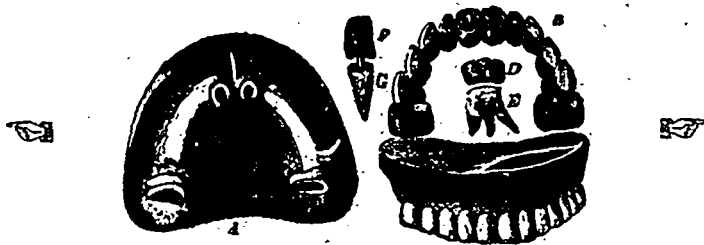
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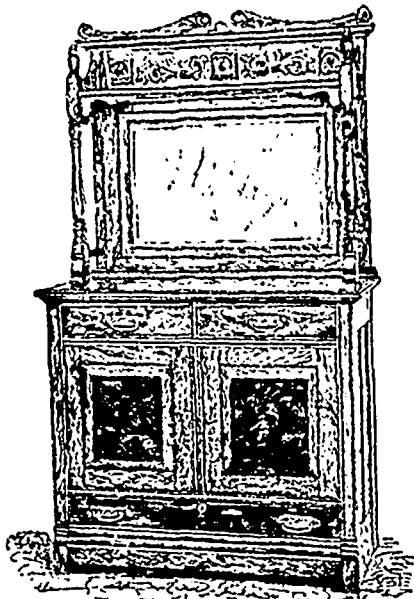
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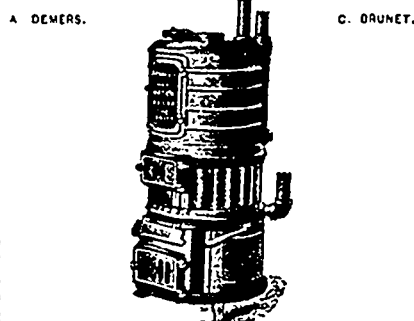
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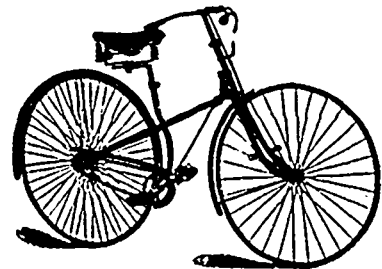
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