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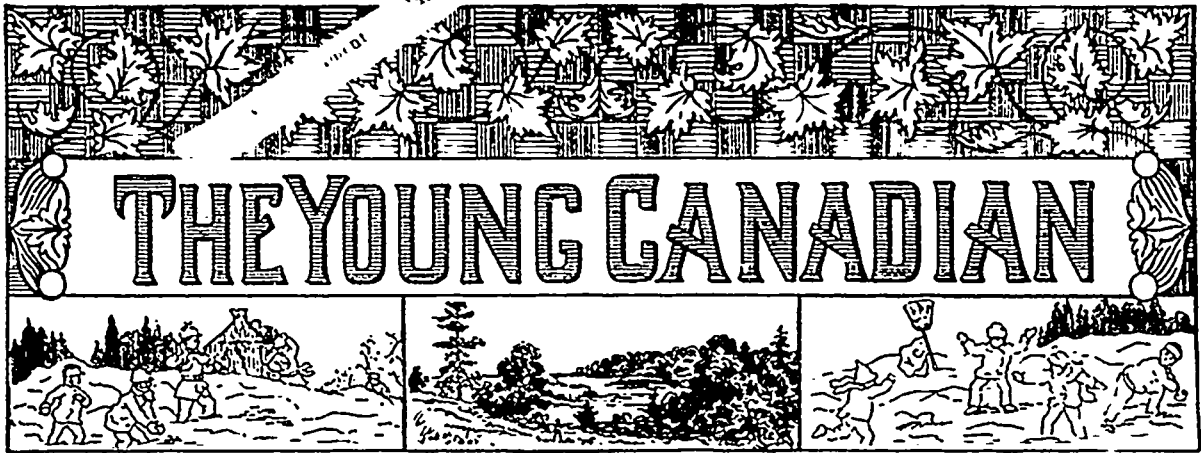
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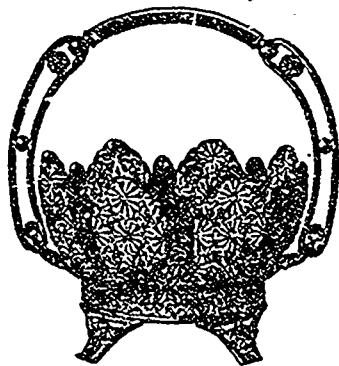
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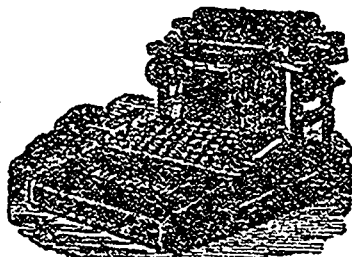
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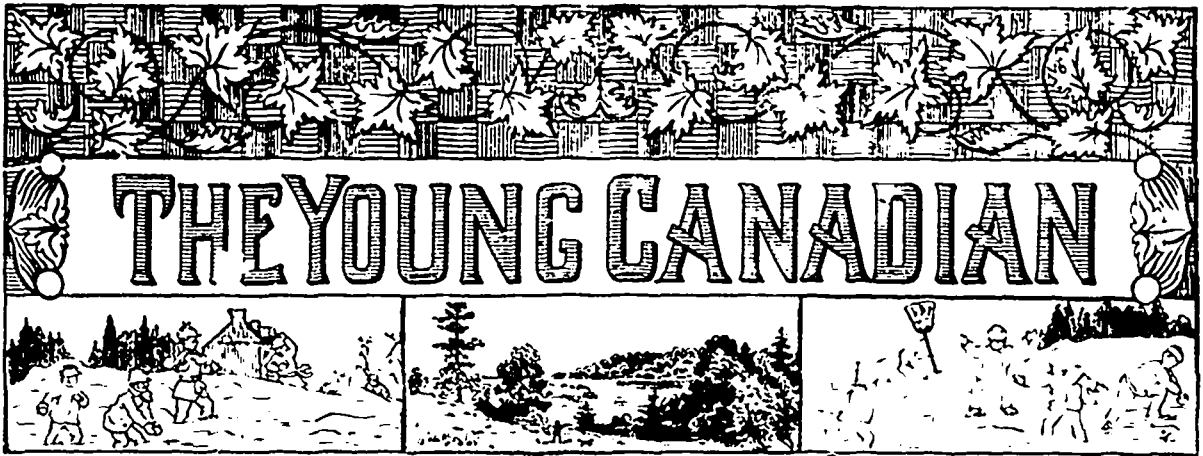
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ATHLETIC LAURELS AND HOW WON.

BY SAMUEL M. BAYLIS, MONTREAL.

Man is an animal, and to the degree in which the animal or *life* in him he shares with others of his kind a common nature—hence the desire for strife, contests, and competitive trials of strength and skill first shown, when scarcely able to toddle, in his challenge to run a race of a few yards with a champion no bigger than himself. No truer note in the joyous music of a boy's glad song of life was ever struck than that heard in the shouts of little "Cedric Errol" and his chums, as they tore along the pavement red-stockinged or bare legged and, literally breathlessly, because "pumped," awaited the decision of referee "Hobbs." May the grizzled beard grow greyer, and the bald head smoother, that does not hear a re-echo of these memories from his own youthful experience!

The germ of the modern athletic meeting is latent in just such scenes as these, and further development may be traced in such events as the following reminiscence of personal experience.

The boys of "our block," stimulated into unusual activity by the winning of the coveted pair of snow-shoes always given in the "boys' race" by the senior clubs at their winter snow-hoe meets by one of their number, decided upon holding a meeting of their own. A vacant lot of some size near by afforded a convenient "field," and a snow-shoe parade of all hands was ordered to "tramp the track." Accurate measurements were not considered essential; once round the course, while far from being "a mile," according to surveyor's chain, was nevertheless felt to be such by the youthful racers, and the "events" were scheduled on the basis of some such rough and ready calculation. Fathers and brothers were importuned for the necessary articles to form a prize list, and snow shoes, lacrosse-sticks, balls, belts, knives and

marbles were produced in satisfying numbers to afford at least three or four prizes in each event, ensuring to all a reasonable chance of getting something. A lumber yard was assessed for timber for hurdles, and "mile races," "halves," "quarters," "hurdles," and "100 yards" were rattled off before an admiring grand *stand* of parents, friends, and other fellows sisters, the meeting being, by common consent, voted equal to anything yet heard of in that line. Montreal is proverbially an athletic city, and the conduct of public "meetings" by its popular athletic association, and the enthusiasm shown when its petted champions do battle in the mimic war-fare of the lacrosse field, are not to be wondered at when operations are begun so early and conducted so well.

The men of this day, who were the boys of that, have but progressed along the lines they themselves laid down, and, so far as one city is concerned, can point with pride to the results of their efforts in building up the unique organization they have founded and carried on—not by a knot of wealthy sporting-men for the delectation of a few favoured champions, but by a large body of enthusiastic young men for the benefit and enjoyment of all, known to the athletic world, and to many beyond its borders, as the "Montreal Amateur Athletic Association." Its history has been well told by one of its members in the publication, "Athletic Leaves," issued by the association not long ago, of which those interested may, doubtless, obtain a copy on application to the secretary.

Canadian "championships" were, until recently, held under the auspices of this body, but, on the formation of the "Amateur Athletic Association of Canada" by delegates from the various athletic clubs, it relinquished its rights in favour of the new organization, who alone, in Canada, is entitled to hold "championship" meetings,

and legislate on athletic matters pertaining to its peculiar province. In bicycling, the "Canadian Wheelmen's Association" alone has jurisdiction, and the various field sports—lacrosse, football, tennis, cricket, ice skating, &c.—each look to their respective "associations" or "unions" to legislate for their peculiar requirements, and make rules for the governing of their several championship contests. In the United States these functions are assumed by the "National Association of Amateur Athletes of America," the "Amateur Athletic Union," the "League of American Wheelmen," and others.

A statement of the mode of procedure to enter, and a description of the working of a championship athletic meeting may be of interest to other than aspirants for the champion's honours and rewards, and, as English, American, and Canadian amateur athletic matters follow much the same lines, the description will serve for all.

The aspirant for the laurel, having graduated in the successive ranks of "green" competitor and "club champion," now seeks for new fields to test his mettle. He will do well to put himself under the direction of a competent trainer, or at least secure the advice of some old war-horse who has been relegated to the quiet pastures of grand-stand ease; perfect himself by assiduous practice on the cinder path; acquire a thorough knowledge of the *head-work* necessary to assist him in judiciously saving his legs and wind; and, specially, take care to reinforce all this with constant practice in the gymnasium.

In due time he will see a notice in the papers, and on his club's bulletin, stating that a "championship meeting" will be held on such a day and grounds, and directing intending competitors to address their entries, with name of club—or satisfactory guarantees of their *amateur* standing, if unattached—to the secretary, with the prescribed fee for each and every event for which they intend entering. The amateur rule under which one must qualify is very rigid in its requirements, and is substantially the same in all athletic bodies; that before me reads thus: "An amateur is one who has never competed for a money prize, or staked bet, or with or against a professional for any prize, or who has never taught, pursued, or assisted in the practice of athletic exercise as a means of obtaining a livelihood."

The programme of Canadian championship events is usually as follows:—

TRACK EVENTS.	FIELD EVENTS.
3 mile walk.	Throwing 56 lbs. weight.
2 " run.	Putting the shot.
1 " "	Throwing the hammer.
880 yards "	Running high jump.
440 " "	" long "
220 " "	Pole leap.
100 " " (in heats).	
120 " " (hurdles).	

His entry having been accepted, he will receive a competitor's ticket, entitling him to admission to the grounds and the select circle inside the track strictly reserved for the officials, properly accredited press representatives, and competitors actually engaged in taking part in the event in progress. The officials in charge of the meeting, whose peculiar functions will be incidentally described later on, are as follows:—

One Clerk of the Course, with assistants, if necessary.			
One Starter.			
One Judge of Walking,	do.	do.	do.
One Scorer,	do.	do.	do.
Three Time-keepers.			
Three Judges at the finish.			
Two Measurers.			
One Referee.			

On arriving at the grounds he will repair to the dressing rooms, don his running costume—which may be of any style and colour his own fancy, or club may demand (provided it shall be a jersey and loose drawers, covering his body from the shoulder to the knee)—lace on his well-fitting leather running shoes, spiked under the toe and ball of the foot, and present himself before the clerk of the course, who will attach to his back, or breast, a number corresponding to that set opposite his name on the printed programmes, and direct him to be ready to proceed to the starting point when his event shall be called.

Suppose the meeting to be held on the new grounds of the "Montreal Amateur Athletic Association"—admittedly one of the finest on the continent, having regard to its size, situation, and completeness of appointments—let us glance for a moment at the surroundings.

Just on the western outskirts of the city, some two miles away from the association's head-quarters, which contain its various club and recreation rooms, library, and gymnasium; under the shadow of Mount Royal and overlooking the broad expanse of the blue St. Lawrence, the association has purchased and fitted up, at a cost of \$6,000, its permanent recreation ground and cinder track. The block of land is some 500 ft. wide by 600 ft. long, completely fenced in, having a fine club house, with dressing-rooms, lockers, shower baths, committee-rooms, and a large hall above for meetings, with covered grand-stand accommodation for 6,000 people. The running-track, 18 ft. wide on the home-stretch, and 12 ft. on the remainder, and measuring one-third of a mile around, measured according to rule, 18 inches from the inner curb, encircles a beautifully level piece of green sward, with room thereon for two or more games to be played at one time, and already, in its short life of two years or so, the scene of many an exciting lacrosse and football contest.

The bell is ringing, however, for the next event—say the mile race—and our friend steps jauntily on to the track and lines up to the starting point beside the other competitors. His number proclaims him, to those who may not be familiar with his appearance, as a "favourite" for first place, and he is vigorously cheered. The starter orders the men to the mark, one of whom, perhaps, in his eagerness to be off, actually attempts to go before time, and is promptly ordered back one yard by the watchful official—if this were a 100 yds. race the consequences to the competitor might be serious, where every inch tells—and when all are steady at the line he starts them off by firing a pistol; a "snap-cap" is no start. The three time-keepers instantly start their timing-watches; the electrical timer, a feature in athletic circles first introduced and perfected by the M. A. A. under the direction of Prof. McLeod, of McGill University, is automatically set to register by the discharge of the starter's pistol, and all eyes follow the knot of straining runners on their course, and, as they pass the winning point on each round or "lap," the scorers tally it, and inform every man the number of laps he has made. Now the runners swing round on the final lap and come up the home-stretch; the judges on either side of the track, and the three time-keepers, are all attention, and, as the pace is noticeably fast, the grand-stand rises on tip-toe of expectation to see a "record lowered." On they come, our friend well in front, straining every nerve to keep his place, and putting in a final "spurt," which lands him "in" a good winner. The judges note the positions of the other men; the time-keepers gather in a bunch to compare notes, and, if necessary, make an average of the result; the electric time-keepers announce the result as registered on the chronograph; the grand-stand roars out its demand for the "time," which

the judges finally announce, and our friend is carried off the track on the shoulders of excited admirers, amid the cheers of an applauding assembly, the proud possessor of the double honour of "champion mile runner," and the holder of the "best on record" at that distance. His name, title, and performance are henceforth recognized in the sporting world, and he receives in addition tangible recognition in the shape of a handsome trophy.

The other "track events" are conducted in a similar manner, the judges having always a keen eye to detect competitors unlawfully jostling or "fouling" one another, and the judge of walking giving special attention to competitors in that event, adhering to the rules of square "heel and toe" paces, and, if these are infringed, to rule the offender off the track.

The weight throwing, leaps, and other "field events," are either carried on apart from those on the track in the morning of the day of the meeting, or during the progress of the races—usually the latter—and are conducted under well-defined rules, carefully drawn up to cover all the details regarding positions in and mode of weight throwing, measurements of "throws" and "puts," defining "balks," "trys," and "fouls" in the leaps, and so forth. It would, however, be tedious to enter here on a description of these in detail; anyone desiring fuller acquaintance with them, may easily procure copies of the "Laws of Athletics," on application to the secretary of any of the associations named.

In any of these events at a championship meeting the winner obtains that mystical, impalpable something called the "championship" of that particular competition, and holds it until subsequently defeated, or the event is run off at a duly qualified meeting, he not being entered. In bicycle championship meets the same general rules of the track prevail, subject to such modifications as this sport may demand. The laws governing snow-shoe racing are, in their general principles, the same, with the addition of those stipulating that the pair of "shoes" shall weigh, including strings, not less than 1½ lbs. at *start and finish*, measure at least 10 inches in width of "gut," and must—if "slipped"—be attached to the feet or ankles of the runner on his arrival at the winning post, to entitle him to claim the race.

Such, in brief, are some of the features of the modern Olympic games, where the coveted laurels and blue ribbons of the cinder-path are won. Any objectionable tendencies that may be connected with them—such as *betting* and the desire to *win* at all hazard of fair play and one's good name—are not inherent in the sports themselves, but are developed and fostered by the professional money-making element that is ever on the alert to toss a dishonest dollar. If the respectable gentleman-amateur will but set his face against these crooks and their ways, their trade will be gone; sport will be purged of their baleful influence, and athletics take their rightful place as a powerful factor in the education, building up, and strengthening of a sturdy, symmetrical, and evenly-developed manhood.

CANADIAN

AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP  
"RECORDS,"

TO CLOSE OF SEASON 1890.

	M. S.
3 mile walk.....F. P. Murray, Will. Ath. Club, '83.....	22 12
2 " run.....T. P. Connell, Man. A. C., '90.....	9 34½
1 " ".....A. B. George, '90.....	4 29½
880 yards ".....W. C. Downs, N. Y. A. C., '90.....	1 59½

440 yards run.....M. Remington, M. A. C., '90....	50½
220 " ".....J. Owen, Detroit A. C., '90....	22½
100 " ".....Several Athletes, '85-'90....	10½
120 " (hurdles)...H. L. Williams, M. A. C., '90....	16

Ft. In.

Throwing 56 lbs....J. S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., '90....	30 6½
Putting 16 lb. shot...Geo. R. Gray, " '90....	43 7½
Throwing 16 lb. hammer...J. S. Mitchell, " '90....	127 11
Running high jump....W. B. Page, M. A. C., '87....	6 0½
" long " (scratch)...M. W. Ford, S. I. A. C., '89....	22 7½
Pole leap.....T. Ray, Ulv., Eng., '87....	10 11

AMERICAN

AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP  
"RECORDS,"

TO CLOSE OF SEASON 1890.

	M. S.
3 mile walk.....G. D. Baird, Am. Ath. Club, '83.....	22 8½
2 " run (Not included in programme.)	
1 " ".....A. B. George, Man. A. C., '90....	4 24½
880 yds. ".....H. L. Dadman, " '90....	1 59½
440 " ".....W. C. Downs, N. Y. A. C., '90....	50
220 " ".....F. Westing, M. A. C., '90....	22½
100 " ".....J. Owen, Detroit A. C., '90....	9½
120 " (hurdles)...F. Ducharme, " '90....	16

Ft. In.

Throwing 56 lbs....C. A. J. Queckberner, M. A. C., '90....	32 10
Putting 16 lb. shot...Geo. R. Gray, N. Y. A. C., '90....	43 9
Throwing " hammer...J. S. Mitchell, " '90....	130 8
Running high jump...W. B. Page, Un. of Pa., '87....	6 0½
" long " (scratch)...A. F. Copland, M. A. C., '90....	23 3½
Pole leap.....H. H. Baxter, N. Y. A. C., '83....	11 0½

WORLD

AMATEUR  
"RECORDS,"

TO CLOSE OF SEASON 1890.

	M. S.
3 mile walk.....F. P. Murray, New York City, Nov. 6, '83.....	21 09½
2 " run.....W. G. George, London, Eng., April 26, '84.....	9 17½
1 " ".....W. G. George, Birmingham, Eng., June 21, '84.....	4 18½
880 yds. ".....F. J. K. Cross, Oxford, Eng., March 9, '88.....	1 54½
440 " ".....W. Baker, Boston, Mass., July 1, '86.....	47½
220 " ".....C. G. Wood, London, Eng., June 25, July 27, '87....	21½
100 " ".....J. Owen, Washington, D.C., Oct. 11, '90.....	9½
120 " (hurdles). .4 English and 3 American Athletes... 16	

Ft. In.

Throwing 56 lbs. { (Unlimited run, with follow.) J. S. Mitchell, Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 25, '88.....	36 6
Putting 16 lbs. shot... Geo. R. Gray, New York City, Sept. 20, '90.....	46 2
Throwing " hammer { (Handle and run unlimited, follow.) G. H. Hales, London, Eng., April 7, '76.....	138 3
Running high jump....W. B. Page, Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 7, '87.....	6 4
" long " (scratch)...A. F. Copland, Washington, D.C., Oct. 7, '90.....	23 3½
Pole leap.....E. L. Stones, Southport, Eng., June 2, '88.....	11 7

## IN THE WOODS.

We have been afraid that our good friend Mr. Old Grub had wandered away so far in his Grubbing that he had forgotten to come home to us; but fortunately, just as we were planning a search party for him, in he walked, all bespattered with mud from the woods, but as rosy and bright as a northern sky. We are glad that the dear old gentleman turned up again. He brings us always something fresh from his rambles.

\* \* \* \* \*

## ABOUT TREES.

Why does a tree die when we cut the bark? Because the inner bark contains the life of the plant. If it be cut at one side of the tree, that side of the tree above the cut will wither and die of starvation. All its food is cut off. All its larders are closed. If we cut the bark all round, the whole tree dies.

The outer bark is called the rind. In some trees, as in the birch and the beech, this rind is thin. In others, as in the maple, the elm, and the basswood, it is thick. In others, again, such as the ash, and the spruce the rind is scaly.

The inner bark is the true bark,—the seat of life,—the place where the new buds are born and nourished. The bark does not grow so fast as the wood, and so it gets often torn and furrowed by the wood bursting it out of its way. In some trees the outer parts of the bark are constantly being thrown off by exposure to the weather. These are replaced by layers of the inner bark.

The wood also consists of two parts: the outer or *soft wood*, and the interior or *heart wood*. The latter is usually firmer in texture and darker in colour. Any day you may count the layers of the wood. They are distinctly seen. A new one is formed every year, close in to the inner bark, and that is how we can tell just how old a tree is.

\* \* \* \* \*

## ABOUT WATER.

What is its colour, when the water is pure?

It is blue. Blue is its natural colour. In very deep ocean the water is deep blue. The greenish tint near the shore is caused by the nearness of the bottom. The sky is blue; the distant mountains are blue; things seen through a great space of air are blue; because the particles of vapour in the air, through which these objects are seen, are blue. The greater the moisture in the air,—the more particles of vapour in the air,—the deeper the blue of the mountains and the sky.

\* \* \* \* \*

In talking about trees I might have said that the rinds are stripped off for the fishermen. In the latter part of May, when the sealing voyage is over, crews prepare for the cod-fishery. They go into the woods to cut young spruce rinds. They get them about five feet long. When the trees are young the rind is easily stripped off. They are then pressed out flat, and used to cover piles of fish in wet weather.

\* \* \* \* \*

## ABOUT THE OTTER.

It is said to be slow. But it is not so slow as we think. It gives itself a kind of lift now and then, in a very curious fashion, and pushes along, with a run and a slide. In some countries the people tame it and construct it into a fisherman for them. It is a capital fisher. The otter is the only animal sportsman, the only *lower* animal that kills for amusement and not for food. How it dives for the gleaming prey. Even when it is hungry it eats only the head and the shoulder,—the otter's bite.

## THE TIGER-BEETLE.

BY GRAEME STEWART, TORONTO, AGED THIRTEEN.

The ravages of the Dragon-flies and Ant-lions are well known, but those of the Tiger-beetle are not so generally understood. Yet it is as fierce and formidable to insect life as both together. In its larvæ, *i.e.*, in its maggot state, it is a soft, small, white grub with a hump on its back, and a hook attached. It does not look as if it could catch an insect, but what it lacks in speed it makes up for in cunning. It digs a hole about one foot deep and half an inch in diameter, and hangs by its hook near the top. As soon as some unwary ant or other small insect approaches its burrow, it darts out its formidable jaws and carries its luckless victim to the bottom of its den and sucks its juices, leaving the hard parts untouched.

It then resumes its watch at the mouth of its lair. When the time comes it spins itself a case of silk and sand and lies apparently dead at the bottom of its hole. But, while seemingly dead, all its internal parts are changing, and, when ready, the beautiful iridescent beetle crawls out of its old skin and resumes its search after prey. Now, not by traps, but partly by stealth and partly by open warfare.

A little beetle seems unfitted for this; but let us look at it for a while. Catch it, if you can, for it is very swift and quickly flies up. See its shining green mail, and what mail it is! So hard as to be difficult to pierce with a pin, so light as not to impede its motions in the least, and so well jointed as not to have one vulnerable part. "In fine," as J. G. Wood says, "such a suit of armour as no monarch ever possessed and no artist ever conceived."

This is its defensive armour. Let us now look at its offensive weapons. They consist of its jaws which are curved and sharp, and move horizontally. They are made of a hard, green substance like horn. Approach your finger to them and they are opened nearly in a straight line. It cannot hurt our thick skins; but imagine it tearing a fly. When it wishes to attack its prey it creeps up and then with one spring grips its victim in its jaws and sucks its juices. But you say,

"How can a little beetle catch prey?" I will answer you thus:—

"You must not look upon the Tiger-beetle as sluggish. It can run more swiftly than anything else of its size except perhaps an ant, and takes wing as easily as a fly."

Woe to any unfortunate insect that crosses its path; for its appetite is never satiated, and there are few which can escape it by flight. So we must end this brief account of one of the most wonderful beings ever made, whose history might take a volume to itself and leave much unsaid.

—♦♦—

## YOUNG SALMON.

A Society, of course with a very hard name, is stocking the rivers of France with salmon, and have commenced on a large scale upon the rivers that flow into the Mediterranean. One hundred thousand eggs were sent from California, and placed in the salmon egg nurseries. Here little baby salmon is born, and when he can attend to himself he is turned out into the sea rivers, thousands of them at a time.

Why don't our young Canadian salmon go to show them a thing or two in France?



NEWS OF THE DAY FROM THE EDITOR'S  
PIGEON-HOLES.

## AN AT-HOME AMONG CAGE BIRDS.

A very wonderful collection of the little feathered darlings that we love so well was exhibited in London a few weeks ago. All sorts and conditions of canaries were there, and goldfinches, bullfinches, chaffinches, and a good many other "finches" were there, as well as thrushes, starlings, skylarks, blackbirds, robins, jays, jackdaws, and magpies. Of course they were all looking, or trying to look, their best, and you may be sure that where there were so many there must have been lots of music. The trouble must have been who would sing loudest, and as no bird objects to have other songs than his go on at the same time, you may imagine the orchestra. Just as the skylark was warbling out his sweetest carol, the magpie called out "Come along now." A whole flock, hundreds of them, came to the rescue of the skylark, and joined in the chorus, to teach the magpie manners, but speedily others of his ken broke in with "Charlie," "Mother," whistling, barking, mewing, laughing, and a host of things that we never thought birds could do. It must have been a grand sight—there were nearly three thousand of them—but as to the sound,—well, perhaps even that we should excuse. We love little dickies so.

## CARDS AMONG THE LADIES.

The ladies of the upper ten in England are following in the footsteps of their brothers in card-playing. Even a little dainty gambling adds spice to the amusement. Bézique is the most popular game, and a new variety has been invented called "Rubicon," for which four packs of cards are required. My Lady carries her bézique box with her in her carriage on her visiting expeditions, and as occasion offers she has a turn at her favourite pastime. It is whispered to me that these fair ladies can fill up a betting-book with very little pinch of conscience, neat and dainty books in morocco, with silver mountings. Sometimes the crest and monogram are stamped in gold on the covers.

In everything, nowadays, there must be a stake, even in our amusements.

## YOUNG LADIES AT WAR WORK.

The English Post Office has long been famous for the numbers of young women employed in the departments. They have proved themselves the equals of their brothers in most of the work, and their superiors in some points. The War Office is now finding out the same thing, and the proportion of young women employed in these offices is regularly increasing. The War Office is one of the last that we should have expected to yield to the invasion, as it has been the greatest stickler for things that have been instead of things that might be. But time wears on. The world will take, in the long run, what suits it best.

## A FOX AND A CAT.

As a souvenir of the late snow storms in Scotland, a writer tells a story of his cat. His favourite pet, a big, strong, black Tom, had disappeared one morning, and as his master was going out he found the tracks of Mr. Puss in the snow. Curiosity led him to follow them up,

and not far distant they led him to a scene of terrible conflict. Puss must have been fighting, and with no ordinary foe, as was evident by the levelling the snow had received. Upon closer examination of the marks, Tom's antagonist turned out to have been a fox—and a good sized one too, and what is better, he must have been vanquished, as he was seen retreating to his den with his tail on, but not much more. Mr. Tom went home, stroked his coat all over, and sat down by the parlour fire, as if nothing had happened.

## A LADY EXPLORER.

Talking of our Articles by Lieut. Stairs on Darkest Africa, reminds me that a lady has set out for the same dread region, to "experience." Experience is the craze of the period, and this lady, Mrs. French Sheldon, has gone only with one lady attendant, a European. Mrs. Sheldon will travel through Africa in a palanquin made of strong and light bamboo work, which will be carried by four trusted Zanzibari porters. The palanquin looks most inviting, and is said to contain all the comforts and even the luxuries of our finest Pullman cars. When the adventurous ladies left, Mrs. Sheldon was dressed in a becoming grey mantle, trimmed with light fur, and held in her hand enormous bouquets of lily of the valley and violets. They were sent off with cheers from a large crowd of interested spectators.

Mrs. Sheldon is the Lady of the Day.

## A SCHOOL OF MUSIC FOR BIRDS.

It takes a good deal to teach a donkey, but it has been done. His performances during the past winter in London have been the event of the season. But he is an awkward pupil, is a donkey, and, to say the least of it, a cumbersome accessory to any stage. But the caterers for our hours of idleness must be original.

Bullfinches are being trained as professional singers, and a college has been opened for their vocal education. They are taught by a hand-organ, which plays in their presence all day long, and from which they pick up the tune. A fairly clever bullfinch can acquire two distinct tunes in this way, but their airs and graces do more for them than their notes. Their little heads go sleeking around in a very amusing fashion, and they nod and quiz as if they knew all about it and more. It takes about a year and a half to make them ready for the public, and then they will make their début, be advertised, and all the rest of it.

## ABOUT BANKS.

"Walk Clerks," in the London Banks, have their own special district in the city. They go from bank to bank, and among business and private houses on bank business, and have a leather case chained round their waist, concealed of course, in which they often carry large sums of money. When they bring in their reports with their money, it is then that the bank sneak tries his little game. He very often succeeds too.

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The Editor regrets that, owing to an unforeseen delay, the STAIRS ARTICLES cannot commence till next week. When our readers remember that the Ocean and spring storms lie between our author and our office, little explanation is needed.





Drawn by PERCY WOODCOCK, R.C.A., Brockville, Ont.

## STAR LAKE.

(MUSKOKA.)

BY E. PAULINE JOHNSON, BRANTFORD,

(An Indian Princess.)



Far from the beaten path, the polished ways,  
 Where slippered foot of dainty Fashion strays,  
 Far from the work-encumbered world, whose tie  
 Binds wealth to one, to others poverty,  
 Beyond a wilderness unsought, unknown,  
 Star Lake lies fettered with a belt of stone.  
 Set like a dew-drop on the rugged skirt  
 Of forests rock-environed, fir-begirt,  
 Her regal shores untarnished by the craft  
 Of cunning man. The north wind never laugh't  
 Thro' pines more royal than her edges touch,  
 That sneer at even Vulcan's hungry clutch.  
 No tempest that adown the nor'land roars  
 Can ever blast the foothold of these shores;  
 The cloud-born hurricane bows low to these  
 Immovable, storm-scorning cedar trees,  
 Whose aromatic branches sing when'er  
 A strolling zephyr threads the virgin air,—  
 Sing of the lonely years, when all along  
 These shores, they heard the Indian's hunting song,  
 And watched his elfish, whispering canoe  
 Flit like a spirit, as they listened to  
 The fleeing footsteps of the startled deer,  
 That paused to slake its thirst in waters clear,—

Sing of the lonely years, when wildly rose  
 The war-cry of the Hurons, when their foes,  
 The "Bloody Iroquois," had reached the North,  
 And Huron Brave to meet his doom went forth,  
 Bathed with his blood the sands of Simcoe's shore,  
 His war-song silenced now for evermore.  
 Only the heron's call,  
 The hoot of owl, or loneliest of all,  
 The plaintive laugh of loons, that wandering—  
 Among the marshes, rest a homeless wing—  
 These are the voices that, succeeding, reign  
 Usurpers of the Hurons' old domain:  
 And soon the wild-fowl, too, will hush their cries,  
 Frighted by pioneers of enterprise.  
 Scared by the woodman's axe that thirsts to drink  
 The sap of trees that guard the water's brink,  
 By voice of sportman's rifle that resounds  
 Throughout the Redman's erstwhile hunting-grounds.  
 Few are the moons ere these grey cliffs remote  
 Will echo culture's artificial note:  
 But Nature only wears this jewel yet;  
 Within her northern fastnesses deep-set,  
 Star Lake lies as a matchless cameo,  
 Cut by God's chisel centuries ago.

PERCY WOODCOCK, R.C.A.,  
ARTIST.

The subject of this sketch, whose drawing appears opposite, was born in 1855 at Athens, Ontario. His father is a Methodist minister, and owing to the system of itinerancy, his education was obtained in various places, finishing in Albert College, Belleville.

When quite young he was apprenticed to the drug business, at Brockville, in which it is needless to say he did not achieve a brilliant success, as his fondness for drawing was not conducive to the skilful compounding of prescriptions and retailing of patent medicines. Though he had received no instructions in any branch of art, while still a mere youth some of his pictures were exhibited in Brockville, and attracted considerable attention.

Giving up the drug business, the young artist gravitated around until in 1877 he brought up in Montreal, where he opened a studio as a portrait painter. One of his first portraits was such a distinguished success that the artist decided to keep it in his possession, and this he finally accomplished by wedding the original, Miss Alsysis Pratt, of Montreal.

They were married in the spring of 1878, and immediately left for Paris, where Mr. Woodcock lived off and on for the next ten years.

On arriving in Paris, he called on Gerome, to whom he showed a study of a child's head, and was accepted by this master as a pupil, after remaining with Gerome about four years, during which time he was first placed as draughtsman in the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*. He became a pupil of Benjamine Constant. He remained in Constant's studio till 1887.

The young Canadian's first picture was exhibited in the Paris Salon in 1883, and was entitled *Pifferaria*, now in the possession of Mr. R. B. Angus, of Montreal. The following year he was represented in the Salon by two pictures *Revenant du Puits* and *LeNid Abandonné*. Both of these pictures were reproduced in the illustrated magazines of Europe.

In 1886 Mr. Woodcock exhibited in the Salon a portrait of a young girl, which was hung on the line. In 1887 he exhibited his largest and most important picture, *Fin du Jour*. On this picture he had the satisfaction of receiving 18 out of the 21 votes necessary to obtain a medal. In 1887 Mr. and Mrs. Woodcock left Paris and arrived in Brockville, where they have since resided. No more artistic or beautiful spot can be imagined than "Water-niche." Mr. Woodcock's picturesque residence is situated at the foot of the Thousand Islands. It is in perfect keeping with the occupation of its owner. It is here that the artist with his charming wife and three interesting children is seen at his best and in his happiest mood, and it is here he has done some of his best work, as those who saw his picture of Mount Stephen at the Academy Exhibition last spring are aware.



MISS JOHNSON AND HER FAVOURITE RECREATION.

The house itself is very handsome and filled with artistic bric-a-brac gathered from the four quarters of the globe. Some of the collection is very rare and costly, notably so a set of dining room chairs of the time of Henry II. of massive oak and leather. To the writer's mind this furniture is clumsy and not by any means handsome, but it is certainly antique and comfortable. His collection of weapons is extensive and curious from the Zulu assegais and Indian war clubs to elegantly chased and silver mounted Poignards and duelling pistols.

In 1886 Mr. Woodcock was elected a member of the Royal Canadian Academy, and in 1888 and 1889 he consented to take charge of the Brockville Art School, with the result that in 1888 both the Gold and Bronze Medals at the Ontario Exhibition in Toronto were won by one of his pupils, and in 1889 the medal for the best painting from life, went also to a pupil of his, competing against all the schools of the province. During the past summer and winter Mr. Woodcock has been working hard, and has found a ready market for his pictures, both in Montreal and New York. Still a young man, he has a bright future before him, and bids fair to make a name in the world of art of which Canadians may well be proud.

THOS. SOUTHWORTH.

It is with pleasure that we introduce to our young readers Miss E. Pauline Johnson, the author of the beautiful poem, "Star Lake," in this issue. Miss Johnson is a real young Canadian, a lover of Canada, and one of whom we ought to be proud. A descendant of great Iroquois and Mohawk ancestors, she is still fired with their tastes for out-door life and sports. In her canoe she is quite at home, and our young sportsmen might well envy her steady aim and skilful paddle on our lovely rivers, or her fame as a tobogganner on the bright snow. Her father is head chief of the Mohawks, his name, Onwanonsyshon, meaning He-who-has-the-great-mansion. Her ancestors are noted for their loyalty to our Queen, the Great White Mother, and fought for Her through the wars of 1812. The sur-name Johnson was given by Sir Wm. Johnson at a family christening party.

Miss Johnson is an Indian in heart as well as by birth, and an enthusiastic Canadian. Her home and social duties leave but too little time for the cultivation of the talent that nature has given her so pre-eminently, and the most of her poetry is written when others are asleep. But all day long she is a poetess. Rain or shine you will see her out with nature, walking, driving, snowshoeing, paddling, and in such harmony with her surroundings, that eleven o'clock at night finds her com-

pelled to give relief to her feelings through her pen. Longfellow and Swinburne are her favourite poets, and when she wants a novel she picks up William Black in preference to any other. She is inordinately fond of animals and flowers, and may be seen gracing and enlivening the season's social gaieties in the neighbourhood of her home, Chiefswood, near Brantford.

Of our YOUNG CANADIAN Miss Johnson says - "I am delighted to feel that we poor verse-writers have one more opportunity of giving some of our good work to Canadian publications, for it is a lamentable fact that, because of the refusal of our own papers to pay for poetry, we are driven to the States, where it is not actual starvation to be guilty of sentiment and rhyme."

Chiefswood has long been a rendezvous of refinement, grace, and culture. The Indian hospitality and courtesy there experienced, with the great Chief, now alas! gone, his "Chief Matron," and her charming Princesses, is a picture which lingers in the memory of many who are now silvering with age in the service of their country.

#### A NEW CURE.

It comes from Chicago this time. A man was in hospital with cancer, and after an operation by the doctors, a large wound was left. The doctors thought that nothing but a new coating of human skin over this wound would save the patient's life. The human skin was procured, and successfully placed on the wound. A good part of it became attached quite naturally, and performed the duty of the man's own skin. But, unfortunately, the man's strength had gone too far. The experiment did not save his life, as had been fondly anticipated.

But the gratifying fact was brought out that so soon as the man's condition was known, and that a supply of human skin might save him, no fewer than one hundred and thirty-two of his fellow-workmen gladly volunteered to bare their arms for the purpose. All honour to their memory.

#### OUR OWN VICTORIA AT PORTSMOUTH.

To launch two new war-ships Her Majesty went to the Dock-yards, and Queen's weather attended Her Royal Footsteps.

Everything is electricity nowadays, and the old must give place to the new, so the arrangements were all in keeping with the advance of science. The Chaplain of the Dock-yard read a service, and the people cheered. That was all that was not done by electricity. Her Majesty touched a knob of ebony. The bolts were released. The weights fell. The huge hulk glided down. The small boys cried "She's off." They meant the ship and not the Lady. And the big boys took off their caps as the band played our National Anthem. This was the "Royal Arthur," and its mate, the "Royal Sovereign," received a similar honour, and floated gaily into the water. These ships are two out of eight new ones that are to be built, and that are to be the largest ever built yet. The "Royal Sovereign" cost one million sterling.

How we should have liked to be there. We miss much in Canada, by missing ship-building and ship-launching.

#### SOMETHING NEW IN PARIS.

Our noisy newsboys had better look out. They are monopolists, and as such are looked upon with suspicion.

In Paris they have been quietly put out of harm's way by the nickel-in-the-slot. Attached to the cabs is a machine in which the fashionables deposit ten cents and pull out their morning newspaper, with the programme of amusements for the day, and the Parisian is nowhere without these. Other inducements are in the rear. The happy investor is insured against accident while in the cab. He can make his purchases at the nearest grocery at a discount. And ten per cent of the profits are to go to found a Cabmen's Refuge.

#### A VERY DARING ROBBERY.

They are quite a profession nowadays, are robbers, and here is another sample of their success, which happened last month in London.

Two clerks went out together on bank business from the Bank of Scotland in London. They walked together as far as their duties permitted, as young friends are sure to do, and then turned off, each on his own errand, arranging to meet again and return to their own bank together when their business was completed. One of them, called McKenzie, went to the National Provincial Bank of England, proceeded to the counter and laid his satchel down. The satchel had the name, Bank of Scotland, in gilt letters. As he laid it on the counter he felt a touch on his shoulder. Turning round he was asked by a gentleman standing near if he could direct him to the Union Bank of London. McKenzie was in the act of replying when, suddenly casting a glance to his precious satchel, to his horror he discovered that it was gone.

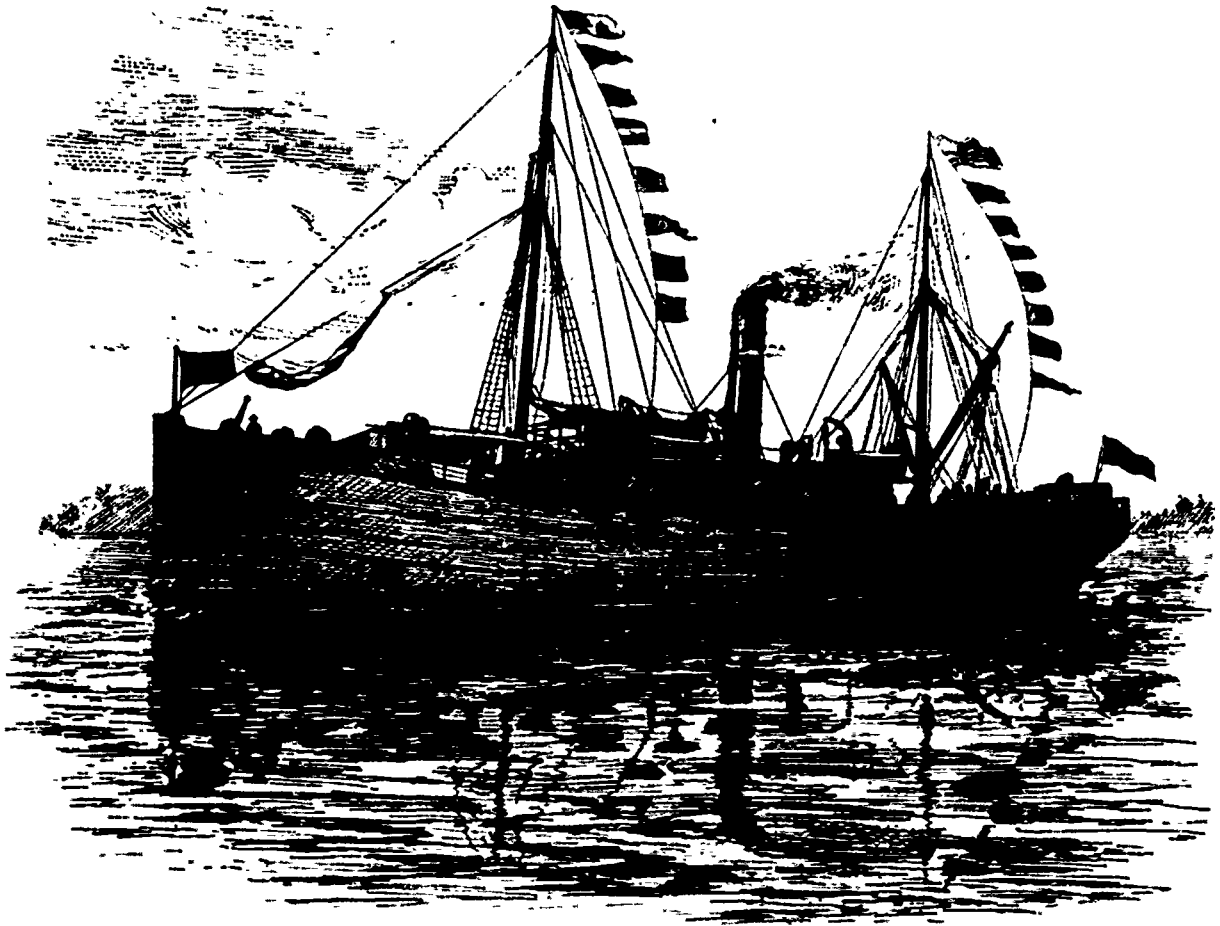
Stupefied with amazement, he looked searchingly around for the culprit. No one seemed hurrying away suspiciously. The clerks had observed nothing—no one. Not a move or bustle to give the slightest clue. The theft had been committed so cleverly, the satchel lifted so expeditiously, that nobody was the wiser in the least degree. The bag was full of Bank of England notes to the extent of fifty-six thousand dollars. McKenzie was quite unable to furnish any description of the man who had asked him the enquiry about the Union Bank. Of course the police have the case in hand, and as the London police are sharpened by a continued warfare of this sort, we may hope for further light on the subject.

#### AN ODDITY.

A gentleman in England has caught a white frog, something which seems to have put all our theories of like-father-like-son to the wall. Where did he come from? How got he here? The finder passed him over to the learning of the Geological Society, and he is now on exhibition, where we may be sure that froggy takes things as coolly as ever. He has, however, very little room to frisk around, being confined in a small box filled with weeds.

#### CURIOS.

In connection with the recent terrible disaster at Springhill, when so many lives were lost by an explosion in a coal pit, a story is going around about an old woman, a prophetess, who had predicted the event. The prophecy took such hold of the people that an official examination of the mine took place in order to reassure the men. Many of them, however, refused to be reassured, and would not enter the mine. Their faith in the old woman, Mother Coe was her name, saved their lives.



S.S. "HONDO" ENTERING KINGSTON HARBOUR WITH THE CANADIAN COMMISSIONER ON BOARD.

### OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER IN JAMAICA.

JAMAICA, 1891.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN,—At the close of my last letter we had arrived at Constant Spring Hotel, north-west of Kingston, where we were received by Mr. Phillips, the polite manager, on the 23rd of January, a date, by the way, suggestive of ten degrees below zero in Canada, while here the temperature in the middle of the day is about eighty-five degrees, or equal to your warmest July weather. Dusky attendants conduct us to apartments, bright and airy as can be imagined, ventilation being a prominent feature in their construction. Indeed one may be said to sleep in the open air, for by a simple contrivance arranged in the wall of your room and operated by a touch of the hand, the outer air is freely admitted and with equal facility its direction and volume may be regulated as desired.

Having lunched in the spacious refectory we adjourned to the hall, and surrounding our leader, the Honorary Commissioner, who is eager to enter on the active duties of his mission, we speedily decided to proceed at once to the Exhibition and judge for ourselves of the progress made for the grand opening on the 27th inst., especially in the Canadian Court.

A few minutes later we had boarded a street car at the gate in the grounds and were rolling towards Halfway Tree, en route to the Buildings.

Vehicles are passed and dark faces peer out from beneath their coverings to get a passing glance at the strangers, for such we are at once perceived to be. The driving here is done in the English fashion, passing on the left side. Peasant women are still streaming to the city, and a group of the rank and file of the best Indian

Regiment march past in soldierly fashion, their turban shaped head gear and open scarlet jackets, gaily embroidered, lending to their black shining faces an oriental and highly picturesque effect. Wide trowsers taken in below the knee, and a close fitting gaiter on the calf of the leg complete their showy uniform. They are a trim, well set up, serviceable looking body of men. Their officers of course are whites.

Arriving at a stone bridge, which spans a watercourse, perfectly dry at this season, we alight, and a short walk takes us to the Exhibition Buildings. These as I have indicated in a former letter are handsome in external architecture, which is in the moorish style. Let us now enter the transept and explore the interior. Suspended over a row of turnstiles which will register the number of visitors, is a rich silk banner on whose surface is limned the arms of Jamaica. A shield with a St. George's Cross is surmounted by a crocodile, the supports being two figures, an Indian with a bow, and an African with a basket of fruit. Beneath is the motto, *Indus Uterque Serviet Uni*. As we advance, so many objects claim the attention at the same instant, that I can but name the more conspicuous, as seen at a glance, ere we proceed to the Canadian Court in which we are all so much interested. You read suspended on uniform signs, in handsome lettering, the words, Jamaica, Barbadoes, St. Vincent, Grenada, Trinidad, etc., which indicate the situation of the various island exhibits, grouped in the transept. All around are native productions most tastefully arranged. Sugars and coffees, gums and spices, cocoa, rice, indigo, tobacco, cereals and fibrous grasses, preserved fruits, etc., and a hundred minor articles of use and ornament, while high over all is a stately cocoanut palm with its characteristic tuft of curving pendant foliage, beneath which nestles its grow

ing fruit, giving to the whole display a highly tropical aspect. Now face to the right and cast your eye down the nave and you will see in large golden letters, "Dominion of Canada." From that point to the end of the building, including the galleries, is the Canadian Court. Let us walk down the aisle and take a brief glance at the exhibits. Here are handsome parlour organs from the Bell Company of Guelph, Lordly's beautiful office desks and other furniture from Nova Scotia, choice wall papers from two Montreal firms, hardware from Ives & Co., clothing from Shorey & Co., and Mills & Hutchinson, also of Montreal, and of fancy soaps, an artistic display from Toronto. Taylor's safes, refrigerators, wire mattresses and bedsteads, also from Toronto. Saddles, harnesses and valises from Brobridge of Ottawa, adjustable chairs, choice varieties of ales and other beverages are a few of the exhibits which are forced on our attention. Suspended in the Court from the northern gallery is a very large canvass in which is painted a bird's-eye view of Montreal as seen from an aerial height over the south side of the St. Lawrence, which gives a complete idea of the extent of the city, the variety of the steamers plying in its river and laying at its piers, its great bridge, its public buildings, all clearly defined, its streets and the general mass of the city marked out in miniature to the green slopes and handsome villas of Mount Royal. At the end of the Court, where there is also an entrance from the grounds; is a trophy composed of open arches, around which are arranged canned goods and other productions of Nova Scotia, with good effect. On each side of the Court is a broad stairway leading to the galleries. On ascending by either of these may be noted large photographic views of Canada's parliament and other public burlic buildings, and of the grand glacial Rocky Mountain scenery on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. On the south-east side of the gallery is the Honorary Commissioner's office, itself a handsome exhibit, from New Brunswick, being composed of a variety of its choice woods in panels. Over the entrance is the antlered head of a cariboo deer. And here, arrived before us, is the Honorary Commissioner himself in close conversation with a gentleman to whom he will introduce you, Mr. W. D. Dimock, the superintendent of the Canadian Court, who has performed the arduous duty of receiving the exhibits and directing their arrangement, and to whose untiring energy the present handsome appearance of the Court is mainly due. He deserves well of his own province, Nova Scotia, and indeed of all Canada. His office is on the north-east side of the gallery. You will also be introduced to Mr. Auguste Dupuis, commissioner from the province of Quebec, who has many interesting exhibits under his care, which he will explain to you himself, a good specimen of the French Canadian gentleman.

Let us now stand at the railing of the gallery and glance from this superior point of vantage, commanding an uninterrupted view of the long drawn nave with its continuous array of exhibits and its tasteful decorations from floor to arching roof, and along the great extent of handsome galleries, which, in perspective, flank its sides, also laden with the industrial arts of many lands.

The general decorations chiefly consist of beautiful wreaths and pendants of Japanese artificial flowers of bright hues, befitting a tropical region, and combining happily with the drab and pink colouring of the whole interior, and do credit to the taste of the general committee.

Looking down the nave from this elevated position the Dominion of Canada is observed to occupy a very much longer space than any other country represented, and beyond its limits may be read the names in succession, Scotland, Germany, Austria, France, Italy, etc.,

etc., suspended over their respective exhibits till the extremity of the nave is reached, a distance of more than 500 feet. The height from floor to ceiling is 60 feet and the breadth including the aisles is 80 feet.

Let us again turn from the general to the particular as we walk round the galleries of the Canadian Court. A very partial enumeration is all that can be given here, but even this will be interesting to your readers, -being Canadian. Here are cotton cloths, selicias, canton flannels, etc., from the mills of D. Morrice & Co., writing papers from Rolland & Sons, and fine boots and shoes from Bell & Co., of Montreal, cases of fine clothing from Sandham & Hamilton, a large collection of Canadian cereals in the ear and grain from the Agricultural College at Guelph, very tastefully displayed, an interesting collection of Indian goods from Lorette near Quebec, and from Quebec itself large and very handsome fur hearth rugs by La Liberté.

We may now descend to the floor of the nave and stroll into the grounds in rear of the Buildings, which are a number of acres in extent, with walks and plots of grass, and are decorated with flowering trees, and full grown palms, a space which six months earlier bore nothing attractive to the eye, being then a waste piece of land, without even grass and scarcely a tree of any kind upon it. Cocoanut, palms and other large trees were transplanted, and the grass, now so evenly spread, was set in by the hand labour of the coloured women, in small tufts. For the rest, nature never slumbers here, but works on in an unbroken round of sunshine, and green leaves, and flowers, and plants grow as if by magic.

In the midst of these ornamental grounds is a handsome fountain casting its sparkling jets of spray into the air.

A number of buildings of recent creation surround the green space. A good restaurant, a well appointed theatre, an art gallery in which are valuable works loaned the committee by Her Majesty the Queen. Passing these we take our way to what concerns us more nearly, the large annex, on the end of which we again read in conspicuous letters "Dominion of Canada." The surplus of her exhibits which could not be given space in the main building, are here displayed, and fill the structure. Brands of the choicest flour from the Ogilvies, the Goulds, and other millers of Montreal, Manitoba, etc., and which will shortly be baked into bread in a portable oven in the grounds, also a Canadian invention, by a baker from Toronto. This is to prove to Jamaica that Canadian flour will keep sound and sweet in this climate, Mr. Adam Brown, Canada's Honorary Commissioner, being determined to remove the stigma interested persons have cast on the fair fame of one of our chief products.

Hams, bacon, choice seed potatoes, and other substantial productions, are also here in variety and abundance.

Fine creamery butter and cheeses from the best dairies in the Dominion are in the cold storage ready to be produced for judgment when required.

A large and handsome display of Taylor's carriages from Gananoque, also forms an attractive exhibit.

Many other leading exhibits, here and in the main building might be mentioned which must be passed over for want of space in your pages. Suffice it to say that 263 distinct exhibits from every section of the Dominion have been placed in position up to this date. Or, in the prompt words of the press reporter who boarded our steamer when she touched Kingston, and who answered Mr. Brown's eager question, "What about Canada at the Exhibition?" let us say "Canada is well to the front, sir."

I cannot take leave of the Hondo without referring to the occasion of our dining for the last time on board, which was made an opportunity for the saloon passengers to express their thanks to her commander for the attention received from himself and officers during the voyage, in a neatly worded address signed by them all. After which the Honorary Commissioner for Canada, with his usual felicity of expression, proposed in glowing terms of appreciation the health of Captain David Pearson, who had brought us safely and happily to our destination. Other speakers followed equally sincere, if not equally eloquent, with, at intervals, an accompaniment of hearty British cheers.

That each should possess a memento of the voyage and its pleasant associations, it was unanimously resolved that the Hondo, with all its bunting flying, be photographed when in port on the following morning. This was accordingly done, much to the gratification of its gallant commander.

On a later occasion a number of us again found ourselves on board the Hondo to luncheon, as the invited guests of Captain Pearson and the Agents of the line, who, steam being raised, took us on an excursion in the harbour, which, in extent and for safety, secured by its long, natural breakwater, is one of the finest in the world—and, with its panoramic display of green plains and lofty mountain peaks, one of the most picturesque.

S.

I have just read a very delightful book on the old days before we had trains to carry our letters. The book is about England, where of course they had good roads long before we had in Canada. Her Majesty's mail, or rather, His Majesty's mail, as it was before our own good Queen, was carried from place to place in coaches, great strong, heavy lumbering things, drawn by four good horses, with the mail strapped on behind, and a good company of passengers inside. Even between the most distant places this was the regular lightning express royal mail of the period, and day and night, rain or shine, they galloped all over the country, the rosy, cheery face of the driver, or "post-boy," as he was called, becoming as familiar on the route as the crack of his whip to the ears of his horses.

Many a funny experience, and many a sad one too, was known in those old coaching days in rain and snow, up hill and down dale, through glens and over bridges, week in and week out, with all sorts of passengers from all sorts of places. On they went, changing horses at wayside inns, and overcoming all obstacles as best they might.

One funny scene I must tell you of to-day, leaving some of the sad ones for another opportunity.

Of course on these long journeys the passengers got very hungry, and when the supplies of food they carried with them were quickly diminishing, a halt was sometimes called at the changing of horses. Everything was hurry and bustle, and much had to be done in a short time. The great point with the mail was speed, and the halt for fresh horses was only for a few moments.

Scarcely had the hungry and cold passengers commenced to enjoy a snack at the wayside inn, when the guard called out to take their seats, and much as they may have been inclined to grumble, there was little help for it. Off they must go. One cold, hungry night, however, a passenger was equal to the occasion. He was half-perished with cold, and more than half-starved with hunger. He was not going to be done for. He simply should have his supper. While the others hurried, he

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MONTREAL.

lingered. They went aboard in answer to the call of the guard. He sat sipping his warm tea, and munching his toast. Everything was waiting for the start. He budged not. The guard mildly suggested his being left. He cared not. The tea was fragrant. The toast was crisp. The night was cold. The journey was long. Possession was nine-tenths of the law. At length he yielded enough to say he would go as soon as he got a spoon to eat his egg—his one solitary egg. That shouldn't take long. The guard might take pity for once.

Upon this the landlord of the inn went, with some amusement, to fetch the hungry man his spoon. To his surprise there was none on the table. He searched. Not one was to be found. He hunted. All in vain. The servants were called. It was no use. The spoons were all gone. What must be done? Who could have taken them? Mail or no mail, he must get his spoons. Speed or no speed, he could not be expected to lose his silver-plate—to sacrifice his household goods on the altar of public spirit.

With all the fuss of which a landlord can be capable, mine host ran out, raised the hue and cry, stopped the guard, and flatly declared that not a horse should stir till he recovered his spoons. We can imagine the scene. The indignant passengers! The opening and closing of satchels! The impatience of the guard! The scolding of the crusty old gentleman who is always in a hurry when his companions are in none, and who never has so much leisure as when every one is crazy to start.

But a fruitless search it was. Not a spoon was forthcoming. And—worse—not the vestige of a suspicion.

Meantime our passenger—he of the cold and hunger, the tea and the toast—quietly walked out of the breakfast-room, and made for his seat in the coach.

"My good friend," said he, gently and soothingly tapping the exasperated landlord on the shoulder, "you will find all your spoons in the teapot. Meantime I have enjoyed my supper immensely. Thank you very much. Good-night."

EDITOR.



## MRS. MAYBURN'S TWINS.

## THE STORY OF ONE DAY.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

(By special arrangement with Messrs. T. B. Peterson &amp; Bros., Philadelphia.)

## I. MORNING.

BR—R—R—R—whizz—z—z—z ting-a-ling a-ling  
a-ling a-ling a-ling—

Such was the remark, prolonged to the extent of five minutes, that the alarm-clock made to Mr. and Mrs. Mayburn, at seven o'clock one morning. It was not the first remark that Mrs. Mayburn had heard since she retired, eight hours before, for there were other voices of the night besides that of the little clock ticking, and other hands besides those that went around on the dial. Baby Mayburn, otherwise called "The Jefful," which was a corruption of the appellation "The Dreadful," that had been satirically bestowed upon her, had spoken two or three times, and though she did not talk good English, her mamma understood that each time she spoke she wanted some bread and milk. The Jefful's last request had been made just as dawn was breaking, and, as The Jefful was a good little girl, and consequently loved light better than darkness, she determined to stay awake. There was nothing wrong about this; the hours at which people should stay awake are affairs for personal taste to determine. But The Jefful was not satisfied with mere wakefulness; she wanted to get up and be doing, and, as she was only ten months old, she could not get up and move about without assistance. Justice to The Jefful compels us to say that she did her best; she wiggled, she pushed the covering off as far as her short arms would let her, and kicked it the rest of the way. Then she addressed herself to her father's hat, which hung on a chair two or three feet from her crib. She might have known, before speaking, that there was no head in the hat, and so conversation was an utter impossibility; but babies cannot be expected to know everything, so she continued her remarks for some time, and then she scolded the hat soundly for its silence. The hat did not say anything in return; hats are as quiet when scolded as really well-bred people are, but their silence does not make the scolder any more amiable; so The Jefful finally ended with an angry yell which would have raised that hat way up if it were not, as we have said before, that there was no head inside for it to be raised from. There was a head on mamma's pillow, though, and the baby's yell found its way into that, and raised it very quickly; and when The Jefful saw it, she said, "Mom—ma!" in such an aggrieved way that mamma felt called upon to express a little sympathy. This done, she drew the crib blankets over The Jefful again, and rocked the crib gently, which pleased The Jefful so that she lay perfectly quiet, while mamma's eyes slowly closed and went back to dreamland in search of the remainder of a dream they had left there five minutes before. Then mamma's hand dropped silently from the crib, and found its way back under the coverlid, and neither mamma nor baby knew anything about it until baby's suspicions were aroused by the crib swinging less and less to each side. Now The Jefful, like all other pure-minded persons, had an utter horror of deceit, and when she found that she was not being rocked any longer she felt that she had been cruelly deceived; so she expressed her suspicion, disappointment, sense of injured dignity and general disapproval in the single word,

"Ow!"

This word does not appear in either Webster's Dictionary or Worcester's, so we do not know what it means. Perhaps mamma knew, but may-be she did not hear it correctly, for she ceased at once to look for her lost dream: she raised herself on her elbow, and told The Jefful that she was a bad little girl, and deserved a spanking. Baby did not know what a spanking was, but the tone in which mamma threatened it, showed her that it must be something perfectly awful, so her feelings suffered still worse, and she said "Ow!" again, repeating it a great many times, as if she wanted mamma to make no mistake about her meaning. Then mamma seemed to understand The Jefful, for she changed her tone, and said, in the tenderest tone in the world,

"Zare—no—s'e s'ant be 'panked, zat s'e s'ant. Did mamma 'buse her own ittie 'peck of a Jefful?—Mamma's an' old Jefful her-seff, so s'e is, an' see was awfoo naughty to her own beebec dile. Now, Jefful doe s'leep aden, so as not to wake poo', tired papa? Zere, zere," and mamma covered The Jefful again, and leaned over her face and kissed her, and the Jefful saw, by mamma's looks, that her suspicions were undoubtedly unfounded and the deceit unintentional, so confidence was restored, and mamma swung the crib again, and The Jefful put her thumb into her mouth as she always did when at peace with the world, while mamma, seeing by the little clock that it still lacked nearly three-quarters of an hour of seven, attempted to drop asleep again;—she was not particular about finding the broken dream.

The Jefful dropped asleep herself, though nothing had been farther from her intention when she allowed a wink to loiter half finished on her eyes. How long she might have slept no one knows, for at sleeping she was a most industrious little girl. But this morning a hungry fly had gone out in search of a breakfast, and had alighted right on The Jefful's lips, thus showing himself to be a fly of excellent taste, for The Jefful's lips were the sweetest things in all the world, and their sweetness was of that peculiar kind that makes the enjoyer want more and more, the more he tastes it. The Jefful would not have objected to this excusable robbery, for her supply of sweetness was inexhaustible, but when the fly turned around, with more carelessness than becomes a thief, his wing brushed across The Jefful's lip and tickled her so that she awoke, to find the crib quiet, and mamma quiet, and even herself quiet; so she said a great many things in quite a petulant tone for one so young. Mamma pretended not to hear it, but when papa sleepily grunted "Goodness!" and within two or three feet of her ear too, she roused herself so suddenly that papa muttered something about the uselessness of knocking down the house. This time The Jefful determined to be alert. She defined her position in her own way; then she turned over, and watched mamma closely. Mamma kept the crib swinging for some moments; but the instant she withdrew her hand, The Jefful rebuked her soundly. Then mamma, though working away, closed her eyes, and The Jefful protested against that liberty, so mamma opened them again, and was greeted with a jubilant crow, so very loud that she wondered whether compliance may not be worse than slumber, so far as papa's peace was concerned. Then The Jefful sang a little matin song,—a song without words, although the music was not Mendelssohn's—and mamma discouraged her with a low "Sh—h—h," and then The Jefful began to cry, at which mamma patted her cheek and The Jefful put one of mamma's fingers in her mouth and bit it with her lovely little sharp teeth, while mamma ground her own, closing her lips over them very tightly. Then mamma took her hand away, and such a howl as that Jefful gave!—and such a growl as escaped papa! Poor aggrieved little Jefful thrust her tiny hands between the



bars of the crib and reached appealingly for the departed hand, which was more than mamma could bear; so she took The Jefful out of the crib and into her own bed and arms, and just then the clock struck the half hour. In the next half hour The Jefful was a very busy little girl. First she had to look grateful at mamma for two or three minutes, in which mamma made up her mind that it wasn't of the slightest consequence how often or how early she was aroused in the morning; she might even be willing to let papa be robbed of his needed sleep, for why should he not be in a position to know what an angel The Jefful really was—and his own daughter too? When The Jefful had done the grateful as far as she thought proper, she began to inquire and try experiments. She picked open mamma's eyelids when the latter closed them for a moment in an ecstasy of thankfulness, she tightened one of her little hands around just three hairs upon mamma's forehead, and found that they would stand, without breaking or pulling out, the heaviest strain that The Jefful could put on them. Mamma tried to end this experiment, but baby protested so earnestly that mamma endured to the best of her ability, and indulged in facial contortions that The Jefful enjoyed amazingly, never doubting that they were given for her special diversion. Indeed, she laughed so heartily that mamma was again fearful for papa's rest, so she cuddled The Jefful very close to her and kissed the top of her flossy little yellow head. But this treatment did not suit the young lady at all; kisses and pettings were all very well when she was tired or in need of consolation, but early in the morning, after a night of healthful sleep, they were out of place; so mamma, while in the act of giving The Jefful a very affectionate hug, was stopped suddenly by a smothered noise, which sounded somewhat thus:

"Ya—ya—wa—wa—woh!"

The squeeze was discontinued, and so was mamma's dream of bliss; but still The Jefful was quite a charming little body, so mamma did a great deal of pantomime for her with face and hands, and even extemporized a game of peep-bo between her fingers. But The Jefful was beginning to think that it was time for her to be up, instead of reclining in one position or another; so she put one of her pudgy hands behind mamma's head and took hold of one of mamma's ears with the other, and attempted to raise herself to a sitting position. She might have succeeded, for mamma was willing to be a stepping-stone, or a pulling block, or anything else that would benefit her children. But The Jefful's wee fingernails were so many sharp little lancets, and as they closed, all together on the back of mamma's ear they caused so much pain that mamma herself could not keep from groaning as she attempted to remove the little hand. Then there was a conflict of opinions, and mamma won by main strength, and The Jefful declared, in her own spirited way, that it wasn't fair, and she began to weep, and refused to be comforted; so mamma sat up with her, and swayed to and fro, and then The Jefful spied the back of papa's head, and grasped at it, and almost got it before mamma could slightly change her position. Even then The Jefful wriggled and worked her little head around so that she could see the coveted prize; so mamma got softly out of bed, intending to get a plaything for her darling, but, approaching the bureau, The Jefful spied the cup from which she had been fed, and she straightway reached for it and said a great deal in the haste that comes in true earnestness. There was very little bread and milk in the cup, and mamma feared it might be sour; but finding it was not, she gave it to baby, reseating herself upon the bed to feed her. Moving about the room had chilled mamma, and a return to the warmth of her bed was delightful,

but the baby felt so strengthened by her light lunch that she insisted upon jumping; so mamma jumped her up and down until her arms were so tired that she could hardly have tossed a doll of down. Then she stretched herself for just a moment of rest, when the little clock made the remark with which our narrative opens, and mamma wondered how near dead she would be by bedtime, as she felt almost dead already. But mamma had too much to do to wonder long; there were her three other children to wake, and one of them, three-year-old Burnie, to be dressed; while the twins, Fred and Bertha, who dressed themselves, never did so until after being stimulated by great quantities of talk, which was more exhaustive than the work of dressing them would be. Then the kitchen had to be visited, for the single Mayburn domestic did not watch the clock as closely as she should, and if breakfast was not ready promptly at eight o'clock, papa could not get to his office by nine. So mamma hurriedly dressed herself, while papa yawned and remarked:

"What a dreadful row that baby kept up this morning!"

"Yes," said mamma.

"Oh," said papa, "did you hear her, too?"

Mamma did not answer a word; she only looked at papa, who looked at her, and saw how tired her eyes seemed for so early in the morning, so he told her that he was a forgetful brute, and that he wished he could afford a nurse; then he kissed mamma's eyes, which seemed to help them a great deal, for they looked brighter a moment or two later as papa sauntered down to the dining-room to read the morning paper, while mamma gave The Jefful a crust to busy her lips and quiet her tongue, and hurried into the next chamber to see that Fred and Bertha were awake, and to dress her three-year-old—her "beeboy," as she called him, this name being the diminutive of baby boy. She found Bertha fast asleep, while her twin brother, Fred, with one stocking on, and his trousers in his lap, was reading Wolf's "Wild Animals," and shivering most industriously.

"My dear boy," said mamma, at the same time shaking Bertha to rouse her, "put down that book this instant, and dress yourself. How can you sit there undressed, and reading, when it is so cold?"

"Why, you see, mamma," said Fred, "I had an awful dream about a bear, and I thought I'd look in the book and see what kind of one it was. I'll know all about it in a minute, and then I'll dress."

As for Bertha, she was wide awake in an instant, after mamma had touched her, and then mamma went to her three-year-old's crib, and saw two big brown eyes, which were looking very solemn, but which grew merry enough when they saw who was looking into them.

"How is mamma's beeboy this morning?" asked mamma, as she put her hands on his cheeks, and kissed him.

"Bobboker aw wighty," said the beeboy in return. He had never read his own name from the family record in the big Bible, and he had scarcely ever heard it addressed to him, so he could not be blamed for naming himself, and although Bobboker is not as melodious a name as some, and is longer than others, and no one knew what it meant, and its owner himself declined to tell where he got it, he never called himself anything else, and generally spoke of himself in the third person.

"What shall mamma do for her beeboy?" asked mamma.

"Kay me—vay Bobboker," was the answer, and so mamma took, or "kay"-ed Bobboker in her arms, and prepared to dress him, when she saw that Bertha, still in her night-dress, was reading.

"Bertha—begin dressing—at once!" said mamma.

"Fred is reading," said Bertha, with the air of one who was explaining away a misapprehension. For if either of the twins could not do whatever the other did, that twin felt greatly aggrieved.

"Never mind," said mamma. "Stop reading—both of you, this instant."

Fred laid his book down; Bertha closed hers, but held it tightly, while her eyes filled with tears.

"What are you crying about, my daughter?" asked mamma.

"Fred read longer than I did," sobbed Bertha.

"It was wrong for Fred to read at all before he was dressed, or before he had eaten his breakfast," said mamma, "so dry your eyes, and dress yourself; you know papa is always worried when every one does not come promptly to the breakfast-table."

Bertha dried her eyes slowly, but she evidently felt that she was a martyr, not that she was one willingly, however, for suddenly Fred complained:

"Mamma, Bertha is making perfectly awful faces at me."

"Bertha, what is the matter?" asked Mamma.

"Well, he *did* read longer than I did," said Bertha, and then her tears burst forth again.

"Don't be silly, my daughter," said mamma; "it is foolish and wrong too, to want to do anything improper merely because your brother did it. Now brighten your eyes and dress yourself; all these minutes in which you are crying are flying away, and you will never get them again."

"You'll have lots more though, Bertha," said Fred.

"I 'spect you'll always be doing things to make me unhappy in them though," answered Bertha.

"You're a hateful, ungrateful thing," said Fred.

"Ya—ya—ya," said Bertha, showing her pretty teeth in a very ugly way.

"Children—children!" exclaimed mamma, stamping with her foot, "be quiet! Fred, take your clothes into my room, and dress there alone. If either of you is down late you shall have only bread and butter for breakfast."

Fred snatched his clothes together in any temper but the best, and went into his mother's room, while mamma heard a small voice saying:

"Bobboker 'awnts room alone to d'ess in, too."

"Mamma hasn't any more rooms to spare," said Mrs. Mayburn.

"Dimme one, den," said Bobboker.

"But I haven't any," replied mamma.

"Den dimme one."

"Mamma hasn't any, she told you."

"Well Bobboker 'awnts one."

"I haven't one."

"Dimme it, den."

"How can I give you what I haven't got?"

"Dimme it 'ight away."

"Don't be silly, beeboy."

"Well, I 'awnts another 'oom."

"You—can't—have—*it*," said mamma with such emphasis that Bobboker looked up into her face in utter wonder. Then it occurred to him that mamma meant what she said, and an angrier little boy than Bobboker was for a minute or two after that was a something that mamma could scarcely imagine. He cried and screamed and yelled and howled and wailed, and when mamma tried to pacify him he snarled like any dreadful little dog might have done. Finally, when he was conquered by a promise of a lump of sugar at the breakfast-table, and mamma turned her head to see whether Bertha was dressing, she saw Fred prowling aimlessly and half-dressed about the room, while Bertha was invisible.

"What are you doing, my boy? Why are you in this room again? Where is your sister?" asked Mrs. Mayburn.

"I don't know where she is, and I'm looking for one of my shoes; I guess I dropped it when I picked up my clothes," said Fred.

"Find it quickly, Freddie, there's a darling; I'd like you to finish dressing the beeboy while I go see how Bridget is getting on with breakfast."

"Well, I'd like to know who took my shoe. I believe Bertha's hid it just because she's ugly. I can't dress without shoes. Bobboker, have you had buvver F'ed's s'oo?"

"Idono," said Bobboker.

"You ought to know."

"Sh—h—h!" said mamma. "Put slippers on—Sunday shoes—anything, but be quick. If breakfast isn't ready in time, papa will be dreadfully bothered. What *are* you doing?"

"Looking for my shoe, I tell you," said Fred, very sharply, as he languidly turned over spools, thimbles, scissors, etc., in mamma's work-basket.

"Did you ever find a shoe in my work-basket, and do you suppose one could be hidden under those little things?"

"Well"—began Fred; but somehow he could find no excuse for his absent-mindedness, so he sneaked back toward the room in which he had been dressing. Suddenly he stumbled and howled: looking to see what had caught his foot, he saw the missing shoe lying just where he had dropped it five minutes before. Fred was so ashamed of himself then that he felt he must do something unusual, so, without intending anything of the sort, he dressed himself quite rapidly. Meanwhile Bobboker was nearly dressed, and mamma, leaving him in care of Fred, hurried toward the kitchen. The cook was doing reasonably well; true, she had forgotten to go to the butcher, only a block away, for the chops which he had promised to have ready for the Mayburn's at precisely seven, but she had cut a slice of ham and put it on to broil. Then, finding there were no eggs, she had hurried out to the grocer's, and the ham had begun to burn in her absence; but mamma reached the kitchen in time to save it. Papa afterwards said, at the breakfast-table, that if there was anything he hated it was meat with the slightest burnt taste about it; but one thing mamma would never do, not if she had to cut her tongue out to keep from it, and that was to talk to her husband about the servants; so she merely said it was a shame, but one never could be sure of the exact heat to broil by.

After making sure that breakfast would be on the table in time, mamma hurried above to see that the children were ready to descend when the bell should ring. As she ascended, she saw Bertha emerging from the guest-chamber.

"What were you doing in that room, my daughter?"

"Dressing—in a room all alone by myself; you let Fred do it."

Mamma began to say something, but two or three people seemed to be saying so much in her own room that she hurried to learn what it all was about. Opening the door, she found Bobboker on the floor crying very loudly, The Jeffful in Fred's arms crying in a way that showed she was not to be outdone by any three-year-old boy, while Fred was rocking wildly to and fro in a rocking-chair, and singing,

"We'll stand the storm it won't be long."

"Oh, what *is* the matter?" cried mamma, hurrying to Bobboker's aid.

"Mom—mom—mom—mom—mom," explained The Jefful.

"Why, baby cried in there," said Fred, "and I put Bobboker on the lounge and went to get her, and—"

"An' bad o' lounge swoed Bobboker 'ight off on foor an' foor tumbled up an' hitted him," said Bobboker, continuing his brother's explanation. "An' F'eddy tumfitted Jefful an' didn't tumfit Bobboker at-alle-talle." And Bobboker proceeded to finish his cry, but mamma took him in her arms and quieted him, and said:

"Freddie, dear, you don't hold baby nicely; you have her feet and head nearly touching each other; no wonder she cries."

"Goodness!" exclaimed Fred; "she ought to be thankful to be held in any way. I'm almost dead with holding her and singing to her this two or three hours."

"Does the time seem so long to you, poor little fellow?" said mamma, managing to get baby in one arm, while she held Bobboker in the other. "It seems so to me sometimes, when everybody is crying and needing attention at the same time. Now wash your face, and brush your hair before the bell rings—there!—it's ringing now!"

Fred dashed toward the basin, and mamma, laying baby on the lounge, hurried to brush Bobboker's hair. Somehow the brush was not equal to the requirements made upon it, for Bobboker's hair was long and thick, so mamma tried a comb. Out came a great snarl from the matted hair and an earpiercing shriek from Bobboker's lips.

"Put Bobboker's head on again!" screamed the little boy.

(To be Continued.)

## THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

BY ANNIE CRAWFORD.

"Oft, in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,  
Sad memory brings the light  
Of other days around me,"

Sings the poet with pathos and power, in this all but immortal little gem of song.

Yet surely to many of us the memories of by-gone days are more sweet than sad. What present enjoyment can compare in sweetness with the dear delight of sinking, in quiet midnight reverie, back to the days of childhood, when life, in the golden glamour of youth and love and joy gave no hint of its fleeting character, but was, to our inexperience, an eternity. Again, while the flickering firelight dances among the grotesque shadows of the darkening room, we clamber about our father's knees, or hang about his broad shoulders, listening to his tales from favorite authors, in song or story. Time cannot silence those well remembered tones, though the dear voice has long been hushed, and that loving, protective presence moves no more among the busy haunts of men.

Ah, fathers and mothers, do you, I wonder, realize that you are painting daily, in the childhood of your children, pictures which shall live and glow in their memories when your tale has all been told, and on earth you live only in the hearts and memories of those who love you? With such a realization surely the most

trivial event of everyday life would assume a weight and dignity which would ever prevent the peevish tone, the irritable action, from finding any place in your dealings with those whose characters are entrusted to you for formation and guidance, and upon the fleshy tablets of whose loving hearts you would write the history of a conscientious well-spent life.

But the bright visions of childhood, when life and love and hope mellowed all the scene, and like giddy little butterflies we enjoyed the beauty of the hour, with no thought of gloom or storm, pleasant though they be, are less precious, less carefully treasured than those sacred days, when, stunned with sorrow, the startled soul bowed beneath the awful shock of bereavement, yet experienced the ineffable sweetness of that Presence attracted to close communion by the dire need of our grief-stricken heart.

Ah! In those days of solemn stillness, when the once familiar friend lay, strange and rigid, in the awful mystery of death, how earth's many voices whispered of a better life, where ties of love are never broken, nor the beauty of the fair landscape marred by the awful pall of sorrow, the twitter of the little birds in the eaves in the still beauty of the early morning, when through the open window the sweet breath of spring gently moved the hair and draperies of the once restless form which now could know no other motion; the sunlight on the wall, seeming so cruelly to mock our grief;—all these are sweet accessories of those wondrous visions which suggest to us so eloquently the ineffable bliss of eternity. Such memories as these make music in the soul.

But, best of all, in the calm eventide, when night is falling fast, will be the memory of a life well spent; a life so noble in its purpose that no day has passed without its crown of loving deeds, so imbued with the spirit of the Master that all other lives, meeting our own, have been the better and the happier for the contact.

"Memory is the only Paradise out of which we cannot be driven away," says Richter, but whether it be a paradise or a penitentiary will depend upon the spirit in which we walk the mystic way which lies but once beneath our all too heedless feet.

## ANOTHER EXPEDITION.

Dr. Nansen will start in June on his new Polar Expedition. He hopes to go through Behring Straits and reach the islands of New Siberia, and expects by the end of the summer to find clear water stretching far towards the North. He takes a crew of eight men, and has his ship stored for five years, although he does not expect to take more than two to reach the pole. As the most of Dr. Nansen's journey will be in a temperature of from freezing to forty below zero, we young Canadians will watch with special interest to see how he fares. He has provided himself with tents, so that if his vessel should get destroyed, his party can live on the ice, or on the land, if they have a chance. He has also taken strong boats with him.

## A NEW KIND OF GROOM.

Our cousins in Boston are always abreast of the times, and quite right too this time. The Adams Express Company have introduced electric machinery by which they have their horses groomed. Two men can polish off a horse in five minutes.

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UNDER THE DIRECTION OF VERY YOUNG CANADIANS.

## AMONG OUR WILD FLOWERS.

And Nature, the old nurse, took  
The child upon her knee,  
Saying, "Here is a story book  
Thy Father has written for thee"

"Come, wander with me," she said,  
"Into regions yet untried,  
And read what is still unread  
In the manuscripts of God!" —Longfellow

## PAPER IV.

In our last paper we described how the germ descended, forming the roots, and gave sketches and descriptions of the different kinds of roots.

We will now describe how the ascending part grows. This is called the Sprout, which afterwards turns into stem, leaves, and flowers. Thus the radicle, which may be called the starting point, extends downwards, forming the root, and upwards, forming the stem, which, after growing a certain distance, different in different plants, sends out a leaf, grows a little, send out one or two more, and up and up it grows and branches, and forms leaves, so that the stem is used to elevate the leaves and flowers into the light and the air. If the plant, in growing above the surface of the earth, has two leaves, and they are all crossed like a net, like the Bean, it is called the *Dicotyledon*. If it comes up in a single spear, and has long lines from end to end on it, like Corn, it is called a *Monocotyledon*. The first pair of leaves form the store of food for the plant, which the roots took in from the soil, and it is carried by the stem up to the leaves and there changed into vegetable matter.

As the little sprout grows up it forces the provisions up with it to the surface, where the little plant, complete, is left to take care of itself.

Like the roots there are a number of different kinds of stems. The Upright growing straight up or almost straight, the Decumbent lying along, as it too weak to stand, the Trailing one that trails its whole length upon the ground, the Creeping one that runs along the ground, and here and there sends down little rootlets, like the Strawberry: the Climbing one which climbs up poles or anything set for it, like the Morning Glory.

The formations of stems are just as different as those of the root and the ways of growing. Some grow in layers from the centre outwards, each layer or ring representing a year's growth, so that in a fallen tree, if you count the number of rings from the bark inwards, you will find the age of the tree. Some have pith in the centre, with a woody tube around it. These are the grown up *Dicotyledons*, and are known by the name of *Exogens*.

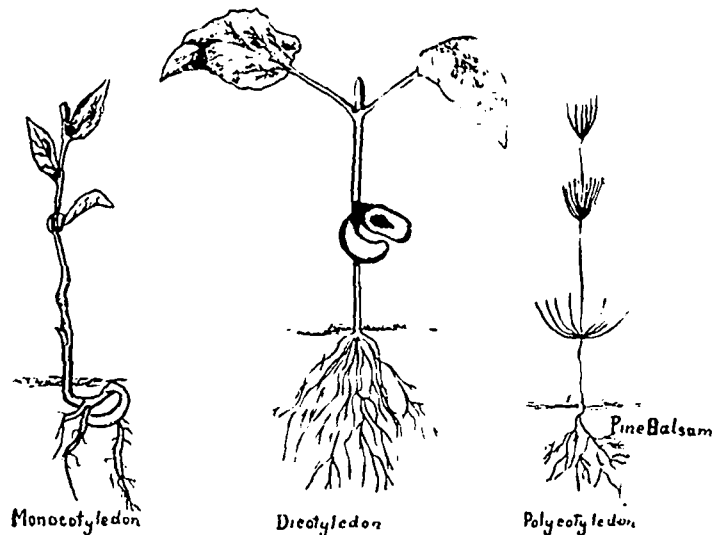
Others have the wood growing in threads, and the spongy substance scattered among them. These are

Monocotyledonous plants, and are known as *Endogens*, as the Blue Flag, Trillium, and the Sugar cane.

Stems also have different shapes, some of which go a long way towards making it easy to find the name of the family to which the plant belongs. For instance, if we pick up a plant with a square stem, we are almost sure it belongs to the Mint family. Stems may be round, square, oval, triangular, grooved (having more or less furrows), flattened nearly round, and looking on one side as if a slice had been cut off the length of it.

Stems have different formations. Some have small holes going through them, as in a piece of cane. Others are hollow tubes like the Bamboo. There is another almost like the Bamboo, but it has a spongy substance called the Pith, like the Elder, in the inside. Others have little cells in them, like the Water Lily. Stems are also hard and solid like the wood of trees.

The Bark is the coat of the tree, and protects it. There is an inside bark, or shirt, which is used in the Flax and Hemp to make linen of. Then the coat has a lining called a Green layer. It is very tender, and is of the same matter as the leaves. This Green layer makes



Cambium, which is a soft matter that the inner bark deposits on the stem, and which becomes the next ring of wood. The work is chiefly done by this Inner bark in the growth of the Stem.

The outside of the coat is called *Cork*, and is of many different shades of colour, and the outside of this corky coat has a thin facing layer called the *Skin* or *Epidermis*. It is the inner layer or shirt that makes the new growth of wood every year. This wood, when new, is called *Sapwood*, on those where the growing is done on the outside. By and by this gets overlaid, and becomes the *Heartwood* and dies.

To repeat: there are two kinds of stems; growing from within, *Monocotyledons*, with *one leaf* sprouting at a time, and this having parallel lines on it; growing from the outside, *Dicotyledons*, with *two leaves* sprouting at a time, which have netted veins.

The Bark has four layers: the Inner, the Green, the Corky, the Epidermis. The Inner bark forms the *Cambium*, which hardens and forms the ring of wood fibre for that year.

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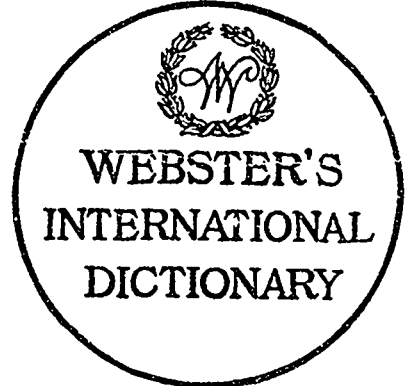
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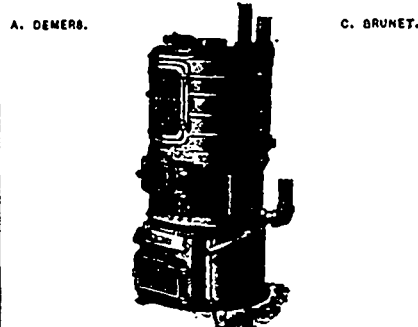
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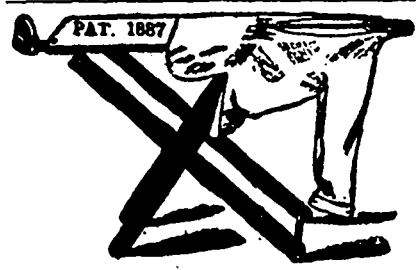


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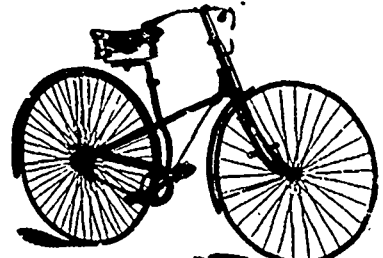
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