

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

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

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

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

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

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

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

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

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

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

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

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

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

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

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

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

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

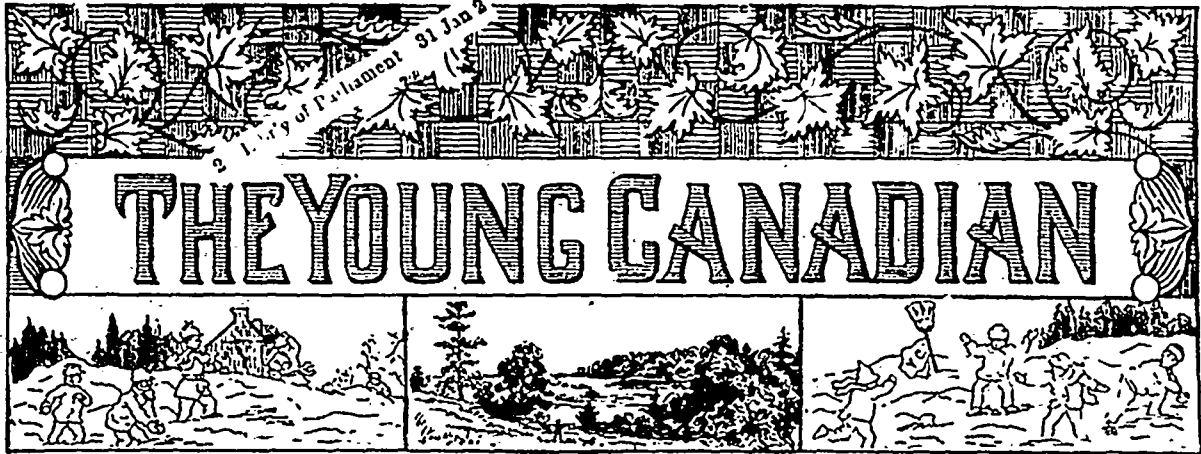


Absolutely free from anything unhealthful.  
Best Value in the Market.

The Favorite in Canadian Homes.

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

NUTRITIOUS—EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP—ECONOMICAL



INSIST  
ON HAVING  
**PEARS'**  
**SOAP!**

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

There is nothing so  
good as

**PEARS' SOAP.**

It has stood the test for  
**100 YEARS.**

HAVE YOU USED **PEARS'** Soap?

**REMINGTON TYPE-WRITER.**

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



SPACKMAN & CO., BARRON BLOCK,  
164 B. James Street, MONTREAL, P. Q.  
GEO. BENGOUGH,  
4 Adelaide Street West, TORONTO, Ont.  
JAMES JACK,  
150 Prince William Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

NUTRITIOUS—EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP—ECONOMICAL

# Stanley's Great Book, "IN DARKEST AFRICA."

G. F. GODDARD, 750 Craig Street, - - Sole Agent for Montreal.

## ROBERT REID,

Corner St. Catherine and Alexander Streets, - - Montreal.

### SCULPTOR

IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

### MARBLE AND GRANITE WORK.

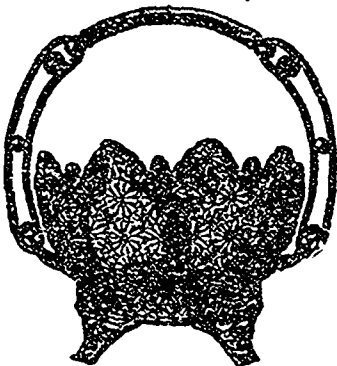
Encaustic Tiles for Hearths, Fireplaces, Flooring, &c., always on hand.

Brass Goods, Fenders and Irons, Fire Sets, Coal Hods, &c., &c., Mantel Pieces in Wood, Marble and Slate always on hand, and made to order. Designs and Estimates furnished promptly on application.

## SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.

16 & 18 DeBrosses Street,

MONTREAL.



Tea Sets, Butter Dishes,  
Waiters, Wine Stands,  
Cruets, Epergnes,  
Pickle Costers, Fruit Stands,  
&c. &c.

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

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

FINEST QUALITY SILVER-PLATED WARE.

A. J. WHIMBEY, Manager for Canada.

DWELLING AND HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE RISKS SOLICITED

## PHENIX FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

CANADA BRANCH H. O. 114 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

GERALD E. HART, General Manager.

AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE DOMINION.

## CALIGRAPH!

GREATEST SPEED.



THE MOST DURABLE.

Best for Manifold. 100,000 Daily Users.

CIRCULARS ON APPLICATION.

AGENTS FOR QUEBEC AND EASTERN ONTARIO

MORTON PHILLIPS & CO.,

Stationers, Blank Book Makers and Printers,

1755 & 1757 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL.

**STAINED GLASS**  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION  
**JOS. SPENCE & SONS**  
ECCLESIASTICAL & DOMESTIC  
GLASS PAINTERS  
MURAL DECORATORS  
CHURCH REVENING STAIRS  
CORBEILS & JIROIS STRE  
MONTREAL

## PISO'S CURE FOR

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

## CONSUMPTION



## No More Broken Handles!

BEAUTIFULLY NICKEL-PLATED.

SUPERIOR IN EVERY WAY TO WOOD.

Sold with the genuine Mrs. Potts' Irons, or separate.

ENQUIRE OF YOUR HARDWARE DEALER

## H. R. IVES & CO.

MONTREAL.

Manufacturers of Stoves, Ranges, Iron Bedsteads, Architectural Iron Work, &c.



BEST OVER YET! Fourteen printed on 18 Silk Plated Tax Cards for only 10c. Agent's Complete Outfit of the finest Silk Fringe, Envelope, Photograph, plain & fancy Beveled edge Cards and our large Illustrated Premium list given Free with every order. No track. Crown Card Co, Cedar, IA

LIVE BOOKS FOR LIVE BOYS.

## HENTY'S LATEST!

By England's Aid, . . . . . 61.50  
Maori and Settler, . . . . . 1.50

ALL HENTY'S POPULAR BOOKS.

## GEO. McDONALD'S LATEST!

A ROUGH Skating, . . . . . 61.50

We keep in stock the largest selection of Boys' Books in Canada, and receive all the new ones as issued.

Write us for lists and prices.

## W. DRYSDALE & CO.

The Boys' Booksellers,

282 St. James Street, - - MONTREAL.

## LOVELL'S

CANADIAN COPYRIGHT SERIES OF CHOICE FICTION.

LATEST ISSUES.

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

## CANADIAN AUTHORS' SERIES:

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

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

JOHN LOVELL & SON,

MONTREAL, April, 1891.

Publishers.

ILLUSTRATED MONTREAL, THE BEST SOUVENIR PUBLISHED!

A CONCISE HISTORY OF THE CITY. UPWARDS OF 40 CHOICE ENGRAVINGS. No Canadian should be without it, and no visitor should fail to secure one. AT ALL BOOKSELLERS, OR OF THE PUBLISHER, WINDSOR HOTEL TICKET OFFICE.

PRICE, 75 CENTS.

IN COVER READY FOR MAILING.

ASK FOR CHADWICK'S SPOOL COTTON } TAKE NO OTHER. THERE IS NONE BETTER

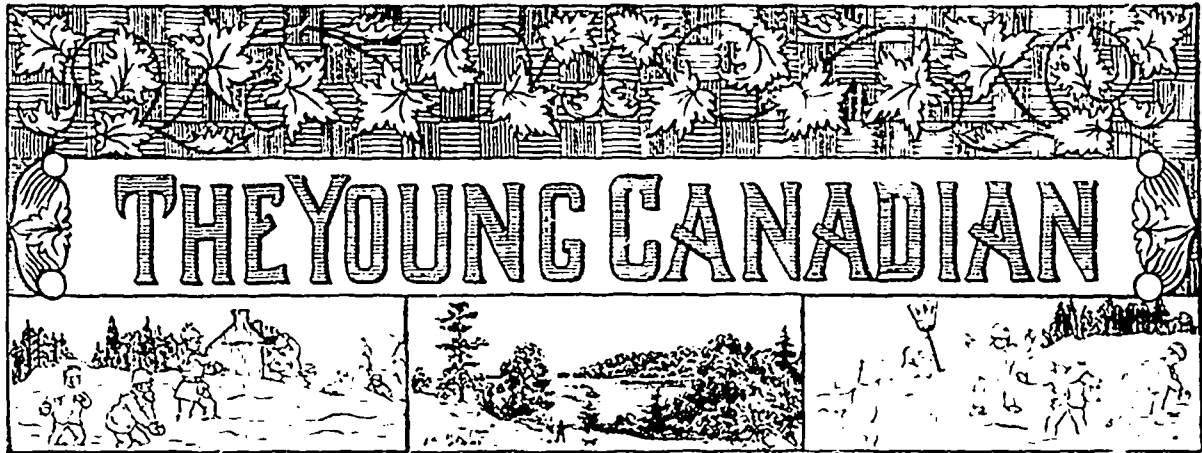
## CUMMING & BREWIS

The West-End Art Studio.

CABINETS .BEST FINISH \$3 PER DOZ.

Call and inspect our work before going elsewhere.

117 & 119 MANSFIELD STREET  
Second door above St. Catherine St  
MONTREAL.

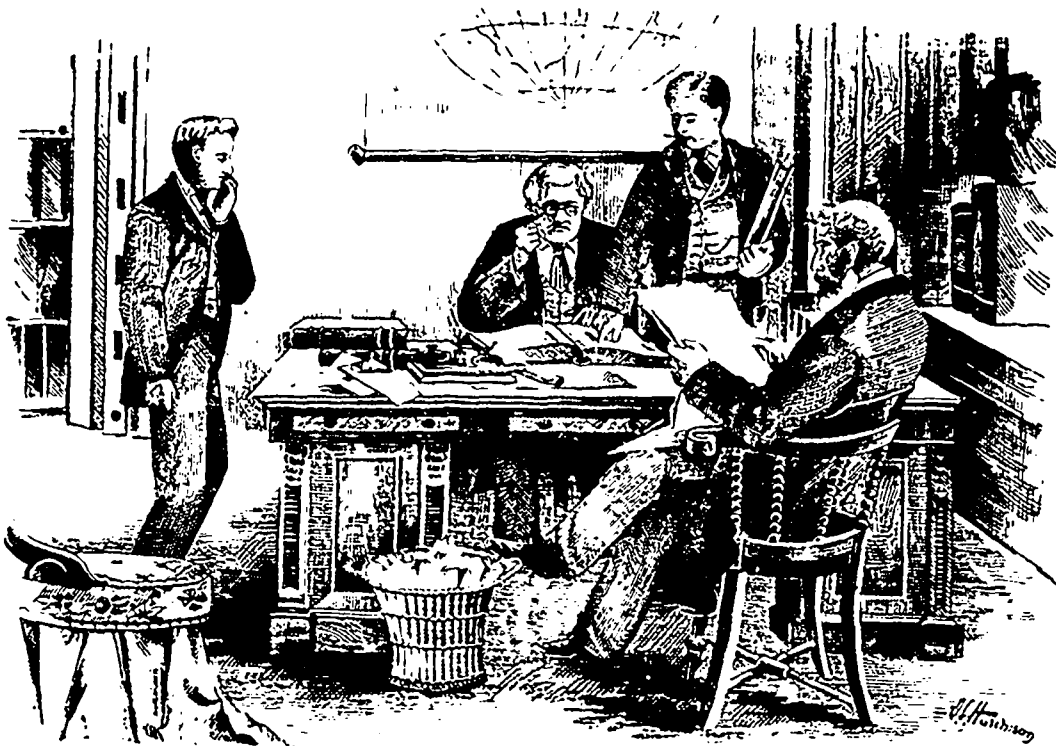


Printed and Published by THE YOUNG CANADIAN PUBLISHERS COMPANY - M. P. MURRAY, Secretary, 111 Market Street, Montreal.

No. 18. Vol. I

Montreal, Wednesday, May 27, 1891.

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



"THESE ARE THE ENTRIES THAT REQUIRE EXPLANATION."

BEECH AND I.

CHAPTER I.

"**W**HO are you youngster?"  
 "My name is Spottiswood. I am the new clerk."  
 "Ho, ho! Spottiswood, eh? I like that name. 'Spot' will do nicely. Where do you come from?"

"Deneworth. Who are you?"  
 "Who am I?" exclaimed the first speaker, in utter amazement, stepping back a foot or so, to get a good look at the young gentleman he called "Spot." "Who am I?" he repeated, wonderingly. "Well, I never!"

And then he laughed until the office echoed again with the sound.

"Why do you laugh?" I asked, seriously.  
 "Why?" he exclaimed, but before he could frame an answer he was convulsed with laughter again. "That is good," he said, at length. "well, you are a rum'un!"

Not feeling particularly "rum" in myself, but rather sore at this unceremonious introduction, I merely said, "It's not of very much consequence either way."

"My name is Beech, I am the old clerk," he answered, mimicking as closely as possible my words and manner.

"I see you wish to turn me into ridicule!" I said, looking at him steadfastly and with compressed lips.

"No, no, Spot," he said, in his natural voice, "it was

only my fun—don't be huffy. You and I are friends already. Give me your hand."

I gave him my hand, but did not feel particularly friendly in doing so. He was a merry-looking young fellow, perhaps three years older than I, and dressed fashionably; but although he was so unceremonious in his manner, there was an air of friendliness about him that prevented me from resenting his patronage.

This happened at a quarter to nine on a Monday morning, in the office of Barron and Company, Mincing Lane, London, and was in fact my first introduction to business.

Most fellows have a choice in life as to their business or profession. I had none! I had my tastes, though, and they were towards the sea. I was continually cutting out boats and rigging them. My library was chiefly composed of nautical adventures. I am sure my dear old mother looked to me, I know, as the hope of the family. There were five of us, but I was the only boy. My father had been an invalid for many years, and my mother had to do the work of two in consequence. We were a poor family, but I can most honestly say we never felt poor. That mother of mine would have made a beggar proud—proud that he was not in debt, and that there were so many friends to help him in his need.

She kept me at Deneworth School until I was seventeen, and then used her influence in getting me a place in the office of Messrs. Barron and Co., which brings me round again to Mincing Lane, and my new acquaintance Beech.

At nine o'clock the rest of the clerks came in, and I was regularly installed in the course of the morning. My duties were very simple. I was placed close to Harry Beech, and was occupied in docketing letters and keeping a record of the immense correspondence under his superintendence.

In spite of his free-and-easy manner we soon became friends. He showed me real sympathy at a time when I felt lonely and miserable, and I think he did it out of genuine kindness.

After a time we lodged together, and then his influence carried me completely with him in his amusements and follies. I began to smoke cheap cigars, to talk fast, and think myself generally a very fine fellow.

One thing I was saved. My mother had extracted a vow from me that I would never gamble or play at cards. At the time, I promised lightly enough, not knowing fully what the pledge meant. Harry played, and the young fellows who came into our rooms on wet autumn evenings played constantly.

Once it happened that Harry and two friends were playing late into the night, and I dropped off to sleep by the fire. I awoke with a start. The three friends were on their feet talking loudly and angrily. Their faces were livid and almost inhuman. They were accusing Harry of cheating, and he was denouncing them. I interposed in time to save a fight, and after much difficulty prevailed on them to separate. The scene awoke my moral nature too. I took the cards and flung them into the fire.

Harry laughed uncomfortably.

"The fault is not in them," he said, "but in those who cheat."

He never had his friends to see him again, but he sometimes went out without me.

Much to my delight, I had been able to make arrangements for spending a week at home at Christmas. The very thought of it made my heart beat high. True, I could not boast of having accomplished much during my eight months in London, but I was well liked by the partners, and kindly treated by all. It was no easy

matter to make both ends meet on the small salary that I had to start with. Much as I liked Harry Beech's company, I had to cry off many a time when he was going to expensive places of amusement. It was well enough for him, with rich relatives, perhaps, to assist him, but I had nobody, and could not afford these luxuries. Besides, I wanted to take something, however little, home with me. I knew that though small the gift it would seem like the earnest of more, and would cheer my mother's heart. Our lodgings were not by any means expensive, but I could not help feeling that in a thousand little things Harry Beech was more extravagant than I could afford to be. I spoke to him about it once, when I was so anxious as to the money I would have at Christmas.

"Why did you not mention this before?" he said. "Of course you can't afford these luxuries, but you must not pay for them in the future. You don't suppose I would have them if I could not pay for them! If you should want a few sovereigns at Christmas just tell me: it will be no trouble for me to lend you a trifle."

What could I say after that? It was his generous spirit, I know; for though he sometimes was very flush of money, yet there were times when he seemed to be very much pressed himself.

But it was not right to live on him in that way, sharing his meats and drinks, but bearing none of the expense, and I made up my mind to look for a room elsewhere. He would not listen to the proposition. If I went he would be so miserable that he didn't know what would become of him. Besides, he looked on me now as a sort of mentor, he said. I was so much more steady-going than he, and he compared me to a drag on a down-hill wheel. The end of it all was that I stayed, on the understanding, however, that after Christmas I was to look out for other lodgings.

When Christmas was approaching I made up my small accounts, and found that the utmost I could hope to have after paying my landlady would only be sufficient to take me home and back, and would leave nothing for incidental expenses or for my mother. I could hardly do otherwise than ask Harry to lend me two pounds. It had been his own suggestion, and I knew how thoroughly generous he was. Besides, it was only a loan for a few weeks. I was fully decided in my own mind to retrench when I returned, and it would have been particularly hard to have gone home without a sovereign in my pocket. I opened my heart to Harry so completely that he told me in his cheery way to think no more about the money, he would see to that, and if I never paid him it would not very much matter. At the same time, and in proof of his good nature, I know he was troubled about his own account with the landlady. She was pressing him for money. He had not been regular of late, and she was very poor, and grew rather anxious for her little bills. I asked him if it was not so.

"Oh, she makes a great fuss about a few shillings, poor soul, but it will be all right as soon as I get my next remittance. It won't hinder me from letting you have those two sovereigns, Spot," he said, playfully calling me, as he always did, by that abridged edition of my name. He spent his evenings from home more than ever, and remained out later. He was growing thin and pale and troubled. I knew there was something wrong, but dared not speak, for he was quick to resent intrusion in such matters.

But my time came, and with it the promised help.

"There, old boy!" he exclaimed, as he threw the two gold pieces on the table: "go and enjoy your Christmas. I wish I was going too."

"I wish you were, with all my heart; wouldn't we have fun! It's too late to talk of your coming now, but

next summer, perhaps, you might manage it. Mother would be so delighted to see you."

"Thanks, Spot; I should really like it. We'll talk of it later on. Now put your money away, and pay me when you can. Three days after convenience!"

"It will be as pleasant to pay as it is to borrow," I said.

"All right, Spot. Good night, and good dreams."

The following morning I was off by an early train in the dim light of a winter dawn. How delicious to be speeding, thirty miles an hour, towards home, even in a third-class carriage, with the keen wind whistling through the chinks! How delightful to see the familiar fields and roads and churches as we draw near our station! But, above all, how delightful to see the dear faces at home, and to watch their bright and happy looks as they surveyed me after eight months' absence.

Between the attractions of home and the visiting of old friends, the preparations for Christmas, the skating and riding, my time was fully occupied, and I had not a moment to think of Harry Beech or of the office, both of which seemed more like dreams than anything else now that I was at home again.

I was not allowed to remain long ignorant of them, however, for they were both brought to my notice in a very unexpected way two days before Christmas. We were at tea when the boy from the village post-office brought up a telegram addressed to me. I could hardly believe my eyes when on opening it I read, "From Barron and Co., London, to Clement Spottiswood, Dene-worth. Come up without fail early to-morrow; your presence is urgently required."

"What makes you look so troubled, Clement?" asked my mother; "there is nothing wrong, I hope?"

"I hardly know. Read that!"

Then I told her the whole history of Harry Beech's friendship, and how I had an undefined fear that something had gone wrong with his money matters.

Neither of us slept much that night; she was too anxious, I was too miserable. The early and cheap train left our station at seven o'clock next morning, and by it, all shivering and guilty-stricken, I returned to London.

(To be Continued.)

## HISTORY OF A TADPOLE.

FROM LADY ABERDEEN'S "WILLIE WINKIE."

I am at Bonsel with Dr. Holme. We have a pond of tadpoles. Yesterday Miss Matthew took me down; we took a cup and caught one tadpole in it. We noticed that it had two little legs sticking out as well as a tail. Then I was told that Dr. Holme was down at the pond catching more. He came up and showed them to me, and after dinner we went down and caught all varieties. When the tadpole is very young it looks all head with a long tail.

It goes swimming about, and lives always in the water like a fish. It has a little round mouth underneath, and does not breathe air like a real frog, but like a fish. When the tadpole is a little older, little buds are seen sticking out at the back; they gradually grow and become legs like a fish with two legs.

At this time the tadpole has a head and a tail and two legs. Then two little buds are seen in front, and these gradually become legs, so that the tadpole has a head, four legs, and a tail; but now the funny thing is that the head, instead of growing bigger is growing smaller. Then the poor little thing begins to lose its tail, and its head grows more like a frog. Until the tail becomes very small and hardly seen, it lives in the water like a fish. As its tail disappears, little lungs begin to grow inside it, and it can now breathe air.

At the pool we saw hundreds of these little frogs, with little bits of tails, sitting on the banks breathing air, and when we came near them they all plunged into the water and swam away.

Now they have no tails at all, and are little frogs. Next year I expect to see them grown into big frogs.

\*\*\*

OUR GOOD FRIEND, MR. LEMOINE,

is going to give us a book with all his wonderful knowledge about our Canadian Birds. Any one who has heard him "talk" about birds will know how delightful his book must be. Please be quick, Mr. LeMoine, as we are much in need of it.

## WITH THE REAR GUARD OF THE EMIN RELIEF EXPEDITION.

BY CAPTAIN W. G. STAIRS, R. E.

### PART V.

Far away in the very heart of Africa, deep neath the shades of the mighty forests of the Congo Region and

#### EIGHT MONTHS MARCH

from either the Indian or Atlantic Ocean, lies the district of Ibwiri. In the centre of this district, in a most important and commanding position, was built, by the Emin Pasha relief expedition in the beginning of the year 1888, the station of Fort Bodo or Fort Peace. Two hundred and ten English miles to the west of this, at the station of Ugarrowa, an Arab slave raider, the expedition had been compelled, some four months previously, to leave its first detachment of sick men, who were weary and worn out with the forest marches from Yambuya towards the Albert Nyanza.

It was decided on the 14th February 1888 to bring these sick men from Ugarrowa's to Fort Bodo, trusting, of course, that many would have become strong again and able to resume their duties. I was ordered by the

leader of the expedition to take this job in hand, to find my way to Ugarrowa's, to forward letters to Major Barttelot in charge at Yembuys, and to bring on those left at Ugarrowa's to the Fort.

On Friday, 16th February 1888, having organized and equipped a little force of twenty-seven picked men, strong in wind and limb, we started out of the Fort into

#### THE ETERNAL GLOOM OF THE FOREST

on our long journey. Ere we should once more march through the gates of the Fort again, we should have traversed over four hundred miles of trackless primeval forest, every inch of which had to be carefully picked out. Five minutes from the Fort and we had said our last goodbye. Seventy days later we returned with our object completed.

I think, reader, it must be difficult for any one who has never been in the centre of an immense tropical forest

to imagine the feelings which would overtake him were he one day suddenly to find himself there. The immensity of the situation is appalling. At first the mind appears mercifully to become oblivious to its surroundings; but gradually and steadily there creeps in the feeling of the utter insignificance of the human being in the midst of the dark and brooding shades of the forest, unending and eternal.

Hundreds of miles ahead, behind, to right, and to left, always the same! To die here is to die unknown to your white fellow beings. Lost to die in the unknown would be your certain fate were you to make a single error in judging your locality. Like some mighty monster, ever ready to seize upon and destroy unlucky man, stands this forest silent, dark, and deadly, but patient with the certainty of success begotten by centuries of passive waiting. From morning to night nothing but a dark and dusky gloom greets the traveller. He is crushed with a sense of his insignificance. Trees, water and, here and there, a patch of sky are the three objects that meet his eye. He longs again for the clear blue open sky and the short crisp grass of the open country.

As each man marched along with bent back and swinging pace I fancied I could read their thoughts with a certainty that experience brings. I knew them to be similar to my own. Each of us thought of the deadly and torturing pangs of starvation; the wild wilderness of emptiness that had to be passed through going and returning; of the many bones that whitened the camps of the expedition on its way up the river Ituri. We thought of the terrible nights we had passed in former times, crouching over the fires with aching stomachs and broken spirits, and praying to Heaven that we should soon see the sunny grass lands.

Here we were only some twenty-seven souls or so marching on from day to day, deeper and deeper into the forest, each day getting farther away from our comrades. Ahead of us lay

#### OVER SIX HUNDRED MILES

of forest. Westward, to the edge of the Congo, on our left, forest to the far off Manyuema country, three months open march away; and to the right, forest for two hundred miles.

Had it been the unknown that we were to pierce it would not have mattered so much; for the unknown is almost always a hopeful prospect in life on earth. But it was the stern reality of a knowledge bought at the expense of misery, starvation and death that made the forest ahead of us seem so cruel and black. I can only say that it was entirely owing to the pluck and devotion of each individual black in this little band that enabled matters to be brought to such a brilliant conclusion.

May it ever be the lot of the white man in Africa, who finds himself in similar difficulties, to possess such men as our chief trained these up to be! Disciplined with an iron hand, the result was that they would obey orders without hesitation. Accustomed to the most impartial justice, each knew his case would have the ready ear of his master. It is with such men as

#### THESE TWENTY-SEVEN

that the future of Africa will be worked out.

We made twelve miles from the Fort by nightfall and bivouacked on the site of an old encampment of dwarfs. Next morning we were off before daylight after a hasty meal of parched corn. Climbing the high hill Kilimani we had to take shelter about two p.m. in some old weather beaten native huts from the torrents of cold pouring rain which chilled the men to the bone

19th—Left camp at six o'clock and by ten a.m. had

made nine miles and, after hard and fast going, marched in to the deserted village of Mabunga by five p.m., having made twenty-three English miles. Mabunga we now found deserted, and the trees and shrubs grown up so much as to make the place almost unrecognizable. The accursed Manyuema having devastated all that country along the Ihuru river precluded us from piercing through the bush by that route and from making down the north bank of the Ihuru.

The march into Mabunga was one of the very best I have ever made in the forest. Twenty-three miles will not seem much on a good level road in England or Canada. But when one takes into consideration the state of disused path in a tropical forest, grown up with some months of luscious vegetation, this distance must be considered as not bad for ten hours' marching.

From here to Kilonga's, every vestige of remaining food had been destroyed on our route by the Manyuema raiders of Kloinga-Longa, and what had perchance escaped the keen observation of these people had been crushed and trampled under foot by the hordes of elephants that frequent this part of the forest.

22nd February.—To-day we passed three of our old camps made in carrying the boat to Fort Bodo. Reached the deserted clearing outside Ipoto, the Arab settlement of Kloinga-Longa, and soon afterwards astonished the Manyuema by marching into their midst, ninety miles from Fort Bodo.

The state of filth and misery that met our eyes here was beyond all description. Refuse of the most foul kind lay in heaps up against the very sides of the huts. It is true that many houses of a superior kind had been built during our absence, but though those may have been clean in their interior, at the very doors were heaped the piles of rubbish and filth that Europeans would not have allowed within fifty yards of their houses.

Slaves, covered with ulcers, and starved away to mere bags of bones, stood round us and watched us in making camp. Everywhere a stench pervaded the atmosphere, until we longed every man to be again in the adjoining forest, where at least the air was pure, and the eye unoffended with the misery of the settlement.

After making my Salaams to the Arab chiefs, I commenced negotiations to obtain some guides to show me a cross cut through the forest for three days ahead. As usual they returned the inevitable and chronic answer to my eager solicitations, at which all Arabs are so famous.

"Inshallah Kashu" —"please God to-morrow: we cannot answer you to-day, for you are tired and have marched from afar off."

"In the morning when you have rested and are refreshed with the night's sleep, we will give you our answer. Meanwhile tell us what you saw at the Nyanza."

In the morning, at last, after much wearing pow-wow, I gave Kilonga-Longa one of the two blankets I possessed, and in this way obtained some guides to show us a short road to Kalunga's station on the Lenda river and from there on to Ugarrowa's.

It afterwards turned out that we had to show these intelligent guides the way. It may be interesting to know that they were to have all the ivory we might find on the way.

While at Kalonga-Longa I learned that Kamonri, one of our late donkey boys, while searching for food on the south side of the Ituri river, had been killed and eaten by the "Wakussu," and close to the fire were found one of his thighs and shin bones.

Yladi, under chief of the Manyuema, amused us

greatly with his stories of the doings of the gorilla. A friend of his, one Chakando, in search of spear sticks in the forest, came across a huge gorilla. Seeing danger, Chakando threw his spear and caught the gorilla in the ribs. The animal, after some violent struggles, withdrew the spear and, rushing on Chakando, speared and killed him. Both parties were afterwards found with the spear marks on them. Another gorilla, so Uledi told me, caught and ran off with a little child it had found playing on the outskirts of the village and killed it. According to the Manyema, gorilla's crouch over fires if these are left lit by the men in the forest. They also cut numbers of sticks with their teeth, bind these up into faggots secured with vines, and carry them off to build their huts in the trees.

We saw no gorillas during our march, but heard numbers of Chimpanzee shouting at times quite close at hand. The devilish yells of these animals, when heard in the depths of the forest, suffice almost to freeze the blood of the most firmly balanced individual who hears them for the first time. A long low wail, deep and melancholy, is succeeded by hysterical shouting and screams

of agony, as of a slave woman been flogged. Then comes a series of loud grunting and sobbing mixed, then more yells of agony, and all is quiet again as death.

I remember once when we were all walking in Indian file, not speaking or making the slightest noise by which the natives might tell of our presence, all of a sudden we heard an agonizing scream of a woman about three hundred yards to the right of the track. I whispered to the men to remain still and listen. Struck upon shriek rent the air, and my blood seemed to freeze at the thought of the deadly blows that were being administered to the poor woman. I gave vent to my thought in pretty strong language to the men and directed three of them to steal cautiously off and see what was the matter. A volley of loud laughs met me on all sides. This made me very angry and caused me to ask why they all were laughing so when there was a poor woman shrieking in such pain near us.

"Soko Bwana" they laughed out. "Soko-tu." "Chimpanzee Master, only a Chimpanzee." I was very silent for some time after this, though "the boys" enjoyed it tremendously.

## MRS. MAYBURN'S TWINS.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

By special arrangement with Messrs. I. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

"Mamma hasn't any apple for you, beeboy," she answered. "When I go out again I will buy you one an apple with bright red cheeks like yours. Won't that be nice?"

"Dat'll be awfoo nice; but the nice'll all go 'way if you don't get it quick."

"Wait until to-morrow, dear," pleaded mamma. "Poor mamma is so tired, and she has so many little shirts and stockings to mend. Just see this great big hole in Bobboker's stocking."

"Mus' mend gate big hole in Bobboker's tumtuk, too, else Bobboker can't wear dat old tumtuk no longer. An' mus' mend it right away. Poor Bobboker's tumtuk!"

This was too much for mamma, perhaps because, as Bobboker spoke, he put both his chubby hands on the front of his waist, and looked as sad and appealing as if he had been without food for a week. So mamma called Fred, and gave him two pennies with which to buy an apple at once for his little brother.

"If I had four pennies more," suggested Fred, "we could all have apples. Don't you remember how healthy you told Aunt Madge that the doctor said they were?"

"Yes, dear, but I've no more pennies; I've nothing smaller than a half-dollar."

"Oh, that's jolly; think of what lots of change I'd bring back."

"I fear you'd lose some of it, little boy. You must wait until to-morrow for your apple."

"Oh, mamma! you wouldn't have me be unhealthy, would you?"

"You're in no serious danger," laughed mamma, looking at the plump, rosy cheeks and bright eyes of her boy. "Now run out."

"Nobody can ever tell about such things," said Fred, with owlish gravity. "Bertha," he continued, as his sister entered the room, "don't you think an apple would make you feel healthier?"

"I guess two apples would," said Bertha, looking upward as she reflected and approached, and stumbling over the baby, who was seated between two pillows on

the floor. The Jefful had a very strong little back, for a baby, but it had not yet learned to be equal to surprises; so the little back went backward with baby's big head on top of it, and then something hit the floor very hard, and baby said something that sent mamma's fingers flying to her ears, although there was nothing improper about it. Then mamma stooped quickly over the baby, and so did Bertha, after she had said "Oh!" and so did Fred; and three heads rattled against each other over the baby's, and Bertha said "Oh!" again, and Fred said "My!" and mamma said "Goodness!" and The Jefful went on saying just what she had begun to say; and then mamma picked baby up, and her head met Bobboker as she arose, and Bobboker said "Ow!" and then all the children cried together, while mamma wished she could be a baby and cry too, with some one to hold her, and no unmended shirts and stockings nearer than Van Dieman's Land or Spitzbergen.

"We'll have to have apples now, mamma," said Fred, after he had cried enough, and had wiped his eyes with his gloved fingers until his face looked like a map with a great many boundary-lines and rivers laid out on it.

Mamma seemed to think so too, for she opened her portemonnaie, handed Fred a half-dollar, and told him to go quickly and take his sister with him. Then she cuddled baby tighter, and kissed the back of her fuzzy head; and baby put up a pudgy little hand in a sort of aimless way, yet managed to grasp three or four hairs that floated low on mamma's face, and then mamma said "Oh, baby!" and tried to unclasp the tiny fist, while Bobboker stopped crying, and laughed:

"Ha, ha, ha!—for a funny face you's a-makin'! Ah, you's stopped a-makin' it!" For mamma had got her stray hairs back again.

"Bobboker mustn't laugh when mamma is being hurt," said mamma, "because it makes her feel bad."

"Mus' feel good when's havin' funny hurts to make Bobboker go laugh. Mus' have 'em, I say. Is you got 'em, I say? If you isn't, Bobboker fee's bad, an' he mus' k'y wight away."



"Yes—yes—oh, yes—I have them : I'll have everything, little boy, if it will keep you from crying."

But Bobboker had already got his eyes screwed up, and his lower lips rolled down, and he did not know exactly how to roll up and unscrew again, so he began to whimper in a doleful, draggy way, that sounded as if he was taking his cry so leisurely that he would never finish it.

"Bobboker, dear," said mamma, hastily laying baby in the corner of the lounge, and picking up her small boy, "mamma has a bad headache, and Bobboker's cry makes it hurt worse and worse - oh so bad."

"Den lomme bit" squealed Bobboker, "that'll make the hurt go 'way. An' tell me story about good 'ittie boy name Bobboker, how he was always hweet to his mamma. Be quick : I feel the k'y all comin' out again."

Mamma hugged her boy, and patted his cheek, and at the same instant began : "Once there was a little boy —" when open flew the door behind her, striking the wall with a loud bang, and she heard Fred's voice saying :

"Mamma, can't we buy a new slate-pencil apiece while we're out ?"

"Yes, dear," said mamma very sweetly. But Fred did not see the look that came over her face.

"And a stick of candy, too ?" asked Bertha.

"No," said mamma, very shortly.

"Now, mamma," said Fred, "it's only two more pennies, you know."

"Candy is not good for little children, my boy," said mamma. "You know papa and I have told you so a hundred times."

"Well I——" said Fred.

"I——" said Bertha at the same time.

"That will do," said mamma, so sharply that baby started violently, took her finger out of her mouth, and stared at mamma's face : there she saw something that caused her to burst into a howl, which was so high and long that it seemed as if it never could have come from so small a thing as baby's throat. Mamma sprang from her chair, set Bobboker on the floor, pushed Fred and Bertha out of the room, and shut the door as if it was a very hard one to manage. Then she picked up The Jeffful, dropped back into the rocking-chair, and cried a great deal harder than baby did, though she made no noise about it.

"It's wainin' on you' face, mamma," observed Bobboker, after a moment : "shall Bobboker get mamma umbayella ?"

Then mamma stopped crying, and laughed, and managed to drag the little fellow up into her lap with baby, and shut her eyes, and rocked with both of them ; but when she opened her eyes by accident, and saw the pile of shirts and stockings again she groaned, and stopped rocking.

"Bobboker," said she, "don't you want to build a great, high block house for baby ?—one of the big funny houses that nobody but Bobboker can make ?"

"Ess," said Bobboker, after a moment of deliberation. "Get me de blockses."

"You get them, dear," said mamma. "Run up to the play-room, and bring them down in your apron."

Bobboker started, and mamma tucked baby away in the corner of the lounge, and drew her chair and work-basket near, so as to be ready to save The Jeffful in case she should tumble forward. She picked up her work, and had just taken her needle in hand, when a little voice said :

"You mus' opin de door for me."

"Oh, mamma's big boy can open the door—just hold the knob tight, and turn it."

"Me do," said Bobboker, "but de knob don't hold Bobboker hand a bittie pittie."

"Try again, like a great big man," said mamma kindly.

The knob rattled ; some grunts, and puffs, and quick breathings were heard ; then a pattering of little feet was heard, and mamma saw a serious little face and two big eyes in front of her, and heard :

"Me tried aden, but door-knob didn't try any much at all. An' door-knob'll k'y if mamma don't open it."

"Then it may cry," said mamma, and took such a vigorous stitch that she stuck the needle quite a way into her finger before she fully understood what she was doing. Then she took the needle out very slowly, and put her finger into her mouth quite quickly.

"Why, mamma, said Bobboker, "don't you know it isn't nice to put fingers in moufs ? You'll never gwow up to be a man if you do dat. An' the door is stayin' shut all dis time."

Mamma snatched baby, hurried to the door, and opened it, and said :

"Go !"

"Fare is me to go to ?" asked Bobboker, looking very much surprised.

"Go upstairs and get the blocks."

"Fot blockses ?"

"The blocks to make a house for baby."

"Fare is dey ?"

"Up in the play-room."

"Oh !" said Bobboker, and mamma said exactly the same thing as she returned to her chair.

"Peace for two---three—perhaps five minutes," murmured mamma, as she picked up her work again. "But how I am beginning to hate my work." Peace did endure for two minutes, but not quite three, for suddenly the door-bell rang violently, and mamma remembered that her servant had gone to the grocer's.

"Oh, oh ! I hope it's no one to call," said mamma, putting baby hurriedly upon the floor. Then she changed her dress almost in a moment, gave her hair a few quick touches before the mirror, hurried to the door, and let in—Fred and Bertha.

"We got a—why, mamma, what is the matter ?" said Fred.

"Nothing, my boy," replied mamma.

Fred seemed for a moment to doubt his mamma's statement, but at last he started for the sitting-room, remarking as he went :

"I think that nothing must be one of the dreadfulest things in the world."

Mamma followed her children, and as they seated themselves, said :

"Now, children, you must get a plate over which to peel your apples, and——"

Fred looked at Bertha, and Bertha looked at Fred, and then both looked very blank, and Fred said :

"I declare ! If we didn't forget to get those apples after all !"

"What did you go out for ?" asked mamma severely.

"Why, for apples," said Fred.

"And candy," interrupted Bertha.

"And slate-pencils," continued Fred ; "and the slate-pencil place was nearest, so we got them first, and then we got the candy because the candy-store came next, and then—let me see, what *did* we do then, Bertha ?—oh, yes, we saw an organ-grinder, and we thought maybe he was one of the ones that play before our house sometimes, so we followed him up this way to see if he was, and here we are."

"I think here you had better stay, too," said mamma, "until you learn to remember what you go out for, particularly when it is for something that you yourselves

want. Don't you think that would be a good way of learning?"

Fred didn't seem to think anything of the sort: while Bertha, who had determined just what to wear on her visit to Ellie, and just what to talk about when she reached the home of that young lady, disapproved of any discipline whatever on that particular afternoon. But both children saw something in mamma's face that made them think it advisable to be quiet for a few moments, so Bertha opened mouth and eyes as if she would take in the whole of that particular figure of the carpet at which she was staring, while Fred rolled his lips apart and moved his eyelids together until he seemed to be nothing but a great big pout. As for mamma, she darned away industriously, completing one stocking and then another, until it occurred to her that the room was very quiet. The connection between calms and storms had been so often demonstrated in the Mayburn family that mamma looked around suspiciously, and saw Fred and Bertha making diabolical faces at each other, while The Jefful gazed upon them with a frightened fascination that rendered her utterly dumb.

"Children!" exclaimed mamma severely.

Fred and Bertha looked idiotically innocent in an instant, while The Jefful, the spell being broken, emitted a loud wail.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourselves, children? What were you making those dreadful faces for?"

"Well, Fred did," said Bertha.

"Well, Bertha did," said Fred.

"Say, mamma," said Fred, "I don't think you enjoy us much to-day."

"Neither do I," said Bertha.

"I really believe," answered mamma, after a quiet moment or two, "that I agree with both of you."

"Well, I know how you can get rid of us," said Fred. "Just let us have a tea-party."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Bertha. "*Um.*" For Bertha, although Fred's twin sister, had a tooth sweeter by far than could be found in her brother's mouth.

"You may have it," said mamma.

"Oh—h—h," exclaimed Fred as he kissed his mamma soundly; "aren't you good to-day?"

Mamma accepted the compliment with the modesty peculiar to true merit.

"How many kinds of cake can we have, mamma?" asked Bertha.

"Only one," said mamma. "You may have sandwiches, lemonade, cake and fruit, and you can have nothing whatever if you bother me at all about it. I will give Bridget orders to get everything ready, and you will have nothing to do but sit down and enjoy your party."

"Mamma," said Bertha, "I want to know just one thing: may I invite Ella?"

"Yes," said mamma. "Invite whomever you please."

"Hoo--ee!" exclaimed Fred. "Where's my overcoat? I'm going out to invite Jimmy, and Frank, and Stringey, and Whopps, and ---"

"Stop—stop!" exclaimed mamma, "of whom are you talking?"

"Why, some nice boys I play with in the park," exclaimed Fred.

"Who are they? Where do they live?" asked mamma.

"Frank lives in the avenue, Jim lives over the candy-shop around the corner, and Stringey and Whopps both live in the same house; and oh—it's just the loveliest house in New York."

"The loveliest?"

"Yes; it's so nice and quiet: it's got another house in front of it that shuts out all the noise. And my,

aren't his folks rich? there's more nice white clothes always lying around their rooms than I ever saw in *our* house."

Mamma grew envious at once, for superabundant linen was a luxury to which the Mayburn family had never attained, work as hard as she might. So she began to question curiously.

"Is it very nice linen? But of course you don't know."

"Oh yes, I do," said Fred, "and it's awfully nice. And it's always clean. And oh, you ought to see what fun I have when I go there."

Mamma felt uncomfortable. She did not like her children to go to any one's house—even that of their playmates—unless she knew that their appearance was creditable to the family; and Fred had been to the residence of these boys without permission when, probably, his attire was disarranged and his face and hands dirty.

"And such fun, mamma, as we have there you can't begin to think of. Right under their window there's a rope that goes around a wheel, and the other end of it goes around a wheel at another house, and we pull it back and forth."

Mamma was mystified: what people could want of ropes in such a place she could not imagine: perhaps it was a private telephone between two neighbours, and Fred had been disarranging it. She would investigate.

"Doesn't their mamma object when you play with the rope?" she asked.

"No," said Fred; "only when it's got clothes on it."

Clothes? Was this rope a device for airing clothing and furs? What intelligent care!

"What kind of clothes are on the rope?" asked mamma.

"Oh, shirts, and stockings, and things—just millions of 'em," said Fred; "Stringey's mamma sometimes makes as much as twelve dollars a week washing clothes, and the days she washes just don't we have fun blowing soap-bubbles in the tubs after the water gets too dirty to wash any more things in? Whopps goes and hooks his papa's pipes, and ---"

"SH!" exclaimed mamma, as the truth flashed into her mind that her son had been the guest of a washer woman's family. Fred looked astonished, but determined that he must have been mistaken, so he continued:

"Whopps can always get pipes when his papa is tight, and ---"

"Be quiet, I say," exclaimed mamma. "Ca a a a!"

"Well, they're better bubbles than we ever make at home, any way," said Fred. "Whopps's mamma says it's because the suds have more body."

"Fred!" exclaimed mamma, springing from her chair and seizing her boy's arm, "if you say another word, I'll send you to bed without supper, tea-party, or anything."

(To be Continued.)

\*\*\*

## DE LEVIS DEFEATED BY MURRAY AT ST. FOY.

BY MAX AITKEN, NEWCASTLE, N.S.

In the month of September, 1759, the famous battle between the British and the French was fought on the Plains of Abraham. Victory declared for the British, Wolfe and Montcalm, the brave Generals, both fell on the field of battle. Quebec surrendered, and the British entered and took possession. The supreme command of the British troops fell into the hands of Brigadier

Murray. But he had a difficult task before him. The severe Canadian winter was just at hand. The city had been so battered with cannon, that it was little better than a wreck. The French were not likely to accept defeat without trying to regain their lost honours. De Levis was at Montreal, with a large force under his command. Rumours were afloat that he was gathering troops and drilling them, with the view of re-taking Quebec.

In this way the British were kept through the long, stern winter, in a constant state of alarm. They did what they could to repair the broken-down walls and strengthen their position. Officers and men alike worked. War parties of French appeared at intervals in the neighbourhood, and frequent skirmishes took place. The winter was a very cold one, and the British troops, ill-clad, ill-fed, and over-worked, suffered severely from disease and death. Signs of spring began to appear, and on the 26th April, 1760, De Levis had led twelve thousand troops to Old Lorette, some miles west of Quebec.

Murray was entirely ignorant of this movement. But it was revealed by a sergeant of the French army who had been rescued from a floating cake of ice in the lower harbour on the morning of the 27th. It was Sunday morning. Murray at once marched out of Quebec to meet the foe, with all his force, numbering about three thousand. Some had even left the hospital, eager to join in the battle. They dragged with them two howitzers and twenty field-pieces. They halted near the place where Wolfe had fought his famous battle, and saw the French battalions drawn up in line of battle at St. Foy. Murray at once opened fire upon them with all his cannon. The French troops were ordered to retire to the shelter of Sillery wood. Murray, mistaking this movement for a retreat, pressed forward and gave them battle.

The fighting lasted about two hours, and brave deeds were done on both sides. But Murray had erred in leaving his favourable position. His troops were greatly out-numbered, and were in danger of being surrounded. He saw his danger, and gave the word of command to fall back. His order was obeyed, and the troops fell back with no good will, but still with order, upon Quebec. In this battle the British lost about one thousand, and the French about eight hundred men. De Levis laid siege to Quebec with a large force. A dreary time followed for the besieged, but it did not last long. British ships soon appeared in the river, and sailed up and destroyed the French vessels. Upon this De Levis lost heart, and fled in haste to Montreal, leaving behind him his guns, ammunition, and baggage. The victory was gained. The end was near. On the 8th of September, 1760, articles were drawn up and signed at Montreal, and Canada became a British possession.

— ♦♦ —

The Editor of THE YOUNG CANADIAN makes no apology for inserting this column from Dr. Barnardo's little paper, "Night and Day." If it induces some tender heart to open for the reception of one of these "Somebody's Bairns" to our bright and hospitable country, or tends to make a grumbling heart more thankful than repining, the Editor's object will be served.

#### SOMEBODY'S BAIRNS.

—  
SAVED IN TIME!  
—

"Whoso shall receive one such Little Child  
in My Name receiveth ME."

[\* \* The following is a list of only a few of the most urgent cases admitted quite recently. Will some of our readers select one of these cases for personal adoption, paying the money for at least one year's maintenance? £16 per annum is required to support a boy or girl in one of the Homes. A photograph and fuller history of the child selected will be sent to any one promising or giving this sum.]

—  
WILLIE B. W., aged 6. An orphan, with no known relatives. The mother died of consumption in 1887; the father, a stevedore's labourer, from an internal complaint, in June, 1888. Two poor neighbours, one of them the wife of a working man, and the other eking out a precarious livelihood by shirt-making, kept the boy alternately, out of pure charity, until it became impossible for them to render any further help.

\* \* \* \* \*

DOLLY G. W., aged 10. "I love everyone but my mother. Does your mother drink, and throw glasses at you?" These words were spoken by the child to an acquaintance. Mother, who has no home of her own, has sunk to the lowest depths of degradation, and has lost all sense of decency. Nothing known of father. No relative who could receive girl. Application to other Homes unsuccessful. An obedient, amiable child.

\* \* \* \* \*

ALFRED and HECTOR M., aged 9 and 7 respectively. In a squalid room, in one of the poorest parts of London, these orphan boys were living with their uncle, a blind street musician. Nothing known of father. Mother died from dropsy in September, 1890. The uncle pawned his concertina for £2 to pay his sister's funeral expenses, and at present is forced to use a tin whistle in his daily street round. Sometimes earns literally nothing. Is a sober and respectable man, and has done his best to keep the children from starvation.

\* \* \* \* \*

BERTIE O., aged 12, and FRED A. O., aged 10. These fatherless boys are rendered homeless by peculiarly sad circumstances. The worthless mother, five years ago, deserted her husband and family. The father battled, in the face of ill-health and long months of enforced idleness, to keep the home together; but for months before the date of children's admission had been slowly dying. The furniture was sold for food. Oftentimes there was no bread in the house. The father died in an hospital a few days after the boys had been received.

\* \* \* \* \*

EDWARD P., aged 4. A bright and engaging little fellow, of whose father nothing is known. The mother is leading a degraded life in a disreputable house in one of the most squalid districts in East London; yet she came to the office and begged us to save her child from the career which was before him.

\* \* \* \* \*

SARAH M. This wild little street arab of 10 years has had no other surroundings than those of degradation and squalor ever since she was born. Has been selling flowers and baked chestnuts in the thoroughfares of London. She is fatherless, and her mother, a depraved and drunken woman, sends the child on the streets. Sarah has been shamefully neglected.

\* \* \* \* \*

WALTER S., aged 5. The father, a common lodging-house deputy in East London, died in June, 1889. The mother, after a determined attempt to keep her home together, fell ill of consumption, and has been forced to enter an hospital. Her case is considered to be hopeless. No home for this child.



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

In Wyclif's days there were no printing presses. All books had to be written by hand, and every copy of a book was made in the same way. Notwithstanding this great labour connected with it, there must have been an enormous number of Wyclif's Bible copied out, for, in spite of time, of wear and tear, of the furious burning of the Sacred Volume which took place, as many as one hundred and seventy are still extant.

Once the English people had tasted the delight of reading the Word of God in their own language, they had a desire for a translation which was better. Perhaps if Wyclif had lived, he would have prepared a better one himself. John Purvey, another eminent scholar, set about improving Wyclif's, and published the result in 1388.

Both Catholic and Protestant Churches honour the Bible. They both acknowledge it as divine, and both believe that in it they find the foundation of their religion. The chief difference lies in the attitude of the respective Churches towards it. The Protestant Church believes in the Bible *alone*; the Catholic Church believes in it *partly*, but insist that special revelations have been made many times since. New additions are thus made to the Catholic faith, and these additions are considered to be as divinely inspired as the Bible itself. The Catholic Church may hold a Council of great men who shall make fresh laws for religion. His Holiness the Pope may at any time he chooses do the same, and these fresh duties to God and man are regarded by all faithful members of the Church as binding upon them quite as much as the Bible itself.

It is easy to see, therefore, that, so soon as men read the Bible for themselves and in their own language, a great many of them began to doubt these new revelations, and to distrust them, and this in course of time caused the people to be divided into two great classes—those who believed that the Pope had a right to add to the laws of the Bible and to alter them, and those who refused to believe that. The two divisions grew more and more firm in their different beliefs, until a terrible conflict arose between them. This was the origin of what is called the Reformation in England. The Pope and his Councils of great men held on to their own ideas, and insisted upon the people doing as they were told to do, and believing as they were told to believe. On the other hand the people were determined more and more to hold on to *their* ideas, and a long and fierce struggle was the result.

Laws were made that no man should read the Bible—this book which taught man that God was supreme. It was of no use. Heavy punishments were inflicted. That was of no use. The Bible which Wyclif had taken so long to translate, and which men loved so much that they copied it out in hundreds and perhaps in thousands, was ordered to be gathered into piles and burned up.

All that was of no use. There is something in the Bible which is not in anything else. When a man once reads it, knows it, loves it; when he once tries to live its rules in his life, a craving is born in his heart which nothing on earth can satisfy. Everywhere men clamoured for the Bible, and everywhere it was prohibited. Everywhere it was prohibited, and everywhere men clamoured for it. The more men sought it, the more it was forbidden. The more it was forbidden, the more men sought it. In spite of the laws against it; in spite of the penalties for reading it; in spite of the huge bonfires which blazed in the public squares when the Holy Book crackled and charred by order; and in spite of the Te Deums of praise which were chanted in honour of the event, many copies were secretly preserved, prized, and revered all the more, and destined to live through all these centuries of years, a witness to man's love of goodness, and, at the same time, a witness to man's hatred of goodness.

This story is much prettier in the verses I read by an old Canadian girl. It is such a pleasure to read the curious stories that some flowers have about them.

There is that funny one about the boys' race. One was named Dandy Hepatica and the other Windy Anemone. Two little chaps ran a race every Spring to see which would get out of the dark, and get the prize of the sun's first ray. They train for a long time, and then Madame How gives the word—“Are you ready?—go!” All the other flowers stand aside cheering and laughing at the way they both “scratch gravel.” As they rush past one of those cunning fellows, Jim Polygala, with a red shirt, shouts to Anemone, who is a length ahead—“Pull off your coat, boy,” which he does. Dandy heard it too. Off goes his bran new brilliant racing jacket, and on they go full belt head and head. They are near the home-stretch, when Anemone thinks he better pull off his shirt too; but it dangles behind him and gets torn in the hurry. No time to lose. Dandy follows suit and tries to do it, but it sticks to its place. On they go, up the home-stretch. Anemone bursts into view, his tattered shirt flying behind and very pale in the face, but beats Dandy by a neck, who is choking and purple in the face with his shirt tight round his neck.

Great cheering and laughter among the sunbeams in the Grand Stand as both fellows rush by without their pretty coats. But kind old Madame How says laughingly to them—“Well done, boys! What! lost your coats? O! that is too bad! Well, I will just paint up your overcoats, and they will do as well: but, Dandy, you must keep your green shirt right round your neck. I won't touch it, and your overcoat I will paint purple. You dear little tattered Windy, you shall also keep your green shirt around your waist, but I shall paint your overcoat white.”

So that is how these two cousins have no petals. Their sepals are their overcoats, painted by good Madame How to make amends. The shirt around Dandy's neck, that makes him purple in his face, is its involucre, and the ragged shirt of Windy, away down at his waist, is his cut up compound leaf-like involucre.

So you see how good is Madame How to all her children who have energy to push ahead in the race of life, and how she will make good any damage they may do to themselves while they strive earnestly to be the first in something.

## The Young Canadian

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

### ITS AIM

Is to foster a national pride in Canadian progress, history, manufactures, science, literature, art, and politics; to draw the young people of the Provinces closer together, and to inspire them with a sense of the sacred and responsible duties they owe to their native country.

### ITS FEATURES

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

### THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

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

### A LIMITED SPACE

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

Address,

THE YOUNG CANADIAN CO.,

BOX 1896.

MONTREAL.

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

### OUR LETTERS ACROSS THE OCEAN.

Since writing last week, a most important decision has been made, and my young readers will be pleased to know of it. All danger of our not having a means of sending our letters to Europe in our own ships has been removed. The two great Steamship Lines, who have carried the mails across for the last few years, have agreed to do so still, and were only prevented from continuing their contract by a misunderstanding of the offer of the Government. It is all right now. Everything will go on as before.

### OUR SECRET.

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

### MY SEED PACKETS.

I sent out quite a lot of little seed packages to my dear little gardeners last week. I hope they have arrived. It is time now to sow them, but too soon, my florist tells me, to set out plants yet. The evenings are still too chilly. Nothing is gained by putting them out too early. Indeed, much is lost. The tiny things need all the help they can have in their "sitting." A raw, cool evening or two will be sure to stunt them for life.

### NOT FOR OURSELVES, BUT FOR OTHERS.

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

### HERE IS THE GOLD WATCH.

It looks a beauty. Does it not? It is for the young Canadian who sends me the largest number of subscribers on the First of July—Dominion Day.

Not a day is to be lost. Make up your mind about the number you will secure every day, and do not let the sun go down till you have got them. Every week send



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

### SAVING IS EARNING.

Mr. Quarrier, whom we all know in connection with his "boys," was one day asked to call at a certain address in Edinburgh. On going there, he found an old woman of seventy, living all by herself in one apartment. The room was clean and comfortable, but plain and inexpensive. The old lady had had a long and busy life. But her wants had been few, and she had always had something left over after supplying them. She said to Mr. Quarrier that she had long had an interest in his work among the little "nobody's" darlings of the streets, and had decided to give him her savings to help in his good work. She then handed him cheques for over three thousand dollars. Her profession was that of a washerwoman.

### LIKED EGGS, AND WAS PATIENT.

Lord Granville, a distinguished English nobleman, who has just died, had a weakness for eggs—or rather for a certain kind of egg. He scorned the idea of eating one whose pedigree he could not trace, and while in London had always the eggs of his favourite poultry sent up from his country seat. Two eggs were sent to him every morning, in special boxes, and the railway porters, to whom the Earl was always most courteous, had a particular pleasure in taking care of His Grace's eggs and egg-boxes. His Grace had been a martyr to gout for forty years, and still was famous for his amiability of manners.

### A NEW CURE.

In the Ontario Agricultural College, the smoking-room was abolished in order to secure certain hall accommodation that was desired. Another room was provided for the purpose, with the new regulation that it should be open only three times a day, for three-quarters of an hour after the three chief meals. At each of these times it was under the direct control of an officer of the College. None but smokers are admitted. Since this new arrangement there have been but three smokers in the College.



### SOME NICE ROLLS; OR A VISIT TO THE COOK'S FRIEND.

"Just look out for your coat, please, Industria; we are very busy, and have not much time for dusting."

"Don't mind that. I have long had a curiosity to see where our ocean-to-ocean Cook's Friend came from. I guess I can stand some dust."

"We'll take the top flat first. The top of the tree is the foot of the ladder here, you see, and our processes creep down until we come to the tempting piles of packages there."

"Makes me hungry to look at them, and touches us Canadians, young and old, in a most comfortable fashion. First time I saw the Cook's Friend was on my first fishing and camping expedition. We had, ten of us, with a small yacht, and a couple of canoes, gone off for two weeks—a fortnight's free and glorious life on our lakes.

Dick Brown, you know him, was one of us. He was in the 'blues'—indigestion, he said; the kind of mood a fellow gets into when he shakes his head at everything. Shakes it for downright contrariness, and grumbles for the pure love of grumbling."

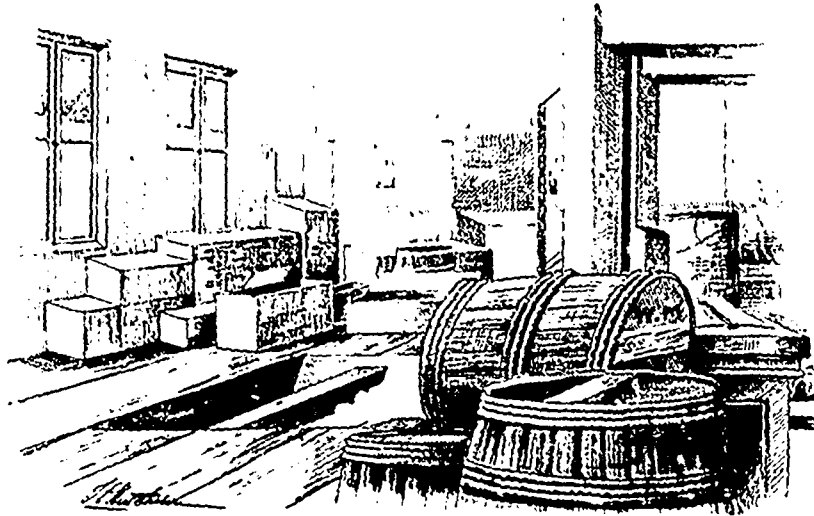
The manager smiled. He knew Dick, and had struck him once in a while in one of his "moods."

"Well," I continued, "Dick was grumpy. We chafed him. No use. We 'bounced' him. Still worse. We threw him out of the tent. He got mad. We tossed him into the water—no, not too deep. He declared he'd go home. Holidays were no go for Dick. --- Oh, that is the material, is it, in these huge casks? Where does it come from?"

"Wherever we can get it best. Sometimes from Eng-



WITHOUT A SOLITARY ONE BUDGING.



PILING UP FILES OF PACKAGES.

land. Generally from France. We feed it down from this floor, and as it goes down it passes through winding galleries to dry. It must be very dry, and very fine. It goes through 'crackers' to break up the powder, and the moisture is carried off into these flues there and sent in the chimney. It is sifted, and ground, and sifted again, before we weigh it out in the correct proportions. Then it has to be mixed, very carefully mixed, and we give it once more a final sift before we send it into the packing room. The great point is to have the powder well-mixed, very dry, and very fine. The ingredients do the rest."

"The Cream of Tartar is got from the juice of grapes, tamarinds, pine-apples, and unripe mountain ash berries, but we depend entirely upon our supply from the grape, as it is the only fruit which yields it in quantities suitable for commerce. It is produced by fermentation of the fruit juice, and, going through several intricate processes, is left in the crystals that we use so much in medicine and in cooling drinks."

"Soda is one of the most important chemicals we possess. It was formerly procured from a sea-weed called Kelp, but is now manufactured chiefly from common salt. The genius who discovered this for us, like so many other men who have made the world what it is, ended his days in poverty and in sickness. The first works of consequence for extracting it were at Newcastle, and they are now the most famous in the world. In the earlier processes much of the chemical escaped, and made itself felt in the neighbourhood as a nuisance. Tall chimneys were built to carry the effluvia off, as it was offensive, and killed vegetation. Eventually the mills were forced out of the town, but the improvements in the preparation of the product have been such that this large wastry is prevented, and the manufacture is now carried on without the least annoyance."

"The proper admixture of these ingredients is a convenience which the science of the nineteenth century has placed at the disposal of the cook. In ancient times 'leaven' was the only thing used for baking bread. By and by yeast was introduced. This, however, requires several hours, and certain temperatures, to be successful. Mr. McLaren steps in and gives us a thoroughly wholesome and pure substitute which stands all weathers, is not influenced by temperature, and does its work in a few minutes a veritable and invaluable friend to the cook and the household. By its use we can dispense very much with eggs in baking, and its qualities are

calculated to aid digestion and stimulate the appetite. Its promptness, reliability, and handiness have made it a necessary in the kits of our camping, tourist, and exploring parties, and from Halifax to Vancouver you will see it in every shop window, and find the results on every table."

In the packing-room, girls were weighing large and small packages. Others were filling them up, closing them, pasting them, covering them, and piling them on long trays. From the trays smart girls carried them in rows of six or eight without a solitary one budging, and shipped them into their places in the boxes. Then the carpenter came along with his hammer and nails, and the horses were waiting outside.

"And what of your friend, Dick?"

"Oh, to be sure. Dick? Ha, ha! He did not go home, at least not just then. Our bread ran out, as it has a little way of doing in camp, and we took to making nice rolls and small loaves with Cook's Friend. In a day Dick was supportable. The next he was friendly. Then he became boisterous, sent for his banjo, and - you never knew a finer fellow. He was the life of the camp. In two months he was head of his department in Messrs. Smiles, Lighthouse & Co.'s."

## INDUSTRIA.



CLOSING UP THE BOXES.

ANIMALS AND MUSIC.

In menageries, some curious things have been noticed about the effect of music on the animals. When the band is off in its rounds through the town, the beasts, even the wild ones, are moping and stupid. So soon as the music comes again within their ears, they get up and exercise themselves under its inspiring influence. The birds begin to reply to the sweet accents, and even the snakes uncoil themselves, and look up to see what the fuss is about.

Cats are not fond of music, but they can be made to like it. Somebody's pet cat disliked music when she was young and frisky, but grew to like it so much in her old age that, so soon as tea was over, she led the way to the piano, sat down, and composed herself to listen. When the performer left the instrument, puss thought it was her turn, and jumped up on to the keys and pawed out a new tune of her own. If by chance she went down to the bass notes, she was very much frightened. But the high notes she delighted in, and wandered over the keys improvising a march, no doubt.

Here is a story of a musical cow: On the boating trip of seven or eight amateur musicians, one of them noticed a specially musical cow. This creature, a small cream-coloured Alderney, along with a dozen others, fed

in a meadow which sloped down to the river's brink. Whenever we turned the bend of the river, with our voices in tune as our oars kept time, and the meadow came in sight, there we were sure to see the white cow, standing up to the shoulders in the water, whither she had advanced to meet us, her neck stretched out, and her dripping nose turned towards the boat. As we skirted the meadow she kept pace with us on the bank, testifying her delight by antics of which no cow in her senses would have been thought capable. She would leap, skip, roll on her back, rear on her hind legs, then hurl them



THE HORSES ARE WAITING OUTSIDE.



FROM HALIFAX TO VANCOUVER.



aloft in the air, like a kicking horse, now rushing into the water to look at us nearer, now frisking off like a kitten at play. After these mad gambols she always returned to her calf, first saluting us with a long plaintive kind of bellow, by way of farewell. The idea of providing the workingman of London with music during his hasty mid-day dinner has been tried. A regular series of experimental concerts have been held, with an attendance of twelve thousand men. One penny is the admission, and the more classical the music the more the men listen. One of Schumann's most difficult pieces was listened to with great respect, and loudly applauded.

#### ABOUT THE QUEEN.

Referring to the reports of the Queen's departure for the Continent, describing how, when her Majesty embarked, she leaned on the arm of an Indian attendant, while the Duke of Connaught walked behind, a London correspondent writes:—Her Majesty, who is faithful in her likes as she is pronounced in her aversions, has put the Indian in the place occupied by the famous John Brown, who for many years watched over his Sovereign's safety with a zeal that was religious in its utter devotedness. The Indian successor to John Brown began to take rank about the time of the Jubilee. He is a splendid fellow. Stalwart but supple, gifted with the courtly dignity that comes natural alike to the well-bred Hindoo or Mahomedan, he has also the gentleness of a woman and the reverence of a child. To him the Sovereign is more than Queen of Great Britain. She is also Empress of nearly 300 millions of his fellow-subjects in India. Anyhow, his qualities have commended him to Her Majesty as a suitable personal attendant. Hence he now rides at the back of the Queen's carriage, he leads her pony, he is ever by her side ready to fetch or carry, and, greatest honour of all, he is permitted to lend his arm to support his Royal Mistress's steps when she is weary, or the way is difficult, or the injured knee is troublesome. Hence, also, he has been detailed to accompany Her Majesty on the foreign holiday with her other favourite belongings, such as the stout, sleek donkey and the Queen's bed: for, as you may know, Her Majesty has a fancy to lie on one bed only, and wherever she goes her bed is taken with her. Her Majesty's favourite exercise is in her donkey chaise.

#### A FIGHT BETWEEN BEARS AND AN ENGINE.

While crossing "Rattlesnake Trestle," near Lakeland, Florida, the other day, two large bears were overtaken by a train. The bridge was too high to jump from, and, finding escape impossible, the bears turned, stood upright, and faced the train with fore-paws up in prize-fighter style. The engine dashed one of them off the trestle, but the other was thrown up into the air by the cow-catcher, and in his fall clutched the brass rods in front of the locomotive. Desperate with pain, he growled savagely and scrambled along towards the "cab," where the stoker's face was visible. The stoker had just been raking the fire, and made a plunge at his ferocious assailant with the great red-hot poker. With a terrific howl the poor beast tried to spring upon the stoker, but lost his footing and fell almost under the wheels. He lost part of a hind leg, but in spite of all his wounds he picked himself up after rolling down the embankment (by this time the train was off the trestle), and bounded off into the woods. The blood-stained engine was visited by appreciative crowds as soon as it reached the next town.

#### SOMETHING NEW.

A new idea for the entertainment of guests at parties in London is a performing flock of doves. One rode on a miniature bicycle, and amazed his admirers by walking on a tight-rope. Another played ball. A third worked a windmill. Some played see-saw. The whole flock, dressed in best bib and tucker, sat down to afternoon tea. When more tea was wanted, the doves said "coo-coo-coo," and they enjoyed the meal so much that they spun it out for ten minutes. Finally, they took off their bibs, and put on dainty little silk hoods, and were driven off in an open carriage. It took four years to teach the dear little creatures, who have to rehearse every day. If they got one week's holiday, everything would go out of their minds, if they have any.

#### ABOUT A PIN.

A little boy, aged seven, was playing with a pin. Another boy was wanting to have it, but to prevent his getting it, his little playmate put the pin in his mouth. In running around and laughing at his happy thought, the pin was drawn into his larynx. A good deal of smart pain was the consequence, which, however, soon went away. But the pin had come to stay. For twenty-four long years it staid there. The boy had grown into a man, and then the pin began its revenge. The man grew very sick. The doctors were puzzled. He coughed, and coughed, and coughed. Nothing would stop it. One day, in a fit of coughing, the man coughed up something hard, which was discovered to be—the long-swallowed pin! The man soon got well. But I should not advise our young Canadians to trifle with pins, for all that. There are some things that always "will out," but pins are not always amongst the number.

\*\*\*

#### OUR OWN GOOD QUEEN AS A LITTLE GIRL.

BY MARY BERNIS.

**W**HEN, some seventy years ago, the Duke of Kent held his baby daughter in his arms, and said to the bystanders, "Look at her well! she will yet be Queen of England," they probably were as little moved by it as the tiny baby herself. But the father had spoken truly, as the years were to show, though other people realized this much sooner than the little Alexandrina Victoria. The life she led till she was twelve years old was much like the life of any other child. She wore plain cotton frocks, ate her suppers of bread and milk and fruit, and studied her lessons as any of you used to do. Walks and drives were her chief delights, and she was the happy owner of a donkey, decked out with blue ribbons, on which she used to ride in the park. This royal maiden sometimes longed for other children to play with. One day a little musician, called "Lyra," came to play to her. Victoria's mother left them alone, and when she came back the two children were happy over their dolls, and music and royal dignity were alike forgotten.

But the life of the little Princess was not all play. There were lessons to be learned, and these were some-

times trials, indeed. Botany, however, was a delight, for she loved flowers almost as much as she loved her teacher, her uncle Leopold. Every day, too, besides the lessons, a chapter of the Bible was read to her, and on Sundays she could never go to sleep in church, but must listen very carefully to the sermon, and remember the text and the chief points to tell her governess. So this quiet, happy, healthy childhood went on, and she knew little of the Court life till she had her first taste of it in the shape of a children's ball given by the King, in honour of the child-queen of Portugal, Donna Maria. Donna Maria was a handsome child, grandly dressed, but not nearly as graceful and attractive as the little English Princess. Not long after this, Victoria went to her first drawing-room, where she stood by Queen Adelaide and watched the people eagerly, little knowing with how much greater interest they were gazing at her. But the Princess' wise mother did not think it was good for her little daughter to have too much gaiety, for fear of turning her head. So instead, she took her own delightful excursions, sometimes in the Royal yacht to the Isle of Wight, or sometimes through quaint old English villages. And all the time Victoria was becoming wiser and older. She studied many things which most girls at that time were not expected to learn, such as History, Latin, and the British Constitution, but modern languages and painting were not overlooked, and the little Princess sang very sweetly. Dancing and riding were her delights, and she was very skilful with her bow.

In spite of Victoria's sweet disposition and pleasing manners, she had a will of her own. One day, when she was tired of practising, her music-teacher said to her—"There's no royal road in art; only by much practice can you become mistress of the piano." Quick as thought the girl locked the instrument, put the key in her pocket, and exclaimed—"Now you see there is a royal way of becoming 'mistress of the piano.'"

Up to this time Victoria did not know the great future which was waiting for her. She must have felt that she was in some way different from other children, for in their play they always waited for her to suggest the games, and never objected to anything she proposed. She must have noticed, too, how people stared at her, but perhaps she thought all this was because she was a "Royal Highness," or that it was meant for her companions rather than for herself. At last the time came, when she was about twelve, that her friends thought it wise to tell her the truth. So her teacher put a genealogical table into a history she was reading, and when the Princess found it she exclaimed—"Why, I never saw that before."

"It was not thought necessary you should see it," replied the governess.

The Princess looked at the paper, and then said, thoughtfully—"I am nearer the throne than I supposed." After a minute she added—"It is a great responsibility. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn, even Latin. I will be good." This great news did not make Victoria at all proud and boastful, but only a little more thoughtful.

Even when the Princess was seventeen years old she was still under her mother's dictation. At a great ball given in her honour by the Mayor of Burghley, she was allowed to stay only to open the ball with Lord Exeter, and after that one dance, sent to bed, to rest for the next day.

In 1836 Victoria first met her cousin Albert, who spent three weeks at Kensington with her mother and herself. There the young people rode, walked, and chatted together, and then, perhaps, began the love that was to make both their lives so bright.

On May 24th, 1837, the Princess Victoria came of age,

and the day was celebrated as a holiday all over England, with serenades, speeches, and a great State ball in honour of England's future Queen, now nearer the throne than any one thought. Early on the morning of June 2nd there was a great clamour at the gates of Kensington Palace, and after much delay the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain were admitted, and demanded to speak to the Princess "on very important business." They were told that "the Princess was in such a sweet sleep she could not be disturbed." Then the Archbishop exclaimed—"We are come on business of State to the Queen, and even her sleep must give way." This time there was no remonstrance, and a moment later Victoria, in night-gown and shawl, her brown hair tumbling over her shoulders, appeared in the doorway, to hear herself for the first time called the Queen of England. How modest and dignified she was in this very trying situation! Her first words as Queen were—"I beg your Grace to pray for me;" and her first act was to write a letter of sympathy to her aunt, Queen Adelaide, which you have all probably heard.

With this early morning summons her childhood ended, and her womanhood began—that womanhood which has shown to the English people the meaning of good government, and to the world what true Queenliness is.

This unworthy testimony, by a faithful admirer, is laid at the feet of Her Majesty by one who has the honour of celebrating her own birthday on the now august and historic 24th of May.



#### OUR OWN WRITERS.

LONDON, ONT., May 15, 1891.

DEAR POST BAG,—I think you are quite right in your remarks concerning native writers. I have noticed that when a writer, or in fact any one, wishes to perfect himself above the usual mark, it is not the Canadian public who give him support and help, but the other side of the line. I know three personal friends who are totally lost to Canada in this way.

The YOUNG CANADIAN is therefore a step in the direction of checking this continual loss, by supplying a home market, and a good one too, for our own writers and artists.

Wishing you all success.

J. T. D.

MY DEAR SIR,—I think I may in all fairness appeal to our three months' career to prove that our CANADIAN writers and artists have been but waiting for an outlet in their own country. The surprise expressed in reply to our cheques have a sad side as well as a pleasing one to us.

POST BAG.

#### A NICE LETTER.

NANAIMO, B. C.

DEAR POST BAG,—You are so kind to children, and don't seem to get tired answering all the letters they write you, so I thought I would tell you about myself. I love flowers very much; I always help my mother attend to her plants. We have some pretty geraniums in a bay window, and I have a vegetable garden which I made myself. I can't find as many wild-flowers up here as my

cousins get in Victoria. We used to live there. Colin, my brother, says he is going to ask you whether you want the flowers or the plants. I am nine years old. Colin is eleven. I have a sister eight years old; just us three.

Your little friend,

BENJAMIN MCKENZIE.

MY DEAR BENJAMIN,—Such a nice little letter you have written to me. Many thanks for it. I was so pleased to get it, and to know about Colin and your little sister. What a happy home you must have, "you three." I love to think of you helping your mother with her garden, so I sent you a package of seeds. I hope they arrived all in good time. Please let me know how they turn out. Suppose you plant them like this B. M. Y. C., which means Benjamin McKenzie YOUNG CANADIAN. If they grow up in that shape, won't it be lovely if I come to see you. You will then take me out to see it. I shall be so proud to have my name along side of yours. Please tell me about your vegetables too, what kinds you have, and what grows best. What kind do you like best yourself? I like pease, and corn, and cauliflower. These are my favourites, but there are others that I like too. We shall have a nice feast when I come to see you, out on the verandah, if your mother will allow us, or down by the river. Have you a river near you?

Your sincere friend,

POST BAG.

FROM OUR APRIL PRIZE MAN.

The Rectory,

FREDERICTON, N. B., May 1st, 1891.

DEAR EDITOR,—Thank you for the beautiful penknife, which I received safely.

I think the YOUNG CANADIAN is fine; and it is very nice to have a magazine of our own.

With best wishes for its success, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

G. EDWARD R. MACDONALD.

ST. GEORGE AND MERRIE ENGLAND.

Editor Young Canadian:

SIR,—May I, without seeming to impugn the accuracy of the legend of St. George as contained in your number of 29th April, be permitted to inform the readers of the YOUNG CANADIAN that there is another story of St. George, and one much more agreeable to those who love and honour the "flag which has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze" than the unpleasant narrative of the career of "St. George of Cappadocia." There are in fact two legends and two heroes, both bearing the Greek name of George. The patron saint of merrie England whose red cross on a white ground forms the British Naval Ensign, and is the principal member of the Union Jack, is "St. George the martyr," the reputed slayer of the Dragon, of whom it is said that he was the son of noble Christian parents, and an officer of high rank in the Roman Army, and that he suffered martyrdom in the persecution of Christians under the Emperor Diocletian about A. D. 303. Although the Dragon story may be dismissed as mythical the rest of the legend of St. George the martyr is at least probable.

Yours,

SNAPDRAGON.

MY DEAR SNAPDRAGON,—I am most pleased to receive your letter about our St. George, and my young readers will feel much obliged for this other version. St. George is not so familiar to us as he ought to be. We should know a great deal more about the names and memories we honour. It would inspire us to follow their good example.

Yours much obliged,

POST BAG.

FROM A VERY GOOD FRIEND.

NEW CASTLE, N. B.

DEAR POST BAG,—I received and read your kind letter and confidential paper with great pleasure on Tuesday morning. I am very willing to get you all the subscriptions I can. I do not think I can get many, but a boy can only do his best. I am not trying for money, only for I think your paper should be in every Canadian home. I still want Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5 and 6 of the YOUNG

CANADIAN to complete the volume. Would you kindly send them on to me as I wish to get them bound at the end of the year. I have No. 4 which was sent as a sample copy. We have started a club here and called it "The Young Canadian Club" after the title of your paper. We have three objects in view. 1. The study of Literature. 2. The study of Wild-flowers. 3. The study of Shorthand. If our club succeeds, as I hope it may, I will likely get some subscriptions. I like the YOUNG CANADIAN very much and long for its coming every week.

Yours truly,

MAX AITKEN.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND,—Your dear nice letter has given me great pleasure indeed. I love to think that our own Canada has a good number of boys like yourself, and it is delightful for me in my work that I am going to have them for friends. I should think more of that than of being the Governor-General. About back numbers 1, 2, 3, 5, and 6, I am doing my best to get them. There has been a great demand for them, and it is rather difficult now to get so many. But you may be sure I shall do my very best, so that you may complete your volume.

I am delighted about your YOUNG CANADIAN Club, and I hope you will have a very nice time. Our Wild Flower Department will help you in your wild flowers; the Shorthand, which is to begin in a week or two, will help you in another; and in the Literature, do not forget our old friend "Pater" who has charge of the Reading Clubs, if you want to know anything about your books. He has asked me to send you, all for yourself, our YOUNG CANADIAN Reading Club Badge, which I now do. He says you deserve it for getting up the club. Don't you think it is pretty. The other members may have them for seventy-five cents. Here is the picture of it.



A bookseller has just written to me that he has sent me 1, 2, 3, and 6. I will send them to you, so that is only No. 5, which you want.

Your sincere friend,

POST BAG.

FROM A YOUNG CANADIAN IN HARVARD.

Harvard University,

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

DEAR POST BAG,—I jot down a few facts that may be of use to you, and of interest to your readers. Our Canadian Club in Harvard numbers thirty members, all connected with the University. Mr. Taylor, N. B., is our President; Mr. Willmott, Ont., is Vice-President; Dr. Raud, U. S. is Sec-Treasurer. Prof. McVane, (History); Asst. Prof. de Sumichrast, (French); Mr. Ganong, (Botany); Mr. Chamberlain, (Asst. Secretary); Mr. Willmott, (Asst. in Mineralogy), have official connection. Other members are students in arts, divinity, graduate school, law school, or medical department. Most are graduates of Canadian Colleges. Dalhousie, Acadia, Prince of Wales, Mt. Allison, New Brunswick, McGill and Victoria are represented. Almost all are intensely interested in Canadian affairs and anxious to return if suitable positions can be got. The lawyers and doctors will likely return—the teachers remain.

As for myself I am pursuing advanced work in mineralogy under Prof. Cooke, hoping some time to be called to a chair of chemistry and mineral in my native province—Ontario.

Very sincerely,

A. B. WILLMOTT.

P. S.—I shall be very pleased to identify mineral species for any of your readers providing only that return postage is forwarded with the specimen.

A. B. W.

THE NEW HAT STORE - MILLS - THE HATTER AND FURRIER.  
 2397 ST. CATHERINE STREET, (3 Doors West of Peel), MONTREAL.

# UNION ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

A. L. 1714,  
OF LONDON G. B.

Total Funds exceed \$11,000,000.

## FIRE INSURANCE.

Canadian Branch Office:

65 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, - MONTREAL.

T. L. MORRISEY, Resident Manager.

Fortify Yourself Against Cold and Sickness

BY THE LIBERAL USE OF

## JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF.

It is the Judicious Blending of the Stimulating and Tonic Effects of Matured Beef, with the Entire Nutritive Constituents of Beef, viz:—PEPTONE, ALBUMEN and FIBRINE, all in a highly concentrated and easily assimilated condition, and forming a PERFECT FOOD for BLOOD, BRAIN, BONE and MUSCLE.

### CHAS. ALEXANDER.



PURE CONFECTIONERY.

LUNCHEON AND COFFEE ROOM.

Candies and Bon-Bons, own manufacture. Wedding Cakes a specialty.

219 St. James Street, - - MONTREAL.

TRY ALEXANDER'S COUGH DROPS.

- - WELL RECOMMENDED - -

### ROYAL CANADIAN PERFUMES.



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

The only Canadian Perfumes on the English Market.

London Depot:

No. 1 LUDGATE SQUARE.

A HANDSOME CARD and descriptive circulars of the whole line, *post free*, on application to  
**LYMAN, SONS & CO., - MONTREAL.**

The "Skrei" Cod Liver Oil, pure, pale, and almost tasteless. No other Oil to compare with it.

Kenneth Campbell & Co.

PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE CHILDREN

ARLESS & CO., 261 St. James St.

### GLASGOW DRUG HALL,

1780 NOTRE DAME STREET,  
MONTREAL.

HOMEOPATHY.—A full stock of Genuine Medicines and Books; also Humphrey's Specifics, all numbers.

SHEET WAX, and all materials for making Wax Flowers. A large assortment always on hand. Country orders promptly filled.

J. A. HARTE DRUGGIST.

TELEPHONES { BELL 1190.  
FEDERAL 554.

### JOHN FAIR,

Notary.

Temple Building, - - Montreal.

### RIDDELL & COMMON,

Chartered Accountants,

22 St. John Street, - - Montreal.

### CHARLES HOLLAND,

Real Estate Agent,

249 St. James Street, - - Montreal.

## JOSEPH LUTTRELL & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

(BY TRADE MARK)

Biscuits and Confectionery,

678 TO 684

ALBERT STREET.

ST. CUNEGONDE, MONTREAL.

### MARTIN'S PHOTO STUDIO,

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

### WALTER I. JOSEPH,

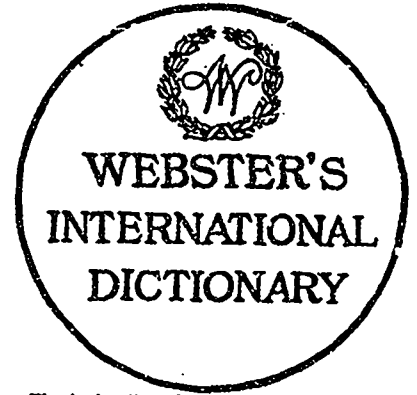
80 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET.

MANAGER

UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COY,  
MONTREAL.

## THE NEW WEBSTER

JUST PUBLISHED—ENTIRELY NEW.



The Authentic "Unabridged," comprising the issues of 1864, '79 and '84, copyrighted property of the undersigned, is now thoroughly Revised and Enlarged, and bears the name of Webster's International Dictionary.

Editorial work upon this revision has been in progress for over 10 Years.

Not less than One Hundred paid editorial laborers have been engaged upon it.

Over \$300,000 expended in its preparation before the first copy was printed.

Critical comparison with any other Dictionary is invited. GET THE BEST.

G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Publishers,  
Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

Sold by all Booksellers. Illustrated pamphlet free.

ORDER THE NEW

## WEBSTER DICTIONARY

DIRECT FROM

F. E. CRAFTON & SONS,

BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS, MONTREAL.

All Editions. Send for Circulars.

## CASTOR-FLUID

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

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,

122 St. Lawrence Main Street.

THE INGRES-COUTELLIER SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES  
MONTREAL BRANCH  
207 ST. JAMES ST.

NO MORE TOOTH-ACHE!

A LONG-FELT WANT SUPPLIED.

Use SALOL TOOTH WASH. The Best Antiseptic Known.

Ask your druggist for it; see you get it; take no other. Price, 25 cts.

Prepared only by JOSEPH E. H. QUIPP

Dispensing Chemist

41 Windsor Street MONTREAL.

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

**TEES & CO'S. OFFICE, PARLOUR and LIBRARY DESKS are the best.**  
TEES & CO., 300 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

**A. J. PELL,**  
80 & 82 VICTORIA SQUARE,  
Carver and Gilder,  
MIRROR AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTURER.

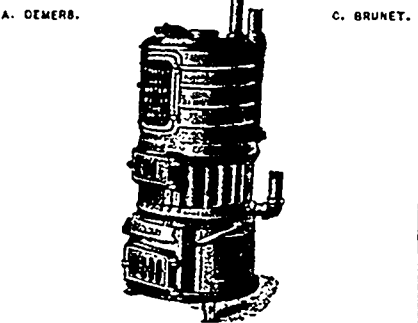
This factory is noted for its FINE GOLD WORK, being Superior in Quality to any other in the Dominion.  
All OLD FRAMES REGILT and made as good as new.

**H. A. MILLER,**  
House, Sign & Window Shade  
PAINTER.

Paper Hanger and Decorator  
GILDING, GLAZING, GRAINING,  
WHITEWASHING, &c.  
1996 St. Catherine Street,  
MONTREAL.

**GEO. R. HEASLEY,**  
2087 ST. CATHERINE STREET  
(2 Doors East of Bleury.)  
MONTREAL.

**PICTURE, FRAMER**  
PICTURES OF ALL KINDS  
LUSH GOODS  
PHOTO ALBUMS  
PHOTO FRAMES  
LATE SILVER WARE  
LATE GLASS MIRRORS



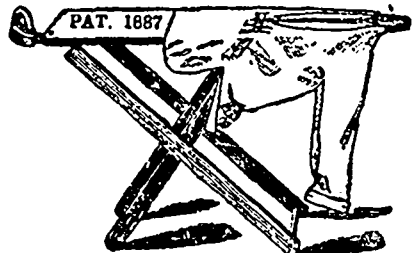
**DRAPEAU, SAVIGNAC & CO.,**  
Tin Smiths, Plumbers, &c.,  
140 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET,  
MONTREAL.

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

THE  
**BURLAND LITHO. Co.**  
(LIMITED),  
MONTREAL,

Engravers & Fine Color Printers  
SPECIALTIES:  
Map Engraving.  
Photo-Litho. Reproductions.  
Illustrations for Books.  
Illustrations for Advertising.  
Photo-Zinc Engravings.

9 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.



**The Little Jewel**  
IRONING TABLE.

Always ready for use.  
ADVANTAGES:—It forms a steady, firm table in itself, folds up, easily movable, durable and light.  
It is the best article for ironing Ladies' Skirts, Gentlemen's Shirts, and all other laundered goods.  
Superior in all respects. Price within reach of all.  
Ask your dealer for it, or apply direct to  
**BROWN & GLASSFORD**  
Glenora Building,  
1886 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

**MOODIE, GRAHAM & CO.**  
The Universal Warehouse,  
IMPORTERS AND GENERAL DEALERS IN  
Choice Groceries, Fruits, &c.  
2567 ST. CATHERINE STREET,  
Corner of MacKay,  
MONTREAL.

FEDERAL TELEPHONE 1299.  
BELL TELEPHONE 4690.

OUR SPECIALTY:  
RE-COVERING!

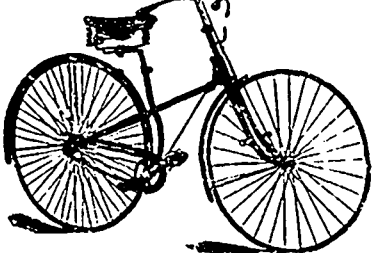


Have your Umbrella re-covered with our GLORIA SILK, which we warrant for three years' wear.  
The Dominion Umbrella Factory,  
714 CRAIG STREET,  
A FEW DOORS EAST OF VICTORIA SQUARE.  
N. B.—We are the only importers of the GENUINE GLORIA SILK in Canada.

Bedding Patented for its Purity!  
EVERY DESCRIPTION  
Bedding and Mattresses,  
Brass and Iron Bedsteads,  
and Children's Cots.  
- WISE PEOPLE, -  
For HEALTH'S SAKE, get their Bed Feathers PURIFIED and dressed, and their MATTRESSES PURIFIED and REMADE

At TOWNSEND'S,  
No. 1 Little St. Antoine Street, Corner St. James Street ONLY.  
BELL TELEPHONE 1906.  
FEDERAL " 2224.

SAFETY BICYCLES!



We have taken the agency for a fine line of these goods. Inspection cordially invited.  
FISHING TACKLE,  
LACROSSES, TENNIS, BASEBALL,  
The Best Stock in the Province.  
The WIGHTMAN SPORTING GOODS CO.  
403 ST. PAUL STREET.



**E. AULD'S**  
PURE  
MUCILAGE  
Sticks Everything  
BUT THE BUYER.  
Also, Lithogram  
Composition in 2 and  
3 lb. tins. Note, letter,  
and foolscap sizes.  
OFFICE AND FACTORY:  
759 Craig Street, MONTREAL.

OBJECT:—To recover lost keys, with no expense to owner—owner's name not known to finder. Each member furnished with metal tag, with directions on. Terms of membership, 50c. per annum

THE KEY INDEMNITY COMPANY OF CANADA, H. H. DATE, Manager, 664 Craig Street, MONTREAL.

**TEES & CO'S. PARQUET FLOORING and BORDERS are Elegant and Durable.**  
TEES & CO., - The Desk Makers, - 300 St. James Street, MONTREAL.