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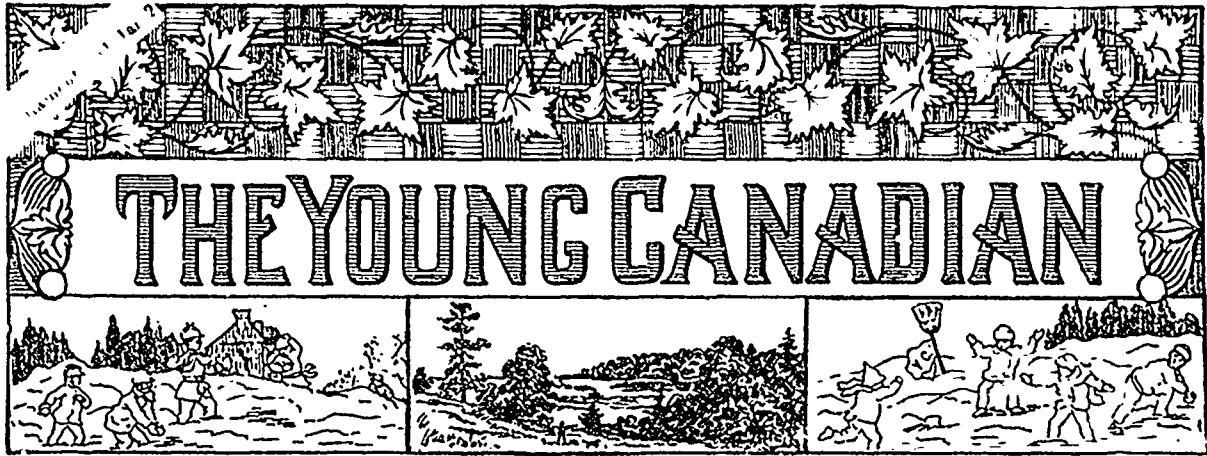
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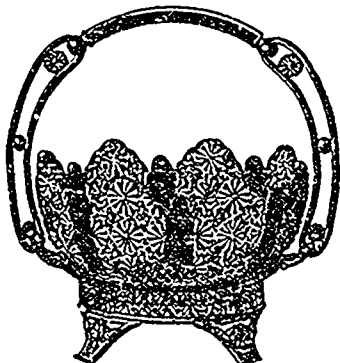
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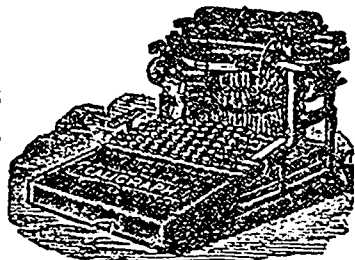


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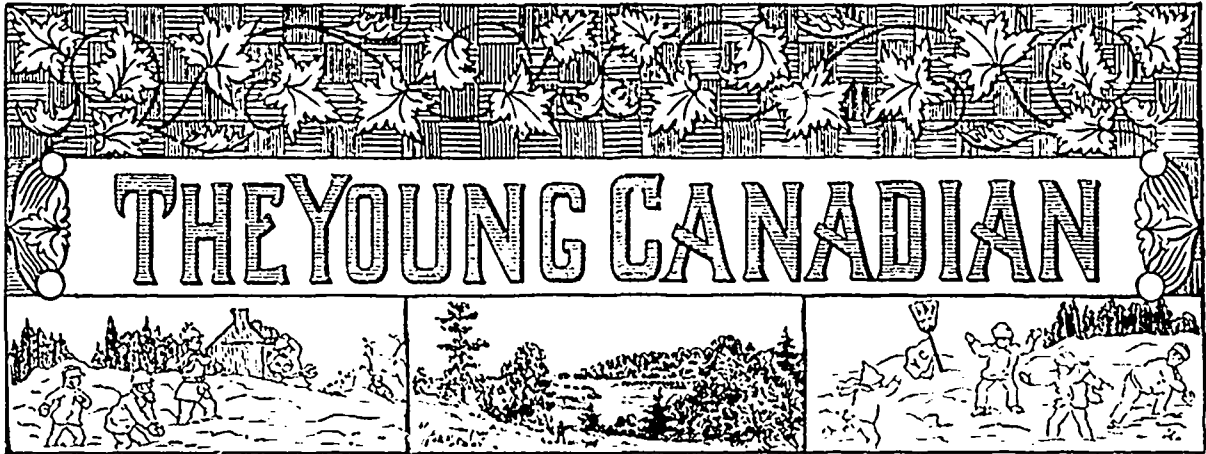
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NED DARROW;
OR,
THE YOUNG CASTAWAYS.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE GOLDEN CITY.

THAT night Mr. James and Ned Darrow wandered the streets of San Francisco for many a weary hour. The former had a trifle of the money left he had secured at Ogden, and it proved sufficient to obtain for them a comfortable bed in a lodging-house.

Necessity and hardship had made the timid under-master more self-reliant, and he talked and acted clearly and promptly despite the penniless situation of himself and his young friend.

"Professor Ballentine may be in the city or gone to some place of note in the vicinity," he remarked to Ned. "At any rate, the sea voyage will begin here, and I shall visit the shipping offices and docks to-morrow in quest of him."

It was an interesting tramp for Ned, the next day's search for some trace of the excursion party. Mr. James was several hours along the harbour, and Ned would wait for him while he visited the deck of this and that ship.

Ned saw by a token of excitement as Mr. James came from a square rigged schooner he had visited that he had discovered some thing of importance.

"Good news, Ned!" he cried, as he reached the dock. "I have located my brother and the boys."

"Oh, Mr. James! that is indeed good news. They are on the ship yonder?"

"No; but Professor Ballentine has engaged passage down the coast. It seems that the steamers did not admit of time in their voyages to visit this and that place of

interest, and the captain told me he had chartered your schooner."

"The Neptune," murmured Ned, reading the name on the bows.

"Yes. He says my brother may return to-night or



THE LIGHTHOUSE KELPER PULLED AT THE ROPE.

to-morrow, but in any event, an hour's inquiry at the hotels will enable me to learn where he is."

"And shall I go with you?"

"No; I would prefer to see the Professor alone first;" replied Mr. James, gravely. "You stay around the dock here, and I will return as soon as I find my brother or learn where he is."

Musing idly and dreaming of the voyage down the coast and the welcome and surprise of the boys, Ned suddenly started.

A familiar voice spoke his name, a rough hand grasped his arm.

"Ah! I've found you again, eh? You've led me a pretty chase, my hearty."

Ned uttered a dismayed cry as he turned and recognized the speaker.

There could be no mistake. The same cruel eyes and sinister face looked down upon him; the man before him was the mysterious visitor at Ridgeland—the man with the black, bushy beard.

CHAPTER IX.

IN BAD HANDS.

Abel Morgan, as the stranger called himself, did not wait for Ned to recover from his surprise, but led, or rather, dragged him some distance down the wharf.

A little sail-boat lay under the shadow of a large brig, and before Ned could realize what had occurred, Morgan lifted him over the edge of the dock, and dropped him into the boat. Then he sprang into it himself.

The entire episode had consumed only a moment of time. Ned had been amazed at the rapidity of the man's actions. Now he was absolutely startled, as he tried to regain the wharf, and Morgan spoke.

"You sit down there!" he ordered, with a deep scowl.

"No, I won't. You let me pass. What right have you——"

Ned spoke boldly, and attempted to clasp the wharf, but Morgan pushed him violently backwards so that Ned fell into the bottom of the boat.

Morgan loosened the boat, and pushed out from the wharf. He set the sail, drove the boat down the harbour, and, reaching the open bay, secured the sail-ropes, and faced Ned.

"Now then, my hearty, I'm ready for you. I tried to see you in Ridgeland, but you wouldn't have it, so I hurried after you to 'Frisco. I suppose you remember me?"

"Yes; you are the man calling himself Abel Morgan."

"Precisely. And do you know why I have taken all this trouble?"

"No. For no good purpose, I imagine, judging from the way you act."

Morgan only jeered at Ned's bold speech.

"We'll let the boat run down the coast, while I tell you. I wrote to your guardian about some land a short time since, and got no reply."

"I know you did."

"You're well-posted, my friend. Well, that land I want. You have the say about it, but that noodle-headed James thinks there's some fabulous value in it, I suppose."

"Maybe he's right."

"No. It's a waste piece of ground, not worth a dollar an acre."

"And you offer——"

"Five hundred dollars!" cried Morgan, eagerly. "Will you take it?"

"Not until we've seen it."

"See here, don't be a fool. I've gone to terrible trouble to benefit you, and here I've followed you from description clear from the east. The land suits me because it adjoins on to a ranch I have, and no one else will buy it. Now, I want a promise from you."

"What promise?" he asked.

"That you and the teacher will make the land over to me."

"I won't promise that nor anything else to you. You are trying to deceive me. There is some value to that land, and we are going to find out about it."

"You young jackanapes! Do you mean to tell me I'm lying to you?" shouted Morgan.

"I won't promise."

"You shall!"

The boat was running ahead at a lively rate of speed, but Ned edged towards the stern as Morgan made a movement to come towards him.

"Well, I won't."

"Then, as sure as my name's John Markham, I'll make you repent it."

"John Markham!" ejaculated Ned. "I knew you were deceiving us. You are not Abel Morgan, then, but Markham, the cruel cousin who swindled my brother out of his money and broke his spirit. I'll have you arrested! I'll call for help!"

Ned was wildly excited. The truth had dawned upon him at last, and he knew that he faced the unprincipled scoundrel who had robbed his brother, William Darrow.

He sprang to his feet, and shouted for help across the watery waste.

At that moment, by accident or design, the sail flapped to windward.

It swept Ned Darrow off his feet, and as he sank like a shot beneath the waves, the sail-boat sped rapidly on its way.

CHAPTER X.

MR. JAMES' MISHAPS.

Two hours after Ned Darrow had left the vicinity of the schooner Neptune, Mr. James came hurrying down to the wharf.

He had learned that his brother, Professor Ballentine, would return to the city that evening, and he came to communicate the intelligence to Ned.

But, to his surprise, Ned was not to be found in the vicinity of the ship, and a long search failed to reveal a trace of him.

"He can't have lost himself," muttered Mr. James. "Maybe he's got tired of waiting for me, and has gone back to the lodging-house."

The under-master slowly retraced his steps as he spoke. He did not notice that he was followed. Even if he had observed the skulking figure that shadowed his footsteps, it is doubtful, amid his pre-occupation of mind, if he would have recognized Abel Morgan.

Mr. James went straight to the lodging-house and reappeared about an hour later, carrying the satchel that contained Ned's effects and his own.

Markham kept close at his heels. Suddenly, as Mr. James passed a deserted row of buildings on a lonely street, the former crowded to his side. With a push he sent the unsuspecting under-master down a pair of rickety area stairs.

Poor Mr. James fell headlong, his head striking a step, he lay bleeding and unconscious at the dark bottom of the area.

Markham had torn the satchel from his victim's hand. He cast a glance at the latter, and then, seeing no one in view, quietly sauntered away from the spot.

"The boy's out of the way," he muttered, coolly. "He had no business standing up in the boat. I didn't push him over, and I wasn't going to get in trouble staying there and searching for his body. As to this man, he probably has the papers of the land at Sandy Flat in this satchel, and as I made them a fair offer and they refused, I'm bound to have the land anyway."

It was late in the afternoon when Mr. James returned to consciousness, and it took another hour to dress his wounded head and collect his scattered wits.

The inexperienced under-master was loth to believe that such hardened characters as Abel Morgan lived in the world, yet he had recognized his assailant as the man left behind at Ridgeland.

"What does it all mean?" he mused, perplexedly. "Could that man have followed us here? He has stolen Ned's satchel, and with it the papers to the land. They will do him no good, for they are recorded. But I must find Ned. Maybe this villain, for villain he surely is, has done the lad some harm."

Mr. James reached the wharf where the schooner had been that morning, watching closely for some sign of Ned.

He stood stock still, a cheerless, horrible feeling of disappointment and dread creeping over him, as he saw that the schooner was nowhere in sight.

"My man," he managed to ask of a sailor on the wharf, "can you tell me where the ship that was here this morning is?"

"Gone- sailed," was the reply.

"Gone!" repeated Mr. James, in a choked, unnatural tone.

"Yes. The Neptune slipped her moorings two hours ago!"

CHAPTER XI.

A STRANGE PASSENGER.

The schooner had indeed sailed, and the bewildered man, who stood rooted to the wharf, staring blankly at the water, was destined to devote many a weary day to an ineffectual search for Ned Darrow and Professor Ballentine ere he heard of the good ship Neptune again.

And in that ship, a snug passenger, brought thither by a series of marvelously strange circumstances, was the object of his solicitous anxiety, Ned Darrow.

For when the criminal and cowardly John Markham abandoned the victim of a design or an accident, Ned knew not which, the boy had not sunk beneath the waves to rise no more, as the villain supposed.

The episode had occurred near a light-house near land, and when Ned arose to the surface after his chilling plunge, it intervened between himself and Markham.

Thus the latter believed him drowned; but a friendly eye had witnessed the mishap, and, as Ned managed to keep himself above water, a voice shouted down from a window in the light-house—

"Keep up your courage, my little man; I'll soon have you safely out of your trouble."

Immediately a heavy object attached to a rope came bounding down to the water's edge.

It proved to be a chair, and Ned clasped it eagerly.

Looking up, he saw the light-house-keeper pulling at the other end of the rope over a pulley, and knew that the chair was for elevating visitors and others into the tower of the light-house.

"Hold fast while I pull you up!" shouted the man, but just then a boat, containing a sailing party of three persons attracted by the accident, came to the spot, and Ned was lowered to the boat.

He saw no sign of Markham's boat in the vicinity, and was rather reticent in answering the rapid questioning of his companions.

He thanked them heartily when he reached the land, and at once set out to find the ship Neptune.

It took several hours to reach the city and to locate the wharf where the ship lay, but at last he gained the spot.

His clothes were quite dry from his rapid walk, but he felt concerned as he saw no trace of Mr. James around.

The crew of the Neptune were lounging on the wharf, and Ned climbed over the rail and walked around the deck.

Twice he was ordered out of the way, and heard one of the men say that some freight for loading would soon arrive.

In his wanderings over the ship, Ned had the curiosity to descend into the hold.

"I might as well stay on the ship," he decided, "for Mr. James will probably return with the Professor."

He found a deserted spot in a dark corner of the hold, and sat down to rest. He had miscalculated his vigilance, for the long ride on the jolting cars, the plunge in the bay, and the brisk walk to the ship had exhausted him.

He nodded and slept ere he had been in the hold five minutes. So profound was his slumber that it must have been hours ere he awoke.

When finally he was restored to wakefulness, it was with a bewildered sense of fright and confusion that he attempted to realize his situation.

Before his strained vision was the blackness of starless night; not a ray of light relieved the darkness.

He reached forth his hands with a cry of dread uncertainty.

On every side they met a hard, blank wall.

The air was close and warm; his feet moved unsteadily. He was in some moving object.

Then, as he heard the swish of waters, steady and dull, as he experienced the dizzy feeling accompanying a first voyage at sea, he knew what had occurred.

The Neptune had set sail, and Ned Darrow was a prisoner in its hold!

CHAPTER XII.

AT SEA.

"Hurrah! she's started."

A dozen voices caught up the words as the Neptune loosed her cables, and set sail from San Francisco harbour.

Upon the deck, flushed with excitement and pleasure, stood the nineteen boys comprising the passengers of the ship, while Professor Ballentine with benignant face seemed to experience a quiet satisfaction in the happiness of his youthful charges.

"I declare, it makes me young again to see their delight," he remarked to Captain Barr. "From Salt Lake City down to the big trees of Calaveras, the lads have been in one joyful fever of mirth."

They certainly presented the appearance of a happy coterie. The studious ones contented themselves by bothering the crew with rapid questions, the mischievous found amusement in playing a variety of tricks on their mates, while more adventurous members of the party scaled the rigging, much to the nervous horror of the indulgent Professor.

So far, the expedition had been a success. Dick Wilson shadowed the enjoyment of the boys somewhat by mourning over Ned Darrow's absence, and Ernest Blake railed considerably at Ralph Warden's disagreeable way, but on the whole, good feeling was the order of the day.

The latter had become more unpopular than ever since the journey began. He had the good fortune a year previous to visit the Pacific coast with his father, and when he was not spoiling the anticipations of his mates by explaining what they were to see, he was sneering unpleasantly at their ecstasies over sights that were not new to him.

They passed down the harbour, and out to sea about sunset. The evening was a glorious one, and, as the stars came out, the boys were enchanted with the scene about them.

The land faded from view at last, and passing ships became less frequent. The appearance of a light-ship held their attention for some time. When, as the novelty of the hour wore off, they retired for the night.

Of land sights there were few for the ensuing four or five days. The weather was delightful, and the Neptune, favoured by fair breezes, passed down the coast, at the average rate of ten knots an hour.

Not a soul on board, looking at the fastened hatches, dreamed that a stow-away might be contained in the silent hold. The cook's pantry was well provisioned, and no occasion had yet arisen to go below decks.

Yet, within a few feet of the merry, tramping crew of boys, one of their number, whom they believed to be left behind in disgrace in Ridgeland, was having a fight for existence unseen by any human eye, was struggling patiently and manfully for the liberty of which a strange accident had deprived him.

There were heaven's sweet breezes and the brilliant sunlight for the joyous coterie on deck.

To the lonely prisoner in the hold of the Neptune it was a desperate voyage in the dark.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE DARK.

When the real loneliness and peril of his position dawned over the mind of Ned Darrow, he well-nigh gave way with horror and despair.

He beat the dull walls of his prison place frantically, he shouted and shrieked for help, and then sank to the floor, weeping and exhausted.

Little by little his mind recovered its balance, moment by moment boyish fear gave way to courage and philosophical resolution, and finally, grown calmer and more hopeful, he reflected deeply on his situation.

"I must think of myself only for the present," he murmured grimly. "I must bring my whole mind to bear upon the real merits of my situation. While I was asleep they have loaded the ship without discovering me, and I am walled in. They must unload, or at least visit the hold before long."

He imagined that there must be some loop-hole amid the cargo, some unfilled space through which he might hope to crawl towards liberty.

"Oh, for a light!" breathed Ned, fervently. "Even if only for a moment. If I could but see around me the matches, the candle! Oh, I hope they will light!"

He was tremulously suspenseful as he began to ransack his pockets. When Mr. James and himself stole into the freight car at Ogden, they had provided themselves with the means of securing a light when needed.

Ned now found the end of a candle and several matches in his pocket. The matches were the brown lucifers which are almost impervious to dampness, and as he drew one across the sole of his shoe, it lit quite readily. He lit his candle and flashed its rays around him, the close air causing it to flicker fitfully. His survey was a discouraging one, for the illumination revealed a condition of affairs even worse than he had thought.

On three sides showed the ribbed, unbroken surface of the interior of the hull of the ship; over-head, far beyond reach, were the stout timbers of the deck; between him and the hatchway and cabins, a solid wall of merchandise.

Boxes, barrels, kegs and cases, piled tightly together, rose up, tier on tier, as high as the deck, while, apparently, beyond them other parcels filled in the entire space of the hold.

He had read of stow aways in the same position as himself, and he took hope as he remembered where patience and courage had enabled them to surmount great obstacles in reaching the outside world again.

He was beginning to experience a slight sea-sickness from the increased motion of the ship, and he made a pillow of his coat and went to sleep again.

Nothing save the gliding, swishing sound of water beating against the hull greeted Ned's ears when he again awoke. His first thought was the candle which he lighted, and ruefully regarded the shortness of his only illuminator.

"I must be careful of it," he murmured, as he counted the matches.

There was barely a dozen of them. He set the candle on the floor, shuddering, despite himself, as it suggested the thought of fire in these close quarters. The fear of fire had brought in its train of dread suggestions another anxious thought.

Hunger and thirst! He had not thought of this before, but it came to him now with a force that terrified him. To perish of slow starvation and tormenting thirst! It was horrible to think of it.

"There must be some articles of food among all that pile of merchandise," he made himself believe. "I won't let idle fears overcome me. I'll work if only to keep my hands and brain busy."

He had a stout, sharp knife in his pocket. He drew off his coat, threw down his hat, and lifted the candle to observe the various packages. The lower tier of boxes and bales were large and solid, but as he reached up, tapping each box as he went with the knife, he found one smaller than the rest that sounded more hollow, and determined to assail it.

Ned blew out the precious light after getting his bearings, and then by the sheer sense of feeling began cutting into the soft wood of the box.

It was slow work, and he was compelled to stop several times to rest. He could keep no reckoning of time, but estimated that it was about noon when he finally found that the knife penetrated to some soft substance inside the box.

(To be Continued.)

NATURAL HISTORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

ADAPTED FROM JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

SEA BABIES.

There are small cradles that rock all day long on the waves of the sea. Up and down, in the sun, on the water, rock the cradles of many shell-fish. They are soft animals that live in hard shells. Shell-fish is not a very good name for them, but we will use it, because you will often see it used in books. Their shells serve them for houses to live in, for ships to sail in, for coats to cover them, for bones to keep their soft bodies in shape.

The shells are of many forms. Some are all in one piece. Some have two parts. These two parts are held by a hinge. And some are made in many pieces or scales. There is a kind of shell-fish that has a head on its foot, a kind that has a head, and the kind that has no head. That is a queer thing to have no head! The shells are very hard and thick. The fish in them is soft. It has no bones. If these soft things had no hard shells, they could not live. The waves would kill them. The crabs, fish, and other animals in the sea, would eat them at once. Let us see how a shell-fish is made. The conch takes fast hold of the post in the shell, so that he will not drop out. On one side of his body he has a hook like a thumb. That is to pull him back into his shell when he wishes to hide. His foot is flat. It is just the size of the open part of his shell. The shoe on his foot is hard, like horn. When he draws back into his shell, that shoe is his door. It fits close. It shuts him in safe in his shell.



He likes the nice young oysters. He picks one up with his foot. He uses his foot for a hand as well as for a door. When he has the oyster in his grip, he draws his foot close, as you would shut your hand tight. That breaks up the shell of the oyster. Then Mr. Conch sucks up the oyster at his ease. The men who own oyster beds do not like him, for he eats many oysters.

Mrs. Conch left a string of eggs on the sand. First it was like a thread with knots tied close together. Then it grew to be a yard long. The knots grow into little cases, or pockets. Let us cut one case open. It is full of white gum, or jelly. I see in it specks like grains of sand. Each case is full of wee shells! Each shell is as small as a grain of rice! See how thin and white these shells are.

The small specks in it were to become shells, and the jelly was to be the food of the baby conchs while in the case. They grew and grew. They ate up all the jelly. They were true shell-fish, only very small. Now they must get out. They ate off the thin skin, and went into the sea. These little things have a hard time to grow up.

How do these shell-fish grow? Do they pull off their shells when they are too tight? No. All these shell-fish wear a cloak, or veil. It is by their cloak they grow. Why, how is that? This cloak, or veil, is fine and thin. It is part of the body of the fish, and folds all over it.



This fine cloak takes lime out of sea-water, and with it builds more shell. As the animal needs more room, it spreads out this veil over the edge of the shell, and builds with it new shell. You can see the little rims where the cloak built each new piece. The color and the waved lines on the shell are made by this veil.

So the shell fish need not change his house. He just builds on more room as he wants it.

A QUEER COUPLE.

Who would ever imagine that a devoted friendship could exist between a goose and a cow? Yet there was such a one once, for I have it on good authority. Moreover, that goose behaved just as I have seen some little human geese do, it thought itself the most powerful and important thing in the world, and ruled poor old obedient, down-trodden Mooly just as I have seen you order about Tim, or Bridget, or big brother John, and even grandpa and grandma, as if they were not three or four times as big as yourselves, and could not double you up and put you in their pockets any time they liked—that is to say, if their pockets were big enough.

Well, Mooly really did not dare say that her soul was her own. Gooseie took full charge of her. Every morning she led the way to pasture, and Mooly followed. At night she simply reversed the operation, marching in advance like a leader of cavalry. If Mooly dared to linger on the way, she admonished her with furious pecks and much hissing and scolding. When, in good time, a little calf appeared, the poor thing suffered much, as the goose could scarcely restrain her jealousy long enough to let the new-comer get its food. As to milking-time, there was only one particular maid that was allowed to come near Mooly at all.

It was quite dreadful to be the object of so much affection so ardently expressed, and poor Mooly might have suffered greatly in the end had not the poor goose met with a most untimely fate. No one of us could ever find out how it happened, but one day the goose was found in the barn-yard with a broken neck. How had it happened? Who had done it?

Perhaps the milkmaid wanted to go away to get married, and so she put an end to the bird, that she might take a holiday. Or perhaps the poor goose killed herself because Mooly was indifferent to her? or did the cow, finding such constraint unendurable, give way to a fit of indignation, and kill her feathered adorer? We can never know.

Mr. Spurgeon uses a homely illustration, which is at once a rebuke to one class and an admonition to another. "When a dog is noticed, he doesn't like it; but when the dog is after a fox, he doesn't care whether he is noticed or not. If a minister is seeking for souls, he will not think of himself."

MR. JACKSON AND THE HORNETS.

Mr. Jackson lay in the shade of the hedge, half leaning against the stump of a tree, and gazing up through the branches in a listless way.

"I wonder," he was thinking "I wonder if those insects humming around are bees, or hornets, or just plain bugs. I wonder - won - ner - won - n - n " and his murmurs became more and more indistinct, until they ran into a regular hum, as he breathed almost like the hum of the "bugs" he was wondering about. Suddenly he roused himself, and exclaimed: "Shoo!" making a vigorous dash at a hornet which was buzzing close to his head. "Go 'way!" he exclaimed, waving his hat, to the imminent peril of the numerous specimens which he had stuck on it "go 'way! I don't want you."

"I thought you wondered what we are, so I came to tell you. That's no way to receive company, anyhow," buzzed the hornet, angrily, flying nearer and nearer to Mr. Jackson's head.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Jackson, hastily, for he had no desire to offend the warm-tempered little insect. "But I did not know you were calling on me. I thought you were just buzzing around, as it were, and that you might bump against me."

"And hurt yourself," said the hornet, sarcastically.

"Hem- hem- a-a-h! that is -is -is-s-s-s," said Mr. Jackson, stammering in his efforts to invent a reasonable excuse- --that is -is-s-s-s- "he kept on murmuring, until the hornet suddenly interrupted him with

"There, now, I'm sure you look ever so much better than you did, and as for your voice, there can be no comparison."

Mr. Jackson was a little puzzled, and put up his hand to scratch his head. Something seemed to be wrong: he could not make out exactly what until he happened to glance at himself in the polished tin specimen box at his side. Sure enough, he was a full-grown hornet--rather a large hornet, but not noticeably so.

"Now, how much better you look!" said the hornet, complacently looking at poor Mr. Jackson; "how much more graceful! Why, you should really be proud of yourself. I can't see how you men can be contented with your great clumsy bodies, which it is impossible to fly with."

"What were you doing before you came here?" inquired Mr. Jackson, who had no idea of getting into any discussion of the relative advantages of being a man or an insect with so quick-tempered an adversary as his new friend.

"I was gathering building material," replied the hornet. "Now there is another place where we get ahead of you stupid men. You people-- Well, if you didn't, some other men did. You people made a great fuss about having invented paper-houses and water-proof paper. We have lived in paper-houses made of water-proof paper which is made from genuine wood-pulp. So you see the idea of wood-pulp for paper is an old one with us."

"Is it so?" said Mr. Jackson, becoming interested. "How do you manage it?"

"Come along and I will show you," said the hornet, good-naturedly, leading the way toward a neighbouring fence. The hornet perched on the top rail for a moment, just long enough to tear off a minute sliver with his strong mandibles, and flew off, chewing it to a pulp. Mr. Jackson soon followed to where, not far away, a

large nest hung-suspended from the lower branch of a tree. It was shaped just like a big pear, with the small end down. At the very point of the lower end was the entrance to the nest, a round hole about an inch in diameter. The hornet flew directly in here, and Mr. Jackson followed. The walls of the nest, which were made of successive layers of wood-pulp paper, were about an inch and a half in thickness. In the interior hung three layers of comb shaped just like a honey-bee's comb, but made of paper instead of wax. One remarkable thing which Mr. Jackson noticed was that these combs were not attached to the sides anywhere, but hung suspended from the middle of the roof. Hurrying all round were a number of hornets, which seemed to be engaged in putting the finishing touches upon the lowest comb.

"How many members are there in your family?" asked Mr. Jackson of his guide.

"About three hundred," was the reply. "We rarely have more than that, nor less than two hundred in a nest."

"I disturbed a nest once with more than a million in it," said Mr. Jackson, with much feeling.

"Oh no; you only thought so," responded the hornet, good-naturedly. "We are pretty lively when we mean business."

"What do you live on?" inquired Mr. Jackson, after looking around for some moments. "I don't see any honey."

"Oh, we don't eat honey, we live on spiders and flies and fruit, principally fruit--sweet pears and berries," answered the hornet.

"Well, what do you put in those comb-cells?" inquired Mr. Jackson.

"Our children," responded the hornet, with an air of pride.



"What!" exclaimed Mr. Jackson. "Are those ugly white worms your children?"

"Ugly white worms!--ugly white worms!" shouted the hornet, pale with anger. "I'll teach you--"

Mr. Jackson waited to hear no more, but beat a hasty retreat, diving headlong out of the nest. He suddenly found himself lying on the ground under the tree, and the hornets coming out of the neighbouring nest as fast as they could follow one another. "Just like a stream of mollasses out of a jug," as Mr. Jackson said, when telling me about it afterward. The poor man sprang to his feet and ran as fast as his long legs could carry him, with the hornets after him in a solid stream. Fortunately only one or two caught him, but they left their marks on his face and neck, which were to him sufficient proof that he had not dreamed his adventure.

"For," as he very justly remarked, "a dream don't swell a man's head like this," and he pointed dolefully to a number of painful-looking swellings which had been caused by the stings of the indignant hornets.--*Harper's Young People.*

A PERILOUS MISTAKE.

Last winter a good many depredations were committed upon Mr. Keyser's wood-pile, and as he was unable to detect the thieves by watching for them, he concluded to try another plan. He procured an auger, and boring two large holes in several of the logs, he charged them with gunpowder, and then plugging the holes, he laid the logs in the most conspicuous place on top of the pile. He forgot to mention the fact to the servant girl, and that being, with the faculty of her class for blundering, the first time she wanted wood, lighted on the loaded logs and brought two of them into the kitchen. That evening while the family were sitting at the supper table, Keyser was just saying that he wouldn't care if the head was blown off the man who stole the wood, when Mrs. Keyser got up and put a fresh log on the fire, and Keyser was in the midst of an exulting description of the terror that would fill the heart of the thief when the logs exploded, when there was a slight "sizz" in the fire-place, then a tremendous "bang" was heard, and the next instant a log of hickory whizzed across the table, knocking over the castors, bursting the coffee-pot to splinters, and just missing Keyser's head.

Before he could imagine what was the matter the log battered open the parlor door and brought up end foremost in the mirror over the mantelpiece. Then Keyser realized the situation, and going into the kitchen, he communed with the hired girl upon the subject until Mrs. Keyser had to hurry the children up stairs so that they wouldn't learn how to swear. When his feelings were relieved Keyser drew the loads from the other logs, and told Mrs. Keyser that he believed the only way to protect a wood-pile was to put it into the charge of a whole-souled and earnest watch-dog that expressed his sentiments with cordiality when he was angry. He is now looking for a dog.

Last Sunday being a fine day, a young countrywoman was standing at her door, when a masher, thinking it a good joke, asked for a drink of milk. The young girl brought a glass of new milk. After drinking it, he said with a lisp, "Your milk is very warm, my dear. Do you keep the cows at the fire?" With a sly look and a good-natured smile at the swell, she replied, "Yis; an' we keep the *calves* at the door." There was a peal of laughter in the kitchen. During the time our swell collapsed.

LITTLE WEATHER-WISE.

Rosy little Dimplecheeks
Came panting in from play,
Tired out and sleepy too,
"Twas such a scorching day.

On my knee she dozed awhile,
Then said, as up she looked,
"Folks called winter weather *raw*;
I think *this* must be *cooked*."

THRILLING A CONGREGATION.

Some of the American preachers of the past have delivered sermons more startling than edifying, and have condescended to singular tricks to arrest and take the attention of the audience. Lorenzo Dow, one of these preachers, it is said, was on his way to preach in South Carolina, under a large spruce tree, when he overlooked a coloured lad who was blowing a long tin horn, and could send forth a blast, with rise and swell and cadence, which waked the echoes of the distant hills. Calling aside the blower, Dow said to him--"What's your name, sir?"

"My name--Gabriel sir," said the brother in ebony.

"Well, Gabriel, have you been to Church hill?"

"Yes, massa, I'se been dar many a time."

"Do you remember a big spruce-pine tree on that hill?"

"Oh, yes, massa, I knows dat fine."

"Did you know that Lorenzo Dow has an appointment to preach under that tree to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes, massa, everybody knows dat."

"Well, Gabriel, I am Lorenzo Dow, and if you'll take your horn and go to-morrow morning, and climb up into that pine tree and hide yourself among the branches before the people begin to gather, and wait there till I call your name, and then blow such a blast with your horn as I heard you blow a minute ago, I'll give you a dollar. Will you do it, Gabriel?"

"Yes, massa, I takes dat dollar."

"Gabriel, was hid away in the tree top in due time. An immense concourse of persons, of all sizes and colours, assembled at the appointed hour, and Dow preached on the judgment of the last day. By his power of description, he wrought the multitude up to the opening of the scene of the resurrection and grand assize at the call of the trumpet peals which were to wake the sleeping nations.

"Then," said he, "supposing my dying friends, that this should be the hour. Suppose you should hear, at this moment, the sound of Gabriel's trumpet?"

Sure enough at that moment the trumpet of Gabriel sounded. The women shrieked, and many fainted. The men sprang up and stood aghast; some ran; others fell and cried for mercy; and all felt for a time that the judgment was set, and the books were opened. Dow stood and watched the drifting storm till the fright abated, and some one discovered the coloured angel who caused the alarm quietly perched on a limb of the old spruce, and wanted to get him down to whip him, and then resumed his theme, saying, "I forbid all persons present from touching that boy up there. If a coloured boy with a tin horn can frighten you almost out of your wits, what will ye do when ye shall hear the trumpet sound of the archangel? How will you be able to stand in the great day of the wrath of God?"

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Address:

THE YOUNG CANADIAN CO.,

BOX 1896.

MONTREAL

JULY 29th, 1891.

Our YOUNG CANADIAN is now six months old, and to-day celebrates its first semi-anniversary. Not a very old youngster, but already quite able to stand on its own feet, and even to toddle about among its seniors. To all it tenders its hearty thanks for the kind reception accorded to it, wherever it has gone, and hopes that all will join it in its preparations for a gala-day at the end of its first year—its first birthday party.

SHORTHAND.

We feel that our young people will be gratified to know that we are preparing a treat for them when they return from their summer outings. Our YOUNG CANADIAN is ever on the alert to supply what is useful as well as entertaining, and we have taken a great deal of pains, and have spent a great deal of money, in arranging for a series of

LESSONS IN SHORTHAND.

Plates are being prepared for us in England by Messrs. Isaac Pitman & Sons. The series will commence from the very foundation, and carry our young students on thoroughly through the whole course. The lessons are intended to be used without a teacher, and week by week the exercises, if carefully and diligently worked out, ought to be sufficient to put students in possession of the whole secret. Of course, progress will depend upon the time and the intelligence given to the series. But no pains have been spared, either by the Messrs. Pitman or by ourselves, to make the course one of the most attractive features of the autumn issues.

Lord Roseberry says "In these days of rigid and anxious competition, we must make it understood to all young people that an indispensable condition of a com-

mercial education is a knowledge of shorthand. I do hope, with all my heart, and with all the earnestness of which I am capable, that shorthand will penetrate every cranny and crevice of our civilized life."

We have pleasure, therefore, in announcing the series, and in asking our young readers to keep it in mind.

We shall have on hand a supply of the requisites for the course, which we shall send by post at the cheapest possible rates. Not much is required. A manual, a copy book, a note-book, and a pencil, complete the outfit, which we shall forward, post-paid, for fifty cents.

MORE SAFETY ON OUR STEAMSHIPS.

Most of us have either crossed the ocean already, or are looking forward to doing so as soon as ever our circumstances shall permit. Amidst the exciting pictures that we draw in our fancy before our first trip, there is much of pleasure and perhaps a little of adventure and romance, the whole gilded with a halo of rose coloured dreams. It is pleasant for us to know that while we may linger over the vision of pleasure, there are others whose duty it is to be occupied with our safety. The laws regarding the number of life-boats, life-belts, etc., that each class of vessel shall carry are most stringent, and our British Parliament is famous for the manner in which it attends to the protection of those who cannot protect themselves.

The owners of vessels have grumbled to no small degree at the stringency of these laws, and the British Board of Trade has always shown itself ready to listen to both sides of the question. The chief dangers at sea arise from ice-bergs, and fire, as well as from the winds and the waves, and the Board has set itself the task of finding some means of constructing ships that shall make them practically unable to sink. In meeting the grumbles about the compulsory life-boats, the Board said:—"Arrange your vessels so that with any two compartments in free communication with the sea the ship will remain afloat in moderate weather." But very few of the grumblers could comply with this, and the government appointed a committee of experts to study up the matter. When this committee commenced its deliberations the Board of Trade gave it a list of points to consider. The principal aim of all these points was the safety of passengers in any emergency that might arise.

The committee was composed of gentlemen able in every way to wrestle with the difficulties. They had large tanks fitted up in London, where they tested, with models of every kind of ship, the principles which they proposed to apply to the difficulties, and their report has just been handed in. Many points in the report touch on very simple things, whose very simplicity seems to lead to their neglect. But the chief feature centres round the idea that all our ships should be so built so that they may be proof against sinking. The comfort of travellers, and the interests of trade, have been equally respected in the deliberations, and the report, though too learned for our young Canadians to understand, is the most skilled and valuable document on naval construction that ship-builders and ship-owners have been supplied with. We are not, yet, largely a ship-building nation, but we are very largely a ship-owning, and immensely a ship-traveling nation, and we may safely say that all Canadians will look forward with a deep interest to any improvements that may arise out of an official investigation that carries with it such high authority.



WATER POLO.

A week or two ago, on page 366, we presented to our young readers a very delightful idea for our summer season in the shape of a House-Boat, elegantly but economically fitted up, from a discarded wheat or lumber barge. To-day we have pleasure in suggesting to them another, the adoption of Water Polo at our regattas. To the long list of sports at our summer aquatic exhibitions,

it would add a most lively and novel attraction, and would make a pleasing variety to our competitions in steam and sail yachts, skiffs, canoes, and tubs.

Polo is a military game, very popular in India, and imported some years ago into England. It is Hockey on horseback, the management of the horse lending a great additional excitement to the skill with the "stick." It is true that in the madness of competition the ponies have sometimes received some ugly blows, and on this account the sport has been looked upon as more or less deserving the name of cruelty. This, however, is evidently more in the play than in the game. But, be that as it may, the suggestion we now make to transfer this sport from real horses to imitation ones, and from the land to our exquisite sheets of water, is one which appears to have every atom of recommendation and not a shadow of a drawback.

The steeds are made out of water-tight barrels. A flat board is shaped like a neck and head, and fastened on in front, while a fanciful tail behind completes the racer.

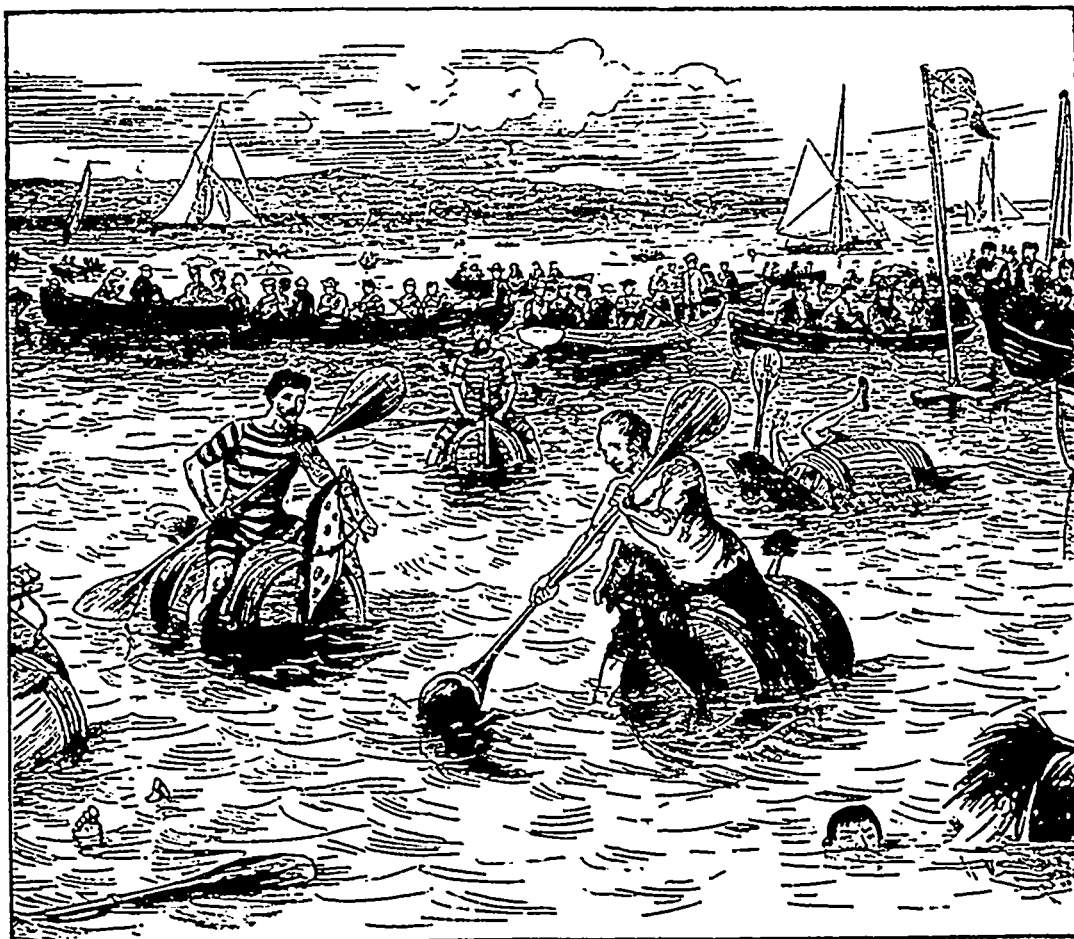
A heavily-loaded keel below helps to secure a certain amount of steadiness, and a gaily-coloured saddle-cloth nailed on, makes an outfit within the reach of most of our young aspirants to the glories of aquatic fame. Each steed should have a name famous in Canadian history, politics, or trade, which would lend an additional spice to the contest.

To our healthy, expert young Canadians, we submit our idea. With a good sheet of water, a crowded "grand stand" filled with enthusiastic parasols, and a few nimble paddles, the merriment ought to be as great as the sport. Let us hear from you.



A FORTUNE IN DUST HEAPS.

Giuseppe Labiolo has made a bid of \$1,552 per week, or over \$8,000 a year, for the privilege of picking over New York's dirt. This suggests valuable "finds" of gold and silver, not to mention diamonds, but as plain matter of business the contractor expects to get his return in bones, rags, tin cans, etc., which are valuable in the order named. When the present commissioner came into office as superintendent of street cleaning, three or four men were hired at \$1.50 a day to "trim" the city's dirt. It occurred to him that a smart man could find enough in it to afford to pay the trimmers himself, and, sure enough, such a man was found. Then an offer of \$75 a week for the privilege was made and accepted, and gradually the price rose by successive bids to \$200 a week. By successive gradations the sums of \$700 two years ago, \$1,100 last year, and \$1,552 per week this year have been made, and the city now has its work done for it and is paid \$80,000 a year for the privilege.



WATER POLO.—DEDICATED TO OUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATIONS.

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MADGIE'S HERO."

CHAPTER II.

How Blanche Trent lived through the next two weeks was a puzzle even to herself. The more she reflected on her Uncle Derwent's words, the more convinced she was that all he said was just and right. The Dingle had never been her father's, therefore she could have no claim on it; but all the same, it was very hard to give up considering herself the mistress, and regard herself as the dependent, for that was what it amounted to. However, there was no alternative, and she had to endeavour to reconcile her mind to the new order of things. Perhaps her uncle's wife might not be very objectionable, and if she were neither very young nor very pretty, Blanche fancied that she might be able to hold her own in the house after all. So she dressed with unusual care, and took her seat with great dignity in the drawing-room the afternoon they were expected home, resolved at least to impress her new relative with a sense of her importance at the very outset.

It was dusk when the closed carriage containing Captain Haughton and his bride drove up to the door, and though Blanche was burning with curiosity, her pride would not allow her to go into the hall to welcome them. Seated with a book in her hand in the centre of the room, she awaited their entrance with great dignity, and just advanced a step as her uncle approached.

"This is your aunt, Blanche," he said, kindly; "it will be your own fault if you are not very happy with her."

Blanche bowed and held out her hand, then suddenly drew back with an exclamation of surprise—"Uncle Derwent, this is Miss Lyster!"

"This was Miss Lyster, dear!" then seeing Blanche look indignant, he turned to his wife. "I really thought Blanche knew, Helen: indeed, I fancied every one knew. Come, my dear, kiss your aunt, and bid her welcome home."

But Blanche was gone; she had rushed out of the drawing-room red hot, trembling with wrath and indignation, and locking herself into her room gave full vent to her feelings in the wildest manner, assuring herself tragically that she was outraged and insulted, and that she would never submit to her uncle's wife. The dressing bell rang, and the dinner bell, but she took no notice, and when a servant came to say that her uncle and aunt were waiting, she refused to go down, saying her head ached. That was true enough, and her heart ached too, for she felt very miserable and lonely, and when after dinner there came the sound of music from the drawing-room, she felt more wretched still, for they were happy enough without her. The worst part of it was, Blanche felt it was all her own fault and her own doing, but she was too proud to acknowledge it, and when later in the evening Mrs. Haughton came to her room with kind inquiries, and pressing entreaties that she would come downstairs, Blanche replied coldly and haughtily that she preferred remaining in her own room.

"We must only trust to time and kindness, Derwent," she said, when she rejoined her husband, "Blanche will be more reasonable by-and-by."

But days and weeks passed without bringing the desired improvement, and things were becoming extremely uncomfortable for everyone. Blanche kept to her own room persistently, and refused all advances from her uncle and aunt. One morning, however, she came downstairs after breakfast, with an open letter in her hand, which she gave her uncle to read. It was from a Mrs. Hunter, a stepsister of her father's, who lived in London.

"If you are so very unhappy, and your position is so intolerable in your Uncle Derwent's household, you may come to me," the letter ran, "but as I am not very rich and have many demands on my purse, I must beg of you to take charge of the younger children's lessons. Florrie and Eva are very good, and will be quite an amusement to you. My step-daughter, Katherine, assists with the elder girls, so come at once, dear Blanche, and I hope you will be very happy and comfortable with us."

"Well," Captain Haughton said, handing back the letter, "do you wish to go to Mrs. Hunter's, Blanche?"

"Yes, please."

"Do you understand that your aunt lives quite in London, and has a small house full of children; that you will miss many pleasures and enjoyments you have here?"

"Pleasures here, Uncle Derwent! I wonder what they are? I am sure I shall be much happier and more comfortable with my Aunt Hunter, and I should like to go at once."

Captain Haughton smiled, but consented, and three days



"AND THEN SHOOK HER COLDLY BY THE TIPS OF HER FINGERS."

after Blanche found herself in a first-class carriage on her way to London, her uncle having telegraphed to Mrs. Hunter the train she was going by.

"If no one meets you, get into a cab and go straight to Weston-square, Blanche, and if you are not comfortable, come back to us; there's always a home and a welcome for you here at the Dingle," her uncle said, as he bade her good-bye, and put a purse into her hand. "Mind, Blanche, it's your wish to leave us, not ours that you should go, and when you come to think it over, perhaps you will see that you need not have been so very unhappy with us, if you had liked."

"It's the best possible thing for her," Mrs. Haughton said, when she was gone. "Blanche will now learn the difference between romance and reality, between troubles of her own making and troubles that are made for her. I think she will come back to us very soon, a wiser, even if a sadder girl."

Blanche reached London safely, but at Euston she did not see anybody at all resembling her preconceived idea of her Aunt Hunter, neither was there a tall footman in livery waiting on the platform to see to her luggage, so she remembered her uncle's instructions, and was driven direct to Weston-square.

The servant who opened the door informed her that Mrs. Hunter was not at home, but on hearing her name, she was shown into a sitting-room at the back of the house, dignified by the name of a study, to await the arrival of the mistress. After about half an hour she came—a portly, pompous, florid lady, clad in rustling silk, who surveyed her niece critically through her eyeglass, and then shook her coldly by the tips of her fingers.

"So you're Blanche Trent," she said, still surveying her. "How old are you?"

"Nearly seventeen, aunt!"

"I think perhaps you had better not call me aunt, it would only tend to weaken your authority with the children. Ethel!" to a tall girl of thirteen, who poked her head into the study, "come and show Miss Trent to her room. You will have your meals with the children, and the tea hour is five o'clock, then you will see them all together. Christine—that's my eldest daughter, and Katherine, my step-daughter, usually have a cup of tea at the same time when we're alone, but we see a good many visitors, and we go out a good deal, so you will not have us in the school-room very frequently."

Poor Blanche listened in sheer amazement, and a magnificent castle she had erected began to tumble about her ears. She did not object to teaching her little cousins for an hour every day, but relegated absolutely to the schoolroom, to sink into a mere nursery governess—the idea was absolutely dreadful. Her aunt's husband was a professor, a very clever man, who wrote very curious books, and Blanche had an idea that his house would be full of clever original people, who would appreciate her genius and make much of her. She had hazy ideas of becoming an artist or an author, and felt quite certain her wit, beauty, and accomplishments would secure for her a certain amount of social distinction. Visions of balls, operas, concerts, at-homes had floated before her ever since she had received her aunt's letter, and now they all resolved themselves into her being a nursery governess, and not even acknowledged as a relative. Her thoughts were very bitter as she followed Ethel upstairs to a tiny room at the very top of the house, which she was to share with Florrie and Eva. Her trunks were already there, and she proceeded to unpack one of them while Ethel tried on her hat and gloves and boots, and kept up a running criticism on every article she took out of her trunk.

"I guess your gowns'll just about fit Chris. Your

shoes are too small, and your gloves, I'm afraid, but that black silk is about her style; Chris takes everybody's things, and Kitty and she are always rowing."

Ethel was the *enfant terrible* of the family, and from her, before that first evening was at an end, Blanche learned quite enough to make her wish she was safe back again at the Dingle, where, in very truth, she had never known a real care, sorrow, or indignity in her life.

"Papa is hardly ever at home," Ethel said confidentially. "Mamma and Chris and Kitty are always going about, or making up gowns, and the rest of us get along as well as we can."

"Who are the rest of you?" Blanche asked curiously.

"There's Maud and Beatrice, and Sidney, he's at school, and Florrie and Eva and me. You'll have to teach us and walk in the park with us, mend our frocks, dust the drawing-room, help the girls to dress, and do lots of things. I shouldn't care to be you, Miss Trent. Our last governess was miserable. She wasn't pretty, like you, but I suppose that don't make any difference, does it?"

"Not much, I'm afraid, Ethel," Blanche replied, as she followed her cousin to the schoolroom, where bread-and-butter and tea awaited their appearance. Mrs. Hunter introduced all the children, Christine and Catherine included, who stared somewhat rudely at the new comer, and then took their departure, leaving poor Blanche to get along as best she could with her five charges. They were not very naughty children, only a little tiresome and noisy, but it seemed to Blanche as if there never were such girls in the world. Her head and her heart ached, and it was as much as ever she could do to keep back her tears till it was time to go to bed.

Mrs. Hunter was not unkind either, but she was out a great deal, and didn't think very much about those she left at home. Blanche would get on all right as soon as she made friends with the children, and as they were with one exception good-tempered, good-natured, and obedient she would be happy enough. The exception was Maude, who was as near as possible to Blanche what she had been to Miss Lyster. Proud, wilful, obstinate, unruly, able but not willing to learn, she was a daily, hourly torment, and every night when she lay down to sleep after another long, fatiguing day, Blanche couldn't help wondering how Miss Lyster put up with her so long.

"How sorely I must have tried her; how many a weary, wakeful hour I must have caused her," she reflected; and one day, some one having taken all the children to the Zoo, she resolved to write and tell her so, and confess how sorry she was. She had been just a month in London, and it was the first time she had an opportunity of writing a letter undisturbed. Just at first there was a little difficulty in beginning, but the first stiffness over, her pen ran on rapidly, and her letter was one of real feeling, and regret for the past, without touching at all on the reasons that caused her to write it. Just as it was finished there came a tap at the study door, and, in answer to her "come in," her Uncle Derwent entered the room.

Blanche sprang into his arms with a warmth and affection she was hardly conscious of, and, despite all her efforts, burst into a passion of tears.

"Why, Blanche, child, you've been ill! Why on earth didn't you write and tell us?" he cried.

"I'm quite well, Uncle Derwent, I am indeed; only a little tired."

Captain Haughton said nothing, he had his own ideas, and he meant to carry them out.

"Your aunt has come up to town with me, Blanche, and we mean to stay a few weeks, as I have some busi-

ness to transact, and shall be much occupied. I want you to come and stay with her; I can't leave her all alone. We'll come and fetch you to-morrow at eleven. Of course, you can come back to your Aunt Hunter again if you wish; but we must have you for the present. Now, good-bye, my dear mind, eleven to-morrow."

Blanche flew to her room with a light heart, and began her packing. Then she suddenly remembered her letter, and went down for it. but it was gone; in fact, her uncle had slipped it slyly into his pocket, as he was very anxious to see what she had said. Both were much pleased with it, and Mrs. Haughton said she always felt Blanche was good at heart.

Next morning there was consternation in the Hunter family. Ethel rushed up to her mother's bedroom and declared that Miss Trent was going away. In consequence Mrs. Hunter appeared in the schoolroom in her wrapper, and Catherine and Christine in various stages of toilet.

"Going away? Impossible! You can't leave the children, Miss Trent," Mrs. Hunter cried, when Blanche had explained. "As for Mrs. Haughton, either Kate or Christine can keep her company and take her about; but we really cannot spare you."

"But I'd rather go, Mrs. Hunter. I see now that I was very foolish and ungrateful ever to leave home, and the wrongs and grievances I had to endure were purely imaginary; but I did not know. I thank you very, very much, Mrs. Hunter, for the lesson you have taught me, as well as for giving me a home when I fancied I wanted it very much; but I think I prefer going back to my Uncle and Aunt Haughton, and it was entirely my own fault that I ever left there."

At that moment the loud ringing of the bell sent the ladies flying in various directions, and Blanche having said good-bye to the children, departed from Mrs. Hunter's mansion with a thankful heart. She and her Aunt Helen are firm friends now, and she sometimes talks over her month's experience, declaring that the lesson she learned will serve her for the remainder of her life.

THE END.

HOW I WASHED MY DOG.

"Wash a dog, comb a dog,
Still a dog remains a dog."

—Danish Proverb.

My dog was looking very scrubby about the back. I thought he was going to have the mange—not that I knew mange if I saw it, only it was a sort of word that sounded like the look of that dog's back. So I went to a friend who knew a deal about dogs (which I don't), and said mine was going to have the mange. What was good for it? "Sulphur," he said, "was the best thing to use; safe cure for it; no difficulty." I didn't know whether the sulphur should be taken as a pill, or put on like ointment; all I knew was he said "Sulphur," and I did not choose to expose my ignorance by asking.

I concluded that I would try the effects of a wash first. I went into a grocer's, and asked for threepenn'orth of soft-soap, saying in an off-hand way, "Kills fleas, doesn't it?" I had never seen soft-soap before (I never want to see it again; but let that pass), so I was interested in its appearance when I got a lump, about the size of my two fists, of a stodgy, moshy, clammy-looking mass, resembling a mixture of sand and half-frozen honey. The man wrapped it up in a piece of paper, and I shuddered at the feel of it, as I put it into my coat-pocket.

"Thanks—good morning." "Mornin', sir—thank you." Some men always say "Thank you." And, self-satisfied I went my way, the noble hound (N.B. —Cross between a general mongrel and a pine log) following me unconsciously of his fate.

It was in the back-yard that the deed was done. With a generosity worthy of a better cause, I had brought down from my bedroom my own bath, one of those round, shallow milk-pan affairs, and had filled it about two inches deep with lukewarm water. Then came the scratch; I use this word metaphorically, but it became literal before the operation was over, as the paint that is *not* in my bath can testify. I knew no more about the application of soft soap than of sulphur, but I thought that I could guess how to use the former, which I imagined to be harmless; while with the sulphur I might have done wrong, and have been had up for culpable canicide. Cook kindly pinned the sacking-cover of her travelling-box round me, to keep off the splashes, and provided a square of old carpet, folded up small, so as to be soft for me to kneel on.

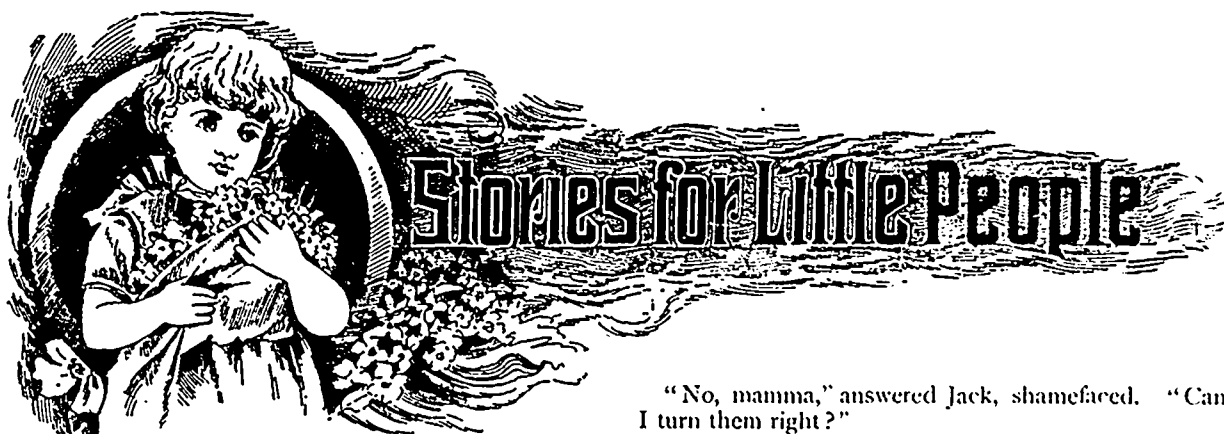
I lifted the dog into the bath and held him by the scruff, while he madly plunged, kicked, and struggled in his anxiety to get out, ploughing up the bright paint at the bottom in long beautiful furrows, four of them parallel at a stroke. To do the dog justice, however, he did not waste the paint. At the end of each nail-rut was a sweet little coil, all ready to be stuck down in the furrow again by any one who knew how. I did not know how. With my right hand I applied the soft-soap. It never struck me that it might act like ordinary soap does when rubbed into hair; but it did, only more so. If it had struck me I might have been content with using a lump, say about the size of a piece of mud; but, being in ignorance, I calmly and systematically plastered that dog until all my threepenn'orth was gone, and the faithful beast looked like a stuffed brown tabby cat with its complexion a little bit faded. Then the wash really began. Taking some water in my hand, I set-to to work up the soap, commencing on the back. At first there was no effect, and my hand slipped about like an eel spiralling on a greasy pole, downwards. Presently a tinge of white appeared, and gradually spread and spread. This was lather. I think I'll alter the type of that sentence, and say, "This *was* lather." It was! It rose, and rose, and rose; it spread; it widened out; it hung down, and stuck out in front and behind far beyond the last hairy extremities of the dog.

Still I persevered, and still the lather increased, till the four legs were one solid pedestal of white, and all semblance of animal shape was lost in soap. Then I began to wash the soap off, but the more I washed it off the more it didn't go. It only increased and thickened, and I began to feel discouraged. I knew the dog was there, somewhere, because I hadn't seen him go away; but the only sight I had had to remind me of him was one great bubbling, frothing, hissing, seething, effervescent mass of lather, which grew and grew, and rounded off at the corners, till it looked like a huge, steaming, animated snowball. I saw something must be done. So I took it to the scullery. There I pumped on the white mass till from its midst the dog reappeared again.

I never washed another dog.

TIM JINKS.

"Do you see any difference in Neighbour Pearce since he joined the church?" "Yes; formerly when he went to work in his garden on Sunday morning he carried his tools on his shoulder, now he carries them under his overcoat."



WRONG SIDE OUT.

QUITE certain it was that, in some way, Jack had gotten out of the wrong side of the bed that morning. He fretted because he had to put on his old shoes; he whined over his saucer of oatmeal. Now his old shoes were easier than his new ones, though less shiny, and, although he liked cream better, he relished milk, and as to the oatmeal, he was fond of that, too, only it was not smoking hot. His sister waited for him to finish this troublesome breakfast, and then she said: "Please, Jack, will you carry this to the post-office for me?"

It was pleasant to walk to the office. Jack generally enjoyed meeting the other boys as he went; besides, he was interested to see whether the stores had filled up their windows with firecrackers, and torpedoes, and balloons, and skyrockets for Dominion Day. But, for all that, his sister felt quite melancholy to see what an afflicted looking boy Jack was as he took the letter and marched off, dragging his unwilling feet as though they weighed pounds. "I'm always being sent with her letters," mourned the oppressed boy.

It was just so, later, when his mother sent him on an errand for her. At that very house they always smiled on him, and gave him seed-cakes, but Jack grumbled, "It's too cold to be doing errands, and I shall be late to dinner, I know I shall."

So he was, but the best morsels had been saved for him, and when he fretted because his pudding was burned a trifle on one side just through the care with which it had been kept for him, I think his mother was at last rather out of patience.

"And it's the very kind I like the best," scolded Jack, finishing his pudding.

"Jack," said his mother, "I want you now to go right up to your room and put on every garment wrong-side out."

Jack stared. He thought his mother must be out of her wits.

"I mean it, Jack," she repeated, gravely. And she did mean it. Jack had to mind. He had to turn his stockings, even; and when his mother came to him, there he stood—a forlorn and funny-looking boy, all linings and seams and ravelings—before the glass, wondering what his mother meant, but not quite clear in his conscience.

"Now this," said his mother, turning him around, "is what you've been doing all day; you have been determined to make the worst of every thing. In other words, you would turn everything wrong-side out. Do you really like your things this way so much, Jack?"

"No, mamma," answered Jack, shamefaced. "Can't I turn them right?"

"You may, if you will remember this: There is a right and wrong side to whatever happens—I mean a pleasant part and a part you do not like as well; and you must do as you prefer to with your clothes, wear them right-side out. Do not be so foolish any more, little man, as to persist in turning things wrong-side out."

There should be better teaching, not so much for the sake of knowledge as for the sake of being and doing.

B A B Y.

Little, teasing, laughing rogue,
Shut your eyes and rest,
Pussy's sleeping long ago,
The birdie's in its nest.

"Pussy's s'leepin'?" up he starts
To see where pussy lies,
Chubby cheeks and tumbled hair,
Eager, sparkling eyes.

Was there ever such a rogue?
Yet he's dear to me,
With his dimpled, laughing face,
None so sweet as he.

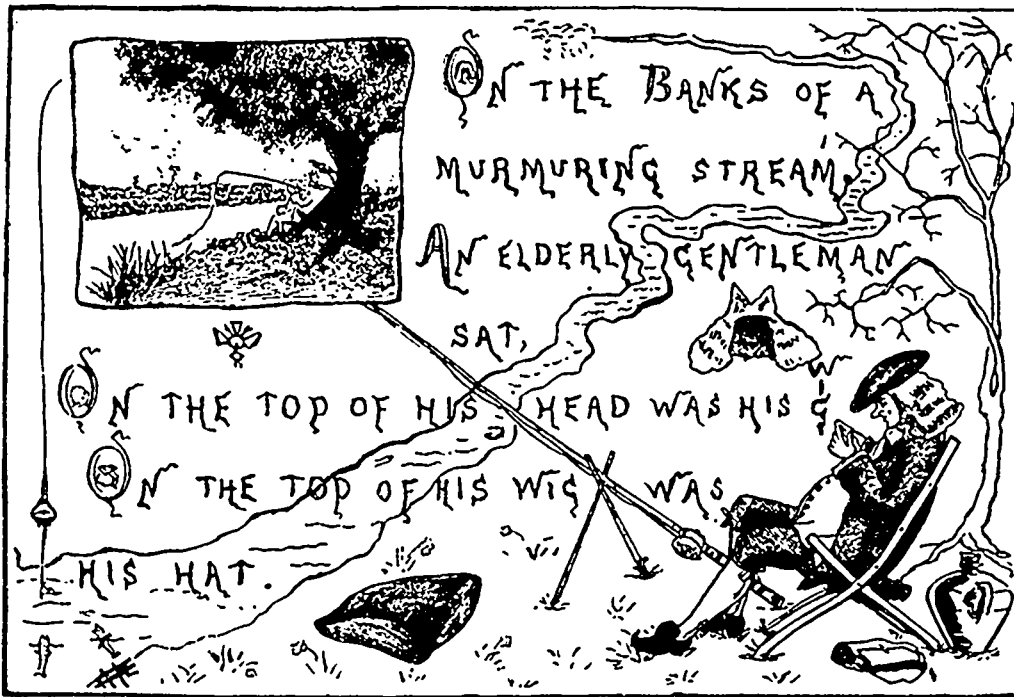
So I lay him down again,
Chiding with a smile;
"Eyes is s'ut," he gravely says,
Peeping all the while.

"Muzzer, want to say me p'ayers,
Haven't said Amen:"
So with sleepy eyes he lips
The simple words again.

Sec, the little hands are still,
Baby's sleeping now,
Smiling, too, and with the light
Of God's love on his brow.

Aunt Mary—"Now, Jennie, let me see whether you know your lesson. Tell me who first discovered whalebone?"

Jennie—"Jonah, I guess."



MARK TWAIN IN A PARISIAN BARBER'S.

From earliest infancy it had been a cherished ambition of mine to be shaved some day in a palatial barber's shop in Paris. I wished to recline at full length in a cushioned invalid chair, with pictures about me, and sumptuous furniture: with frescoed walls and gilded arches above me, and vistas of Corinthian columns stretching far before me: with perfumes of Araby to intoxicate my senses, and the slumberous drone of distant noises to soothe me to sleep. At the end of an hour I would wake up regretfully and find my face as smooth and as soft as an infant's. Departing, I would lift my hands above that barber's head and say—"Heaven bless you, my son!"

So I searched high and low, for a matter of two hours, but never a barber's shop could I see. I saw only wig-making establishments, with shocks of dead and repulsive hair bound upon the heads of painted waxen brigands who stared out from glass boxes upon the passer-by, with their stony eyes, and scared him with the ghostly white of their countenances. I shunned these signs for a time, but finally I concluded that the wig-makers must of necessity be the barbers as well, since I could find no single legitimate representative of the fraternity. I entered and asked, and found that it was even so.

I said I wanted to be shaved. The barber inquired where my room was. I said, never mind where my room was, I wanted to be shaved—there, on the spot. There was a wild consultation, and afterwards a hurrying to and fro and a feverish gathering up of razors from obscure places and a ransacking for soap. Next they took me into a little mean, shabby back-room; they got an ordinary sitting-room chair and placed me in it, with my coat on. My old, old dream of bliss vanished into thin air!

I sat bolt upright, silent, sad, and solemn. One of the wig-making villains lathered my face for ten terrible minutes and finished by plastering a mass of suds into my mouth. I expelled the nasty stuff with a strong English expletive and said—"Foreigner, beware!" Then this outlaw strapped his razor on his boot, hovered over

me ominously for six fearful seconds, and then swooped down upon me like the genius of destruction. The first rake of his razor loosened the very hide from my face and lifted me out of the chair. I stormed and raved, and the other boys enjoyed it. Their beards are not strong and thick. Let us draw the curtain over this harrowing scene. Suffice it that I submitted, and went through with the cruel infliction of a shave by a French barber; tears of exquisite agony coursed down my cheeks, now and then, but I survived. Then the incipient assassin held a basin of water under my chin and slopped its contents over my face, and into my bosom, and down the back of my neck, with a mean pretence of washing away the soap and blood. He dried my features with a towel, and was going to comb my hair; but I asked to be excused. I said, with withering irony, that it was sufficient to be skinned—I declined to be scalped.

Humourist (boastingly)—"Why, sir, the patent medicine sellers put my jokes in their almanacs."

Cynicus—"I know it. They do that to make the people ill, so that they will buy their medicines."

"Madam, I understood your daughter had married a rich husband."

"My daughter, sir, married a rich man, I admit; but he is a very poor husband."

A well-known Glasgow milliner has a pet-parrot which hangs in the shop, and which she has trained to say, "Oh, how lovely!" every time a customer enters the shop, and "Oh, how pretty!" every time a customer tries a bonnet on. The astute modiste is reported to be doing a remarkably thriving business.

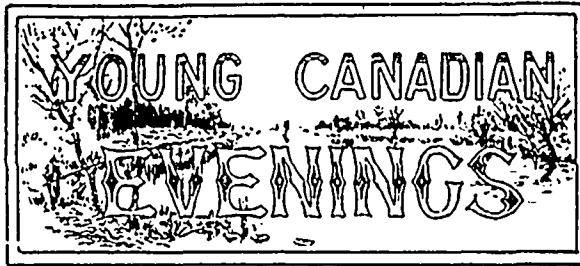
"Money," says a character in one of Byron's comedies, "won't purchase happiness."

"No," is the crushing reply, "but it will purchase an easy chair."

"Guard, I hope there won't be any collisions."

Railway Guard—"Oh, no fear, mum."

Old Lady—"I want you to be very careful. I've got two dozen eggs in this basket."



YOUNG CANADIAN TANGLES.

PRIZE.

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

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

Address solutions to

Tangle Editor, YOUNG CANADIAN, Box 1896, Montreal.

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 22.

1....	T	R	A	P
2....	M	A	L	E
3....	D	E	E	D
4....	E	L	A	M
5....	P	A	R	T

Fig. 1.

M				
D	E			
E	L	A		
P	A	R	T	

Fig. 2.

K				
C	S			
E	I	V		
d	V	H	L	

TANGLE No. 27.

ARITHMETICAL WORD PUZZLE.

Find a county in Nova Scotia of ten letters; number these letters thus:—First, 0; second, 1; third, 2; and so on, up to 9. Then make the following sum in Division:—

UNDLB)RUUMABLM (MRAE
 BDAML

 UUECUB
 DDBUR

 UELDNL
 UBDCEU

 ADERM
 ADERM

TANGLE No. 28.

HIDDEN CANADIAN TOWNS.

1. An Arabian town—Two prepositions.
2. Supremo governors—A weight.
3. Fresh—A point of the compass; a monastery, or cathedral church.
4. Grain—A fortification.
5. One of the Apostles—A town with a corporation.
6. To grind—Running water.
7. A thick plantation—A cryant.
8. A famous sweet-singer—To tell.
9. Modern—A fortified house.

TANGLE No. 29.

GAP IN THE FENCE.

A Canadian farmer finds a gap in his fence, which he repairs with the following rails. How does he do this so that the letters name five towns in the Dominion?—

T	U	O		
P	R	H		
T	R	N	O	
R	L	O	S	T
H	I	F	X	
L	N	D	Y	
R	A	T	A	
A	O	I	E	

(Answers in No. 29.)

WHICH IS BEST?

If only our frocks and our aprons
 Would grow like the leaves on the trees,
 And out we could rush in the morning,
 To gather and pick as we please,

How nice it would be, and how easy,
 We never would have a misfit;
 No matter how much we might tear them
 We never need sew up a slit.

No tiresome mending or darning,
 No use for a needle or thread,
 No grief for a hole in the stocking,
 No scolding from mother to dread.

And if there were never a lesson,
 No writing or spelling of words,
 And nothing to do but be idle,
 And chatter and sing like the birds.

How useless, and tired, and lazy,
 How mischievous, too, we would grow.
 No, no! 'Tis a thousand times better
 To read and to spell and to sew.



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

MESSENGER. The actual transmission of a cablegram is only a matter of seconds. It is the interpretation of the cablegram and other incidental matters that take up the greatest time. You may judge of the rapidity with which a message may be "wired" or "cabled" from the fact that the velocity of electricity has been found to be 230,000 miles per second, a velocity greater than that of light, which is between 185,000 and 186,000 miles per second. It may interest you further to know that observations made in connection with the use of the electric telegraph for determining longitudes have shown that the time which intervenes between the sending and receiving of a signal was about four-tenths of a second.

TRAINING CLUB.—By means of constant practicing on the piano, you may be able to render the fingers more pliable than at present. Washing the hands in water containing borax, in the proportion of a teaspoonful to a quart of water, will check excessive perspiration. Running, jumping, and boxing will develop the muscles of the lower portion of the body. It is not wise, however, to exercise one portion of the body at the expense of the others. Boxing brings all the muscles into play.

YOUNG CANADIAN AMATEUR BOAT CLUB.—We are much pleased at the title of your club. We shall watch your career with deep interest. It is not easy for you to make your own sails, but the trouble will well reward you if you are successful. The great thing is to make the sails of stuff that has had all the stretchiness taken out of it. Fine muslin, Horrocks' M longcloth, and fine linen are all used. Before you cut out your sails put the calico into boiling water for five minutes or so, then take it out, and roll each end once or twice round a broomstick so as to get a firm hold, and get a friend to seize hold of one broomstick while you hold the other, and work the stuff backwards and forwards over the clothes-horse or some such contrivance. You can, instead, lash the calico into a large wool-work frame, or even nail it down on a board, but whatever you do keep the selvages straight. When the stuff is dry iron it, and iron it straight. Then put down on it the paper patterns of the sails, taking care that the selvages come in their proper places, and rule them out exactly, going round afterwards about a quarter of an inch outside for the hem. Remember the curve at the foot of the sails. Rule the parallel lines for the canvass slips before you cut. Iron down the hems before you begin to sew, and iron the sails when done before you fix them. Tapes round the sails do as well as hems. Do not hem the selvage.

R. H. GUELPH.—If there are insects in your pigeon loft, you should give it a complete cleansing and disinfecting. Get from the druggist a little permanganate of potash. Dissolve it in water, and wash every part well with it. Use this hot. It is more effectual in killing the insects. Dump out your grain boxes, and wash them well in hot water and soap. These pests of pigeons are often lurking among the dust of grain. See to the food, the bath, the gravel, the ventilation and let your pets have a chance of plenty of sunshine. Tell me again how you succeed.

PETER SMITH.—The reason that white letters appear larger on a black ground, than black letters on a white one, is owing to the laws of light. The impression made on the eye by bright objects, extends wider than the actual portion of the organ struck by the light, and spreading into the space occupied by the darker objects makes the brighter appear larger than they really are.

H. B.—Birds can fly much faster than twenty miles an hour. I read not long ago that the flight of the swallow, when emigrating, is not less than fifty miles, and it has been calculated that the swallow can fly at the rate of ninety miles an hour. The flight of hawks and several other birds is about a hundred and fifty miles. It seems strange, does it not, to think that these little creatures can move through the air, with such wonderful rapidity.

MAMIE.—I trust my answer will not be too late for the picnic. The game you ask about is called "Cat and Mouse." A cat and mouse must be chosen from amongst the children. The others take

hands and form a ring, with the mouse in the middle. The cat must sing these words:—

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"

Mouse.—"Yes, kind sir, and I'm sitting to spin."

Cat.—"Mew! mew! mew!"

The cat must try to catch the mouse, who must run in and out of the circle. When the cat catches the mouse, she must say "Mew!" if she omits to say this, the mouse is free again. The other children must help the mouse by holding up their arms, so that she may run through. If the cat, however, manages to get into the circle, the two who have permitted her to do so, must in their turn become cat and mouse. When the cat catches the mouse, it must pay a forfeit. I hope that your birthday will be a bright and happy one, and that your little friends will enjoy themselves to their hearts' content.

PRACY B.—To use a gun without the help and advice of one who knows all about it, is at once foolish and dangerous. Consult a personal friend who is a good shot. His advice will be more reliable than that of a gun-dealer.

FRANCIS BROWN.—Candles are made of tallow, wax, spermaceti, stearine, paraffin, and some kinds of oils. Common ones are composed of the coarsest tallow poured into moulds made of tin, glass, or pewter, with the wick suspended in the centre. Wax candles are not moulded.

ALFRED SMITH.—Cultivate your horse's acquaintance, let him know that you are his friend, and prove it to him by your kind treatment. When you have reached this stage you can teach him to follow you and perform other tricks. You must always speak soothingly and be patient at all times.

FRED. BLACK.—Distemper usually sets in when a dog is from three to six months old. It is really a severe cold which settles into a kind of consumption. If your dog begins to snuffle, his eyes to run, the coat to lose its gloss, and has violent fits, it is then about time to put him out of misery, as there is no hope for recovery.

W. ARMSTRONG.—You should always remove your hat in the presence of ladies, whether it be in the kitchen, parlor, or hall, also when you enter the private office of a business-house. There is also a certain amount of respect due your employers and superiors during business hours. Be a gentleman at all times, and you will succeed in commanding respect.

FANNY MILLER.—Sensitive silver paper or photographic paper is nothing more than ordinary white paper covered with a sizing of albumen and made sensitive to light with nitrate of silver. Albumen is a substance existing nearly pure in the white of an egg, and its chief component. We will send you the Amateur's Manual of Photography on receipt of price, 10 cents.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—Laundresses usually secure the glaze on cuffs and collars by putting a little gum-arabic into the starch. Another way is with wax. Into a pint and a half of boiling water in a saucepan put an ounce of wax, melt over the fire. When it has stood a few minutes to cool, stir into half a pound of starch, previously mixed with a little cold water; the whole to be boiled and stirred for half an hour. The wax starch thus prepared is to be used cold. We believe, however, that the glazing substance most used at the present day is borax. Some borax is dissolved in a saucer, the linen is starched in the usual way, an iron is passed over it, a clean rag is dipped in the borax and rubbed over the face of the article, and the ironing then finished.



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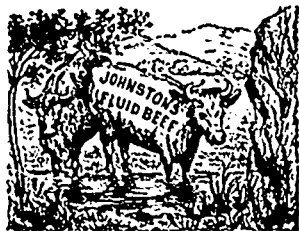
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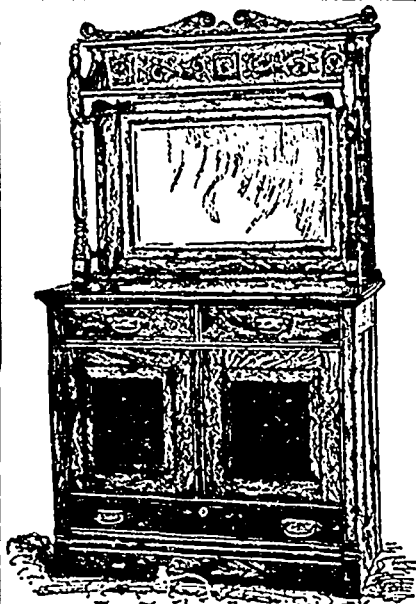
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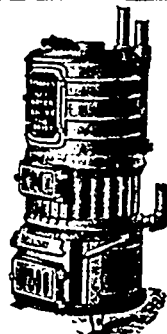
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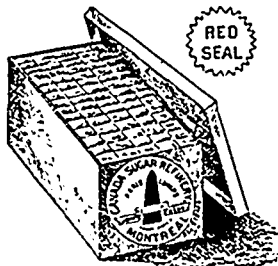
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