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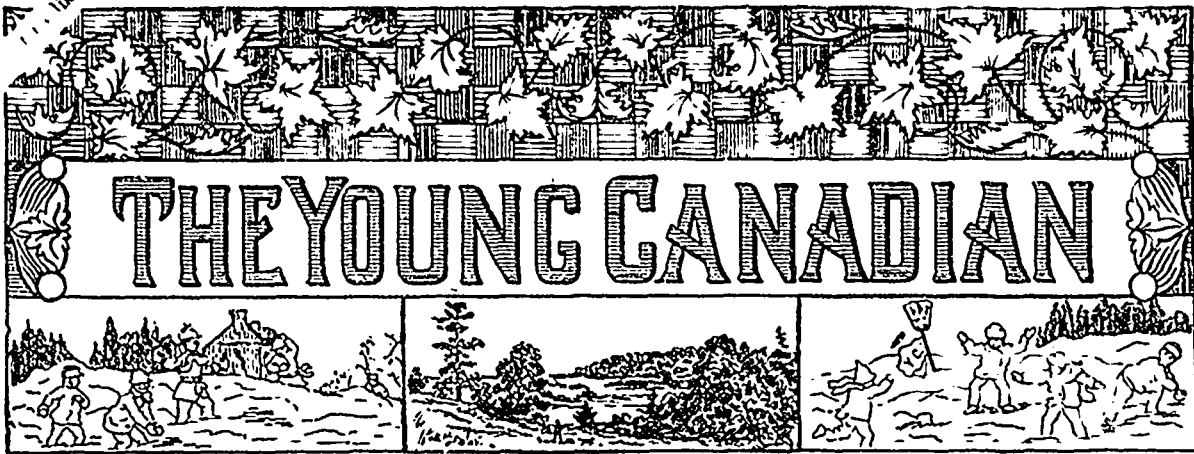
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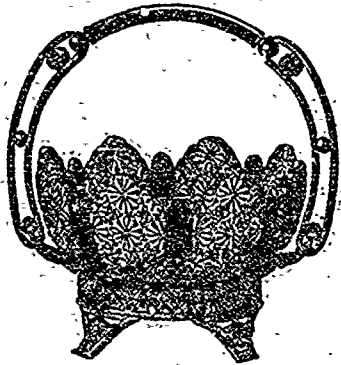
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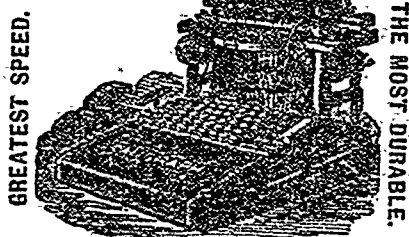
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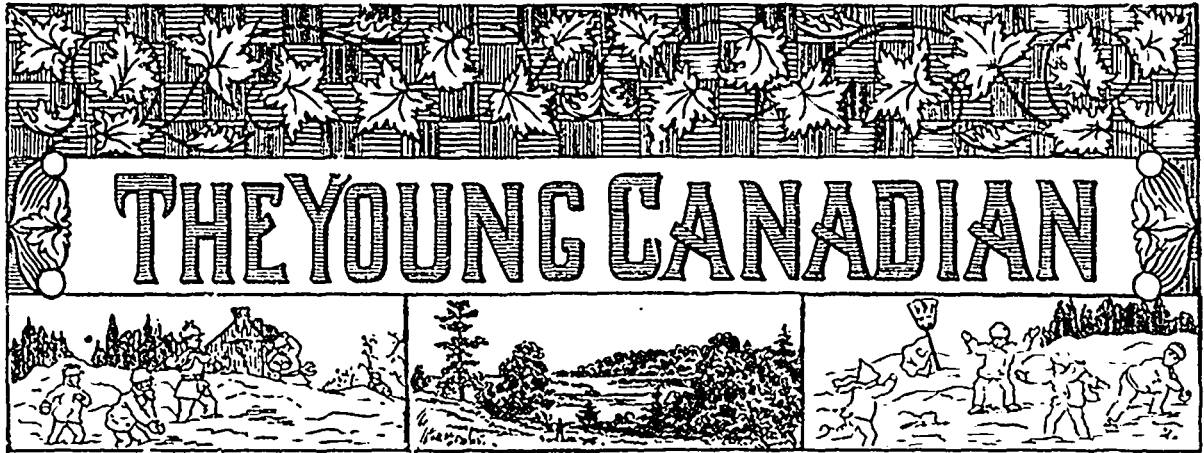
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1. COCKER SPANIEL.
2. POODLE.
3. BULL TERRIER.

4. NEWFOUNDLAND.
5. SETTER.
6. POINTER.

7. GREYHOUND.
8. SKYE TERRIER.
9. BULLDOG.

ABOUT DOGS.

I. HOW TO CHOOSE ONE.

A BOY without a dog is like an unfinished story. What your left hand is to your right, a boy's dog is to the boy. More particularly is this true of the lad who lives either in the country or within walking distance of forest and stream.

To be of any value either as a hunting dog, a watch dog or even a companion in one's rambles, it is absolutely necessary that the dog should be educated, and where there is a possibility of doing so, it is desirable to secure a young puppy. No matter what your choice in

breed may be, whether it is a Newfoundland, bull, skye, greyhound, pointer, setter, or toy terrier, get the pup and *train it yourself.*

It would not only absurd but absolutely cruel to keep a Newfoundland, deer-hound, water-spaniel, pointer, setter, or any other similar breed of dog confined within the narrow limits of that small bit of ground attached to the city house and dignified by the name of a yard. It would be equally cruel for a farmer boy to keep one of these expensive, diminutive, delicate, nervous, city dogs known under the general title of a "toy dog" or "fancy

breed." The agile, bright-eyed "black-and-tan," and the delicate and graceful Italian greyhound, are full of fun, but as unreliable as beautiful. Thoughtless, rollicking, exquisites! Such dogs are scarcely the kind either city or country boys would choose for playmates or companions.

What most boys want is a dog that combines the qualities of a boon companion and a good watch dog. By the latter is meant a dog whose intelligence is sufficient for it to discriminate between friend and foe, and whose courage will prompt it to attack the latter without hesitancy. It must also be a dog that may be taught to "fetch" and carry, to hunt for rat, squirrel, or rabbit, as well as to obey and trust in its master. It should be so cleanly in his habits as to be unobjectionable in-doors, and should possess judgment enough to know when its company is not agreeable, and at such times keep out of the way.

The poodle is perhaps the best trick dog, but is disliked by many on account of its thick woolly coat being so difficult to keep clean. The wirey haired Scotch terrier is a comical, intelligent animal, and a first-rate comrade for a boy. The Newfoundland is faithful, companionable, and powerful enough to protect children, to whom, if there be any around the house, it will become very much attached and a self-constituted guardian. The spaniel is pretty, affectionate, and docile.

Almost all sporting dogs make first class watch dogs, but they are restless and troublesome if confined, and, as a rule, they are too large for the house. The shepherd is remarkably intelligent, and, when well trained, makes a trusty dog for general purposes.

The bull, although not necessarily as fierce and vicious as one would suppose from its looks and reputation, still is hardly the dog for a pet or companion, being of a dull and heavy nature, and not lively enough to suit the taste of the boy of the period. A little of the bull mixed in the blood of another more lively dog makes a good pet, of which a thoroughbred bull terrier is an example. J. G. Wood, in speaking of the latter, says:

"The skilful dog fancier contrives a judicious mixture of the two breeds, and engrafts the tenacity, endurance, and dauntless courage of the bull-dog upon the more agile and frivolous terrier. Thus he obtains a dog that can do almost anything, and though, perhaps, it may not surpass, it certainly rivals almost every other variety of dog in its accomplishments. In the capacity for learning tricks it scarcely yields, if it does yield at all, to the poodle. It can retrieve as well as the dog which is especially bred for that purpose. It can hunt the fox with the regular hounds, it can swim and dive as well as the Newfoundland dog. In the house it is one of the wariest and most intelligent of dogs, permitting no unaccustomed footstep to enter the domains without giving warning."

Although some may think Mr. Wood a little too enthusiastic in his description of the bull terrier's qualities, still if they have owned a properly-trained animal of this breed, they will undoubtedly acknowledge this particular dog to be about the best for a boy's dog. With an ardor not excelled by his young master, the bull-terrier will chase any sort of game, and will attack and fight any foe at its master's bidding. Indeed the great fault of this dog is that it is too quarrelsome among other dogs, and careful attention should be paid to correct this fault, which may be entirely done by kind and firm treatment; but should any canine bully attack your pet, woe be unto him, for, unless he comes from good fighting stock, he will rue the day he ever picked that quarrel.

We shall have something further to say about the training of dogs.

NED DARROW;
OR,
THE YOUNG CASTAWAYS.
CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. JAMES' EXPERIENCE.



WHEN Mr. James, the under-master, standing on the wharf at San Francisco, realized that the Neptune had sailed, and that all his plans had come to naught, he was, for the time being, completely dumbfounded.

Inquiry soon revealed to him that his brother, Professor Ballentine, and the nineteen students had started on the sea voyage, but not a trace of his young protégé, Ned Darrow, could he find.

All that week the disappointed, bewildered man searched through the city for Ned, and at last was compelled to believe that some villainy of John Markham had put him out of the way, or that he had, in some mysterious manner, sailed with the academy voyagers.

When he was at last necessitated to confess further search futile, and realized that he must wait patiently for the return of the Neptune, he turned his attention to the land at Sandy Flat.

For over a week he was there and in its vicinity. What he learned and what he did, a definite action on his part showed in results some time later.

Twice he came across John Markham, but each time he evaded him. Each man finally, without the other becoming aware of it, was working out separate plans concerning Ned Darrow's legacy, that were destined to develop into important issues eventually.

It was just three weeks after the departure of the Neptune, when some very startling information came to Mr. James' knowledge.

A homeward-bound ship had picked up a long-boat and its occupants in the Pacific.

They were the crew of the ill-fated Neptune, and the story told left but one surmise regarding the captain, mate, and passengers that every soul on board had perished in the storm that sent the crew adrift.

One of these Mr. James finally found. This man and his mates had agreed on a false story. They knew if they told the truth regarding their cowardly abandonment of the Neptune, they would be shunned and detested by all.

Therefore, believing that the Neptune would never be heard from again, they told a specious story of all hands leaving the ship in two boats and of their being separated on the deep.

From this man's story, too, Mr. James learned of the stowaway, of whom the crew had only a vague knowledge.

Ned Darrow had sailed with the Neptune, but he and his companions had been lost at sea, he decided.

The conclusion was an agonizing one, but there seemed no reason existing to believe that the passengers of the Neptune had survived that terrific storm on the ocean.

But, two weeks later, a new report thrilled Mr. James to hope and courage.

The brig Aldine had brought to San Francisco a bottle containing a *round robin* found on the coast of an unknown island.

They had been prevented from visiting the island by being driven thence by a storm, and so disabled thereby that they were forced to put into port.

One glance at the signatures on that *round robin* told Mr. James that the grammar school boys were still alive although isolated from the rest of the world.

Over the electric wires to Ridgeland flashed the news, and back came the answer from distracted parents to the under-master's telegram--

"Use all means money can secure to rescue the boys."

Two weeks later the *Aldine*, repaired and sea-worthy, set out on a voyage to endeavour to find again the unknown island where the *round robin* had been found.

And Mr. James, the under-master, was in charge of the expedition which anxious hearts and willing purses had directed to search the broad Pacific for the lonely home of the twenty Crusoes.

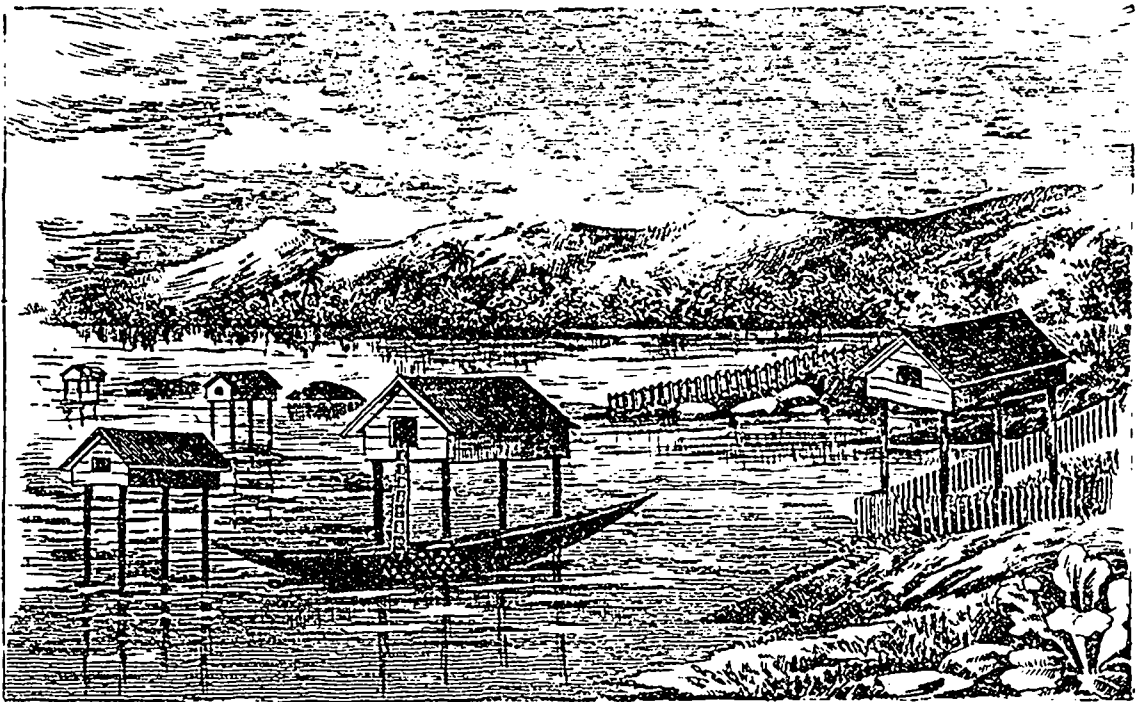
They had been exploring the island, when they accidentally came across the camp of their fellow-refugees.

Professor Ballentine found them valuable auxiliaries to his scheme of operations.

A better house was constructed for shelter during the wet season, and the old tars even staked out and cultivated a little piece of ground, where they planted some grain found among the cook's stores.

"It's our opinion we're booked here for many a month, maybe year," they remarked to the Professor.

Within a month affairs had become so systematized that a regular stock of vegetables, fish, and game were supplied for each meal.



QUAINT LITTLE HOUSES ON POSTS IN THE WATER.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A LIGHT AT SEA.

The dim intruders whom Ned Darrow had taken for prowlers at Camp Ballentine, assumed form and substance after the quick challenge which startled the watching boy.

"Captain Barr!" cried Ned, in the wildest amazement.

"And jolly old Ben Banks, sailor and landsman, my hearty," piped the ready voice of the ex-mate of the *Neptune*.

The report of the alarm gun had disturbed the sleeping camp, and its denizens came flocking to the spot where the trio stood.

The two sailors were ragged and bronzed, but the boys welcomed them heartily.

There was no more sleep that night, for they made Captain Barr relate his adventures since last they had met.

Briefly told, the story of the two men detailed their reaching shore on the raft, after abandoning the *Neptune*.

They had landed on the eastern side of the island, and had subsisted on what they caught and found.

The studies of the boys progressed finely. A new glow of health was apparent on every face, and uniform harmony prevailed.

Even Ralph Warden, forced to do his share of the labour, had become changed. Ned had saved his life twice, and he began to realize that courage and integrity were more valued than wealth and selfishness.

Ned had undertaken the collection of a fine set of geological and botanical specimens, and one day, in his search along the shore for curious shells and pebbles, came across two boxes from the wreck of the *Neptune*.

They contained some choice edibles, such as jellies and potted meats, and, on the occasion of the Professor's birthday, added not a little to the celebration, on which occasion Ned presented the old tutor with the cabinet of curiosities.

The Professor's mind was more fully fixed on the chances of again reaching home than any of the others.

"Could we not build some kind of a ship?" he asked one day of Captain Barr.

"We might, but it's risky trying so long a voyage as we'd have to make. Now, we've never taken a calcu-

lation as to our exact location, and that's a great point, Professor."

"You mean to determine the latitude?"

"Exactly."

"Can you do it, Professor?" asked a dozen curious voices.

"Yes, I think so, with reasonable certainty, too. The stars will be our guide."

"And can the stars tell us how far we are from land?" inquired Ernest Blake.

"They can, my hearty," said the captain, "with my sextant and other guides, they have been my only map on many a voyage."

"You see," said Professor Ballentine, "that, were we at the north pole, the Polar star would be directly overhead. Were we at the equator, the Polar star would be exactly at the horizon. From the north pole to the equator is one-fourth of the circumference of the earth, ninety degrees. Should we go north one degree, or sixty-nine and three-fourths miles, the Polar star would rise one degree higher in the heavens. If we can devise an instrument to measure angles as a substitute for the sextant——"

"Which I can do," interrupted Captain Barr.

"So as to determine the height of the star in degrees," resumed the Professor, "we would at once know our latitude, for the number of degrees the star is above the horizon is the number of degrees we are north of the equator."

"I reckon you've got that right," said the captain, "but longitude, Professor; that's another thing," and Captain Barr drew out his old silver watch. "You see it run down on the island, and we've lost all reckoning of time; without that, at some given point, we're all at sea."

The Professor smiled placidly.

"Is that all the trouble, Captain? We can obviate that. My Jurgensen chronometer here has not run down since I left San Francisco, for I have kept it wound regularly."

"And you can give the correct San Francisco time?"

"To the minute. At night we will set up poles to a line with that same Polar star, which is to find us the latitude, and thus learn, with considerable accuracy, the cardinal points of the compass. The next day we will, by these poles, determine when the sun is exactly south, which will be at noon, as it is now near enough the solstice for little variation to exist; then we will note the difference in time between our place of observation and San Francisco, and every four minutes of time will indicate the degree of longitude which we are west of San Francisco. The sun passes, or seems to pass, over the three hundred and sixty degrees of the earth's longitude in twenty-four hours, and in one hour over fifteen degrees, and in four minutes over one degree, which is the reason why we divide the difference in minutes of time by four to find the difference of longitude in degrees."

The boys were much interested in the Professor's explanation, but the plan he suggested was never carried out, unforeseen occurrences the ensuing day preventing its accomplishment.

That day, about evening, Ned was walking along the shore alone, seeking, as was his wont, some new specimens for the Professor's cabinet of curiosities.

He had gone quite a distance along the headland, the tide being out, and was engrossed in watching a huge crab and sea aster. The curious creature had all kinds of strange places of hiding. There were some large specimens at the island, and the Professor had told of their habits, and referred to the *Birgus latro*, or great cocoonut crab.

This is one of the largest species of land-crabs, and feeds almost exclusively on cocoonuts, for which purpose its pincer-claws are developed to extraordinary power, capable of breaking a cocoonut shell or a man's limb. Although it climbs the trees, it does not pull the fruit, but feeds upon what falls to the ground. With its great claws it tears off the husk from the nut, and then, selecting the one of the three eyespots which is always the most easily pierced, probs it with one of its legs. Inserting the leg, it rotates the nut until the orifice is large enough to permit the insertion of its great claws to break up the shell and extract the contents with comfort.

Feeding on such nutritious diet, the *Birgus* accumulates a great deal of rich fat, which yields sometimes as much as two pints of oil. This oil, thickened in the sun, forms an excellent substitute for butter, and is also a most excellent anti-corrosive.

Dusk came on ere Ned was aware of it, as he sat engrossed in the movements of the curious creature before him.

He started to return to the camp, and began to work his way back over the rocks.

He cast a casual glance seaward as he reached the smooth beach.

It had grown dark, and he knew the evening meal would be ready by the time he reached camp.

Suddenly he started and stared intently seaward. A light danced up and down on the billows.

"A ship! a ship!" cried Ned Darrow, excitedly.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ON THE ROCKS.

Ned Darrow did not lose time by hurrying to the camp to inform the others of his discovery.

Springing to the place where the binnacle lamp hung he hastily lit it.

He was amazed when he again looked seaward, to find that the light had disappeared.

He discerned instantly the cause of this. The ship, sailing southward, had passed out of his range of vision behind the headland.

"The lamp will not be seen," he murmured, anxiously. "The fire-wood! I must signal them."

On the beach lay a bundle of highly-inflammable knots of some resinous wood, placed there purposely for just such a contingency as the present one.

Ned slung the bundle over his shoulder.

He then ran to the headland and began climbing his way along its edge.

Wading and creeping, he finally reached its farthest available point.

"I must swim to the rocks beyond the point," he decided, and struck out into the water.

He reached an isolated rock at last, and scanned the southern horizon eagerly.

The light he had seen was again visible.

With his knife he scraped dry one of the wetted knots and applied a match.

The ship's supplies had contained a large quantity of these useful articles.

Instantly the knot blazed up and ignited others.

He piled them all together, and saw their ruddy glow crimson the waters about him.

Amid his excitement he did not consider his situation or its possible perils.

His eye was fastened on that dancing star of light in the distance.

It seemed to have changed its course. It certainly was coming again toward the island.

"The light has been seen; we will be rescued," breathed Ned, fervently. "The tide! It will extinguish the fire!"

Sure enough, the tide was coming in. It already dashed over his feet, and would soon put out the fire.

He knew he could swim ashore, but those aboard the ship seeing the fire extinguished, might not be able to locate the island.

Ned seized two of the pine knots and held them over his head, waving them to and fro.

The tide submerged the rock, came to his ankles, to his knees, to his waist. He was almost swept off his feet.

Still bravely remaining at his post, he waved the torches aloft. He could make out that the light of the ship was nearer the shore.

A moving object came through the water a few moments later. The torches were a dull mass of cinders now.

A boat reached the rock—a boat in which two sailors held the oars—and a third man stood at the bow.

The flickering light showed his face plainly.

Ned Darrow flung down the torches and sprang into the boat.

"It's a boy, and caught by the tide on a rock," spoke a familiar voice.

"Oh, Mr. James!" cried the brave signaler, tumultuously, "don't you know me?"

The under-master, for it was he, uttered a glad, thankful ejaculation. But two words parted his lips in that moment of supreme joy.

"Ned Darrow!" he cried, fervently.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOMeward BOUND!

Ned Darrow fairly cried for joy, and Mr. James' face worked curiously with emotion as he clasped the boy in a welcome embrace.

"Row us ashore," he ordered to the men in the boat, "and then return to the ship and tell the captain our long quest has ended successfully."

He plied Ned with questions as the delighted boy led him to the camp. The meeting between the under-master and his brother was very affecting, and the delight of the boys was manifested in wild hurrahs.

Seated at the primitive island repast, Mr. James told of a long search for the island on the Aldine.

Ned's signal had been the means of bringing him ashore.

The crew of the Aldine had no definite reckoning as to the island where the *round robin* had been found, but they had determined to sail in every direction until the island was located.

It was not until the next morning that the castaways were removed to the ship.

The Professor's cabinet of curiosities was not forgotten, and nearly every lad carried away some memento of his pleasant career as a Crusoe.

A feeling of sadness, despite himself, pervaded Ned, as the Aldine sailed that day, and the shores of Crusoe Island, as they called it, faded from view.

There, with his companions, he had passed the most pleasant portion of his life, and as he gazed at the bronzed faces of his comrades, and realized that their experience had brought out many noble qualities of mind, he could not but regret a final parting from the flowery dells and pleasant woods where life had been a sunny holiday.

The Aldine took a due southerly course, to stop at a South American port for a cargo, and the voyage was a delightful one.

The passengers saw many islands on the trip, among them one where the inhabitants, who were semi savages, had adopted the method of building quaint little houses on posts in the water, like lake-dwellers, which served as places of protection from flood, animals, and enemies.

Without accident or delay, one beautiful morning the Aldine anchored at her dock in the Golden City.

The first movement of Professor Ballentine was to exchange the shabby habiliments of his charges for more presentable attire.

Their rough experience made them resemble savages, he declared, and they certainly were for a time the objects of the curious cynosure of the guests at the hotel where they stopped.

It was with many regrets that they parted from their loyal friends, Captain Barr and jolly Ben Banks.

"Back to the sea we must go again," said the latter. "It's our home, and we ain't much the worse for our island life."

The cowardly crew of the Neptune had scattered and disappeared, thereby saving prosecution for mutiny by Captain Barr.

The Professor announced his intention of returning to Ridgeland, and telegraphed to the parents of his charges to that effect.

A mysterious consultation with his brother, Mr. James, however, caused him to modify his plans.

The scholars were notified that they would take a brief excursion down the coast, and then return home.

Ned asked Mr. James the meaning of the expedition.

"It's in your behalf," was the perplexing reply.

"In mine?" repeated Ned, surprisedly.

"Yes. The Professor wishes to go with us, and will not leave the boys alone. We all go; it's only a few hours' sail, and while they have a picnic on the beach, you and I will visit your estate."

"My what?"

"Your estate."

"Mr. James, what do you mean?" inquired the puzzled Ned.

"I mean that our former suspicions about John Markham were correct."

"Then Sandy Flat——"

"Has turned out to be what these Californians term 'a bonanza.'"

(To be Continued.)

HOW I SAVED MY BAG OF GOLD.

BY CLARENCE KING.

CHAPTER II.

QUICKLY turned Kaweah from the trail, and tied him a few rods off, behind a thicket, then crawled back into a bunch of buckeye bushes, disturbing some small birds, which took flight. In a moment two horsemen, talking Spanish, neared, and as they passed I recognized their horses and then the men.

The impulse to try a shot was so strong that I got out my revolver, but upon second thought put it up. As they rode on into the shadow, the younger, as I judged by his voice, broke out in a delicious melody,—one of

those passionate Spanish songs with a peculiar throbbing cadence, which he emphasized by sharply ringing his spurs.

These Californian scoundrels are invariably light hearted; crime cannot overshadow the exhilaration of out-door life, remorse and gloom are banished like clouds before this perennially sunny clime.

As the soft, full tones of my bandit died in distance, I went for Kaweah, and rode rapidly westward in the opposite direction, bringing up soon in the outskirts of Millerton, just as the last gamblers were closing up their little games, and about the time the drunk were conveying one another home.

Kaweah being stabled, I went to the hotel, an excellent and orderly establishment, where a colored man of mild manners gave me supper and made me at home by gentle conversation, promising at last to wake me early, and bidding me good night at my room door with the tones of an old friend.

I think his soothing spirit may partly account for the genuinely profound sleep into which I quickly fell, and which held me fast bound, until his hand on my shoulder and "Half past four, sir," called me back, and renewed the currents of consciousness.

After we had had our breakfast, Kaweah and I forded the San Joaquin, and I at once left the road, determined to follow a mountain trail which led toward Mariposa.

The trail proved a good one to travel, of smooth, soft surface, and pleasant in its diversity of ups and downs, and with rambling curves which led through open regions of brown hills, whose fern and grass were ripened to a common yellow brown, then among park-like slopes, crowned with fine oaks, and occasional pine woods, the ground frequently covering itself with clumps of such shrubs as chaparral, and the never-enough-admired manzanita.

Yet I think I never saw such facilities for an ambulance. I imagined the path went out of its way to thread every thicket, and the very trees grouped themselves with a view to highway robbery.

I soon, though, got tired looking out for my Spaniards, and became assured of having my ride to myself when I studied the trail, and found that Kaweah's were the first tracks of the day.

Riding thus in the late summer along the Sierra foothills, one is constantly impressed with the climatic peculiarities of the region. It is as if our August should grow rich and ripe, through cloudless days and glorious warm nights, on till February, and then wake as from sleep, to break out in the bloom of May.

I was delighted to ride thus alone and expose myself, as one uncovers a sensitized photographic plate, to be influenced.

Behind me in distance stretched the serene plain where Kaweah's run saved me. To the west, fading out into warm, blank distance, lay the great valley of San Joaquin, into which, descending by sinking curves, were rounded hills, with sunny brown slopes softened as to detail by a low clinging bank of milky air.

Nor was there any element of incongruity at the *rancheria*, where I dismounted to rest shortly after noon. A few sleepy Indians lay on their backs dreaming; the good-humored, stout squaws nursing papposes, or lying outstretched upon red blankets. The agreeable harmony was not alone from the Indian summer in their blood, but in part as well from the features of their dress and facial expression. Their clothes, of Caucasian origin, quickly fade out into utter barbarism, toning down to warm, dirty umbers, never failing to be relieved here and there by ropes of blue and white beads, or head-band and girdle of scarlet cloth. I saw one wo-

man, of splendid mould, soundly sleeping upon her back, a blanket covering her from the waist down in ample folds, her bare body and large full breasts kindled into bronze under streaming light; the arms flung out wide and relaxed; the lips closed with grave compression, and about the eyes and full throat an air of deep, eternal sleep. She might have been a casting in metal but for the rich hot color in her lips and cheeks.

Toward the late afternoon, trotting down a gentle forest slope, I came in sight of a number of ranche buildings grouped about a central open space. A small stream flowed by the outbuildings, and wound among chaparral-covered spurs below. Considerable crops of grain had been gathered into a corral, and a number of horses were quietly straying about. Yet, with all the evidences of considerable possessions, the whole place had an air of suspicious mock-repose. Riding into the open square, I saw that one of the buildings was a store, and to this I rode, tying Kaweah to the piazza post.

I thought the whole world slumbered when I beheld the sole occupant of this country store, a red-faced man in pantaloons and shirt, who lay on his back upon a counter fast asleep, the handle of a revolver grasped in his right hand.

It seemed to me if I were to wake him up a little too suddenly he might misunderstand my presence and do some accidental damage; so I stepped back and poked Kaweah, making him jump and clatter his hoofs, and at once the proprietor sprung to the door, looking flustered and uneasy.

I asked him if he could accommodate me for the afternoon and night, and take care of my horse; to which he replied, in a very leisurely manner, that there was a bed, and something to eat, and hay, and that if I was inclined to take the chances I might stay.

Being in mind to take the chances, I did stay, and my host walked out with me to the corral, and showed me where to get Kaweah's hay and grain.

I loafed about for an hour or two, finding that a Chinese cook was the only other human being in sight, and then concluded to pump the landlord. A half-hour's trial thoroughly disgusted me, and I gave it up as a bad job.

I did, however, learn that he was a man of Southern birth, of considerable education, which a brutal life and depraved mind had not sufficed fully to obliterate. He seemed to care very little for his business, which indeed was small enough, for during the time I spent there not a single customer made his appearance.

The stock of goods I observed on examination to be chiefly fire-arms, every manner of gambling apparatus, and liquors; the few pieces of stuffs, barrels and boxes of groceries appeared to be disposed rather as ornaments than for actual sale.

From each of the man's trousers pockets protruded the handle of a derringer, and behind the counter were arranged in convenient position two or three double-barrelled shot-guns.

I remarked to him that he seemed to have a handily arranged arsenal, at which he regarded me with a cool, quiet stare, polished the handle of one of his derringers upon his trousers, examined the percussion cap with great deliberation, and then, with a nod of the head to convey great force, said, "You don't live in these parts," a fact for which I felt not unthankful.

The man drank brandy freely and often, and at intervals of about half an hour called to his side a plethoric old cat named "Gospel," stroked her with nervous rapidity, swearing at the same time in so *distrain* and unconscious a manner that he seemed mechanically talking to himself.

Whoever has travelled on the West Coast has not

failed to notice the fearful volleys of oaths which the oxen-drivers hurl at their teams, but for ingenious flights of fancy profanity I have never met the equal of my host. With the most perfect good-nature and unmoved countenance he uttered florid blasphemies, which, I think, must have taken hours to invent.

I was glad when bed-time came, to be relieved of his presence, and especially pleased when he took me to the little separate building in which was a narrow single bed. Next this building on the left was the cook-house and dining-room, and upon the right lay his own sleeping apartment. Directly across the square, and not more than sixty feet off, was the gate of the corral, which, when moved, creaked on its rusty hinges in the most dismal manner.

As I lay upon my bed I could hear Kaweah occasionally stamp; the snoring of the Chinaman on one side, and the low mumbled conversation of my host and his squaw on the other. I felt no inclination to sleep, but lay here in half-doze, quite conscious, yet withdrawn from the present.

I think it must have been about eleven o'clock when I heard the clatter of a couple of horsemen, who galloped up to my host's building and sprang to the ground, their Spanish spurs ringing on the stone.

I sat up in bed, grasped my pistol, and listened. The peach-tree next my window rustled. The horses moved about so restlessly that I heard but little of the conversation, but that little I found of personal interest to myself.

I give as nearly as I can remember the fragments of dialogue between my host and the man whom I recognized as the elder of my two robbers.

"When did he come?"

"Wall, the sun might have been about four hours."

"Has his horse give out?"

I failed to hear the answer, but was tempted to shout out, "No!"

"Gray coat, buckskin breeches." (My dress.)

"Going to Mariposa at seven in the morning."

"I guess I wouldn't, round here."

A low muttered soliloquy in Spanish wound up with a growl.

"No, Antone, not within a mile of the place."

"Sta buen."

Out of the compressed jumble of the final sentence I got but the one word, "buckshot."

The Spaniards mounted, and the sound of their spurs and horses' hoofs soon died away in the north, and I lay for half an hour revolving all sorts of plans.

The safest course seemed to be to slip out in the darkness and fly on foot to the mountains, abandoning my good Kaweah; but I thought of his noble run, and it seemed to me so wrong to turn my back on him, that I resolved to unite our fate.

I rose cautiously, and, holding my watch up to the moon, found that twelve o'clock had just passed, then taking from my pocket a five-dollar gold piece, I laid it upon the stand by my bed, and in my stocking-feet, with my clothes in my hands, started noiselessly for the corral.

A fierce bull-dog, who had shown no disposition to make friends with me, bounded from the open door of the proprietor to my side. Instead of tearing me, as I had expected, he licked my hands and fawned about my feet.

Reaching the corral gate, I dreaded opening it at once, remembering the rusty hinges, so I hung my clothes upon an upper bar of the fence, and, cautiously lifting the latch, began to push back the gate, inch by inch, an operation which required me eight or ten minutes; then I walked up to Kaweah and patted him.

His manger was empty; he had picked up the last kernel of barley.

The creature's manner was full of curiosity, as if he had never been approached in the night before. Suppressing his ordinary whinnying, he preserved a motionless, statue-like silence.

I was in terror lest by a neigh, or some nervous movement, he should awaken the sleeping proprietor and expose my plan.

The corral and the open square were half covered with loose stones, and when I thought of the clatter of Kaweah's shoes I experienced a feeling of trouble, and again meditated running off on foot, until the idea struck me of muffling the iron feet.

Ordinarily Kaweah would not allow me to lift his fore-feet at all. The two blacksmiths who shod him had done so at the peril of their lives, and whenever I had attempted to pick up his hind feet he had warned me away by dangerous stamps; so I approached him very timidly, and was surprised to find that he allowed me to lift all four of his feet without the slightest objection. As I stooped down he nosed me over, and nibbled playfully at my hat. In constant dread lest he should make some noise, I hurried to muffle his fore-feet with my trousers and shirt, and then, with rather more care, to tie upon his hind feet my coat and drawers.

Knowing nothing of the country ahead of me, and fearing that I might again have to run for it, I determined at all cost to water him. Groping about the corral and barn, and at last finding a bucket, and descending through the darkness to the stream, I brought him a full draught, which he swallowed eagerly, when I tied my shoes on the saddle-pommel, and led the horse slowly out of the corral gate, holding him firmly by the bit, and feeling his nervous breath pour out upon my hand.

When we had walked perhaps a quarter of a mile, I stopped and listened. All was quiet, the landscape lying bright and distinct in full moonlight.

I unbound the wrappings, shook from them as much dust as possible, dressed myself, and then mounting, started northward on the Mariposa trail with cocked pistol.

In the soft dust we travelled noiselessly for a mile or so, passing from open country into groves of oak and thickets of chaparral.

Without warning, I suddenly came upon a smouldering fire close by the trail, and in the shadow descried two sleeping forms, one stretched on his back snoring heavily, the other lying upon his face, pillowing his head upon folded arms.

I held my pistol aimed at one of the wretches, and rode by without awakening them, guiding Kaweah in the thickest dust.

It keyed me up to a high pitch. I turned around in the saddle, leaving Kaweah to follow the trail, and kept my eyes riveted on the sleeping forms, until they were lost in distance, and then I felt safe.

We galloped over many miles of trail, enjoying a sunrise, and came at last to Mariposa, where I deposited my gold, and then went to bed and made up my loss of sleep.

A CATAMARAN.—Captain Brown, of the brig *Elmira*, which lately arrived at Portland, from Cuba, when twenty-four hours out from Cardenas, picked up a live cat seated on a bale of goods which was drifting in the sea. She was evidently the survivor of a wreck, and though she exhibited a ravenous appetite, she appeared to be in very good case.

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THE EDITOR.

Topics of the Day ABROAD.

A VERY LARGE PEBBLE FROM THE STREAMS OF SCIENCE.



FROM the laboratory of the Wizard of Menlo Park there is coming an invention which out-Edisons Edison.

It is the marriage of the phonograph with the camera—the union in one instrument of sound and sight.

With it the opera can be carried into the parlor, and the artists can not only be heard, but seen.

The popular preacher, the eminent public speaker, with it, can be brought to the home.

The new wonder will be called the "kinetograph," a strange sounding title to the ear to-day, but destined soon to become as familiar as locomotive or telephone, both strange words in their infancy.

The new invention is a combination machine, in which the phonograph and the photographic camera work together. It will reproduce not only sound, but also a picture of what passes before it. Not a mere instantaneous impression of objects, but a continuous representation of them for a considerable space of time.

Mr. Edison claims it will reproduce an opera. The phonograph will render the music, and the photographic apparatus will reproduce the performers, so that their presence on the stage will be depicted, every muscle of their faces will be seen to work, their strides, movements, all will be true to nature.

In other words, the camera will give a continuous picture of a singer on the stage for, say, thirty minutes, all his motions and gestures, while its ally, the phonograph, will record every note he utters.

His camera will take forty-six impressions in each second of time, and in this way the impressions are recorded so rapidly that the motions become resolved into pure motion, instead of a series of jerks. The impressions are recorded on a long roll of gelatine paper fastened to a spindle, which passes over a photographic lens.

Mr. Edison has no doubt that he will live to see an

opera recorded and reproduced by the kinetograph. Said he:

"I take, for example, a dress rehearsal of 'Emmie.' I will place my machine on a table in front of the stage. The two agencies, the phonograph and the kinetograph, will work together in harmony and with a continuous capacity of thirty minutes. Both will start as the curtain rises. The phonograph will record the music, while the kinetograph will record the motions of the performers at the rate of forty six impressions per second. This will give a continuous picture of what is going on on the stage. Afterward the photographic slips will be developed, replaced in the machine, and a projecting lens will be substituted for the photograph lens. Then the reproducing part of the phonograph will be adjusted, and by means of a calcium light the whole effect can be reproduced at life size on a white curtain in front of the audience. The original scene will appear to their eyes as true as life. They will see the singers before them, and all their movements and gestures will appear as if they were actually on the stage. The colors will not appear, but otherwise you will see and hear the opera as you see it at the theatre. The machine is, in fact, merely a mechanical eye."

Mr. Edison has not yet a perfected machine at work. He does not expect to have a perfect one for some time yet. He has an experimental one rigged up in his workshop, covered by a wooden box. It is a regular photographic machine impelled by an electric motor. In the top of the box was a hole about the size of a silver dollar. The machine was started, and we looked through the orifice. What we saw was the form of a man about an inch in size bowing and raising his hat. The motions were natural and continuous, and no break could be detected between them. The picture we saw was only a negative, photographed on an endless slip. At the greatest rate of speed no gap could be noticed between the bows. They came along smoothly and naturally. But when the speed was decreased to twenty and thirty pictures per second the difference was at once noticeable. The motions became jerky and irregular.

After the impressions are recorded, any number of duplicates can be struck off, and, when perfected, this machine could be operated in any household.

The time will come when they may be erected in hotels, and a nickel dropped in a slot will enable one to hear and see Patti sing one of her gems.

Nor need it be confined to operas. It will reproduce anything that can be photographed, and the phonograph will attend to the sound.

HOW A CIRCUS IS MOVED ABOUT THE COUNTRY.

"Hey Rube!"

Hundreds of rough and ready men jump to the call, whatever the occasion may be, whether a fight or a frolic, whether to break heads or to break camp, to eat, sleep, or work.

It is the war cry of the circus on the road.

Every performer, groom, canvassman, and driver knows the call. He does not know the meaning of the call—no more does anyone, as near as I can find out but he does know that it demands his immediate presence, and he gets there forthwith, as the legal papers say.

There is now but one circus, and that circus is Barnum's beg pardon, Barnum and Bailey's though the second name does not come easily yet, despite the "equal owner" proclamations and the "our surviving partner."

One year's trip is much like another in the system observed, each season marked by small but valuable improvements. Mr. Bailey and his assistants know just what's going to happen and just how everything is to be done.

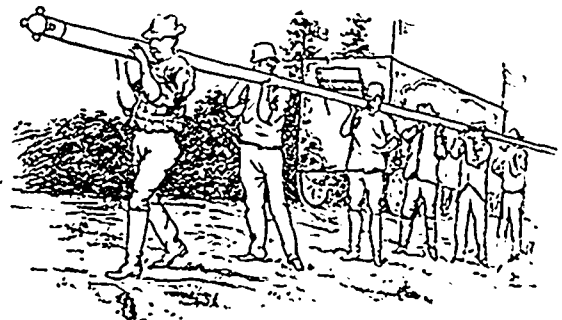
The great public knows of the show only in its glitter and magnificence. You and I will travel behind the scenes, or canvass rather, and look at the homely and workaday side of things, and let us take a glimpse too at the home life these circus folks enjoy.

To begin with, it is no small job to move a big circus from town to town. The Barnum show this year carries over 1,300 people, over 200 horses, and I don't know how many animals. Just think of it! It's like moving an army every night and keeping it fresh for dress parade every day. All this requires lots of money, experience, and organization.

No long stops are made anywhere. With but a few exceptions the circus stays in a town but one day. There are few towns in the country where the show can afford to stay a week, and only one or two in which it plays two days.

Although it cannot afford to stay long in a large city it can better afford to visit a smaller village than can a theatrical company. This is because all railroads make excursion rates for the circus for 150 miles, and because the majority of the farmers will flock to the circus when they wouldn't give ten cents to see Booth or Bernhardt.

For instance, there is a little village up in Ontario. It consists of the railroad station, a coal shed, a com-



CARRYING THE POSTS.

bination store and post-office, and two houses. Many is the weary hour I have put in there waiting for trains and wondering what the possible use of the railroad station was, and yet the Barnum show always draws about \$9,000 out of that desolate wilderness in one day. That is the average daily receipts of the show in the road. Two performances are always given each day. The biggest daily receipts was in Montreal, and amounted to \$17,200. The smallest which the books show was some \$400. Mr. Bailey was not in good temper that day.

Chicago is the best paying city in the continent for the circus. The city has blown into the Barnum treasury as high as \$91,000 in one week. Boston and Philadelphia come next, each having reached the \$79,000 mark in a week, while the New York receipts average about \$50,000 for a week, and in New York the expense is much greater. The circus paid \$30,000 rent for the garden for twenty-seven days, which was the length of its last engagement. Then, in New York the expense of having stables for the horses is necessary, and the employees are all boarded at hotels. Thus the expenses run beyond the receipts.

But to join our friends who help draw the dollars and leave the thousands to the tender mercies of the treasurer.

It is nine o'clock at night. The performance is at its height, horses are dashing around the track, the "Nero" girls bending and kicking, running and twirling in a graceful maze of color, and the band is blending it all in a brassy harmony. Under the big canvass it's all life and light and noise.

Outside, down by the stable tent, a gruff voice says:

"Hey, Rube! stike the canvass."

Two hundred men emerge from the shadows of the different tents and there is a brief and quiet roll-call. They are the canvassmen, and their day's work has just begun. They form a circle round the mess tent. Each man stands by a rope.

"Let her go!"

The canvass falls to the ground. In ten minutes the various sections are unlaced and packed in the canvas waggon which the teamsters have hitched up and drawn alongside. They work like bees, these fellows. Nobody says a word but the head canvassman, and he does not indulge in any "airy persiflage."

Big torches on long poles are stuck in the ground round about and illumine the scene with a weird light. The poles are taken down, the tent pins pulled up, and all the other furniture is packed away in the big waggons, which rumble off to the railroad station drawn by six horses each.

In the same manner all the other tents go down and are carried away, except the side shows and the "big top."

By this time the performance is over and the concert which follows it has begun. While that is in progress at one end of the big tent the seats are being taken out of the other. Everything is made to be taken apart expeditiously in convenient lengths for packing.

Meanwhile the performers have washed the paint off, dressed themselves, and gone down to the sleeping cars. The "Nero" people have to be quick about it or their dressing tents would go down on their heads.

The concert over, comes the hard work of the night, the lowering of the big top. The seats, stages, and rings fall apart as if by magic, and are spirited away by scores of brawny and material spirits. Then the side walls are peeled off.

There is a big crowd outside watching all this, for the audience is loath to leave while any kind of free show is going on. It is a scene that would enchant the most prosaic. The big tent looms up double its size against the black night; the torchlights flare and dance as the wind blows them about and light up a busy spectacle.

There is a shrill whistle, a creaking of ropes, a flapping and sighing in the night air like the wings of some

monster bird, and down comes the big top, 550 feet long. It falls slowly to the ground and lies flat, leaving the six centre poles standing. They are taken down one at a time, and each carried off on the shoulders of eight men to the pole waggon.

Nothing is left on the ground but programmes, saw-dust, and peanut shells.

Off at the station, a mile distant, the railroad men have not been idle either.

There are four trains of sixteen cars each lying on the side tracks. At nine o'clock the first train, the "canvass train" is gotten ready. It is made up of flat cars, like the ordinary flat cars, except that they are a third larger. This is a shrewd move on the part of circus folks to beat the railroads. The railroads charge so much per car, and as it costs no more to haul a sixty-five foot car than one measuring forty feet the cars are built just as long as safety will allow.

The open space between each car is bridged over by an iron plate, so that the train is one continuous platform. A "skid," or inclined plane, is placed at the end of the last car. As the waggons come down the teams are unhitched, a long rope fastened to the tongue and up they go, drawn by eight horses on either side of the train. In a surprisingly short time the train is loaded.

Meanwhile the animals have come down and the cages have been loaded in the same way.

The canvassmen do not go in the passenger train, but stick to their waggons. Rather unique berths they are, and not without a spice of attraction either. Two hammocks are strung from axle to axle under each waggon. In these the men sleep. They are rocked in the cradle of the railroad and sleep the sleep of the hard worked. The waggon serves as a shelter, and in fine weather it's all very pleasant, barring some occasional cinders.

Once in a while, too, a frohesome tramp will happen at the roadside with malice in his heart and a stone in his hand and proceed to land the stone on the sleeping canvassman's stomach. Then the sleeping canvassman will fall out of his hammock and say things of which only a canvassman is capable, regardless of the sanctity of the beautiful night and the full moon.

But whisking through the country on a rainy night in such an open way is even less attractive, and then the canvassman lets down the tarpaulin which covers each waggon to the ground, and completely shuts himself in from the storm.

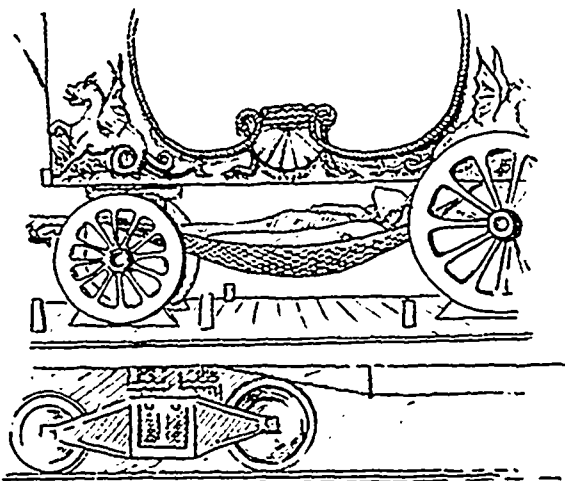
Only the "railroad gang," some twenty-five men, stay awake all night.

The passenger cars are ordinary Pullman sleepers. They are divided into three classes. The "women's car," "men's car," and "married car." The principal performers and heads of departments have a car to themselves. Mr. Bailey also has a private car, with a cook and dining-room, refrigerator underneath, brass bedsteads, and a very business-like looking office in it, as well as a sitting-room. This is always the last car of the whole sixty-four.

The chorus girls and chorus men are packed in their cars like sardines. Every one knows what a sleeper is like, two berths in a section. In the circus train the berths are made fast and never shut up, while for chorus people two extra berths are put in, making four in a section. In that way double the usual number of people are crowded in a car. On warm nights it is a little close. There is a monitor or monitress in each car, and the strictest order is preserved.

In each end of the cars are wash basins where ablutions are performed, and each person has a hook in a closet for hanging up clothes.

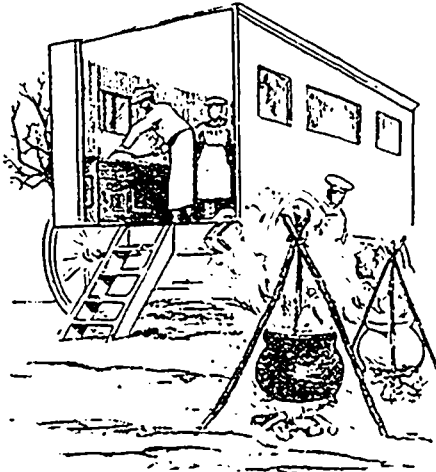
In this train the omnipotent porter reigns supreme as elsewhere, for the management compels each occupant



A VERY AIRY BED.

of a berth to tip him twenty five cents a week. For this he blacks the shoes every morning, attends to the laundry and makes up the berths.

The bedding, by the way, is sent ahead three days to be washed every week. The personal laundry is done in a single day. The agents ahead make contracts by which the laundries in certain towns abandon all other work and devote their entire energies to the circus washing. They call for it early in the morning, and are



PREPARING FOR BREAKFAST.

obliged to deliver it back "done up" at the cars before midnight. This is done every other day, so that the washing will be as small as possible.

It is about one a. m. when the trains start. The average distance from one "stand" to another is sixty miles. It is possible for the show to make ninety, however, and so it is usually between five and seven when the trains arrive at their destination the next morning.

The cook tent is the first to go up, and the cooks immediately set to preparing breakfast. It takes just one hour and three-quarters to put up the big top, and then the canvassmen go to breakfast. All this canvass up, they have nothing more to do until nine o'clock at night.

The meals are served in relays so that the cooks are kept busy pretty steadily. The animals and waggons safe on ground, the teamsters go to breakfast; then the railroad men, after the cars are side-tracked, and the grooms; then the chorus people, and lastly the performers.

A boatswain's whistle calls the men together, and they march into their meals in a sort of military way.

The mess or cook tent, as it is called, is always placed to the rear of the show tent. It is an oblong affair, containing eight long tables, which are built in sections. The turf is the floor, and wooden stools are the dining chairs. Off the cook tent is the serving tent, where the food is dished out. Alongside of this are drawn up a number of waggons—the butler's pantry of the circus—with racks filled with dishes, etc.

The most interesting of all is the range wagon. In it, running along one side, is a huge range, on which 800 pounds of meat can be cooked at once. There are doors at each end and windows on one side. Half a-dozen white-capped cooks pass the meats through to the waiters.

Outside and guarded from the curious crowd of loiterers by ropes are five or six tripods, from which hang big iron kettles. In these soups are made and vegetables and meats boiled. Each kettle has its separate cook. This looks decidedly like an army camp, with the wood

fire crackling underneath, the kettles and the steam rising in clouds against the canvass that is gleaming under the morning sun.

The steward in advance has laid out the bill of fare for each day, and has made contracts with butchers, bakers, and grocers to deliver a certain amount of provisions on the grounds at five a. m. The steward is there to receive it and weigh it, and direct its use.

Still another man has contracted for a certain quantity of raw beef, hay, carrots, onions, and beets for the animals. The show carries no provisions except a few bales of hay.

There is no difference in the quality of the food served the labouring men and the star performers. The only difference is in the way it is served. The tables of the former are covered with red table cloths and the food is served in galvanized iron dishes. Napkins, too, are considered unnecessary.

At the performers' tables there is white linen, china and thin glassware.

It's a very good table that the circus *chef* sets. Nearly all the performers prefer it to going to a hotel, even when the show stays a week in a place. Here is a sample breakfast bill of fare:

Mush and Milk.
Beef-steak. Fried Ham and Eggs.
Baked Potatoes. Rolls.
Tea. Coffee.
Fruit.

About noon there is lunch, or as soon as the parade is over, and at five o'clock or following the afternoon performance comes dinner. There is always soup and three kinds of meat for dinner, with a variety of vegetables and pudding or ice cream for desert. The food is of the best quality that can be obtained, and there is no stint of it. So exactly do the agents know the amount that will be needed that there is seldom more food left over than will furnish a light lunch for those on the train who want it. Of course what waste there is goes to the animals.

The caterer takes particular pains to supply an abundance of milk. It may surprise you—it's a fact, however, that there is more milk drank in a circus than beer.

There are fifty five waiters, and they are all compelled to put on clean white jackets and aprons each day.

All hands are compelled to take part in the parade, which starts at ten o'clock, and down to the humblest teamster every man must have his boots blackened. Mr. Bailey, who is always first on the ground and everywhere present, inspects the procession before it starts out. Woe to the untidy man.

There are a number of little side features to a circus that the public know nothing about. As, for instance, in a little tent off the dressing-room are ensconced two barbers who belong to the circus and who shave the whole show. Two blacksmiths are also carried with a field forge and anvils and the full stock of a shop. Then there are thirty dressmakers with the show who do nothing but keep the costumes in repair.

It is a complete colony of itself, independent of all except the dollars of the dear public and the whims of the railway managers.

A Christchurch firm recently received by mail from a customer the half of a £1 note, with an accompanying memorandum stating that for safety he would "remit the balance in stamps!"



THE STORY OF RAJAH PANDU.

ONCE upon a time in ancient India, there was a fair city called Hastinapur. It stood surrounded by palms and tamarind-trees and flowering acacias. A cool broad river flowed near, keeping the trees always green through the fiercest summer heat. Never in these delicious groves did the birds cease singing. Never, either, was the city silent; but the laughter of children, the graver talk of men and women, the voices of holy men reciting aloud the vedas (or sacred books of the Hindoos), mingled and made a hymn of praise ascending from earth to heaven.

The houses in Hastinapur were of pure white marble, and were adorned with curiously carved balconies. The temples were richly decorated with gold and precious stones, and pilgrims from all parts of India brought presents to their shrines. The bazaars, or Indian markets, were always blithe and busy. The merchants smoked their long pipes, or hookahs, as they placidly drove their bargains, secure of ready payment, for in Hastinapur there was no lack of money.

The king of this noble city was Rajah Pandu. Men called him "The Pale," because from his birth his countenance was white and troubled, as with deadly fear. But despite his white face, Rajah Pandu was not timorous at heart. He was a mighty warrior and a just monarch, tenderly beloved by his queens, Kunti and Madri, and by his five young sons, to whom he taught all the noble arts. But Rajah Pandu loved passionately the excitement of the chase, and in his eagerness he was often forgetful of the law of mercy. And often the holy Brahmins would warn him: "Rajah Pandu, beware lest the curse of Vishnu fall on you ere ever your sons be grown to man's estate! Of what avail shall be your deeds of valour when you have slain the innocent?"

But Rajah Pandu refused their counsels, and continued to make the forests scenes of slaughter instead of the safe and sheltered home of birds and harmless animals who do men no hurt, which Vishnu, the kindly god, meant that they should be.

Now it chanced once that Rajah Pandu had a mighty hunting expedition in the Himalayan country. One day he had wandered away from his followers, when a noble stag bounded across his path, and Pandu, with a poisoned arrow, slew the animal, which fell quivering and dead. Then suddenly, before Pandu could reach his prey, rushed forth a large-eyed fawn, forgetful of timidity, and standing over the dead stag began to lick his wounds. But Pandu's heart was closed against compassion, and so with another arrow he slew the fawn also beside her mate.

But as Rajah Pandu was approaching his victims, he saw standing by them in the path an old man, in the dress of an anchorite. And the old man turned and looked at Pandu: and Rajah Pandu trembled sorely, for he knew he was in the presence of no mortal man. Stern was the gaze of the strange anchorite, and his eyelids never drooped, and his eyes were bright with the brightness that has never known tears, and his feet did not touch the ground as he stood; and his voice was low and far-reaching as the evening wind, and, like the evening wind, it moved the leaves of the trees and made the long grass tremble.

"Pandus, Pandu the Pale, what thinkest thou? Have the gods strengthened thy hands to make thee the oppressor or the protector of the innocent and weak? And think not to make scorn thy excuse, saying, 'Of what worth were these lives I have destroyed?' If to the simple dumb creatures thou standest in the relation of a god, art not thou simple and dumb also to the rulers of the earth and sky? And if thy weaker brethren, the animals, are of no worth to thee, shalt thou be held precious by the gods? Therefore, as thou has ruled so shalt thou be ruled; the destiny thou hast appointed to others shall become destiny for thee. Suddenly and unawares hast thou sent forth death, and love hast thou used as a snare, therefore love shall prove thy death also; and in the moment when its glow pervades thy heart thou shalt surely die."

Then Rajah Pandu bowed his head upon his clasped hands; but he uttered neither entreaty nor complaint, for he knew that Vishnu, the Lord of Life, had passed this sentence upon him, and that the words of the gods, once spoken, become fate. And he knew also that it becomes not a man to fret idly against a curse he has drawn down upon himself; but that he should accept it bravely, and bear it with what strength he may.

But when the god has vanished from the path, Pandu the Pale, paler even than was wont, sought out his huntsmen and courtiers. And he ordered every man to return to Hastinapur, and there to salute his brother Dritarashtra as their king; and to his queens and his five sons he sent a message, that the gods had passed a bitter curse upon him, and that he was thenceforth as one dead to all whom he had once loved. Then he put on him the rough dress of an anchorite, and chose a solitary cavern for his abode; and his food he made of the roots and herbs and fruits of the jungle, and his couch of dried grass and leaves.

And so he lived many months, until the silence and solitude of the woods closed in round about him; and Hastinapur, and his stately palace, and the audience hall, where he had been wont to hear complaints and settle disputes, and all the splendour and power and movement of his past life became as a dream to him. And King Pandu's beard grew even to his waist, and though he was still young in years, it was white as the drift of snow; his eyes, also, took the mild dim gaze of extreme age.

So gentle was he that the very birds would perch upon his shoulders and eat grain from his open hand, and all the wild creatures of the jungle knew him: the tigers, and hyenas, and deadly serpents did him no hurt, and the timid gazelles played around him and followed him in his walks. But when he saw any creature wounded or in pain, he would weep bitterly, as though the hurt had been to his own child; and he would tend the humblest sufferer with unwearying care, so that soon he became learned in the art of healing, and knew the saving virtues possessed by every sort of plant.

Now when Rajah Pandu's messenger returned to Hastinapur, there was sore dismay and grief in the city. The people mourned as though each man had lost a father; and Dritarashtra, also, who had no ambition to usurp his brother's throne, was filled with pity and sorrow. Many and splendid were the gifts he gave the Brahmins; and he implored that sacrifices might be daily offered up and prayers arise from all parts of the kingdom for the cleansing of Pandu from his sin.

But the most bitter affliction was in Pandu's palace, for there his queens, Madri and Kunti, and his five young sons, had no thought nor hope but was turned towards the lonely exile in the wild Himalayan woods. And when the people, as time went on, grew to forget their king, or at any rate, to look upon him as one that had passed into the dim world of the death god Yama, Madri and Kunti, though wearing the garb of widows, refused to put off from their lives the hope of Pandu's return, and still they taught their children to wait and look for him.

But after many weary months, even these brave hearts dreaded the influence of despair. And weeping bitterly, they sought the blind Dritarashtra, and entreated that he would give them permission to go forth in search of Pandu.

Then Dritarashtra, who knew nothing of the curse passed upon his brother by Vishnu, that love should prove his death, raised the weeping queens kindly, and said:—

"Go, my sisters, and Heaven prosper you!"

So Madri and Kunti set forth with the five children for the Himalayan country. And they thought nothing of the roughness and fatigues of the journey, they who had been accustomed to the luxury and ease of splendid palaces from their youth upwards, for they felt that day by day they were approaching Pandu. And soon, when they had reached the jungle, the hermits gave them tidings of their lord.

"There dwells in these woods," they said, "a certain recluse whose countenance is strangely pale and wears ever an expression of deadly fear, and his white beard falls down to his waist, and his eyes are dim and mild; never does he raise his face to the face of a fellow-man; and if any other hermit give him good morrow, he answers not; but to the birds and wild creatures of the woods he will speak in soft and tender tones, and they love him, and follow him about whithersoever he goes."

Then, by the description, Madri and Kunti knew that this must be indeed Pandu the Pale. And they wept to think how great a change had befallen him, and that age, before the time, had stricken him.

Now the hearts of both women were true and strong with love; but Kunti was wise and self-possessed, whilst Madri was passionate as a summer storm. And Kunti counselled that when they had found their lord they should not rashly present themselves before him; but that they should send a holy Brahmin as their ambassador, and implore through him permission to appear before him.

"For," she said, "may not the righteous king have made a solemn vow not to look upon our faces until he

shall have wrought out some years of penance and prayer? It were ill for us to provoke him to wrath, and perchance draw down upon him also the vengeance of the gods."

Then Madri bit her lips with impatience and anger, for Kunti was her elder, and she dared not openly rebel against her. But to herself she said, "This Kunti is cold and heartless; she loves not Pandu as I love him. And true, O Pandu, and loving hast thou ever been and when prosperity smiled upon thee, and thou wast rich and powerful, a mighty king, honoured and feared by all, I did not then need an ambassador, but would myself stand before thee, and meet thy kindly smile and tender words. And now, when thou art afflicted and solitary, shall I shrink from thy presence? Oh, Pandu, my lord Pandu! Shall it be said the birds and beasts only love and follow thee? Nay, but I too, thy queen, will serve and follow thee; and though thou curse me, will bless the gods that at least I hear thy loved voice once again!"

Now it chanced that as the day was drawing to its close, the splendour of the sunset melting into the tender radiance of Indian twilight, King Pandu sat upon a stone at the mouth of his hermitage, watching the fire-flies, like floating diamonds flash and fade around him. The trees were quiet overhead, and only the kokila was singing. Still lay the river at a few yards off, and the waters, pink and grey and blue with the sky tints, looked like filmy mists. King Pandu's eyes were fixed upon the fire-flies as he followed their dance, and his mind was preoccupied by no memories or thoughts, save only that it seemed to him he was watching with the fire-flies the fortunes and lives of men flash and fade. But suddenly broke in upon his dreams a tender voice, which set his heart beating wildly, both with fear and joy.

"Pandü, my king! My Lord Pandu!"

Then Pandu the Pale, paler even than he was wont, clasped his hands before his eyes. And distinctly as aught he had ever gazed upon rose up before him the fair city of Hastinapur: he saw the temples and marble palaces; he heard the happy murmur and movement of the streets: he saw a grand procession winding along, elephants with golden howdahs, mounted warriors and standard bearers, camels and splendid chariots, and he heard the people shout, "Long live the righteous monarch, the father of his people, King Pandu the Pale!"

And now, a second time, his vision was broken in upon by the passionate cry.

"Pandü, my king! My Lord Pandu!"

Still he did not unclasp his hands. But now, as distinctly as Hastinapur, he saw the inner apartment of his own palace, and his heart was wrung, for he beheld his five young sons clad in mourning, and Kunti, in the sad garb of a widow, bade them pray to the gods that their father Pandu might be restored to them; but Queen Madri knelt apart, her silken hair unbound and her large eyes swimming with tears, and her hands were raised as if in wild entreaty.

And now again, for the third time, the voice broke in upon his vision.

"Pandü! My Lord Pandu!"

Then the mists were rolled away from his mind, and he saw all the past clearly. He remembered the sin he had sinned, and Vishnu's curse rang in his ears: "In the moment when the glow of love pervades thy heart thou shalt surely die."

And he rose to his feet, and unclasped his hands from before his eyes, and holding his arms wide, he called out loudly,

"Madri, my queen, come to me!"

And as she ran to him the gods pardoned him, and he died.

But Madri, when she saw that her lord was dead, and that the deed was hers, shrieked aloud in agony; and Kunti and the children and the Brahmuns that were with them hurried to the spot, and the women and children wept sorely for King Pandu. But the holy Brahmuns sought to comfort them by saying that Pandu's fault was now effaced, and that he was tasting the favour of the gods in the Paradise of Indra.

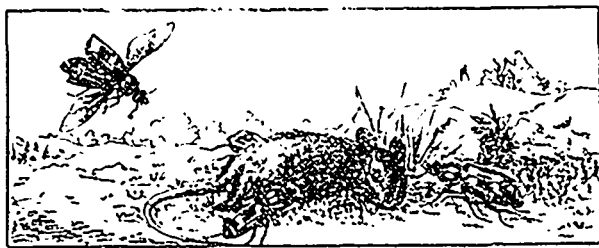
So they raised a funeral pyre to King Pandu, heaping upon it spices and scented wood; and when the flame was kindled, Madri rushed forward, and flung herself upon the body of her lord crying, "Let no man stay me, for through me he died! And shall I leave him with none to serve and follow him in the Paradise of Indra?"

Thus was it that the curse fell upon Rajah Pandu because, despite his valour, he was forgetful of the law of mercy ordained for all men, but chiefly for those who have power intrusted to their hands.

NATURAL HISTORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

ADAPTED FROM JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

The Praying Beetle is not the only one that buries its eggs. There is another one, called the Sexton Beetle. When it finds a dead bird, or mouse, or frog, or other small animal, it sets to work to bury it. It digs a little grave for it. This is why it is called a sexton



THE LITTLE SEXTON.

This beetle begins to dig under the dead body. As it takes out the earth, the dead thing sinks more and more. At last it is deep enough to be covered, as a coffin is covered in a grave.

In this way this beetle helps to keep the earth and air clean. Is that why it buries things? Oh, no! The reason the beetle does this is, it wants to get a good place for its eggs.

These sexton beetles are black, with yellow bands. They are rather large, and go in pairs. You might think these beetles and the one who makes the ball would be dirty from their work, but they are not.

These beetles have a kind of oil over their bodies. This keeps any dirt from sticking to them. So, though they work in dirty places, they are always clean and bright.

These burying beetles have a keen scent. They can smell a dead body even if it is a long way off. Let us watch Mr. and Mrs. Sexton Beetle at work. Here is a dead mouse. Through the air come flying these two beetles. Their wings hum as they come.

When they alight, Mr. Beetle goes briskly to his work, and Mrs. Beetle stands looking on. Her work in this world is not to dig, but to lay eggs. Before the work begins, they both make a good meal off the dead mouse. All sexton beetles eat flesh.

Mr. Beetle works a while. Then he drops down as

if very tired, and sleeps. Then up he gets and ploughs furrow after furrow about the mouse. Mr. Beetle uses his head for a plough. Now the dead body has sunk out of sight. Mr. Beetle has put over it the earth he took out from the grave which he made. He makes all the little grave smooth and trim.

But what is this queer little fellow doing now? He has made a little side door into the grave. He and Mrs. Beetle walk in. They have gone to take another meal from the mouse.

When their dinner is over, Mrs. Beetle lays some eggs in the dead body. She knows that when the larvae come from the eggs, they will like to eat the food which they find all around them. After the eggs are laid, Mr. and Mrs. Beetle come out into the air.

Mr. Beetle fills up the doorway. Then off the two fly to find other things to bury.

The larva of the sexton beetle looks much like a beach flea or sand-hopper.

Does the strength of the beetles surprise you? Once I found a fine grass-green beetle, with silver spots. I wanted him for my card of beetles. I tied him in the hem of my handkerchief to carry him home. The hem was double, but he ate a hole through it; then away he went.

Once I shut up ten beetles in a box. I forgot them for two days. When I opened the box, they were all dead. They had killed each other. The box had in it only heads, and legs, and wings. The last beetle that had been left had lost his legs and wings. He had won the battle, but died on the field. Some other great captains have done the same.

SPARKS FROM THE ANVILS OF SCIENCE.

Carriage: appeared first in Britain in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

The relative heat from equal amounts of coal and gas is in the proportion of 15 to 26.

The *Scientific American* is of the opinion that the speed of 100 miles a minute might possibly be obtained by a good locomotive with its wheels jacked up.

A process has been invented by means of which, it is said, photographs can be printed off almost as rapidly as a newspaper. This new method appears to be independent both of natural and artificial light.

Paper doors are said to be great improvements over wooden ones. They are formed of two thick paper boards, stamped and moulded into panels and glazed together with glue and potash, and then rolled through heavy rollers. After being covered with a waterproof coating, and one that is fireproof, they are painted, varnished, and hung in the usual way.

THE LAST DAYS OF A FAMOUS PRISON.—The well-known prison of Millbank in London will shortly cease to be used as a jail. The Home Secretary, acting for the Government, has offered to sell it and the ground on which it stands at a fair market price to the London County Council. This popular Corporation, however, has plainly intimated, in reply to the Secretary of State, that it is by no means anxious at present to become the possessor of Millbank, and will certainly not purchase it unless it can be obtained at a really cheap price. The site of Millbank was originally a marsh.

A RECENT ADVANCE IN ELECTRIC LIGHTING. By means of an ingenious device the Sperry Electric Company of Chicago are now enabled to operate their ten

ampere lamps on a current of only five or six amperes, without causing any hissing in the lamp or sparking at the brushes. This new arrangement is a very important one, as it permits local lighting companies having town contracts to satisfactorily carry on the illumination of the streets after midnight at a lower brilliancy, thereby saving from 40 to 50 per cent. in the matter of engine fuel.

THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE WORLD. It has been calculated that 37,000 newspapers are periodically issued at the present time throughout the world, and that of this large number at least one-half are printed in the English language. Germany has more newspapers than any other country in Europe: it publishes 5,500. France is second with 4,092, and Britain third with 4,000. Italy issues 1,400 newspapers, Austro-Hungary 1,200, Spain 850, Russia 800, Greece 600, Switzerland 450, Holland 300, and Belgium also 300. Australia has 700 newspapers. The United States, however, publishes more news periodicals than any other country in the world.

The question of Industrial partnerships is one of the most interesting to which the present complicated relations of capital and labour have given rise. The matter is discussed in all its bearings in a handsome volume recently issued by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, entitled "Profit Sharing between Employer and Employee." The author, Mr. N. P. Gilman, gives a clear exposition of the different features of the system, and relates with marked impartiality the results of its practical application in Europe and America. Taking all his facts and reviewing them from a logical standpoint, the author argues for a still further adoption of the system of profit sharing. As an authority on industrial partnership the volume has no equal.

A STEAM CARRIAGE.—The well-known French vehicle engineers, Messrs de Dion, Bouton & Trepardeux, have designed and constructed a novel coach which is made to run along the public roads by means of a small steam-engine, fitted up in one portion of its interior. The boiler of the engine, which is of the vertical type, measures 18 by 20 inches, and evaporates 13 gallons of water per hour at a pressure of 170 lb. per square inch. The fuel is coke, and about one-third of a penny's worth of it is consumed for every mile travelled. The driving is effected by means of the hind carriage wheels, each of which is worked by independent motors, and the attainable speed on a fairly good road is 12 to 15 miles an hour. When loaded with three passengers and the proper amounts of water and fuel, the carriage weighs not more than 22 cwts.

THREE EMINENT PHYSICIANS.—As the celebrated French physician Desmoulins lay on his deathbed he was visited, and almost constantly surrounded, by the most distinguished medical men of Paris as well as other prominent citizens of the French metropolis. Great were the lamentations of all at the loss about to be sustained by the profession, in the death of one they regarded as its greatest ornament; but Desmoulins spoke cheerfully to his fellow-practitioners, assuring them that they had left behind three physicians much greater than himself. Each of the doctors, hoping that his own name would be called, inquired anxiously who was sufficiently illustrious to surpass the immortal Desmoulins. With great distinctness the dying man answered, "They are Water, Exercise, and Diet. Call in the service of the first freely, of the second regularly, and of the third moderately. Follow this advice, and you may well dispense with my aid. Living, I could do nothing without them; and, dying, I shall not be missed if you make friends with these, my faithful coadjutors."

FROM A SCHOOLMASTER'S WASTE BASKET.

Schoolmasters are often the recipients of funny epistles. Here are a few which have been rescued from a pedagogue's waste paper basket, for many schoolmasters, like newspaper editors, have need for these receptacles. As will be seen they comprise letters, essays, and anecdotes by boys, and also letters from parents.

Dear Sir, I enclose you this shilling with pleasure wishing I could send you the amount you require. I will try to send you the other as early as possible I am a poor woman sir but honest and it hurts me very much to not meet my payments I have five little children and they seem to be always eating or else bare foot. Robert sir is going to the court house sir would you kindly spare him to-day. Mrs. S.—

Sir,—You always on to our John I hant gotten a fardin to scrat myself wi how can I pay school wage and if I keep him at home your efter him. I am maddled never such fash about schoolin when I was a barn. Please order that pupil teacher to keep her big ands of Johns ears or else I'll reckon with her mysen.— M. C.

Dear Sir, It is with extreme reservation that I venture to address you. My son Alphonse is a very tender fragile creature. He had numberless fits when teething. You will notice that he is of a refined temperament timid and superiorly constituted. His father was highly connected and studied at One Yew Academy. His mother was a perfect lady but she is dead. Please use him tenderly in future.— P. T.

To the Schoolmaster. What is our Sam learning any-wry? He can't do sums and spell. His rithmetic is a disgrace to your school. Learn him something and then I'll see you get paid, that's how I have to do, and if he doesn't improve I'll take him way, so think on. T. N.

Mr.—If thou or anybody else hits our Andrew again I'll knock daylight through thy big black looking skull—hit thy own kids. T. N.

To Mr.— at — School.— This is to give notice that unless you call at John Adams in Walnut Street, 14, and say what you mean by hitting John Adams on the head with a pointer, making a cowl as big as a hen egg, which is shameful, as all the neighbours say, and ought not to be allowed you'll get a summons so do as you like I mean it.— J. A.

REST.

BY GOETHE.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere:

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife;
Fleeting to ocean,
After its life:

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving,
And this is true rest.

SCRAPS OF FUN.

The King of Dahomey has a necklace composed of two hundred and fifty ears, and that ear necklace is his great pride. He must be an ear nest man, and, doubtless, wears everything that is going on.

When Moore was prisoner in the Tower, all his books were taken from him, whereupon he shut up his windows, and being asked why, he answered, "it was time to shut up shop when all the ware was gone."

Judge "You confess to having stolen the money, do you? Well, have you any exonerating circumstances to offer?"

Culprit "Yes, your honor; my grandfather was an alderman."

Guide (explaining the view of a mountain to a party) "And here is the place where a young lady jumped off and committed suicide."

Lady "From melancholy?"

Guide "No, from Boston."

Wool "How do you go to work to tell the age of a hen?"

Van Pelt "By the teeth."

Wool "A hen hasn't any teeth, you idiot!"

Van Pelt "No, but I have."

Little Daughter "Oh, mamma, didn't you say Dick mustn't go with that neighbor's boy?"

Mamma "Indeed I did."

"Well, he's with him behind the barn, smoking cigarettes."

"Horrors! Is that dirty faced boy teaching Dick to smoke cigarettes?"

"No, Dick's teachin' him."

Errand Boy (to jeweller) "What shall I say if any one brings in a watch to be repaired while you are out to lunch?"

Jeweller (winking) "Pretend to examine it carefully, and then tell him it needs cleaning and a new main-spring."

Young Lady (at Newport) "How I should love to see a racing yacht with all sail set."

Waterman "Well, mum, some day when there ain't a breath of air stirrin', you come down to the beach, an' you'll see plenty."

Rural Youth "What's them things called?"

Dealer "These are bicycles."

"I've seen 'em, but I couldn't think o' the name. I'd like ter ride one."

"Can you ride a bicycle?"

"Of course. Nuthin' ter do but sit on top an' work the wheels, that's all, ain't it?"

"Yes, but you are apt to fall at first."

"Spose I do. Can't do more than hit the ground, can I?"

"No, no."

"Then what's to hurt?"

"You might come down hard, you know."

"But it's only the ground—no knives or things like that on the thing, is there?"

"Oh, no."

"Nuthin' to worry 'bout, then. I've druv a hayrake."

Old Man "Talkin' 'bout circuses, nothin' can come up to th' ole fashioned one ring circus, with one clown."

Young Man "Only one clown? It must have been real enjoyable."

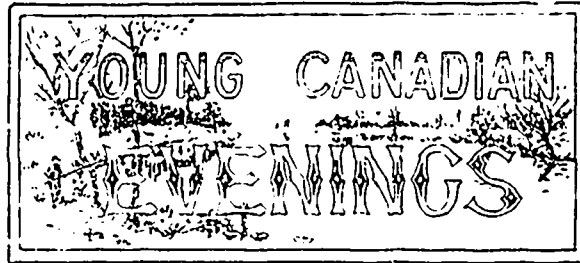
Miss Highup "I don't believe the De Styles have been out of the city at all."

Miss Tiptop "Their house was locked up, and they are covered with tan."

Miss Highup "Looking up the front of a house is easy enough, and tan can be got on the roof. They haven't been away, and I know it."

"How?"

"With all the tan and sunburn and freckles, they haven't a musquitto bite among them."



YOUNG CANADIAN TANGLES.

Tangle Prize for September, "INTSA," a book of beautiful stories. Competition commences Tangle No. 42 in this number, and closes October 10th, with answer to Tangle No. 37, the last given for September. Competitions must be sent in weekly, and must be mailed before the answers appear.

ED. TANGLES.

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 42

HIGGLY PIGGLY PLOVLES

1. A friend is never known till needed.
2. An idle brain is the devil's workshop.
3. Gossiping and lying go hand in hand.

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 43.—NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

Pot. Tentation. Cope. Leint. Sip. Line.—Constantinople.
Var. Rice. Over. Cour.—Vancouver

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 44. CHARADE.—CAP T.

TANGLE No. 49.—HIDDEN PROVERB.

In each of the following sentences one word of a well-known proverb is hidden:—

1. They all went to Ottawa on the 9.30 train.
2. The book that was on the table is mine.
3. It was well it did not rain.
4. Did you hear about that wonderful air ship we were to have had?
5. You know how it ends?
6. Very well, I need tell you nothing more about it.

TANGLE No. 50.—METAGRAM.

1. I am a useful article.
2. Change my head, and I signify a noise.
3. Again, and I am a metal.
4. Again, and I am a box to hold grain.
5. Again, and I am to gain.
6. Again, and I am to do wrong.

TANGLE No. 51.—BUILT NAMES OF PLACES.

1. I have been to the Balearic, Orkney, and Shetland Islands.
2. I am a coral island.
3. This is Mr. Douglas' cottage.

Answers in No. 36.

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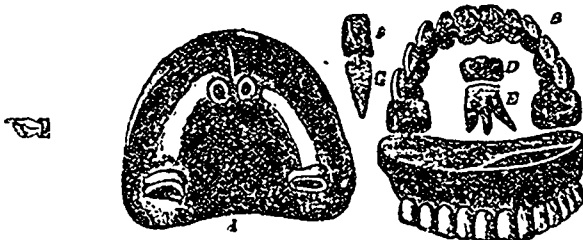
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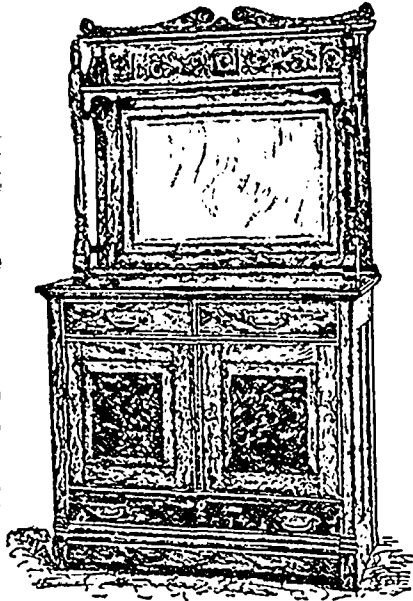
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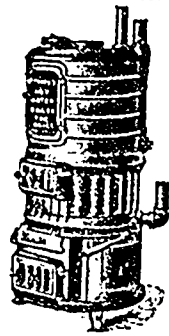
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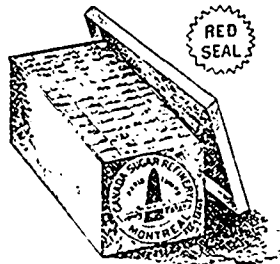
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