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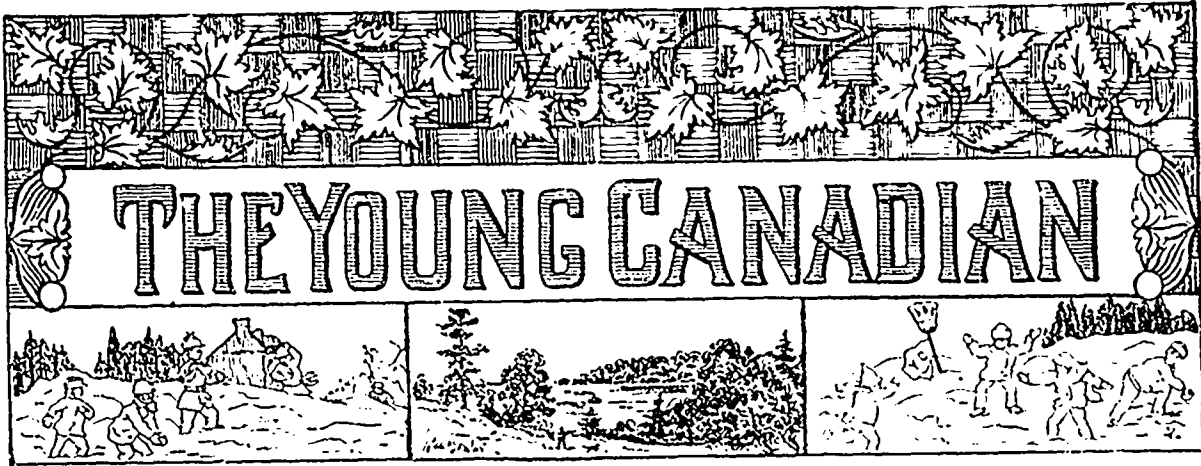
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SAVED BY PLUCK.

A STORY OF THE EASTERN SEAS.

BY WHICHURCH SADLER. IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

HE TOLD him everything of the mate's sudden death and the illness of the other fever-stricken men; and how, helped by Borlase, until he too succumbed. I had got the brig under way, and then all the trouble of making sail single-handed.



"I RUSHED TO THE WHEEL."

"You have done capitally!" he said. "And now you must go on deck, for I can't talk any more; only I thank God that I am—as I believe—really getting better."

I went on deck, feeling that now there was a good hope of my being saved from becoming the sole survivor on board.

The day passed, the ship gradually drawing off shore, and the high mountain peaks of Fernando Po in sight on the starboard, until, late in the afternoon, the wind dropped. Released by the calm from navigating cares, I went forward, and after hauling down the useless jib, placed myself on the deck beside Borlase.

"I don't think I shall live through the night," said the young sailor, as I put my hand on his.

I could only press his hand in reply, for his face was so changed that, to my young eyes, he seemed even then almost dying.

"Poor mother!" he went on, "how she will miss me! Will you mind telling her, Tracy? She lives at Bristol; you will see the address in an old Bible she gave me when I first went afloat. She didn't like me to go, for father was lost at sea, and I was the only one left, she said."

He was quiet for some minutes; when he spoke again the voice was so weak that I could scarcely make out words.

"The only son of his mother, and she was a widow." Read."

Then I understood on what the sailor's thoughts were dwelling. But I had scarcely read three verses of the sacred story when the grasp of his hand relaxed. His ears were for ever closed in this world!

It was a miserable night that succeeded. The two other men lingered until the morning watch, when they both passed away, after a paroxysm of the dreadful *vomito prieto* or black vomit.

When all was over I went down to the cabin, feeling as if I *could* not stay any longer on deck. The captain was most kind, and did all he could to comfort me. But he could not yet move from his cot, and both he and I knew well that on my shoulders must rest the one remaining painful duty of committing the bodies of our four dead to the deep.

Well, I did it. By twelve o'clock on that day I had wrapped each of the bodies in a hammock, and weighted them well with shot. Then, one by one, I pushed them overboard from the gangway, watching each as it sank upright through the clear water. Very thankful was I that they did all sink, if any had floated I should not have known what to do.

When all was done, and the ship cleared of the dreadful load, I knelt on the deck, and tried to read some of the burial service out of the "prayers for those at sea." But it was no use. I regularly broke down, and could not read a word.

It was rather a good thing for me that just then a sudden squall struck the ship, a squall that soon freshened into a regular tornado. No doubt it had been threatening for some time, only I had been too absorbed in my work to notice what was going on overhead. I rushed to the wheel but the little brig was heeling over terribly, and would not answer her helm, while such was the strength of the wind, that the fore-topsail, although double-reefed, was nearly torn from the bolt-ropes.

The danger was imminent. In another minute either the sail or the mast—perhaps both—would go. There was no help for it, the sail must be lowered. So, running forward, I cast off the topsail halyards, and watched the yard as it came down by the run, doubting greatly whether I should be ever able to get it up again.

The brig, relieved from the pressure, righted at once, and all I had to do now was to manage the helm care-

fully as she ran before the wind. It was tiring work, though, and by the time the tornado had spent its fury—which was not until two or three hours had passed—my arms were aching terribly from the long spell at the wheel in such weather.

Captain Southport, when I was able to leave the deck, began to talk quite cheerfully of getting about the next day, and in fact, seemed altogether so much better that I too felt happier, and inclined to forget all the miseries we had passed through. I told him how I had been obliged to lower the topsail, and of my inward qualms as to getting it up.

"Never mind," he said, with a smile, "you must wait a day or two, until I am strong enough to take a pull at the halyards; we shall have a nice yarn to spin when the old brig is safely moored in Bristol Docks."

But we were a long way from the ancient city yet, and whether the Polly would ever again sail up the muddy Avon, who could tell!

The second night at sea was far better than the first; all was fine and clear overhead, and a gentle breeze just gave the brig steerage way over the smooth water. Had it been blowing a gale of wind it would have been all the same to me. I was dead beat. Leaving the ship to steer herself, I threw myself down on the deck, and in a moment was fast asleep.

Waking up, it was broad daylight. Refreshed and ready for anything, I took a turn round the deck, glanced at the compass to see if it were lying our course, and then scanned the horizon. On the weather bow was a strange sail, about three or four miles off, apparently standing towards us. At that distance I couldn't well make out her rig, so I fetched the captain's glass from the cabin, and after a good long look went below to make my report.

"A very queer-looking craft, with two long lateen sails, like wings, just as you see in pictures of Mediterranean seaports."

"A felucca, you mean," and the captain looked very grave. "If so, she is no honest trader."

"You think the vessel is a slaver?"

"No doubt at all as to that. I only hope she is nothing worse. But many of these ships, manned as they are by ruffians of the deepest dye, are quite ready for a little piracy, if an unarmed merchant vessel comes in their way. I wonder," he went on, after thinking a bit, "I wonder whether I could manage to get on deck and have a look at her."

There were but a few steps to go up, but it was difficult work helping him over even those few. At length, however, the captain stood once more on his own quarter-deck.

One look at the strange sail was enough to his practised eyes; and so much closer had she now drawn that he needed no glass. There was deep depression in his voice as he spoke.

"She shows no colours and the decks are crowded with men. I don't like her looks; no mere slaver would carry such a crew. Anyway, we are entirely at her mercy; you can do nothing but hoist the ensign, possibly she *may* respect the English flag."

Captain Southport almost dropped on the deck as he finished speaking. So weak was he still, that he offered no opposition to my leading him back to the cabin and placing him again in his cot. There I left him.

Now, there are two ways of getting rid of an enemy when you chance to meet with one on the high seas. You may fight, or you may show a clean pair of heels and run away. But how could I fight when I had no crew? And how could the poor old brig run away without sails?

This was my feeling when I saw the felucca coming

gradually closer, the men who were swarming in her bows doubtless wondering much what the brig meant by dawdling about in those seas with no more sail set than the jib and a corner of the spanker.

Well, when you can neither fight nor run away, you must surrender; but first I thought it would be well to show our colours. The ensign was already abaft for hoisting, and I ran it up to the peak. Scarce had its folds fluttered on the breeze when a vivid flash burst forth from the felucca's side, and a round shot screamed over my head, ricocheting in the water astern.

I ducked my head as the shot from the felucca passed over; and then I looked round (although there was nobody on deck) half ashamed. There was no reason for shame in reality. Somehow, as the adventurous readers will find by-and-by, one generally does duck at one's very first shot.

If only I could have returned the compliment! Well, there was an old iron gun sticking out of a port on the starboard side. On the other side a wooden "quaker" showed itself for the sake of uniformity, and no doubt served equally well to awe the natives—for which purpose both sham and real gun were intended.

Shot there was none left; the few there were on board had been all used when the mate and the rest of the crew were buried, but a cartridge or two were stowed away below. Why not return the note of defiance with a blank gun? It was a regular boy's idea, which may possibly account for the glee with which I ran below for the cartridge, jammed it into the gun, shook some loose powder into the vent, and then fired off the old-fashioned piece of ordnance with a red-hot poker which happened to be conveniently left inside the bars of the galley fire.

From what I know of those matters now I should say that when the gun went off I must have had a narrow squeak for life; however, it did not burst, although it made what seemed to me a tremendous noise.

Rather proud of the exploit, I looked towards the felucca. The blank gun had evidently startled or puzzled her, for she suddenly altered her course and stood away. It was but a short respite; the empty state of our decks could be plainly, too plainly, seen from her mast-head. Changing course again, she came within pistol-shot, hove to, and lowered two boats.

In despair I watched while the boats, crowded with armed men, left the felucca's side, and pulled rapidly towards the brig. When about half way they stopped. By a sort of instinct I threw myself flat on the deck behind the bulwarks. Well for me that I did so. The next moment a storm of musket-bullets whistled through the rigging.

I did not wait for a second discharge; any useless show of resistance would only bring instant death, not only on myself, but upon poor Captain Southport. So I hauled down the ensign in token of surrender, and then taking my place at the gangway, watched the approach of the boats with anything but pleasant feelings. Still, if death was to be my lot, I felt that I would rather meet it at once openly than be dragged from some place of concealment below and cruelly murdered.

As the first boat came alongside, a tall dark man in a seaman's dress, but wearing also a Spanish well-braided jacket and a crimson silk sash, sprang on board and seized me by the arm. Then, noticing my youth and unarmed state, he released me with an expression of surprise, demanding in Spanish the name of the ship and what had become of the crew.

I only shook my head. My unsuspected knowledge of Spanish had served me in good stead once before, and might do so again. With a gesture of impatience, the captain, as I soon perceived him to be, called to his side from among the swarm of men who covered the deck of

my poor little brig, and repeated the question through him as an interpreter. This black fellow, I found subsequently, had been a slave, captured and liberated by an English cruiser, and he was now showing his gratitude by joining the ranks of the enslavers of his countrymen.

I spoke the simple truth in reply.

"All dead of fever, except the captain and myself, and the captain was only just now recovering."

"Any English man-of-war met with lately?"

How keenly the Spaniard looked at me as he asked that question, and how I should have liked to be able to reply,

"Yes, you rascal, there is one coming down upon you within a few hours' sail."

But here again I could only speak the truth, and say, "No."

They left me alone after this, the Spanish captain evidently relieved by the answer to his last inquiry, and thinking me, apparently, too insignificant to do any harm.

Then the plundering went on, but the cargo, though valuable, was not easy to remove while both vessels were at sea, and a sort of council of war was held to decide as to its disposal. Now came in my knowledge of Spanish; for, leaning unnoticed over the side, I was able to make out a good deal of what was said, although many remarks of course escaped me.

The felucca, I found, was on her way to a river a good deal south of the Camaroons, where she would ship her slaves, the factory being situated up a creek, in whose sluggish mangrove-bordered waters a dozen pirates or slavers might lie concealed. It was now decided that a small prize crew should be placed on board the captured brig, and that she should follow the felucca to this place of rendezvous. When once safely hidden in the intricacies of the creek the valuable part of the cargo might be removed at leisure, and the prize afterwards destroyed, if it should be thought advisable.

An under officer or mate, called Antonio, was ordered to take charge of the brig, with five of the felucca's men, quite a sufficient crew, it was thought, to navigate such a small craft as far as the river—a few days' sail at most.

"Besides," the Spaniard remarked, "there was the English boy; make him work."

I had heard all I cared for now, and was turning away, fearing to be noticed, when a question from Antonio made me once more stop to listen.

"What shall we do with this same *machacho Inglese* when we get to the creek?"

"Do?" answered his chief, with a shrug of the shoulders; "oh, anything you like. Send him on shore as a servant to the factory, or pitch him overboard among the crocodiles. What does it matter?"

"Thank you," thought I, as under cover of the brutal laugh that responded to the captain's remark, I slipped quietly away. "It is just as well to know what sort of mercy is to be expected at your hands."

It was time to see how my own captain had been faring, and I went down to the cabin rather anxiously. However, he had not been ill-treated.

"No doubt they thought me dying, and not worth taking any trouble about," he said. "Several of them came in here, just gave me a look, and then began searching in every drawer or cupboard for liquor. They didn't find any, though, and they went on deck again, growling and muttering *aarambas* without end. But I hear some boats pulling away. Is it possible the plunderers are leaving the ship?"

"Only some of them, unluckily."

Then I told the plan that I had overheard, and how a prize crew was to be left behind.

"A mate and five sailors," said Captain Southport, after a pause; "Portugese or Brazilians, most of them, I expect. Well, if I were but a little stronger, we might make a fight for it by and-by, and retake the ship. Ah! I see you are laughing at me, Tracy."

I certainly had smiled at the thought of the captain, ill and weak as he looked, making anything of a fight, and as he rolled up the sleeve of his shirt, and saw how thin his arm had become, he smiled too.

Our light-heartedness vanished the next moment, and indeed the wonder was that we could forget, even for the short time our perilous situation. There came a stern reminder of it just then in the shape of Antonio's voice calling down the companion-ladder. Having little doubt that the summons was meant for me, I went on deck, and was roughly motioned to go aloft and assist in making sail.

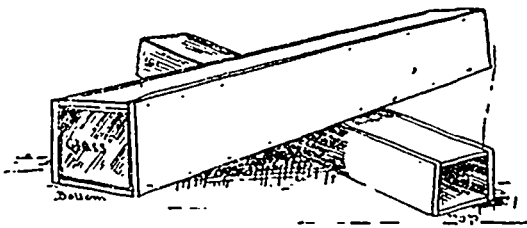
(To be Continued.)

HOW TO MAKE A WATER-TELESCOPE.

Nearly three-fourths of the whole world is covered by water. This water is "Nature's storehouse, in which she locks up all her wonders." This chapter will tell you how to make an instrument through which you can peep under the water and see the curiosities swimming about in their native haunts.

The water-telescope is a contrivance made of wood or metal, through which, when the end is partly submerged, objects beneath the water can be plainly seen that would otherwise be invisible.

It is astonishing how many fathoms of water become almost transparent as air when viewed through one of these simple contrivances. In Norway, the fishermen make practical use of the water telescope when searching for herring shoals or cod, often by its means discovering new and unlooked-for fish.



WOODEN WATER-TELESCOPES.

All that is necessary is a long wooden box, a piece of glass for one end, and some paint and putty for making the seams water-tight. Fix the glass in one end of the box, and leave the other end open to admit the eyes of the observer, as shown in the illustration.

A TIN WATER-TELESCOPE.

is a funnel-shaped tin horn, about three or four feet long, eight to ten inches in diameter at the bottom, and broad enough at the top to admit both eyes of the observer (Fig. 2). Sinkers should be soldered on near the bottom, as shown in the illustration (Fig. 2). This, in a measure, counteracts the buoyancy of the air contained in the water-tight funnel, and helps to submerge the big end.

The inside of the funnel should be painted black, to prevent the light from being reflected upon the bright surface of the tin.

If any difficulty is found in procuring a circular piece of glass, the bottom may be made square, and



A TIN WATER-TELESCOPE.

square glass used, and fitted into a leaden frame made for the purpose.

Any tinner can, at a moderate cost, make an instrument like the one just described.

A water telescope will add greatly to the entertainment of a boating party or picnic, furnishing a new and novel feature that will become popular wherever it is introduced; and as we are now living in memory of delightful outings, let us prepare for next summer by diligently utilizing our spare time and material. Week by week we shall have new things. Before the winter is over our stock shall be quite set up.

While collecting marine animals two naturalists had a boat built with a glass in the hull, arranged and worked upon the same principle as a water-telescope. It was of great service where the water was not too deep. While one rowed the other watched the bottom, which they described as having the appearance of a beautiful panorama passing beneath. Fish of all colours and forms filled the intervening space, and sometimes a "devil-fish" would cross the scene, flapping its great wing-like fins as it flew rather than swam through the clear water.

NED DARROW;

OR,

THE YOUNG CASTAWAYS.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE NIGHT ROBBERY.

NED had extinguished the light in his room, and he now drew slightly back in the shadow of the curtain. The presence of John Markham in the vicinity of the hotel could mean no good for its inmates, and he determined to watch him as closely as was possible.

Ned remembered one fact that made him uneasy. That day Mr. James had closed negotiations with a capitalist, he had told him, for the working of the chrome deposits. Ned was aware that quite a large sum of money had passed in the transaction. Might it not be possible that Markham, baffled in his efforts to secure the land at Sandy Flat, had become aware of its partial transfer, and was plotting to rob Mr. James of the money?

The silent figure below did not move, but kept his eyes fixed on the row of windows where the school party slept. Ned retreated from the window, and began to don his clothing. "I will go to Mr. James' room and tell him about this man," he soliloquized. "I cannot be mistaken. It is certainly Markham."

But when he returned to the window the prowler had disappeared. Ned sat down, undecided how to act. He did not wish needlessly to alarm the nervous undermaster. Mr. James had probably retired to rest. He, however, went out into the corridor, and went to where Mr. James' room was. He heard no sign within, and decided that its occupant was asleep. Then he sat down in a chair at the end of the hall near an open window, and looked out to see if there was any sign visible of the cause of his perturbation.

Thinking over the occurrence he unconsciously fell into a deep reverie, and then glided into a light slumber, his head drooping on his breast. How long he slumbered he knew not. He awoke suddenly with a start and that indefinable feeling of bewilderment and apprehension which seems an intuitive warning of danger being near. The lights in the corridor burned very dimly. Ned struggled to his feet, and, trying to divine what had awakened him, endeavoured to analyze his vague emotions of fear.

He bent his ear to catch the echo of a sudden jarring sound. It proceeded from one of the bed-rooms. As he was about to proceed to investigate its cause, a key clicked in the lock, and the door of the apartment occupied by Mr. James was slowly and cautiously opened.

The watching Ned Darrow could scarcely repress a cry of excitement as his glance met the evil, bearded face of John Markham. He was secreting some object resembling a pocket-book in his outer coat pocket. He did not notice Ned, but after a quick survey of the corridor, stole silently towards the staircase. There was a subtle volatile odour like chloroform in the air as he started down the stairway.

Ned hurried after him. He determined to raise an alarm, but waited until they could reach a lower floor of the hotel and nearer the attachés of the place. He saw Markham draw back as some one came up the stairs, and dart down a side corridor.

"I will not lose sight of him," muttered Ned, grimly, and he did not.

Markham had entered a room leading off from the hall. Ned reached the door and looked in. At that instant Markham's fierce glance swept his pursuer's face. With a muttered ejaculation of dismay, he reached the gas jet over a table and turned it out. He did not plunge the room in darkness, until Ned had seen that the apartment was a small supper room. There was a slight crash as Markham, running against the table awares in the dark, sent the castor to the floor.

"Help!"

Ned Darrow deemed it time to raise an alarm at last, but the word gurgled in his throat. Markham, about to raise a window and trust to the balconies or fire-escape for safety, turned and caught his pursuer by the throat.

"I'll choke the life out of you if you don't keep quiet," he breathed, savagely.

He flung Ned to the floor roughly. The brave lad was not daunted. His hand seized one of the bottles of the castor. Grasping it firmly, he sprang after Markham, and struck at him wildly, shouting for help as he did so.

Markham raised his fist to deal Ned a blow. The bottle was hurled in his face, as Ned saw that unless assistance came quickly the ruffian would escape.

"Oh, you have blinded me!"

Markham staggered back, and began to scream and yell as if in uncontrollable agony. He writhed and twisted, and groped his way around, clasping his eyes. Hurrying footsteps in the corridor without told of coming aid. The watchman of the hotel and a night clerk burst into the room. When they lighted the gas they found John Markham lying on the floor, groaning in terrible pain.

It seemed that the bottle from the castor had contained cayenne pepper, and the final blow from Ned had driven its contents into the face and eyes of the night marauder.

In a few brief words Ned related all that had occurred. Ten minutes later John Markham was being removed to the nearest police station. In his coat pocket they found

a large pocket book. A later investigation proved that it belonged to Mr. James, and that it contained the money the under-master had received on the Sandy Flat property the day previous.

A visit to the room of the under-master showed Mr. James just recovering from the effects of chloroform. It seemed that Markham had certainly been aware of the sale of the chrome property, and had determined to despoil Mr. James of his money. He had surreptitiously entered the hotel, and, by creeping along a balcony, had reached the windows of Mr. James' sleeping apartment. Gaining an entrance, he had quietly drugged its sleeping occupant, and was making off with the pocket-book when he was discovered by Ned Darrow.

This episode delayed the departure for the east until John Markham was tried in court. He could not but plead guilty, and was sentenced to a long term in the penitentiary.

His connection with the heartless swindle against Ned's brother, William Darrow, had its due effect on the jury, and he was justly punished for his many crimes.

Ned Darrow had come to the Pacific coast a poor boy. He left it rich in moneyed possessions and in valuable experience.

Two weeks after the Aldine arrived in San Francisco harbour, the railroad train, bearing the grammar school castaways homewards, steamed into the little depôt at Ridgeland.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CONCLUSION.

It was like a triumphal march to the academy from the depôt. All Ridgeland turned out to welcome back Professor Ballentine and his scholars. They had been mommed as dead, and were alive, and returned to the old grammar school, of which one old man asserted -

"I've gone out of my way so as not to see the gloomy old place. I tell you, Ridgeland wouldn't be much without the boys to liven it up."

There were rapturous parents at the depôt, who folded their sons in loving embraces, and wept tears of joy at their recovery. The average village boy was silent with wonder as the story of the adventures of the castaways became public property. And not one of the students was there who did not feel grateful and happy as they once more entered the pleasant dormitories that night.

Ned Darrow was honored by the school and the public despite himself. And when Mr. James related the true story of the study episode, and Professor Ballentine exonerated Ned's fair name from this one suspicion of evil, Ned's noble sacrifice in behalf of the under-master made him a hero in popular estimation. His bravery under trying circumstances had been noted and admired by the observant Professor Ballentine, but this was not all that endeared him to the old tutor.

He had noticed that Ned had succeeded in rooting out all the old rivalry and ill-feeling that was wont to exist with the Ralph Warden faction. The island experience that had developed noble characteristics of self-reliance and sacrifice in Ned, had extended a like influence over his companions.

Perfect harmony existed in the study-room and on the play-ground. Mutual dangers had brought the boys as near together as brothers. And the old Professor beamed with delight as he noted day by day his scholars grow more manly and earnest.

One year from the day when the grammar school boys had started on the expedition which had held so many strange adventures for them, the same coterie were

gathered around a blazing bon-fire just outside the campus, and built to furnish light to conclude a game of quarts.

"Well, boys," said Ned Darrow, "to-morrow the long vacation begins."

"Yes, and it's no secret this time where we're going," remarked Ernest Blake. "A hundred-mile trip to the woods and lakes north of here."

"The Professor has had a lesson on long trips," laughed Dick Wilson, "and won't risk the ocean again. But we'll have fun, all the same. We've got to elect a captain for the expedition. Ned Darrow, you're elected without voting."

"No. Boys, I have a nomination to make. I propose a fellow-student who, like myself, buried the hatchet of schoolboy warfare on Crusoe Island——"

"Hear! hear!"

"Who came back with a resolution to study instead of fight, and work instead of pack the pillows with nettles——"

A merry laugh went round.

"Who has become a Chesterfield in politeness, a sage in discourse, and a warm, true friend to all of us—Ralph Warden."

"Hurrah for Ned! Hurrah for Ralph!"

"Captain Ralph Warden, you are elected unanimously," cried Ned, continuing the careless badinage. "I've rushed the convention, and you'll have to make me first lieutenant for my services."

That night Ralph Warden grasped Ned Darrow's hand as they separated for the night. There were tears in his eyes, and he could not speak for emotion. But louder than words showed the fact that pride had succumbed to kindness, and petty spite to nobler rivalry. Ned Darrow had done something more than twice save his companion's life. He had taught him gratitude, and honest effort and earnest ambition had followed.

In his future school career, Ned had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. James grow more reliant, and conquer the weakness of will that had previously shadowed his happiness. Throughout each vacation and in the study-room universal harmony was the rule until the boys parted to assume more serious duties in life.

Ned began his mercantile experience in the same counting-room with Ralph Warden, and when the two became partners in a business enterprise, Mr. James was their head clerk. Once a year there is a re-union of the old scholars at Professor Ballentine's grammar school at Ridgeland. Again the joys and sorrows of island life are gone over, and many a heart goes back to the days when the Grammar School Castaways went through strange and thrilling adventures as the TWENTY CRUSOES.

THE END.

HOW TO WRITE YOUR OWN NOVELS.

Take a pound or so of foolscap, cut into proper size, trim the edges neatly, and see that your ink is of right temperature. Select a fresh young herome of about 130 pounds (hero in due proportion, and also fresh); sweeten with domestic virtues, and sprinkle with artistic tastes. Chop your sentences quite small, and garnish with exclamations; but do not mince matters in the love-making. Let the story simmer gently toward boiling point; then take a well-seasoned "situation," carefully remove all traces of probability, and add to the mixture plenty of spice. Pour into moulds commonly used for this purpose. A little froth skimmed from other literature makes an ornamental finish.

THE LAND OF SHORT MEMORIES.

BY S. S. COLL.

Georgie meant to be a good boy, but he very seldom did anything that he was told to do. He nearly always forgot it. Once, when his sister May was very sick, he was sent after some medicine for her. So he started in a great hurry; but he met Fred Smith with his dog, and Fred coaxed him to go and coast "just once" down the long Ked Hill. Then he forgot all about May and the medicine until it was quite dark, and he felt so sorry and ashamed that he ran home, and crept up the back stairway to bed, hungry and lonely and cold.

By and by, he fell asleep, and when he awoke he was in a new and strange place. He found himself in a house which was only partially covered by a roof, and the rain came in through the uncovered part and dropped upon his bed. Georgie sat up and looked around him. There was a fire-place in the room, besides some wood and kindlings, which the poor, shivering little fellow eyed very wistfully, thinking that some one might perhaps light a fire. It was very chilly, and his teeth chattered. There was a wee old woman sitting in the chimney-corner, and George spoke to her.

"What is it you want, Jimmie?" she said.

"Will you please tell me what your name is, and where I am?" he asked.

"My name—well, really, I forget it just now," she replied, "but you are in the Land of Short Memories—that, I am aware of!"

"But what shall I call you?" asked Georgie.

"Oh, call me Mite? That will do as well as any other name till you forget it, Henry."

"My name is Georgie."

"Is it? Well, I will try and recollect it. 'Tom,' you said it was, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't!" retorted Georgie, getting cross with the old lady, for he thought she meant to tease him.

"There, there!" cried Mite; "the doctors said you must not get excited, or else that you must, I forget which. Do you want anything to eat?"

"Yes, I should like to have some gruel."

"I will make you some," said she. "I have a nice fire here, or I should have, only that I seem to have forgotten to light the kindlings."

While she was busting around, busy with the gruel, Georgie lay quite still, looking out where there was no roof, at the blue sky, which he could now see, for it had ceased raining.

"Why don't you have the roof cover the whole of your house?" asked Georgie of the old lady.

"The rest of the roof is somewhere around," said she.

"I guess the workmen forgot to put it on. Now, here is your nice gruel all ready for you."

"Why, it is cold!" exclaimed the disappointed Georgie, who was quite hungry.

"Sure enough; I forgot to boil it!" said the old lady.

"And I don't see anything in the bowl but water!"

"Dear me! Dear me!" said Mite. "I must have forgotten to put any meal in it!"

Georgie now began to cry.

"Don't cry, don't cry, Johnny," said Mite "I will boil a chicken for you by and by, if I don't forget it. Here are the doctors coming to see you now, and you must sit up and talk with them."

Pretty soon two doctors came in, and one of them asked Mite if she felt better to-day.

"Yes, I think I do," said she.

"Did you take the medicine I ordered for you?" asked the other doctor.

"I suppose I did, but I don't remember," answered Mite. Then the doctors felt her pulse, looked at her tongue, and said she must take some salts, and went away. When they had left the house, Georgie began to cry more loudly than before.

"What is the matter, Fred?" demanded Mite.

"My name is not Fred, I tell you!" screamed Georgie.

"Never mind; I always forget your name, so I call you by anything I can think of. But tell me what makes you cry."

"Why, I am sick, and I thought the doctors were coming to see me!"

"Bless my stars!" exclaimed the old lady, "sure enough, I was not the one that was sick! I meant to have remembered and told the doctors that they came to see you; but I forgot it when they looked at my tongue. I'll run after them and call them back!"

So, away went Mite, and was gone ever so long. When she came back, she said she could not find the doctors anywhere, and everybody had forgotten where they lived, so that no one could go after them. "I'm sorry," said Mite, "but it can't be helped, for you know we live in the Land of Short Memories."

Then Georgie cried still more bitterly. "I wish I could go home," he said. "I am sure I shall die here I wish I could go home! I would never forget to mind mother again!"

As soon as he had said this, he heard a familiar voice pleading, "Ma, may n't I go for Georgie's medicine? I won't forget to bring it!"

Georgie turned slowly in his little bed and saw his sister May. Next, his eyes rested on his mother, who looked very pale and thin, but sweet and smiling.

"Oh, Ma, have I come back to you?" he cried, with a sigh.

"We hope so, "Georgie," replied his mother. "You have had a bad fever, just like May's, and been very sick, but you soon will get well now."

"Did May die, because I forgot her medicine?"

"No. Father came home and got it for her, and she is well now, and has helped me to take care of you; but you have not seemed to know her, and have called her Mite ever since you were taken sick."

"Mother," said Georgie, very earnestly, "I am going to try not to forget things any more!"

And Georgie did try. When he became well, and was sent upon errands, he always thought of Mite, and the gruel, and the doctors, and the Land of Short Memories, where he went in his fever dreams, and he was cured of the very bad habit of forgetting his duty.

OUR SCHOOLMASTER'S POST BAG.

Dear kind Sir,—You must please excuse me not paying Harry's schooling. I am a widow with five young children to keep by my own endeavours. My husband was killed at Whiteley's two years ago. I have to work very hard, I assure you, and it pains me very much to be in debt, but I really cannot help it sir. Please let it run on a little. I haven't a penny in the world and poor Harry has come to school every day this week without breakfast. Poor lad he isn't strong. Please sir don't cane him to day and I'll let you have the very first money I earn.—Yours obediently Sir.—A. L.

To the Schoolmaster of ——— School.—Sir,—Please keep your scholars in better order. Every day as they come past my shop they shout "Finnicanoo." It's annoying to my customers, and it reflects on their teaching.—James Bryan, M.P.S.

P.S.—My shop window is broken again.

COMPARATIVE RISKS OF TRAVELLING.

Not the least of the reasons urged against the innovation of railways was that of the risk involved and the danger to human life that might arise, were such new method of travelling established, and within the past few years instances have been frequently mentioned where various aged and unprogressive individuals have retained their original antipathy and dread to the end. These pessimistic anticipations have, however, long been nullified, and not only has railway travelling ceased to be looked upon as more than ordinarily dangerous, but the inside of a railway carriage is now stated to be about the safest of places—safer, in fact, than walking in the streets, or even enjoying the air in a perambulator.

The chances of an ordinary passenger being killed in a railway train is alleged to be less than one in 94,271,378, the number of persons who met their death in that way, in 1890, being 18; in 1889, 8.

A perambulator is twice as safe as a dray, 5 times as safe as an omnibus, 8 times as safe as a tram-car, 9 times as safe as a cab, 12 times as safe as a carriage, and 97 times as safe as a van or cart.

On Indian railways an extra risk has to be provided against, as the following copy of a notice, said to be posted at the roadside stations there, will indicate:—"Passengers are hereby cautioned against taking any thing to eat or drink from unknown persons, as there are many who live by poisoning travellers. They first of all court acquaintance with passengers in a *sarai* or some other place, and then gain their confidence on the plea of being fellow-travellers going to the same place. When they reach a place convenient for the purpose, they poison the water or food of the passengers, who become insensible, and then they decamp with all their property."

"OFF" ON DISTANCES.

"Perhaps you gents would like to see a work of art?" queried the farmer with the fur cap and cardigan jacket.

No one encouraged him by look or word, but he carefully unrolled a paper, spread out a half-sheet of cardboard, and exhibited a rather fine pen-and-ink drawing of a tombstone.

"Artist up at Syracuse did it for me," he explained. "It's a guide for the gravestone man to follow. Isn't it rather scrumptious?"

"For your wife?" I asked.

"Oh, no; it's for my son Jason. See the name in there—"Sacred to the memory of Jason Clark, who died, etc. It'll be the finest thing in our hull graveyard."

"Sick long?" I queried.

"Never sick a day in his life, and was killed deader'n a door nail when he went."

"Killed, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Bet a man two dollars that he could hoof it over a bridge before the train caught him, and he came within ten feet of doing it too. Engine throw'd him about seventy five feet, and he was dead when they picked him up."

"It was too bad," sighed one of the group by way of showing his sympathy.

"Yes. He lost the two dollars by a mighty close shave. Probably stubbed his toe somehow. Poor Jason! Powerful good boy, but a little off on distances."

The Young Canadian

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

ITS AIM

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

ITS FEATURES

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

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BOX 1896.

MONTREAL

SPECIAL FEATURES FOR OUR AUTUMN NUMBERS.

A most fascinating Story, in six chapters, -- "Adventures on the Spanish Main," will be commenced October 7th.

A COMPLETE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION IN SHORTHAND, from plates purchased of Isaac Pitman & Sons. An intelligent and diligent student can master it without a teacher. The whole world is drifting in the direction of Shorthand. It ought to be taught in every school. At great expense we are supplying it to our readers. Outfit may be had from our office for fifty cents.

While I have so many nice prizes for my young people, here is another but, this time, it is for our big brothers and sisters, and so, of course, it is a big prize.

\$500.00.

We have no History of our country for our young Canadians not a book that we can put into their hands, or pick up to read to them, about the land they love so well, and about the wonderful and romantic things that happened before our country was what it is.

THE YOUNG CANADIAN wants to get one for its little favourites, and offers \$500.00 for the MSS. that will suit. I have only four instructions, namely :

1. The History must be from a Dominion and not a Provincial standpoint.
2. In interest, it must rivet the attention, and take a front seat among the most fascinating reading of the day.
3. The judges will be chosen from Professors in our Colleges.
4. MSS. will be received till November, 1892. That is all. The rest lies with the author.

HOLIDAY PRIZE. An elaborate and fascinating GAME, in beautifully lithographed box, for the best

description of the holiday trip enjoyed by our young readers. I shall take it as a special compliment to myself if every one of my young Canadians will take part in this.

YOUNG CANADIAN GYMNASTICS. A complete and novel system of drill in Gymnastics, with instructions and illustrations, a veritable manual of health and grace, and invaluable for our homes and schools.

HOME TALKS WITH OUR GIRLS, by Aunt Rose, who has spent her life among very happy young people, and who says she loves them better than anything.

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SPECIAL ARTICLES, ON SPECIAL TOPICS, by SPECIALISTS, and

LONG AND SHORT SERIALS, SHORT STORIES, ADVENTURES, unsurpassed by any Magazine for the young in the world.

PRIZE GAME.

To my dear little writers in the Holiday Competition. You should choose the name of a Canadian wild flower, and make it the name on your description. Write the same name of a flower on an envelope, in which enclose a slip of paper with your real name and address. I shall then read the descriptions without knowing who wrote them, and I shall have such surprises when I open the envelopes. I want every one to write. If every one's is the best, every one will get a Game.

THE EDITOR.

TEMPTING PROVIDENCE. "Whar you gwine at?" screamed a Croghan street colored woman to a ragged half-grown boy, as he started out of the door.

"Gwine down to Mrs Smif's."

"What you got in dat bag?"

"Dar's a pillar slip; full ob feathers outen dat ol' tick what Miss Smif done tol' me to fetch back to her."

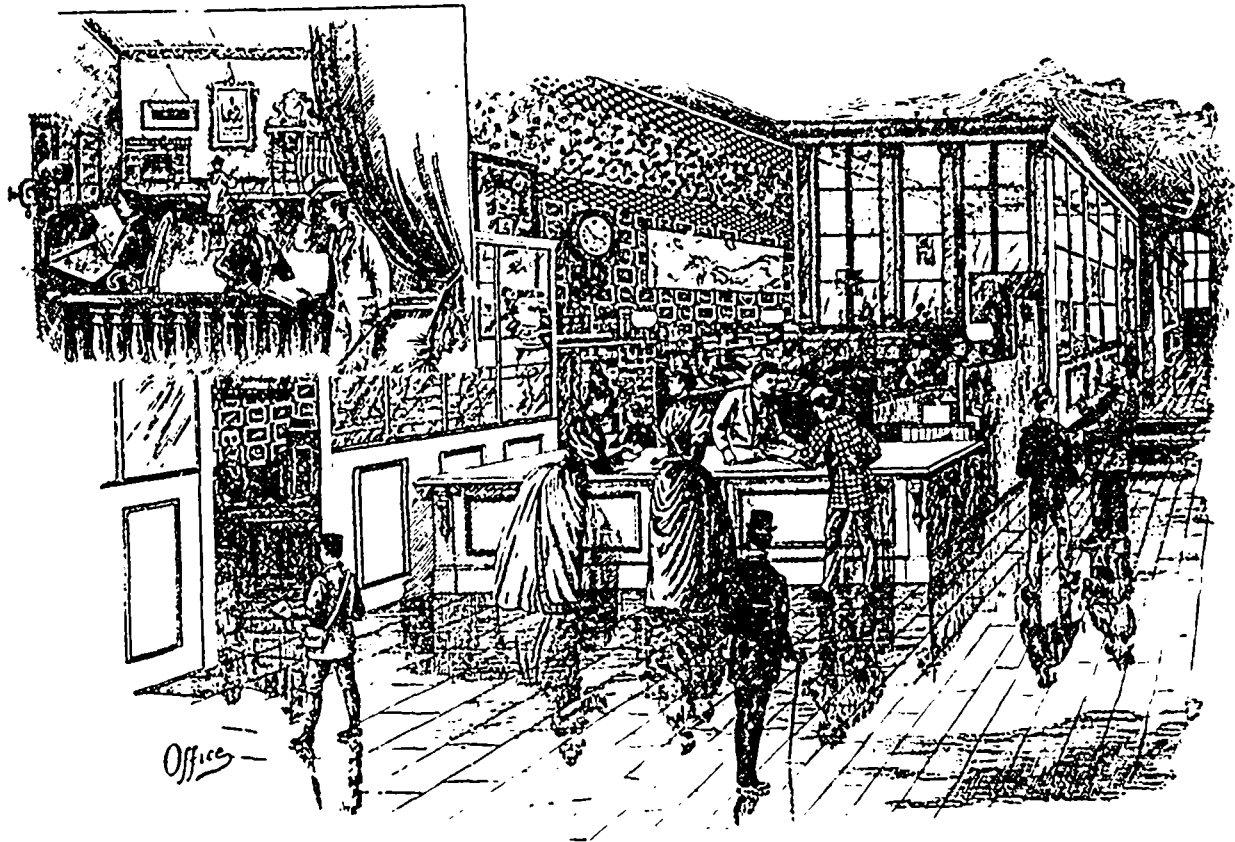
"Does you see you kin caihly them to her in broad dayhight?"

"Cose I kin."

"Cose you aint do no sich a thing, you ig'nant nigger. You doan know dis yer town 't all, honey. Jis lay dat pillar slip in dar on the bald tell hit gits dahk, an' den tote um erlong to M'ss Smif."

"Whaffur?"

"Doan' you be axm' whoppers. Ef you knowed yo' own haid fum a punkin, chile, you'd know dat ef dese yer ossifers ob de law was to ketch de angel Gab'el gwine along wid a bag ob feathers on his pussen, an' Gab'el was as brack as you is, dey'd 'rest him sho'n jedgment day. Das whaffur. Now you leave dem feathers whar dey is, an' doan' go roun' heah temptin' Providence. You heah me."



A GREAT LITHOGRAPHIC AND PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

Many of our young readers have wondered how and where our *YOUNG CANADIAN* is printed, and how our pretty pictures are made. Mr. Postbag has a budget of letters on the subject, which he has kept to answer. He is a queer old genius, is Postbag, and we may be excused poking a little innocent fun at him, by stealing the wind out of his sails, and learning all about it before he has time to write to you. Come over the establishment with me this morning. I know you will enjoy it, and you will see many wondrous things that perhaps you never dreamed of. When you receive your *YOUNG CANADIAN*, you see it so tasteful, so pretty, so interesting, but I am quite sure you have no idea of the number of people who have been busy from Monday till Saturday over it, before it is mailed to you with your name so neatly printed on it.

The work is executed by the Burland Lithographic Company, at 9 Bleury Street, an immense establishment, occupying the seven floors of a large square building specially erected for the business carried on in it.

Here it is. The street car passes the door. As we enter we step into the office, with its desks, telephones, pigeon-holes, busy clerks, book-keepers, and its genial and kind manager, a very friend to all young Canadians. Here *THE YOUNG CANADIAN* is well-known, and we may enter with the confidence of being welcome. A polite young gentleman receives us, and offers to pioneer us over the building, and his intelligent explanations prove that the establishment goes in for the round peg in the round hole. You know what that means, without rushing to Postbag about it.

THE COMPOSING ROOM.

This room is one of the quietest in the house. Every man has his case of type, and his own peculiar work. The case is something like a small garden of tiny square holes for the various sizes of letters, capitals, notes of punctuation, numbers, and all sorts of pretty little ornaments to put in here and there. The compositor sets his "copy" up before him. In his left hand he takes a small holder for type, called a "stick." With his right he glides from box to box, picks out his letters, and puts them, the proper end up, into his stick. The letter boxes are arranged, not alphabetically, but as they can most conveniently be got at, the letters that are most used being easiest of access. He slips in a small thing called a "space" between each word, to make the reading clear and distinct. Between each line he puts one or more long spaces when the type is to be spread, and so on till his stick is full. Every size of type has its own name. That of our *YOUNG CANADIAN* is called "Long Primer." See the men's hands how they fly over their cases. How nimble and accurate they must be. We might almost blindfold them, and still they would not make a miss in their aim.

All sorts of work are going on; circulars for trade; programmes for concerts; pamphlets, books, magazines, and you hardly can tell all. In work larger than circulars, the type is lifted from the stick to what is called a "galley." When this is filled it is taken to a hand-press, a sheet of paper is fed in, and an impression is pulled off. This impression is called a "proof," and it is read over in another room, corrected, and returned to the

printer. The marks of correction, which form a language by themselves, are then gone over by the compositor, who pulls another proof. This, too, must be corrected, and revised, before it is finally sent for the approval of the person for whom the printing is to be done. He reads it, marks any further alterations or suggestions, and returns it with his signature.



When these galleys are thus ready, the type from them is carefully lifted in lengths to make a page, and laid in what is called a "chase." To secure a perfectly level surface the chase is laid on a large flat stone. It is then screwed up very tight, to make ready for the press.

DRESSING-ON

The next process is a very important one. Dressing on means securing such a level of type and paper as shall produce the very nicest result of the printer's art. This is done in two ways—by overlaying and underlaying. When an impression from one part of the type or

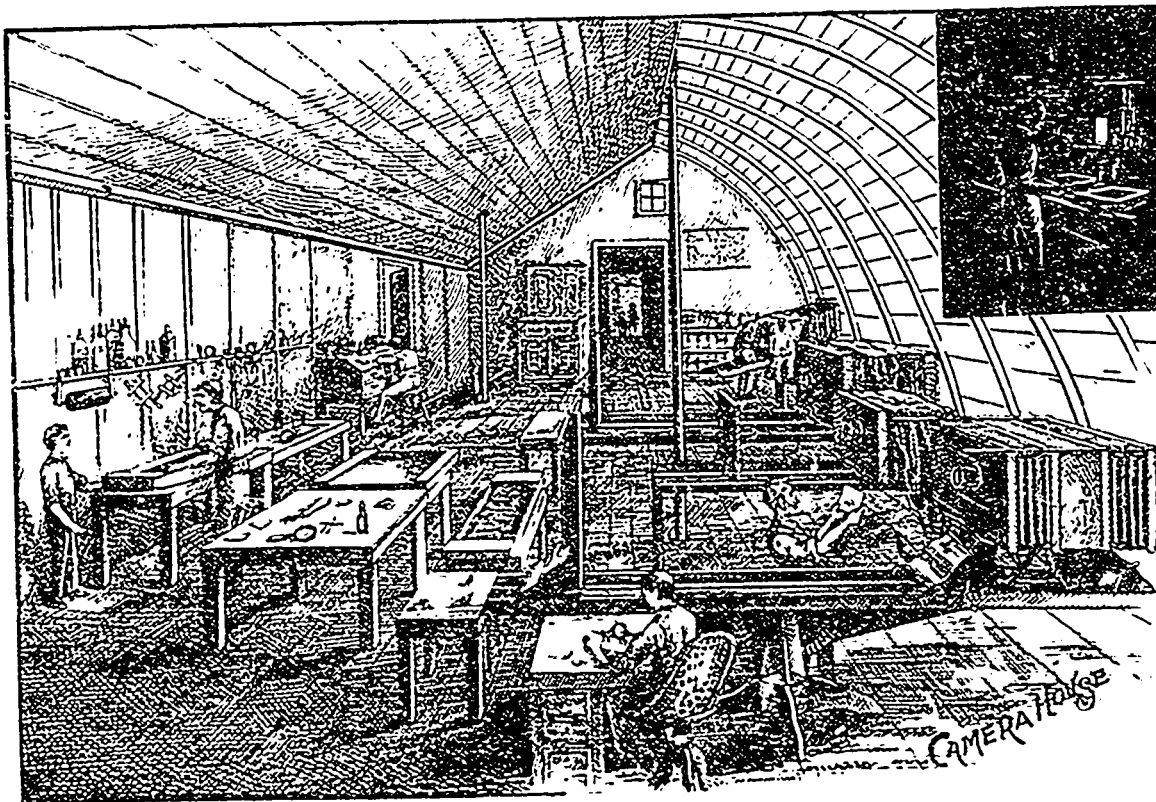
"form" is too light, pieces of paper the size of the light part are pasted on to the cylinder under the paper to be printed on; or, if it is too heavy, corresponding pieces are cut away—this is overlaying. Underlaying is putting paper or thin cardboard under the type when it is too low. The process is a slow and important one, and in this lies the difference between cheap and good printing. A whole day, often more, is sometimes necessary before the desired finish is secured. Particularly is this care demanded when illustrations or drawings of any kind are used with the type matter, as, although they are prepared the exact size of the type, it is easy to imagine the thickness of paper of difference. But we shall come to this later.

THE PRINTING ROOM.

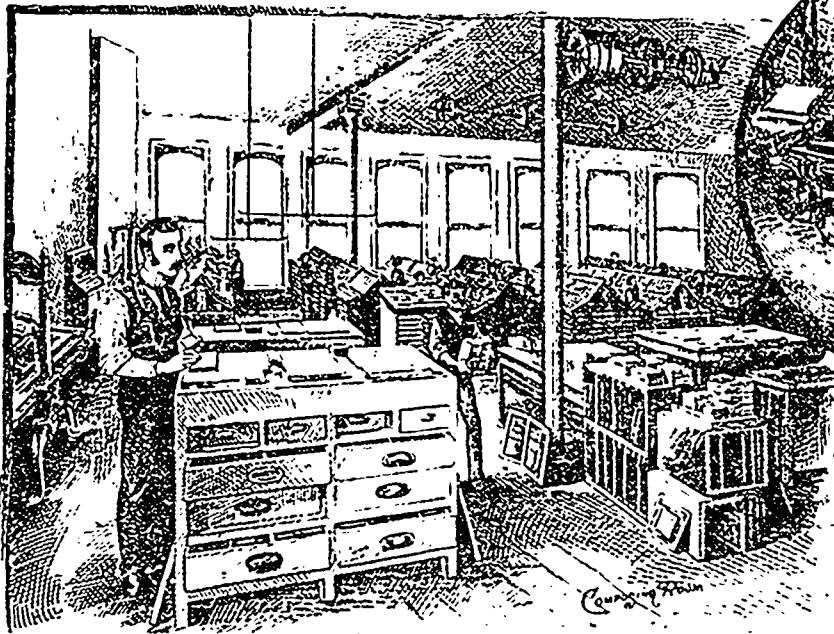
This is the next stage. The forms are laid in the bed of the press. The machine inks the rollers at one end. These rollers ink others until the proper distribution of ink is arrived at. The forms run back and forward. Sheets of paper are fed in. The type and the paper come under pressure while the ink is still fresh. The sheets are carried off and piled up at the other end. In work with pages, each page is not printed separately. They are arranged on a sheet in the form so that a given number shall be printed at one time, say eight on one side and eight on the other of the paper, and the pages are so placed that when the sheet is folded they will run in their proper order. The first side printed is allowed a few hours to dry, and then the other side is run in. But some of the machines print both sides at once.

THE FOLDING ROOM.

Before going up to the Art Department, let us take a peep at the Folding Room. On leaving the press the sheets are passed on to long tables, where rows of smart young girls are waiting to fold them. The Cover, which has gone through the same processes and the same care, is put on, and the Magazine goes to the mailing room to



be stitched by the stitching machine, which does its work in thread or in wire as desired. The Frumming is the next stage, and the Magazine at length reaches the



drawings gradually growing from stage to stage. One is washing in the colours of a large calendar for a steamship line. A second is busy over an attractive label for boxes. A third has a design for commercial letters. Another is testing his skill in delicate variety of tints. A fifth is engrossed with

the portrait of a public man. A sixth is deep in maps for our great railway companies. Some ladies have a quiet room to themselves, and everywhere the Head Artist is over all. Varied materials in stone, metal, paper, and prepared card, are used with a view to the best results, and the establishment prepares its own inks. It would be impossible to tell you everything, to ask you to remember all. I shall take only two great branches of the illustrative art to which this house gives its best attention—namely, zinc-etching and stone-engraving.

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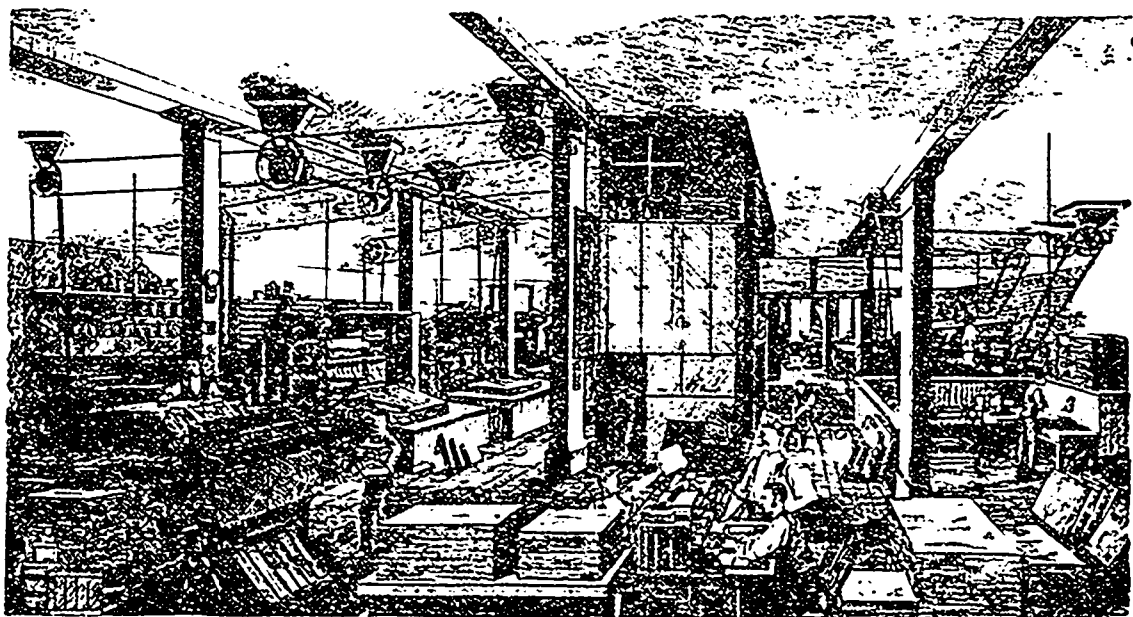
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ZINC ETCHING.

When the design has been completed and approved, a negative from it is taken in a camera. A sheet of rolled zinc is highly polished, first with emery cloth, and finally with charcoal. The zinc thus polished is then coated with a sensitive solution, and laid on the glass with the negative. These are put in a pressure frame and exposed to the action of light. When sufficient

THE ART ROOM.

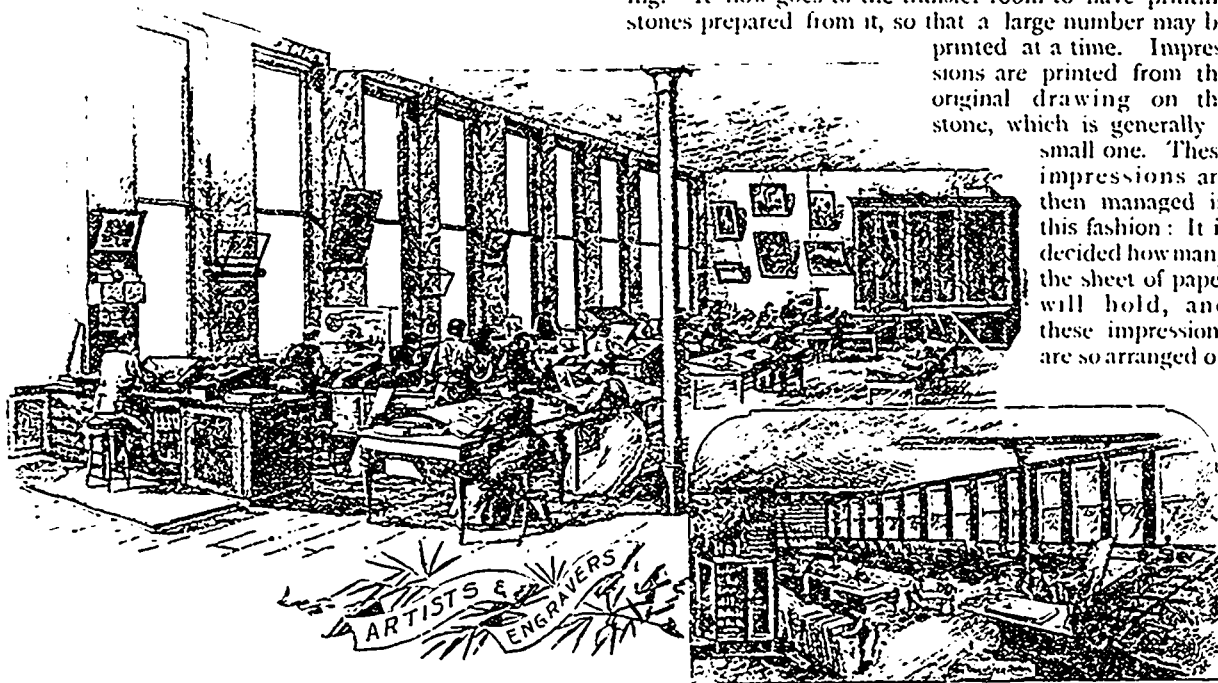
Here men of all ages and all grades of proficiency are occupied, their eyes shaded from the light, and their



exposure is secured, the plate is brought to the dark room. Here the entire surface is covered with transfer ink, and the whole thing is laid in pure water, and washed with cotton wool. Wherever the light has acted on the sensitive zinc, the impression has been received from the negative. This impression only remains, and it has taken the ink. The remainder of the ink is washed off. The plate is dried with heat, and dusted with rosin to stay all further action. The "lights" in the impression are eaten away by acids, and the plate is now sent to

THE ELECTRO ROOM.

I want my readers to distinguish between electroplating and electrotyping. Electroplating is the art of depositing a coating of metal on a surface prepared to receive it, and which is intended to remain, as on a teapot. Electrotyping is a similar process, but with the intention of removing the coating for other purposes.



This is what we see in the electro room. The plate of zinc is placed in a "routing machine." A small sharp tool, like a drill, is set over it. The operator guides it over the zinc, cutting and "routing" out the parts that are not intended to be printed, so that there shall be no chance of their appearing when not wanted. The plate is then dusted with black lead. A rake of wax is laid in contact with it, and pressed into it while hot and soft. A clear and most beautiful facsimile is thus secured on the wax. To this a wire is attached, and another to a sheet of copper, while both wires are fastened to the poles of a dynamo, and the wax and copper are set in a battery. Here, by the most wonderful scientific laws, the copper begins to coat itself over the wax, depositing itself gradually over the whole surface. The result is a tolerably strong sheet of copper with an exact impression of the original drawing, through the negative, the zinc, and the wax. This is then strengthened by molten lead being poured in at the back. It is shaved off to the proper thickness, mounted on wood or metal, and numbered for convenience.

STONE ENGRAVING.

This is a very fine and most expensive, but beautiful manner of reproducing drawings for maps, portraits,

cards, invitations, programmes, stationery, and so forth, in all their difficulty, delicacy, ornamentation, elaboration, and imagination. We shall go down first to see the stones prepared for their duty. We get them in iron-bound cases, from Bavaria, which is the only country in the world where a satisfactory stone is to be had. It is a kind of limestone, and is sold by the pound, the price per pound increasing very much in the larger sizes. There are two sorts, yellow and grey. The yellow is the most plentiful. The grey is the best for engraving.

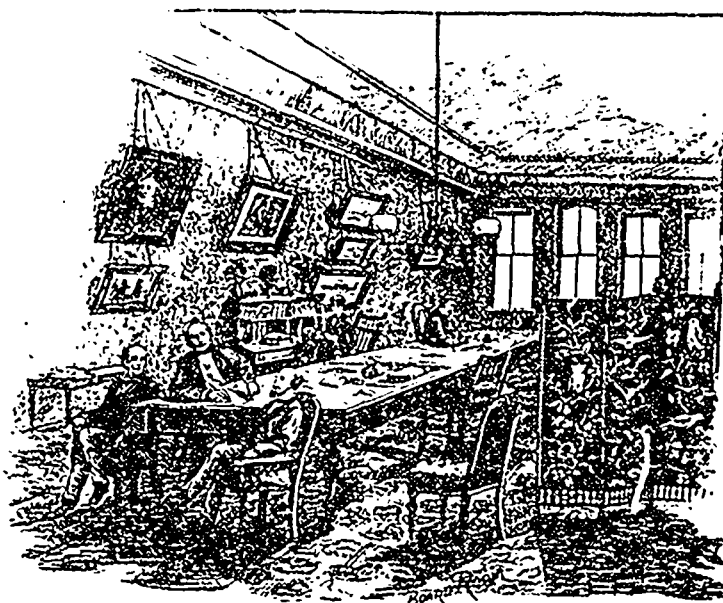
The first stage is the grinding, where, with a rotating wheel or disc, and sand and water, the level surface is produced. As the surface must be true all over, the care necessary to secure a good stone is very great. The surface is then polished by hand with pumice-stone and snake-stone, and an abundance of water. A stock of these stones thus ground and polished is what few houses in Canada can carry with profit.

We saw the stone in the art room receiving the drawing. It now goes to the transfer room to have printing stones prepared from it, so that a large number may be printed at a time. Impressions are printed from the original drawing on the stone, which is generally a small one. These impressions are then managed in this fashion: It is decided how many the sheet of paper will hold, and these impressions are so arranged on

the paper that they will adhere without being strongly stuck on, and are exactly adjusted in their correct positions. This sheet, with the impressions upon it, is placed face-downward on a stone large enough to receive it. The stone, with the paper on it, is then laid in the press. Pressure is applied, and the ink of the impressions becomes transferred to the stone, and we have now a number of drawings, instead of one, on one stone, from which to print.

In the case of calendars and other coloured work, a drawing must be made of the part corresponding to each colour required, and a separate stone prepared for each. The care with which these must be adjusted, so as to bring out one harmonious whole, may be easily imagined. The difficulty is increased when you remember that each colour must afterwards be printed separately, and yet how few of us could tell where the adjustment comes in. It seems as if one skillful hand had executed every touch with an artist's love.

The stone is now "rolled up," which means that lithographic ink is rolled and rolled in, so that the impressions are equally and adequately strengthened. It is left rolled up for a few hours, after which an acid is used, that eats, or etches, out the impression more clearly. Plenty of water is then applied to wash, and the draw-



ing comes out like a die. The stone is now ready for the Printing Room.

Here is a chaos of activity: Steam, wheels, rollers, belts, machinery of every kind, and men hastening with their heavy work. The stone, in its bed in the press, is set sliding backward and forward. The rollers are inked at one end. The stone is inked in the middle. The paper is brought into contact with it. The impression takes place, and sheet after sheet is piled up. Great

piles of creamy paper on one side are ready to go on. The first colour stone goes first. The second next, and so on, until the effect is produced that we all admire so much in our gay and tastefully decorated lithographic work. The entire order is thrown off in one colour, and these sheets are gone over again with the second, then the third, and so on till all the colours of the artist have been produced.

Varnish is sometimes used as the final coat, and it is printed on in much the same fashion as the colour. Sheet by sheet they are dried, by being run along near the ceiling, and then laid in piles in racks to harden over night.

When perfectly dry they are taken to the guillotine to be cut and trimmed. When the drawing is round, or oval, or fanciful, special dies are used to cut accordingly. The pretty things are then checked, counted into packages, neatly done up, labelled, and they are ready for shipping.

Back again once more to the Office we come, where the public have been coming and going with their orders. Delighted with what we have seen, we bid good morning to the courteous Manager, whom we leave in his den, deep in the problem of improvements in machine, process, method, and material, and we catch a glimpse of his plan for introducing machinery to his type-setting, which will be the next triumph of the printer's art.

INDUSTRIA.

THE CONNECTICUT BLUE LAWS.

These laws are called blue, because they have been printed on blue paper.

The governor and magistrates convened in general assembly are the supreme power under God. From the determination of the assembly no appeal shall be made.

No one shall be a freeman or have a vote unless he is converted, and a member of one of the churches.

Each freeman shall swear by the blessed God to bear true allegiance to this dominion, and that Jesus is the only King.

No dissenter from the essential worship of this dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for electing of magistrates or any officer.

No food or lodging shall be offered to a heretic. No one shall cross a river on the Sabbath but authorised clergymen.

No one shall cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave, on the Sabbath day.

No one shall kiss his or her children on the Sabbath or feasting days.

The Sabbath day shall begin at sunset on Saturday. Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver, or bone lace, above one shilling per yard, shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the estate £300.

Whoever brings cards or dice into the dominion shall pay a fine of £5.

No one shall eat mince-pies, dance, play cards, or play any instrument of musick, except the drum, trumpet, or jews-harp.

No gospel minister shall join people in marriage. The

magistrate may join them, as he may do it with less scandal to Christ's Church.

When parents refuse their children convenient marriages, the magistrates shall determine the point.

A man who strikes his wife shall be fined £10. A woman who strikes her husband shall be punished as the law directs.

No man shall court a maid in person or by letter without obtaining the consent of her parents; £5 penalty for the first offence; £10 for the second; and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the court.

TANNING THE ELEPHANT'S HIDE.

The tanning of elephant hides is a comparatively new industry, but owing to its cost it is not likely to become a very extensive one. The method employed is practically the same as in the tanning of cow hide, except that a stronger combination of the tannic ingredients is required, and a greater length of time necessary to perform the work. When taken from the vat the hide is 1 1/2 inches thick, and in finishing no attempt is made to glaze or polish it, but everything is done to preserve its natural colour and appearance. It is very enduring leather several years wear having but little effect on it.

but it is also very costly, and articles made from elephant hides are expensive luxuries. Cigar cases, card cases, and similar small articles vary from \$25 to \$100; a small pocket book, without gold or silver ornamentation, fetches about \$40; while a small satchel made of the same leather costs from \$300 to \$400.

SUMMER DRIFTWOOD FOR THE WINTER FIRE.

There are 700 laundries in New York, the labor of which is carried on entirely by Chinese men and women.

About 110 ships are annually engaged in the tea trade. Of this number about 70 are steamers and 40 are sailing vessels.

Egypt, as far as we can learn, appears to have been the first nation in the world that maintained a standing army. It was founded as a military caste in that country by the famous Pharaoh Sesostris, 1,600 years B.C. The earliest standing army of Europe, and the second in the world's history, was that of Macedonia, which was established about 358 years B.C., by Philip, the father of Alexander the Great. In England there was no standing army proper till Cromwell's time.

The Queen's pet dog is a Yorkshire terrier that weighs 2¾ lbs. and cost £15. She saw the dog a good many times before it was purchased. It was the property of Ravenscroft, of St. Martin's Lane, but as other dealers heard that the Queen was looking for a pet, they would go to Ravenscroft and say, "I think I have a chance to sell that dog. Lend me him for a few hours." This occurred several times, till application was made to Ravenscroft himself. He, too, brought out the inevitable Yorkshire terrier. "Why, I have seen this dog several times before," exclaimed Her Majesty. The reason was explained to her, and she became possessor of the smallest dog in the market.

It is said that the illustrations for the American magazines the *Century* and *Harper's* cost on average £1000 a month. A careful estimate of the money spent in illustrating the Christmas numbers of *Harper's* and *Scribner's* puts the sum at £1400 each, as both magazines contain about 70 pictures, the average being £20 for each engraving. Many of the full-page blocks cost £60 each, and some of the half-page illustrations, which readers often pass by unnoticed, cost from £40 to £50 each. The cost of articles and stories, a large proportion of which are prepared to order, is on an average £5 a page. The fixed charges for literary artistic matter alone is from £600 to £2000, enough to eat up the profits of 100,000 copies.

Some unfortunate Post Office official has had a wigging over an awkward mischance for which he was only in a minor degree responsible. A tradesman went to London recently on business, which necessitated his having an interview with a well-known fruit salesman. The absence of the latter compelled him to postpone his return for a day, and he wired the following message to his wife: "Home to-morrow. H. out. Letter to follow." The word "out" was mistaken for "cut" by the telegraph operator, and when the message reached its destination the recipient jumped with feminine quickness to the conclusion that the well-known salesman had failed and absconded. She promptly made the news public, and serious inconvenience to the salesman resulted. A complaint to the Post Office authorities earned a severe reprimand for the telegraph clerk, but the mischief was really caused less by his mistake than by the lady's tongue.

The Queen (says a fashion writer) has a large hand. She takes seven-and-a-half in gloves. Her fingers are extremely short, and out of proportion to the size of her hand. The Queen will wear nothing but black gloves: generally they are of kid, but sometimes she wears Swede gloves. These also must be died black. Her Majesty commenced to wear one-button gloves at the beginning of her reign. To-day, when no shop-girl thanks anybody

a real lady without six buttons, the Queen has only got to four. She refuses altogether to conform to fashion. She only wears about two dozen pairs of gloves a year. Each pair costs 8s. 6d. In fact, the Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India is decidedly economical in her glove bill. There are a great many fashionable women who think nothing of a glove bill if it only comes to £100 a year. Many women will spend £20 on gloves during the six weeks of the season by wearing two or three pairs a day.

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BEAUTY SPOTS.

The fashion of wearing patches is said to have come from Arabia. Wherever it came from, English ladies took to it heartily. An old authoress says "Old and young, the maiden of sixteen and the grey-haired grand-mamma, covered their faces with these black spots, shaped like suns, moons, stars, hearts, crosses, and lozenges; and some even carried the mode to the extravagant extent of shaping the patches to represent a carriage and horses."

A poem of the Commonwealth period says:

Her patches are of every cut,
For pimples or for scars;
Here's all the wandering planet's signes,
And some o' the fixed stars;
Already gumm'd to make them stick,
They need no other sky,
Nor stars for Lilly to view,
To tell your fortunes by.

♦♦♦

LEGENDS ABOUT THE ROBIN.

A good many superstitious ideas are prevalent in different localities with reference to the robin. In some parts of Scotland the song of this interesting little bird is held to augur no good for the sick person who hears it, and to those superstitiously inclined much anxiety is sometimes caused when its notes are heard near a house where any one happens to be ill.

There is a legend connected with the robin which I have somewhere seen. It is said that far, far away there is a land of woe, darkness, spirits of evil, and fire. Day by day does this little bird bear in his bill a drop of water to quench the flame. So near the burning stream does he fly that his feathers are scorched, and hence he is named bron-phuddn ("burnt-breast.")

There is also a legend which attributes his red breast to his having tried to pluck a spike from the crown of thorns with which our Lord's head was encircled.

♦♦♦

NO HARM IN KNOWING.

I have a tip for those aristocratic people whose purse permits them the luxury of a butler. Always remember that it isn't good form to call a butler James, and no butler with any professional pride will stand it for a moment. In the first place, "Jeems" has passed into a nickname for footman. In the second place, there are these well-established rules:—The butler is called by his surname, all the other men servants by their Christian names; the housekeeper is called by her surname, with the prefix of Mrs.; the ladies' maid by her surname, without the prefix; all the other women servants by their Christian names; the head coachman is called by his surname, and all his aides by their Christian names; the cook is always "cook" or "chef."

SCRAPS OF SCOTCH FUN.

Two Lowland crofters lived within a few hundred yards of each other. One of them, Duncan by name, being the possessor of "Willson's Works," a rarity in the district, his neighbor, Donald, sent his boy one day to ask Duncan to favor him with a reading of the book. "Tell your father," said Duncan, "that I canna lend oot my book, but he may come to my hoose and read it there as lang as he likes." Country folks deal all more or less in "giff-gaff," and in a few days after Duncan, having to go to the market, and being minus a saddle, sent his boy to ask Donald to give him the loan of his saddle for the occasion. "Tell your father," said Donald, "that I canna lend oot my saddle; but it's in the barn, an' he can come there an' ride on it a' day if he likes."

A Forfar cobbler, described briefly as "a notorious offender," was brought up before the local magistrate, and being found guilty as libelled, was sentenced to half-a-crown or twenty-four hours' imprisonment. If he chose the latter, he would be taken to the jail at Perth. Having his option, the cobbler communed with himself. "I'll go to Perth," said he; "I've business in the toon, at any rate." An official forthwith conveyed him by train to the "Fair City;" but when the prisoner reached the jail he said he would now pay the fine. The Governor looked surprised, but found he would have to take it. "And now," said the calny cobbler, "I want my fare hame. The Governor demurred, made inquiries, and discovered that there was no alternative; the prisoner must be sent at the public expense to the place where he had been brought from. So the crafty son of St. Crispin got the 2s. 8½d. which represented his railway fare, transacted his business, and went home triumphant, 2½d. and a railway journey the better for his offence.

Our next specimen is cousin-german to the above. It is of two elderly Scotch ladies—"twa auld maids," to use a more homely phrase—who, on a certain Sunday not very long ago, set out to attend Divine service in the Auld Kirk, and discovered on the way that they had left without the usual small subscription for the "plate." They resolved not to return for the money, but to ask a loan of the necessary amount from a friend whose door they would pass on the way. The friend was delighted to be able to oblige them, and, producing her purse, spread out on the table a number of coins of various values—halfpennies, pennies, threepenny and sixpenny pieces. The ladies immediately selected a halfpenny each and went away. Later in the course of the same day they appeared to their friend again, and said they had come to repay the loan.

"Toots, havers," exclaimed old Janet, "ye needna hae been in sic a hurry wi' the bits o' coppers; I could hae gotten them frae you at any time."

"Ou, but," said the thrifty pair, in subdued and confidential tones, "it was no trouble ava', for there was naebody stannin' at the plate, so we just shpitt in an' saved the bawbees."

A Scotchman was once advised to take shower baths. A friend explained to him how to fit up one by the use of a cistern and colander, and Sandy accordingly set to work and had the thing done at once. Subsequently he was met by the friend who had given him the advice, and, being asked how he enjoyed the bath—

"Man," said he, "it was fine. I liked it rale weel, and kept mysel' quite dry, too."

Being asked how he managed to take the shower and yet remain quite dry, he replied—

"Dod, ye dinna surely think I was sae daft as stand ablow the water without an umbrella."

Two or three nights before the advent of a recent Christmas, a Scotch laddie of ten years of age, or so, was sitting examining very gravely a somewhat ugly hole in the heel of one of his stockings. At length he looked towards his mother and said

"Mither, ye micht gie me a pair o' new stockin's."

"So I will, laddie, by and by; but ye're no saur needin' new anes yet," answered his mother.

"Will I have them this week?"

"What mak's ye sae anxious to hae them this week?"

"Because if Santa Claus pits onything into thir anes it'll fa' oot."

Mr. Dewar, a shopkeeper in Edinburgh, being in want of silver for a bank note, went into the shop of a neighbour of the name of Scott, whom he thus addressed

"I say, Master Scott,

Can you change me a note?"

Mr. Scott's reply was

"I am no very sure, but I'll see."

Then going into his back room, he immediately returned, and added

"Indeed, Mr. Dewar,

It's out o' my power,

For my wife's awa wi' the key."

SCALDS AND BURNS.

For a burn or scald, make a paste of common baking soda and water, apply at once, and cover with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken, apply the white of an egg with a feather: this gives instant relief, as it keeps the air from the flesh.

CAUSES OF INSANITY.

The most frequent predisposing causes are, exhaustion from over-work, the various moral sources, such as grief, anxiety, disappointment, fear, *enmity*, the abuse of stimulants, and excesses of all kinds. These causes may so act as to induce insanity in a healthy individual, but they are undoubtedly most efficient in the presence of an insane temperament. These statements are trite enough, but are important as lying at the foundation of all treatment preventive or remedial. They have the most practical bearing on the education of children, the choice of occupation, and the conduct of life. Many a valuable mind has gone prematurely to decay, through misapprehension of neglect of these facts.

EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL ON THE MIND.

It is one of the curious errors that alcohol stimulates the imagination, and gives a clearer, more practical insight into the relation of events of life. The whirl of thought roused up by the increased circulation of the blood in the brain is not imagination; it is not a superior insight or conception of the relation of events, but is a rapid reproduction of previous thoughts, soon merging into confusion. The inebriate never creates any new ideas or new views: all his fancies are tumultuous, blurred, and barren. The man who uses spirits to give mental force and clearness is doing the very worst thing possible to destroy this effect. Alcohol is ever and always a paralyzant. It never creates anything; it never gives strength or force that did not exist before; it never gives a clearer conception and power of execution, but always lowers, destroys, and breaks down.

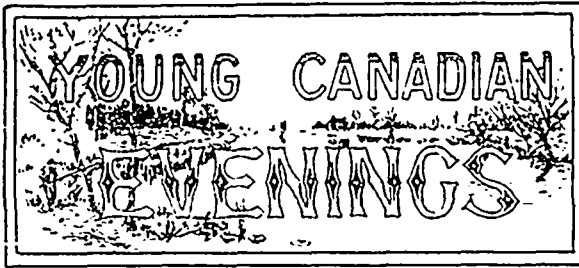
DELETERIOUS TINNED MEATS.

The British Consul at Baltimore, in a recent report on tinned goods deleterious to health, says that all tinned

or canned provisions that are hermetically sealed are packed in tins made of tin-plate or sheet-iron superficially alloyed with tin. A flux of powdered resin, or a much more deleterious flux composed of chloride of zinc, containing free manganic acid, is applied to the tin surface to be soldered, and the unfortunate and dangerous practice is to apply this on the inside. The use of an acid flux for inside soldering is alleged to be a source of danger to health, while the resin flux communicates its taste to the contents of the can. In France and Germany all tins containing articles of food are soldered on the outside, and attempts have been made wholly to abolish inside soldering in the United States, but they have not yet been entirely successful.

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As a rule man's a fool;
When it's hot he wants it cool,
When it's cool he wants it hot -
Always wanting what it's not.



YOUNG CANADIAN TANGLES.

Tangle Prize for September. "IDUNA," a book of beautiful stories. Competition commences Tangle No. 42 in this number, and closes October 14th, with answer to Tangle No. 57, 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. 49. HIDDEN PROVERB.

All is well that ends well.

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 50.—METAGRAM.

1. Pin. 2. Din. 3. Tin. 4. Bin. 5. Win. 6. Sin.

ANSWER TO TANGLE No. 51.—BURIED NAMES OF PLACES.

1. Cook. 2. Monaco. 3. Ascot.

TANGLE No. 55.—MISSING LETTER PUZZLE.

When the missing letters are supplied, the whole will form a well-known verse from a poem by Longfellow:—

L y s f r a m n l r m n u
W o n a e u l v s u l m.
A d o a t n, l a e o i d s
F o p i l o t e a d o t m.

TANGLE No. 56.—CHARADE.

My first is foolish. My second is a vowel.
My third is artificial light. My fourth is a vehicle.
My whole is an island in the Indian Ocean.

TANGLE No. 57.—HIGGLEDY PIGGLEDY PROVERBS.

1. a. b. ccc. f. k. ll. oooo. p. r. u. y.
2. a. cc. eccc. f. g. hh. i. ll. nn. ooo. pp. r. ss. ttt. u. x. y.
3. aa. eoc ddd. occc. f. iiii. l. mm. nn. oo. z. ttt. u. w.
4. aaa. dd. ee. f. iii. mm. nnn. oo. r. ttt. w.
5. cc. dd. ecccc. f. g. iii. ooooo. p. r. ttt. u. v. y. x.

Answers in No. 33.



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.

HARRY.—I am sorry to hear you are becoming discouraged with your singing. No matter how tiresome the practice may be, the hours spent are valuably employed. Let me tell you a story which will encourage you. Pappo, an illustrious master of the Neapolitan school, in teaching a pupil for whom he had a particular friendship, kept him six years practising the diatonic and chromatic scales, the intervals of third, fourth, fifth, etc.; together with turns, shakes, appoggiaturas, and passages of vocalization of different kinds. All these lessons were contained on a single sheet of ruled paper. In the sixth year, but not till then, some lessons in articulation, pronunciation, and declamation were given. At the end of this year, Pappo said to his pupil, who thought he was still in the elements of singing—"Go, my son; you have nothing more to learn; you are the first singer of Italy, and of the world." This singer was Caffarelli, the most celebrated vocalist of the eighteenth century.

CHRISTINE B.—"Femmes Savantes" signifies literally "Learned Women," but that is not sufficient to convey the sense, which is more nearly rendered by our English word, Blue stockings. Both names were originally an honour, but, through excess, became terms of derision.

KATE N.—Gelatine and isinglass are made from a kind of sturgeon.

HELEN NORMAN.—Yes, there is a Society in London for the Protection of Birds, of which Princess Christian is Patroness. This Selborne Society has been in existence for two years, and the rule is that members shall refrain from wearing the feathers of any bird not killed for the purpose of food, the ostrich excepted.

MARY NIM.—How to stiffen lace. Take as much fine starch as you think you will require. Divide it into two portions, and dissolve both in cold water. Boil the one portion, and when it has so far cooled as to have ceased to steam, stir in the cold starch, and dilute the whole to the consistency of thick cream. Dip the lace in the mixture, and squeeze it out gently without wringing it. Then lay it flat in the left hand and beat it well with the right, so as to work the starch well in; repeat the process twice, then roll the lace in fine linen, and leave it there until you are ready to iron, or pin it out. If it be machine made, iron it; but, if it be real lace, pin it out.

PIGEON FANCIEE.—A Homing Pigeon is a bird which, on being thrown at a distance from its home, returns at once direct thereto. This requires long and careful training. The "fancy" is a most interesting one, and one which has not been made use of as it might. There is a great deal that one may get out of pigeons in this way.

SAM BRETTON.—Ticket-of-leave men are convicts who have been given their freedom before their term of imprisonment has expired on account of good behaviour. They are not discharged, but are obliged to report on a certain day every month to the authorities until the term to which they were originally sentenced has expired, when they are given a full discharge. Failing to report on the day specified or for any act of disorderly conduct on their part, they are sent again to prison. It is said that in Australia, Van Diemen's Land, and other British possessions, millionaire convicts out on ticket-of-leave can be seen riding to the jail in their own carriages every month to report. They are life prisoners, sentenced many years ago, and although they have accumulated wealth, and live law abiding citizens, they cannot leave the country. The ticket-of-leave method is not practiced in America, although good behaviour is rewarded by a reduction from the original sentence.

HOME PET.—When the canaries become addicted to the vice of breaking the eggs, they should be bountifully fed with egg and bread, which should be constantly kept within their reach. Should they still persist, the eggs can be removed as fast as laid, and their places supplied with ones whittled from chalk. When the hen ceases to lay, then return the real ones. The male canary has a short, stout beak, and a flat head, and is wide between the eyes—the wider the better. The crown of the head of the female is rounder than that of the male. In general build the male is stouter, and has a bolder carriage.