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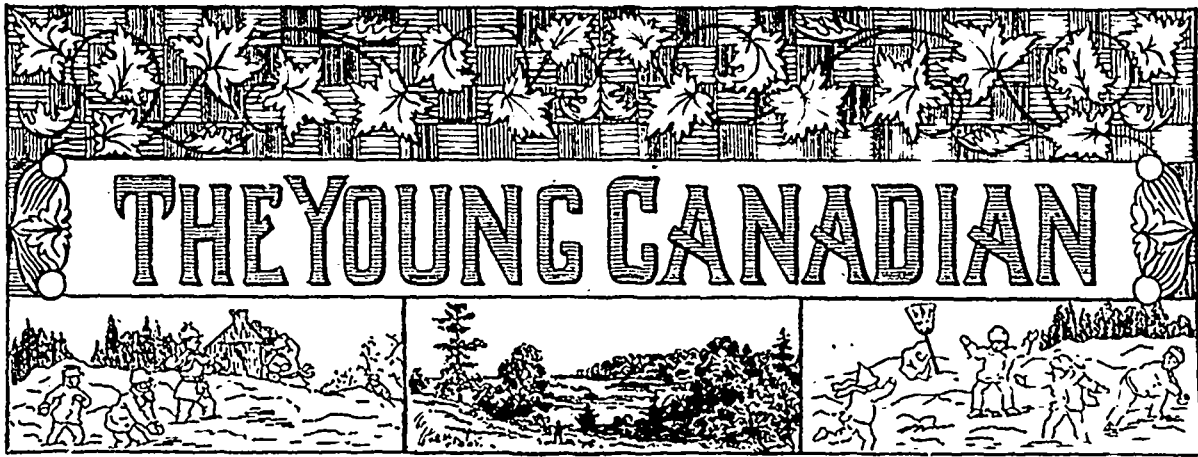
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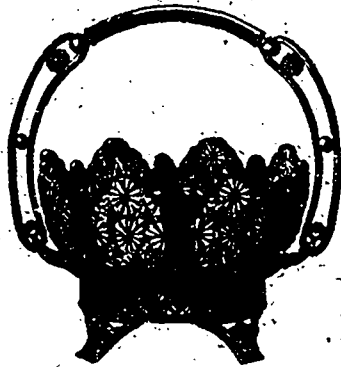
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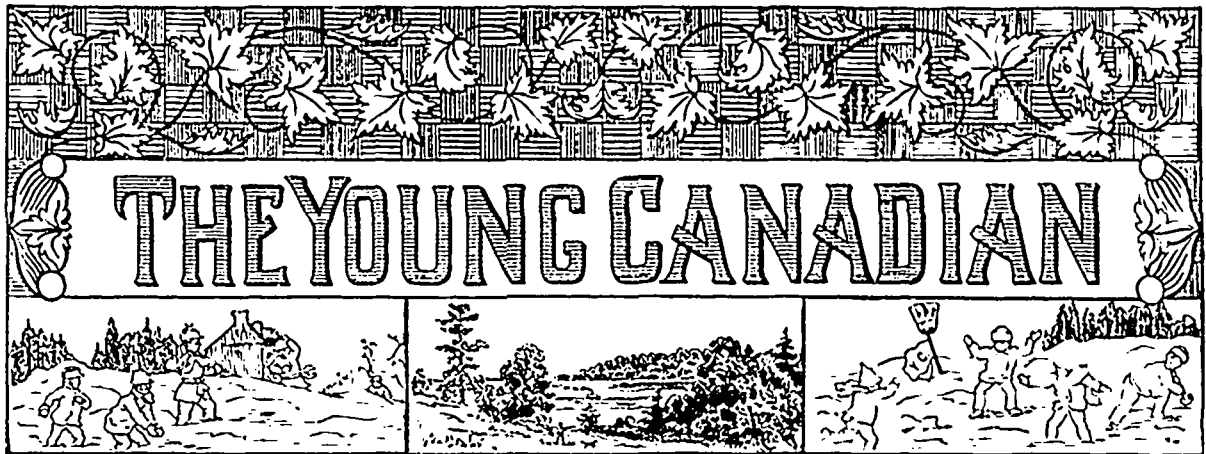
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REBEL OR PATRIOT.

BY S. M. BAYLIS.

CHAPTER V.

“Last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history.”—AS YOU LIKE IT.



RAOUL spent the greater part of the night writing last words to relatives and friends, and composing what might be called a political testament as his dying legacy to his country, reserving a few impressive words to be spoken at the last moment. Snatching a brief sleep, he was early

awakened by the commotion betokening the arrival of the fateful day. Dressing himself with scrupulous care in the costume of the gentleman of the period, he awaited the coming of Father Lebeau, whose devotion never faltered. A few solemn words, a prayer, and he was ready to answer the call of the sheriff. The procession formed, the surpliced priest, bearing in his

hands the holy symbol of the crucifixion and chanting in solemn tones the service of the church, leading the way.

This, be it remembered, was in the days when such sad scenes were not enacted with the privacy with which Justice now tempers her stern decrees, and, when the procession mounted the scaffold, a strange sight met the eye.

A strong cordon of soldiers, with fixed bayonets, was formed in close order round the foot of the scaffold. Pressing up to and around these in a dense mass, was a motley crowd of men, women, and children, drawn to the spot as a show attracts the crowd. The sea of up-turned faces presented in their varied expressions of brutal exultation, suppressed passion, sorrowful pity, or careless indifference, a study for the student of human nature. Permission to speak being granted, Raoul stepped forward, swept his glance over the sea of heads, and in clear tones began:

“Friends and fellow-countrymen! In this solemn hour, at peace with God, it would ill-become me to die with words of wrath upon my lips. For those who have brought me here to this ignominious death I pray for-

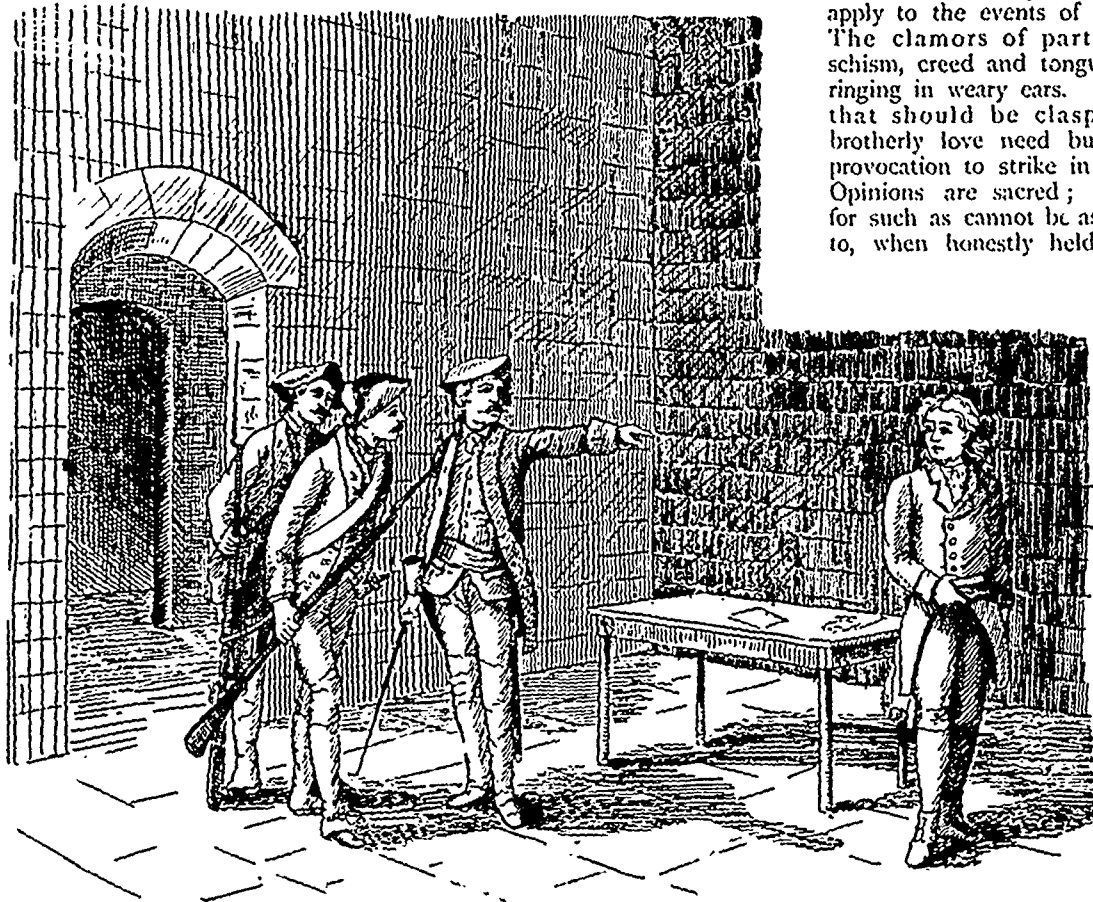
givenness, and trust the future will not avenge my death upon them in such pain and sorrow as have come to me, and mine, and you. The martyr may not choose his mode of exit from this world; if his cause be just, he need fear no stain on his memory by reason of it; therefore, waste no idle tears on me, who am but the one chosen by fate to die that you might go free. To you I commit my dear ones, and charge you by all you hold sacred, should misfortune befall them, that you will make their future your special care, and, as you do to them, may God so reward you. I die for my country, and look to my countrymen to vindicate my memory in the struggle I have made for her liberty. The present hour is dark with defeat, and sorrow, and death. The future is bright with hope, in that I see the principles for which we fought embodied in a constitution which shall be no less a blessing to you and your children than to those who now despise our aspirations, and quench them in our blood. I see you, my beloved compatriots, swelling from a handful of down-trodden vassals into a great and powerful nationality, guarding as your life your language, your religion, and your laws. A glorious destiny awaits you, and demands but your ability to grasp it and compel the now triumphant Star of England's Empire to do your sovereign will when you shall choose to make it known in the unmistakable voice of a free, united, and determined people. *Vive la Liberté!* Farewell!"

He saluted the crowd of now thoroughly excited men, who were only kept under control by the overwhelming

show of military strength, turned to embrace Father Lebeau, and say farewell to the few personal friends standing near by. The further harrowing details were rapidly carried out, and the lofty soul of Raoul de Bien-ville was released from its perishable dwelling-place to find its affinity among the myriads of like noble and exalted spirits who have lived, suffered, and died, in the form of men in this world; of whom the world may not have been worthy, but whose presence for a time therein served to enrich it and inspire others to revere, if not to emulate, their aims and aspirations.

Ideas are strangely powerful. Men have died for them and will yet bravely die, but woe to those at whose door the responsibility of their death shall lie. The seed of the church, watered by the martyrs' blood, has grown into the mighty forest. The world's judicial murders for opinion's sake have but more deeply rooted the ideas for which they were committed in the minds of men. Ideas live! That for which Raoul died has become a passion with his countrymen, burning into and transforming their very being. Will it enoble and inspire them with lofty ideals and wide views of their future in the land of their birth, which those of another faith and tongue are no less proud to claim as their native land? Or will nursing and brooding over it but develop it into a morbid growth that shall strive to eat out the heart of the body politic, and devour whatever is not of its own tainted life? The surgeon's knife is the last remedy for a diseased limb: were it not the wiser part to prevent disease than apply such radical

cure? The lessons to be learned from the past forcibly apply to the events of to-day. The clamors of party and schism, creed and tongue, are ringing in weary ears. Hands that should be clasped in brotherly love need but little provocation to strike in anger. Opinions are sacred; respect for such as cannot be assented to, when honestly held, shall



EARLY AWAKENED BY THE COMMOTION.

command respect; and only thus shall it be possible for the widely differing components of a land so favored to join hand-in-hand and together work out the "glorious destiny" in store for their common country.

What that destiny shall be, and what the future has in store for us belong to the unknown, and the now unwritten history is the task that we of to-day have set for us. Do we seek inspiration for it? Then read that written in the sweat and tears and blood of those who made it on the soil they won and left to us as our inheritance; and back of that, turn to the scroll of Europe, and read the by-gone deeds of our fathers—of English and French, Scotch, Irish, and German blood—as they toiled and fought and died in moulding the individual and national characteristics that are now being woven into the fibre of our national life. Drink inspiration from what well you deem sweetest. Widen and broaden your view to include the vistas on which your neighbor loves to gaze. Open your heart and hands to receive from him that of which he may have to spare, and you may lack of those qualities that go to build up an ideal character—a MAN, a CANADIAN.

Do you complain of aggression on the part of a section of the community? Meet it calmly, reasonably, firmly, not with bluster and brag and counter threatenings—he may have some reason on his side, and misunderstanding and jealousy are the cause of more than lover's quarrels.

Do you fear his ascendancy from overwhelming growth? This is but the result of a natural law, the effect of which he may have perceived with greater force than you, to your disadvantage: the remedy is obvious.

Do you object to his use of his own language? Learn it, and you are not only equipped to meet him on more than equal terms, but you may discover and appropriate riches hitherto undreamed of.

Does his creed jar on your senses trained in a different way of thinking? Study it, and you may be surprised to find refreshing resting-places and guide-posts on the road to heaven, the chart to which you may have fondly imagined yourself to be the sole depository.

The machinery of the body politic when fed by the fires of party rancour and passion jars, is quickly thrown out of gear unless lubricated with the oil of cool, common sense: store up the oil, study the parts and how to apply it most effectually, and he who most surely and swiftly arrives at the full knowledge is he to whose hand is committed the great responsibility of guiding the vast machine of State. The "mistakes of Moses" have been held up as responsible for much of the misfortune of the race: the mistakes of yesterday more nearly concern us of to-day, and are pregnant with warning, but it is the mistakes of to-morrow for which we shall be held responsible.

* * * * *

Father Lebeau is long since dead and gone to his reward, but his type survives in hundreds of villages scattered through the country: simple and pious souls, untaught in the ways of the intriguing cleric, who strive to bring up their flocks in the paths of virtue and religion as it is given them to expound. Denied the joys of home and family, their lives are passed in helping others to solve in a measure the problems of life, never to be fully revealed, perhaps, till death shall open the eyes now blinded by the glare and bewilderment of earthly things.

AND EVELYN! WHAT OF HER?

In one of the farthest and missionary stations of the Roman Catholic Church, in the almost unknown district of the MacKenzie Basin, in the burying-place attached to the little chapel, may be seen a newly-made grave, and at its head a simple little wooden cross, painted white, on which kind hands have roughly scrawled in black letters:—

SISTER
ST. AGNES,
BORN
1820,
DIED
1889.
R. I. P.

On enquiring the meaning of these words and the history of one who closed a life so full of years in such a lonely spot, the stray visitor might be told of "a young lamb who came into the fold seeking peace and rest, and relief from many sorrows; whose long life had been spent in going about doing good. In the older settlements, seeking ever to be sent where trouble and sorrow called for succour, and again begging that she might be given the hardships and trials incident to the march of the missions as they gradually reached out into the wild and unknown regions North and West. Many a poor Indian, lumber-man, or frontier settler, blessed with his dying breath the hand of the Sister who seemed to come to him as a ministering angel in his time of need. She



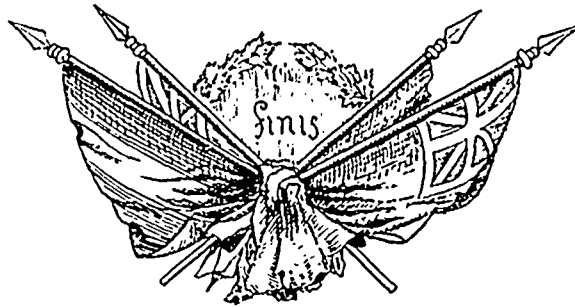
A NEWLY-MADE GRAVE, AND A SIMPLE LITTLE WOODEN CROSS.

had finally been sent to this station which, when first established, was in the midst of an unexplored wilderness of forest. Settlements and civilization gradually approaching, she desired to go yet further to prepare a light in the dark places, when she died, just before her jubilee, and was buried as Monsieur sees. Her history

is, in brief, as Monsieur has heard. Her past? Oh! that was buried when she pronounced her vows fifty years ago. Her name? Ah! perhaps Monsieur may know some of her friends, and it may be well for them to know—her name was

EVELYN GORDON.

“When our souls shall leave this dwelling, the glory of one fair and virtuous action is above all the scutcheons on our tomb, or silken banners over us.”—SHIRLEY.



SPARKS AND PRICKLES.

BY JOSEPHINE H. GRAHAM, B. A., WHITBY, ONT., PUPIL OF DR. EUGENE HAANEL, LEIPSIC.

WHEN Miss Murray came up the hall and caught us girls making “sparks and prickles” by scraping up and down the carpet, without lifting our feet from the floor, and then touching the corner of the table, the door knob, or some one of the girls who wasn’t on the alert,—instead of scolding us roundly for our noise she just smiled and said,—“So you are making electrical experiments, girls? Would you like to come to my room after eight o’clock and see some of my experiments?” You may depend upon it we said “yes, indeed” and “thank you, Miss Murray” in the same breath, and all the rest of study-hour we were as still as mice. Lou told us we had better take our note-books along, and we were ever so glad we did. I know that I learned more about electricity in that half hour than I did in the whole twelve lectures in the Institute last year. And now I’m going to tell you just as much as I can remember—with the help of my note-book—of what Miss Murray told us that evening.

First of all she showed us a little glass rod, about five inches long and half-an-inch thick. Then she asked us how we *knew* that it was glass. Of course you think we said, “because of properties peculiar to itself, such as definite specific gravity, definite density, insolubility, chemical composition, non-resistance to passage of light and heat, inflexibility, power of developing electricity, etc., etc.”

Well we didn’t.

Not one of us four girls could give a sensible reason. But I know *one* girl who, if anybody so much as says “glass” to her after this will fairly bristle with information.

But to return to my note-book.

The next thing Miss Murray did was to show us a piece of chamois about six inches square. It was quite black on one side; she told us that was because it had been treated with Keimmier’s Amalgam. This amalgam is particularly valuable as it invariably produces *positive* electricity. She told us how to make it too, and we went to the laboratory this morning and took,—

3 parts	by weight of mercury
1 part	“ “ “ zinc
1 “	“ “ “ tin

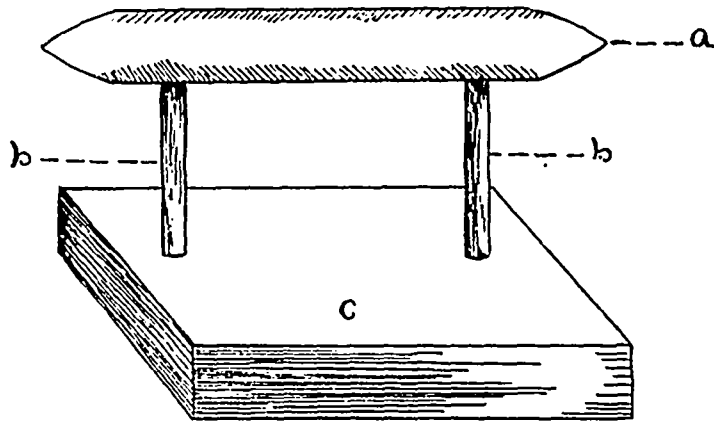
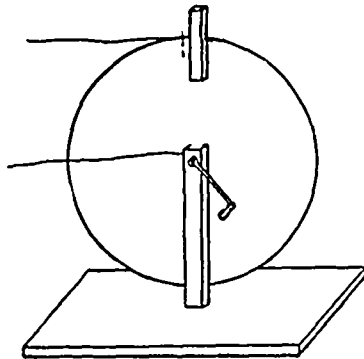
and there we had it.

Then Miss Murray gave me the glass rod and told me to rub it briskly with the piece of chamois while she tore a sheet of paper into little bits. I hadn’t rubbed it more than half a minute when she said,—“There Annie, that will do; now hold the rod about two inches above these bits of paper.” How they did hop, to be sure! You would have thought each little scrap was alive. While we were looking at this, Miss Murray took a long rubber knitting needle and rubbed it briskly with a bit of flannel, then held the needle over the scraps of paper and they all began to dance again. “Now girls,” she said, “I wish you would look at this with that fine curiosity which approaches all phenomena with the

query "why?" Here are two very simple things, a rubber needle and a bit of flannel, and by them I have generated a force strong enough to overcome the entire force of gravity. The whole earth is holding these bits of paper to its bosom; I, like a magician, wave my wand above them, and they spring to obey its summons. By what means is this effect produced? *Friction has electrified my wand*, that is, it has acquired the temporary property of attracting to itself light bodies.

immediately moved toward it. Then the other end of the rubber rod—the end which had not been rubbed—was held toward the pith ball, but it hung at the end of its silk thread as indifferently as if it had never moved in its life. Wasn't that strange? The end which had been rubbed attracted the pith ball, the remainder of the rod did not.

The next thing Miss Murray showed us was an insulated metal bar, like this:—



"Here is a piece of gum-shellac, here a rod of sulphur; I treat them as I did the bit of glass and rubber and I see that they too acquire the magic power. *Amber*, such as I see in Ida's pin, was called by the Greeks *Electrou*, which shows that the ancients knew of the existence of such a force. We have gone a few steps farther than they, but we have not gone so far that we are all agreed as to the right defining name of this strange something which, in honor of the old Greeks, we call *Electricity*. Many names have been given it, but if you think of it and speak of it as a *fluid*, you will be able to experiment with it quite as successfully as you would under any other name. Remember this one thing, that no body yet treated by friction, has failed to become electrified."

a..a metal bar about eight inches in length.

b b..hard rubber rods (insulators).

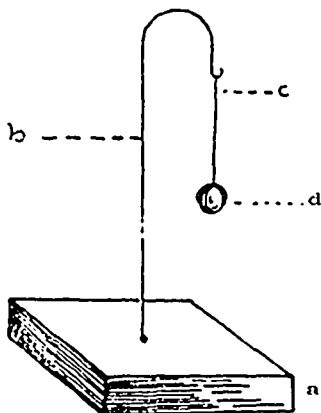
c..block of wood.

One end of this bar was then electrified and presented to the pith-ball.

The whole length of the bar was then moved slowly along at the same distance from the little pith-ball, and the silken thread strained toward it without once faltering. So we saw that the whole length of the bar had the attractive power which had been bestowed but upon one end! We compared the effect of these two experiments, and inferred that the electric fluid could not have travelled along the surface of the rubber rod, while it must have done so on the metal bar.

Miss Murray then showed us a PITH-BALL ELECTROSCOPE, which she said was valuable for indicating the presence of smaller quantities of electricity, because with this the force of gravity need not be overcome. This is what it looks like:—

"Now," said Miss Murray, "you may infer that all bodies may be divided into two classes. First, those which do not allow electricity to pass through or over their substance; such bodies are called *non-conductors* or *insulators*; second, those bodies which *do* allow the electric fluid to pass through or over their substance. These are called *conductors*. These terms of course, are relative; there is no such thing as a *perfect* conductor, nor is there a *perfect* insulator.



a..is a block of wood.

b.. " brass wire.

c.. " silk thread.

d.. " ball made of the pith of the willow.

"These are a few of the best non-conductors—glass, gum-shellac, sulphur, hard rubber, hair, silk, etc., etc.

"These, some of the best conductors—all *metals*, water, the human body, and the earth in general. Electricity is of two kinds: positive and negative. That developed by rubbing glass with Keimier's Amalgam, is called the vitreous or *positive* electricity, and has this for its sign + + + +.

"That developed by rubbing amber with flannel is called resinous or *negative* electricity, with this for its sign — — — —."

She said that pith was chosen because it was so very light in weight.

Then the rubber rod was taken and rubbed briskly at one end; that end was held near the pith-ball, which

Just at that point the "go-to-bed bell" rang, and we put our note-books in our pockets, said good-night to Miss Murray and thanked her for her invitation to come again the following Wednesday.

HOW I KEPT HOUSE FOR TWO CATS.

BY L. O'LOANE, MILTON WEST, O.

When my mother and my niece felt that they needed a holiday, I assured them that I was quite capable of keeping house by myself. But I soon found that I had been rash, for there belonged to the establishment two cats, that I had in that generous moment overlooked.

Clementina is the elder, and the mother of Nellie Grey. The latter, as I have been writing, has been watching my pen. She has just seated herself upon my paper, evidently intending that nothing but the truth, and the whole truth, shall be herem set down concerning herself and her mother—I beg Clementina's pardon—concerning her mother and herself. No Russian censor could look wiser or more severe.

I made Clementina's acquaintance last summer, when she was a little, frisking, grey and white kitten, that thought her tail the funniest thing in the world, unless it might be her toes. It is strange, but it is only babies and kittens that seem to derive satisfaction from their toes. When I saw her again this summer, she was terribly changed. Of course I expected that she would be a cat with dignified don't-touch-me manners, but that she should be the misanthropical creature I met, when she permitted me to touch her back and the tip of her tail, I really did not expect. True, three of the family to which Nellie belonged, found a watery grave in their early infancy, but judging from the way she has treated this very interesting kitten during the last few days, grief for the others cannot have changed her so. The only explanation I can find is that she being a most skilful mouser, would like to ramble at will seeking her lawful food, but a dog in the next street is a terror to cats, and she has narrowly escaped death at his jaws several times. This, when one thinks closely, is enough to make any cat morose.

Now for my tale of woe.

I knew these cats were pampered and indulged, but I listened closely to the instructions concerning their diet, and thought my task easy. The principal articles of food, it had been impressed upon me, were porridge and milk. Occasionally they would take a little bread made very soft with hot water and milk to taste. Meat they were very fond of, but this must be allowed them very sparingly, for all authorities on cats unite in saying that a plain porridge diet is by far the best. Fish, on which they doted wildly, they might be indulged in occasionally.

Scarcely had the train carried my relatives away when Clementina's mews attracted my attention. I looked at their saucer. It was empty. The dish where their porridge was kept was empty too. The next-door cat, Sambo, with whom they (our cats) were very intimate, sprang out of the window licking his whiskers in a very satisfied manner, which explained the aching void.

Remembering the bread softened with hot water, I prepared the compound, and it seemed a savoury dish. They both kept looking up at me with longing eyes and hungry cries while I did this. I put their food before them. Each one touched her nose to it once or twice, then turned away with a sad weary air. I felt the preparation with my finger. It was a little warm. I then cooled it by moving it about with a spoon. They sat on their tails watching me with distrust in their gaze. I put it

down. They tried it again, then turned and left the room. I too went away, and began to feel very insignificant, indeed.

Soon Nellie, who is young—some three months old—came to me, and, with a forgiving frisk, jumped into my lap, then on my shoulder, and in a minute was devoting herself to my eyelashes. Of course, I objected, and took her off my shoulder. She then amused herself with my fob-chain and fingers, sometimes licking the latter until I could not endure her little rough tongue any longer. Nibbling the tip of each finger in succession, suddenly she would take a flying leap at the swinging ball on my chain, and seizing it would gnaw it vigorously. I had begun to feel that neither my hands nor my chain would stand much more, when Clementina at this juncture sprang in at the open window with her "here's-a-mouse" call, that Nellie never mistook. What seemed to me precisely the same sound would only rouse a passing interest in the kitten, such as raising her head and yawning, but she distinguished the different mews as surely as a soldier knows the difference between parade call and "turn-in."

For a moment I was glad that they would have something to satisfy their hunger, but my gladness soon vanished when Clementina deposited the living creature on the rug and proceeded to torture it. I rose hastily, and cried "Get out, kitties," "Shoo, kitties," but to no purpose. Intent on their cruel delight they did not pay the slightest attention to me. I tried to save the little animal, but when it sprang nearly on my arm, I incontinently fled. The last glimpse I had of it was with Nellie climbing up the curtain after it. When I ventured back they were both lying on the rug with as benign an expression as though they had just finished building an hospital for feeble and disabled mice.

It was with a great deal of self-distrust that I prepared their porridge next morning. I almost trembled as I placed the saucer before them. Nellie daintily lapped a little of the milk. Clementina only turned and looked me in the face with a scornful expression, that said more plainly than words—

"You are a nice person to have the charge of cats, you are."

Then she left me with the air of an offended goddess. I have never had the pleasure of meeting a goddess, much less an offended one, but however much a goddess would differ from an offended anybody else, in that degree did Clementina differ.

I had forgotten the salt.

Too soon she came back, this time with a bat. Again the rug received the spoil. Nellie soon had a lesson in natural history, and found out that though bats and mice have similar bodies, they are vastly different creatures. She undertook to stir it up gently with her paw, when there was a sharp click of the bat's teeth, and the astonished kitten drew back, and examined it. Again and again she charged and was repulsed. Clementina, with an attentive paternal gaze, had been watching the encounter. Thinking it time to stop such nonsense, she now rose and made a leisurely attack, but she was as astonished as her daughter, for instead of the bat she got a bite, and the strange thing, recognizing an antag-

onist of different metal, flew to the ceiling, then dropped on to a picture.

Now I have even greater respect for bats than I have for mice, but as the two cats seemed determined to climb the wall to follow this one, I was forced greatly against my will to try to dislodge it. Though it frequently came within Clementina's reach, she was never able to catch it again, and it was with great relief that I succeeded in getting it out of the window.

But those two felines gave me to understand that I had defrauded them. To appease their wrath I weakly gave them some boned duck. Not a day has passed since, but with most hideous "cater-waulings," they have insisted upon my repeating the indulgence. Clementina often goes to the pantry-door, and standing on her two hind feet, puts her paws on the knob, and then looks commandingly over her shoulder at me.

I feel that in that cat's diary I am written down "a failure." Nellie is not so severe; she follows me about watching everything I do with an enquiring air, and with her head on one side seems to say—"Oh, that's how you do it!" She gives little questioning touches to things when in these moods, not at all like her playful boxings. She even showed affection for me on one occasion. I had been out for two or three hours when she saw me coming down street. She came to meet me, escorted me into the house, and then went off into the maddest frolic, pulling the cover off the table in a twinkling, running up my dress, and putting her head under my arm, and showing herself as pleased as a child over its mother's return.

As long as they remained good friends, life was not the burden it has since become; but for some reason Clementina has taken to disciplining Nellie. The liber-

ties that Nellie has hitherto dared to take with her mother's tail have seemed startling to me. Now, as soon as Nellie appears, her once doting mother begins to hiss at her. Nothing daunted the kitten makes a spring, and catches her round the neck. Clementina then administers a re-sounding box, and then takes to something that sounds uncommonly like swearing. Nellie seems to enjoy these affectionate communications, and renews her playfulness. Harder and harder Clementina chastises, till the poor kitten, standing on her head, her hind feet clawing at her mother, her paws put comically and protectingly over her little ears, looks like an animated ball. In a moment, with ears laid back, she is on her feet ready for another battle with her irate, growling mother, who is lashing her sides like an angry tiger.

Whether Nellie misses her mother's care, and has taken cold, or has been imprudently exposing herself, I cannot tell, but she does not purr now. She breathes like a child that is threatened with the croup. Comparative anatomists say animals should be treated with medicines similar to those given to man. I am divided between the merits of mustard and goose oil.

Nellie says I have not told the half that has happened since I became house-keeper, and indeed I have not. To tell how I failed to arrange the basket in which they sleep, to tell how they wake me early in the morning, how I have to rescue them from bad boys, and worse—dogs, would fill an octavo volume. When their mistress comes home to-morrow, instead of being able to point to two sleek, well-fed cats, I shall have to confess that they are somewhat thinner than when she went away.

And so am I.

THE WIND.

Thy harp strings are the crags, oh wind!
And by thy strains beguiled,
I am as if I had not sinned,
A raptured, wondering child.

No melody like thine, I know,
So soothes the soul's unrest;
No dulcet siren lures me so,
To quit life's bootless quest.

I love thee on the sunny beach,
When the ships sail gaily by,
And the sea-gulls swing o'er the billowy reach,
That blends with the drooping sky.

For then thou playest to the dancing waves,
That merrily come and go;
And in every wave the shore that laves,
Is a mermaid singing low.

But 'tis when wilder passions stir,
Thy free impetuous muse,
When tugs its roots the stalwart fir,
And snaps its woody thews,

When riggings shriek o'er clinging crews,
And ominous thunders the wave
On the cliff, that never mercy sues,
And sings the sonorous cave.

'Tis then, oh, wind! thou hold'st me fast,
Thy music thrills me thro';
My soul's uplifted on the blast—
In the storm-cord vibrates true.



ELLEN FROM THE KITCHEN, AND JIM FROM THE BARN.

MA'AM PATIENCE'S PUDDOCK.

BY ISABEL GORDON.

ILLUSTRATED BY GRACE LAMPLOUGH.

Little Sally MacIntosh had been away for two months on a visit to her grandmother who lived out in the country.

It was a lovely place, there at Simcoe, with the hills and woods all around; then Uncle Ben had five horses, and cows, and pigs, and bossy-calves, and chickens, and guinea hens. But best of all, one day while Sally was there, five tiny kittens arrived.

As she ran through the woodshed one morning on her way out to feed the chickens, in a dusky corner she discovered old Ma'am Patience cuddled up on a heap of straw, hugging five weeny-teeny kittens, all of them just as plump and round as butter-balls. How Sally danced and jumped and clapped her hands, till everybody gathered there. Grandma and Aunt Kate and Uncle Ben, Ellen from the kitchen and Jim from the barn, and of course they all agreed that such wonderful kittens had never, never been seen before.

Because Sally had found them, she thought they were hers, and said she was going to take them all home with her. Aunt Kate laughed and said she might have just one, because five kittens would be an awful lot too many for one family to support.

There was a fat yellow one, two black and white spotted, and a jet black one. But the cunningest of all was a tiny, gray-striped kitty, with white toes, and it was he Sally chose, though she did want the little yellow one besides—awfully. But Uncle Ben was to have him, and the others were going here and there to the neighbors. Then they had to be named, but nobody could think of anything to suit.

One evening when Ma'am Patience and all her family had been brought into the parlor, the little gray kitten wandered off around the room exploring in every corner. Presently his mother called and he started back to her, with the funniest little jumps, so that everybody laughed.

"How cunningly he hops, just like a little frog," cried Sally. "Oh Aunt Kate, let's call him 'Froggie.'"

But Grandma, who had spent her childhood days in Scotland, said, "Call him Puddock, Sally, which is cuter and not at all common, for that is what Scotch children call a frog."

Sally was delighted, it was such an odd, funny name, and she felt sure no Canadian kitten had ever been christened that before.



PATIENCE AND ALL HER FAMILY BROUGHT INTO THE PARLOUR.

Then her grandmother told her a quaint little grace, which she used to say before her meals, when she was even a tinier girl than Sally, and here it is in broad Scotch, just as she repeated it :

‘ Lord ! a puir wee bairn I stan’
Heavin’ up my either han’,
Cauld as puddocks gin’ they be,
Yet I haud them up tae Thee,
For a benison tae fa’
On oor meat, an’ on us a’.’

Uncle Ben christened his kitten Stubbs, and I forget what the others were named, but one by one they went to their new homes, till only Puddock and Stubbs were left.



THE CUTEST LITTLE NEST IN A BASKET.

The time had passed so quickly that at last the day came, when Aunt Kate and Sally had to return home. Puddock had the cutest little nest made for him in a lunch-basket, and soon they had started on their journey.

It was some hours' ride on the train, but Puddock kept very quiet ; one or twice he mewed pitifully as if he would like to get out—but that was all. It was when they had reached Toronto and got aboard the open horse-car that he began to be on his worst behaviour. He scratched and bounced up and down in a terrible fright.

Aunt Kate and Sally both talked to him through the slits of the basket, trying to hush him in every way possible, but it was of little use. While they were riding up Yonge street, Sally raised the basket-lid the least bit to stroke and pat him. But before she could touch

him, Puddock had thrown it back, bounded from the car, and was scampering across the fields just as fast as his short legs would carry him.

A good many of the passengers giggled ; but Sally, still hugging the empty basket, was for a minute too astonished to think of crying. At last the tears came, a perfect torrent of them, and the conductor stopped the car to ask kindly if there was anything they could do about her kitty. But Puddock was then out of sight, so Aunt Kate said it was little use to chase him now, and that they would go on home.

Poor Sally ! nothing could comfort her for the loss of Puddock, and that night she cried herself to sleep.

Next morning Aunt Kate sent a boy all over the neighborhood to enquire if anything had been seen of a gray striped kitten with blue eyes and tiny white toes, but nothing could be heard of him, and Sally's heart was almost broken.



POOR SALLY ! SHE CRIED HERSELF TO SLEEP.

A week or two afterwards Sally was out playing on the front steps, when the expressman stopped and handed her a funny little box made of slats, which



THE EXPRESSMAN HANDED HER A FUNNY LITTLE BOX.

was addressed to her. Then she signed her name in his big book just like this :

Sarah A. Macintosh.

She could not write very well anyway, but this morning she could hardly write at all, for it was the first express parcel she had ever received, and of course she was very anxious to know what it held.

When Aunt Kate took off the lid, out leaped Stubbs, the funny little pink-eyed, yellow-coated kitten which had travelled all the way from Simcoe. Tied around his neck was this tiny note :

"OAK KNOLL FARM.

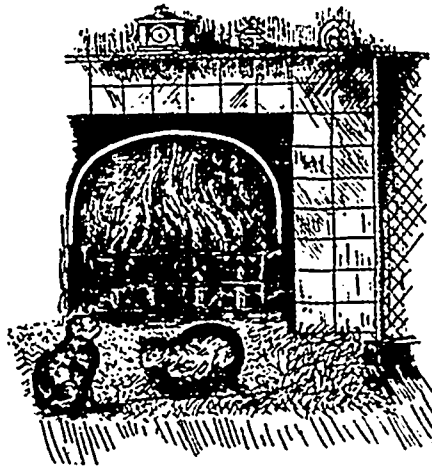
DEAR LITTLE SALLY :—My Stubbs wants to go and stop with you. He thinks he can find his naughty brother Puddock.

Your loving Uncle Ben."

Sally was very happy, and Stubbs seemed to feel at home right away.

But this is not all my story. About six o'clock one morning when Aunt Kate opened the back-door, there on the fence among the morning-glories sat Stubbs, and close beside him, Puddock, a very ragged, wretched, dirty, starved-looking Puddock, but Puddock all the same.

He came to believe that, after all, a cosy home, a brother and a sweet little mistress, were much nicer than a wild Robin-Hood-sort-of-a-life in the woods, and he never ran away again, but grew up a very handsome, contented, intelligent cat.



A COSY HOME, MUCH NICER THAN A WILD ROBIN-HOOD
SORT OF LIFE IN THE WOODS.

Q U E B E C .

Quebec! how regally it crowns the height,
Like a tanned giant on a solid throne!
Unmindful of the sanguinary fight,
The roar of cannon mingling with the moan
Of mutilated soldiers years ago,
That gave the place a glory and a name
Among the nations. France was heard to groan;
England rejoiced, but checked the proud acclaim,—
A brave young chief had fall'n to vindicate her fame.

Wolfe and Montcalm! two nobler names ne'er graced
The page of history, or the hostile plain;
No braver souls the storm of battle faced,
Regardless of the danger or the pain.
They passed unto their rest without a stain
Upon their nature or their generous hearts.
One graceful column to the noble twain
Speaks of a nation's gratitude, and starts
The tear that Valour claims and Feeling's self imparts.

CHARLES SANGSTER.

SAINT PATRICK,

THE APOSTLE OF IRELAND.

We all know well when his day comes round, when the great green and gold banners go waving through the streets, and the gay horsemen go prancing hither and thither among the admiring processionists.

Strange that after all St. Patrick was not a native of Ireland, but of Scotland, although quite a few countries would like to claim the honour.

He was seized by a band of pirates and carried over to Ireland, where he was sold to a petty chief. By and by he escaped, and found his way to Rome. The Pope sent him back again to the Land of Erin as a preacher. He went all through the land, visiting the chiefs and winning their hearts by his kindness and patience.

He went about blessing monks and priests, and founding hundreds of churches, and his mission was so successful that he is said to have baptized as many as twelve thousand converts by his own hands.

He died in Ireland, where down to the days of the Reformation his relics were preserved with the greatest veneration. A book, called his "Confessions," and one solitary letter, remain as precious souvenirs of a loving and beloved life.

The Order of St. Patrick, with its title K.P., was established by George III. The Collar is a very exquisite piece of roses and harps of gold tied together with knots of the same metal. Blue emeralds are set in white, and white in blue, the whole surmounted by the Imperial Crown. The Badge is oval, of gold, and decorated with shamrocks.

When the Collar is not worn, a sky-blue ribbon over the right shoulder supports the Badge.

MONTREAL.

Reign on, majestic Ville-Marie!

Spread wide thy ample robes of state;

The heralds cry that thou art great,

And proud are thy young sons of thee.

Mistress of half a continent,

Thou risest from thy girlhood's rest;

We see thee conscious heave thy breast

And feel thy rank and thy descent.

Sprung of the saint and chevalier!

And with the Scarlet Tunic wed!

Mount Royal's crown upon thy head;

And past thy footstool, broad and clear,

St. Lawrence sweeping to the sea:

Reign on, majestic Ville-Marie!

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

TO "YOUNG CANADIANS."

FROM OUR FRIEND "THE DOCTOR."

The advent of a magazine devoted to yourselves is hailed with pleasure by not only young Canadians but all who wish you and our country well; and though I no longer am a YOUNG Canadian I most emphatically wish you well. Therefore in addressing myself to you I shall write in all sincerity and with the earnest wish to help you, upward and onward, in the career before you.

Though young and owning nationality to a country still in its youth, there is a great future before you and it, and on you, boys and girls though you may now be, depends the future welfare of Canada.

Always remember this—next to your love for God and duty to parents—you are Canadians.

You have an heritage given you to protect and guard, and to be rendered still greater by you. Just in proportion as you are true, great and noble so will this Canada of ours be.

Whether still a portion of the British Empire more closely united and taking part in the councils of that Empire, or an independent nation—EVER closely bound by strongest ties of love and loyalty to England—*Canada will always be Canada.* You will be the men and women who will have to govern, uphold, and protect her.

It is with this object in view that I ask your most careful attention to some things which may help you to grow up able to attain that end.

Let us commence then with this

REGULARITY AND PUNCTUALITY

in all you do,—in your hours of study—of recreation—of rest—or of work. Let all be as systematic as possible. Do not go hap-hazard about anything. Have so many hours for study to prepare for school. Let not anything interfere with this. Have your time for play, skating or whatever it may be; and so on through the day. Do not, for example, keep on skating till you are tired and then perhaps study for half an hour, throw down your book, and go to some other amusement, but try to plan out your day and carry out the plan. Your fathers or brothers will help you to draw one up.

Be assured that whatever may be your future life—whether in mechanics, in trade, or in professional life, habits of regularity formed now will be of the highest use and greatest advantage to you then, Try it anyway. You will never regret doing so.

Mind you, I do not mean you to become what at school we called "prigs," solemn, grave, stuck-up sort of young Canadians. Not at all. Have all the fun and laughing you can get. Laughing is healthy and will save your doctor's bill a good bit. Many a good bit of fun I hope you will get out of this same magazine of yours.

This is meant only for an introductory article so I must stop, with one word more. In reading anything, do it carefully and *think it out* as you read. Stick to the rules of your Reading Club, an excellent institution. I want you every one to join it.

You will, I trust, have many much more amusing articles than this in THE YOUNG CANADIAN over which you can laugh and enjoy the fun. Only when you read a more serious or instructive piece do so thoughtfully,—and, if you can, have what is called a "common place" book to put down anything which may strike you as specially worthy of remembrance. Hoping to again write you, I am, YOUNG CANADIANS, your friend,

THE DOCTOR.



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

Another man, who made the Gospels shine brighter and brighter when he thought he was destroying them forever, was Celsus. He wrote a book full of scornful ridicule of what he calls the "writings of the disciples of Jesus," in which the events and teachings of that sacred record are held up to the bitterest sneers and contempt. This book, too, is unfortunately lost; but an ancient historian has preserved extracts from it. These extracts refer to the story of the Wise Men, of the Flight into Egypt, of the Dove at the Baptism, of the Agony in the Garden, of the Thirst on the Cross, and of the Resurrection; as well as to the fact that this Jesus, whom he scorns, was known as "The Word of God," and that He was asked in the Temple to perform miracles.

Celsus is welcome to his very small jest. "The Writings of the Disciples of Jesus" may have been detested by him. They may have been scorned at, and sneered at by him. But what concerns us chiefly at present is, that in order to meet with such treatment at his hands they must at least have *existed*.

And, yet, some men ask us to believe that the Gospels were not written so early; that they were not written by the evangelists; that there were perhaps *some*, but not *four*; that they were not held as sacred; and that they had little influence over the lives of men.

So far, then, we find, beyond all doubt that by the year A. D. 150 or 200 the Gospels were regarded as *sacred*; that their number was *four*; that their place in the New Testament was *first*; and that they had been *translated*.

Now, let us take another event which happened, or which is said to have happened, 150 or 200 years ago from our own time. The man would not have an easy task who undertook to prove that John Milton had never lived, or that his great poem *Paradise Lost* was written by somebody else; that Oliver Cromwell was a myth, and had never been Protector of England; that William Prince of Orange never was born, or that he had never come to England to be made King. And yet, not one of us ever saw Milton, or heard from his own lips the wonderful verse which has charmed so many generations, or fought under Cromwell, or welcomed William. Or, to come to our own country, who could deny that about 150 years ago Canada belonged to France instead of to Britain; that many years before that, Montreal, Quebec, Halifax stood just where they stand now? And, which of us built the first settlement at Halifax, or drove the Indians from their village of Stadacona to found Quebec, or sailed up the beautiful river St. Lawrence with the *Sieur de Maisonneuve*, or held up the cross for him as he converted the village of Hochelaga into Montreal, and blessed the little colony in the name of the Holy Family, the wild flowers and bursting foliage of the month of May joining their praises with the hymns of his followers?

We simply believe to be true what our fathers believe to be true. Our fathers go back to the beginning of this century. That takes us back to the 18th, the 18th to the 17th, and so on. We do not depend now upon what we hear, or upon writings which are sometimes not very exact. The invaluable invention of printing does all that for us. But we may be sure that the craving for exactness and permanence which compelled men to invent printing, must have compelled men, in the absence of such a blessing, to seek out the very best substitute for it which they could find.

CANADA FOR ME.

Before old England's snowy head
In reverence we bow;
We see the light of centuries shed
Its glory on her brow;
We feel it, that to her we owe
More than our love can pay;
And yet our young life cannot grow
In bonds of yesterday.
'Tis Canada, young Canada,
Canada for me.

The story of old England's deeds
On many a page is writ,
And it must stand as now it reads,
No power can alter it.
Chequered it is with good and ill,
With mercy and with blood;
Ours is unwrought, unwritten still,
And we can make it good.
'Tis Canada, young Canada,
Canada for me.

Nowhere beneath Old England's flag
The slave can live a slave;
No hapless serfs their fetters drag
Where her free banners wave;
And yet the yoke of rank and blood
Sets heavy on her neck,
While our more stalwart freemanhood
Bows but at virtue's beck.
'Tis Canada, free Canada,
Canada for me.

The Lion's roar affrights the earth
And sets the world ashake;
Strong are the nations which their birth
From that strong mother take;
And we who are to manhood grown
Learned from the milk we drew
To face the shafts of fate alone
And a new path pursue.
'Tis Canada, brave Canada,
Canada for me.

Fair are Old England's holy spots
Where poets mused and sang,
Where sprang to birth world-moving thoughts,
Where shouts of freedom rang;
But fairer is the prairie wild
That waits the patriot's tread;
The promise of our Northern child
Is more than England's dead.
'Tis Canada, my Canada,
Canada for me.

Benton, New Brunswick. MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.



YOUNG CANADIAN TANGLES.

WORD BUILDING.

I.

In the following word puzzles commence with a single letter. Every letter added makes a new word.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1.</p> <p>1. A vowel. 2. Nearby. 3. To interweave. 4. One of a pair. 5. Subdues. 6. An adept. 7. A cooking utensil. 8. An auroral beam.</p> | <p>9.</p> <p>1. A consonant. 2. Myself. 3. Encountered. 4. Animal food. 5. Intended. 6. Pertaining to the mind. 7. Nourishment.</p> |
| <p>2.</p> <p>1. A vowel. 2. A preposition. 3. To corrode. 4. Towards the dawn. 5. To recite. 6. Property. 7. Having made a will. 8. Affirmed to.</p> | <p>10.</p> <p>1. A consonant. 2. Myself. 3. To tangle. 4. Docile. 5. Viands. 6. Minerals. 7. Bemoans.</p> |
| <p>3.</p> <p>1. A consonant. 2. To exist. 3. To stake. 4. To overcome. 5. To cudgel. 6. Four-footed animals. 7. Mews. 8. Destroyers.</p> | <p>11.</p> <p>1. A consonant. 2. Denoting refusal. 3. Expressing negation. 4. Sound. 5. Observes. 6. A form of poetry. 7. Head-gear.</p> |
| <p>4.</p> <p>1. A consonant. 2. To accomplish. 3. Turf. 4. Bartered. 5. Firm. 6. Stained. 7. A warrior. 8. The military. 9. Martial.</p> | <p>12.</p> <p>1. A consonant. 2. Expressing denial. 3. To study. 4. Formerly. 5. Conical bodies. 6. A species of cakes. 7. Supports.</p> |
| <p>5.</p> <p>1. A consonant. 2. To advance. 3. Secured. 4. A painful disease. 5. Tenacious. 6. Admitting. 7. From end to end. 8. Complete.</p> | <p>13.</p> <p>1. A vowel. 2. A conjunction. 3. Mineral substance. 4. Painful. 5. Flowers. 6. Hoards. 7. Woods. 8. A fortification. 9. Guardians of wood lands.</p> |
| <p>6.</p> <p>1. A vowel. 2. Within. 3. To pinch. 4. Pegs. 5. Languishes. 6. Thorns. 7. Musical instruments. 8. One who spins. 9. Short distance racers.</p> | <p>14.</p> <p>1. A consonant. 2. On high. 3. To sip. 4. A domestic pet. 5. Goads. 6. Wallets. 7. Follows. 8. Occupiers without right.</p> |
| <p>7.</p> <p>1. A vowel. 2. Exists. 3. To rest. 4. A schedule. 5. A short stair. 6. To hearken. 7. To gleam. 8. Foreigners.</p> | <p>15.</p> <p>1. A consonant. 2. Thus. 3. Turf. 4. Performs. 5. Hemispherical constructions. 6. Diffident. 7. Assaulted. 8. Jointed.</p> |
| <p>8.</p> <p>1. A consonant. 2. An interjection. 3. A beverage. 4. Tardy. 5. Not new. 6. Dishes. 7. Principal commodities. 8. Surgical requisites.</p> | <p>16.</p> <p>1. A consonant. 2. Towards. 3. A pedal extremity. 4. Repetition. 5. A fur-bearing animal. 6. Rank. 7. A rapid stream.</p> |
| | <p>17.</p> <p>1. A vowel. 2. Ourselves. 3. Custom. 4. A trick. 5. Occupiers. 6. Reddish-brown. 7. Tightly bound.</p> |

(Answers in next number.)

OTTAWA.

BEFORE DAWN.

The stars are stars of morn : a keen wind wakes
 The birches on the slope ; the distant hills
 Rise in the vacant North , the Chaudière fills
 The calm with its hushed roar ; the river takes
 An unquiet rest, and a bird stirs, and shakes
 The morn with music ; a snatch of singing thrills
 From the river ; and the air clings and chills.
 Fair, in the South, fair as a shrine that makes
 The wonder of a dream, imperious towers
 Pierce and possess the sky, guarding the halls
 Where our young strength is welded strenuously ;
 While in the East, the star of morning dowers
 The land with a large tremulous light, that falls
 A pledge and presage of our destiny.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

MARGARET ELLISON: A STORY OF TUNA VALLEY.
 By Mary Graham. Boston: Bradley & Woodruff.

The heroine of this story is a young lady, whose mother on her death-bed makes her promise that she will never marry a man whose life is not consecrated to higher things. She is therefore obliged to refuse the man she loves ; but after she has suffered for three years, he comes up to her ideal of consecration. At the same time she falls heir to an unexpected fortune, and of course the story closes with a happy marriage—or rather with a series of happy marriages, for the subordinate characters are, in this respect, equally fortunate with the heroine.

The New England Magazine of Boston is making a special feature of articles dealing with Canadian topics, interesting to those who wish to keep in touch with the progress of the age all over the world, and especially interesting to Canadians themselves. The April number will have an article on "Contemporary Canadian Art and Artists," by W. Blackburn Flarie. It is a companion to the same writer's article on the "Dominion's Literary Men." It will be profusely illustrated with portraits and examples of the work of the best Canadian artists.

LOOKING FURTHER BACKWARD. By A. D. Vinton.
 Albany Book Company, Albany, N.Y.

It is the fate of a popular book to provoke imitations. The title of this book frankly points to Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward." It takes, however, an additional idea from "The Battle of Dorking," a clever sketch, which appeared shortly after the Franco-Prussian War, describing an imaginary conquest of England by the Germans. Mr. Vinton's book refers to a period about a quarter of a century later than that of Mr. Bellamy's, and pictures cleverly a conquest of the United States by the Chinese. The chief value of this picture consists in the vividness with which it brings home the main defect of Socialism in destroying habits of self-reliance among the people. The helplessness of individuals, and even of municipalities, accustomed to have everything done for them by the central government, is brought out with great success, and at times with a good deal of humour.



EMBRUN, O.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN,—I have read your masterpiece about our Province of Ontario written by Mr. Old Grub. He states that sugar cane is one of our great necessities of life. So far I am with him, and our maple sugar, better than any sugar cane, is sweet and lovely and good to the taste. We make every month of March and April nine acres!

Also about nickel mines in Ontario he hasn't stated where it is found, in what village or town, or county. Please tell me next time.

If you place this in the Post Bag please do not correct, so that every English Young Canadian may see that I am not ashamed of my English writing. Those that will laugh at me, let them compose one in French, and I'll be there to correct it.

N. B.—I can't any more canvas for THE YOUNG CANADIAN because I must help father in the maple sugar making and the carting of wood.

Your aff. friend,

F. P.

MY DEAR F. P.—Many thanks for your nice letter. If you had not told us, I am sure we should not have guessed that you were not writing in your own native tongue. There are very few mistakes indeed in the English, and there is a fine manly ring in it, which can be told as well in one language as in the other.

I am sorry, though, that you think that any of our other Young Canadians could laugh at such a good letter. I feel certain that they could not. Indeed I think most of them would give a good deal to be able to write as sweet a letter in French.

Suppose you try by sending me your next despatch in French, and some of my young friends will answer it.

How nice to think of you in the woods sugaring out. Did you like our Mr. Old Grub when he told us how it was done long ago? I think he would take it as a great compliment if you would give him a description of how you do it now. He promised to do that for us, you know. So if yours should appear before his, he would have a fine surprise. Surprises are nice, aren't they? And even old gentlemen like him can laugh. I have seen him laugh till he could not hold his pen.

I should like it myself too. I love boys, and I love the country; and to get a letter from a little boy in the country would be doubly delightful.

I know, too, that all my young friends in the other Provinces would be pleased. Those in Prince Edward Island, and in Nova Scotia, want to know how you do things in Ontario, and some day soon they will write to tell us how they do things there.

You know our country is very big. We have been so busy all these long years making roads, and bridges, and railways, and steamers, and mills, that somehow we have forgotten the young people. We have had no time to remember that they are a part of the nation,—and a very important part too. We have not done much to introduce them to each other, to let them know about each other, to give them an opportunity of becoming acquainted as boys and girls should who look forward to taking a high place in the making of the country.

THE YOUNG CANADIAN is going to do this. For this purpose it has been started. For this purpose it has been made of such beautiful paper, and pictures and

stories, because nothing is too good for our children,—the very best that Canada can give them is not too good. So you see, that your letter, when you write it, will be just what the other young Canadians want, and they will be sure to reply.

About the nickel—it is found in some of the islands in Lake Superior, in Newfoundland, and in Quebec. But the richest mines in Canada are near Sudbury, in the district of Algoma, Ontario.

And as these are the richest mines in the world, we must watch with interest all that goes on to develop them.

Your friend,

ED. P. B.

OTTAWA.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN,—We (Billy and I) like the "YOUNG CANADIAN" very much. It fills a gap, hitherto only partly filled by unsuitable English juveniles of the Sunday school class of literature, or the somewhat objectionable sensationalism of the Boys' Own or the Boys' of England, and still worse, the penny dreadful. Bad enough, if English, and still more pernicious if issued by the poisonous presses of New York and Chicago. Even the favorites, St. Nicholas or the Harpers' publications are objectionable from a National or Patriotic point of view. We could never make Canadians by the reading of striped literature, even though from pens of star writers.

We like your treatment of subjects local, provincial or economic, such as the P. E. I. tunnel, the railway and steamship lines, cotton, sugar, etc. "Billy," above alluded to, aged seven and a half, has already read the "Peep of Day Series," "Robinson Crusoe," "Young Folks' History of England," etc., and he has a sweet little sister who will enjoy the bound volumes of THE YOUNG CANADIAN in days to come, as he enjoys it now. When you say "get your Atlas" he gets it and finds the place, although he has not yet tackled geography; but he has lived in an atmosphere of maps and it comes natural to him. Success and long life to the YOUNG CANADIAN.

BILDAD, OR BILLY'S DAD.

DEAR MR. BILDAD,—You are quite right. Our YOUNG CANADIAN "fills a gap," and I am very glad that you think we are filling the gap well. We want to, we try our best to, and we are sure to do so, if all our readers look out for us as Billy's Dad's little Billy, and Billy's Dad's little Billy's sister do.

Thanks for your kind letter. We are specially pleased to hear from you again, as you write straight to the point.

We are now preparing a special Easter Number, and we should like every one of our readers to send us in *one new name* in time to get it. It is not a great deal for us to ask, nor a great deal for our young friends to do for us, and we shall value it very much. The Dominion is so large, and we are so busy making our YOUNG CANADIAN good, that we want it to get into the hands of all at once.

Please, then, drop us a post card by return mail with the name, or what would be still better, ask them to send us their name direct, enclosing subscription.

If all our dear little readers would do the same, they would be not only helping THE YOUNG CANADIAN, but HELPING CANADA. That sounds very big for young people. But it is true.

GUELPH, O.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN,—Would you kindly let me know what are the easiest grown vegetables, and the ones that sell best, as I and my cousin intend to have a market garden next spring.

Your friend,

R. H.

MY DEAR R. H.—I must apologize for being so long in replying to your kind letter, but although I have not replied you must not imagine that I was forgetting you. Indeed it was simply because I was remembering you that I have not replied sooner, partly because your question was a difficult one to answer, and also because I wanted to do as much as I could for you.

I have had some talks with a friend of mine who knows, and who was much pleased to tell me all he could. When I said I was asking for two young cousins in Ontario who intended beginning immediately, he replied "That's nice."

After much conversation, we decided that the best thing for you to do is,

First: To commence in a small way, merely to supply your own neighborhood, or the market of Guelph if you are not too far from it.

Lettuce for early spring always pays well, and if you have some old windows to make a hot frame, you could make a start with that, and it would be quietly growing while you were preparing others.

Early rhubarb, too, is easily managed, but I am afraid you are too late for that for this spring.

Then you will prepare your garden well, so soon as ever you can work it. "Dig, dig, dig," must be your motto, and better half an acre well wrought than two acres in a half productive condition. Also I should advise you not to attempt too much. Rather give all the more care to what you do undertake.

For the first summer I should say lots of pease, beans, corn, carrots, and things that we all need every day. Tomato plants, too, if you can get a dozen or two, will pay you well, and perhaps by next spring you will raise your own plants from seed.

The great matter with pease and beans and corn is to get good kinds, to give them great care, and, especially with pease, not to plant too many at one time so as to have them ripen at different times, one crop after another.

In the matter of pease alone, I think there is a little fortune in store for somebody. We do not, anywhere in Canada, get such nice pease as we might, and when they *are* nice you know how nice they are.

If you are still, you and your cousin, minded to try, I shall be glad to help you more. It is difficult however to give advice by pen in such a matter. There is an excellent book that I could send you if you do not think the price too much. It costs \$2.50, which is a good deal.

Your loving friend,

ED. P. B.

INGONISH, Cape Breton.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN,—I received a copy of your Paper, and endorse such a movement with all my heart. It is just what we want. For years our Canadian boys and girls have been thinking the United States was the only place to get their Papers.

The type and character of the writing is highly attractive. If you will allow me to make a suggestion, it is that after the first year the price be lowered. It is well worth two dollars, and no doubt will win its way at last. But two dollars is a very great deal to hundreds, if not to thousands, in whose hands your magazine ought to be placed.

Religious anecdotes and illustrations also in a periodical like THE YOUNG CANADIAN will do much, and doubtless awaken our young people to lift themselves above the "common things."

Wishing you every success, and praying that the result on the present and future generations may be for good.

I am,

Yours respectfully,

R. O. A.

P. S.—Enclose find subscription, and begin with the commencement please.

R. O. A.

MY DEAR SIR,—I must thank you for your most kind letter and its very wise and good suggestions. We are most gratified to receive such proof of appreciation of our efforts on behalf of our young people. And I am pleased to be able to say that such proofs are coming in to us from every corner of the land.

Your suggestion as to the price is one that we have thought over very seriously. Indeed few questions con-

nected with the magazine have received from us more earnest attention.

The large majority of young Canadians is the field we want to cultivate. The pampered few have enough done for them otherwise, and are, in spite of their pamperings (perhaps because of their pamperings) of little account in the formation of a national character, or in the building up of a great country.

In this view of our work we might have been advised to put the price even lower than we have done, although the original figure was four dollars. But there are a few points that have to be taken into consideration which I am sure will appeal to all who know anything about starting, or conducting a high-class periodical.

First, you will be surprised to know that we have gone on quite a new track in several ways. Most magazines are devoured by a desire to swell up the list of subscriptions. In order to secure this some very amusing steps are taken. "Prizes in spelling" are offered. "Competitions" are got up. "Table silver" of much or little value (specially little) is spread out in tempting array. Household furniture, even, in shape of pianos and so forth, is held up as an inducement to compete, to gamble in subscriptions.

Now, we are most anxious to increase our list of subscriptions, for until our young people have a chance of reading our *YOUNG CANADIAN*, we cannot do for them what we want to do. But we are not interested in the exchange of teaspoons and pianos, and if our subscription list cannot be made big enough without all the deceit and disappointment connected with such a way of working, we shall be satisfied with a small list. Even those we have will do,—those like yourself, sir, from every Province who have already, without the chance of a piano, sent in unsolicited subscriptions and letters to us to say "they want *THE YOUNG CANADIAN*," "they will stand by us," "it is quite time we had *THE YOUNG CANADIAN*," "it should be in the hands of every boy and girl in Canada." Let us have that select list of good Canadians to listen to us, and we are satisfied.

Rome was not built in a day. But Rome was built.

So in building up our subscription list, we offer no pianos at one dollar. We spend no time devising means to make ourselves ridiculous.

OUR WAY

is to put our whole strength into the magazine itself,—our whole mind and body into our work, to make it what we want it to be, what it ought to be, and what our young people cannot do without.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE WILL DO THE REST.

We are quite sure of that. Never has anything in Canada been undertaken with more unflagging and unflaggable determination than our *YOUNG CANADIAN*. We know what we are about. We know what we want to do for our youth. We know how to do it and we mean to shew how it can be done.

We might much more easily have set about our magazine in a different fashion. We might have had cheap paper, with type that might have ruined your eyes. We might have had common pictures. We might have stuffed our cover with vulgar advertisements. We might have ransacked every magazine and newspaper on this continent for material to fill up our pages.

But that is

NOT OUR WAY.

The paper, the type, the general care in our *YOUNG CANADIAN* we believe to be such as has never been attempted in Canada. The pictures are all original drawings, every one drawn by special artists. We have on

our staff seven Royal Canadian Academicians. The articles from beginning to end, from cover to cover, are written specially for our pages, have never appeared elsewhere, and are, most of them, written by our special request in order to carry out our own plan. We believe we are in this respect on the

RIGHT TRACK.

And we believe that all former efforts towards establishing in Canada a magazine of Canadian interest have failed, because they were most conspicuously not on this track. And we believe that our young people do not want a second hand magazine any more than they do a second hand coat.

We are on another

NEW TRACK,

and that is this. We pay for all our drawings, for all our articles, as regularly as we pay for our paper and our postage. And we believe that it would be difficult for any one from Prince Edward Island to Vancouver to contradict us when we say we are

THE VERY FIRST IN CANADA

to start on *that* track. There has never been before in Canada a magazine of any description whatever that has made the slightest pretence of doing this. Therefore they failed, and therefore they deserved to fail.

So, Sir, much as we could have wished to let our young people have their own, their very own *YOUNG CANADIAN*, for less than two dollars, we believe they will, every one, declare that when they have waited so long for a magazine of their own, they

SHALL HAVE IT

first-class, they prefer it all for themselves, they want it to be something they may look on with pride and pleasure. Of the other sort there are enough already,—too many, and nobody reads them even if they get them for nothing.—ED. P. B.

THE FISHERMAN'S LIGHT.

The air is still,— the night is dark,
No ripple breaks the dusky tide :
From isle to isle the fisher's bark,
Like fairy meteor, seems to glide, —
Now lost in shade, —now flashing bright ;
On sleeping wave and forest tree.
We hail with joy the ruddy light,
Which far into the darksome night
Shines red and cheerily.

With spear high poised and steady hand.
The centre of that fiery ray
Behold the skilful fisher stand,
Prepared to strike the finny prey ;
"Now, now !" the shaft has sped below, —
Transfixed the shimmering prize we see ;
On swiftly glides the birch canoe,
The woods send back the long halloo
In echoes loud and cheerily !

Around yon bluff, whose pine crest hides
The noisy rapids from our sight,
Another bark, another glides, —
Red spirits of the murky night,
The bosom of the silent stream
With mimic stars is dotted free ;
The tall woods lighten in the beam,
Through darkness shining cheerily.

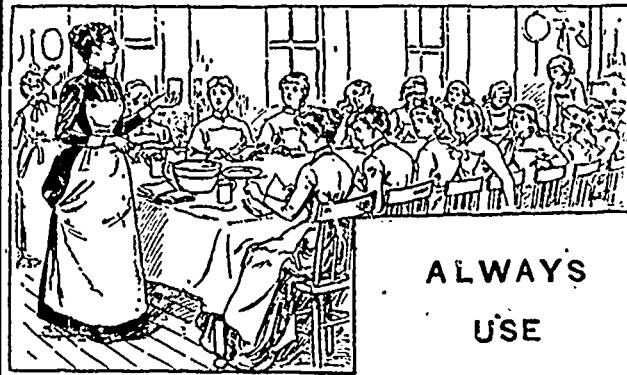
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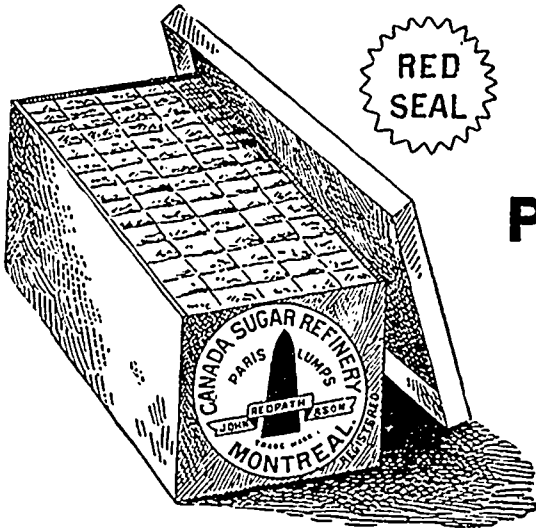
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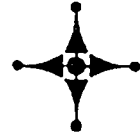
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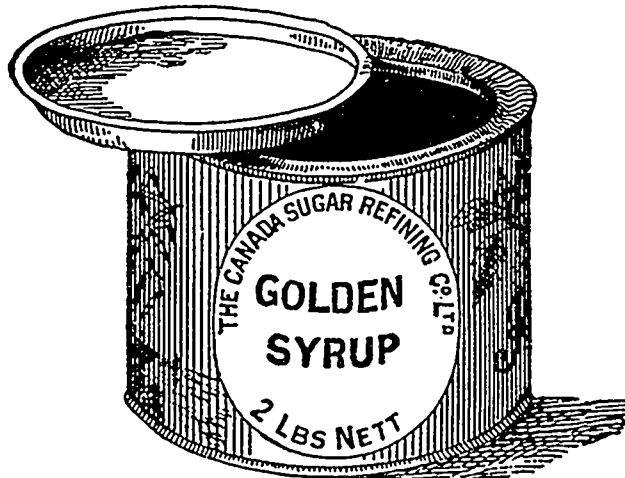
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