

THE CANADIAN YOUTH.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO BOYS, THEIR SPORTS AND HOBBIES.

TO ST. LOUIS FAIR via. A KANSAS CYCLONE.

SCENE—State of Kansas.

TIME—Early in the summer of 1904.

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Now Hiram was not an up-to-date scholar. True, he had attended the village school, presided over by a sour dispositioned and very-unpleasant-to-get-along-with old maid of forty summers and as the scholars remarked, the Lord only knew how many winters, whose one aim in life it seemed was to make it unpleasant for all with whom she came in contact, but as Hiram was a fun-loving being

full of the "devil" as more than one had remarked smilingly, it was with the utmost difficulty that the teacher succeeded which she seldom did, in "beating anything into his head" to use Miss Sophia White's favorable expression. Miss Sophia White was the spinster school teacher, Hiram used to take fun in calling her Miss White Soap, much to the lady's discomfiture.

Hiram was always up to some sort of a practical joke and it was on account of one of these pranks of his that he was expelled for. That was the year before and instead of sending him the insuing term, which was almost at a close, his farther Silas Corutassle, decided to use him on the farm.

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Bargains, New Issues and Novelties.

Look in your Catalogue, and compare prices for these good specimens.

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" 2c orange reg, unused	8
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" 5 var unused	20
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" '76, 5c rouletted	26
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Canada wrapper, 1c blue, entire unused, '82	10
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" '59, 10c violet	22
" '59, 5c unused	20
" '68, 12 1/2c unused, strip 4	4 00
"	85
" 6 pence, thick, fine	3 50
" 1/2p on cover	2 00
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" 2c pink	55
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Cape Good Hope, triangular 1p carmine	85
Same, triangular 1p rose	60
State Dept, 15c	2 25
Justice, 3c	2 00
" 3c	40
New Brunswick, 1c brown lilac	1 50
" 1c lilac, used	50
Hong Kong, '76, 28c on 3c	40
South African Republic, 2sh 6p	60
New South Wales, '61, 5sh violet	75
" '53, 6p wmk '8"	1 25
British Columbia, 2c brown used	1 00
Gold Coast, 2 sh brown	25
Turks Island, 4p ultramarine wmk C	3 00
Turks Island, 4p gray	50
Queensland Registered, orange unused nice copy	3 00
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Natal 5sh 1p 13x1 1/2, scarce	2 50
Great Britain, '62, 3p rose unused	1 00

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25c Protest, perf	20
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Same, single	15
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6c Inland Exchange, orange	12
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81 Power of Attorney, unperf	55
81 Mortgage, perf, corner lined mended	1 25
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81 Entry of Goods,	60
5c Mortgage	85
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5c Playing Cards	45
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" 24c	40
" 15c	25
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Justice, 6c unused	90
Due stamps cardboard proofs, 7 var, 1-50c	50
Periodical, 2c black, unused	25
" 4c	25
" 6c	50
9c orange	32
5c orange	65
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15 varieties Revenues	\$ 10
Quebec Registration, 5, 15, 30c	25
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Quebec, 1850-810 yellow	3 00
" 820 green	3 00
" 830 purple	3 00
The set of 3 for \$15.00	
Supreme Court, 85	1 70
Lower Canada Registration, red 5, 15, 30c	40
Bill, 3rd issue, 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 9, 10, 20, 30, 50	7
New Brunswick Law, 10, 20, 50c, 82 blue	1 25
New Brunswick Probate, 82	1 00
" 85	1 25
Weight and Measures, no value	1 00
G.N.W., Telegraph frank, 91	70
" 90	80

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his fancy and since that day to the present time, his one ambition was to see the Fair. He would read everything he could get his horny hands on, pertaining to the Fair.

And that ambition was growing.

The day in question he was riding to town for the mail.

The night before he had dreamt he was at the Fair and during his ride to town which was a good fourteen miles, he could not dismiss the subject from his mind.

In turning a bend in the road and when within a quarter of a mile of the nearest farm house, he noticed a dark, funnel-shaped cloud coming towards him with the felicity of a whirl wind, or cyclone, which everything it proved to be.

The lady of the house in question was beating some carpets, and with such force that her exertions resulted in a slight draught of wind which had grown in such proportions that ere it had reached the out houses, had assumed enormous proportions and further down the road within a stone's throw of our hero, developed into a full grown, world renowned Kansas cyclone.

The first our hero knew of the impending danger was when the increasing wind raised his hat from his towled head and it sailed merrily away in his rear.

Glancing hurriedly upward Hiram saw the on-coming tornado, but too late to save himself.

Even before he had time to disengage his brogan incased feet from the stirrups, the cyclone burst upon him with all its fury.

"Gosh, all Hemlock." was all he was able to utter, for the next moment he and the mustang pony were soaring heavenward.

After traversing a distance of perhaps two miles the cyclone was content to continue its ariel flight among the clouds.

Then everything became dark.

Still sitting astride his pony, which, by this time, had right itself and was unconcernedly, eating green apples off of the limb of a tree in which he had landed and likewise untangled himself, Hiram dropped into a drowsy state and try as hard as he might he was unable to arouse himself. Finally he dropped into a state of semi-consciousness, due partly to the excitement and partly to the high altitude.

During the meanwhile the cyclone had left the state of Kansas, likewise Hiram's home, far behind and they were now sailing over the state of Missouri.

People, upon first glancing up made out the apparation to be one of Santos Dumont's latest inventions but on perceiving the true state of affairs, scampered indoors and sought their cyclone cellars.

When Hiram awoke he was sailing over Jefferson City, the capital of Missouri.

In due time they (Hiram, pony and cyclone,) crossed the Missouri river, not in the same way Washington crossed the Delaware 1742, but in a more up-to-date fashion, astride a genuine "all wool and a yard wide" Kansas cyclone.

Later in the day, it was then early in the morning, our little party sighted St. Louis, the Exposition city.

In due time they reached East St. Louis, but not stopping to pay their respects, continued the journey to "the city of white."

Hiram Corutassle's wishes were being realized!

The force of the cyclone was be-

ginning to diminish and at one time Hiram feared he would be unable to reach his goal. But the velocity lasted until the great inclosure was reached and the cyclone, bereft of its usefulness, disappeared as if it were mist.

Raising a gayly colored cotton umbrella, which he had retained during his marvellous trip for a parachute, he descended, still astride of his Mexican mustang pony and alighted in front of "The Streets of Cario" on the "Pike," safe and sound and none the worse for his hazardous journey.

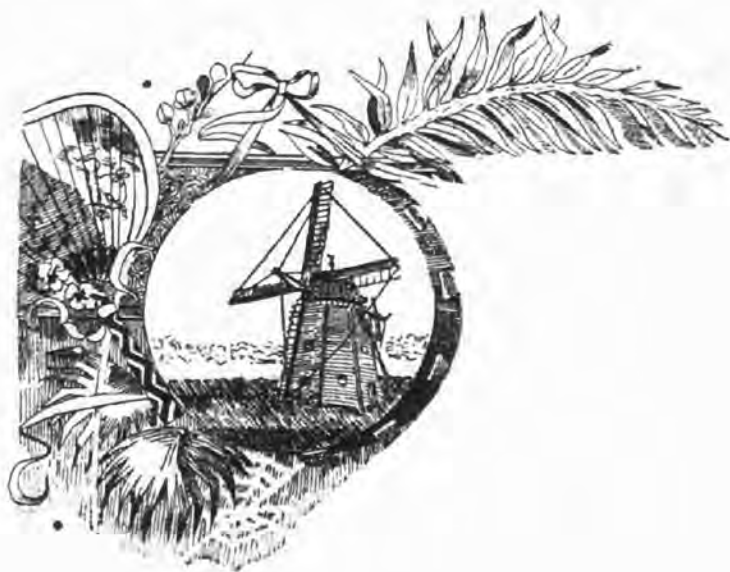
Hiram's dream had come true!

How did he get back home, you ask, gentle reader?

Easily enough! The people thinking him a supernatural being from the other world, he opened up a stand under his cotton umbrella and the pony acting as ticket taker, he soon raked in his carpet bag satchel full of dimes and quarters; by merely relating his wonderful and awe-inspiring experiences to the wondering crowd.

Hoping my readers have been amused by this simple little narrative which was merely an inspiration of the writer's, I will now take leave of Hiram and his pony, who made the trip to the World's Fair via. a Cyclone. FREVILIAN DORSET EATON.

Nebraska.



The Canadian Youth.

A Monthly Magazine devoted to Boys, their Sports and Hobbies.

EDITORS

FRANK O. MORTLEY.
C. B. WHITNEY.

SUBSCRIPTION—6 months on trial, 10 cents
1 year, 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

$\frac{1}{2}$ inch 15 cents, 1 inch 20 cents, $\frac{1}{2}$
column 50 cents. Contract rates on
application.

Address all communications to—

THE CANADIAN YOUTH.

1 Irwin Ave, - - Toronto, Can.

WITH THE PUBLISHERS.

A few words of explanation will not be out of place. When we decided upon publishing THE CANADIAN YOUTH our idea was to have a paper for the boys of Canada. One in which they could always find interesting fiction and news; which they could turn to for advice as to their sports, their pets and their hobbies; a magazines that they could point out as their own.

We know that this number is not a representative one of a Canadian Boys' Paper, but we wish you to take it as it is. We will give you a larger Christmas number.

We were fortunate in securing another "Tale of Warden School" for the next issue. "Hidden Lights" is considered Mr. Purser's best story. Two new features will be a Souvenir Card Dept. and a Puzzle Column, both of which will be conducted in an up-to-date manner. Altogether the

Christmas number will be a gem and you had better send in your subscription now.

We have counted on your support and are very glad to tell you that we are receiving it. Slowly, it is true, but we will get there. Just watch us jump.

We would ask our readers to patronize our advertisers. They are reliable and should get your support. In answering all advertisement please mention THE CANADIAN YOUTH.

FRANK O. MORTLEY

ADVERTISERS.

Please note our special rates and get your advertisement for the Christmas number in early, as we do not want to delay in sending the copy to the printer.

Our special contract rates, which are good only until Jan. 1st, 1904, are: $\frac{1}{2}$ inch 10 cents, 6 months, 50 cents; 1 inch 15 cents, 6 months 75 cents; $\frac{1}{2}$ column 50 cents, 6 months \$2.75; 1 column \$1.00, 6 months \$5.00

THE MONTHLY COMPETITION

Is still in full swing. We go to press on the 15th of each month. Any mss. received after this date will be entered for the succeeding month, 1st prize, any of Dicken's, Henty's, Captain Marryat's or Thackeray's Books, 2nd prize, one year's subscription to THE CANADIAN YOUTH. Everyone should try who have any ability for story-writing. If the above authors do not suit you send us a list of books you want and we will get you one if possible.

—Address C. B. WHITNEY,
THE CANADIAN YOUTH.

[Continued on page 6.]

THE AMATEUR JOURNALIST.



Conducted by FRANK O. MORTLEY.

The best all-round paper we have received yet is the "Pennant," 453 E. 41st St., Chicago, Ill. The sixteen pages of reading matter enclosed by an attractive cover are full of interesting matter, foremost of which is the story "A Face in a Watch" by Roy Marshall. The Pennant is a strong advocate of Yatching, while "Amateur Journalism" also occupies a good deal of its attention. We hope to receive this paper regularly.

NOTES.

We regret to report the death of Elba C. Canfield, late Editor of "The Tuesday Times," of Bellville, Kan. Our sincere sympathy is with his family.



Ralph C. Purser is back in town with us again. He is attending The School of Practical Science and while his studies will occupy a good part of his time he assures us he will not forget Amateur Journalism.



The second number of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY is somewhat better than the first. There is a second installment of Miss O'Connor's story, "The Roll Call of Duty." We notice that the Camera Dept. is cut out. Publishers please exchange with the Editor, F. W. Fisher, 4 Lindsey Ave., Toronto.



The Recruit Committee of The United Amateur Press Association have issued "The Amateur Journalist," a four page paper consisting of an article on Amateur Journalism by Frank D. Murphy, with an application blank on the back. This is an excellent idea and should be productive of good results.

D. A. J. A. MEMBERSHIP LIST.

- 1 Frank D. Murphy, 85 Albion St., Brantford, Can., (Sec. and Tres.)
- 2 Frank O. Mortley, 1 Irwin Ave., Toronto, Can., (Vice-Pres.)
- 3 Miss B. D. O'Connor, 479 Euclid Ave., Toronto, Can., (Pres.)
- 4 Ralph C. Purser, 44 Gloucester St., Toronto, Can., (Director.)
- 5 Geo. L. Button, 982 Yonge St., Toronto, Can., (Official Editor.)
- 6 J. Murry Mitchell, Watford, Can.
- 7 C. B. Whitney, 73 Summerhill Ave., Toronto, Can.
- 8 F. W. Fisher, 4 Lindsey Ave., Toronto, Can.

D. A. J. A. PAPERS.

- Canadian, The (F. D. Murphy.)
 Canadian Youth, The (F. O. Mortley and C. B. Whitney.)
 Canadian Monthly, The (F. W. Fisher.)
 Liberal, The (F. D. Murphy.)

**THE STAMP
COLLECTORS' CORNER.**

Conducted by FRANK D. MURPHY,
85 Albion Street,
Brantford, Ontario.

This department will be conducted with a view to helping the young and inexperienced philatelist as well as furnishing entertaining news for the experienced collector.

In the past eleven years the U. S. had occasion to issue commemorative stamps four different times. In 1893 the Columbians were put on sale in honor of the World's Fair at Chicago, in 1898 the Trans-Mississippi issue commemorated the Omaha Exposition, in 1901 we have the Pan-American's, and now the Louisiana Purchase stamps. Stamp collectors seem crazed when a new issue comes in for they buy and beg all the stamps they hear of. Probably this is due to the fact that commemorative stamps are but temporary; but what an absurd thing it is to think that stamps that have been in use, if even for a year, in a country with a population like the United States. We have seen that commemorative stamps never catalogue a fabulous price, so don't go after them too wildly.

C. B. W. Re The Hamburg, German local stamps will say that the genuine stamps are rare, cataloguing from 12c to \$20,000. The stamps of this city that are in cheap packets and approval sheets are reprints and are of no value. The same with other German locals, Heligolank, Roman States, etc.

If you want to ask a question, don't be bashful.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our column for classified advertisements we hope will be a success. If you have anything to sell or want something put in an advertisement here, 3 words 2c. We circulate in nearly every British colony.

G. L. Button, 982 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada. Souvenir cards anywhere, specialty photo cards. Correspondence solicited, answers guaranteed.

Miss Maud Newton, Auckland, New Zealand, wishes to exchange Pictorial postcards.

Stanley Oakley, Albury, New South Wales, Australia. Would like to exchange stamps and picture postcards.

Satakopan Maharayas College, Mysore, India, exchange with collectors anywhere, exchange guaranteed.

Miss M. Patton, Busbane, Queensland, desires to exchange medium and good stamps.

Miss Elsie Court, Bemuera, Auckland, New Zealand, wishes to exchange Pictorial postcards.

Dorothy Byland, Stoio on the Wold, Gloucestershire, England, wishes to exchange picture postcards and eggs abroad only.

Nellie Ewan, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, Canada, wishes to exchange picture postcards and stamps.

Louis Macdonald, 106 King Street, Kingston, Jamaica, wishes to exchange picture postcards.

D. M. A. Desilva, Kingswood College, Kandy, Ceylon, will exchange rare Ceylon stamps for foreign Colonies, every letter answered.

W. H. Leatch, Jr., 456 Parliament St., Toronto, Canada, will exchange picture postcards with anyone.

Frank G. Ryan, 36 Markham Street Toronto, Canada, will exchange Canadian stamps for foreign ones.

"The Boys of Canada."

Illustrated Canada's most up-to-date boys' paper. Cash prizes for original stories of boys' adventures at home or abroad, by land or sea, etc., also tales of Canadian school life. Any number of stories may be sent with each subscription, but the editor or publishers will not be responsible for accidental loss through every care is taken. Cash payments will be made for all stories accepted. If any special value is placed on any mss. or drawing it must be plainly marked on outside. Subscription price 50 cents per year.

McCulloch & Macbeth,

PUBLISHERS,

38 Guelph St.

Hamilton, Canada.

THE CANADIAN MONTHLY.

A magazine for Canadians. 25c per year. Sample copy 1c. 4 Lindale Ave., Toronto, Canada.

100 all different foreign stamps and ten weeks' subscription to the most interesting stamp paper published 10c. THE STAMP LOVERS WEEKLY, Bethlehem, Pa.

1 War Dept. unused o. g. free to all applying for my 50 p. c. sheets. CLARANSE BOGERS, So. Orange, N. Y.

HUNTING, trapping, fishing or Life in the woods by an old trapper, fascinating book for boys. Sent postpaid 20c. Ask for latest catalogue of novelties. STANDARD SPECY. Co., Dept. C, Troy, Ohio.

Try Olivelite Castile Soap, not one grain of soda in it. Absolutely pure. For sale by ROBT. SIMPSON, Toronto, Canada.

SANTOLINE TOILET SOAP.

Is absolutely pure—very economical lasting twice as long as any other and is sold by the ROBT. SIMPSON CO. Ltd., Toronto.

This paper is printed by Ed. B. Howe, Minnesota Lake, Minn.

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2 Guatemala Jubilee Berends cat. value 30c for the name of two collectors and 2c postage.

6 U. S. Omahas 1c to 10c used only 15c
6 U. S. Pan Am. 1c to 10c " " 15c
5 U. S. St. Louis 1c to 10c " " 15c
50 blank app. sheets 10, 100 19c
1000 Faultless hinges 8c, 5000 30c

12 "outfit } 100 dif. stamps, 1 dime
 } album, 1 millimeter scale,
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List free. Wholesale list for dealers.

We buy stamps. Buying list 10c.

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Stamps 100 different, 10c; 200 different, 25c; 500 different, \$1.25; 1000 mixed, 25c; Japanese Book of stamps, 10c; New issue British Protectorate 1c to 24c, only 50c; price list free. Canada a specialty. W. R. ADAMS, 401 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

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Tales of Warden School.

By RALPH C. PURSER.

NO. 4.—HIDDEN LIGHTS.

I was passing through the rotunda of the school one evening after tea, when my attention was attracted to the bulletin board by a number of Wardenites who were standing about gazing intently at it. I went over to see what there was of interest here, when Brown Minor, who was one of the number, perceived me and said:

"See here, Andy, what do you think? Vane's going to recite and Burns is going to sing."

"Burns is going to—what?" I asked, not understanding what he was driving at.

"Burns is going to sing," he answered, with the air of one who was springing a surprise.

"Burns is going to sing," I repeated, puzzled: "what's he going to do that for?"

"Why, haven't you heard?" someone else put in. "we are going to have an entertainment here next week and the proceeds are for the gymnasium. See, here is the notice of it on the bill-board."

The notice was to the effect that an entertainment would be held in the auditorium of the school the next week

on Friday night. Among other things there was a recitation by Vane and a song by Burns.

"Well, that's the first I ever heard of it," I said; "why didn't they tell me about that before?"

"I never heard about it, either," Brown remarked, "until I saw the notice on the bill-board here. It seems as though they had been trying to keep it quiet for some reason."

"I wonder where Burns is now," I said. "Let's see if he is up in 'Number Seven'."

We had finally arisen to the dignity of study boys, and Burns, Vane and myself occupied one, Number Seven. We bounded up the stairs and burst into the room.

Burns was there alone, with his coat off and sleeves rolled up, standing before a little alcohol stove making toffee.

"Hello, boys," he called out, as soon as he saw us, "have some toffee."

"Sure," we answered, helping ourselves to some that was still quite soft. It was good toffee and tasted fine. Burns certainly knew how to make it, much better than many another in the school.

After putting a chunk in my mouth I began, "Burns, it says on the notice board that you're going to sing at a concert here next week."

"Oh, does it?" he replied. "Say, hand me that pan over there to pour this stuff in."

I watched him as he poured the dark-colored treacle into the pan and carefully placed it to one side to cool. He did not seem to be interested in the least in what I had just told him. After waiting a few moments for him to say something about it Brown asked him:

"Is it true, Burns, that you're going to sing at the concert here next week?"

"Yes," he answered, "I am," and immediately asked us how we liked the toffee.

Just at that moment three others of our school chums came in, Merrill, Teasdale and De Cew, who occupied a study right across from us.

"Hello, boys," Teasdale called out, "we just dropped in to see if that was true about Burns going to sing at our concert here? Is it, Burns?"

"Yes, it is," he replied, motioning to them to help themselves to some toffee, "I'm going to sing and my cousin Reed of the Sixth is going to play for me."

"Gee, I never knew you could sing," Merrill ventured. De Cew, who was great on sweets, lost all interest in everything save for a big lump of the toffee that he had in his mouth.

"Say, this is great toffee, Burns," he said, reaching for the plate. "Whoever told you how to make toffee?"

"Here, hand up that plate, you pig," Teasdale called out; "you'll have it all down your throat in a minute."

"Don't worry," Burns broke in cheer-

fully, "there's lots more. I have another plate here cooling."

"Say, Burns," Merrill asked, "what's the concert going to be for, anyway?"

"They're going to buy new mats for the gymnasium with the proceeds," he replied.

"But who got it up?" I asked. "We haven't heard about it till today. Whose idea is it?"

"Well, between you and me," he answered, "the idea was the Head's, though the athletic committee have got the whole thing in charge."

"But how is it that we never heard of it before?" Merrill asked.

"Well, I never heard of it either," Burns answered, "until this morning when Reed asked me if I would sing. Reed is my cousin, you know, and I've often sang while he's played for me. He can play fine, too."

"Then you *can* sing!" I exclaimed incredulously.

"Oh yes," he answered, smiling, "I can in a way. Vane is going to recite or make a speech or something."

"Yes, so it appears from the bulletin board," Brown commented.

"Hello, here he is now," I exclaimed, as that worthy entered the room.

"Gee, I smell something good," he called out, snuffing the air; "it's toffee. Give us some. Here, De Cew, you fat lobster."

"Go easy," De Cew exclaimed, as Vane grabbed the plate away from him, "don't take it all away from me. I'll punch you if you do."

"You'll have to have more muscle and less fat on those arms of yours before you do," Vane replied, coolly putting a big lump in his mouth.

"Fat's better than nothing at all," the other replied scornfully. "You 'skinny legs', your arms ain't got no fat or muscle on or—or nothing." De Cew was evidently excited.

"Come, boys, let up on that talk, will you, or we'll put you both out. People would think you were little juniors instead of civilized Fifth Formers," Burns spoke up. "There's lots more toffee here yet."

"Whose is it?" Vane asked suddenly.

"Burns made it for us," we replied.

"Oh," he said apologetically, "I thought it was De Cew's and he was trying to eat it all. If I had known—"

"Say, Vane," Merrill interrupted him, "how is it that you're going to recite at the concert here next week?"

"Because I was asked," he replied loftily. "Pearson asked me if I would."

"Not Captain Pearson of the Eleven?" we asked, incredulous.

"Why yes," he answered proudly, "the very same. Why, bless you, he's known me ever since I was a tot so high. He was always a neighbor of ours. He knew I could recite—"

"Then you can?" Teasdale interrupted doubtfully.

"Yes, certainly I can," he replied with assurance; "do you suppose I would promise to if I couldn't?"

"It's funny, I know," I said; "here we have known you two for so long and yet we never knew you possessed any abilities like these."

"No, I can't believe it myself," De Cew put in. "I won't till they furnish me proof."

"Nor I, either," said Brown. "It's strange we never heard of these talents before."

"Oh, quit all this rot," Vane put in impatiently. "Here, De Cew, give us some more toffee, don't eat it all."

"I tell you what we'll do," suddenly announced Teasdale, as if filled with an idea. "Let's have a rehearsal here now. Burns and Vane can give us their little song and dance and we'll tell them what we think of it."

"Oh nonsense," Burns said, "how can I sing in here. We'd have the whole school in here in two minutes."

"No we won't," Merrill said persuasively, taken up with the idea; "you can sing low, and we'll keep time for you with our feet. It'll be more fun than the concert itself."

The two didn't like the idea at all, but when they saw the rest of us were altogether in earnest about it they finally had to yield.

"All right, boys," Burns said, perching himself up on a chair; "what do you want me to sing?"

"Oh, anything you like," we answered; "something that we all know."

"How would 'Coming Thro' the Rye' do?"

"That would be just the thing," we answered.

"All right. Here goes."

Then he began, after first clearing his throat several times with mock dignity. He had not gotten over three lines when I looked at Brown and he looked back at me and grinned. The others began to look away from Burns and smile. For truly, of all the wretched singing that I ever heard his was by far the worst. To say it was singing at all would be to flatter it immensely. More like croaking than singing, and as he stood there before

us it reminded me more of what a frog's attempt to sing would be like than anything else. It was a shame to hear him murder the old Scotch song so. It was amusing, of course, but it was by no means elevating.

He managed to get through the first verse somehow and was hesitating whether to start on the second or not when Awkin, a Sixth Form youth, entered.

"See here, you chaps," he demanded, surveying us all with a quick glance, "what the dickens is all this row about?"

"Burns was trying to sing," I answered weakly, though at the same time half inclined to laugh.

"To sing," he repeated: "why, it's more like caterwauling than anything else. If he wants to do any more of it put him outside or chuck him in a hole somewhere where nobody can hear him."

"Go on, Burns," Teasdale spoke up; "he's not a prefect."

"No," Burns replied; "he has made fun of my abilities, and I won't do any more singing tonight."

Awkin remained for another minute, then with a final look, left us.

"Boys," De Cew asked us, when he had gone, "did you ever hear how Awkin was scared almost out of his wits once by some sugar?"

"Did you ever notice," Brown remarked, "what a peculiar fascination anything sweet always has for De Cew?"

"I wonder if we'd better call a doctor and see if anything is wrong with him," Vane remarked.

"No, boys," De Cew said, "this is all serious and it's straight truth, too.

Whaite of the Sixth told me all about it."

Upon our informing him that we had not heard the story, he told it to us, but as the reader has already heard of it in my second tale I need not repeat.

"Now, Vane," we said, after De Cew had finished and we had all clapped him on the back for his story, "you've got to stand up and recite something."

"Go on," he said; "we've had enough for tonight."

"Why, we're just starting," Brown put in. "Stand up here, and be sure and give us something long."

"How long do you want it to last?" he asked, smiling.

"Not too long, say a half an hour," I answered vaguely, not thinking that a piece which would last a half an hour would be a very long piece indeed.

"All right then," he answered, "I will give you one that I once heard at a theatre."

He stood up on a chair in the center of the room, took out his watch, looked at it, then began:

It was a cold and bitter wintry evening, and the wind blew through the trees in the woods, making a weird noise, and the brigands young and the brigands old were seated around the campfire when one of them said, "Come, John, tell us a story," and John said,—

At this we all bent forward to hear what was coming. His delivery was fine; he used all gestures which eloquence was capable of. In fact he surprised us all.

and John said, "It was a cold and bitter wintry evening, and the wind blew through the trees in the woods, making a weird noise, and the brigands young and

the brigands old were seated around the campfire when one of them said, 'Come, John, tell us a story,' and John said,—

"But you said that before, Vane," Teasdale broke in.

"Yes, I know," Vane answered, "but you mustn't interrupt"—"*and John said, 'It was a cold and bitter wintry evening, and the wind—'*"

"I say, Vane," Brown interrupted, "you're saying the same thing over again."

"Sh," Merrill said quietly, "don't interrupt him. He'll break off and tell us what one of the John's said soon."

"I'll bet he tries to keep this up for a half an hour," De Cew remarked.

"Through quarrelling?" Vane asked, his face as serious as a sphinx. "If you are I'll keep on"—"*and the wind blew through the trees in the woods, making a weird noise, and the brigands young and the brigands old were seated around the campfire when one of them said, 'Come, John, tell us a story,' and John said, 'It was a cold and bitter wintry evening—'*"

But this was too much for us. Somebody threw a book (my algebra) at Vane's head. It missed his but hit another, for at that moment a head bobbed in at the door and received the full benefit of the blow. The head belonged to "Reddy" Burke, who, taking this as a personal affront and thinking Vane had caused all the trouble (which he had), immediately fired it back at him.

Instantly pandemonium reigned, but I will leave the rest to the reader's imagination.

* * * * *

around at last the auditorium was packed. It was just such a night for an entertainment of this kind, and the people of Warden, who naturally took a great interest in our school, were well represented. The boys induced their friends to come, and those whose homes were not too far distant from the school found little difficulty in influencing their parents to attend.

Before it had really commenced the members of the athletic committee knew that financially it was an assured success. They kept bobbing about, dressed in their best, ushering the people to their seats and handing out programs and bringing in more chairs when the supply began to run out, and doing the many other little things which they would be called upon to do.

We were all sitting together up in a large wide window-sill at the back of the hall, Burke, Brown, Teasdale, Merrill, De Cew and myself. We had an excellent view of the stage from where we sat and, in fact, were in as nice a place as there was to take in everything.

The concert began with an address by the Head. He spoke of the object of the concert, then he gave us a little talk on athletics in general.

We were all anxious to see how Vane and Burns would acquit themselves. Vane came fourth on the list and Burns almost last.

Vane's turn soon came. When it did we were all attention. He was, of course, dressed in his best, and from the stage he did not appear near as thin as he actually was, for Vane, you know, is a tall, thin chap and not very good-looking.

He gave us a stirring piece, an ac-

When the eventful Friday night came

count of a shipwreck. It included many thrilling scenes which called for intense feeling and animation, but Vane was equal to it all. His expression was perfect. To say that he surprised us would be putting it mild; he astounded us. As he stood there I could almost fancy myself as taking part in the events he was so aptly describing. I could see the gallant ship majestically ploughing its way through the waves in the face of the storm, I could see the terrified faces of the passengers as they assembled on deck when she struck on a rock, could see the tumbling, excited mass of humanity brought to order by the captain on the bridge, could hear him give out his sharp, clear command, "Back! Back! Man the boats," and could see the brave seamen lowering the boats in the face of the most adverse circumstances—so well did he describe it all. When he finished he received a good round of applause, and I can assure you we were not backward with our share of it. Of course he was encored and had to come back again.

This time he gave us an entirely different kind of selection. It was a good-natured, humorous piece in the Irish dialect, which set us all laughing. At times we would be roaring with laughter, but never a smile crossed his face, for I watched him closely all the time. Yes, he certainly was fine.

The program was good and reflected a great deal of credit on the athletic committee. One thing which proved to be very interesting was a gymnastic drill by a picked squad of boys, first with wands and then with dumb-bells. They were all dressed alike and each wore the school sweater.

Well, I was anxious to see how Burns would get along. I was slightly puzzled about him, if the truth be known. I remembered of his attempt to sing "Coming Thro' the Rye" and I wondered how it was that a person who would sing like that would have the nerve to get up before an audience to make his attempts.

When it was his turn and he came out on the stage along with his cousin, who was to play for him, I experienced that peculiar sensation which one feels when he is sure that a friend of his is going to make himself ridiculous and cannot be stopped. Brown Minor, who was sitting next to me, nudged me and whispered, "I hope he don't sing like he did the other night." The others around him, I am sure, expressed the same hope to themselves. At any rate, I did, for one.

Then he began. And such singing! Really, I feel that I am not capable of doing it justice. Much as Vane had surprised us with his recitations, Burns surprised us many times more with his singing. It was far different from what he had given us at the "rehearsal," far more elevating and inspiring.

It was a sentimental song, and as he sang it with his rich, clear voice it seemed to lift one above the sordid things of earth and carry you away up, up and beyond. It was perfect. He had completely and unmercifully fooled us with his one verse of "Coming Thro' the Rye" that evening a week before.

When he finished the applause he received was deafening, and he was heartily encored.

This time what did he sing but "Coming Thro' the Rye." And he sang

it. No frog croaking this time, no hesitating—he sang it as I had never heard it sung before.

When he had finished, just before he was going to leave the stage, he gazed back at where we were sitting and for one brief second calmly and deliberately winked at us. He did, for a fact. What do you think of that for nerve?

The audience went wild. They were for encoring him again, but the Head interfered and he did not come out. Brown Minor whispered to me, "Say, Andy, we certainly were green when

we thought that Burns couldn't sing any better than he did the other night."

"Yes," I admitted, "he fooled us that time all right."

"Say," he asked me after a time, "doesn't it make you feel kind of put out to think that you have known Vane and Burns for so long and never knew they were equal to anything like this?"

"Yes," I answered, "it does make a fellow feel a little that way, after knowing them so long, too."

And it did.

Entered for Story Laureateship, U. A. P. A. and D. A. I. A.

We wish each of you a
Happy New Year.

THE CANADIAN YOUTH.

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to Boys, Their Sports and Hobbies.

EDITORS:

FRANK O. MORTLEY,
C. B. WHITNEY.

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 $\frac{1}{2}$ column.....75 cents.
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Address all communications to

THE CANADIAN YOUTH,
1 Irwin Ave., - Toronto, Can.

With The Publishers.

All our regular Departments will be continued in the February number, together with two new ones.

The prize winner in our Story Competition is Geo. W. Ritchie, Hamilton, Ont. If he will let us know what book he wants, it will be forwarded to him.

Our Stamp Editor wishes us to inform 'F. J. R.' that his stamps are worth the following. 1—England, 1864 issue, value 1c. 2—France, 1891 Official Stamp, value 2c. 3—Austria, 1867 issue, value 5c. 4—Wurtemberg, 1890-92 issue, value 1c. Anyone wishing to know anything about stamps should write the Editor of this Department. Address him, Frank D. Murphy, THE CANADIAN YOUTH, 1 Irwin Ave., Toronto.

One of the best papers we have re-

ceived this month is *The Bubble*, of Charleroi, Pa. The editor, Karl Keffer, Jr., is one of the few amateurs who have made a success of their publications. We always enjoy reading Mr. Keffer's editorials, as they are of the right kind and not calculated to give you a "fit of the blues."

We may in the near future be able to publish another story by T. D. Eaton, the author of "To St. Louis via a Kansas Cyclone," which, by the way, was an original story written especially for THE CANADIAN YOUTH.

After sending "copy" to the printer for this issue, we received word from him that owing to the holiday rush he would not be able to get this number out in the usual time. To get over this hitch we have combined the December and January numbers. All subscriptions and contract advertisements will accordingly be lengthened one month.

FRANK O. MORTLEY.

THE WILSON HEAT DEFLECTOR.

I can recommend the Wilson Heat Deflector, as we used two last winter and saved 50 per cent of coal and had better heat than before. I hope our readers seeing this advertisement will not think it a fake, but inquire about it, as it certainly saves the coal and gives better heat.

C. B. WHITNEY.

Why He Smiled.

The Japanese Emperor smiled upon the court. "And what," he asked, "what news of the war?"

"There are, your Majesty," answered the Prime Minister, "reports of a battle off the coast."

"I am convinced," observed the Emperor with a twinkle; "I am convinced that if there has been any trouble on the ocean the Russians are at the bottom of it."

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We are selling out our stock and hope to hear from stamp collectors. Don't be afraid to offer lower prices if you think the above is too dear.

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Bethlehem, Pa.

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THE CANADIAN YOUTH

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO BOYS, THEIR SPORTS AND HOBBIES

SCORED.

[SELECTED]

Admiral Dewey, of the United States Navy, was never a believer in half measures, as the following anecdote goes to prove: The incident happened while he was commanding the Colorado. The crew under him was a fine one, some of the men being exceptionally powerful of build. Four or five of them went ashore one day, and had something to drink. They came back to fight anything and everything. Three of them were men who would be, singly, more than a match for any two trained athletes.

The order was given to put them in irons, but the order could not be carried out, for the men were dangerous.

Dewey, who was writing a letter in his room, was notified of the situation. He thereupon went up to the giants, told them to come forward and submit to law and order. They did not stir. Then he spoke to an orderly.

"Bring me my revolvers," said he quietly. The pistols were brought, and again he called on the men to come forward. They did not move. "I am going to count three" he said. "On the third count, if you are not standing before me with your hands held up, you will be

shot." He counted "one," cocked the pistols, and counted "two." Everybody expected a report, for there was not a sailor present who did not know that Dewey meant what he said. The culprits knew it, too. They stepped forward just in time to save their lives, sooner than they had been for the last few hours, for they had been partially sobered by fright and the moral effect of Dewey's glance. "When I saw his eyes," said one of them in relating the incident afterward, "I knew I must give up or be shot." As soon as they were safely in irons, Dewey went back to his room and finished his letter.

BEATEN.

Two Arctic explorers, an Englishman and a Scotchman, meeting one day, began an argument as to which of them had been nearer to the North Pole.

Said the Englishman: "I am certain I've been nearer to it than you, as whilst on our last expedition we came to a tremendous large wall of solid ice, and could get no farther."

"Eh, mon," replied the Scott, "I ken that well, for I was the other side of that ice wall and heard every word you said."

THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER

Conducted by C. B. WHITNEY.

Trials Of An Amateur Photographer.

[SELECTED]

Life is not complete unless we have our trials and disappointments, for by trials we learn patience and forbearance. The amateur photographer is by no means exempt from trials; he gets his share, yes, in many instances he gets more than his share.

It requires the patience of Job to keep a straight face and a suave manner, when, after taking a portrait of a fair friend, which you thought was taken just right, and after developing a snappy negative and getting as you thought a fine print, then having mounted it on a neat card, you showed it to your friend, who, after examining it for a few minutes, remarks, "Do I look like that; why, that doesn't seem to be a good likeness at all." And after all your work and painstaking trouble, you realize that you are not quite ready to receive an honorable mention at the salon exhibit. Nevertheless this experience has its good results since it spurs one on to do better if you have grit enough to try again, which quality is characteristic of the amateur; he always tries again until he succeeds.

An experience I had at Niagara Falls may illustrate another phase of trials that harrass us. Previous to my trip there, I had split one of the legs of my tripod, and taking it to a repair shop, had it glued together. It seemed all right at the time. After doing the Exposition at Buffalo, where no tripods were allowed, I proceeded to the Falls and landed on the Canadian side with my whole photographic paraphernalia safe and sound. The wind that day blew from the American shore, and as a consequence umbrellas were the fashion in Canada near the Falls. After viewing the Falls at close range and getting a shower bath gratis, I proceeded farther away to procure a good view and then set up my

camera. All went well until I struck the repaired tripod leg and then there was trouble. The mist had softened the glue and you can imagine the result. Well, a camera cannot be used with a broken tripod, so I was "up against it." But with the assistance of a friend and a strap, the leg was made to hold together and the picture taken.

On another occasion I desired to get a photograph of a favorite cat. If any of you have ever tried to get pictures of animals, you can sympathize with the author. It was a bright winter day when I made the attempt. While another held a tempting bit of meat aloft, Tommy was induced to get a pose while I focussed my camera and placed my plateholder in position. All was now ready, but suddenly Tom had business elsewhere and with a bound was off. After a lot of coaxing and promise of more meat Tommy was finally induced to pose again and the result proved to be a success.

In getting negatives of dogs, one has to exercise a great deal of patience and perseverance in order to get good results. I attempted to secure a picture of a young dog one day which made an excellent subject, but as a time exposure was out of question I had to try a snap shot. The light was favorable during focussing, but when I was ready to make the exposure the clouds obscured the sun and the result was that I had a badly undertimed negative.

Besides these various trials are fogged plates, double exposures, blurred images, scratched negatives and other things of like character.

But as in everything else, if we would succeed, we must try, try again. That is the way we amateurs learn. It is through failures that we achieve success, they become the stepping stones to higher and better things. We can apply this axiom to any phase of life and it will still hold good.—

THE STAMP COLLECTOR'S CORNER.

[SELECTED]

Postmarks, and how to Collect them.

BY HENRY HERBERT HUFF.

Although philatelists are not paying much attention to postmark collecting at present, this form of philately is growing into popularity.

The varieties of cancelling stamps used by the different postoffices are curiosities in themselves and when arranged in an album by one who has taste make an attractive appearance.

Through this fascinating hobby one will become acquainted with the names of hundreds of villages, towns and cities of the U. S. and some of foreign countries, which will be of much value to you.

Did you ever know you can tell the population of a town by its postmark? You can. An article on this subject will appear shortly.

Another point in favor of postmark collecting is that a fine collection can be accumulated at little or no real expense.

When once started in the hobby your interest will never lessen—new varieties will be looked forward to as readily as in stamp collecting and arranging them in your album is greatest pleasure.

For new varieties, one need not worry. There are thousands of different R. F. D., Received Missent, Registered mail, etc., to say nothing of regular issue.

No album for postmarks has yet been issued, but you can make a good one.

I made mine out of blank paper, using an adjustable cover, so that extra leaves may be inserted when desired.

For each state I made a separate division, arranging them in alphabetical order, and if they contained a large city, a page for its "machine cancellations." Then, under each of the continents, space for each of the countries which compose them. In this way I disposed of the

arrangement in a very handy manner. A separate department may be made for received registered mail missent and other postmark. When once started interest will never decline and new varieties will be looked forward to as eagerly as in stamp collecting.

Interesting Stamp News.

BY CLYDE P. STEEN.

The new 60c stamp of British Guiana is out. The new Dominion picture stamps have at last been issued and are very pretty. The new Malta set are the prettiest ever issued by that country. It has been said that a 3c black mourning stamp was to be issued, but this is not true as it would be a very absurd thing.

Education by Stamp Collecting.

BY BRAUNER J. OSTERGAARD.

As an illustration take the U. S. new issue of 1903. They are very instructive, the illustrations appearing on each being in some way connected with person pictured thereon. The one cent with Franklin on has at each side a figure holding an electric light. This goes to show that he had something to do with electricity. The two cent with Washington's picture has on either side a flag containing 13 stars and stripes, showing the number of colonies at his time. The four cent adopts Grant as its hero and "Old Abe" the war eagle, is pictured on either side, reminding us of the Civil War. And each of the remaining series, likewise picture some event connected with one whose portrait it bears.

Each stamp also gives date of birth and death of its subject, something of historical value. These few illustrations go to faintly prove the real educational value of stamp collecting. To treat the subject fully would require many volumes.

The Canadian Youth

A Monthly Magazine devoted to all who are
Interested in Sports or Hobbies.

EDITORS.

C. B. WHITNEY. W. L. P. FOOT.
B. WHITNEY.

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Address all communications to

The Canadian Youth,

73 Summerhill Ave. - Toronto, Ont.

Anyone starting a Magazine would find that the D. A. J. A. is a great help. All the members helping to give them a lift.
—C. B. WHITNEY.

We would like to recommend to our readers the Wilson Deflector for saving coal and using in the summer on the kitchen range.—EDITOR.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We want to exchange with every amateur Magazine, specially Canadian. Editors we hope to receive your paper, journal, or Magazine regularly at our office. If you send two copies we will do the same.—YE EDITORS.

THE EDITOR'S PAGE.

Mr. F. O. Mortley is no longer an Editor of the Canadian Youth. He has nothing whatever to do with it. The two new editors and owners, Messrs. W. L. P. Foot and B. M. Whitney will take up the work where it was dropped by Mr. Mortley a short time ago. We are circulating 200 copies more each month, starting with this number. Our joining February and March, we hope will be overlooked. Our only excuse is that we were in want of a printer. Our advertisers will see that, though, there is not much business for most of them during the summer months, we are doing our best to get them the little that there is by increasing our circulation. All Canadians who are interested in amateur journalism should join the Dominion Amateur Journalists Association, which will cost them twenty-five cents for a year's membership. All the magazines nearly that are published by members of the D. A. J. A. are sent free to the other members, the subscription for which would be a few dollars. If you want to join write us or Mr. Frank D. Murphy, 85 Albion street, Brantford, for particulars, which will be cheerfully supplied to you.

The **Dominion Philatelist**, Subscription 25c per year. Advertising rates 40c per inch; $\frac{1}{4}$ page, \$1.35; $\frac{1}{2}$ page, \$2.00; page, \$3.60; 24 inch coupons, \$6.00; 50 inch coupons, \$11.00. These coupons are transferable and can be used as desired. Small ads, no display, 12 words, 5c. Three insertions price of two. Address **The DOMINION PHILATELIST, TORONTO**

Toronto Stamp Association.

Send for our approval sheets. We give a set of 3 Ceylon Stamps or India Stamps free to any person applying for our approval sheets. We give 50% off catalogues to people who want to fill out these sets. Send us a list, we will fill your order for 25% off lot. If we have not got the stamps you require we will make it our business to get them for you. Every stamp will be in good condition. Hinges 10c a thousand; postage, 2c extra unless you are giving us an order for something else. We buy and sell collections; if you have a collection for sale give us full particulars and how much cash you want for it.

THE TORONTO STAMP ASSOCIATION,

Box 14, The Canadian Youth.

Please mention this paper.

Miss Carruthers enlarges and paints photos. Write for particulars. Lessons given for both Landscape and Photo paintings. Terms moderate. Apply to Miss Carruthers.

613 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

THE WORLD.

Ready shortly price 2 d., post free anywhere, will contain articles of interest to one and all. About 16 pages every issue. Private advertisements 12 words, 1 d., three insertions price of two medium, 3d. Display advertisements, 6 d. 1 inch.

Agent, Box 24, Charlottetown.

Kindly mention this paper.

Stamps Wanted.

Newfoundland.

1866	1867-73
2c green, 10c	1c violet, 15c
5c brown, 75c	3c vermilion, 50c
10c black, 15c	3c blue, 10c
12c red brown 10c	5c black, 50c
13c orange, 15c	6c dull rose, 3c
24c blue, 15c	1876
1880	1c brown lilac, 20c
1c violet brown, 2c	2c green, 15c
1c grey, 2c	3c blue, 8c
2c yellow green, 2c	5c blue, 5c
3c blue, 2c	1887
5c light blue, 3c	$\frac{1}{2}$ c rose red, 1c
1890-95	1c deep yellow, $\frac{1}{2}$ c
$\frac{1}{2}$ c black, 75c per 100	2c orange, 1c
3c grey, 75c per 100	3c amber brown, 1c
3c slate, 1c	5c dark blue, 1c
6c carmine, 3c	10c black, 6c
12c ponce brown, 5c	1896
1898 P. issue	1c yellow green, 2c
$\frac{1}{2}$ c 4-5 each, 1c	2c green, 3c
1c 2-3 mixed 50, 100	3c blue, 4c
1897	3c violet brown, 3c
1c rose, 1c	2c orange, 1c
Jubilee, 1897.	10c brown, 2c
1c green, 1c	12c blue, 3c
2c carmine, 1c	15c red, 4c
3c ultramarine, $\frac{1}{2}$ c	24c violet, 6c
4c olive, 1c	30c slate, 7c
5c purple, $\frac{1}{2}$ c	35c red, 8c
6c red brown, 2c	60c black, 10c
8c orange, 2c	

Wanted Stamp Association.

The Canadian Youth,

Box 12,

73 Summerhill ave.

THE "PERFORATOR."

A high class and up-to-date monthly magazine for stamp collectors and dealers. Subscription 30c per year. 4 months 10c. One Sample Copy free.

EXCHANGE NOTICE FREE.

To every new subscriber we will allow an exchange notice of 15 words or less free in our exchange columns.

The Perforator,

477 S. Salina St.,

Syracuse, N. Y.

WELL, NOW

That cat made an awful noise in the back yard last night.

Yes. Father, I suppose that since he ate our canary he thinks he can sing.

Employer.—“Well, what did he say when you called for the money?”

Clerk.—“That he would break every bone in my body and throw me out of the window if I showed my face there again.”

Employer.—“Then go back at once and tell him he can't frighten me with his violence!”

A patient in a hospital had to be fed on a daily diet of egg and port wine. His physician asked him how he liked it.

“It would be all right, doctor,” he said, “if the egg was as new as the port, and the port as old as the egg!”

Two miners were engaged laying rails at the foot of a pit shaft, when one of them, in straightening a nail made a slip and hit his thumb, and showing it to his mate, asked him what he thought about it.

“Oh,” said he, “it's a nasty knock.”

“But,” said the first miner, “how would it ha' bin if I'd been striking wi' both hands?”

In a certain cemetery is a stone, erected by a widow to her loving husband, bearing the inscription:

“Rest in peace—until we meet again.”

Jack.—“Are you a suitor for Miss Juliet's hand?”

Fred.—“Yes, but I didn't.”

“Didn't what?”

“Snit her.”

Olivet Castile Soap Agency. Agents wanted. Send ten cents for a trial box of Olivet Castile Soap, or twenty-five for a large box. Postage extra on small box, two cents; on large box, five cents. The Olivet Castile Soap Agency, Box 36.

The Canadian Youth,
73 Summerhill ave.,
Toronto.

EXCHANGES.

We give to any new subscriber for a year, 1 insertion of ten words for nothing. Advertising rates in this column, 3 words for 2c. 3 insertions the price of two. We are trying to make this column a success. Stamp collectors please help.

Nellie Ewan, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, Canada, wishes to exchange picture postcards and stamps.

LOUIS MACDONALD, 106 King street Kingston, Jamaica, wishes to exchange picture postcards.

E. COOPER, 55 Genesta Road, Plumstead, Kent. Exchanges view postcards. Replies guaranteed.

ALEX ADAM, Palace Chambers, 108 Long street, Capetown, will exchange view postcards. Correspondents anywhere.

FLORENCE PIERCY JONES, Holyoke, sends pictorial postcards or 6 crests for 4 military crests cut from letters.

BOWDEN MARTIN exchanges Canadian and Newfoundland stamps for British Colonials. 135 Spark street, Ottawa.

NANCY CRANK, Altadore, Hendham Road, Upper Looting, exchanges post cards with anyone.

W. H. LEATCH, Jr, 456 Parliament St., Toronto, will exchange picture post cards with anyone.

FRANK G. RYAN, 36 Markham St., Toronto, will exchange Canadian stamps with anyone.

G. L. BUTTON, 982 Yonge street, Toronto, Canada. Souvenir cards anywhere, speciality photo cards. Correspondence solicited, answers guaranteed.

PICTORIAL POSTCARDS exchanged, foreign views preferred. Miss Elythe Jones, 35 Walker Ave., Toronto, Canada.

NORMAN P. KELLY, Swansea, Ont. Exchange stamps, coins or pictorial post cards. Prompt answers

MISS MAUD NEWTON, Auckland, New Zealand, wishes to exchange pictorial postcards.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

An Englished tourist visited Arran, and been a keen disciple of Izaak Walton, was arranging to have a day's good sport. Been told that the horse-fly would suit his purpose admirably for a lure, he addressed himself to the Highland servant, saying:

"I say, my girl, can you get me some horse-flies?"

The lass looked stupid, and he repeated his question. Find that she did not yet comprehend him, he exclaimed:

"Why, girl did you never see a horse-fly?"

"Naa, sir," was the reply; but I wanse saw a coo jumped ower preshipiee."

What is the proper reply to the everyday remark: "I beg your pardon." There seems to be a large number of replies according to the class or status of the replier. A student of character has kindly assorted and catalogue some of them as follows:

The very polite: "My fault, I am sure."

The polite: "Don't mention it."

The average: "All right."

The genial: "No harm done, sir."

The plebeian: "Why don't you look out."

The uncouth: "Who yer shovin'?"

MUSIC AS ADVERTISED.

1. Come where my love lies dreaming,
..... with illuminated cover.
2. Trust her not For fifty cents.
3. I would not live always,
..... without accompaniment.
4. See the conquering hero comes,
..... with full orchestra.
5. When the sun shall set no more,
..... in C.
6. There was a little fishermaid,
..... in three parts.
7. The tale of the Swordfish,
..... with many scales.
8. After the Ball,
..... for second base.
9. Home Sweet Home,
..... in one flat.
10. Our Director,
..... published at 30 cents.
—Harvard Lampoon.

FREE! FREE!

100 var. foreign to all sending reference for approval sheets at 50% discount. Dealers send for \$1 mixture on approval.

Central City Stamp Co.,

232 West Castle street,
SYRACUSE, :: N. Y.

Unused Jubilee's Wanted.

Must state quantity and prices. Address Jaques,

The Canadian Youth,
73 Summerhill Ave., Toronto.

FREE A fine foreign stamp col. 30c to approval applicants. 500 mixed stamps, many varieties, only 11c. ELMER SMITH, - PONTOOSUC, ILL.

The Ceylon Stamp Association

Ceylon and Indian Stamps for sale, also from other Countries. Send for approval sheets.

Box 10, The Canadian Youth,
73 Summerhill Ave., Toronto

The Stamp Collector,

now ready, price 2 d. post free, contains articles of interest to stamp, and coin curios. Private advertisements, 8 words for 1 d.; 3 insertions price of 2 d. medium 3 d. Editor, Box 24, Charleston, Natal, South Africa.

Collectors in British Colonies

who will send me 1 to 5 sets of current issue unused I will send by return mail same value in unused issue of 1903. Can also use used stamps in small quantities this month. I offer fine unused copies of 1903, U.S., just over face:—1c, 2c, 3c, 4c, 5c, for 10 d.; 6c, 8c, 10c, for 1 s., 3 d.; 13c or 15c for 10 d. Send for my approval sheets, 50% off.

Clarence B. Rogers, Orange, N. J.
Reference:—The Canadian Youth.

Send 10 cents and have your name in the Philatelic Directory of Madison, N. Y. You will get a large supply of stamp literature free then.

Agents wanted to sell our collar buttons at five cents each. We will give any boy or girl who sells twenty collar buttons the following outfit. When you send us the dollar for the collar buttons, 150 stamps, all different; one dime album; one millimeter scale; 1000 stamp hinges; everything postpaid. We will give the Editors of the Canadian Youth fifty outfits, so if you sell the collar buttons you will be sure of getting an outfit. Reference, The Canadian Youth. Address the Unique Agency, Box 19.

The Canadian Youth,
73 Summerhill ave.,
Toronto.

1861—1c blue, 2c. 1862—2c black, 2c. 1890—15 and 30c, 3c each. 1895 and 1903, 50c orange, 6c; 1903, 13 and 15c, 2c each; 1895, 160 black, 25c; Columbian, 1 to 10c, 10c; Transmiss, 1 to 10c, 10c; St. Louis, 1 to 10c, 10c; Columbian, 15c, 15c; 30c, 20c; 50c, 25c. Postage extra. Approval sheets, 60 % discount.

Western Stamp Co.,
701-2 N. Y. Life Bldg.,
Omaha, Nebr.

WILSON HEAT DEFLECTOR

will save 25 to 50 per cent. in coal or wood. Holding the fire for 24 hours, giving 60 to 70 degrees of constant heat. The deflector is adapted for hall stoves, ranges, hot air, hot water and steam furnaces. Six-inch pipe, \$3.00; seven-inch pipe, \$4.00, in black iron. 18 inches long for stoves. Seven-inch pipe, \$4.00; eight-inch pipe, \$5.00, in galvanized iron. 18 inches long for furnaces. Larger sizes. Write for prices and circular. When ordering send size of pipe. Cash with order or C. O. D.

Chas. F. Rees,
138 Victoria St.,
Toronto, Canada.

FREE STAMPS. Send two-cent stamp and get 25 Chinese and a copy of "The Philatelic Star" of Madison, N. Y.

Ontario Stamp Association

We are selling out our stock and hope to hear from stamp collectors. My approval sheets are marked at the lowest possible price of which I give 50%. Any stamp collector who wants any special stamps let us know and if we have not got them in stock we will make it our business to get them at reasonable prices. We have the following stamps to offer at a remarkable low figure:

1000 well mixed foreign stamps,	12 cents
1000 well assorted " "	20 cents
100 British Colonials	20 cents
200 " "	35 cents
500 " "	75 cents
1000 " "	\$1.00
5000 " "	\$4.00
10,000 " "	\$5.00

Address Box 17, Canadian Youth,
73 Summerhill Ave.

100 all different foreign stamps and ten weeks subscription to the most interesting stamp paper published, for 10 cents.

THE STAMP-LOVER'S WEEKLY,
Bethlehem, Pa.

Have you tried the

Santoline Castile Soap?

It is unique in its pureness and cleansing properties.

Santoline means "healing balm" and certainly the soap does not belie its name. Send for circular concerning the Santoline toilet supplies.

Manufactured by
THE SANTOLINE SUPPLY CO.,
Toronto.

For sale by
The Robert Simpson Co., Limited, Tor.
Parke & Parke, Hamilton.
Clarke, London.

Please mention this paper when answering advertisements.

