

### Canada's Size and Population.

Canada contains nearly one-third of the area of the whole British Empire.

Its population in 1867 was 3,500,000; in 1901, 5,371,315; now it is estimated at over 6,000,000.

Canada's population west of Lake Superior fifty years ago was 8,000; now it is more than three-quarters of a million.

Canada began the twentieth century with about the same number of people as the United States began the nineteenth century.

Canada has enough territory to give each inhabitant nearly 400 acres.

The Maritime provinces are nearly as large as England and Wales.

Canada has more than forty nationalities represented in her population, but she has 87 per cent of Canadian born people and 8 per cent are British born, making 95 per cent of British subjects.

One out of every three and one-half of the population is of French descent.

British Columbia is the largest province and the richest in minerals.

Canada's centre of population is near Ottawa.

Canada is thirty times as large as the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

England's population is 558 to the square mile; Canada's little more than .5.

There are 132,101 more males than females in Canada.

Canada is adding to its population every year a number equal to the population of Toronto.

Canada has more than one-half of the white population of all Britain's colonies.

Fifty-five per cent of Canada's foreign born population, 193,617, are naturalized citizens.

Canada's population west of Lake Superior is 75 per cent British and Canadian born; 25 per cent foreign born.

Quebec Province has 290,000 of British and 1,322,115 of French descent.—*Selected.*

### Guess the Name of the Boy.

The boy colored light yellow red.  
(dickie).

The boy that's the beak of a crow,

The boy that's a sailor, afloat or ashore,

The boy that's a light, loving blow.

The boy that's a notch in the blade of a knife,

The boy that's a jerk of the head,

The boy that's a wooden tub, small at the top,

The boy colored light yellow red.—*Selected.*

### The Trees' Rebellion.

(Recitation for a little girl.)

Dame Nature said to her children the trees,  
In the days when the earth was new,  
"Tis time you were putting your green leaves on,  
Take them out of your trunks, dears, do.

"The sky is a soft and beautiful blue,  
The snow went away long ago,  
And the grass some time since popped up its head,  
The crocuses are all ablow.

"Now hurry and get yourselves dressed, my dears,  
All ready for summer weather."  
But the trees tossed their heads from side to side,  
And grumbled out all together:

"We really would like to alter our dress,  
We are quite tired of wearing green;  
Each year our new suits are just like our old,  
Can we not have a change between?"

Dame Nature said to her children the trees,  
"I'm astonished, I must confess,  
To hear you are tired of your robe of green;  
I think it's a beautiful dress.

"But wear it always in summer you shall,  
(I've said it and will be obeyed).  
However, I'll see ere the winter comes,  
If some little change can be made.

"Your uncle John Frost comes to visit me  
From his home in the polar seas,  
And I'll ask him to bring for each of you  
A dress any colour you please."

So every year you may see for yourself,  
That whenever Jack Frost comes here,  
The trees are no longer dressed all in green,  
But in other colours appear.

—Lizzie Wells, Toronto.

### Our Little Brothers of the Fields.

O brothers of the tongue that speaks, the hand that works such other good, the brain that thinks so kindly for those of your own species, will you not hear and heed the plaint in these wild voices that reach you even at your windows? Will you not have mercy on those harmless ones that, after centuries of persecution, know and think of you only with aversion and terror? Hang up the gun, burn the whip, put down the sling, the bow, the trap, the stone, and bid them live. Let their joyous voices greet the sun again, as in the days before they learned the fear of men. Take their drooping carcasses out of your hat, my lady, and set an example such as a gentle, well-bred woman should give to her ignorant sisters. Be ministers and friends, not persecutors and enemies. Shoot at targets all you please. Punish the evil in the human race, if you will be stern. But spare, for their sake, yet more for your own sake, our little brothers of the fields.—Charles M. Skinner.—*Atlantic Monthly.*