

them—a cry of motherless and starving helplessness. Again the captain looked at his men. Then he spoke:

'Soldiers, you have fought for and earned everything you have or could possibly get this day. I don't order you, I don't even ask you—only—these children's mothers are drowned—and these children are starving.'

The men gazed at the babies. In a twinkling every baby had a big, bearded nurse to hold it, and another big, bearded under-nurse to hold the pannikin of milk to its little mouth. The long drafts of rich milk were given clumsily, but tenderly.

The captain, big, strong Englishman that he was, turned from the sight with a sob. Then he drew himself up with pride to think how he had the honor of reading and fighting with such men as these.—'Youth's Companion.'

### Where the Fight is Strong.

(The Rev. Cleland B. McAfee, D.D., in the 'Westminster.')

It is great to be out where the fight is strong,  
To be where the heaviest troops belong,  
And to fight there for man and God!

Oh, it seams the face and it tires the brain,  
It strains the arm till one's friend is Pain,  
In the fight for man and God.

But it's great to be out where the fight is strong,

To be where the heaviest troops belong,  
And to fight there for man and God!

### Canada's Area.

(From Mr. Frank Yeigh's '5,000 Facts About Canada.')

Canada contains one-third of area of British Empire—3,745,574 square miles.

Only  $\frac{1}{4}$  of Canada's area is occupied;  $\frac{1}{8}$  is under cultivation.

Canada's proportion of population is 1.5 to square mile. Australia, 1; United States, 21; England, 558; British Empire (outside of India), 4.

Canada has nearly a million square miles of practically unexplored area in the far north.

Eighty percent of Canada's area lies north of Lake Superior; 20 percent east.

Only  $3\frac{1}{2}$  percent of Canada's area is water. Canada is bounded by three oceans, its 13,000 miles of sea coast line equals half circumference of earth.

Canada is 3,500 miles by 1,400 miles in area. Canada has enough land to give each inhabitant 400 acres.

Canada is larger in area than the United States and its possessions by 5,000 square miles (with population of one-twelfth.).

Canada is as large as 30 United Kingdoms and 18 Germanys.

Canada is twice the size of British India, and almost as large as Europe.

Canada is larger than Australia by 1-3.

Canada is 18 times as large as France, 20 of Spain, 33 of Italy.

Britain's over-seas empire is 100 times the size of the motherland.

Canada has over 30 percent of Empire area, but only one and a half percent of Empire population of 400 millions.

### Useful Scot.

(Janet Harding, in 'Good Cheer.')

Scot was a big collie with tawny yellow hair, bushy tail, pointed ears, and the wistful brown eyes so many dogs have, as if he were trying hard to understand what was going on around him and would like to speak his thoughts and tell how much he loved his master and little Kitty.

But actions speak louder than words, and so, I think, they knew it even though his speech was nothing but a bark. Kitty declared that if he couldn't talk he knew everything that was said to him anyhow; and he really was wonderfully clever.

He had been her mother's pet, and Kitty loved him for that dead mother's sake as well as for his own.

Kitty had never known a mother except from the picture on the wall which looked down on her in girlish beauty; but shadowy as was this presence, it yet had an influence

over her life. For the loving eyes, she fancied, were filled with sadness on the days when she had been wilful and disobedient, while when she could whisper softly, 'I have been a good girl, mamma,' they smiled at her with tenderness and approval.

The motherless little girl and the big intelligent dog were the best of friends and playmates, and Scot was, besides, a faithful guardian to his little mistress.

Their home was in the country some distance from the village where the tradespeople were, and Scot learned to make himself very useful by going on all sorts of errands for the family. He seemed to enjoy his duties immensely, and anything more important or happy than he on his way to market it would be hard to find.

He seldom made mistakes, but if by chance he took the basket containing the written order to the wrong store some one would be

Then a little figure stole cautiously down the staircase, and with dancing eyes made a rush for papa's study.

But Mr. Howard was not sitting, as Kitty had expected, in his big chair before the fire. He was standing before his desk, very anxiously turning over a pile of papers, as if in search of something. All thought of amusement was lost at once in sympathy.

'Oh, poor papa,' Kitty cried, running to him, 'have you lost something?'

'Yes, dear, but you must not bother papa now. Go back to bed like a good girl,' Mr. Howard said.

'Oh, but please tell me what you have lost,' cried Kitty again, a queer feeling thrilling through her as she noticed her father shaking out a certain portfolio she very well remembered.

Something in the child's tone struck Mr. Howard. 'I am looking for a paper like this,'



sure to set him right, and he always brought back the right things. And however savory the parcels smelled, he was quite above the temptation of investigating their contents, and woe betide any dog who attempted to stop him on his way.

Another of Scot's duties was to fetch his master's paper every day. They lived near a railroad, and Mr. Howard had arranged with a conductor to throw him off a paper as the train went by each morning. Scot was always at hand to scramble down the bank and pick it up, and from his evident enjoyment one might have thought the whole thing was done for his amusement.

One time his good sense and willingness proved of service to his master.

Kitty had said her 'Now I lay me,' and had been tucked into bed by Martha as usual one night, but she did not feel sleepy, and made up her mind that as soon as nurse had left her she would slip down to papa and have a chat, or perhaps coax him into telling her a story. So she closed her eyes and lay very still, and presently Martha, thinking Miss Kitty fast asleep, went away.

he said, holding up a legal-looking document. 'This size, only blue. Do you know anything about it?'

Kitty's face crimsoned.

'I took it out of your bag to play lawyer with at Aunt Margie's, when we were staying with her,' she said, piteously. 'The bag was open, and I thought it wouldn't be any harm. I didn't hurt it any, only I forgot and left it in the bookcase drawer. Auntie will take care of it, I'm sure.'

Mr. Howard looked sterner than Kitty ever remembered seeing him.

'You have done very wrong, Kitty,' he said, 'the paper was very important. I need it to-morrow, and I don't know how I am to get on without it. I have told you never to touch my papers. You have been very naughty.'

Kitty, overcome with contrition, began to sob bitterly, and her father, in spite of his anxiety, was melted at once by her distress. How could he scold his little daughter when she looked at him with her mother's eyes?

He took her in his arms, and Kitty passionately protested she would never, 'never'