

reached the tree, and it was now drifting straight towards it. Running along the beach till nearly opposite the boat, he jumped in. The water, chilled with the storm, struck him with a shock that took his breath away, but he struck out manfully. At first the punt seemed to be gaining on him. Would he never reach it! But his steady strokes soon told, for he was a strong swimmer. He at last reached the boat within a few yards of the tree. But how to stop it! Teddy evidently was in a state of somnambulism, and noticed nothing. It was Jack's purpose to keep him in that condition until he was safe, so, carefully taking hold of the side of the boat, and paddling himself as well as possible with the other hand he reached the tree, there he moored the boat until he could climb in himself, which he did by means of the log. At any moment now Teddy might waken, so taking the old rug that lay in the bottom of the boat, he wrapped it carefully around the little white figure, speaking as soothingly to him as his mother would have done, for Jack was naturally a gentle boy, and the tender heart that grieved over the death of a squirrel was well fitted to comfort a frightened little boy. Teddy, however, did not apparently realize his position, for he snuggled down in the bottom of the boat, only murmuring, "you're not cross with me are you, Jack?" A question that made Jack's conscience prick him when he thought how unkind he had been to him earlier in the evening. But seizing the oars, though almost exhausted, and shivering in his wet and scanty garments, he rowed quickly back to the landing place. What was his surprise and delight when he looked up the bank to see a figure whom he soon recognized to be Captain Roberts, hurrying down to meet them. There was no one he would rather have seen at that

moment, for the events of the afternoon had been quiet forgotten by him, until the Captain grasped his hand with unusual vigor as he stepped out of the boat.

"Forgive me, Jack" he exclaimed, "it isn't true, you're a hero."

That was all, but it was enough for Jack, worn out as he was, it would have been too much for him—he was only sixteen—but he had still his charge to think of. His teacher, however, was before him. Carefully he lifted Teddy out for he was now waking up. How they reached the top of the bank, Jack never knew, but he soon found himself before a blazing camp fire, with a group of admiring comrades rubbing him down as if he had just completed a ten-mile race. Thanks to their care and to his strong constitution, he was none the worse for his adventures, and what was more to him, he felt that he had won back the respect of the whole camp which he fancied at one time he had lost.

Poor Teddy did not escape so easily, for that night's exposure brought on a severe cold which kept him in bed for some time. However, he is getting stronger, and his greatest ambition is to become as strong and brave as "his Jack."

When the Duke and Duchess visited the city, the military review was conceded to be one of the best features of the reception. While watching the soldiers pass, we could not but be proud of our own little company. Among them could be easily distinguished Corporal Jack McFarlane, and it is to be questioned if, in all the ranks, there was a prouder or happier looking Tommy.

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Read the CANADIAN BOY.