

Our Boys and Girls.

A WALK AND A RIDE.

Two little twin brothers were Willy and Frank,

Who went for a walk one day.
They tramped over meadows and down
the brookside

Till tired to death were they.
Then what did these boys do but sit
down and cry:

"We can't take a step more, 'tis no use
to try!

We're tired, oh, so tired, till we're ready
to die!

Boohoo! Boohoo! Boohoo!"

But good luck sometimes will play won-
derful tricks,

And at Willy's feet lay two beautiful
sticks,

As smooth and as round

As ever were found.

"Why, Frank, here's a pair of fine
horses!" said he.

"We'll ride, yes, we will!" And they
mounted in glee,

And cantered and cantered and galloped
two miles,

And jumped over fences and leaped over
stiles.

"We're not tired a bit, not a bit!" they
both cried.

"It's tiresome to walk, but how pleasant
to ride!"

—Zella Cooke, in *Youth's Companion*.

THE FIVE DOLLAR GOLD COIN.

BY A. F. CALDWELL.

"Your change, sir!" and the clerk at
Loring Graham & Sons' handed over the
counter a number of coins with a neatly
done-up package. "Thank you," and he
stepped in his alert, business-like way to
another customer who had just entered
the large hardware establishment, while
Carl started toward the door with the
package containing his new skates, at
the same time slipping the change left
over from the crisp five-dollar bill into
his trousers' pocket.

"Haven't you counted it?" asked Uncle
Tom, who had aided Carl in the selection
of the bright nickel skates.

"Why, no; I never do! What's the use
—the clerk does that! It isn't at Loring
Graham & Sons' as it is at some stores;
they're honest here—never heard of any-
one's being cheated!"

It isn't that so much as it is the li-
ability of one's making a mistake. A per-
son never ought to receive any change—
however small the amount—without
counting it over on the spot. You can
hardly expect a mistake to be rectified
after once having left the store, how-
ever reputable the firm."

"But it makes lots of bother," argued
Carl, "when one's in a hurry!"

"It makes no difference—it's business;
and every boy ought to train himself
early in strict business principles and
live up to them."

"Aren't they a dandy pair—my Ice
Flyers—that's what I'm going to name
them!" exclaimed Carl adroitly chang-
ing the subject. "There isn't a fellow
in Shirley that's got a prettier pair!"

"They are—beauties; no mistake! I
think you got them, too, at a very rea-
sonable figure. Now don't forget, my
boy, hereafter about counting your
change;" and Uncle Tom, without wait-
ing for a reply, entered his place of busi-
ness a few blocks from the hardware

nonsense taking such trouble!

That's just the way lots of folks do;
they stand and count 'ten and five—fif-
teen; and three—eighteen; and two's
twenty,' and when they give a quarter
for a five-cent lead pencil!" declared
Carl, to himself, going down the walk.
"And they know the clerk would give
them the right change. I'm not going
to do it—it's too foolish!"

During the fall and winter Carl Brad-
ford obtained his spending money by
making himself generally useful, an hour
each night and morning, to his uncle's
firm. Their "fill-up chinks" man had
been Carl's designation of himself, and
now he was known to all the clerks in
the establishment as "F. C."

A bright morning in early winter, as
Carl was about to leave, his Uncle Tom
called him into the office.

"I wish on your way home, Carl, you'd
call at the freight office and pay this bill.
It's twelve dollars," handing him a twen-
ty-dollar note. "You may bring the
change back after school."

"Yes, sir;" and Carl took the money
and went whistling on his errand.

After he had paid the bill Carl took
the change that was handed him—he re-
membered afterward it consisted of one
note and the rest in coin—and slipped it
in his vest pocket.

"I won't be so liable to lose it there,"
he thought.

It didn't again enter his mind until his
uncle asked him in the evening if he had
taken a receipt.

"O, yes; and the change—I'd forgotten
all about it! Here it is," and Carl handed
the receipt and money to his uncle just
as he had received them at the freight
office.

"Why, this isn't all," said Mr. Brad-
ford, slowly counting the amount a sec-
ond time. "The receipt's all right, but
the change—there's only three dollars
here—a one-dollar bill, two halves and
four quarters."

"It's just as I took it," declared Carl,
positively.

"Did you count it before you put it in
your pocket?"

"No-o; I—I didn't think! I supposed
'twould be all right," coloring.

"But it isn't Carl; it's five dollars
short!"

"It ought to be there," and Carl emp-
tied all his pockets, and then went
through them again. "I—I didn't take
it!"

"Of course you didn't, my boy; no
Bradford would do such a thing as that!
'Twas a mistake made at the freight
office, owing to—"

"My not counting it when 'twas given
me," interrupted Carl, dismally.

"Perhaps if you go over early in the
morning, by their looking over their ac-
counts they may be able to rectify it—
though it's doubtful. They're closed
now."

But when Carl went over on his way
down-town they insisted they had given
him the correct change the day before,
and, bitterly disappointed, Carl reported
to his uncle.

"I—I'll pay it," faltered Carl, "out of
my earnings. 'Twill take ten weeks—
but by going without everything else I
can do it!"

"It's business, my boy," declared Uncle
Tom, encouragingly. "I'm sorry, but it
may—"

"Teach me a lesson—it will," and Carl
smiled grimly as he spoke.

During the following weeks Carl saved
every cent he earned, to pay back the
five dollars to his uncle's firm.

One morning—'twas at the end of the
ninth week—Carl carried the vest he was
accustomed to wear to his mother to
mend.

"It needs two buttons—and the pock-
ets leak," playfully.

"Leave it on a chair, dear, and I'll see
to it and stop the holes; I'll have it ready
by noon," and his mother smiled with
her "love-to-work-for-my-boy" smile, as
he laid down the garment.

"See what I've found!" she exclaimed,
at dinner. "A bright five-dollar gold
coin!"

"In—'twasn't in the vest—was it,
mother?" and the expression on Carl's
face was a mingling of hope and incre-
dibility.

"Indeed it was—hidden away down in
the corner where the unsuspected leak
hole had dropped it!"

"Then it's the change—the five dollars
of the freight money! Hurray! But,"
more soberly, "I'm glad now it got lost
awhile, for by it I've learned one of
Uncle Tom's business principles—and
I'll not forget it!"—*N. Y. Advocate*.

How the Chipmunk got the Stripe on His Back.

As everybody knows, the chipmunk
has a black stripe running up and down
his back.

According to the red Indians he did
not have any black stripe on him at all
originally. They say that he got the one
he now wears in the following manner:

The animals used to meet once a year
to elect a leader, and, once upon a time
the porcupine was chosen for that
position.

The first thing the porcupine did was
to call a great council of all the animals.
Then he placed before them the follow-
ing question: "Shall we have day all the
time, or night all the time?"

It was a very important matter, and
the animals began to debate it earnestly.
The bear said he wanted night all the
time, for then he could sleep, and sleep
was much the most pleasant thing he
knew of.

But the little chipmunk said: "No, I
want night part of the time and day
part of the time, for then we can have
a time to sleep and a time to gather
nuts and hop around among the trees."

The big bear and the little chipmunk
got into a violent discussion over the
question, and the other animals became
silent and left the two to argue it out.

It was night while they were debating,
and when they had got out of breath
arguing they began to sing.

"Night is best, night is best. We
must have darkness!" sang the big bear.

"Day is best; day is best. We must
light," sang the little chipmunk.

"Night is best; night is best. We
must have darkness," growled the bear
in a deep, thunder tone.

"Light will come. We must have light.
Day will come," piped the little chip-
munk in his shrill voice.

And, just as he was singing, the day
began to dawn and the light of morning
to illumine the world.

Then the bear and the other big ani-
mals on his side of the question saw that
the little chipmunk was prevailing, and
set up an angry chorus, so that the chip-
munk was afraid and ran for his hole in
a neighboring tree.

The bear and his followers ran after
him and, just as the chipmunk was div-
ing into his hole, the big bear reached
out his paw to catch him. But the chip-
munk was so quick that the paw of the
bear only grazed his back and he got in-
to his hole in safety.

But you can see to this day in the
black stripe of the back of the chip-
munk where the paw of the bear who

Heart Palpitated.

FAINT AND DIZZY SPELLS.

FELT WEAK AND NERVOUS.

COULD SCARCELY EAT.

TWO BOXES OF

MILBURN'S HEART and NERVE PILLS

Cured Mrs. Edmond Brown, Inwood, Ont.,
when she had almost given up hope
of ever getting well again.

She writes: "I was so run down that
I was not able to do my work, was short
of breath, had a sour stomach every night
and could scarcely eat. My heart palpi-
tated, I had faint and dizzy spells and felt
weak and nervous all the time. My
husband got me a box of Milburn's Heart
and Nerve Pills but I told him it was no
use, that I had given up hope of ever
being cured. He however persuaded me
to take them and before I had used half
the box I began to feel better. Two boxes
made a new woman of me and I have been
well and have been able to do my work
ever since."

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50 cts. box, or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers or

THE T. MILBURN CO., Limited,
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loved darkness just grazed the fur of
the little fellow who loved the light.—
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Price 50c. per box.

Bows drawn at a venture hit in a way
that astonishes ourselves when God puts
His own arrows on the string.—*Frances
Havergal*.

Dyspepsia Eight Years.—Nine bottles
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Age without cheerfulness is a Lapland
winter without a sun; and this spirit of
cheerfulness should be encouraged in our
youth if we would wish to have the
benefit of it in our old age.—*Colton*.

Let your friends have your sympathy
and your help. . . and let simplicity, love,
and humility be your great aim—just to
do God's work without an atom of self-
love in it. Keep this aim ever true and
pure, and all will come out right, even
though many a weary step has to be
trod in the footsteps of Jesus.—*M. Man-
sell*

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