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lose prizes because they think it easier to find fault than to do the work which lies before them. Such people do not usually blame themselves, but think it is all on account of bad luck and hard times.

THE LITTLE WOOD MICE

By Agnes Barden Dunstin.

In the deep woods on the hill there lived a family of sleek mice. Their home was in the snug hollow of an old maple tree.

All through the pleasant autumn they scampered about among the red and gold leaves, gathering the sweet, three-cornered beech-nuts. These nuts they peeled with their sharp, white teeth and stored carefully away in their pantry in the hollow maple for food in the long, cold winter.

By-and-by the warm, hazy days were gone. Snow came down and covered the red and gold leaves, and there were no more nuts to be found. Then the little wood mice curled up in their warm nest in the hollow tree to sleep away the cold, snowy days. Very glad and thankful they were, on waking from a long winter nap, to find in their pantry their stores of delicious nuts. And, oh, how good they did taste!

Then one day a sad thing happened to the mice. The Hired Man and his yoke of big, red oxen came into the woods. The Hired Man had an axe over his shoulder and was looking for wood to burn in the white farmhouse just over the hill. He came to the old maple and struck it a blow with his axe.

"Hollow way down," he said to himself. "I'll cut this one and let the sound trees grow."

From the sharp blows of the axe went ringing the deep woods and the old maple fell to the ground with a crash.

The little wood mice inside were so frightened that they crept into the deepest part of the hollow and crouched down together scarcely daring to breathe.

Then the Hired Man hitched the oxen to the old maple with a heavy chain and dragged it away, out of the deep woods, over the hill and up to the very shed of the farmhouse.

While the Hired Man had gone away to put the oxen away in their stable in the barn, Paul and Annie, in their warm coats and red mittens, came home with their sleds.

"What a big old maple log!" exclaimed Annie.

"Let's see if there's anything in its hollow," proposed Paul.

With a stick Paul poked down in the hollow, and to the children's great surprise, two little, sleek mice ran out of the hollow, scurried along the old maple log into the shed and hid themselves away in a hole, in the floor beam.

The stick brought up something else, too—a few sweet beech-nuts, husked and white and ready to eat.

"My, these are good!" cried Annie, nibbling the nuts. Are there any more, Paul?"

Paul investigated and found more. In fact, they filled a pint cup from

the pantry of the mice and carried it into the kitchen, where Norah was baking ginger cookies.

"They are fine, better than peanuts," Paul told Norah, after he and Annie had roasted some in the little fry basin on top of the hot stove.

"We are much obliged to the little mice for storing them away, all so nice and peeled," added Annie. "How hard they must have worked!"

"I be wonderin' what the little mice will be atin'," Norah pondered. "Sure and it will be a weary while afore the spring comes and any green things start a-growin'. I'm thinkin' there'll be some starved and frozen little creatures in the old floor beam pretty soon now, for 'tis terrible cold weather. Ah, wirruh! no nest and not a crumb in the pantry! 'Tis hard luck!"

Paul and Annie looked at each other, and the nut Annie was just putting into her mouth fell down into the pan.

"We never thought what the little mice would do," said Paul in a low voice. "But the nuts are so good," he added, longingly.

"But we have apples and popcorn and ginger cookies and lots of goodies, and these are all the little mice had," said Annie, with tears in her brown eyes. "Oh, Paul, we can't take their nuts, all they have. Let's put them right back."

"And give them a warm nest," added Paul, generously.

Norah gave them some bits of soft flannel, and these, with the nuts, Paul and Annie put into the hole in the shed beam and crept quietly away.

That evening a wild storm howled about the farmhouse. Great flakes of snow flew past the windows, and the wind rattled the doors and whistled in the chimney.

"Do you suppose the little mice are cold and hungry and shivery?" questioned Annie.

"Maybe they've found our store," hoped Paul.

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"We'll go and see," said Norah. She lit the shining lantern, and together the three went out to the woodshed and peered into the hole in the old beam. A shy little mouse scampered back out of sight as Annie bent down to look in.

"The pieces of flannel are all gone and some of the nuts, too," she whispered, delightedly.

"They will have a new, warm nest and a pantry full again by morning," whispered back Paul.

And Norah nodded, smiling all over her broad, good-natured face.

Back in the warm kitchen Annie rubbed her cold hands before the blazing fire, while Paul brought a dish of corn to pop.

"Beech-nuts are good, but I'm glad we weren't selfish enough to keep them," said Annie.

Paul thought of the snug little home the happy wood mice were making out in the cold shed in the old beam and nodded.

"So am I," he agreed heartily. —Congregationalist and Christian World.

Baby Afflicted With Eczema Dr. Chase's Ointment Cured

The Family Doctor Tried in Vain to Heal the Sores—Another Tribute to This Great Healing Ointment.

It may be interesting to note that Dr. Chase's Ointment was originally compounded to cure a case of eczema on a child. The disease had spread almost over the entire body and defied all the regular treatments for such troubles. The doctor was perplexed, but finally hit on the formula of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and, as many say, "it worked like a charm," healing up the nasty sores and leaving the skin soft and smooth.

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baby was terribly afflicted with eczema, had her child treated by their own family physician, but the little one got no better. They tried several remedies, but they all proved useless in this case. Upon the advice of a neighbour, they got Dr. Chase's Ointment, and before the first box was used the child was completely cured.

"I can also recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to suffering friends, who I know will be glad to learn of something to relieve their nervous trouble. You have my permission to use this letter for the benefit of others."

So soothing and healing is Dr. Chase's Ointment that relief from itching and burning comes almost as soon as the ointment is applied. The sores are cleaned by the action of this treatment, and the process of healing is soon begun. By persistent use of the ointment cure is effected. 60 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

country but that is too lazy to move it!"

And so the stone lay there for three weeks; it was in everybody's way, and yet everybody left it for somebody else to move.

Then the king sent word to all his people to meet together on a certain day near his palace, as he had something to tell them.

The day came, and a great crowd of men and women gathered in the road. Old Peter, the farmer, was there, and so were the merchants and the young soldier.

"I hope that the king will not find out what a lazy set of people he has around him," said Peter.

And then the sound of a horn was heard, and the king was seen coming toward them. He rode up to the stone, got down from his horse, and said:—

"My friends, it was I who put this stone here, three weeks ago. It has been seen by everyone of you; and yet everyone has left it just where it was, and scolded his neighbour for not moving it out of the way."

Then he stooped down and rolled the stone over. Underneath the stone was a round, hollow place, in which was a small iron box. The king held up the box so that all the people might see what was written on a piece of paper fastened to it. These were the words:—

"For him who lifts the stone."

He opened the box, turned it upside down, and out of it fell a beautiful gold ring and twenty bright gold coins.

Then everyone wished that he had only thought of moving the stone instead of going around it and finding fault with his neighbour.

There are many people still who