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the casualties exceeded 40,000, complete lists were posted in the capital two days later.

The Japanese system is very similar. Each man has three discs—one round his neck, another on his waist-belt, and a third in his boot—on each of which are three numbers corresponding to the wearer's name, corps and brigade, respectively, while the Russian soldiers wear a numbered badge, shaped like an "ikon"—a sacred picture image—which is formally blessed by the priests.

The United States Government uses a simple cloth tab woven into the shoulder-strap of the tunic. Italy uses a small zinc plate affixed to the trousers at the waist, on which are embossed the soldier's name, place of

origin, number and date of enlistment, while the Portuguese cavalry soldier has a number stamped on his spurs, the infantry having a similar number stamped on their leggings.

The French, who formerly used little aluminum name-plates, which in war with savages seemed an irresistible attraction to the enemy, now use little cards like the British, but Austria still has an ornate identification badge of gun-metal, shaped like a locket, with inside all particulars inscribed on little parchment leaves.

Turkey alone among the nations issues to her soldiers no formal identification badge. Said Edhem Pasha, when remonstrated with regarding the omission: "A dead man is of no use to the Sultan; why, therefore, trouble about him?"

ACTING A LIE

By Gertrude M. Nell.

"Johnnie! Johnnie!" called a sweet, childish voice; "it's five o'clock, Johnnie, and you know your mother said we were to be home by five. Oh, Johnnie, do come on home. You know your mother gets so cross with me if I do not take you home when she tells me I must."

"Don't you go, Jack," coaxed an older boy. "You can steer the sled down the hill better'n any of 'em, an' we want two more rides. Anyway, I wouldn't be bossed by a girl."

Johnnie wavered for a moment. He knew Laura would get the blame, but he really liked Laura as much as a spoiled boy could like anyone, and he disliked to see her punished. However, he staved.

Laura was a little English girl from an orphan's home, whom Johnnie's mother had taken to help her with the work and to go to school with Johnnie. He had just started to school and it was a two-mile walk, and for a great part of it Johnnie would have to go alone. That was the chief reason Laura was brought to the farm.

Now, Mrs. Ford meant to be a very just woman, but Johnnie was her only child and she could not see one fault in him. Then she had made up her mind that all home children were spoiled and none too good in the beginning, and so she always thought Laura in the wrong, and Johnnie had always kept silent and allowed Laura to take the punishment. Sometimes his conscience bothered him quite a bit, but he would tell himself that Laura was older than he was, and she wasn't always good; anyway, he had not told she was the one to blame; his mother had just blamed her without asking him, so he wasn't going to speak up and get punished when he didn't have to.

At first Laura had spoken for herself, but as she was not believed and Johnnie would not own to the fault

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being his, she meekly took her punishment. Sometimes she would beg Johnnie to speak and not let his mother think her so disobedient. Poor little girl, she was so fond of her new life on the farm, and she was well fed and well clothed—better than she had ever been—but she also wanted love. She could not get the love until she was trusted, so she tried very hard to deserve trust.

Even though Johnnie was so dishonourable about these things, Laura loved him with all the strength of a little heart to which love had been denied. Never in all her life before had she had anyone or anything to love. Johnnie knew this and responded in his selfish way.

Well, the Saturday our story opens the two children did not get home until dark. Laura's punishment was that she could not go coasting again for two whole weeks. When Mr. Ford came in from the barn and heard the punishment, he asked, "Are you sure it is Laura who is to blame, wife?"

"Of course it is," answered Mrs. Ford. "She is two years older, and I depend on her to look after Johnnie and bring him home at the proper time."

Mr. Ford looked at his son, and Johnnie began whistling. He did have the greatest desire to speak up and tell that he was the one to blame that he had ever had, but the thought of being kept from coasting kept him from speaking, though Laura looked at him so pleadingly.

So Johnnie coasted all day the next Saturday, while Laura stayed at home and turned the handle of the churn. He did not enjoy it quite so well without Laura. He had not liked to look at Laura when he was getting his coat and mittens on.

Next day was Anniversary Sunday at their little church, and a man came from the City to speak to them. At Sunday School Johnnie sat almost in the middle of the church. The minister understood how to speak to children, and soon had them very much interested.

He said he took it for granted that they were all little ladies and gentlemen; that they were all honest, and tried to help and make each other happy and better, both in their own homes, and at school and on the playground. He hoped there was not one boy there but whom would "play fair" in every act of his life as well as his game. He said the great motto of life should be the one he used to write in his copy book when he was a boy: "Act well your part; there all the honour lies." And to be honourable was to tell and act the truth, no matter what the punishment might be.

Johnnie felt very uncomfortable. He felt sure that the minister was looking straight at him and his face was scarlet. He was very quiet all the way home, and when they jumped out of the sleigh he caught Laura's hand and squeezed it.

When tea was over they sat chatting around the table discussing the services of the day. "What makes you so quiet, Johnnie?" asked the father; "did you not like the Sunday School talk?"

SCRUBBING
 is well begun
 and half done
 when you start
 it with —

**Old Dutch
 Cleanser**

Johnnie reddened again and began to stammer something, and when with a sob in his voice he said, "I am not honourable. That man was preaching right at me." And then the story of how he had let Laura take the blame of so many things came out. "I never told a lie, but I acted lots of them," he confessed, and then looked bravely at his mother, as much as to say: Give me my punishment. Before the mother could speak the scorn she felt, Johnnie's father reached over and drew the boy to him.

"I was never so proud of you, my boy, as just now, when you owned up to your fault so manfully. I know you mean to be truthful and honest in the future or you would not have owned up to your fault. Laura has suffered much from your sin, but not as much as you yourself have suffered."

At breakfast next morning Mr. Ford said: "I have been out throwing water on the hill this morning, and we will all go out to-night and have some jolly coasting."

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