

"if I ever get tired of it. But not just now. Get on, Nick."

"I say," cautioned Nick, lowering his voice a little, "hadn't you better be easy with him? He's staying at Dr. Winter's. If the doctor gets sour on you, out you'll go from your new place."

"I don't care," said Jim.

"Oh, yes, you do. Places ain't lined up waiting for you to be kind enough to take them. Your recor's not just perfect, you know."

"I don't care," repeated Jim. "I've been quiet so long that I've got to let out a bit somewhere or I'll fly to pieces. It won't hurt the kid."

"Your mother's sick," continued Nick. "She's banking on your pay. I thought you told me you were going to be real steady after this. If you get discharged, what will your mother do?"

"I'm going down in the sled," said Jim, impatiently. "Are you coming?"

Nick evidently felt that he had discharged the office of a friend. They went down together.

"That was fine!" said Jim, when at last they were at the top of the hill again. "We'll try another. Get on, Nick."

Jack pleaded in helpless wrath.

"You are getting pretty mad, sonny," said Jim, "for a nice little Sunday School boy like you. You ought to see yourself in the looking-glass. I don't know the Ten Commandments very good, but I'm afraid you are breaking some of them, ain't you?"

"You are!" screamed Jack, furiously. "You are stealing."

"No, no, now! Don't call a gentleman names. I'm borrowing. Lot's of fine gentlemen borrow."

Jim and Nick had started on their third trip, when Jack saw a cutter with a gray horse in it stop at a house about a block away. Jack smiled. He sat down on a stump to wait.

"It's Uncle Winter. He said he was coming by. He will talk to him."

What a sunny day it was! How blue the sky looked! How white and far the snow went!

What was it that Nick had said about Jim's place? And his mother? His mother was sick, and if Jim didn't get his pay, what would she do? Jim did not know the Ten Commandments very well. Nobody had taught him, Jack supposed. Jack knew them all; he had just finished learning them. And he knew what the Bible said about your enemies. Jack had never had an enemy before; he had never had a chance of being good to one. This was his first. The toe of Jack's rubber boot was fumbling in the snow and his chin was in the collar of his overcoat when Uncle Winter came.

"Why, where's the sled?" said his uncle.

Jack pointed down the hill.

Dr. Winter looked, and looked at Jack again.

"Somebody else is taking a ride on it, is that it?"

"Yes, sir," said Jack.

His uncle waited for something more, but nothing more came.

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"Well," he said, "I will be back soon."

At the foot of the hill Nick exclaimed: "Jim, there's the doctor!"

## The Reason why We Feel Tired

**The system is overloaded with poisonous waste matter.**

**This may be the result of over-exertion or of derangements which are corrected by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.**

You expect to be tired when you have been working hard, for the activities of the muscles or brain cause a breaking down of cells, or burning up, we might say, and after awhile the system becomes clogged with this waste matter of ashes and you get tired.

But you are often tired when you have not been working hard and in this case the conditions are much the same but the presence of the poisonous waste matter is due to the derangements of the excretory organs—the liver, kidneys and bowels.

Besides feelings of fatigue there is likely to be aching of the limbs, headache, pains in the small of the back and feelings of dizziness and weakness.

The filtering and excretory systems being clogged digestion is interfered with, appetite fails and you feel generally miserable, out of sorts and irritable.

Under such circumstances you cannot possibly do better than use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for they have a direct, specific and combined action on the liver, kidneys and bowels, effect prompt action and a thorough cleansing of the excretory system and restore healthful digestion.

There is no medicine of more frequent or effective use in the family than Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for they have no equal as a cure for constipation, biliousness, liver troubles and kidney derangements. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

In an instant Jim was fleeing side-wise to the shelter of a shed.

"What's the use?" said Nick. "He'll come after us."

But, though the doctor's face was turned often toward the shed as he drove slowly down the hill, and, though he hesitated when he reached the bottom, still in the end, with a flicker of his whip in the air, he started smartly off in the opposite direction.

In silence Nick and Jim came out of hiding and began to climb the hill.

"I guess," said Nick, when they were half way, "the boy couldn't have told on you."

"I guess he couldn't have," said Jim.

At the top was Jack.

"Uncle Winter is coming back soon," he said to Jim with significance.

"Then we'll be going," Jim answered promptly. "Here's your sled. Thanks! Say, Bub, why didn't you blab?"

"Your mother was sick, and you'd lose your job, and she needed your pay. Besides—"

"What?"

"I knew the Commandments and you didn't."

Jim got red. He avoided Nick's eye.

"I know some things," he said. "I know this: Any fellow that can hold his tongue at certain particular times is a man, I don't care what size he is."

As Jack went whizzing down the hill on his birthday sled, he thought that he had never had a compliment that he liked so well.

Jim and Nick passed the church where all the Winters went.

"I don't know," said Jim, "but what a Sunday School is a good thing to have around, after all."—Sally Campbell.

## EYES THAT SEE.

A little girl entered the study of Mezeral, the celebrated historian, and asked him for a coal of fire.

"But you haven't brought a shovel!" he said.

"I don't need any," was the reply.

Then very much to his astonishment, she filled her hand with ashes, and put the live coal on top. No doubt the learned man knew that ashes were a bad conductor of heat, but he had never seen the fact verified in such a practical manner.

Two boys of my acquaintance one morning took a walk with a naturalist.

"Do you notice anything peculiar in the movement of those wasps?" he asked as he pointed to a puddle in the road.

"Nothing, except that they seem to come and go," replied one of the boys.

The other was less prompt in his reply, but he had observed to some purpose. "I notice that they fly in pairs," he said. "One has a little pellet of mud, the other nothing. Are there drones among wasps, as among bees?"

"Both were alike busy, and each went away with a burden," replied the naturalist. "The one you thought a 'doing nothing' had a mouthful of water. They reach their nest together; the one deposits his pellet of mud and the other ejects the water upon it, which makes it of the consistency of mortar. Then they paddle it upon the nest, and fly away for more materials."

## Is This Fair?

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