

Master Frisk and His Dinner.

BY LOU G. FINDLEY.

Master Frisk was busily engaged in doing up his morning's work, when he looked up, and saw two strange-looking creatures approaching him. Like a flash, he was in his hole in the trunk of a fallen tree, and from his safe covert, he watched with anxious eyes. The curious looking creatures sat down on the soft green grass under an old oak tree and, after a little more spying, Master Frisk decided that they were harmless and inoffensive, and that he might safely continue his work. When he had fully decided this, for very joy, there sounded forth, his musical call. To those uninitiated in wood lore, this call might very easily be mistaken for the note of a bird. The two curious looking creatures, however, did not belong to this class, and they at once began to watch for the squirrel. It was only a moment until they espied his sharp nose, and bright eyes peering out of his hole only fifteen or twenty feet away. Hardly had they seen him when he popped out.—Such a pretty little fellow! His coat was the daintiest shade of brownish-red imaginable, and his bushy tail curved over his back in the most approved squirrel fashion. He raced down the tree trunk, gave a flying leap, and landed on another trunk near by; up this he darted, ran along a limb until it seemed as if he were treading on leaves alone, and with a light spring landed on the tip end of a bough on the old oak tree; as quick as a wink he was on a limb almost directly over the heads of the two curious looking creatures, who were watching him quite as closely as he was watching them.

Out to the end of the limb he ran, gathered a couple of acorns, and then quickly scampered back to his hole in the tree-trunk, where the acorns were deposited to swell his winter store, and the whole performance was quickly repeated. A third time he darted back to his provision store, but instead of carrying the acorn to his hole, he perched himself on the limb, and proceeded to eat it, all the time keeping his bright eyes fixed on the curious looking objects below him. His whole attitude seemed to say "I've worked so hard that I am entitled to a rest. I've made a respectable addition to my winter's stock of supplies, but I'm tired and hungry, and I'm going to have my dinner."

The curious-looking creatures watched with delighted eyes as he ate; he held the acorn in his two front paws, deftly shelled it with his sharp teeth, and dropped the remnants almost at their feet. He finished his tidbit, ran back and gathered another acorn, and returned to what he seemed to regard as his dining table, as he perched on exactly the same spot as before to finish his repast. When his hunger was satisfied, he had an after-dinner frolic, and raced up and down and around and back again, until he frisked out of sight and hearing.

And the two under the tree said "How wonderful are all God's works. Truly if the undevout astronomer is mad, the undevout student of nature is none the less so. For there is nothing that manifests His loving-kindness better than that marvelous quality, which we call instinct; it teaches the bird how to build its nest, guides it to warmer climes upon the approach of winter, and leads it back, with unerring accuracy to its old home, in the spring again; taught by it the spider weaves its delicate web, unapproached by any human art; it teaches the squirrel and countless other animals to lay up for themselves in season a store of food

for coming winter. Not only is every flower that lifts its beautiful head to heaven a thought of God, but every nest that sways in the tree-top, every squirrel-hole, every burrow, speaks to us of his care for all his creatures.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small.
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Shadi's Prayer.

A missionary lady had a little Hindu orphan named Shadi living with her. She had taught him about Jesus and one night, when he was six years old, she said to him: "Now pray a little prayer of your own."

And what do you think Shadi's prayer was? It was a good prayer for any little child to make, for it was this:

"Dear Jesus, make me like You were when You were six years old."

Marjorie's Feast.

"Oh, won't you have a piece of nice mince pie? And here's a bit of lobster salad, dear; These oysters fried, you'll surely like to try; And do you take your coffee strong and clear?"

Much more I heard behind the maple tree
About ice cream and caramels and cake,
I thought, "What careless mothers there must be,
When children these forbidden courses take!"

I passed the open gate and entered there
The Land of Make-Believe—enchanted land!
And Marjorie, with hospitable air,
Gave me a generous dish of clean white sand!
—Public Ledger.

Turning a New Leaf.

"Now what is that noise?" said the glad New Year,
"Now what is that singular sound I hear?
As if all the paper in all the world
Were rattled and shaken and twisted and twirled."
"Oh! that," said the jolly old Earth, "is the noise
Of all my children, both girls and boys,
A-turning over their leaves so new,
And all to do honor, New Year, to you."
—Selected.

"How old are you, little girl?" asked a Boston street car conductor of a small passenger the other day. "I prefer to pay my fare and keep my own statistics," was the reply.—Tribune.

A Hero in an Unfought Battle.

BY HELEN HOLMES BLAKE.

There was no more doubt about it, Betsy was lost. Ned had looked in the courtyard, in the shed, and the stable, but not a sign of her did he find. He missed her from the pasture behind the house when he came home to dinner. After satisfying his hunger, he had made a thorough search of the premises. She was not there, that was certain. Where she was, Ned knew it was his duty to find out. This duty was the very thing he least wished to do.

Ned's father was a soldier. It was now a year since his regiment had gone to the Philippines. Just before he left home he said to Ned, in a private talk:

"You're almost eleven years old, and you're big and strong enough to help your mother a great deal. I want you to do everything you can for her while I am gone. You'll be the only man about the house and I want you to be a real man."

Ned's ideas about what made a "real man" were rather hazy. But he knew quite well what to do to help his mother, and he lived up to his knowledge so well that Mrs.

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Long had written, only the day before: "Ned is a real little man; you would be delighted with him. He is grown so thoughtful and helpful."

To day Ned was to have the sharpest trial that had yet come to him. His mother had gone out to do some dressmaking, and Ned had permission to do just what he pleased all day. He had had a jolly morning with some of the boys, and right after dinner they were to go fishing—six of them—to Miller's pond, which was two miles from Ned's home. And now the cow was missing. That was a situation for a boy with a fishing excursion before him! Ned sat on the fence and thought. His hands were plunged deep in his trousers pockets; his face was all puckered up into a frown, and he did not whistle,—a sure sign that something was wrong. Just now he was thinking, and thinking hard, something like this:

"We can't get home from fishin' till five o'clock anyway, and mother'll want Bets by half-past; maybe it'll take me two or three hours to find her; maybe I won't find her at all to-night. Then mother'll be worried. I just can't go fishin' if I wait to find that cow now. Oh! I've got to find her anyhow; there's no use talkin' 'bout that. I wouldn't be much like a man to go off playin' when your cow was lost. What I don't know about's whether to go and tell the boys I can't go with them, or let them wait awhile, and then go off without knowin' why I don't come. I hate to tell them! I know well enough what Dick'll say: 'Let the cow go to Ballyhack, and come fishin'. You can find her all right to night.' That's so; I might, and then, again, I mightn't. Well, here goes! I'll tell them, so they won't be losing time waiting for me. It seems too mean to sneak out of telling them just because I was afraid they'd stop my doing what I've got to. I'll be man enough to let them know I'm going to stay at home and hunt up the cow."

Thereupon Ned began to whistle so loud that he did not hear the bell down the road, nor the halo of a small boy, who was driving a cow. The boy had to repeat the halo, and add besides, "Say, Ned, are you deaf?" before Ned paid any heed.

"Hallo!" he shouted; "where'd you find her?"

"Just beyond the turn of the road. Say, have you been all this time eating your dinner?"

"No! I'm awful glad you've found Bets, else I couldn't have gone fishin'."

"Wouldn't your mother let you?"

"She ain't home. I wouldn't have let myself."

"H'm!" was Dick's comment; and he added below his breath, "You're a brick, Ned."