

DO YOUR BEST.

"Say, Ben, let's pitch in and tidy up the shop before one o'clock and give the boss a surprise when he comes back."

"Did he say so?"

"No, but the shop needs cleaning up, and I'll bet he would like to have it done."

"Well, if you are green enough to go to putting in your noon hour working for old Markham without extra pay, go ahead, but not any of it for me. You'll never get any thanks for it, Tom, and if you begin working overtime that way, you'll have to keep it up," and the speaker a lad of some eighteen years, stretched himself out on the work-bench for a noon-time nap.

"All right," good-naturedly replied his companion, a boy some two years' younger, "I'll do it myself, then, for I don't like to work in a place littered up like this, and there won't be time after the men get back, with all those frames to get out this afternoon." So saying he went briskly to work, and by the time the one o'clock whistle sounded the carpenter shop was neatly cleaned up.

That was fifteen years ago. Those two apprentice boys are men now.

The older one, who refused to help clean up the shop for fear of doing something for which he was not specially paid, is still a journeyman carpenter in his native village, and is barely able to keep his family supplied with the necessaries of life.

The younger lad lost nothing by his willingness and the interest he took in his employer's business. Mr. Markham noted his disposition and gave him an extra opportunity to master the trade. Soon he was given the superintendence of small contracts, and his absolute reliability caused him in a few years to be made foreman of the little shop. Then came those larger opportunities and increased advantages that so often fall in the way of men who can be trusted. To-day Tom Archer is one of the wealthiest and most reliable contractors and builders of a large Western city.

When will our boys all learn that it pays to be faithful in little things, and to take a personal interest in their employer's business?

It is the boys who do this who climb to the top in every line of business, while the sulkers and growlers, who are always afraid of doing too much, are pretty certain to remain well down toward the bottom of the ladder.—Sel.

A LIE IS A LIE.

Mr. Jones was a man who always told the exact truth, and the same regard for truth which he practised himself he demanded of those whom he employed. When Henry Leitch secured a position in his office every one said it was a splendid chance for the boy. If he suited Mr. Jones, he was sure to work his way up to some responsible position in time. His father cautioned him about his conduct before he began to work.

"Remember," he said, "that Mr. Jones is very particular about truthfulness. He is as particular about it in small matters as in large ones. Keep this always in mind."

Mr. Leitch was anxious to impress the importance of absolute veracity on his son, because he knew that he was inclined to be somewhat lax in this respect.

For a time Henry profited by his father's advice. Then he began to get careless. It was not long before Mr. Jones satisfied himself that Henry's statements could not implicitly be relied on. Then he said to him: "We must part company. I have no use for a boy whose word I cannot have entire confidence in."

"Do you mean to say I have lied to you?" asked Henry, indignantly.

"You may not call it lying," was the reply. "Some people smooth it over with their conscience by calling such things 'white lies.' I don't. I consider a lie a lie, no matter what its degree. I'm sorry we cannot get along together but—we cannot for I cannot trust you."

"So Henry lost his splendid chance."

Remember boys whether you call it black or white, a lie's a lie.—E. E. Rexford, in *N.Y. Observer*.

Published by authority of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

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