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and stayed there all night; but they died. He ought to get a V.C."

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has lived on the reputation of that feat ever since, and when anyone asked him to have a coconut shy, he said, "You go and knock seven off with seven balls and then I will speak to you."

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## Boys and Girls

The Story of Teddy Hallam and how he Won his V.C.

By Robert Milliken, Regina, Sask.

"WHY, Teddy, what is the matter?" asked his mother, as Teddy Hallam came rushing into the house one afternoon just after school. "You look as if something terrible had happened."

"Oh, mother," said Teddy, evidently too much excited to think about his looks, "you remember that beautifully carved puzzle-box that Arthur Williams had sent him as a birthday present from his uncle in China?"

"Yes," said his mother, "I remember you telling me something about it"

"Well, you know he lost it some time ago, or didn't I tell you about that?"

"No, Teddy, you didn't say anything about that; I supposed he still had it."

"No; he lost it quite a long time ago. You see, mother, it was this way. We were all very much interested in that box. We liked to look at it and try our hands at opening it. So Arthur used to carry it around a great deal with him. But one day the box suddenly disappeared, and no one seemed to know just where it had gone. Arthur had been showing it to some of us at the afternoon recess, and had, he thought, dropped it back into his pocket when school was called, thinking no more about it until he got home, and when he went to put it away it was not there."

"Well, but Teddy," said his mother, "what has all this to do with you, and why should you be so excited over it?"

"Just wait a minute, mother," answered the boy, who seemed to get more serious all the time, and who was evidently having a hard time to keep back the tears. "Of course, you can understand that Arthur made a great fuss about his loss, looking everywhere and asking everyone about it, but could get no trace of it anywhere. When he told the principal, in whose room most of us were, he thought it must have dropped somehow out of Arthur's pocket as he was going home, and didn't do anything more than just ask the boys if any of them heard anything about it to see that it was returned to the owner."

"Did you boys yourselves think that Arthur had dropped it in this way?" asked his mother, now deeply interested in her son's story.

"No," said Teddy, "we felt pretty sure that if it had fallen anywhere

around someone would have found it, and something would have come out about it. It was such an uncommon box, and everybody knew whose it was, and no one would have cared to keep it, as they would be sure to be found out in the end."

"Had you any suspicions among yourselves as to who might have taken it?"

"Yes," was the hesitating answer of Teddy. "You know that at the beginning of the term the trustees of our school appointed Mark Fisher to look after the school building during the year. He was to attend to the sweeping and dusting after hours, and in the winter time start fires. They did this because he needed the place so badly. His father was dead, and he had brothers and sisters younger than himself. Besides this, his mother wished to keep him at school a little longer, but could not afford it unless some kind of help was given them, and this was the best way to do it."

"And so," continued Teddy, "as Mark Fisher was next to Arthur in class, and as he was around the building every day after the rest of us had gone, we thought that perhaps he knew something about it. But he denied it so often and crossed his heart that he hadn't seen it that the boys began to think that they had made a mistake, and that he really knew nothing about it."

"But, Teddy," said his mother, now getting very serious and moved to ask the question, not only by his words, but by something she thought she saw in her boy's eyes, "did you know who had the box?"

"Yes, mother," was the quick reply, "I did. I suspected Mark at once, and the very next night I forgot one of the books that I needed for my home-work the next day, and went back for it. There was no one around when I went in, but just as I was turning to come away I happened to look out of the window, and there stood Fisher, and in his hand the very thing that we had been looking for all day. As he was at the back of the building he evidently felt himself perfectly safe. I was in a hurry, so did not stop, but thought, of course, that Arthur would have his box the next morning. You can imagine how surprised I was to hear Mark say, as I came up to the group of boys the next morning, that he knew nothing of the box."

"But why didn't you tell someone about it?" asked his mother, looking at him, it must be confessed, somewhat reproachfully. "You might at least have spoken to me."

"Well, you see, mother," said Teddy, apparently quite unconscious that he had been doing anything very great, "if I had said anything it might have come out somehow, and Mark would not only have lost the place, but very likely would have been put out of the school. I could not bear to think of how his mother would feel. You know how you would feel, mother, if anything like that would happen to me."

"Yes, I know, my boy. I think it would break your mother's heart, and



I am proud of my son that he could be so strong and manly, even if he is only a little past twelve. But has it not come out yet?"

"Yes, it has," sobbed Teddy, no longer able to control the tears, although striving his very best to keep them back. "It all came out to-day, and the boys are blaming me."

"Blaming you," repeated his mother, incredulously. "Surely they would not think that you would do a thing like that?"

"Well, you see, it was like this. We were forgetting all about it, and Arthur had about given up any hope of getting it again until to-day, when the whole thing has been stirred up and is now worse than ever. A number of us boys were playing ball in the school-yard, and, as it was warm, some of us took off our coats and threw them together in a heap on the grass. When the bell rang there was a general scramble for our clothes. Just as one of the boys was picking up his he happened to look at the next one, and there, peeping out of the corner of the pocket, was the long-lost box. In the hurry of throwing down the jacket it had rolled out just enough to show where it was."

"Of course, the boy who saw it called the attention of the others to what he had seen, and together they waited to see whose the coat was. I was a little late, having been at the other end of the playground when the bell rang, and so I came up in a great hurry, never dreaming that anything was wrong, snatched up my jacket and got into the line as quickly as possible."

"I noticed some of the boys looking rather queerly at me, but did not think anything about it until recess. Then the boys began to gather around me and look at me in such a

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