

Sometimes it is as much as twelve feet wide, and as for length they don't stop at that either, for sometimes they are over six hundred feet long. So when they build a dam they mean it to stay.

But these curious little animals will only live in the lonely woods and far, far away from the homes of men. Hunters are always trying to trap them, because their fur brings a large sum of money. A cap or jacket of beaver-skin is much prized. Besides that, it would never do for a farmer to have a lot of little creatures cutting down his trees and driving them into the ground, damming up his little streams of water. So it is that the beaver must die out some day. Some people think that because the beaver is on the flag of Canada, as it used to be on the postage stamps, it is to be seen everywhere here. Yet few Canadians have ever seen a beaver. It is only in the distant woods and in the far Northwest that they are to be seen at all.

DOING THE WORK WELL



THE STORY is told of a man who began life as a carpenter. He was a hard-working, diligent, conscientious worker, and when employed his leisure moments in study, and endeavored to improve his mind.

One day the young man was planing a board that was to become a part of a "judge's bench," when a friend, observing his painstaking, inquired:

"Why do you take so much pains to smooth that board?"

Instantly the young carpenter replied:

"Because I want a smooth seat when I sit on it."

His friend laughed, and thought the joke so good that he reported it in the shop, and the young man was bantered not a little about the "judge's bench."

He always replied good-naturedly:

"Wait and see. He laughs who wins; and I may sit there yet."

The time came when he sat upon that bench as judge, and we may easily believe that he who had been faithful as a carpenter would be upright as a judge.

Another story is told of a man who wanted work, and a man gave him a job of nailing some rough boards on a fence in the back yard, telling him to do it in the cheapest and easiest manner, as he would only pay him a dollar for the job. The man went to work and planed his boards, and fitted them in a workmanlike manner. The employer came along and found fault with him, and told him he did not want the work done so nicely, and would not pay him but a dollar for it anyway.

It made no difference with the workman. He would not take but a dollar for the work, but he would do it right, and so he had his own way about it, finished his fence in good shape, took his dollar and went his way. Long after, the man who employed him was a commissioner having charge of the erection of a large public building. Different persons sought the job, but this man who planed the fence boards for the back yard got the contract, and got it through the influence of that man who tried in vain to get him to slight a job of work on his back-yard fence. He knew that a man who could not be hired to do a shabby piece of work, but would rather do his work well if he worked for nothing, would put up the right kind of a building.

It pays in the long run to be thorough and honest, and to do things rightly. It may seem easy to-day to do a thing in a slipshod way, but such work does not prosper in the end. There are plenty of men who can do mean work, and who are willing to do it and who will do it, unless you watch them all the time; but it is a refreshment and a comfort to sometimes find a man who cannot be hired to do a mean, slipshod job, but will do his work rightly, whatever the pay may be. When you find such a man make a note of the fact, for you may sometime want a man who will work without being watched and who cannot be hired to do a thing wrong.—*A.L.H., in the Little Christian.*

GOLDEN RULE OF ARITHMETIC.

PHIL," whispered little Kenneth Brooks, "I've got a secret to tell you after school."

"Nice?" asked Phil.

"Yes," was the answer, "nice for me."

"Oh," said Phil, and his eyebrows fell. He followed Kenneth around behind the school-house after school to hear the secret.

"My Uncle George," said Kenneth, "has given me a ticket to go and see the man that makes canary birds fire off pistols, and all that. Ever seen him?"

"No," said Phil, hopelessly.

"Well, it's first-rate; my ticket will take me in twice," said Kenneth, cutting a little caper of delight.

"Same thing both times?" asked Phil.

"No, sir-ee; new tricks every time. I say, Phil," Kenneth continued, struck with the other's mournful look, "won't your Uncle George give you one?"

"I ain't got any Uncle George," said Phil.

"That's a fact. How about your mother, Phil?"

"Can't afford it," answered Phil, with his eyes on the ground.



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