

THE BOY WHO WOULDN'T FIGHT.

The little boys in class room No. 4 thought the noon recess would never come; their copper-toed shoes scraped the bare floor, until Miss Edith felt like jumping out of the third story window to get rid of the sound.

But at last the big gong struck twelve, and at the signal twenty-five children tumbled down the steep steps, into the paved court behind the school building. The school was so big and the play-ground so small that the rooms took their recess by turns. It was No. 4's turn at twelve.

And now you will see why they have been so eager to get out: there is a new scholar to-day, and they want to "size him up," as boys say.

"Where are you in arithmetic?" asks one.

"Partial payments," replies the newcomer, promptly.

He has been using his ears in the class room, and he knows his arithmetic will give him rank among these new comrades.

"How many blades has your knife got?"

"Four!" The new boy's head is still up as he produces a beauty of a knife.

"Whew!" whistles round the crowd; this beats partial payments out of sight.

"Let's have a fight," now says the stoutest little rascal of the party, and this is the supreme test in No. 4: a boy who can do partial payments, has a four-bladed knife, and will fight, can take any place he wants among them.

There is a dead silence for an instant: the stranger's face gets red, his eyes flash, but he stuffs his hands in his pockets, and says with an effort, "I don't fight."

Did you ever see a gay-colored little balloon floating in the sunshine above your head, so light, so buoyant, you think it could touch the clouds? But a tiny little rift appears, and the balloon is a piece of shrivelled rubber at your feet. That was just the way with the new boy of No. 4.

when he refused to fight. partial payments went for nothing, a four-bladed didn't count. He was a scorn and a by-word.

A week has passed by, and it is noon recess again. Miss Edith sits at the window, pretending to eat her luncheon, but she has forgotten her sandwich and jelly cake.

"What am I going to do about Charley Graves?" she says to herself. "I can't propose to him to go in training for a prize fight, and yet--"

Suddenly the noise of battle comes up from the paved court: the teacher looks out of the window, but seeing only a confused mass of tossing arms and legs, and hearing only a sound as of Kilkenny cats on the warpath, she rings her bell sharply, and recess comes to a sudden end.

Up comes the panting, sweating, dusty crowd.

"But what is this?" she cries, for the new boy's lip is bleeding, and his forehead is swelling visibly. "I thought you wouldn't fight?"

"I promised my mother," said the hero, proudly: "that I would never fight unless I was obliged to, but when Micky twists little Tom Poaque's arm, and won't stop, I am obliged to!"

Miss Edith bound his head with a wet handkerchief, and stuck his lip up with pink court plaster, and tried to look sorry, but it was easy to see that she was pleased with her new boy's idea of when he was obliged to fight--not when twenty-four boys were looking black at him, but when a boy twice his size was teasing a little one.—*Er.*

The Children's Record.

25c yearly In parcels of 5. or more, 12c.
Subscriptions, at a proportionate rate, may
begin at any time but must not run
beyond December

Please order *direct* from this office, and remit
payment by P. O. order or registered letter.

SAMPLE PARCELS FREE.

EDITOR: REV. E. SCOTT.

Office, Y. M. C. A. Building, Montreal.