

Pictures of Boys I Have Known.

III. BENJAMIN BRIGHT, THE BUSINESS BOY.

A Third Letter from Mr. Silas Henscratch of Pumpkenville, in Which He Tells About a Clever Lad He Met at the Last Fall Fair.

Written for THE CANADIAN BOY.



DEER SUR:—I hev bin so bizy with lookin afur things now that spring iz kome agen i purty near furgot to rite you az i promisud. I ken allways find more echanzes to rite in the wintur season than eny uther time, but i wil keep to my wurd, an now sit down to see what i ken sey.

I hev already tole you about two boys thet i hev knowed. In myy furst writin i deskribed the nice ways uv Johnny Stout, the lad who luvess hisself, an in my next lettur i spoke uv Jimmy Slick, the boy who don't kare. I thot thet sum folkes might konclude i wuz rather hard on boys, bekause i said nothun aboutt eny good boys, so i hev befor me this time to tell you uv a purty good lad az I promisud you last time. I got my spex fixed up sum, so thet it iz more uv a pleashur to do myy writin now than it wuz. We hev had quite an excitin time the last dey ur too at our housse, but i wil try to remembur what that yung feller i met at the fal fair wuz like. I suposz you heerd thet my horses run away az i wuz komin home frum townn dey fore yisturdey, and thet our little gurl got shuk up badly. Thur wuz no bones broke, an we didn't kal in no doktur, an with the guse-oil an linemunt my wife iz rubbin on evry hour i hope she'll bee hursself agen soon. We kuldn't get along with our kattle an chikins vury well without Liz.

Now to speek aboutt good boys ther iz strange ideas az to when a boy iz good. Sum ole-fashuned people thinks a boy iz good az long az he goes to sundey skool an sez hiz vurses right, but i like to see a boy actin right az well az sayin vurses frum the bible right. I heerd the honorable mumber uv parliamt sey at an elekshun meetin out here thet ther wuz once a skamp in toronto who kud make a good recite uv scriptur an yet he wuz alwayz temp-

tin an makin fellers bad. No, it taint what you sey so much its what you does. An then ther ar sum nice folkes who hev the idee thet if a boy wears fine kloth, an keeps hisself out uv the mud an don't pley marbles, klimb trees ur speek to rag-a-mufins, that he iz a good boy. Well i ken sey right off thet such a lad iz too good to bee genuin. This puttin on an apearin to bee sumthin speshl an not speekin to poor boys ain't the thing fer me, an i am glad to tel you that Benjamin Bright haz a diffurnt wey than that.

A Klevur Wurker.

I furst met Benny (that iz what he iz genirally kalled, altho hiz name iz Benjamin, aftur the grate Benjamin Franklen, uv whom you hev heerd so that i need not stop to tel you), i furst met Benny to know him at our last fal fair, altho i had seen him meny times afore when i used to kal at hiz bosses' shop fur axle greas. Benny iz hired at the flour an feed stor where they sel mashinury an bindurs an all sorts uv tools what's needud on a farm. I hev thot sumtimes itz queer how so meny boys ar hired out these days when they ought to bee at skool iernin, but eny how that's where Benny iz at the mashine an feed stor. I hev seen him ther often when i think it over, but i well remembur watchin him at the fal fair how he seemed to know az much about the bizness as the boss hisself, an when the farmurs wantud to know the prices of sum things ur see how the churns an fanin-mills wurked this Benny wuz az smart az a kriket. He kould show the diffurnce between this year's plows an the ole kind, an wuz nevur tired answerin questuns. Sum fellers wurk bekause they hev to, but Benjamin seemed to wurk away kause he liked it. He wuzn't vury old, but he had a good swing to hiz hed. He wuz allways perlite to, an kept hiz mind right on hiz bizness, though ther wuz lots of fakers an horse-trotten an band's playin al aroun him. We allways hev grate shows at the fal fair, fur evry-body takes a pain to exzibet the best, an it iz nevur to much truble to get up a real furst class dissplay, so that we always hev large crouds. I spose you