

# THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 3, 1883.

[No. 21.

## WHAT QUEER THING IS THIS?"

THERE were three little pups, Tip, Nip, and Grip. They had not seen much of the world, and so, one day when a tortoise came in sight, they did not know what to make of it.

Grip barked, and I think, if we could have understood dog-language, we should have heard him say, "Look here, boys, and tell me if you can, what queer thing this is."

Tip and Nip ran out of their kennel, and at first were dumb with wonder. What could it be? It had a head, and it could move along the ground; but where were its legs? and where was its tail? and what did it have on its back?

Tip put out his paw, as if to strike the queer thing, but Nip, who was a coward, kept in a safe place, behind Grip, and said by his faint little bark, "Oh, don't touch it! It may bite, you know." And Tip did not dare to touch it.

Grip looked very fiercely at the strange object, and showed all the teeth that he had; but the strange object did not seem to be a bit afraid. If he had only run away, all three of the pups would have run after it; but it came slowly on, and, as it drew nearer, Tip, Nip, and

Grip were all panic-stricken, and ran back into the kennel.

By-and-by they ventured out again, and Grip put out his paw to touch the head of the 'queer thing,' when, all of a sudden, the head was gone.

This was too much for Grip, Tip, and Nip. They all ran howling into the kennel, and did not come out again till no trace of the "queer thing" could be seen. And yet it was but a tortoise, and could not have hurt them, nor could they have hurt it.

—Uw's Charles.

## A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A poor little news-boy, while attempting to jump from a car the other day, fell beneath it, and was fearfully mangled. As soon as he could speak he called for his mother, and a messenger was sent for her. "Mother," whispered the dying boy, when she came, "I sold four papers, and the money is in my pocket." With the hand of Death upon his brow, the last thought of the suffering child was for the poor, hard-working mother, whose burdens he was striving to lighten.



"WHAT QUEER LITTLE THING IS THIS?"