

# SUNBEAM

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## THE SAILOR'S YARN.

There are few things that old sailors like better than to tell their adventures to an interested audience of young people. And such an audience the ocean salt in our picture seems to have. The boy and girl are eagerly drinking in his story of perils by sea and by land. Indeed, sailors often fear the land more than the sea, and in a storm are said to often express their pity for "them unhappy folks ashore." The boy is in a fair way to become infatuated with the sea. But probably a voyage before the mast would take a great deal of the romance out of it.

## HOW WALTER WAITED.

Eight o'clock was Walter's bedtime, and like many other little boys and girls, he thought it came too soon. Just as he was building a fine large house of blocks, or chasing fire-flies on the lawn, the eight strokes would sound from the big old-fashioned clock in the hall, and mother would carry her little boy off to bed.

"I'll be so glad when I'm fifty years old," Walter used to say. "Then I'm going to stay up all night long." Mother

always smiled when he said this, and told him to wait and see.

One morning mother and father went off on a day's journey, not to return until nine o'clock in the evening, and as an



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unusual treat, Walter was to be allowed to wait up for them. The little boy was overjoyed. All day long he planned games for the extra hour before bedtime. Such houses he would build, and such fun he would have! When eight o'clock struck, he pointed his finger merrily at the big clock, and laughed at it.

"Not to-night!" he cried gleefully.

Soon after, when he had built one fire-house of blocks, he began to feel drowsy, but he wouldn't tell nurse. It looked so comfortable on the big sofa in the library, he thought it would be easier to wait there for father and mother.

So he climbed upon the soft cushions and snuggled down contentedly. Then he laid his curly head back on the cushions. It was so pleasant to wait here; by and by there would be a ring at the door-bell, and then he would rush to open the big door, and mother would kiss him—and father—would—

Walter suddenly stopped thinking, for his eyes closed, and he was fast asleep. After that evening Walter made no more objections to going to bed at eight o'clock.