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LITTLE JAKE, THE ELEVATOR BOY.

That was what he was always called, for although he was the elevator boy in a big dry-goods establishment, he was so small that the ladies would look in and inquire:

"Where is the man that runs the elevator?"

"Then little Jake would pipe out from his corner: 'Here I be.'"

I do not know anything to compare him to, but a ray of sunshine lighting up a dark place. He was of such lowly stature that when he was in his corner there seemed to be nobody there. But gradually the small earnest, cheerful face grew visible and, as you looked, it brightened into such a happy smile that the little man seemed to fill the whole elevator with sunlight.

I wonder if the ladies who used to give him a nod or a word as they went up and down, absorbed in their purchases, will miss him now and speculate as to what has become of the quaint little fellow?

He went home sick one night and said "Good-night" bravely, swallowed a lump in his throat and ran off. The day after his father came in.

"He was petter, mooch petter," his father said.

Then his mother came: they wanted the place kept for the boy.

"Oh, so sick. He is too much sick here," the mother said, laying her hand on her breast.

"Tell him to get well and he shall have his place," said his employer, "To-morrow we shall come and see him."

But on the morrow the father came into the store, and his eyes were red and swollen.

"Mine leetle Jake," he began, and then broke down and said no more.

It went the rounds of the store like wildfire, the news that little Jake was dead, and you would have thought at least that he had been a proprietor.

And he was, in his small way, proprietor of the hearts of the people he served; of their esteem, their good-will—

"We wish we had known that he was so ill. We might have ministered to his wants or perhaps saved him," his employers said with sad regret.

But there's nothing to regret. "It's well with the child." And it is no longer "Gute nacht," with thee, but "Guten morgen," little Jake.



THE PET BIRD.

THE DOG, THE BOY, AND THE BAG.

You have often seen a dog carry a basket or a pail, or even a newspaper folded up. I knew a big dog who would find his master's slippers, picking them out from among a dozen pairs put in a pile to test him. This same dog would find his master's umbrella, and carry it blocks to his office. The other day I heard of a little dog who had been taught to carry things for his mistress. He was a little poodle. One day his mistress was going out shopping, and she put down on a chair a small bag in which was some jewellery. Just then she left the room. Fido came in, concluded there was some work for him to do, and took the bag in his mouth and ran out the front door. He carried the bag blocks, to the house of his mistress' friend, where he left it at the front door. The mistress was frightened when she came back and found the bag had disappeared; she thought a thief had taken it, and notified the police, who began hunting for the thief. A small boy had seen the dog carrying the bag. Whether the dog acted guiltily, or whether the bag seemed too big for such a small dog to carry, I do not know, but the boy followed the dog, and when he left the bag the boy took it and followed the dog back, giving the bag to its owner.

I wish I knew whether Fido ever learned that he had done wrong.

a dividend that will serve him better than money in the land where he is to-day.

They sent, every one of them, beautiful flowers to little Jake's funeral; he was covered with the last offerings of good-will from those he served.