

YOUNG CANADA.

LEARN TO SWIM.

Every healthy boy and girl can learn to swim. Let me tell you how I learned. In learning to swim, there are just two things to acquire. First, confidence in the water; second, proper motion in the water. First, learn to think of the water, not as a monster, ready to devour all that may approach it, but rather look upon it as a willing servant or a playful companion, ready to serve or save, and ready to afford you all manner of delight. Then learn to move the hands and feet in the right way.

Some persons reverse this order, and try to secure the proper motion first. This they do by using corks or life-preservers, or anything that will hold them up while they get the stroke, or catch the exact movement. Thousands have learned in this way. It is not the best; for such have to learn over again when they try to swim without these helps.

A better way, especially for the girls, is to have some friend who will place the hand under the chin of the learner, and gradually remove the help as the person learns to do without it.

If you choose this method—of learning the proper motion first—you need only to remember this single rule: Always thrust out the hands and feet at the same time! In the recovery, when you draw in the feet and hands, do it slowly; then, with a sudden push, stretch yourself out as far as your feet and hands can reach, keeping them close together. Any good swimmer will show you how this is done; but you may not do it perfectly the first time.

I began the other way, gaining confidence first, the proper motion afterward. Most persons are afraid of the water, especially when they sink beneath its surface. Those learning to swim are apt to carry the head and body too far out of the water.

To gain this confidence, then, I first of all accustomed myself to remain under water as long as I could hold my breath. In this way I lost all fear. Afterwards when I was learning the proper motion if I sank up to my mouth, and almost to my eyes, it didn't frighten me.

Having gained this confidence, then I took a very easy and natural method of learning the swimmer's stroke. I began with what we boys call scooping, i.e., standing on a rock, or anything a foot or two below the surface, I stooped down until the water came to the chin, then gave a sudden push, with the hands stretched out before me, and the feet straight behind me, the hands and feet together, of course, thus skimming along the surface.

First I went a little way, until I reached

the hand of my friend, who stood ready to catch me. Then he stepped back a little farther. Then a little farther still. Thus I discovered the buoyancy of the water. Then I took my first stroke while scooping, then another, and gradually another, until I proudly told my companions the next day that I could swim six strokes. Adding a few strokes every day, in a short time I was swimming fearlessly with the veterans. You can all do the same, if you will try.

"Isn't 'Collar Button' rather an odd nickname to give your boy?" asked a gentleman of a friend who had just addressed his son by that title. "Well, I don't know," replied the father, laughingly. "It may sound a little curious; but it suits the boy first-rate." "Why do you think the nick-name 'Collar Button' suits the boy?" "Because," was the reply, "when he slips out in the evening I am never able to find him."



INDIANS AT HOME.

AN INDIAN'S HONESTY.

An old Indian once asked a white man to give him some tobacco for his pipe. The man gave him a loose handful from his pocket. The next day he came back and asked for the white man. "For," said he, "I found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco."

"Why don't you keep it?" asked a bystander.

"I've got a good and a bad man here," said the Indian, pointing to his breast, "and the good man say: 'It is not mine; give it back to the owner.' The bad man say: 'Never mind, you got it, and it is your own, now.' The good man say: 'No, no, you must not keep it.' So I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep; but the good and bad men keep talking all night, and trouble me; and now I bring the money back I feel good."

Like the old Indian we have all a good and bad man within. The bad man is Temptation, the good man is Conscience, and they keep talking for and against many things that we do every day. Who wins?

Gas in London is 65 cents per 1,000 feet.

THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

My friend and I after a weary ramble entered a street car. There was an old lady with white hair, and that peaceful expression of one who has come near to the end of the struggle, and can see the restful plains beyond the gates. Opposite sat a pale young woman with a heavy bundle in her lap, from which peeped the corners of men's underclothing, which doubtless she had finished with a sigh of relief and of thoughts of the bit of hard-earned money which was now rightfully hers. Two young mothers with bright-eyed children came next, and in the corner was "only a boy," a lad of ten or twelve. He was busily engaged in plucking the green leaves from a quantity of blossoms of a sweet-scented shrub, but on our entering the car, he gave his attention to us until I had the fares ready; then with quick courtesy he placed them in the box for me, and acknowledged my thanks with a smile.

Returning to the pleasant task of assorting the fragrant blossoms, he was not oblivious of anything that happened in the car. One of the restless babies dropped the toy which it had been holding, but our young gentleman instantly restored it. Presently he saw the pale girl watching his busy hands, and stepping across the car he laid a handful of flowers in her lap. Tears came into her eyes, and she hastily murmured her thanks, and some broken words about "mother" and "the country," and I doubt not those blossoms brightened many weary hours.

Who can tell the power such a small action may exert? It is the small things of the earth which shall confound the great, and the casting of a sunbeam across the path of another may save some sore heart from despair.

Our young friend then gave each of us a portion of his treasure, stopped the car for the old lady, and he gave her his hand to steady her feeble steps.

We left the car soon after, but I doubt not he finished the trip in the same way. My friend, who was a disbeliever in boys, was warm in this one's praise, but feared he was only one among a thousand of a different kind. But why need this be so? Try such a way for yourselves, boys, and see how good it is.

"I WILL not," said a little boy, stoutly, as I passed along. His tone struck me. "What won't you do?" I stopped and asked him. "That boy wants me to 'make believe' something to my mother, and I won't!" he said, in the same stout tone. The little boy is on the right road. That is just one of the places to say "won't." I hope he will stick to it. "Won't" is not a pretty word for children, but it is the right one when asked to deceive.