

SUNBEAM

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WAITING FOR PAPA.

Alice waited for papa every evening to see him coming from work, and when she saw him coming around the corner she would put on her hat and run to meet him, and she never missed going unless it was raining, and then she would sit at the window to catch first sight of him and run to the door to let him in. What a lovely evening they would have! Papa would play all sorts of games with her till it was time for her to go to bed. No wonder Alice loved her papa, because he loved her.

BURNED OUT.

"Now be quiet, my little ones," said Mother Pigeon, "and I will tell you a story which happened to your father and me not long ago. I cannot think of it even now without shuddering.

"We were sitting quietly here in our home one day, in the top story of this building, when the air became very thick with smoke and almost stifling, it was so hot. Your father and I were much alarmed, when suddenly, from the larger room, of which ours forms a part, the flames came bursting in upon us. We were glad to escape with our lives to the little platform outside. From this we looked down and saw the fire-engine breathing away like some terrible monster. The water soon



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spattered us badly, and we flew farther up the street to watch the flames rapidly destroying our cosy home.

"That day there was a good deal of excitement in pigeon society over a bag of grain with a large hole in it, which was nearly spilled before the owner discovered the accident. At this banquet some of the down-town pigeons told some more

stylish birds of our disaster. Although we business birds were not on calling terms with them, the stylish pigeons put aside all ceremony and came to express their regret to your father and me, perched on a neighboring roof. The weather was very severe, and that night we suffered much from the cold.

"The next day we went at early morn to view the ruins of our home. It was in a dreadful state. The roof had fallen in, and great icicles hung from the walls where the engine had thrown large quantities of water; and the snow was piled high up on our little aughting place, giving it a very doleful appearance. What we were to do we did not know. Fortunately for us, the owner of the building was a very good, kind hearted man. Looking from his office across the way, he was much moved by our distress, and soon had carpenters and masons at work repairing the damage. In a short time we were in our cosy little home again, and have lived here ever since."

Kindness to dumb animals is a creditable expression in any boy. He who is kind to a brute may be relied on, as a rule, for kindness toward his boy or girl companions.