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WHAT IS IT?

The dog and the cat in the picture are eagerly trying to find out what the strange creature their young master holds in his hands really is. If it only gets a nip at them they will soon find out.

The young fisherman holds it very carefully. It is a young lobster, and its pinchers nip real hard. I guess he knows what it is like, he holds this one so gingerly.

KITTY AND "PLEASE."

Kitty had of late got a bad tone to her voice. It was a tone of command very unbecoming a little girl. Instead of saying, "Will you be kind enough to do this or that?" or "Please to do this," or "Will you?" in a gentle tone, she said, "Do this," or "Do that," like a little tyrant. Her mother, as you may well think, was very sorry, and talked with her little girl about this new fault.

One day her shoe came off while she was playing. When it was near dinner-time she called Bridget to put it on.

"Bridget," she said, "I want my shoe on. Put it on quick, for my papa will come soon."

Bridget was doing something else in the house, and did not immediately come to her help.

"Bridget," she called again, "don't you hear me? Come and put my shoe on."

Her mother was in the next room, and overhearing her little daughter, said: "Say 'please,' Kitty, and Bridget will put your shoe on."

Kitty pouted, but did not speak. She took her shoe, sat down on the floor, and



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tried to put it on herself, which was all very well had she not done it angrily, for children ought always to help themselves. Kitty tugged and tugged at her shoe, but her little fat foot having grown fatter since the shoe was bought, it fitted very tight; in fact, Kitty could not get the shoe on.

Soon she heard her papa's step in the hall, and began to cry.

"Bridget will help you, Kitty," said her mother, looking into her room. "Ask her, my child."

But Kitty looked "No, I shan't," though she did not say so in so many words. The dinner-bell rang.

"You stay here, Kitty, until you can ask Bridget properly to put on your shoe," and her mother went downstairs.

Kitty turned very red, and burst out into a hard, angry fit of crying. Then she got up, ran into a little dressing-room, and shut the door. Oh, naughty, foolish Kitty! How much trouble she was making herself, and how grieved her parents were to see no dear little Kitty in her own high chair at the table!—for such a reason, too; that was the worst of it.

By and by her papa came upstairs, and not finding her in her mother's room, went to the little room.

"Where is my Kitty?" he asked, in a sad, sorry tone.

The little girl jumped up from the corner, and going towards him, said: "Oh, papa, 'please' would not come out of my throat; it stayed there; it almost choked me; but it will now."

She took her father's hand, and taking up the shoe, went to find Bridget, and when she found Bridget, she said: "Please, Bridget, put my shoe on a naughty little girl's foot."

Bridget did it very willingly. Then she ran downstairs, and throwing her arms around her mother's neck, said with a tear in her eye: "Mamma, 'please' did stay in my throat so long that it felt big and almost choked me; but, mamma, it's out, and I think it will come quick next time. Please kiss me, mamma. I'm very sorry."