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"CHIP."

BY ETHEL I. BLELS

RUTH had been studying her history lesson over as she sat by the school room stove. Just then there was a tap at the outer door.

"Come in," she said, and then the door opened, and a boy nearly her own age with frowny yellow curls sticking out from his cap and poor shoes on his feet, asked,

"May I get warm? most froze. My name's Chip." And as Ruth explained that it was the 'room where she came to school every day he looked around curiously at its fittings and then at her.

"Kin you read?"
he said, as he turned
his red hands aroun
by the fire. "I can't,
know nothin'; kin fish,
and watch fur boots to
come in, and pick old
ropes over."

to mission school?
It's real nice there to
learn."

"I ain't goin' to chool there, if they are missionaries."

"O Chip! why not?"

"CHIP."

alwars, and you won't want to sit there when you are a man. You know some day you'll be a big ship-carpenter or something like that, and then you'll have money in the bank, and you can't write your name for a check!

"Realin' ain't writin " grumbled Chip, trumphantly.

'How can you write, Chip, if you don't know what to say? Now if you'll come real early I'll teach you a bit every day before the other boys come. My mother taught me when I was a little wee bit of a thing."

"It must ha' been nice to have a mother!" and poor Chip picked at his cap until there was a hole all ready for his yellow curls to stick through, "I guess I had one once, but it was awful long ago. I shet my eyes someumes and try to member how she looked. I guess I wasn't Chip when she lived. Lizi calls me Chip 'cause im round the ship timbers so much, and she says I am too poor to have any other. 'Rutty' is the other

"'Cause they look at a chap so, and they afternoon (I'd rather sit on the dock feller that lives with Liza."

stars when he goes blunderin' over a book, timbers in the sun, any day."

"Is Liza good to you, Chip?" said the like they did when Ratty went in one "Yes, but Chip, the sun don't shine little woman pityingly.