

## YOUNG CANADA.

## WHAT THE CHAIRS THINK.

Three little chairs leant side by side against the nursery bed;  
Three little boys lay snug and warm, each tucked up to his head.  
The chairs were chatting soft and low, as chairs at night will do;  
The children, dreaming side by side, might learn a thing or two  
If slyly they would keep awake and hear the talking through.

One little chair went "creak, creak, creak," and stretched its legs a mile.  
"Oh dear!" it said, "my joints are loose, my back aches so to-night;  
That careless boy perhaps may think I do not feel his blows,  
Nor shrink away from every kick and rudeness he bestows.  
I wonder if all things can feel; perhaps they can, who knows?"

"Well, I've been chipped by Allie's knife until I sure would bleed,  
If any blood were in my veins, and shame his thoughtless deed."  
Thus spoke the second, with a sigh, and creaking sad and low:  
"Why can't the children tender be, and speak and act as though  
They knew all things had hearts and nerves?—they'd be much sweeter so."

A tiny pair of arms were raised, as if to ask attention;  
Their owner said, "There is a thing which I would like to mention,  
For sure I know *one* child at least, who's all we could desire;  
He never scratches, cuts nor kicks, nor roasts me by the fire.  
I wish we could all other boys with his kind deeds inspire.

"He's kind and gentle to all things, dog and cat as well;  
As to the baby sister, dear, the little Claribel,  
All things seem brighter when he's near, and better for the way  
He speaks to them, or deals with them; indeed, I cannot say  
How my arms ache for that dear boy when he is gone all day."

And so, remember, little friends, be gentle, tender, kind;  
And live, each day, in such a way, 'twill leave no scar behind.

## A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

My brother Johnny says he would do for a first-class bumble-bee; he's as hot all over as if he had forty stings. We've been talking through the stove-hole to comfort each other. This hole is in the wall at the side of my bed; so, if I put a chair on the bed, and then climb up and stand on tiptoe, I can see into Johnny's room, and we can have a good talk. We're in trouble; and this is how it happened:—

One day last week, our teacher read us a story about a little girl who had a sick father; and he was going to starve to death 'cause he hadn't any money to buy oranges; and everything had gone wrong inside. Well, the good little girl heard that a dentist wanted some teeth, and would pay well for them. (I don't see why he should pay money for teeth, when he could have his own for nothing.) The little girl had fine teeth, so she went to the dentist and asked him to take some out and pay her the money they were worth, for her poor father. Then the dentist made her tell him all about her father; and he wouldn't take the teeth, but he gave her the money all the same, and went to see her father, and got a doctor for him, so he didn't die.

It was a beautiful story, and made me cry. Johnny said it wasn't anything to cry about; stories like that were for examples, and when we had a chance we must just go and do likewise. Well, this morning, when father was putting on his overcoat, Johnny and I asked

him for a penny. And father, he said we were always wanting pennies, and he wasn't made of money; and then he went out.

Sister Em began to cry, 'cause father said she couldn't have a new dress this Easter. Everything was going wrong, and he didn't know what would become of him, and he was sick of everything.

Johnny and I didn't cry; we only looked at each other.

While we were going to school, Johnny said this was our chance. Now we could do like the good little girl, and be a support to our parents. Dentists always wanted teeth, and we'd go to the dentist right away after school, and have it over.

"And then," says Johnny, "if we've made five dollars for father, perhaps he'll give us our penny, 'cause it'll be such a pleasant surprise to him."

We couldn't hardly wait for school to be out. I got a black mark in arithmetic, 'cause when Miss Stevens asked me "If you had an apple, and if Samuel Smith ate it up, what had you left?" I said, "Your teeth."

After school we walked about till we came to a dentist's, and we went in, and asked him if he wanted some teeth. And he said, "Why? Did we want to lose some?" And we told him, "Yes."

We thought he would sit down and ask us all about it, just as the other dentist did with the good little girl; but he only said:

"Let's look at 'em."

Then he made Johnny climb up in the high chair, and tip his head back; and then he said, "You want those two out that crowd the rest." Then he put an iron thing into Johnny's mouth, and pulled out one tooth, and then he pulled another. And he said Johnny was a brave boy 'cause he didn't holloa.

I asked Johnny if it hurt, and he said, "Not much, and don't you disgrace the family, Kitty White, by howling."

"Now, my little lady," says the dentist, "get into the chair, and I'll be as gentle as I can." So he helped me up, and tipped back my head, and looked.

"Your teeth are crowded just like your brother's," says he; and then he begins to pull.

My, how it hurt! And didn't I make a noise! I thought my head was coming off. But it was over in a minute, and the dentist told Johnny not to laugh at me, 'cause my teeth came harder than his did.

When our teeth were out, we thought the dentist would pay us. He asked us whose little boy and girl we were, and where we lived, and said this was pleasant weather for little folks.

After a while he said: "It's four dollars."

We thought he had four dollars for us, and held out our hands, but he didn't give us anything. Instead of that, he said: "Haven't you got any money?"

Then Johnny explained to him that we thought he would pay us for our teeth so that we could help our poor father.

The dentist began to laugh, and said he didn't pay for teeth; but he would give us a letter that would make it all right.

So he wrote a letter, and sealed it, and told Johnny to be sure to give it to father. He kept laughing all the time he was writing it, and we thought he was the pleasantest man in the world.

When we got home, Johnny said we'd better wait till after dinner to give father his pleasant surprise. And at first I was glad we'd waited; for the roast beef was too brown, and father said: "There never could be a piece of beef done right in this house; and Mrs. White, my dear, if you could only have a carving knife that would cut! I believe your son uses the carving knife for a jack-knife."

We felt so sorry for poor father that we thought we'd give him his surprise then, so he'd feel better. Johnny took out the letter and gave it to him. He sits next to father, and I sit next to Johnny. Father took the letter, and said:

"What's this, sir?"

And Johnny said: "Read it, dear pa, and see."

Then father read it, and wrinkled his forehead all up, and we thought he was going to burst into tears, like the sick man did when the good little girl brought him the oranges. But he didn't burst into tears. He threw the paper across the table, and said:

"What's this, Mrs. White? Have you been running me into debt, after what I told you this morning?"

And mother said: "I'm sure I don't know what you mean, dear." Then she read the letter, and called us naughty children, and "how dare you go and have sound teeth out without my consent?"

And father said that "what we had done was catamount to robbery; going and getting him into debt of our own accord; and you may go to your rooms and think about it till your mother and I come."

We've been in our rooms ever since, and both father and mother said they were under the necessity of—

Well, Johnny says a switch is the worst, but he doesn't know anything about a slipper. Anyhow, it's over for this time.—*Ada Neyl, in St. Nicholas for May.*

## BOYS AND THIMBLES.

No man can, like the writer, live sixty years without often wishing he had learned to use a sewing thimble well in his early boyhood, especially if he has gone about the world much. Buttons will come off, stitches will break, and how handy it is for boys at school—often at home—to be able to whip on a button, stop a starting rent, and do many other little sewings, without calling on a woman, or perchance sending for a tailor. One seldom, if ever, learns to use a thimble, if this part of his education has been neglected in small boyhood. The writer has travelled a good deal, and at a rough guess he has broken threads at least five hundred times, in attempting to work a needle through a button or garment without a thimble. Boys, take our advice, and every one of you learn to use a thimble well before you grow up.