

# HAPPY DAYS

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## ONE TO CARRY.

I've learned to put together  
The figures on my slate;  
The teacher calls it "adding,"  
And I like it first-rate.  
There's one queer thing about it  
Whenever you got ten,  
You have to "carry one,"  
she says  
And then begin again.  
That's what we do with  
pennies:  
When I have ten, you  
see,  
I "carry one" to Jesus,  
Who's done so much for  
me.

## ON THE BRINK OF DANGER.

This young lady, while trying to pluck a flower on the brink of Niagara, fell over the cliff and was killed. So many persons, while trying to pluck the pleasures of sin, fall into peril and are destroyed.

## MARGERY AND PETER.

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

Margery is five, and Peter is one year old. Perhaps I ought to explain that Peter is a snow-white cat. Then you will understand why Peter seems the older. It is easy for him to keep still, and he never frets or complains unless he really has to. Mamma has to go and see Aunt Betty, who was almost ill with headache, and as it was Saturday, Margery had to stay home with Peter and Nora O'Dowd, the cook.

"If I do not return before three o'clock, you may go and see Grandma Dill, and stay just an hour," said mamma, as she was about to start; "and in any event you must be a good girl, dear, and remember Peter's little wants."

"Yes, ma'am," said Margery, and when

mamma disappeared around the corner she hugged Peter, saying, "Just as if you wasn't my ownest cat!"

There were picture-books, and beside Peter there were six dolls to fill Margery's time; but for all that it just snailed to three. At least Margery thought so, and

past the hour his mistress returned, he mewled for joy, and then he rubbed himself against her chubby legs and began to mew softly about something else. But Margery did not mind him, her head was so full of what grandma had told her.

"If you didn't eat birds you might have heard all she read yourself," said she, shaking her finger at him. "But you know a grandma who isn't your really, truly grandma can't be bothered with cats when she has a canary."

"Mew," said Peter, politely.

"I'll take my big picture-book and play reading to you," said Margery, putting the big book on the floor. "I'm going to read you about water."

"Mew," said Peter.

"Now, you stop 'rup-tin'. Water is gas. No, it's two gases. You know we burn a gas every night, and when you turn it on you don't see it till you scratch a match. Well, one of the kinds of gases in water they put in balloons when they want to sail up to the clouds. I saw a girl go up in one at the fair, when we were at Grandpa Burton's, and he said she was a goose. Well, that kind of gas blows up if it catches afire, and come to think of it so does the other. And we breathe the other, and its name is oxy—oxygen. There, I did remember it. Grandma said if I did I would be a smart girl."

"Mee-ew," said Peter, putting a velvet paw on Margery's arm! "Mee-ee-



ON THE BRINK OF DANGER.

when Nora had wrapped her up, she darted over to see Grandma Dill in two minutes. After she was gone, time seemed to snail for Peter. He sprang into the window seat and watched with his big yellow eyes, and when just ten minutes

ee-ew!"

"Poor, dependent kitty!" cried mamma, who had just come in, and pointing to Peter's empty saucer. "What a cat wants is water to drink, not to hear what water is made of."