

HAPPY DAYS

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WHO KILLED WILLIE?

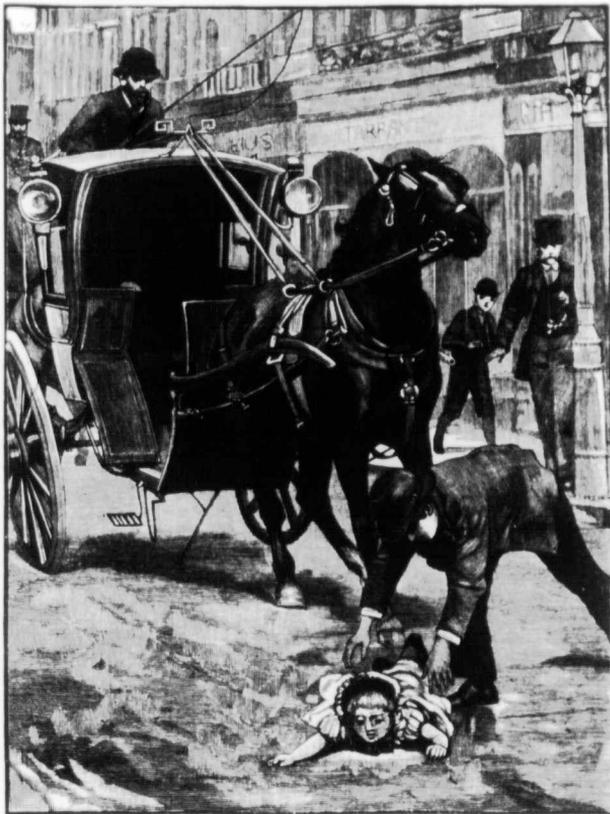
"Please, mamma, what are you thinking about?" said Ernest to his mother one day, when she did not answer one of his questions, but appeared to be lost very deeply in thought.

"I am thinking about who murdered Willie," said his mother.

"Who was he?" and "Who murdered him?" were questions all asked in one breath by Ernest.

"I'll tell you about it, Ernest. There is a green grass mound in the churchyard of a village on the hills, where the stone markers are. The little fellow who now lies in that humble grave was the sweetest little boy in that rude place. He was the son of a poor but decent woman, whom you know very well. She had other children who were all very dear to her, but she had none so lovely as Willie. He was 'the flower of the flock,' she said. Indeed, he was so gentle and affectionate and obedient, that all who knew him loved him.

"One day he was sent to the stone quarry with the dinner of a man who was working there, and he gave him a glass of ale. He might as well have given him a glass of poison. Poor child! His father had killed himself with drink, and yet—can it be believed?—Willie's mother had never told him of the dan-



CHILD RESCUE IN A LONDON STREET.

ger in tasting, and so the poor child tasted that one glass of ale, and it was his last. As he was returning from the quarry he felt the poison running through his limbs, making them tremble at first, and then bow beneath him; so he got on the cart with which he was going back to the village. They were expecting him at home and wondered why he stayed so long. Little did they think they should

never hear Willie's voice again. They went rattling on over the rough road, then jolt, jolt over a large tree, which, as Willie could not steady himself, threw him off, again the broad wheel jolted—crash. It has crushed little Willie! Poor murdered Willie! There he lay, the curls, and the blue eyes, and the dimpled mouth, and the rosy cheeks, were all crushed in the cart rut. There lay one of the many victims of strong drink! Strong drink murdered Willie!"

A BOY'S COMPOSITION.

Compositions, so called, are not written for amusement, but are sometimes very amusing. Here, for example, is what a schoolboy has to say about girls, according to one of our exchanges:

Girls are very stuck up, and dignified in their manner and behave themselves. They think more of dress than anything, and like to play with dolls and

They cry if they see a cow in the far distance, and are afraid of guns. They stay at home all the time, and go to church on Sunday. They are always making fun of boys' hands, and they say, "How dirty!" They can't play marbles. I pity them, poor things. I don't believe they ever killed a cat or anything. They look out every night and say, "Ain't the moon lovely?"