

# HAPPY DAYS

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## SCENES IN A CHILD'S LIFE.

HERE are some little girls who are having a good time with their dolls. All little girls can have a good time if they have a doll, and so can these little girls. One little girl says her doll is too ill to get up all day, and she will have to send for the doctor if she does not soon get better. But I don't think the doll is very ill. I think the little girl is tired of playing and so she puts it into bed till she washes its things. The little girl has a sister who is lame, so she is playing nurse while mamma does up her darling's dresses and pinafores, and when they are done I think the dolly will be well enough to take out for a walk.



SCENES IN A CHILD'S LIFE.

## SUSIE'S FURS.

SUSIE was a sweet-faced little girl, with deep blue eyes and soft golden hair. You had to love her the moment you saw her, for you could not help it. She made you love her. It was a wonder that the child had any flesh left upon her bones, people were so continually hugging and kissing her.

And why do you suppose it was? Not because she was sweet-looking, but because

she had such a lovely, sunny disposition, that she carried sunshine wherever she went. I wonder if your friends can say the same of you?

As winter drew near there was one thing that Susie wished for very much, a set of soft, white furs.

Now, papa and mamma were not over-burdened with this world's goods, and they had other mouths to feed and other little bodies to clothe besides Susie's; so mamma said one day to her little girl: "I wish we could get you a fur tippet and muff Susie, but you will have to be content without them and wrap your warm coat as closely about you as possible." "All right, mamma; my coat that you made me is so nice and warm that Jack Frost cannot touch me; do not think about the furs."

Aunt Jennie, who was visiting mamma at the time, overheard the conversation, and she made up her mind that if Susie could not have "real furs," she could make her something just as nice; so she bought some whiteswan's-down, and with the aid of some bits of black velvet, she soon made a warm collar and muff. These she sent to Susie, telling her that

they would have to do for a Christmas present if it was a little in advance.

No little girl was ever happier in royal ermine than was Susie in her swan's-down.