

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVIII.

TORONTO, MAY 23, 1903.

No. 11.

THEN AND NOW.

What! you want grandfather to tell you the story of his life? Well! that's a large order. But, still, I'll tell you something of the old and new things I've seen.

Now, sit round and listen; and you, young quicksilver Bert, sit in the centre, and see if you can keep your restless energies quiet for a few minutes while I show you these pictures, and tell you the story. Are you all comfortable? No! Well, let Dolly come closer. Mag, cease chattering. There, now, you are a nice party.

Well, when I was a youngster, sixty-five years ago, I well remember the good Princess Victoria being hailed Queen of England. The old king had died in the night, and his ministers hastened to Kensington where the princess was sleeping, and aroused the household. They said they must see Her Majesty the Queen. "But," said the ladies of the household, "the princess is fast asleep." "Ah! but," replied these gentlemen, "the Queen's business is important, and we must see Her Majesty." So the princess was awakened, and hastily putting on a dressing-gown, she came to the room where these gentlemen were waiting her. They said they were sorry to disturb her Majesty's sleep but events had happened which rendered it important that they should at once see

the Queen of England. And so they delicately made known to her that the King was dead and that she was Queen.

For sixty-three years she reigned, a model Queen, a noble woman. Let us look back over those years, and compare what then was and what now is.

steel, and sails to steam. Our fighting ships now have walls of steel twelve or eighteen inches thick, and are armed with monster guns, which cost the country about £20 at each firing, and which will send the destructive bullet to hit and damage at a distance

of five or six miles; while, for closer quarters, from the fighting tops on the masts, a storm of bullets are poured out as the gunners grind the handle. Terribly destructive are these modern ships of war. We are glad they are seldom called upon to show their teeth. May their strength and might long maintain our peace.

Travelling was slow when I was a boy, go where you would. Lands across the sea were only reached by sailing vessels. And if winds were contrary, it was slow indeed. But steam has altered all that; and we don't wait for favorable winds. Powerful engines thrust the steamer against wind and tide, and rapid travelling is now the order of the day. But more than that. Steam has brought with



NOW AND THEN.

Look at the old wooden battleship in our picture. That was the sort, when I was a mite, in my dear old mother's arms, which swept the seas of our foes, and made England mistress of the seas. Good old wooden walls! But now what a difference! Wooden ships have given way to

in our reach the fruits and foods of other lands. These are so quickly carried that scarcely anything the world produces can now be considered perishable. Ice is not now sought for, but made; and in these steamships are ice-chambers, in which these fruits and foods are kept sweet and