

# HAPPY DAYS

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## A BOY TO BE TRUSTED.

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Roger came home from school one afternoon with a basketful of new pine blocks, long and short, square, oblong, and triangular.

"See what Mr. Blake gave me from his new house, mother!" the little boy exclaimed happily. "I'm going to build houses and forts, and, oh, just lots of things! He let me take this basket to bring the blocks in. I'm in a big hurry, mother, for I promised to carry it right back."

"Well, be as quick as you can," said his mother. "The blocks are very nice, and they're just in time. You can amuse yourself and baby with them while I am away. I am going to Miss Stone's to see about my new dress, and I want to go as soon as possible."

Roger emptied the contents of the basket and ran off with it, and in less than ten minutes he was back again, examining his treasure, which interested the baby also. She was a little over a year old, just beginning to walk, and as full of mischief as any baby could be.

"Now, Roger," said his mother, as she put on her gloves, "you must take good care of sister; don't leave her alone for a minute. And keep the fire going. It is so mild you will not need very much, but don't let it go out."

"No; I'll do just what you say about everything," said Roger.

He was already at work on a house, with baby trying to help; but she only

of carpentry, Roger found something else for baby to amuse herself with, and then how he did work trying the blocks this way and that till finally he had such a beautiful castle with a tower! He thought it really wonderful. "There!" he exclaimed, drawing a deep breath of satisfaction, "I didn't expect I could make anything as nice as that! I'll leave it for mother to see. I wish I could keep it for a whole week. Oh, the fire! I forgot!"

He ran to the stove and took off a lid. There were only a few small coals. They would not start one of those big sticks of wood, he knew.

He opened the door into the shed; there wasn't a bit of kindling left. He knew he could find something about the yard, but he had promised not to leave the baby.

What was to be done? He hunted round hastily, but there was nothing to be seen that could be used for kindling except—oh, no! he couldn't think of spoiling his beautiful castle, and burning up any of those precious blocks!

But the fire; he had promised not to let it go out. If he did, he would be disobeying, and breaking his word, too. He hesitated only a minute; then he set his lips tightly, winked fast to keep the tears back, and took down that wonderful tower to get the four slen-



A PENNY FOR THE SWEEPER, SIR!

succeeded in tumbling down what he built.

They played together for awhile, then, anxious to be allowed to finish a piece

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