

Happy Days

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BROTHER AND SISTER.

LITTLE Frank was a good little boy with a sunny face and bright laughing eyes, who loved to help his mamma all he could; so after school, he would play with little May his little baby-sister, instead of going out to play with other little boys while mamma got on with her work. Little May loved her little brother who was so good to her, and mamma called him her little helper while papa called him a little man, which name Frankie liked to be called.

WHAT TOT SAID.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

IT was absurd to call him Tot, but they all did it. He was now thirteen, and not very big. But Tot had brains, plenty if his size was small. The tallest heads of wheat often stoop the lowest. Tot belonged to a temperance society. He had never made a speech in the meetings, though he meant to. One winter's night there were visitors at the gathering, and lo' the young man who was to speak second was too hoarse to utter a word, and, possibly just for fun, the president called on Tot. Tot flushed at first; then he came forward and in a firm voice made his first speech. "Ladies and gentlemen: To-day I sat on a fence watching the fellows slide down-hill, and the way things went reminded me of our temperance work. Some began at the top of the hill and went straight down as even and jolly as could be. They were

strong fellows and know how, and their fathers had got them good sleds. I said, so some men go through life and never get a fall or jog. They never are tempted to be intemperate. They started right, they were born strong, and their fathers helped



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them. I saw other fellows that didn't know how to steer, and they had little cracked sleds and no irons on 'em, and their clothes were thin and they were cold, and their sleds went off the track and upset 'em in the snow, and filled 'em with snow down their necks and legs. I said there are poor drunken fellows always coming to grief

obstructions. They did what they could to make the hooters and road-spoilers behave. Then I said, that is the temperance party; they are doing some good and helping others. And I just hollered out and cheered 'em with all my might." Then Tot sat down, and all the audience cheered him.

their fathers didn't give them a good start, and they didn't know how to keep a straight course. I noticed then that when these poor fellows rolled off and smashed up, some of the other coasters did not care a cent, they just slid on, and never looked nor spoke to those who were down. Says I, that is the great army of 'don't cares' in temperance work. I saw, too, some that laughed and cheered, and thought it funny when one got a fall. I said, that is the Whiskey Ring. Those represent the lot that live and rejoice on other people's falls and tumbles. They've got plenty of cash, they've got good sleds, they don't care. I saw, too, some of the meanest kind of fellows. They went and hid rails and chunks and rocks in the snow, a purpose to throw other ones off, and they crowed to see 'em go over. I said those were the grogsellers, the gin-shop men, the bar-keepers — spoiling other people's way. And I saw some tiptop good fellows, too, and when any one got a fall they stopped their sleds and helped him up, and they helped him brush off the snow and mend his sled, and they looked out for the things hid in the snow and warned the rest, or they removed the

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