

HAPPY DAYS

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OFF FOR A ROW.

It is a fine thing to live near some large pond, river, or lake, and to be able to go out in a boat of your own when you please. Not only is it great enjoyment to sail over the calm blue waters with the sweet, pure air blowing on your face, but if it be a row-boat you own, the exercise of rowing is one of the most beneficial you can take. It strengthens and broadens the chest, and makes the muscles of the arms stronger. Thus in many gymnasiums boys and girls who cannot go out rowing upon the water are made to go through all the motions of rowing in the large gymnasium room. But those who can go out in their little row-boat have the additional benefit of the open air. The young man and young lady seen in our picture are fortunate enough to own this very commodious boat; and they are not selfish, for their little brothers and sisters are to enjoy the day on the water also. The young gentleman and the young lady can both row well, and the little ones have already learned to sit very still in the boat, so that they will not upset it. If you are fortunate enough to have a boat of your own, I hope you are no less unselfish than this young man and his sister, for it is from sharing one's good things with others that the greatest happiness is derived from them.



OFF FOR A ROW.

HIS FIRST MONEY.

By C. H. Dorris.

Billy Barlow went home with "a bee in his bonnet"—a kindly bee which kept saying to him: "Billy, boy, you ought to start out gathering honey after such a sermon as you heard

Doctor Gordon's words had fallen into at least one pair of hearing ears and his thought into one honest little heart: for the very next day, after school, Billy rang the bell of their nearest neighbor's house. The lady of the house, who had seen Billy coming up the steps, opened the door herself.

"Why, how do you do, Billy?" she said.

"I am pretty well, thank you," answered Billy. "And, please, Mrs. Jeffers," he continued eagerly, "have you any work for me to do?"

"Work? For you?" questioned the astonished Mrs. Jeffers. "Has your father failed?"

"Why, no, Mrs. Jeffers!"

"Then why do you want to earn money? Do not your people give you all you ought to have?"

"Yes, Mrs. Jeffers. But—but—"

"But what, Billy? Come in and tell me. Pardon me for not inviting you in before."

"Yesterday," faltered Billy, with red cheeks and downcast eyes, "Doctor Gordon

talked missionary to us. And—I want to earn some money for that cause. I've got money, but it's none that I earned."

"Oh, I see!" replied Mrs. Jeffers. "I see. And you are doing just right. Come out in the kitchen, and we will see what Bridget has to offer. Bridget," she asked, when they had entered the