

HAPPY DAYS

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A NURSERY ECHO.

"Mother," said Georgie, "we had a nice time yesterday afternoon at Uncle John's. Do you know there is an echo behind the barn? I wish we had one here."

"Well, so we have," said his mother. "This house is full of echoes."

"Is it?" said George. "Where must I stand to make my voice come back to me?"

"Anywhere you choose, but I think the nursery is the best place."

Off ran George, delighted, but as he entered the room he saw that Baby Ned had possession of his new kite, and was proceeding to fly it.

"Put that kite down," he cried angrily; "you will break it to pieces, you bad boy!"

"Bad boy, bad boy," shouted the baby, and mother entered the nursery just in time to prevent a serious difficulty.

"I think you found your echo sooner than you expected," she said soberly, when peace was restored, and Georgie hung his head.

"Oh, is that what you mean, mother?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied that is what I mean. Just as the echo behind the barn sent back the very tones of your voice, so your little brother and sister reflect back your tones and manner. I think if you will remember this, it will make you very careful how you speak."

Later in the day, Georgie was playing stage coach with the little children, and

with his shouting and his trumpet setting the nurse almost crazy. "I wish," she cried out angrily, "that you would go downstairs, you are such a noisy, horrid boy."

that time," and as mother came in just then they had a little talk about echoes, and both Georgie and the nurse determined to try to make some pleasant ones before the day was over.

When Baby Ned's supper came upstairs he was cross, and would not drink his milk, and said that his bread was "sour."

"Georgie," said mother, "now is your chance," and Georgie ran into the room, and was so funny and bright with the baby that in a few moments he was in high good humour, and as mother listened she could not tell which was the laugh and which the echo.

AN UNHAPPY DOLL.

I wonder if there ever was a doll so badly cared for as I. Let me tell you about just one day, and then tell me what you think.

The very first thing this morning Flossy lost me out of the window. She was teaching me to dance on the window sill; but she danced me over the edge, so down I fell into a rosebush. There I should have stayed if Bridget had not found me. After that, Flossy left me lying in all sorts of queer places, once in the cookie jar, once behind the flour barrel, and twice down in the cellar.

"You are a horrid old thing yourself," he shouted back, and then suddenly he began to laugh.

"Why," he said, "I was an echo myself

But now I am afraid they will not find me at all. She has dropped me behind the sofa, and here I have been lying for two hours.



FLORRIE AND HER DOLL.