

Happy Days

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A TRUE DOG STORY.

LAST year a clergyman of Norfolk, in England, missed his pet dog, and there was much grief in the family, for Rough, the lost collie, was a favourite with the grown folks as well as with the children. Some nine months later the clergyman happening to go to "Cattle hill," where the drovers were, saw Rough, and joyously laid claim on him. But Rough's new master, a drover, refused to give the dog up, and there was a dispute. Of course the drovers were in sympathy with their fellow, and the clergyman found odds against him. The drover said that he had owned Rough for years, the minister held to it that Rough was the very Rough he had raised. Two policemen came running up, and the case was stated. "But how can you prove your ownership?" asked one of the officers. That put the minister in mind of something. He thrust his hand into a pocket, pulled out a penny, and gave it to the dog with the command, "Rough, fetch a loaf."

Rough, with the penny in his mouth, went to the nearest bakery, made it clear that he wanted some bread, and soon came trotting back to the crowd. The clergyman broke off a morsel, gave it to Rough, and stood by while Rough munched it. Suddenly the clergyman exclaimed, "Rough, I believe that bread is poisoned."



GOOD MORNING.

Out the dog spat the piece of bread, and the crowd cried "Bravo." There was no longer doubt as to the true ownership, and, to the shame of the drover, the dog trotted off at the minister's heels.—S. S. Visitor.

A WHITE lie often makes a black story.

A MOMENT OF INTEREST.

FARMER HAYNES found that mice were eating his grain, so he set a trap for them. One morning the children came to the barn, and the trap was sprung, and Mr Mouse was caged in it. "Where's Puss? Quick! let us get Puss," cried Nell. And off she ran for the cat. She has just come back, and already Puss sees his dinner.

Gertie says "Poor little Mousie! Don't let's kill him. Don't let Kittie have him to eat." "Well, if Kittie don't eat him, he'll eat Barnie's dinner, and I don't see that we can do without Barnie," said George. "That's so," said Belle. "And I heard papa say once it was the little mice-holes that kept people poor. I wonder if they do really eat so very much?" "I think they eat and waste a great deal, but that was not what papa meant. He meant that people were kept poor because of little wastes, and little faults and little neglects. I am going to try to kill all the little mice in my character," said

George. "Well, we'll begin by letting Puss catch this mouse that has been eating Barnie's dinner," said Nell, as Puss jumped out of her arms.

Ask mamma or papa what Georgie meant by killing the mice in his character. They will, I know, very cheerfully tell you, and thus teach you useful lessons.