

readers of HAPPY DAYS have learned of the better way. If the love of Jesus is in your heart, you will always be kind to everybody, and will love and protect dumb animals as well.

Hundreds of years ago there lived a little boy who used to amuse himself by catching flies and penning them up. He became a cruel man, and caused the death of many innocent people.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 2, 1905.

ONE OLD WOMAN'S WORK.

The story is told of how, some years ago, in a foreign city, horses were continually slipping on the smooth and icy pavement of a steep hill, up which loaded waggons and carts were constantly moving. Yet no one seemed to think of any better remedy than to beat and curse the animals, who tugged and pulled and slipped on the hard stones.

No one thought of a better way, except a poor old woman who lived at the foot of the hill. It hurt her so to see the horses slip and fall on the slippery pavements that every morning, old and feeble as she was, with trembling steps, she climbed the hill and emptied her ash-pan, and such ashes as she could collect from her neighbors, on the smoothest spots.

At first the teamsters paid her very little attention; but after a little they began to look for her, to appreciate her kindness, and to be ashamed of their own cruelty.

The town officials heard of the old lady's work, and they were ashamed, too, and set to work levelling the hill and repairing the pavement. All this made the teamsters so grateful that they went among their employers and others with a sub-

scription paper, and raised a fund which brought the old lady a comfortable annuity for life.

So one poor old woman and her ash-pan not only kept the poor, overworked horses from falling, but made every animal in the city more comfortable, improved and beautified the city itself, and excited an epoch of good feeling and kindness, the end of which no one can tell.

THE SQUIRREL'S FRIEND.

One day, not long ago, I was walking in Central Park, and as I came down a certain path I saw several squirrels playing on the grass. Another was quite by himself, lying at full length on one of the highest branches of a tall oak tree; and from what happened soon after, I think he was expecting a friend.

Presently I saw a gentleman come down the path, stop at the foot of the tree, look up, and call:

"Come! Come! Here I am!"

The squirrel seemed to have been waiting for this voice, for at the first sound he ran quickly down the tree to the lowest branch, gave one flying leap, and landed on the gentleman's shoulder.

"Will you have your dinner now?" he asked.

The squirrel answered in his own language, which I do not understand. I suppose he said, "Yes, I thank you," for the gentleman put his hand into his pocket and drew out a nut, from which he took the shell. Then, turning his head toward the squirrel, he fed him the kernel, the gentleman holding it between his lips.

MARGARET'S DAISIES.

"Only daisies!"

"Such common things!"

"If I couldn't take garden flowers, I wouldn't take any!"

"My mother is going to let me send a whole basket of roses."

"Will she give you buds? You know they asked that all the roses should be buds."

"Oh, no, she wouldn't cut her buds! She says if she gives her full-blown roses, that's enough."

Poor little Margaret did not hear the last that was said, for it took all her efforts to keep her from crying before the big girls. All the brightness had gone out of the little face that had been so happy when she brought in the flowers. She had gathered them herself, trotting all over the field on her little bare feet, and she had been so proud to be big enough to send flowers herself for the W. C. T. U. to carry to the Soldiers' Home.

"I didn't send them," she sobbed when she got home. "Susie said they're common things."

Mother put the despised daisies in water and said nothing till noon of the

next day. "Now, Babykins," she asked, when she and Margaret were ready to drive into town. "did you pick your flowers for the soldiers or for the girls to see?"

"For the soldiers, mother."

"Then I think we'd better take them. I am sure soldiers like daisies, if they are only common things."

So they drove into town with the great bunch of daisies between them; but Margaret wasn't happy. Susie's thoughtless words had spoiled all the pleasure of the trip for her.

At the church they were not happy, either; indeed, they were almost in despair. The tables were full of drifted and piled-up rose petals, and the bouquets that had been so lovely when they were made the day before were a sorry sight. Every one had been like Susie's mother, and wouldn't pick the buds. A great rain had come up in the night and ruined all that were left on the bushes, and the dampness and heat had made all the roses in the bouquets drop their petals.

"I could cry," declared the president of the W. C. T. U. "There aren't enough good bouquets enough left even for the hospital, and all the soldiers will be expecting them. What can we do?"

Just then Margaret and her mother came into the door. "Oh, oh, oh!" cried all the ladies, in delight, when they saw the daisies, and the worried president clapped her hands like a child. In a twinkling every one of those bouquets had daisies where the roses had been, and were carried away to the waiting soldiers, to keep fresh more than a week.

"You see, little girl, common things are better than elegant things, sometimes," said mother to happy Margaret, as they drove home.

VALUABLE MAIL PROTECTORS.

The United States Government is sometimes served for years by valuable servants who are not even boarded at the expense of the Government. These servants are cats. Rats are one of the persistent dangers that threaten the United States mail. They destroy the bags and the mail matter.

The post-office building in New York city, says The Outlook, is a large building, and now many years old. It is said that there are sixty cats in the building, cared for by the clerks. Some of the cats have never lived anywhere else; others have come in from the neighborhood. The cats who have known only this home are very shy of strangers, and will come only to the clerks in the building. So you see that the Government is served without pay by these faithful servants, who prevent the destruction by rats of valuable property, and all that is given them is shelter.

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