

teacher's counsel. There seemed no clue by which to find him, and as the days went by Ruth began to think that he had fallen off the dock. She missed her bright-eyed scholar and his funny stories, but a week passed without a sign of his appearance.

The next Sunday afternoon Ruth's father went to the hospital to see a fellow-workman who had been injured. After his return he was speaking of the varied painful sights of wounded and injured men, and pretty soon Ruth laid down her book, for she heard the name of "Chip."

"Queer name, wasn't it, Betsy?" he was saying to his wife—"that's all the name anybody knows."

"What happened to Chip, father?" and in a moment Ruth stood beside him.

"What do you know about Chip, daughter?" said her father. "He was only a poor little loafer from the docks who got cut on the head by a piece of timber; they were bringing him into a larger room as I passed out."

"O father, why! he is my scholar!" And then she told of her effort to help the poor lad. "And I must go and see him, and you'll take me, won't you?"

"Why, Ruth, he won't know you; his talkin's all kinds of gibberish now. You can go with your teacher to-morrow and see your scholar."

The next day Ruth lost no time in finding Miss Stewart and inducing her to walk to the hospital with her.

Through the long lane of beds in the children's ward, they came at last to one where no name, only a number, was on a ticket at the foot of the bed, but the nurses had in some way found out from his ramblings and disjointed talk his queer name, and knew at once where to direct their steps.

Poor little Chip. The face that used to be so rosy was pinched and pale, the hands that had never been thoroughly clean before were white and idle now, and the yellow curls had been cut off and the eyes were closed.

The quick tears came to Ruth's eyes as she looked at the bandage across the forehead, and she said very softly, "Chip."

He did not open his eyes, but smiled a poor ghastly smile, and presently began to mutter, as he had done the day before.

"Don't tell Liza. She'll beat me. I don't see what Liza's fur, only to beat me."

The next day Ruth took a big orange in her hand, and when she came up the child just opened his eyes a moment and closed them wearily. Miss Stewart had a lovely voice, and she sang "Shining Shore" very softly. Then Chip opened his eyes in earnest, and saw Ruth as if she had been a vision.

"You 'membered me, after all, didn't you?" and he held up the poor weak hand to Ruth's plump little brown one. "Who's that?" and he pointed to Miss Stewart, who had drawn back a little.

"Why, she's the nice teacher in the mission-school, and when you get well you are going to be in her father's store, and you're to be in her class, and have a jacket and a new hat. Now all you've got to do is to get well as fast as you can."

And that was the way the merchant now going down to his big store began to learn to read. A kind-hearted little girl was willing to take a few minutes every day, before her own school began, to help him on his way. No patient inquiry could ever discover his real name, or find a friend, so he called himself "Mr. Wood," in memory of the little "Chip."

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 27, 1902.

### A GREAT DESTROYER.

If a lion or a tiger should break out of its den and escape from a menagerie in your town, and should go prowling around tearing and wounding some people and killing others; if it had devoured some of the children and torn to pieces some of the men and women, what do you think some of the people would do? Would they sit with their hands folded and allow their little ones to wander through the streets where they knew the tiger to be lurking, or would every man turn out and hunt the tiger until they destroyed him? I think they would do the latter.

Now, there is to-day in every village, town, and city, a more relentless destroyer than tiger or lion. He has destroyed men, women and children in every city and country village; and yet many a father and mother sit, as you see them sitting in the picture, quite unconcerned while their children are in danger. The name of this destroyer is strong drink.

### HOW RUM COOKS THE BRAIN.

See this Boy. What has he got? It is an Egg. Will the Boy eat the egg? I guess he will, for is he not a Boy? Did



some one cook the Egg for him? Yes, his good, kind Ma did. How did she cook it? She put it to boil a short time in a dish on the Stove. An egg is soft when it is raw, and has what we call a Yolk and a White. This White is clear stuff, but when you cook the Egg, it gets quite firm and does not look at all the same. Now, the white part of the Egg is just the same as your

Brain, and the fire that is in Strong Drink will cook your Brain to the same state as heat cooks an Egg. If you wish to prove this, just break an Egg in a glass of Rum, or Rye, or Gin, and you will see how soon it gets hard. My Child, see to it that you keep your Brain as God made it. Be a raw Youth as to your Brain, for it will hatch out no right thought if you cook it, just as you could not have a live Chick out of an Egg that had been



set to boil. Shut your Lips tight and keep out Strong Drink, if you would be safe.

### BAD APPLES AND BAD HABITS.

"If I put one rotten apple in a box of healthy apples, what will happen?"

"O, well, when we open the box to have a look at them, we will find what we put in: one bad apple, and all the others quite good."

"No, you won't. Say you have thirty apples, twenty-nine good and one bad; shut them up together for five weeks, and then open the box. What have you got? Thirty rotten apples, most likely. The one has touched the others, and made them like itself. And so the bad habits of a life will spread and spread, unless we check them, until they spoil the whole."—*Little Folks.*