

HAPPY DAYS

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CHERRIES RIPE.

Who will buy my cherries, ripe, with their coats of red? That is what this bright-faced, sunny-eyed little girl is singing as she shows the fruit she has for sale. She has been staying with grandmamma in the country a month, and she likes nothing so well as to keep store and sell her cherries. Grandmamma loves her little darling, so she lets her have her cherries from the tree, and makes pies out of them while the little girl goes off to get sweetmeats with her money. I think this little girl will be sorry when the lovely summer is over and she returns to her home in the city, because they do not have lovely cherry trees in the city; but she is not a selfish little girl, and will not grumble, but will go home willingly to be a good little girl the next summer, when she may visit grandmamma again and sing her little song, "Who will buy my cherries ripe, with their coats so red?"

PAN-CHINESE FAMILY.

The Japanese are a pleasant and hospitable people. The first thing they do is to make you feel at home. They are kind, too, in their ways. The children in

China have nothing like the hard time the children in China have. Indeed, the majority of them have a bright, happy home. What a queer picture the inside of a Chinese home often presents!

There is what a missionary who travelled a good deal in Japan had to say of one he visited: "The children are very happy at the ways of their visitor, and he brought him a knife and fork, which he brought with him, with as much interest as we should watch a Chinaman eat chopsticks. They were very happy



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indeed when he gave them some of his bread to taste, as they had never seen bread before. But there were curious things, too, for an English missionary to see. A handsome white horse lived in the house, and was quite at home there. Cocks and hens strutted about, crowing and cackling. There were hutches full of rabbits, whilst every now and then the smoke from the fire filled the room, for there was no chimney. Yet this was not the house of a poor man; in fact there were signs of his being well off. Some handsomely painted

screens formed the door into the sitting-room. There the most curious thing was a saddle mounted on a sort of dog-kennel to keep it from harm."

Japanese pillows are of wool, and are used to support the neck so that the hair need not be disarranged at night. Some of these pillows have a drawer to hold hairpins and other articles in.

Burning incense is a custom of the Japanese. They say they burn it to please the gods, because the gods like the smell. The incense is made from an evergreen tree, and making it is quite an industry in Japan. The burning incense has quite an agreeable odor.

PUSSY'S DISOBE- DIENT CHILD.

It is not only boys and girls that have to mind; there are animals, too, that have to obey their fathers and mothers. The following little story, given in *Animal Life*, tells of a kitten who gave her mother much trouble:

I called the kitten, says the writer, who sprang from her basket where she had been lying with her mother, and followed me into the next room. The cat followed, growling warningly, and taking her up by the neck, recalled her in the basket. Again I called her, and again she came at my call. This time the mother, growling still more threateningly, followed us again; but this time she seized the kitten by the tail instead of by the neck, evidently as a punishment, and pulled her along, the kitten mewling helplessly. For a third time I called, and once more she came to me; but this time the mother was silent. She came, took up the kitten, dragged her off, and then began to bite her again and again in order to secure obedience.