

HAPPY DAYS

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PRETTY COCKY.

UNCLE EDWARD had been away for a long time. He had been ship's surgeon on a long coasting voyage all around South America and back. And now he had come home, and brought all sorts of mysterious-looking packages with him.

Mildred was very curious to know what he had for her, for he always brought her some present when he came to visit papa and mamma.

Uncle Edward and mamma disappeared soon after he arrived, carrying some of the big packages.

By-and-bye mamma came down, and said to Mildred, "Go to your room and brush your hair, Mildred, before supper."

Mildred obeyed rather reluctantly, for she thought Uncle Edward might come down before she could get back, and she was in such a hurry to know what he had brought her.

As she opened the door to her room, a voice from behind the table called out: "How-de-do? Pretty well, thank you. Ha, ha! Hope you're well. Mildred, O Mildred!"

Mildred looked all around, but saw no one. Again the voice came: "Pretty Cocky. Let me out! O dear me! Mildred, Mildred!"

Mildred, dreadfully frightened, turned and ran downstairs.

"O mother! there's a man hidden in my room, saying such strange things! It must be a drunken tramp."



Our New Year's Wish.

To all our readers of the HAPPY DAYS, to the young and old, the children and young men and young boys and maidens, the fathers and mothers, the uncles, and aunts, and cousins, to the scholars in the Sunday-schools and in the week day schools, to the busy toilers struggling in the race of life, to the strong and the weak, the courageous and the disheartened, the glad and joyous, the buoyant and the weary and heavy laden, the editor wishes a happy, thrice happy, NEW YEAR.

Uncle Edward appeared behind her, laughing heartily. "Come along, little girl, and I will promise you that the drunken tramp shall not hurt you," he said, leading the way to her room.

He reached down behind the table, and brought up—not a drunken tramp, but a beautiful cockatoo. "Here he is. Pretty Cocky, at your service. Give him a kind welcome for Uncle Edward's sake, who has spent many months in teaching him the name of his little mistress."

Mildred did give Pretty Cocky a welcome warm enough to satisfy both uncle and bird. And she thought him the most interesting "tramp" she had ever seen.

Slow to condemn—quick to excuse.

NAUGHTY BABY.

AUNT HELEN was visiting her sister. Of course, she took baby Emma Louise with her, and the little girl proved a great pet with her cousins.

One day, Aunt Helen and her sister were sitting in the nursery sewing, and baby Emma Louise was playing about quietly. Her mamma was very proud of her only little one, and said to her sister, "Now, isn't baby good? I'm sure none of your children were ever better than she is."

But the mother of four children is wiser in baby ways than the mother of only one: so she smiled to herself and said, "I've usually noticed that when babies are very good they are sure to be in mis-

chief. I'd better see what she is about and bring her to you."

What a sight the child was! She had gotten her Cousin Margaret's paints, and eaten almost every one. Those she had not eaten were smeared all over her face, hair, hands, dress, and white apron.

"A good baby! O you naughty, naughty baby!" exclaimed her mamma, between peals of laughter.

But the mamma of four children ran for medicine for baby, because paints are not made for babies to eat.

KATIE, four years old, asks a favour of her father. He says: "By-and-bye." She waits a while and she says: "Papa, can't I have t on the front side of by-and-bye."