

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVI

TORONTO, JULY 6, 1901.

No. 14

SOME BIG MISTAKES.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

Willie Brown came rushing into the Danbury school-house after the noon recess one cold winter day, with his cheeks red as roses and his eyes snapping and sparkling in a very alarming manner.

"Hallo, Will! what's up? You look sort o' dangerous," said John Hadley, who had been hovering over the school-room stove through the entire noon recess. "Where have you been this cold day, and what have you seen?"

"Been doing missionary work," said Willie, "and I've seen some—not wise men."

"Fools, you mean," said John. "They're plenty enough round here. But missionary work? A fellow must go to China to do that."

"No, sir; there's plenty of work everywhere. Look here," and Willie pulled a pledge-roll out of his pocket.

"See," he continued, "We've got Jimmy Mathers' father down; wrote it his own self; and he'll keep it, too. Poor Jim won't have to come to school any more with ragged clothes and no books."

"Well done, Willie," said Miss Hammond, the teacher. "That is grand work, turning men from the wrong to the right—grand work for boy or man."

"But, teacher," said Willie, bashfully—for he had not been aware of the teacher's presence before—"I don't deserve much credit, for I got pretty mad twenty minutes after Mr. Mathers signed the pledge, though I shut my lips tight and didn't

answer back, when he called me a precious little fool."

"Who did that—Mathers?" said John.

"Oh, no! Squire Green," said Willie.

"I asked him to sign the pledge, too. Mr. Mathers works for him. But he said no; he needed to take a little whisky to keep

Hammond. "People are more ignorant of the dangers they risk by taking strong drink into the stomach than of anything else. They do not know that alcohol is a deadly poison, and take it for medicine in all kinds of diseases. Mothers give it to their poor, helpless babes to make them

sleep. The poor things are really drunk.

There is more disease and more deaths caused by this deceitful medicine than from all other causes combined, and many a mother who gives liquor to her baby is preparing the way to the drunkard's grave for the poor little innocent."

"Oh!" said Willie, with a shudder. "But when the children have grown up who know about alcohol and hygiene, they won't make such big mistakes, will they, teacher?"

"It is to be devoutly hoped that they will not," said Miss Hammond. "If people can be kept from forming the habit there is hope for them."

"My advice would be," said John Hadley, "to keep out of the fire. That is easier than trying to heal the burn."

A POPULAR BOY.

What makes a boy popular? Manliness.

The boy who respects his mother has leadership in him. The boy who is careful of his sister is a knight. The boy who will never violate his word, and will pledge his honour to his own hurt and change not, will have the confidence of his fellows. The boy who defends the weak will one day be a hero among the strong.—Selected.



BLACKBERRYING.—(See last page.)

the cold out. And I told him that whisky would make men freeze all the quicker, and then he got mad and called me names, and that very man said last summer, in haying, that he needed whisky on account of the heat. He must be a queer man, don't you think so?"

"There are many such," said Miss