

# HAPPY DAYS

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## A PERILOUS RIDE.

Little kittens are always born blind, and it is usually some little time before they can see at all or get used to heights and distances. Though they soon grow into big cats that have no fear of running up a tree stem, or of walking along the edge of the house-tops, they are very timid at first as to where they go. Look at this little pussy on her mistress's shoulder, and how all her little claws are out, in case the support underneath her feet should move too quickly, and she should lose her balance. There is quite a terrified look in those bright little eyes which before many weeks will be used to fascinate the poor little birdies. We wish pussy a good journey and hope she will enjoy it as much as her companion.

## MASON THE GREAT.

"Come 'long now," cried little Frank Seldon, getting astride of his hobby-horse and waving mamma's shawl, tied to an old broomstick, for a flag—"Come 'long; I'm going to be 'Zander the Great, and you must all be my soldiers."

Frank's older brother, Harry, and his two little sisters, gathered up their drums and horns and soldier caps, and got ready to follow "Alexander the Great" to war. "Come 'long, Mason," shouted the little general, "We'll leave you if you don't look out."

Mason and Celia Semmes had come over from the little cottage across the road into their neighbour's big paved back-yard to join in the play. "Cele," said Mason, "you can just leave Dorothy and Celeste



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in their carriage; babies can't go to be soldiers."

"Cele can't come neither," said the little general stoutly, "'cause Cele limps and can't march fast."

Celia's dark eye filled with tears, and she went off to the stone seat beneath the window. She was a stout, strong little maid, but one leg was a trifle shorter than the other; and this made her limp as she walked.

Mason's cheeks were red and his eyes

shone bright. "Never mind, Cele," he said, putting his arm around her. "I ain't going to play soldiers. Soldiers are mean and things they only hurt people."

"I could play a wounded soldier," said Celia with a trembling lip, she dearly loved to play with the others.

"All right," cried Mason, "and I'll play the doctor that stays to take care of you."

"Three cheers for Mason the Great," said a voice from the window. It was mamma's. "To give up our pleasure for others is better than to trample on kings. He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city. Three cheers for Mason the Great!"

## WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

Once a man who had been known as a great fault-finder, was observed to become cheerful and contented. When asked the reason, he said: "I used to live at Grumble Corner, but now I've moved to Thanksgiving Street. I find the air purer, the sunshine brighter, and the people better neighbours." Now, little people, if any of you live near "Grumble Corner," move to "Thanksgiving Street."

A little child, becoming weary with the quarrelling of two younger children over a glass of milk, exclaimed: "What's the use of quarrelling over that milk? There is a whole cowful out in the barn!"