

# HAPPY DAYS

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## "CHIP."

BY ETHEL L. BEERS.

Ruth had been studying her history lesson over as she sat by the school-room stove. Just then there was a tap at the outer door.

"Come in," she said, and then the door opened, and a boy nearly her own age with brownish yellow curls sticking out from his cap and poor shoes on his feet, asked:

"May I get warm? 'most froze. My name's Chip." And as Ruth explained that it was the room where she came to school every day he looked around curiously at its fittings and then at her.

"Kin you read?" he said, as he turned his red hands around by the fire. "I can't, know nothin'."

"Why don't you go to mission school? It's real nice there to learn."

"I ain't goin' to school there, if they are missionaries."

"O Chip! why not?"

"'Cause they look at a chap so, and they stare when he goes blunderin' over a book, like they did when Ratty went in one afternoon. I'd rather sit on the dock timbers in the sun, any day."

"Yes, but, Chip, you know some day you'll be a big ship-carpenter or something like that, and then you'll have money in the bank, and you can't write your name for a cheque."

"Readin' ain't writin'!" grumbled Chip. "How can you write, Chip, if you don't know what to say? Now, if you come real early I'll teach you a bit every day

mother!" and poor Chip picked at his cap until there was a hole all ready for his yellow curls to stick through. "I guess I had one once, but it was awful long ago.

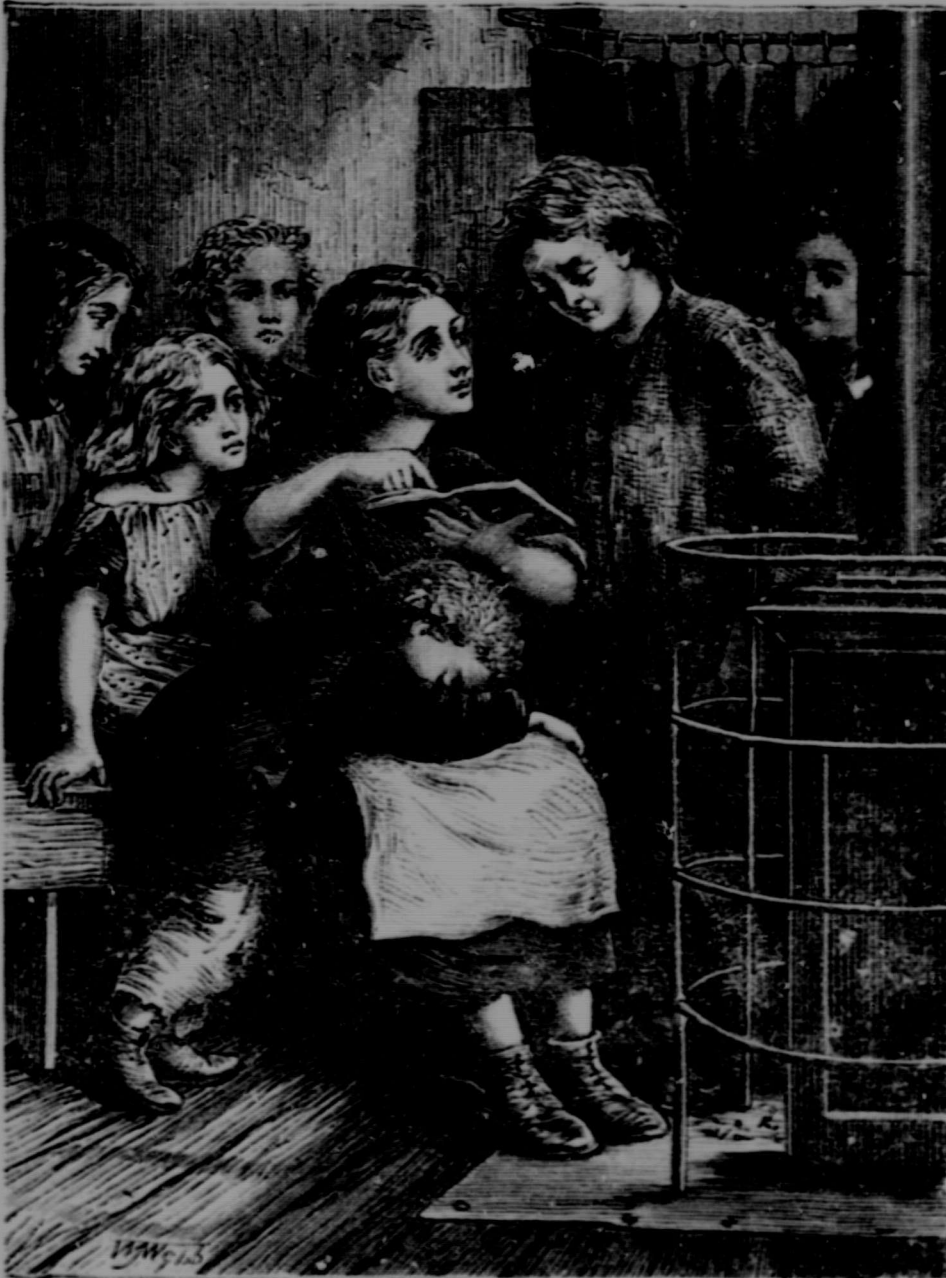
I shet my eyes sometimes and try to 'member how she looked. I guess I wasn't Chip when she lived. Liza calls me Chip 'cause I'm round the ship timbers so much, and she says I am too poor to have any other. 'Ratty' is the other feller that lives with Liza."

"Is Liza good to you, Chip?" said the little woman pityingly.

"Not werry. She licks us when we don't steal wood anywhere."

Ruth Roe coaxed the friendless boy to learn his letters. Every morning, rain or shine, he came stealing in softly, with one hand clutching his cap, and the other trying to smooth down his yellow locks. At first Chip ran timidly away as soon as any of the scholars came; but little by little he grew accustomed to them, and they to him, and sometimes Ruth would have a quiet group of listeners around her as she taught her one scholar his lesson.

But there came a bright spring day when Chip did not make his appearance, and Ruth looked up street and down in vain. Another and another day went by, and then she felt so troubled and anxious that she asked her



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