

HAPPY DAYS

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HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

Great baby's a puzzle to me
With his "queer little
snubity nose ;"
His clothes are put on, I
can see,
As thickly as leaves on a
rose ;
They don't seem to fit
The least little bit,
Yet he has such an air of
repose.

They turn him around, up-
side down,
And dandle him right in
the air ;
He's the loveliest baby in
town,
The sweetest, in fact, any-
where,
They say "Baby's
king,"
And then shake the
poor thing ;
It's a wonder to me how
they dare.

Of what earthly use to be
king
When all of your sub-
jects are mad,
And imagine a wild High-
land fling,
Can alone make your
majesty glad—
Or fancy a poke
In the chin is a joke
Your highness delights
in when sad ?

Oh! yes, you're a puzzle
to me,
You solemn-eyed, infan-
tile king ;
A real king might climb
up a tree

And you wouldn't say anything,
Though he sat on a bough
And whistled till now,
"The Flowers that Bloom in the
Spring."

And yet you will smile at a wink,
Or chuckle aloud at a sneeze,
Though your life is made up, I should think,



HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

Of things more amusing than these ;
And when half the night long
Your mamma sings a song
But allows you to sound the high C's.

Perhaps in the far Baby-land,
The joking is finer than here.
Perhaps we can't quite understand,
The pre-mundane funny idea.

Perhaps if we knew
What most amused
you
We'd feel very foolish
and queer.

A WALK.

Bright and warm shone
the sun, and the bird that
lives in the apple-tree
was singing his best song
when Dora and Don
started out to take a walk.
"You may go to the end
of the lane and back," said
mamma.

They stopped at the
little brook that ran right
across the lane. Don
threw a stone into it, and
Dora tried to count the
big rings of water, and
wondered what made it
do so.

A little red squirrel
came running along on the
rail fence. They both ran
after it, and called it to
come back; but it wouldn't
come. I wonder why.

Then they saw a grass-
hopper. Don laid his um-
brella down on the grass
and tried to hop too, but
he couldn't do it half as
well. I wonder why.

Then they heard a rap,
rap, rap, and looking up,
they saw a bird rapping
on the side of a big tree.
What do you think the
bird wanted ?

Dora picked some clover
blossoms, and Don called
it "pretty grass." "Why
don't all the grass have
flowers on it?" he asked.

When Don and Dora came home they
asked so many questions that mamma had
to stop her sewing and tell them what
made the rings in the water, and why
Don could not hop as well as the grass-
hopper, and all the other things they
wanted to know. Don and Dora learn a
great many things by keeping their eyes
open when they go to walk.