

HAPPY DAYS

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SEALS:

The harp seal is so called from having a broad curved line of connected spots proceeding from each shoulder and meeting on the back above the tail, and forming a figure something like an ancient harp. The old harp seals alone have this figuring, and not until their second year.

The hood seal is much larger than the harp. The male, called by the hunters "the dog-hood," is distinguished from the female by a singular hood or bag of flesh on his nose. When attacked or alarmed he inflates this hood so as to cover his face and eyes, and it is strong enough to resist seal shot. It is impossible to kill one of these creatures when his sensitive nose is thus protected, even with a sealing-gun, so long as his head or his tail is toward you.

Seals are very intelligent, and may be tamed and taught many tricks, as shown in the picture on this page.

At a time when all other northern countries are idle and locked in icy fetters, here is an industry that can be plied by the fishermen of Newfoundland, and by which in a couple of months a million (and at times a million and a half) of dollars are won. It is over early in May, so that it does not interfere with the summer cod-fishery nor with the cultivation of the soil. This, of course, greatly enhances its value.

WHAT KILLED THE TREE.

Along the street in a pretty little country village is a row of maple trees. They are fine large trees, and cast a beautiful shade, which is very refreshing in the

and not a leaf is to be seen upon them anywhere. What do you suppose is the trouble? Only a little thing, you might say, and yet this little thing has destroyed the life in every one of these dead trees.

One day a little worm, called a borer, began to bore its way into the heart of each of these trees. The worm was perhaps only an inch long, but it kept on steadily boring its way in, until it reached the very heart of the tree, and out of the hole which the worm had made the sap began to run. Now the sap is the very life-blood of the tree, and to make a hole right into the heart of the tree was like making a hole right into the heart of a man, so you can see it was no wonder that every one of those trees attacked by the borers died very soon after the borers had pierced to the heart of the tree.

Some one has suggested that sin is like one of these worms that attack a tree. A very small sin may destroy a beautiful life; and just as gardeners must be on the watch all the time against the borers, so we must ever be on our watch against the sins which would enter into our hearts, and destroy our lives for time and for eternity if we were not con-



A TAME SEAL.

summer time, when the sun is hot and strong.

There is only one thing to spoil the beauty of this row of trees, and that is the fact that some of them are dead. Their branches are withered and lifeless,

Never be afraid to do right because you think that your playmates will laugh at you. Be a hero for the right.