

# HAPPY DAYS

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## JACK'S YARN.

I've sadly come to this belief,  
That every cat is born a thief,  
And thieves his whole life through.  
Although they look so mild and meek,  
A cat's idea of honour's weak,  
And I can prove it too.

I used to think it very queer  
That all my bones should disappear  
When'er I went to sleep.  
To find out why, I often tried,  
So slept with one eye opened wide,  
A sort of watch to keep.

Now near my kennel was a bone,  
(With not much on it—that I own—  
I'd had it all the day),  
When with my open eye I saw,  
Distinct and clear, a feline paw,  
Which pulled that bone away.

What happened then I will not tell;  
O'er what that thieving cat befell  
We'd better draw a curtain.  
But since that day we have not met,  
I don't believe he's better yet.  
He'll steal no more, that's certain.

But what I want to say is that  
No honest folks should keep a cat—  
They really are such thieves.

That it is better, don't you see,  
To keep an honest dog, like me,  
Yours truly "Jack," believes.

Kindness to dumb animals is a creditable expression in any boy. He who is kind to a brute may be relied on, as a rule, for kindness toward his boy or girl companions.

## MINKS.

Our readers have, doubtless, all seen and admired the rich brown fur of the mink, which is so much used in Canada for muffs, capes, trimmings, boas. The animals from which we get this fur live in burrows on the banks of streams and spend much of their time swimming and diving



MINKS.

in the water. Their food consists of frogs, fish, rats and small birds. Their fur is dark brown and very glossy, and their tails are almost black, long and pointed. They swim with most of their body under water, as shown in our picture, with their dark, bushy tails standing up like sails to catch the breeze

## LIVING IN A CAVE.

People lived a great deal in caves in olden times, but now they have the best of houses. But the most amusing cave-dweller in America is a tiny owl which lives in a burrow made by the prairie dog out on our Western prairies. The prairie dog is an industrious fellow, who finds pleasure in digging a great many more

rooms and passages than he can possibly use himself, while the owl, the wisest of birds, is perfectly willing to live in one of the superfluous caves. The two queer companions are entirely friendly and are often seen to go into one doorway, though whether they live in the same room down there in the dark is doubtful. Many passages start from one entrance, and probably the owl and the prairie dog have each his own private apartments.

The funniest thing about this bird, however, is not his living on friendly terms with an animal, but his comical ways as he sits, on a pleasant evening, upon the little mound beside his door.

Can you learn a lesson from this? Certainly you can. Live in peace with those around you. If the owl did not behave himself, the little prairie dog would not make a home for him; so it pays to live in peace.

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A girl, wishing to let her canary fly through the room for a short time, opened the door of its cage. The bird, frightened by seeing her hand, flew against the bars

of the cage, trying to escape; but by-and-bye, weary of its useless efforts, it came gently out through the door. "Mother," said the little girl, "why did not the canary come out at the door at first when I opened it?" The mother replied. "Because it was trying to get out by a way of its own." Many people are trying to get to heaven by a way of their own.