

HAPPY DAYS

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A NOVEL TRAP.

"Oh, yes! There used to be bears in this neighbourhood." And grandfather rubbed his hands, as he had a fashion of doing when by any remark or coincidence the scenes of his boyhood were recalled.

"Didn't you ever see one yourself—a real, wild one, I mean?" asked Jack, settling down into an attitude of attention.

"Yes, indeed; more than one! I remember very well the first time I saw one. I was a little shaver, not as old as you, and your great-uncle Alfred was a year and a half older than I. Among our winter's sports we snared birds and trapped rabbits, and were always getting up some new device for such purpose.

"One day we found an old iron kettle that had become cracked, and mother said was no longer of use in the kitchen; so we thought to utilize it as a trap. Now that I think of it, it strikes me that we could have used it better as a gipsy kettle for the flower garden, but that winter our minds were so bent on rabbit traps, that every new discovery seemed to be especially intended for a development in the art of capturing the little marauders who had been making havoc in our winter cabbages. And besides that, a big rabbit had actually run away with a light trap we had set. And we calculated the iron pot would prove too heavy for the biggest rabbit that ever grew.

"So we took it to the top of the hill, where we had been most successful in our game, and set it with as tall a 'figure four' as it could stand, the bait being a

tempting piece of apple. Then we left it for the night. The next morning early, Al and I, with Rover, started for the trap; but what was our surprise, just before we reached it, to see the kettle moving—evidently by the power of an animal within.

"Well, we fairly chuckled! What a big fellow we must have caught, to be sure! We were certain, though, that he

expected thing! It bobbed up higher than usual, landed on its side, and a minute later was rolling down hill at a pretty rapid rate. Rover followed, barking lustily; and we, who had been watching from the other side of the fence, soon joined the chase. But if we had been astonished to see that kettle start off down hill, we were still more astonished at the

fourth pursuer, who darted from the wood and took the lead of us all. It was an old mother bear. Perhaps it was our astonishment—or perhaps it was something else—that suddenly ended our race by a headlong sprawl in the snow.

"But we need not have been afraid. All the bear wanted was her cub, that was in the kettle. I remember yet, how almost gentle that old bear was as she helped her little one out of the trap, and they ran off to the woods.

"I've heard people say 'as cross as bear,' or 'as ugly as a bear,' but it strikes me to be a libel on the bear. A bear isn't 'cross,' or 'ugly,' unless it is driven to it by hunger, or in self defence; and the mother instinct makes her almost gentle."

Little Johnnie's papa is apt to be very forgetful. One day his wife asked him the

name of a cough medicine she wanted him to get for her. He answered: "I declare I cannot remember. My memory is getting worse and worse every day. Let me see, I had it on the end of my tongue a minute ago." Little Johnnie spoke up and said: "Stick out your tongue, papa, and let me see it. Perhaps the name is on it yet."



THE MEETING ON THE BRIDGE.

could not get away from us, so we decided to wait a little distance off to see what would be the next development.

"For a while the kettle bobbed up and down in a perfectly surprising manner, while Rover kept up a furious barking, sometimes investigating closely, and again retiring to a decidedly respectful distance.

"Presently that kettle did a very un-