

# HAPPY DAYS

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## YOUNG CANADA.

What a jolly little chap this is, to be sure. He doesn't look a bit afraid of the cold and the snow, does he? With his blanket coat and warm mitts, he can bid defiance to both. It is just such brisk winter sport that he is enjoying that makes strong, hardy, healthy men. He has a Christmas present of a pair of snowshoes. When the snow is deep, walking becomes exceedingly difficult. For this reason people make use of snowshoes, by which they are able to glide over the surface of the snow, without running any risk of sinking into it. Young Canada has one of his shoes in his hand, so you can at once see what they are like, and how they are made. They are from three to five feet long, and are fastened to the sole of the foot by leather thongs. Thus furnished, one who is accustomed to their use can travel more rapidly than an ordinary horse can trot.

## HUNTING FOR MOTHER.

My! Did you ever see such red, angry cheeks, such flashing eyes, and such a tight little frown as Rosanna shows? And all because mother will not let her go out and play in the hot, mid-day sun, when she has been rather ill.

"I think I might go. It's mean I can't go. I wish I was big, and didn't have any body to keep me," cried the girl.



YOUNG CANADA.

"Do you wish you didn't have me?" asked mother, sorrowfully.

Rosanna hung her little curly head, but she still looked angry and sour.

"Very well," said mother; "you must lie down now, but you won't

girl sprang forward, and was clasped in mother's arms and held close to her breast.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she sobbed; "where have you been? I thought maybe God had taken you to heaven, and I felt so bad."

have me any more to-day."

Rosanna looked rather anxious; but mother did not seem angry. She softly drew off the shoes and stockings, arranged the pillow in the crib bed, kissed her little girl's cheek, and went out.

But when Rosanna waked up, there was no mother. She tried to put on her shoes and stockings herself, but the heel would keep coming in the toes' place and the seams always turned up in front; so she gave it up.

There was no mother at lunch, no mother all the afternoon, no mother when the long shadows began to fall across the grass, no mother at dinner; and poor little Rosanna felt a lump in her throat, and wanted to cry more than she wanted to eat soup. She dared not ask, for fear it would be found out that she had driven dear mother away; but as soon as dinner was over she slipped down off her high chair, and wandered out into the yard, where it was growing dark, and she could look up and see the stars shining through the trees.

But what was that white thing on the bench by the end door? Could it, oh, could it be mother? The little