

HAPPY DAYS

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IN THE SWING.

These four little girls are enjoying the beautiful summer afternoon in their comfortable boat-swing. As they go up and down through the air, now almost touching the ground, and in another minute away up among the green branches of the trees, they feel as if they were birds for the time. They think they know just what it would feel like to be able to fly and feel cool air blowing in their faces on the hottest day, as they sailed up, up into the white clouds. They feel sure that swinging is the next best thing to being able to fly or ride in a balloon. The motion of the swing does not make them dizzy in the least, and they think it the greatest fun to have the leaves tickle their cheeks when they go a little too high among the branches. The nice high sides of the boat-swing make it safer for the young folk than the ordinary swing. There is one thing, however, very special about this swing. There is a bird's nest away up in this tree, and sometimes the four swingers get a peep into the nest, and there they can count three little blue eggs.

GRANDPA'S BUG.

Grandpa came in, looking so queer. He had been pruning the orange trees.



IN THE SWING.

"Did you kill a snake?" asked grandpa.

"No," said he, "but I thought I was going to kill a bug—a great, ugly, sprawly bug."

"Then why didn't you kill it?" asked grandpa.

"Well, said grandpa, sitting down and rubbing his spectacles, "I had my reasons for not doing so."

"Was it one of those bugs that stand on their heads when you touch it?" asked grandma.

"No," said grandpa slowly, putting his spectacles on and taking up a paper. "No; 'twasn't that kind. 'Twasn't a bug at all. Did you think I said there was a bug?" And his eyes twinkled at grandma over the top of the paper.

"Why, you said you were going to kill a bug, didn't you?" urged grandma, completely puzzled.

"I said I thought I was," replied grandpa. "I guess I shall have to tell you all about it." So he laid his paper down and went on. "I found a humming-bird's nest in the orange grove."

"Oh, that is another story," cried grandma. "When you're rested I'd like to see it."

"All right," said grandpa, "but you'll see it's the same story after all. When I looked into the nest there was one wee

egg. I wouldn't dare tell how little. I was afraid it was going to be eaten up, for right beside it there seemed to be the ugliest and sprawliest bug—"

"Mercy!" cried grandma.

"And I took a stick to poke it out," he went on, "but when I touched it, it