

# SUNBEAM

Vol. XXVI.

TORONTO, AUGUST 5, 1905.

No. 16.

## JACK'S YARN.

They 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 honor's weak,  
And I can prove it too.

I used to think it very queer  
That all my bones should disappear  
Whenever 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—  
'T'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;  
Nor what that thieving  
Cat befell  
We'd better draw a  
Curtain.  
But since that day we  
Have not met,  
Don't believe he's bet-  
ter yet.  
He'll steal no more,  
That's certain.

What I want to say is that  
Honest folks should keep a cat—  
They really are such thieves.  
But it is better, don't you see,  
To keep an honest dog, like me,  
Whom your truly "Jack," believes.

Kindness to dumb animals is a credit-  
able 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 com-  
panions.

## 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 ani-  
mals from which we get this fur live in



MINKS.

burrows on the banks of streams and  
spend much of their time swimming and  
diving 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.

Obey your parents in all things.

## 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-  
dwellers 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 will-  
ing to live in one of the  
superfluous caves. The  
two queer companions 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 en-  
trance, and probably the  
owl and the prairie dog  
have each his own private  
apartments.

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.

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 try-  
ing to get out by a way of its own." Many  
people are trying to get to heaven by a  
way of their own.

Never let a day pass without doing  
something for Jesus.