

HAPPY DAYS

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A CHINESE BARBER.

It has been said that the Chinese are an uncleanly race. Our own observation does not confirm that statement. Indeed, we never saw people so devoted to scouring and scrubbing and steeping themselves in hot water as the Chinese. We have seen them at the canneries in British Columbia preparing huge vessels of hot water for their daily ablutions and have seen wandering barbers by the railway holding their victim by the nose while they shaved his head and performed other delicate attentions as shown in the above cut.

A SCHOOL-BOYS' STORY.

John Tubbs was one day doing his sums, when little Sam Jones pushed against him, and down went the slate with a horrid clatter. "Take care of the pieces," said the boys, laughing. But Mr. Brill, the master, thought it no laughing matter, and, believing it to be John Tubbs' fault, told him that he should pay for the slate, and have his play stopped for a week.

John said nothing. He did not wish to get little Sam into trouble, so he bore the blame quietly. John's mother was by no means pleased at having to pay for the slate, as she was a poor woman, and had to provide for several other little Tubbses beside John.

"I tell you what it is, John," said she, "you must learn to be more careful. I will not give you any milk for your breakfast all the week, and by this I shall save money for the slate, whic' it is right you should pay for."

Poor John ate his bread with water instead of milk; but somehow he was not unhappy, for he felt that he had done a kindness to little Sam Jones, and the satis-

faction of having rendered a service to another always brings happiness.

A few days after Mr. Jones came to the school and spoke to Mr. Brill about the matter; for little Sam had told his father and mother all about it. Sam was a timid boy, but he could not bear to see John Tubbs kept in for no fault, while the other boys were at play.

boys did look at him as a criminal, and John looked very much like a criminal, and began to think that he must be a bad sort of a fellow to be called up in this way by his master.

Then Mr. Brill, the master, told the boys all about the broken slate, that John did not break it, but bore all the blame to save Sam Jones from trouble, and had

gone without his milk and play without a murmur. The good schoolmaster said that such conduct was above all praise; and when he was done speaking, the boys burst out into a cheer. Such a loud hurrah, it made the school walls ring again. Then they took John on their shoulders, and carried him around in triumph.

And what did John say to all this? He only said, "There, that'll do. If you don't mind, you'll throw a fellow down."

THE ONE WHO LOVED BEST.

The story I am going to tell you is not fact, but it has a true meaning. Into the court of a great temple in India, the story says, there fell one day a plate of gold, on which were these words: "To him who loveth best, a gift from heaven." Whenever the priests heard of a rich man who gave away large gifts they would send for him and ask about his deeds of charity. At last there came a man who had given away all he possessed, but the plate turned to lead in his hands. He cast it angrily to the ground; but when the priests lifted it, it again shone in all its beauty. There lay many blind and lame about the temple, and those who came to seek the plate of gold gave them alms. But at the end of three years there came to worship there a poor man



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"What," said the master, "and has John Tubbs borne all the blame without saying a word? Come here, John."

"What's the matter now?" said John to himself. "Something else, I suppose. Well, never mind, so that poor little Sam Jones has got out of his little scrape."

"Now, boys," said Mr. Brill, "here's John Tubbs. Look at him." And the