

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

This splendid picture shows the magnificent sheep which abound in the more inaccessible regions of the far west of Canada. They are very wary, hard to approach, and so active that they can climb from crag to crag where the hunter's feet can hardly follow. They have majestic heads and large curling horns which one would think would be greatly in their way in leaping from crag to crag. It is said that some of these sheep have horns so firm and elastic that they can fall over a precipice upon them without receiving injury. It is said to be great "sport" for hunters to follow these animals to their mountain solitude, but we fail to see the fun of doing to death these graceful creatures for mere sport. Of course if they are hunted for food that is another question and is quite legitimate.

We think hunting for sport's sake is an amusement which the higher civilization of the future will see done away with. Lady Florence Dixey, who has killed more game than any woman living, in a leading review deploras her life-long addiction to such sport. She says her soul has often been wrung with anguish when she saw the eyes of these graceful creatures filled with agony or filmed with the approach of death. In this country we have little of coursing the deer or following the hare or fox. And yet refined and delicate ladies and gallant gentlemen will "ride to hounds," as the jaso goes, "chasing the poor, timid hare, frightened deer, or dragged fox for miles; when finally run down the poor creatures are almost



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torn to pieces by the hounds. Under the humanizing influence of Christian civilization these cruel practices are being abandoned. The standing joke about certain sporting gentlemen is that they let us kill something we hope will soon be inappropriate.

KITE DAY IN CHINA.

On the ninth of October, men and boys of all ranks and ages are seen with cords in their hands, pulling and jerking, or letting loose all sorts of agile rice paper monsters in the sky. The fun consists in making the kites fight, in entangling them, and cutting one another's strings by jerks.

There is a story to account for the origin of "Kite Day." Back in the world's history, when Time was yet a boy, a man, while working in the field, was told by a passing stranger, with an august mien, that a terrible plague was about to visit his house on the ninth day of the ninth month, and that the only way to escape was to hie to a high hill near by. After giving this warning the stranger disappeared mysteriously.

This man, who was a good man, went home, and getting his whole family together before the fatal day arrived, set out with them to the hill designated, and remained there all day. To while away their time, probably, his little children flew their kites. Hence the custom. After sunset they went home and found that all their cattle, chickens and ducks had died. This made them believe that they had been saved through the intervention of some deity. Ever since the people have made the day a national holiday.