

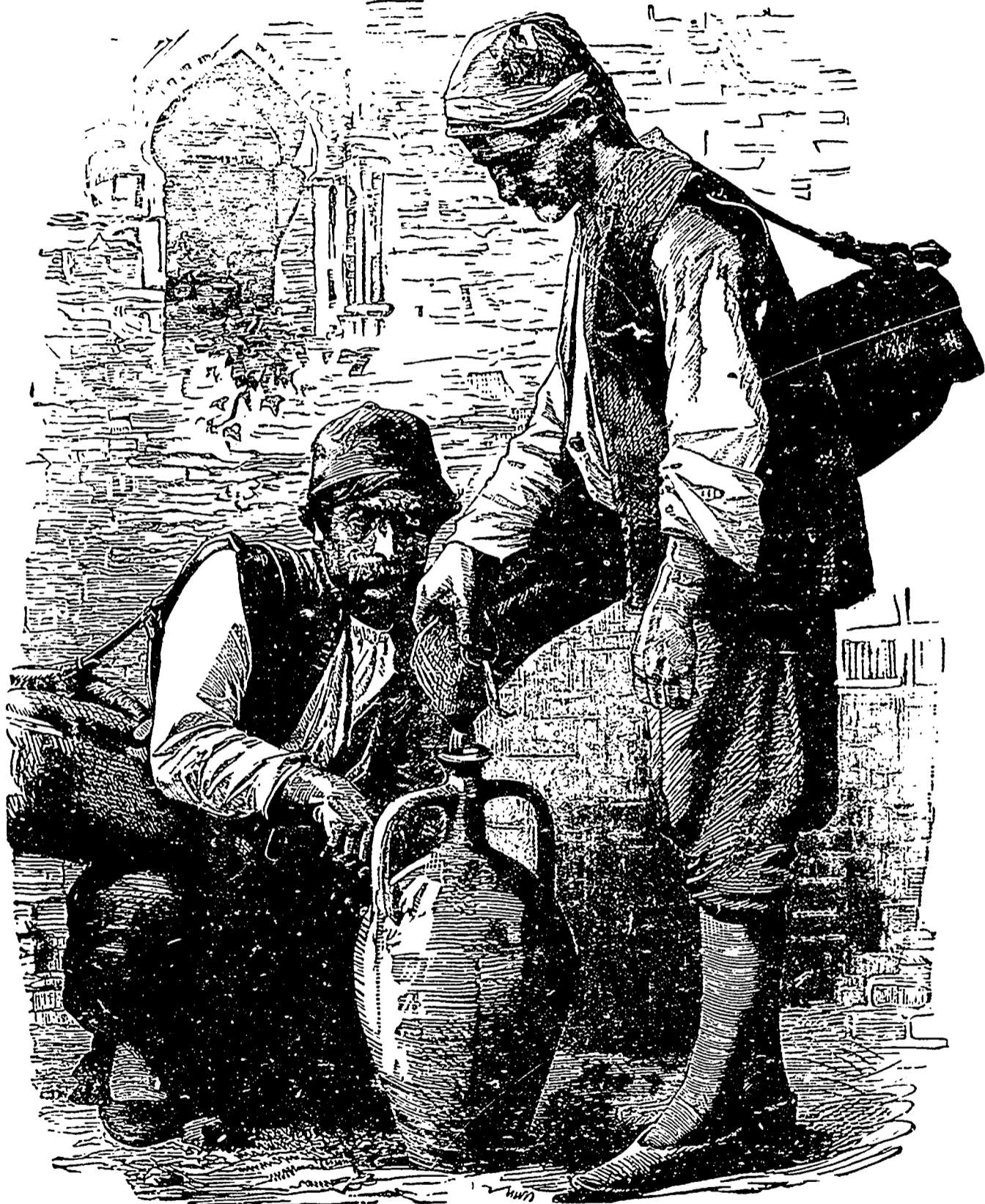
PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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WATER CARRIERS—(SEE "BOTTLES," NEXT PAGE).

"TAKE 'EM, JACK."

A very pleasing incident occurred on one of our busy streets during the heated term—pleasing because of the unselfish spirit it displayed.

It was a fatiguingly hot day, and only those whose business was urgent were found upon the scorching streets. Presently a little newsboy appeared in sight. He was not alert and bustling, as is the ideal newsboy; on the contrary, he moved

along as though each step was painful to him. Meeting an acquaintance, he stopped to exchange greetings, under the friendly shade of an awning.

"What's the matter with you to-day, Jack? You get along 'bout as fast as a snail."

"So would you, I guess, Tim Ragan, if your feet were full of blisters walking on the hot sidewalk. Every time I put a foot down it's like to set me crying," the other answered.

Tim looked down at the bare feet in question, and glanced at his own, encased in a pair of shoes that had certainly seen duty, but which still afforded protection from the heat of the dazzling pavements. Quick as a flash he dropped down on a step, and the next moment was holding out his shoes to Jack.

"Here, you can wear them till to-morrow. My feet ain't blistered. Take 'em, Jack, it's all right," and away he went crying, "Three o'clock edition of the Post," at the

top of his voice, seemingly unconscious that he had just performed a brave deed. *Southern Presbyterian.*

WHEN we say that a man is good-hearted we do not always mean that he is a good man.

BROKEN friendships may be mended but it is usually a poorly done job that will soon need to be done over again.