

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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[No. 5

CHINESE WEDDING PROCESSION.

The Chinese can do nothing without a great display of pomp, banners, bright colours; and their music is the most distinct thing you ever heard. You cannot tell much difference between this picture and that of a funeral procession, except that, instead of the sedan chair in which the bride rides, in the above cut, there is a funeral bier. There are the same gongs and cymbals and clang of cymbals, the same display of ceremonial umbrellas, gigantic fans, huge drums, and banners with brilliant inscriptions, and the same stolid and immobile expressions on the

low embarrassed him with a sharp glance from two snapping black eyes, remarking the while:

"Here is your change, sir. I have no time for fooling."

"Keep the change," said the purchaser, dropping the facetious and assuming a serious air. "Will you tell me how long you have been selling papers?"

"I have been in the newspaper business three years," replied the diminutive merchant somewhat coldly.

"Three years!" exclaimed the man with unfeigned surprise, "Why, my lad, you do not look big enough to carry a bundle of papers."

HORSESHOE OR HAIR-SPRING?

A **BOY** is something like a piece of iron which, in its rough state, isn't worth much, nor is it of very much use; but the more it is used the more valuable it becomes. A bar of iron that is only worth \$5 when in its natural state is worth \$13 made into horseshoes, and after it goes through the different processes by which it is made into needles its value is increased to \$350. Made into pen knife blades it would be worth \$3,000, and into hairsprings for watches, \$250,000.

But the iron has to go through a great deal of hammering and beating and rolling and pounding



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tenances. But alas, they are without the pledge of the blessed Presence who sanctified the marriage of Cana in Galilee, and who turned water into wine at the funerals at Nain and Bethany.

A NEW YORK NEWS BOY.

The boy was not more than two and a half feet high, says the *New York Times*. But he was intelligent and energetic, and he hawked his newspapers with a zeal that would have been creditable to a proof drummer. He was not unmiudful of his city, and when one Broad Street purchaser accented his tender of payment for a newspaper with a frivolous chaffing remark, the brisk little fel-

"Notwithstanding," said the mite, with unruffled dignity, "I have been in this business for three years, and for two years before I sold papers I was in the clothing business."

"Is it possible?" commented the questioner with increased surprise. "See here, my little man, how old are you?"

"Nine years old," calmly responded the little fellow. "I had to get out and hustle to help support the family when I was four years old. I belong to a family who waste no time."

The lad spoke the truth. He was born in East Broadway and went to work in his father's clothing store when but four years old as cash boy. And there are many more like him in this large town.

and polishing; and so if you are to become useful and educated men you must go through a long course of study and training. The more time you spend in hard study the better material you will make. The iron doesn't have to go through half so much to be made into horseshoes as it does to be converted into delicate watch-springs; but think how much less valuable it is! Which would you rather be, horseshoe or watch spring? It depends upon yourselves. You can become whatever you will. This is your time of preparation for manhood.

ONE who knows says that in the country they blow a horn before dinner, but in town they take one.