

SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 30, 1892.

No. 9.

MARBLE-TIME.

OUR boy readers, of course, know more about the sport these days than are enjoying than can tell them. There is one thing in connection with the game that they do not think of so readily. This is the habit of "playing fair" and avoiding the and disputes which seem to attend themselves more particularly to this amusement than to most any other. Playing at marbles is a very small matter, yet it is often the beginning of a career of dishonesty. It tends to implant and foster a very bad principle—the desire to gain and hold without regard to the means for so doing. A boy who begins by getting a marble unlawfully is likely to be pocketing dollars by-and-by on the same plan.



MARBLE-TIME.

THE CONTRAST.

THE city person, it is well known, is often much a "green-

horn" in the country as the country person in the city. A girl who had been accustomed to certain city squares and private parks, whose high-barred gates

were closed at a fixed hour every night, made her first visit to the country. She was being taken about through lanes and fields by her mother, when the sun set

"Say, mamma," said the little girl, "haven't we got to go in? What time do they close the country, anyway?"

It was a city boy, too, who, when taken with him by his country cousin while he dug some potatoes, watched the process of unearthing the tubers for a moment with great wonder, and then remarked:

"Is that where you get your potatoes? I should think it would be more convenient to keep them in barrels, the way we do."

The "country greenhorn" in the city has this advantage over the "city greenhorn" in the country, that he does not put on airs of superiority on all occasions. It was a city boy in the country, who, being taken to a peach tree full of ripe and delicious fruit, and invited to help himself, remarked, somewhat loftily.

"No, I thank you. I never eat them until they are canned?"

A youth, visiting his cousins in the country, on seeing a cow lying down chewing, exclaimed, "Oh, Lucy, look at that cow; it opens and shuts its mouth just like cousin Maud!"