

The Family Circle

IN THE MONKEY HOUSE

Said a monkey in the Zoo:
 'Is there *nothing* I can do?
 I am bored beyond believing,
 And am even tired of thieving
 All my neighbors' nuts and cakes!
 My head absolutely aches
 With the silly conversations
 Of the people of all nations
 On the outside of the cage;
 While it puts me in a rage
 To hear the stupid creatures
 Criticise my form and features;
 Even of my *tail* make fun.
 Don't they wish they each had one!
 If they saw themselves as *we* do,
 Their conceit, I can assure you,
 Would be greatly taken down.'

Here he stopped for lack of breath.

Then a Human, who wore glasses,
 Chanced to come close to the spot
 Where this monkey sat reflecting
 Just as though he saw him not.
 'Hideous creature!' said the Human.
 Then a shriek rang through the air,
 For that monkey snatched his spectacles,
 A glittering brand-new pair!
 Joy reigned within the monkey-house;
 Its inmates were in fits,
 Which lasted till those spectacles
 Were all in tiny bits.

THE SAD PLIGHT OF QUEEN VICTORIA

Brucie's papa sat at the desk in his office when the telephone bell went 'ting-a-ling-ting.'
 'Dear me!' he cried impatiently, 'can't I have one minute's peace?'

'Hello!' he shouted; 'who is it?'
 'It's me, papa,' cried a small voice. 'It's Brucie. Come home. Somefin awful's happenin'.'
 'What?' asked papa.

'Oh, somefin' awful. I'm bwcedin,' an' I'm all alone. I'm terrible frightened. Come home, papa, kick. It's in here again. Oh-h. Come kick, papa.'

Brucie's plea ended in a shriek, then papa heard a crash, a wild howl, and Brucie's scream. Something awful was happening in the dining-room where the telephone hung. He dashed out of the office. Somebody called, 'Mr. Wilson,' as he ran down the stairs, but Brucie's papa did not answer. He opened the door of the wheel room and lifted the first bicycle he saw, then he flew down the crowded street just as fast as the pedals would go round. He dodged in among waggons and in front of trolley carts. Drivers shouted at him, and once a policeman tried to catch him; but he did not even turn his head.

At last he caught sight of the little house in the big yard where Brucie lived. It looked very quiet and peaceful. He had expected to find it on fire or tumbled down by an earthquake, but he did not hear even a sound till he opened the front door. His hand shook while he turned the latch with his key.

'What if I am too late to save Brucie?' he thought.

He was not, for it was Brucie who came rushing through the hall to meet him. His face and hands were covered with scratches, his pinafore was stained with blood, and his yellow curls hung like a mop over his tear-stained eyes.

'Brucie, Brucie!' cried his papa, 'what is the matter?'

'It's Keen Victoria,' said the sobbing little boy. 'Come and see.'

He dragged his papa into the kitchen. Something was thumping and yowling. It was Queen Victoria,

the big gray cat. She squeezed her head into an empty salmon tin, and she could not get it out again. She was rushing about and banging the can against the floor or the wall.

Brucie's papa felt so relieved that he began to laugh. Then he led Brucie to the sink to sponge off his face and hands.

'Now,' said papa, 'we will see what we can do for Queen Victoria.'

The frightened old gray cat cried to scratch papa, but she did not succeed. Then he put her between his knees and held her head while he sawed away at the tin with a tin-opener, for he wrapped a towel about her. Poor Queen Victoria screamed wildly, but Brucie's papa did not mind; and presently off came the old salmon tin. When Queen Victoria was set free, she crawled under the stove and began to smooth her ruffled fur. Brucie cried with joy, and just then mamma came home. Papa and Brucie tried both at once to tell the story, and at last she understood.

'Dear me,' she said, 'how glad I am there was a telephone in the house and how glad I am that Brucie knew how to use it!'

A BOY'S ADVICE

Sometimes it takes a boy to put things plainly and tersely. I once heard from the lips of a boy one of the most sensible pieces of advice that I ever heard from any one. I will omit the details of the situation, as it will suffice to say that a question arose one day as to which of two orders should be obeyed, a certain person having received from two in authority slightly different instructions in regard to some work to be done. The matter was of no importance, and it was merely in fun that this perplexed person hesitated between the two orders. But the boy solved the problem, and he could not have done better if it had been the most serious matter in the world.

'Mind the highest boss!' he called out, hearty of voice and lusty of lung. Mind the highest boss, and you'll always keep out of trouble.'

Many a time these words have come into my mind. Are they not worth remembering? They will fit many occasions and help us in many decisions in life. Above all, they should admonish us to 'mind' God in preference to all others.

SOMEBODY'S GRANDFATHER

Who does not love the boy who shows respect for old age?

Recently, in one of the waiting-rooms in the depot of a large city, there entered a bright-faced boy, leading by the arm a man with snow-white hair. The latter was old and trembling, and looked around him most fearfully.

The boy escorted him to a seat, and placed the basket and bundle he had been carrying on the floor beside him. Then, with a word or two, he went away. He returned presently with a porter, to whom he spoke some words about the one sitting down. Then, with a hearty handshake, accompanied by a bright smile, he started in the direction of the door. A gentleman going out at the same time, who had witnessed the advent of the boy and the old man, said, as the door was reached:

'Your grandfather, I suppose? Going on a journey?'

'Not mine, but somebody's grandfather,' was the reply given with a little laugh. 'Poor old gentleman! I found him on the corner as I was going to school. He had lost his way to the depot, and was in trouble. He's going to his daughter's in the suburbs. I wish I had time to put him on the train, but I should have been late for school if I had waited, so I gave him into the porter's hands.'

'That was very right and kind of you,' the gentleman said, with an appreciative look that made the blood surge to the boy's face; but the latter only said, 'Thank you, sir.'

Wm. INGS

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