

The Family Circle

I love him, the boy who forgets!
Does it seem such a queer thing to say?
Can't help it; he's one of my pets;
Delightful at work or at play.
I'd trust him with all that I own,
And know neither worries nor frets;
But the secret of this lies alone
In the things that the laddie forgets.

He always forgets to pay back
The boy who has done him an ill;
Forgets that a grudge he owes Jack,
And smiles at him pleasantly still,
He always forgets 'tis his turn
To choose what the others shall play;
Forgets about others to learn
The gossip things that 'they say.'

He forgets to look sulky and cross
When things are not going his way;
Forgets some one's gain is his loss;
Forgets, in his worktime, his play.
So this is why I take his part,
Why I say he is one of my pets;
I repeat it with all of my heart:
I love him for what he forgets!

WHAT FREDDIE SAW AT THE CIRCUS

Freddie had never been to the circus, and he came home from his first visit in a state of wild excitement. He had hardly breath enough to give his mother a sketch of the wonders he had witnessed.

'Oh, mother, you ought to been there! Were you ever at a circus?'

'Oh, yes, dear,' his mother replied, 'but not since I was a little girl, and that seems a long while ago. I suppose the circus has grown immensely since my first visit. We used to have just one ring and one clown, and maybe one elephant and two or three cages of wild beasts. I imagine that everything has changed since then.'

'Yes, it has,' exclaimed Freddie. 'Why, mother, they have three big rings, and something doing all the time in all three of them. It almost made me cross-eyed trying to look at them at the same time. I tell you it makes you twist your neck if you try to see everything!'

'Did they have many wild animals?'

'I never saw so many in my life, and I guess nobody ever did. They had lions and tigers and leopards and dangerous and—'

'Oh, no, darling,' his mother said, smilingly, 'you mean kangaroos.'

'Yes, and they had them, too,' exclaimed Freddie.

'No, dear,' his mother explained; 'there is no such animal as a dangerous. As I said, you mean kangaroo!'

'No,' replied Freddie, with great positiveness, 'I mean dangerous, and the name is on the cage, too.'

'You must be mistaken, dear,' his mother persisted.

'Well, you go to the circus with me to-morrow afternoon, and I'll show you the dangerous.'

'Well,' replied his mother, 'we'll certainly go, dear, for I never heard of the dangerous before. He must be well worth seeing.'

So the next afternoon saw Freddie and his mother in the circus grounds, and Freddie led his mother in triumph to a cage of wild hyenas. Over the cage there was the word 'dangerous' in large letters.

'There,' said Freddie, 'now what did I tell you?'

Mother bit her lip hard and tried not to laugh, and fortunately something funny happened in the crowd which offered an excuse for her amusement.

SCHOOLBOY ANSWERS

Speaking at a meeting recently, Dr. T. J. Macnamara, M.P., told some amusing stories of quaint say-

ings attributed to children which he had collected from school teachers in various parts of the country. Here is a selection:—

Teacher—What is a mediator?

Pupil—Please, sir, a mediator is a chap who says, 'Hit me instead.'

Teacher (to a London class)—What is grass? ?

Boy—Grass is what you have to keep off.

'How do you know the earth is round?'

'Because it says in the Bible, "World without end."'

When he once asked a London class of girls, added Dr. Macnamara, what they would say if he told them he saw the sun rise in the west, he got the reply that it was impossible.

'But,' he persevered, 'supposing I still declared I had seen the sun rise in the west?'

'Well,' one of the little girls at length replied, 'I should think you must have got up rather late.'

WHAT RUTH HAD

'Oh, there's that Ruth Knolls and her brother again! Do you know, Miss Merton, she is just awfully dull in school, and we girls laugh at her so much. She hasn't a particle of brilliancy.'

Viva chattered this speech out as she walked along the street beside Miss Merton.

'She has something far better than brilliancy,' said Miss Merton.

'What?' said Viva, her cheeks flushing uncomfortably; for she felt that she had made a mistake, and she was very anxious to stand well in Miss Merton's opinion.

'She has a courteous manner. That is a grace that is very great, but far too rare. I know Ruth quite well, and her kindness and courtesy are unfailing in company or at home. She is going to grow into a lovely womanhood.'

'I am sorry I spoke so,' said Viva. 'I really don't know anything about her except that she stumbles so dreadfully in her lessons.'

'No doubt she is very sorry about it. It is a fine gift to be quick and bright in understanding things; but you know, my dear, that it is far more important to be kind hearted and gentle. When you go out in the world no one will ever ask or know whether you got good grades in algebra and Latin. If you have done your best, it is wrought unto you whether your best is very good or only mediocre. But be sure of this: everyone who meets you will know, without putting you through an examination, whether you are a gentlewoman or not. It isn't practical to quote Greek or discuss psychology or read Shakespeare with everyone you meet; but you can always speak kindly and listen courteously, and quietly look out for the opportunity to do the little deeds of kindness that make our lives so much more worth living.'

AN HONEST ADMISSION

Sir Wilfrid Laurier tells a story about an electioneering tour he was making in Ontario. The elections were being bitterly contested and every effort was being made to stir up race and religious prejudice.

One day Sir Wilfrid received a telegram from a Quebec Liberal, which read:

'Report in circulation in this country that your children have not been baptised. Please telegraph denial.'

The answer came as follows:

'Very sorry to say the report is correct. I have no children.'

CRUEL

The elocution teacher was instructing a scholar who had insisted upon learning a long and rather prosy piece.

'When you have finished the recitation,' said the teacher, 'bow gracefully and leave the platform on tiptoe.'