

The Family Circle

WHAT THE MINUTES SAY

We are but minutes, little things—
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen track;
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes. When we bring
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring.
Taste their sweetness while ye may;
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes. Use us well;
For how we are used we must one day tell.
Who uses minutes, has hours to use;
Who loses minutes, whole years must lose.

WANTED—A BOY

'Why, what a funny advertisement! Bobby, listen to this!' and Mrs. Johnson read from the evening paper as follows:

'Wanted—A good, smart, honest boy. Must be red-haired and freckled. None other need apply.—Smith and Thompson.'

Bobby laughed. 'That's me, sure,' he said; 'especially the red hair and freckles. Guess I'll go around.'

'Well, it really sounds as though it were meant for you,' continued his mother, so seriously that Bobby laid down the book he was reading and looked at her in surprise.

'You were just funning about the red hair and freckles, weren't you, mammy?' he asked.

'No, indeed; come and see for yourself.'

'Whew—w—w!' whistled Bobby, looking at the paper; 'I'll have to try, sure thing. But how queer for Smith and Thompson to put in an ad. like that. It's the very office I've had my eye on for months; but I didn't know there was likely to be a vacancy so soon.'

At nine o'clock next morning Bobby found himself one of a row of boys in the waiting room outside Smith and Thompson's private office. The youngsters all had hair of various degrees of redness, and freckles of all sizes and shades of brown. Some were speckled as a turkey's egg, others could only boast of a few of these valuable marks. It seemed so funny to Bobby that he forgot how badly he wanted the place himself and greeted each rival with a friendly smile.

The first boy to be admitted had a fiery red head and as many rust spots as any one could desire. Mr. Smith, the senior partner, opened the door himself to let him in, and swept an amused glance along the line of candidates.

In a few minutes that boy came out and another went in.

'Said my hair was too red, an' I had too many freckles,' he intimated, with a grin which showed a front tooth missing. 'Maybe you'll do,' he added good naturedly to Bobby, 'you ain't got too many freckles, and your hair is most brown.'

Bobby felt encouraged, although he wondered very much about it all. But surely Mr. Smith was not a man with time to waste in looking over such a lot of boys without a purpose.

'He's got his mother in there with him; a little old lady with white hair and gold-rimmed eyeglasses, an' she said I wasn't the right one at all, I was too cheeky lookin',' remarked another unsuccessful one on his way out, making a face at Bobby as he passed.

Bobby laughed and grew still more curious. 'Why should a business man have his mother in his office helping him to select an office boy. Perhaps—'

'Next!' called a voice from the open door, and Bobby was admitted.

'That's him. I should have known him anywhere. Such a manly little fellow,' exclaimed the old lady sitting by the office window.

'Why didn't you wait a minute after helping me off the car last night?' she continued, motioning the surprised Bobby to come nearer to her.

'What—I beg your pardon. I don't know what you mean,' stammered Bobby, knitting his sandy-colored eyebrows. 'Oh!' and his freckled face brightened into a smile. 'I didn't want anything for just helping a lady. I wouldn't even if I were so poor,' and he drew himself up with an air of sturdy pride.

'Would you like work, young man, asked Mr. Smith with a smile, and Bobby replied promptly that he would.

'What can you do?'

'I don't know, sir. I'm just eleven, and I've always been at school; but I'm willing to try anything, and I'll do my best. I can study at nights with my big brother,' he added.

'Well, a boy who is so good at looking out for helpless old ladies as I've been told by my mother you are, ought to do pretty well in any line,' said Mr. Smith. 'You may report here at one o'clock this afternoon.'

The gentleman opened the door into the outer office and informed the red-headed brigade that they need not wait any longer, as he had found a boy to suit him. Then he turned to his desk, and Bobby, feeling himself dismissed, hurried home to tell his good news.

'Why, I really didn't do anything, mother,' he said. 'There was such a jam that the poor old lady had no chance to get off, for the conductor was so busy somewhere else and didn't notice, so I just helped her, that was all.'

'It was a little thing, but it had big results,' said his mother, and Bobby thought so, too.

GENERAL RELIEF

A writer in the *Edinburgh Despatch* tells the following amusing story: The reporter, after a very busy day, felt exhausted when he returned to the office with his notes. He had a report of a speech delivered by Lord Rosebery, and not being equal to the task of transcribing his shorthand notes, a good-hearted typist came to the rescue, and obligingly offered to take the speech down on a typewriter if the reporter would dictate it from his notes. The speech was a long one, and when it was got into type both reporter and typist were very tired, the reporter in winding up exclaiming, with a sigh of relief, 'Thank heaven!' Unfortunately the typist automatically incorporated the exclamation as part of the report. The copy was rushed through to the compositors, set up, hastily read, and sent to press. The consequence was that the following morning the speech appeared in print with this startling finale: 'At the the conclusion of the meeting Lord Rosebery left for the south. Thank heaven!'

THE REPORTER AS A CRITIC

Lord Dufferin delivered before the Greek class of McGill University an address about which a reporter wrote:

His lordship spoke to the class in the purest Greek, without mispronouncing a word or making the slightest grammatical solecism.

'Good heavens,' remarked Sir Hector Langevin to the late Sir John A. Macdonald, 'how did the reporter know that?'

'I told him,' said the Conservative.

'But you don't know any Greek.'

'True, but I know a little about politics.'

ACCORDING TO CUSTOM

The football match was over, and a large crowd surrounded the small gates, the only exit, when a small boy was seen climbing the wall in an endeavor to get out without being crushed.

When almost at the top a policeman saw him and shouted out to him: 'Eh, lad, come down and go out the same way that you came in.'

The reply came back as the lad dropped over the other side, 'I am doing that, mister.'

Wm. INGS

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