

THE

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TWIN PETS.

MARY'S twin pets are growing so fast that one of them will soon be as much as she can carry. Indeed I think she had better let them both walk. Don't you?

THE IMPARTIAL JUDGE.

ONCE upon a time—so the story goes—two cats of the same family fell to disputing as to the division of a large piece of cheese which they had by some means, honestly or otherwise, come into possession of. So, being unable to agree between themselves, they went to the monkey, and called upon him to decide as to a proper division of the property. After hearing the story of each, the monkey invested himself in his wig, and put on an immense pair of spectacles, which made him look very wise, and taking a pair of scales he broke the cheese in two pieces and placed them on the scales of justice, one on each side, and weighed them before the cats. Finding one piece heavier than the other he bit off



TWIN PETS.

a large piece from it and eat it up, and then again placed the piece upon the scale. But now it was found that the other piece was the heaviest, and so a large piece was taken out of that. But, when returned to

the scale, behold, that was again the heavier one. And so the monkey kept on, biting off and eating pieces and reweighing the balance, until but two small pieces were left, which the monkey said he should keep as

what sort of a time he had, he replied, that he had a very nice time, but, he added, "Grandma ate just like Tray."

Ab, grandma! do not omit the blessing; the little boys are looking at you.

payment for his trouble in acting as judge. So neither of the two cats had any portion of their prize left for their pains.

And they went away two sadder, but much wiser cats, than when they called upon his monkey-ship. Now it is often just so with men, and little children, too, who, in disputing over little differences between themselves often find, too late, that love and forbearance and kindness toward each other would have saved them much loss and secured them much real enjoyment.

EATING LIKE TRAY.

"FATHER," said little Josie Dick, "Tray is a naughty dog; and you must whip him."

"Why whip poor Tray? What has he done?" asked his father.

"Why, father, he ate his dinner and didn't ask a blessing."

Mr. Dick then told Josie that little dogs did not know how to ask a blessing as boys could. Some days after Josie went to his grandmother's. On his return, being asked