

"Monkey mothers are extremely affectionate to their offspring," continued Professor Wormwood. "Do you see our baby's mother watching us? At its birth, I had to win her confidence very slowly before she would permit me to touch it. They will sometimes kill their babies rather than allow them to be handled."

"During Tony Pastor's little life, it was the prettiest thing to see its mother—Annie Rooney we called her—nursing, rooking and playing with it. And when it died she refused to leave the little body, and would neither eat nor sleep, so finally I had to hide it from her. But I tell you it was touching to see the behavior of the other monkeys in the Park Zoo. They would come quietly to the spot where little Tony lay, look at her soberly, then go out in decorous fashion, for all the world like human folk at a funeral."

At this moment a couple of monkeys began backing up towards each other, chattering fiercely the while.

"Look at them! They're going to fight," I said.

"Oh, no," answered the Professor, with a laugh, "it's a sign of friendliness when they back up to each other in that fashion. Those two want to quarrel though," he said quickly, and at the same moment his assistant moved hastily over to where two little old men were chattering shrilly from chair to chair.

"I know by the tone and cry," he continued. "I have had fifteen years constant association with them, and can tell instantly by the sound of their cry whether they are angry or frightened, thirsty, or hungry, protesting or pleased."

"I notice that a writer in one of the papers asserts that my animals are forced to their tricks through fear," he said presently. "I know that it is a natural supposition, supported perhaps by the eager, wistful look on the monkeys' faces. But that is an expression natural to the little animals, born upon them, I sometimes think out of some tragic past. There is never a man, woman or child that does not laugh at a monkey, but there is a pitiful feeling for it also, because of that quaint nervous aged little face."



"Whip my animals? Of course I do; but only as we whip a child who has been naughty or quarrelsome. As for ill treatment, why the little creatures are too valuable for that. I will not keep an assistant who I discover ill treating the animals in even slight degree. And you see how they trust me."

There was no question about it. The manner in which the little creatures sprang to him was an evidence not to be gainsaid.

They are well housed, and keep in perfect condition of daintiness. When they come fresh from bath and comb, ready for the quaint little trousers, coats and dresses, they are as sweet smelling as a newly bathed baby. Again, since the climate tries them so severely, they must be most carefully guarded from change of temperature, and frequently if the winter prove severe must be taken South, if they would be kept alive.

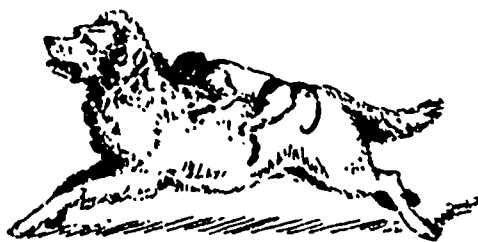
"Do you believe, with Professor Garner, that monkeys have a language?"

"I know they have," was the emphatic answer. "If I could breed monkeys I believe I could make them talk. Some day I hope to go to Africa, to study them in their native forests."

Professor Wormwood rather resents the con-

tempt Kipling has heaped upon his pets and the low estate to which he assigns them in his famous 'Jungle Tales.' He is inclined to look with favor upon Orpheus Kerr's theory in that uncanny romance, "Once There Was a Man."

"They are able to work intelligently," he said.



"and understand what we say—even what we look. If we cannot understand them, isn't the fault rather ours? It always seems to me that a higher intelligence should comprehend a lower. We should understand lower animals better than we do; especially these creatures that are so queerly human."

"Out in Calcutta there is a tobacco farm where monkeys work in the fields keeping the plants free from insects. And in South Africa, the monkey's fondness for glitter is made use of in a mine. Two monkeys are trained to search the rocks, and they find gold nuggets and pick them out in places where no one else could."

"If there were time I could tell you ever so many stories about my monkeys, that would show how intelligent and brave they can be—there's plenty of savagery in them, of course, since we've never had a chance to breed it out of them—but not more than there is in primitive man."

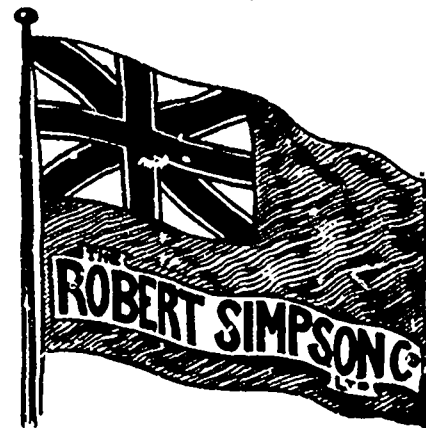
"But just let me tell you of one of my little fellow here—an Australian rhesus. A man stepped on him at a depot, some time ago, and broke his arm. I didn't want to set it, but asked a doctor to do so while I held him. The doctor refused. It was a compound fracture, and the monkey would never bear it—would turn savage, he said. So I asked the doctor to stay and help me, while I did it. I sat the little fellow on a chair and gave him a stick to hold in his paw, just for something to grip; and talking to him quietly and soothingly, put back the bone. The tears poured down his cheeks, yet the brave little animal never flinched, but just gripped his stick. When I turned to ask the doctor's help with the plaster, I found that the tears were running down his cheeks also."

"That monkey let me dress his arm, whenever necessary; and kept to the plaster and sling as wisely as any man could."

The musical variety-man's many encores had prolonged his share of the entertainment; but now he came behind the curtain, and fickle Boo-boo sprang to his arms. The Professor put down the baby monkey, who took her sudden deposition calmly, gave sleepy Pansy a little wakening shake, and patted his dainty little greyhound, whose wonderful tricks of rigid muscles came next on the programme. The attendants each put down his armful of pets. The dogs sprang back to their bench, and the older monkeys went resignedly to their chairs, while the younger ones leaped up to their wire ropes that gave them freedom for fun. The curtain went up, and the clever little tricksters were in view again.

Passing down through the cage-room, I found the consumptive, pale, wasted, listless looking, yet sitting close to the stage door, as though listening to the applause, and longing to be with his companions. Such a pathetic little figure he was, with his hollow cheeks, hacking cough, and weary air—an epitome of consumptive invalidism, intensified by that uncanny solemn aged face into a tragedy.

FAITH FENTON.



New Year Suggestions

With distinctively holiday buying over the thoughts of shoppers will turn to various special lines. The early part of the New Year starts the buying of white goods—cottons and underwear, and everything that is readily classified under this head. Without going into details you may be sure that the Big Store is in readiness to meet all calls. Winter is with us, usually, in all its force during the first two or three months of the New Year, and it may be that you have not supplied yourself with all the necessities for the colder weather. Let us suggest some things:—

SPECIALS IN BLANKETS, QUILTS AND COMFORTERS.

Pure Down Quilts, English Sateen Cover, size 5x6, with 1 1/2 in. frill, newest designs and colorings, reg. \$6 to \$8 50, special.....	\$5
Superfine White Wool Blankets, 7 lbs., 6x8 1/2, in pink or blue borders, pure white, fine goods, special....	2 00
Pure Down Quilts, 5x6, English Sateen, new designs, light or dark colors, plain, reg. \$1.25, special....	3 50
Extra Superfine Pure White Wool Blankets, in pink or blue borders, 9 lbs., size 70x90, fine finish, reg. \$6, special.....	5 00
Comforters, English Sateen Covers, newest designs and colorings, heavy cambric lining, size 72x78, filled with white cotton batting, reg. \$3.25, special.....	2 50
Superfine White Wool Blanket, 8 lbs., 66x86, combination border, reg. \$3.20, special.....	2 50
Comforters, splendid designs, sateen covering, plain cambric lining, in assorted colors, white cotton filled, size 72x72, reg. \$2.25, special.....	1 50

SPECIALS IN EVENING SILKS.

Large Variety of these Beautiful Shot Glacés, at.....	50
32 in. Mousseline de Soie, at.....	75
Lyons' Satin Duchesse, all silk at \$1.25 and.....	1 50
Lyons' Handsome White Satin Duchesse Broche, entirely newest designs, at \$1.25, \$1.50 and.....	2 00
Heavy 27 in. White and Colored India Silks, at.....	50
Beautiful French Broche, at.....	75
22 in. French Failles and Hongkongs, at 85c. and.....	1 00
22 in. White and Colored Satin Duchesse, bright finish, at.....	50
Pre-cy French Blouse Silks, entirely new at \$1. \$1.25 and.....	1 50
Very special, 1,500 yards Flawless White India Silk, very fine and real silk, usual price 40c., grand offering.....	25
2,000 yards Heavy White India Silk, full 27 in. wide, usually sold at from 60c. to 75c., grand offering.....	35

SPECIALS IN FURS.

Extra fine quality Stone Marten Ruffs, cheap at \$10, our price.....	7 50
Superfine Stone Marten Collars, 2 heads and tails, \$15, worth \$20; also with 10 tails, worth \$25.00, for.....	17 50
No. 1 Alaska Sable Collars, 10 tails, extra fine goods, worth \$15, for.....	10 00
Ermine Ruffs, very fine, good clear color, worth \$10, for.....	7 50
Very fine curl and quality Grey Lamb Capelines, with extra high storm collar, worth \$15, very special at Superior Astrachan Capeline, Chinchilla edging, worth \$13.50, for.....	9 50
Children's Carriage Rugs in very fine Lamb, \$3, worth \$4; sets at \$1.75, worth.....	5 50

A large proportion of the trade of this Big Store is with people in all parts of the Dominion, whom we have never seen, and who order through the mails. The fact that many have been following this practice regularly for years is suggestive of the convenience of this store, and the satisfaction in trading here.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON CO. LTD.

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen Sts.

170, 172, 174, 176, 178 Yonge St. 1 and 1 Queen St. West.