

## THE POLITE MONKEY.

"I was amused at an act of politeness I once witnessed on the part of a monkey that had a very peculiar effect on my dog," said Stephen L. Warner, recently. "One day an Italian organ-grinder, accompanied by a trained monkey, wandered into our town, the man stopped before my house to play. The monkey was an intelligent little fellow, and was attired in a jacket and cap. While his master was grinding out the music, the monkey hopped down from the organ, where he had been sitting, and, jumping the fence, came up into my yard. He was at once spied by a fox terrier of mine, and the dog made a rush at him. The monkey awaited the onset with such undisturbed tranquility that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoitre. Both animals took a long, steady stare at each other, when suddenly the monkey raised his paw and gracefully saluted his enemy by raising his hat. The effect was magical. The dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off into the house, and would not leave it until satisfied that his polite but mysterious guest had departed."

## WHAT TOMMY SAID.

Uncle John—Well, what do you mean to be when you get to be a man?

Little Tommy (promptly)—A doctor, like pa.

Uncle John (quizzically)—Indeed; and which do you intend to be, an allopath or a homoeopath?

Little Tommy—I don't know what them awful big words mean. Uncle John; but that don't make no difference, 'cause I ain't goin' to be either of 'em. I'm just goin' to be a family doctor an' give all my patients Hood's Sarsaparilla. 'cause my pa says that if he is a doctor, he's 'bliged to own up that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best family medicine he ever saw in his life.

## PUSSY'S BIG PLAYMATE.

Superintendent John B. Smith, of the Central Park Menagerie at New York, the other day found in the rhinoceros cage his large black cat Snyder, which had been missing for a week. While going through the elephant house in which Smiles, the old rhinoceros, is kept, the superintendent saw the missing cat curled up in the hay beside the big beast. The rhinoceros was licking the cat's paw with its tongue. Superintendent Smith watched the pair for a time and tried to coax the cat out, but he would not leave Smiles. A keeper informed him that the two had struck up a strong friendship in the past week, and when the rhinoceros was asleep the cat would frequently perch itself on Smiles' back and keep watch.

"In its native state," explained the superintendent, "a bird known to hunters as the rhinoceros bird, keeps watch over the huge animal

while sleeping, and peeks at its ears to arouse it at the approach of danger. Nature, perhaps, is working on the same lines in bringing Smiles and Snyder together; but it is a queer friendship and I shall not disturb it."

## WAIT FOR THE MUD TO DRY.

Father Graham was an old-fashioned gentleman, beloved by everyone, and his influence in the little town was great, so good and active was he.

A young man of the village had been badly insulted, and came to Father Graham full of angry indignation, declaring that he was going at once to demand an apology.

"My dear boy," Father Graham said to him, "take a word of advice from an old man who loves peace. An insult is like mud; it will brush off much better when it is dry. Wait a little, till he and you are both cool, and the thing is easily mended. If you go now, it will be only to quarrel."

It is pleasant to be able to add that the young man took his advice, and before the next day was done, the offending person came to beg forgiveness.

## LOVING WITH ALL THE STRENGTH.

A little boy had declared that he loved his mother "with all his strength," and he was asked to explain what he meant by "with all his strength." After some little time spent in reflection, he said: "Well, I'll tell you; you see we live way up here on the fourth floor of this tenement, and there's no elevator, and the coal is kept away down in the basement. Mother's dreadfully busy all the time, and isn't very strong, and so I see to it that the coal-hod is never empty. I lug all the coal up four flights of stairs all by myself, and it's a pretty big hod. It takes all my strength to get it up here. Now, isn't that loving my mother with all my strength?" Dear helpful little boy! One must search long to find a clearer, sweeter definition of the way in which a boy could love his mother "with all his strength."

## THE LOFTIER SPIRIT.

A young woman whose life was full of lofty ambitions found herself occupied day after day with disagreeable tasks. As the future seemed to shut down hopelessly around these homely duties, the girl grew complaining and bitter. One day her father, who was the village doctor, said to her: "Do you see those vials? They are cheap, worthless things in themselves, but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in another a healing medicine. Nobody cares for the vials themselves, but for what they carry. So with our duties, insignificant and worthless in themselves; but the patience or anger or high thinking or bitterness which we

put in them, that is the important thing, the immortal thing." A celebrated Frenchman said, "Perfection consists not in doing extraordinary things, but in doing ordinary things with an extraordinary spirit."

## JOHN'S REFERENCES.

John was twelve years old when he applied for a place in the office of a well-known lawyer, who had advertised for a boy; but he had no reference. "I am afraid I shall stand a poor chance," he thought; "but I'll try."

The lawyer glanced him over from head to foot.

"A good face," he thought, "and pleasant ways." Then he noted the new suit—but the other boys had appeared in new clothes—saw the well-brushed hair and clean looking skin. Very well, but there had been others here quite as cleanly. Another glance showed the finger nails free from soil.

"Ah! that looks like thoughtfulness," thought the lawyer.

Then he asked a few direct rapid questions, which John answered as directly.

"Prompt," was the lawyer's thought. "He can speak up when necessary. Let me see your writing," he added, aloud.

John took the pen and wrote his name. "Very well; easy to read and no flourishes. Now, what references have you?"

The dreaded question at last. John's face fell. He began to feel some hope of success, but this dashed it.

"I have not any," he said, slowly. "I'm almost a stranger in the city."

"Can't take a boy without reference," was the brusque rejoinder, and as he spoke a sudden thought sent a flush to John's cheek.

"I have no references," he said, with hesitation; "but here is a letter from mother I have just received."

The lawyer took it. It was a short letter.

"My Dear John—I want to remind you that, whenever you get work, you must consider that work your own. Don't go into it, as some boys do, with the feeling that you will do as little as you can, and get something better soon; but make up your mind you will do as much as possible, and make yourself so necessary to your employer that he will never let you go. You have been a good son to me. Be as good in business, and I'm sure God will bless your efforts."

"H'm!" said the lawyer, reading it over a second time. "That is pretty good advice, John—excellent advice! I rather think I'll try you, even without references."

John has been with him six years, and last spring was admitted to the bar.

"Do you intend to take the young man into partnership?" asked a friend, lately.

"Yes, I do. I couldn't get along without John."

And John always says the best reference he ever had was a mother's good advice and honest praise.

## PART OF THE FURNISHINGS.

"It's such a lovely home!" said Kitty, with more than a trace of envy in her tone. "The carpets are elegant, Grace. Your feet stand down in them, and I could stand all day looking at the pictures. They have a music-room, you know, and a grand piano. And there are such attractive little corners everywhere and pretty window-seats!" Kitty paused in her enthusiastic recital to look about the plain little sitting-room and sigh.

But sister Grace smiled. "You're quite an artist in description, Kitty. And amid all that luxury, did you find the teaspoonful of love?"

"Teaspoonful!" repeated Kitty, much perplexed. "I don't know what you mean."

Grace selected a fresh hole in the heel of Bert's stocking and began operations. "Somebody said—I've forgotten who, but he must have been a wise man—that he'd rather have a teaspoonful of love in a house, than all the rich upholstery in the world. You can't make a lovely home out of beautiful carpets and fine pictures, Kitty dear. Love is an essential part of the furnishings."

Kitty was busy thinking over her visit during the last two days. She recalled the tired face of the mistress of the house, and the unconcealed disrespect her children showed to her wishes. She remembered how the head of the family had found fault with his breakfast, and had slammed the door behind him as he started away to his office. Kitty threw her arms about her sister's neck. "You're always right, Grace," she said. "Compared with that, this house is a regular palace!"

—Humility was a virtue unknown in the ancient world, and even to-day it is not widely cultivated. And yet it was one of the most striking characteristics in the life of the Lord Jesus. "He humbled Himself."

## BIRTH.

Friday, August 26th, at Calgary, Alberta, to Rev. C. H. P. and Mrs. Owen, of the Black-foot Reserve, a daughter.

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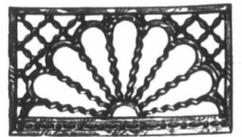
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