

The Family Circle

"I LOVE YOU, MOTHER."

"I love you, mother," said little John;
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said Little Nell,
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted half the day,
Till mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan,
"To-day I'll help you all I can;"
To the cradle then she did softly creep,
And rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly, she took the broom,
And swept the floor, and dusted the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said—
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think the mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

THE BOY.

There is nothing in the world so well worth looking after as the boy, and there is no being in the world so neglected as the boy. There is scant room for him. We chaperon our girls—and not too carefully—but we leave the boy to choose his associates and his environments with much advice and very little guidance. Girls are naturally gentle and companionable, most of them, at least, and they win their way to and are welcome in all homes, but we do not know of many homes where boys are invited. About the only door that swings with sure welcome for him, about the only chair that is placed near the fire for him, about the only spot where he is sure of a cordial greeting, is where you do not desire him to go. It is one of the hardest things in the world to get hold of a boy—to get a sure grip on him. You think you know something about him, but perhaps that something is very little, and very likely he knows more about you than you do about him.

THE EXPRESSION ON OUR COUNTENANCE.

Our face is the index to our character, our thoughts, our interior self. We gradually come to resemble our ideals, the things which most occupy our minds. Hope or fear, joy or sorrow, success or failure eventually reproduces itself in our expression of countenance, in our manner, in the atmosphere we carry about with us, in our personality. The thoughts we habitually harbor, whether optimistic or pessimistic, hopeful or despairing, sad or merry, will write their record in our faces, exactly in accordance with their nature.

Did you ever realise that your face is a perpetual advertisement of what is going on inside of you? People can tell pretty well by your expression what sort of stuff you are made of, whether you are the master or the slave of your passion or moods. They can tell whether you are optimist or pessimist, whether you have been in the habit of winning or of losing in life's battle. They can tell by the hope or the despair in your look which way you are headed.

If you are looking for a position, or struggling to get on your feet again after some great loss or misfortune, look in the mirror and study your expression. Try to realise how much it has to do with your chances of success. Picture to yourself the effect it is going to have on the people you interview, whether it is going

to prepossess them in your favor or cause them to dismiss you without even giving you a hearing. Even though you may have cause to be sad, chase away your sadness with a smile. Win back your own confidence, your courage, your self-reliance by a brave, sunny, smiling face. Your appearance will affect yourself in the same way that it affects others. You cannot afford to allow courage and confidence and cheerfulness to be eclipsed by your sadness.

BOOKS MADE BY ANCIENTS.

Bibliophiles will tell you that the bookbinding of the ancients has never been equalled, let alone surpassed. They will extol the beauties of the binding of the Byzantine period, when books and covers of gold, silver, and copper, were studded with jewels, the massive tomes being carried in imperial processions.

The books produced in the Middle Ages were of remarkable beauty, inwardly and outwardly. Religious manuscripts were enriched with illuminations themselves, while their covers were of silver, gold, or enamel, encrusted with gems. These books were generally bestowed as splendid gifts by bishops and princes on monastic houses and churches, where they were laid on the altar or chained to a desk.

The Dukes of Burgundy were renowned for their libraries. The *Boccaccio* of Charles the Bold was bound in red velvet, set with five large rubies. Another Burgundian book was velvet bound and set with fifty-eight pearls of great size.

The library of Philip the Good of Burgundy surpassed all other book collections of the time. It contained nearly 10,000 volumes, all richly illuminated on vellum, with bindings of damask, satin, and velvet, encrusted with jewels, with clasps of gold and gems.

THEY ARE DIFFERENT.

"Now, Harold," said the teacher, "there were eleven sheep in a field and six jumped the fence, how many would there be left?"

"None," replied Harold.

"Why, there would," said she.

"No, ma'am, there wouldn't," insisted he. "You may know arithmetic, but you don't know sheep."

TAKING NO RISKS.

There was the story of the Negro troops coming across the Atlantic in a transport. A submarine was sighted. The six sharp blasts from the whistle shrilled out, and the order was given to the colored troops to fall in on the deck. The Negroes stood in line at attention, waiting, silent and scared, while the passengers gathered in the saloon. Then the silence was broken by one big black man in the rear rank, who, in a small, quavering voice, asked:

"Does any nigger here want to buy a gold watch and chain?"

CHEAP AT THE PRICE.

A wandering auctioneer had gathered about him a merry throng of villagers. He held up a battered violin.

"What offers for this ancient fiddle?" he inquired, pathetically. "Look it over. Notice the blurred finger-marks of remorseless time. Observe the stains of hurrying years. To the merry notes of this fine old instrument the brocaded dames of fair France may have danced the minuet."

"Ha," continued the auctioneer, "it bears an abrasion—perhaps a touch of fire. It may be the very fiddle on which Nero played whilst Rome burned. Now, what offers?"

From the back of the crowd came a mournful answer, "A tanner!"

"It's yours, sir!" replied the auctioneer.

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