

The Family Circle

IN RESERVE.

He followed when duty beckoned,
And, dressed in his khaki brown,
The feller we hadn't reckoned
A man yet, marched from town;
And me and his ma are sitting
At night by the cottage door,
While the candle bugs are fitting,
And her heart and my heart are sore.

We were there to God-speed his going,
And the things that we felt we hid,
And we smiled, so he'd not be knowing;
Then we clumb in the cart and rid
Where the brown road went a winding
Up over the hills and home—
While the tears in our eyes were blinding—
Where the house stood in the gloam.

The windows were dark to meet us,
The chickens had gone to sleep,
And never a voice to greet us;
The barn was a sombre heap.
A blotch in the gloom, a sorrow
Repellent and full of fear.
A shade of the coming morrow
And morrows, and him not here!

He went when his country beckoned,
Went off with the khaki boys;
His ma hadn't ever reckoned
Him grown—him with all his noise—
The boy we had raised, gone to it—
The war—from his mother's lap—
But I guess if he didn't do it
I'd reach for the holdback strap!

They tell me I'm too old for fighting,
That I could not keep my feet,
My teeth are too poor for biting
The grub that they have to eat;
So he went to the post of danger
With joy on the double quick—
But if they hurt my boy—then, stranger,
They'll have his old dad to lick!

SOLVES EVERY PROBLEM.

It can not be said of the Catholic Church, at least, that she is more concerned with the sweet by-and-bye than about the bitter here-and-now, says Rev. Doctor Downey in the *Catholic Times*, London. There is no problem of life so ephemeral, no scruple of morals so personal, but she is ready with her solution or her relief. Unfortunately, many, even of her children, are ignorant of the full extent of the treasures that she has to offer.

As every problem of mathematics is worked out by correct manipulation of the figures from one to ten, so, too, every problem affecting the soul of man is soluble on Christian principles. To plead for more figures to work out a sum would be to plead for an absurdity. If we can not work the sum, the fault is not in the figures, but in our ignorance of their application. And if we can not see our way clear through the problem that disturb our souls, the fault is not in the principles of Christianity but in our ignorance of their application.

SHOWS HIS FAITH.

On the street or riding in the car we happen to pass a Catholic church, and a man walking along or sitting in the seat near us lift his hat, says the *Pittsburg Catholic*, it is the mystic sign! Blank stranger though he be, whom we never laid eyes on before, with-

out speaking a word, without opening his mouth or as much as glancing our way, even, he has conveyed a message to us: He has said he is one of us, a member of that Church spread throughout the world. He has said he is a Catholic.

To others beholding the action it may mean nothing. They think, perhaps, he raises his hat to replace it more comfortably or that it is but a little gesture of nervousness. But to one of the universal faith or to one who has ever belonged to it the action means but one thing, has but one significance, is as unmistakable as one's hand—it proclaims that the person performing it believes in the Sacrament of the Eucharist, is openly professing that belief and paying a tribute of adoration as he passes the church.

HER FAILING.

Alluding to the vexed subject of spelling reform, Sir Robert Borden, the Canadian Prime Minister, tells in an English periodical the story of a lady whose spelling was somewhat erratic. She was sensitive on the subject, and her demands for information as to correct spelling sometimes placed her peace-loving husband in a delicate position.

One day when she was writing a letter she glanced up to ask:

"John, do you spell 'graphic' with one f or two?"

"Well, my dear," was the diplomatic reply, "if you're going to use any, you might as well use two."

SURE TO GET IT.

Great was the excitement in the village when word came that young Jim Bing, one of the local heroes, had won the V.C. At once the vicar hurried off to tell Jim's aged grandmother and congratulate her.

"Got the Vesee, 'as 'e?" said the deaf old lady. "Well, I 'opes 'e won't be as bad wi' it as 'e wor wi' the measles. Jim alus wor like that. If there was anything catchin' goin' about Jim was sure to get it."

TOO OFTEN.

Angry Purchaser: "Didn't you tell me that you had got as many as 12 eggs in one day from those eight hens you sold me?"

Poultry Raiser: "Yes, ma'am."

Angry Purchaser: "Then why is it that I'm never able to get more than two eggs from them, and sometimes not so many, in one day?"

Poultry Raiser: "I don't know, ma'am, unless it's because you look for eggs too often. Now, if you look for them only once a week, I feel quite positive that you will get just as many eggs in one day as I did."

SMILE-RAISERS.

Kirsty Macdonald, who lived in a remote Highland parish, had a visit from her Edinburgh nieces, who were to spend a week or two with the old lady. So she determined to show them off on Sunday at the village kirk of Lochaber. The young ladies wore costumes of the purest snowy white.

At one point of his sermon, the minister, in speaking of the Angels of Heaven, said: "And who are they in white array?"

To the consternation of the congregation, Kirsty said: "It's ma two nieces, sir, from Edinburgh."

"James," said the efficiency expert, annoyed by the cheerful habit which his chauffeur had of whistling while at his work, "you should remember that the greatest fortunes nowadays are made from the by-products of waste. Hereafter when you whistle, whistle into the tyres and save the expense of a pump."

"Has nobody been during my absence?" asked the doctor. "I left this slate here for callers to write their names on, and it is perfectly clean."

Consulting Rooms:
Opp. Masonic Hotel,
Napier



Visits
Hastings Tuesdays
At Union Bank Chambers