

The Family Circle

A CERTAIN BOY.

He doesn't like to go to bed,
And getting up is worse,
To washing, too, I've heard it said,
He's just as much averse.

And as for school and studying
When he would rather roam,
He hates it more than anything
But doing jobs at home.

I must admit that it is true,
Though 'tis a sorry boast,
Whatever he is told to do
Is what he hates the most.

I do suppose that if he chose
What he should do all day,
He'd play and eat awhile, and then
He'd eat awhile and play.

A LOVER OF THE HOLY NAME.

When Philip II. was King of Spain there lived in his court a prince of the Holy Empire, Ferdinand Gonzaga, Marquis of Castiglione and kinsman of the Duke of Mantua. Prince Ferdinand stood high in the esteem of Philip and his Queen, Isabel.

One day he asked for a great favor—the hand in marriage of the Lady Martha Santena, the daughter of an Italian noble and lady of honor to Queen Isabel.

The Royal approval was readily given, the Santena family favored the suit, but the Lady Martha's consent was not won until through fasting and prayer she reached the decision that such a union would be pleasing to God. The marriage was solemnised in the most devout manner, and Ferdinand and his bride left the court for the tranquil routine of life in Castiglione.

The gentle ways and deep piety of the young wife won the hearts of the people, and there was general rejoicing when on the 9th of March, 1568, a son was born to Ferdinand and Martha. The Duke of Mantua was sponsor for the infant prince, and he gave him the name Aloysius.

Like many another Christian mother, the mistress of Castiglione had prayed that God would bless her with a son to rear for His service. Therefore, she looked upon Aloysius as a hostage to the Most High, and carefully trained her boy from his earliest years.

"Jesus" and "Mary" were the first words he spoke; his first conscious act was to make the Sign of the Cross. He loved to be with his mother in the chapel or on errands of mercy. A brother and sister came to keep him company, but best of all he delighted in retirement and prayer.

Prince Ferdinand watched the boy's development with pride, but he was not in accord with the mother's plans for his heir. The boy must be a soldier, the father decreed, and to incline his tastes towards war he gave Aloysius toy guns and other weapons.

On one occasion he took the child to Casal to see a muster of Italian troops. Aloysius marched at the head of the ranks and carried a little pike. The Prince was so pleased that he decided to leave his son in this military environment for some months.

The result was not what he had hoped it would be. Aloysius, then in his seventh year, innocently repeated some expressions that he had heard the officers use. He knew nothing of bad language, and was deeply humiliated and grieved when his tutor sharply reproved him for repeating such words.

He never forgot the incident, and nothing would induce him to remain in company where the name of God was profaned.

Little Aloysius was a true Knight of Our Lady, and often the servants watched him as he descended the stairs, pausing on each landing to say a Hail Mary. When he was 12 years old he received his First Com-

munion from Cardinal Borromeo, and thereafter to receive his Lord was his greatest happiness.

It had long been evident that the mother's wish for her son would be granted. The holy youth begged to be allowed to enter the Society of Jesus, and after protracted and bitter opposition his father gave his consent.

"Dear Son, your choice is a deep wound in my heart," he said. "I ever loved you as you always deserved. In you I had founded the hopes of my family; but you tell me God calls you another way. Go, therefore, whither you please, and His blessing everywhere attend you."

PROOF POSITIVE.

"Newspapers, nowadays, are a swindle," said the man who liked a lot for his money. "Everything in them is condensed, cut down almost to nothing. They are not worth buying."

"I differ," said another member of the company. "A modern newspaper, to my mind, is a marvel of production. Why! for a mere coin you get something for all classes of the community, the politician, the sportsman, the financier, the theatre-goer, the literary man, all are catered for. There's something in it for everybody, and everything in it interests somebody."

"Then, who does this interest?" asked the first speaker, pointing to the stop-press column, which happened to be blank.

"Oh! that," replied the other, "proves my argument: it's for those who can't read."

THAT ACCOUNTED FOR IT.

Jimmy Pouter was a little man, and as pugnacious as a ferret until he met someone bigger than himself. One day he went into a restaurant, very hungry and thirsty. He noticed a few tables away a huge man—one of the bristling kind—with a large portion of roast duck.

Jimmy ordered some. When, however, the waiter brought it to him, he noticed that his portion was only about half the size of the big man's.

"Look here," Jimmy remarked to the waiter, "this portion isn't anything like as big as that fat fellow's over there! What do you mean by it, sir? My money's as good as his, I suppose? Where's the manager?"

The waiter looked at the big man.

"That is the manager, sir!" he said.

WHAT TROUBLED HIM.

Old Jimson, the miser, sent his young son out to milk the cow. He took the one and only pail with him. Somehow or other both the lad and the pail disappeared mysteriously.

No more was heard of him till he wandered back home 10 years after, a millionaire, and loaded the old man up with gold and diamond pins and new clothes and gave him £500 as a birthday present. When that was done, the strapping and prosperous son laughed and said:—

"Well, dad?"

And old Jimson replied:—

"George," says he, "wot 'ave ye done with the pail?"

INSULT TO INJURY.

At the military amateur pantomime a certain gay young subaltern had brought the house down by working into the part of Widow Twankey all the odd mannerisms of his colonel.

Next day the matter came to the ears of the "old man," and the subaltern was summoned to the presence for explanations.

"Now, sir," snapped the colonel, "I hear you had the confounded impudence to mimic me at the theatre last night while I was away. What have you to say for yourself?"

"I am very sorry, sir; very sorry indeed," replied the culprit. "I can only tender my respectful apologies for having acted the fool!"

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