

# The Family Circle

## THE BEST YOU CAN

The boys of whom the time has need  
 Are boys that will not shirk,  
 But bring to tasks they undertake -  
 A love for honest work.  
 It is from stuff like this, my lad,  
 The years will make the man,  
 So face the future with a will  
 To do the best you can.

It may not be your lot to lead  
 To vict'ry in the fight  
 Upon a bloody battlefield  
 Where men may die for right,  
 But you may wage a silent war  
 Against all wrong and sin,  
 And be a hero, all the same,  
 Because you fight and win.

It takes true bravery to be  
 A champion of right  
 In days like these, where men bow down  
 Like slaves to worship might.  
 But know, my lad, that he who fights  
 For love and fellow-man  
 And truth will surely win, because  
 He'll do the best he can.

## WHAT GOLDIE FOUND IN THE PATH

Perhaps no one in the country was more pleased to learn that spring was coming than Grandpa Ashton. Winter had been long and cold, and Grandpa Ashton didn't like winter. He preferred freezing weather when he was a boy, but after he had rheumatism winter was a different thing. It meant, 'Stay in the house, Mr. Ashton, and sit by the fire. Wait for spring, Mr. Ashton; wait for spring!'

Grandpa Ashton waited for spring because he was obliged to do so; but Grandpa Ashton says he was often rather cross during that long, cold winter. His rheumatism was worse than usual and he couldn't walk a step without two canes; which may be the reason.

Every day when school was out Grandpa Ashton used to sit by the window and bow and smile to the passing children. He liked to see the seven children go hopping and skipping along the road, swinging their dinner-pails, kicking the snow, or playing snowball; he said it cheered his heart to see their rosy cheeks.

The day Grandpa Ashton knew that winter had packed up his overcoat and icicles and was surely gone, he watched for the school children. When they appeared, laughing and shouting for joy because it was Friday, Grandpa Ashton tapped loud on the window and motioned for them to come.

'Spring is here!' he announced after Grandma Ashton had opened the window.

'We know it, we know it!' shouted the children.

'We'll bring you pussy willows next week!'  
 'That is the very reason I called you!' declared Grandpa Ashton. 'I wish to tell you this: I'll give a dollar to see a violet growing. The first child who brings me a violet, roots and all, shall have a dollar!'

The only one of the seven who didn't dance joyfully and promise to search through the woods for a violet the very next day, was Goldie Brown. She trudged soberly home. The next day was Saturday; and Saturday was Goldie's busiest day. She always washed the breakfast dishes, did the dusting, and took care of the three little ones, while her mother baked bread, cake, pies, cookies, and got the house in order for Sunday.

'It seems to me as if I couldn't get through with the Saturday work without Goldie's help,' Mrs Brown often told her neighbors. Goldie, short for Goldilocks, was a nickname.

The following morning six children called at the farmhouse for Goldie.

'Grandpa Ashton is going to give a dollar to the one who finds the first violet,' one of the children explained, 'and it wouldn't be fair if we didn't stop for Goldie!'

'I am sorry,' replied Mrs. Brown slowly, 'but I can't spare Goldie this morning!'

At first Goldie Brown couldn't help crying; but she washed the dishes, did the dusting and took care of the three little sisters as if nothing had happened; as if she didn't long to be with the care-free children searching for violets. By the time Mrs. Brown asked Goldie to go to the bottom of the garden after horseradish roots the little girl was happy and smiling.

She ran with a hop, skip, and a jump to do the errand. After she reached the horseradish patch and had secured her roots, what did that little girl see in a clump of grass beside the sunny path but a blue violet blossom stretching toward the sun. It didn't take her long to dig the treasure and run with it to the house.

'See what I have found!' she exclaimed.

'Take it immediately to Grandpa Ashton!' advised her delighted mother, 'and tell him that I say it grew in the path of duty!'

Somewhat puzzled, Goldie repeated her mother's message when she carried the violet, roots and all, to Grandpa Ashton.

'Nine cases out of ten,' observed Grandpa Ashton solemnly, as he placed a shining dollar in Goldie's hand, 'nine cases out of ten, you will find the choicest treasures in the path of duty!'

'The violets are not out yet,' declared the six children, when at last they returned, tired and disappointed, from the woods.

'One violet was out,' corrected Grandpa Ashton, 'it was out looking for Goldie Brown who stayed home to help her mother!' and until Grandma Ashton planted that violet in the yard a week later, Grandpa Ashton told all his callers about the violet that bloomed in Goldie Brown's path of duty. He sometimes tells that story to this day!

## THE POSTAGE STAMP

The little story which gives the credit of the postage stamp to Mr. Rowland Hill seems to be generally accepted.

Something more than eighty years ago he happened to be travelling in the north of England, and was stopping at a country inn when the postman brought a letter to the innkeeper's young daughter, who, after looking intently at the address for a while, declared that she could not receive it, as she was not able to pay the postage due, which amounted to a shilling. As she handed it back to the postman, Mr. Hill was moved to pity, and insisted upon paying the bill himself. During the evening the girl, truly grateful to him and ashamed of her deception, confessed that there was no writing in the envelope; that certain marks upon it gave her information as to her brother, and that the two had devised that means to avoid the postal dues.

Mr. Hill thought that the system which encouraged such fraud must be wrong, and set about devising a better plan. The result was the postage stamp, which has proved itself practical in all respects.

## GIVING HIM A FRESH START

The prominent citizen stormed into the editor's sanctum, and without any preliminaries began:

'See here, you, what in thunder do you mean by printing my name in your death notices' column? Can't you wait till a man's death before you bury him? It's hurt my business fearfully. I want a contradiction in to-morrow's paper without fail.'

'I'm sorry, Mr. Blank,' said the editor, 'but that is out of the question. We never apologise and we never withdraw a statement. But I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll put you in the "Births" next week.'

# Wm. INGS

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