

Our Family Circle

Answer to Husband.—Yes, it is understood that the feminine view is distinct. Most married men discover that what they think to be comment their wives feel to be criticism. Speak only good of the bread.

Mother.—Your son's rudeness in the house is not a sign of unfilial feeling. It is merely his way of recognising the family tie, since he is polite away from home. Always speak kindly to him; this is persisted in until he is grown up will cause him to notice it.

Wife.—Your husband's taciturnity on home-coming is not bearishness. He, dear man, realises that you have a lot on your mind. *Verb. sap.*

Daughter.—Rub your hands with oatmeal flour. Dish water roughens the cuticle. Unless your mother is a very robust person you may overstrain by practising for more than an hour after meals. Sufficient rest is necessary to the artistic temperament.

Son.—We agree, it is difficult for young persons to appreciate mature views. The fault we should hardly say is yours at seventeen, but you should persevere and, withal, allow for the well-known difficulty of "talking-down" to another. Your father is no doubt doing his best. Seek the interpretation of the philosophy of conduct from some chum who may have had a father with a clear style. Leeches will die if exposed to the blood of a cigarettist.

Mother-in-law.—Do not be too anxious to discover whether your daughter is well mated. Deep affection, such as yours, may blind you to the alleged faults of the young couple, but eventually the efforts of both families will be sufficient to rout out the real defects of the match. Printers' ink does not spoil grey hair.

Love and the Aeronaut

Won't you come and fly with me?

I know sky paths all untravelled,
Cloud banks, cool as cool can be,

Ways through stars to be untravelled;

Skirt with me the rainbows red,

Flutter through the lazy hours

Like the fleecy clouds and thread

Vapory lanes and unraind showers.

Up and up and up—away!

Leave the hills and clear the mountain,

Dripping with the showery spray

As a song bird in the fountain.

Till the lights that twinkle far

Where poor mortals fret and ponder

Seem as distant as the star

Twinkling in the heavens yonder.

Don't you feel the spread of wings?

Don't you hear the anchor slipping?

Bid farewell to earthly things—

Heavens, Love! The gas bag's ripping!

Quick, your hand, Love! Do not quake!

Shades of Vergil, Homer, Sallust!

We are just above a lake—

I must throw you out as ballast!

J. W. FOLEY.

A Royal Hat

A restaurant keeper at Marienbad has a straw hat which he values at \$1,000. It is not a handsome object, but he was many years in collecting the materials from which it is made. Every straw in it has been touched by the lips of royalty, for the thing is woven from the straws put in the drinks of the crowned heads of Europe who frequent his cafe.

TO ENJOY THANKSGIVING

Every man should
fill his pipe with
the latest solace :

GREAT WEST

SMOKING TOBACCO

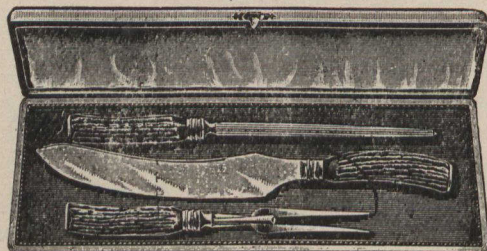


SMOKE or CHEW

In the big red bags of
Great West there is
one-seventh of a
pound of good
tobacco for..... **10c**

THANKSGIVING DAY

is almost here. The turkeys are fattening. Remember it requires a sharp knife to successfully carve a tender bird.



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or
White
Handles

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Satin
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Plush
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