PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

Penned by Adam Brown, Dominant Figure of Canadian History.

Adam Brown, Hamilton's Grand Old Man, who passed away on January 16 in his one hundredth year, left an unspoken address which he had prepared for the recent annual meeting of the Canada Life Assurance Company, to be presented at the meeting of that company in Toronto. The text of the address alone must have stirred listeners to greater endeavor, and added to this the personality and character of this dominant figure of Canadian history furnishes power and enthusiasm for greater victories.

A Psalm of Life.

The address to the staff of the company, in the poetic and imaginative phrasing of this great man, reads in part: "To our staff let me say that duty begins with life and ends with death. No one can live a happy life who does not seek to benefit others. So live then that the light you leave behind you lightens the path of others. We want living men whose acts brighten homes, relieve sorrow and lighten heavy hearts.

'If any lift of mine may ease
The burden of another,
God give me love and care and strength
To help my toiling brother.' "

The address continues: "Be satisfied with nothing but your best. No life is worth living otherwise. There is but one happiness in life, and that is in duty done. In the faithful performance of it, difficulties often present themselves, but they have to be met with courage, remembering ever that hope is the mainspring of human action, and that it is 'rough seas that make a skilful mariner.'

"If one is asked: 'What is your duty?' the answer is to do the day's work that presents itself. It is like a beacon light that upward points the way."

"A faithful performance of work leads from good to better and from better to still better. Live for something. Have something to care for and something to hope for, and you possess the very salt of life. Do not flag in any noble effort until you succeed. By your life and actions write your name on the hearts of those you leave behind you. Now is the time to do it, not to-morrow."

Heritage of Canadian Birth.

An appeal to better citizenship is contributed in the address with the words of the writer a simple testimony of his life. "Our country has a noble history and we who live today must be noble, too, and bend our energies to advance its interest. They who serve it with distinction well deserve highest honor. There is no predicting what the future of it will be; each day revealing fresh wonders. Listen to what the gifted Pauline Johnson thought of the Canadian-born:

'No title and no coronet is half so proudly worn
As that which we inherit as men Canadian born;
We count no man so noble as the one who makes the brag.
That he was born in Canada beneath the British flag.'

The Young Folk of the Farm.

The possibilities of the farm in moulding great lives for Canada is expressed in the following excerpt: "There has been too little attention paid in the past to attract the young people to stick to the farm. I mean the boys and the girls, to remain on the farm. The Honorable Mr. Martin, Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, has struck a chord that is having a wonderful effect in keeping the young people of both sexes away from the lure of cities by offering prizes of a character to let these young people feel that they alone are competing for them. Letting these young people see that they have a responsibility and that they amount to something in their clubs and meetings, on matters on which the older ones on the farm have nothing to say; this is working wonders."

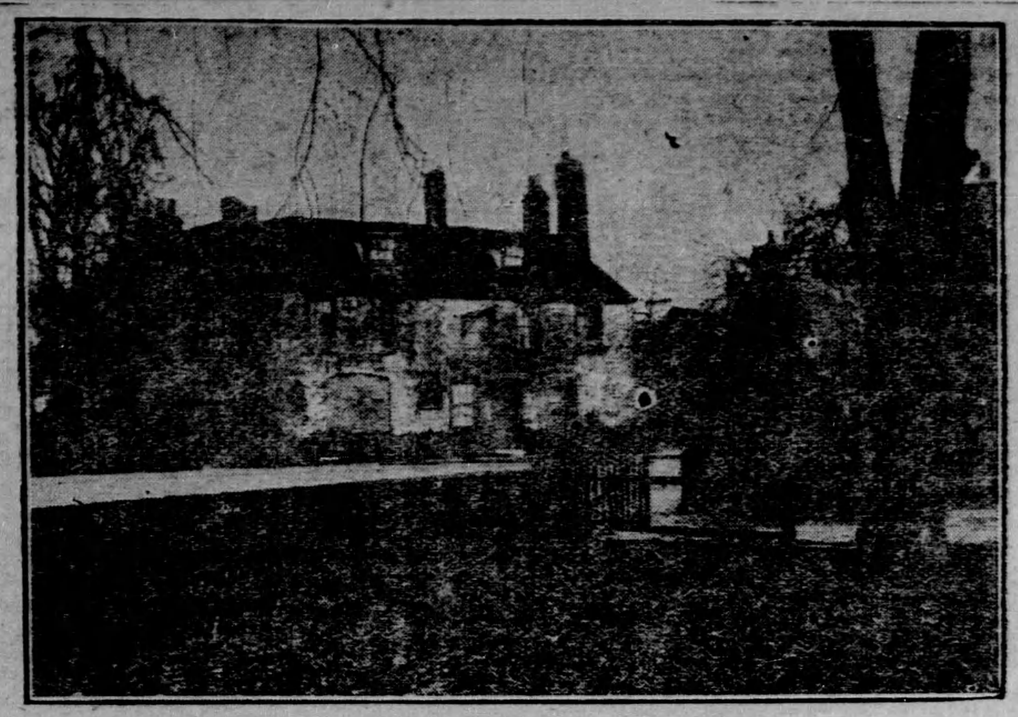
Power of the Pioneers.

Further tribute to the progress of Canada and the strength and power of the pioneers is found in the paragraph: "The progress since Confederation has been beyond words, and if the present campaign overseas for settlers proves what is expected of it in bringing the right sort of people here, God prosper Canada, all will be well."

"As the old guard passes away, may there ever be a new guard ready to lift the burden which they carried, and, with unswerving loyalty, wisdom and honor, 'carry on,' following their glorious example, and revering their precious memory. Every noble life leaves the fibres of it interwoven in the work of those who follow. They bore the brunt for us, and all our kith and kin.' And, while I refer to the old guard, let us, as loyal Canadians, ever keep precious the memories of our illustrious dead, who gave their lives for us in the terrible war, and saved our beloved Canada for the Empire and for us."

For a United Canada.

"Canadians from the Atlantic to the Pacific should be a united people. That was the thrilling speech made at Calgary by that gallant soldier, our Governor-General, Lord Byng, where he urged that Canada should be so, having no race or creed cry. If Canada is to prosper, as it will we must be as a united people. It was not that men of one Province or another that carried the day at Vimy, but it was a united body of Canadians, all one, and had they not been so the result would have been different; so I say to you: Cease any disputes between Provinces about wrongs that should be righted. Do not make a political football play of them, but a calm discussion at a round table, and be like Byng's Boys at Vimy, who went over the top as united Canadians, and you will be able to accomplish anything."



JANE AUSTEN'S HOME AT CHAWTON

With the coming 150th anniversary of the celebrated novelist's birth an agitation has started in England, calling attention to the shabby and neglected condition of the dwelling, which is now divided into separate tenements. Her writing room is occupied by the village club.

Monarchs of the Table.

The old idea that the brain thrives best on a diet of herbs and cold water, and that the more you eat the less you think, is combated by no less an authority than Sir Arthur Keith, the eminent British physician. Sir Arthur in a recent address declared that a man of genius was nine times out of ten a good trencherman, who liked his meals often and hearty. Commenting on this utterance, The Argonaut drops into reminiscence about the facts at table of some of the great writers of the past.

Victor Hugo, it will be recalled, had a Gargantuan appetite. His favorite dish was a mulligan of sorts, a tripotage composed of veal cutlets, lima beans and oil, amelets, roast beef with tomato sauce (which should have gone with the veal cutlets), milk, vinegar, mustard, cheese and other odds and ends, mixed all together, like the curries and sambals in a Batavian rijstafel, and drenched down with vast jorums of coffee. A man that could mop up this sort of mess from a suitable porringer must obviously have been capable of any sort of intellectual effort, and the imperishable solidity of Hugo's literary remains bear witness to the efficacy of the mulligan that fostered their production.

Balzac was more conventional in his methods and eschewed the conglomerate forms affected by the author of Les Miserables. He took his meals in courses—but what courses! A hundred oysters, a dozen cutlets of lamb or veal, a sole or two, a duck, a brace of partridges, tarts and puddings and other sweets, washed down with wines galore. The elder Dumas, when he took a snack to keep his work alive, never ordered less than three beefsteaks at a clip.

Dan O'Connell, the poet, was the only one of the literary coterie in San Francisco that comprised Ambrose Bierce, Arthur McEwen, "Petsy" Bigelow and other gifted writers of thirty and forty years ago who could aspire to touch even the hem of Hugo's appetite; but he could make a mulligan against any Frenchman and could give Dumas a hard battle on the beefsteaks.

And On a Plate.

Milly—"Bring me a ham sandwich."
Billy—"With pleasure."
Milly—"No, with mustard."

Stories About Well-Known People

The Kiddies Knew.

The well-known actress, Miss Lena Ashwell, is a great lover of children, and tells some amusing stories of their quaint sayings. Here are two of the best:

"Who were the foolish virgins?" one child was asked.

"Them as didn't get married," was the reply.

Solomon was quoted to a small boy in order to illustrate the theory that sparing the rod meant spoiling the child.

"Yes," replied the youthful philosopher, "but Solomon didn't say that till he was grown up."

Double-Faced!

Have you heard about the picture of the Marchioness of Curzon which Sir John Lavery, who recently left for America, painted last year?

After the portrait was finished, Lord Curzon said he did not like it. When Sir John heard this he asked Viscountess Curzon to see him. "Would you like to have your picture painted?" he inquired. "Certainly," answered the Viscountess; "how long will it take?"

"Only a short time," the painter replied. And so saying he scraped out the face of the original portrait and substituted the beautiful countenance of the Viscountess. The picture is now considered a remarkable likeness.

Better Than Money.

A lucrative post has just been declined by the Rev. William Birch, Rector of All Saints, West Gorton, Manchester. He will not give up his church work, although offered £800 a year to join a London firm as toy-designer.

Before taking Holy Orders, Mr. Birch was a fitter. Toy-making is now his hobby, and at present he is engaged on a dolls' house complete to the smallest details.

His First Job.

The first money Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., ever earned in London was for addressing wrappers on the copies of the gazette of the Cyclists' Touring Club in 1885.

Beauty and Brains.

The Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton is one of the most beautiful women in London society. Before her marriage to the Hon. Richard Norton, heir of Lord Grantley, she was a Miss Kinloch, daughter of Brigadier-General Sir David Kinloch.

She has now taken over the management of the New Gallery Cinema, Regent Street, and will be the first Society woman to manage a cinema—a job demanding shrewdness and judgment. But Mrs. Norton will be successful, I am sure, for she possesses brains as well as beauty. Some years ago she helped in a furniture painting business at Chelsea, which her mother, Lady Kinloch, started with the object of reviving an old craft.

An interesting sequel to Mrs. Norton's appointment is the news that the Duke of Manchester has become manager of the Gaiety Cinema, Manchester.

BE GREAT!

It is a tragedy to be mean and petty, to give up to be afraid. Never get the idea that you were brought here to be different from others. In order to win through, others have had to be as big as they know how in spirit and belief.

Ask people what they want and, though they may answer in various ways, the answers will resolve themselves into life, power, and vision. Nothing else is of importance if a man can live much and be strong and see.

Life will rub us very closely before we have done with it, and it will be a folly to become irritated or to rebel. It does no good at all to despair or suffer hopelessly. If we have to fight evil and meet ignoble deeds, then the only way to conquer is to be great. To be great our resources of strength must be sure and constant.

What is defeat and what things defeat us? Surely those from which we find no way of escape. Only when we are in a corner or held down by some great weight can we come to believe that we are not victorious. But then the greatness of our soul will come out as we rise above and evade the deadening effect of the evil that molests us.

Each one of us has that power at our call. We talk of our handicaps and obstructions. Really, we should be silent when we compare ourselves with other people. Listen to the stories or heroism some people can relate, and watch the lives of those nearest to you without letting them know they are being watched, and you will wonder, not that anyone gets wrong, but that anyone goes right!

Find a refuge from the tantalizing thing that oppresses you. Remind yourself of Haber, the blind man who felt his calamity to be overwhelming until he gave his attention to the study of bees and became the great authority on bee life. In this way he escapes the sadness of blindness and became happy and victorious.

Never admit that you are beaten. From every difficult experience there is a way out. However lonely or forsaken you may feel yourself to be, or whatever hardships you are called upon to endure, love someone or something. Let it be a person, Nature, or books. Such will not be the attitude of a coward but of a strong heart. The little pettifogging annoyances of life will pass as you invite and cultivate some big love. Freedom and peace will result.

You need to remind yourself that, after all, the biggest thing we know is Life. Throughout the ages to come life will continue. Get in love with its depth and wideness. The personality will then be always large and graceful, finding no room for the peevish and spiteful pin-pricks that some people cherish so long and so much.

Be noble, and the nobleness that lives in others,
Sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

Environs.

One-half the world wonders at the places in which the other half lives. The Eskimo, moved south into steam heat and the confines of brick walls, suffers acutely, repining for the aurora and the ice sheet. Kaffir and Hottentot are chilled and blanched by the mere description of the wind and cold. In his stone hut of the Andes or the Himalayas a lonely herder thinks the world spins about his point in space. Lhasa, capital of Tibet, is quite as sure as Boston that it is the hub of the universe. We domesticate ourselves in the incredible fringes of Labrador and Siberia as readily as in the Everglades or the morasses of Amazonia. Dr. Gorgas, sanitarian of Havana, Panama and Guayaquil, told us that mankind would find the equatorial regions the most congenial habitat; a Rasmussen or a Stefansson comes along and upsets such ideas by insistence on a friendly Arctic, if a man learn how to outwit the natural inhibitions. One of the marvels of the human machine is its ability to adapt itself to conditions of feeding, clothing, sleeping, sheltering and even war-making which it seemed that flesh and blood could not endure.

We can to some extent make our own environs. One with the true instinct of a home-maker can make a home anywhere; a woman who knows how can make a hat or a pie or a family life out of material that another would merely fuss with and spoil. One man cavils at the conditions of his employment and fumes with discontent in his colleagues, while another goes to work and uses what he has, what there is and makes a lot out of it, beyond the dream or belief of those who have watched the miracle wrought. What we see round us all the time we often fail to appreciate because we are too close to see it in a just perspective. Sometimes we need to have some one come from outside to tell us that values still remain in the material we were about to discard. How admirable it is when a man, instead of quarrelling with tools and terms of employment and other men, addresses himself to the best that he can do and bases his claim to appreciation and reward not on loud talk and incessant complaint but on a finished product delivered from his hands.

Close Attachment Between Lloyd George and Daughter

David Lloyd George's quick abandonment of his vacation under sunny Mediterranean skies to hasten to the bedside of Miss Megan, his favorite child, who is now convalescing from an appendicitis operation, is only another example of the close attachment between the two.

The former Premier and his youngest and only unmarried daughter are almost inseparable companions. Megan, who is about 25, is his staunchest supporter and his constant companion in London and on his political campaigns.

An American army officer here knows, to his embarrassment, of Miss Megan's constancy to her father. The young major met her at a dance and received permission to call her on the telephone. He boasted of this to friends, but when he telephoned Megan was busy with her father. Again he phoned; she was still busy. Every day for a week he rang her up, his brother officers watching his efforts with growing smiles. Finally, like a good soldier, he admitted defeat and retired from the field. What chance, after all, he asked, had a mere major against the dynamic and magnetic personality of David Lloyd George?

Couldn't Believe Him.

Casey and Riley agreed to settle their disputes by a fight, and it was understood that whoever wanted to stop should say "Enough."

Casey got Riley down and was hammering him unmercifully, when Riley called out several times, "Enough!"

As Casey paid no attention, but kept on administering punishment, a bystander said, "Why don't you let him up? Don't you hear him say he's had enough?"

"I do," said Casey, "but he's such a liar, you can't believe him."

Poor Enunciation.

A group of farmers were crowded around a postoffice window to get their mail, when one of them stalked up and shouted:

"Any mail for Mike Howe?"

The postmaster, a stranger in the community, glared at him over the rims of his spectacles and shouted back:

"No, not for your cow nor anybody else's cow."

Sons of the Soil.

Attention has recently been directed to the fact that a family of small farmers, named Bretor, have been cultivating the same land for a period of 253 years. The Berton farm is situated at Merlaut, near the eastern limit of the Battle of the Marne.

France could probably provide many other examples of similar cultivation by successive generations. Her sons have always been famous for their attachment to the soil.

In 1823, when it was decided that all French farmers whose families have been cultivating the same land for over three hundred years should be decorated with the Legion of Honor, seven hundred and fifty farmers were found eligible for the distinction. One of them, Jules La Sargue, was able to establish that his family had been farmers in the village of La Coutie, Tarn-et-Garonne, since the year 772.

It is very doubtful if this can be equalled anywhere. But England's County Durham has a right to be proud of the record of Belle Vue Farm, Stanhope. This farm has been cultivated by the same family for over six hundred years.

Hard to Answer.

"I wonder if life is really worth living?"

"Well, what else can you do with it?"

ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES

Amusement

Alaskan Strawberries Grow in Snow Famine

Strawberry plants and grass crops were growing in the mild, spring-like weather at Seward, Alaska, in mid-January. At this time last year rotary snowplows were fighting snowslides. It was raining on January 16th and there was almost no snow on the railroad except in the high mountain passes.

Because of the lack of snow for sleds, the contractors have been unable to fill their orders. As a result the railroad has ordered thousands of ties from Seattle to be shipped to Seward by water.

Sun Loses Four Million Tons Each Second, Says Lodge

According to estimates made by Sir Oliver Lodge, the sun loses 4,000,000 tons in weight every time the clock ticks, says Popular Mechanics.

The scientist says this should occasion no alarm, however, for the sun can go on reducing at this rate for hundreds of years and still furnish the earth heat and light. The loss is represented in burning gases, the nature of which is to be studied further when an eclipse occurs.

In Her Usual Fashion.

A certain society young lady from the city went to visit her married sister who lived on a farm. The sister was suddenly taken ill. "Dear me," she bewailed, "what shall I do—with dinner to prepare for threshers?"

"Neved mind," consoled the sister, "You lie down and I will take care of it."

At dinner each hungry man was served with:

Two heart-shaped bread-and-butter sandwiches tied with pink ribbons, one chicken patty, two sweet pickles, one mold of ice cream with two lady fingers, one small cup of coffee, mints.

Bobby's Mistake.

The old lady came out of a half doze as the train approached a station. "Where are we, Bobby?" she asked.

"I don't know, grandma."

"But didn't the conductor call out something just now?"

"No, grandma; he just stuck his head inside the door and sneezed."

"Bobby," she exclaimed, quickly, "help me with these things! This is Oshkosh."