The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1922

PRINCE PATRICK

When the Prince of Wales was born, the King was then the Duke of York, and on the expressed desire of Queen Victoria, the child was given among other names not only the Welsh one of David but the Irish one of Patrick. This was the occasion of the following lines published at that time (1894):

O, Paddy dear, and did you hear
The news that going around?
The shamrock blooms as ne'er before
All o'er the Irish ground.
The Queen has come to Dublin town,
And right on top of that,
She telegraphs the Duke of York
To call the baby Pat!

She might have given to the Duke
The choice of several names;
For instance, Matthew, Mark and Luke
And John and Joe and James;
Or Jacob, Isaac, Abraham;
But, no—instead of that,
She telegraphs the Duke of York
To call the baby Pat!

She might have wished the boy to bear
Some Scotch or English name,
Some chieftain's of the mighty past
Then fills the trump of fame;
But Scottish names she put aside,
And English—think o' that—
And turning to the Emerald Isle,
She said, "Let's call him Pat!"

O, Paddy, dear, 'tis very clear
The shamrock's blooming right,
He let's be wearing of the green
And dance a jig to-night;
The Queen has come to Dublin town
And right o' top of that,
She telegraphs the Duke of York
To call the baby Pat!

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT SEA FISHES—HADDOCK

From various traditions we learn that European fishermen were lured to the great fishing banks of the western Atlantic a century before Columbus discovered America.

The predominating fishery of these early days was for, cod, but it was not long before the haddock began to be caught in far greater numbers. To-day thousands and thousands of people are engaged in catching this fish. It has grown so in favor with the public as a food that now it is one of the most important of deep-sea edibles.

The haddock is a quiet fish, with very little life in it when taken from the bottom. To catch haddock the fisherman employs a hand-line equipped with two or three hooks baited with herring, squid or capelin, or sometimes clams, etc., with a lead sinker to weigh the line down. A fisherman is adept in manipulating these lines and may operate several at a time from his dory. Haddock when caught by this method is considered by many as supperior even to the cod. A long-line some 2,000 feet in length, commonly called a trawl, is used by the deep sea fishermen with perhaps as many as 800 hooks. But in recent years steam trawlers have come into use on this side of the Atlantic and this has resulted in a tremendous increase in the take of haddock. The fishing apparatus of a steam trawler is a huge bag of heavy netting shaped like a cone. This bag is drawn slowly over the bed of the sea and great quantities of bottom-dwelling fishes are trapped in it.

During the months of April, May, June and the last months of the year the haddock is very abundant off our Atlantic coast and it is then that the largest catches are made. The haddock is seldom seen at the surface, but is a bottom feeder. Although a bottom-dweller, the eggs being lighter than the sea water rise to the surface and are scattered over a vast expense of the sea during the spawning season which is from April to June on our coasts.

Haddock swim from place to place in large dense schools. They usually weigh from four to five pounds each and are distinguished by lateral black lines on the body and a dark spot on either side just behind the gills. This peculiar spotting has led to the belief that was common in different countries that the haddock is the fish from whose mouth St. Peter, at the command of Christ, took the tribute-money, these spots being supposed to be the marks made by the apostle's thumb and finger as he held it.

To many haddock is better known as "finnan haddie," one of the most delectable fish prepared in Canada. The name finnan haddie originates, according to legend, from the quaint little fishing village of Findon, Scotland. This village was swept by fire at one time and a single fish house containing the season's catch of haddock escaped damage, although it was enveloped in dense smoke. The villagers were greatly surprised to find that the smoke had given an added flavor to the haddock. This resulted in the new process which took its name from the village.

Haddock are also cut into fillets. The fillets have the skin and bone removed, and are necessarily higher in price as there is no waste, but at the same time they are comparatively more nutritive as the food is concentrated.

There has been great variation in the abundance of the haddock according to Dr. Jordan. Some years it abounds while in others it is scarce, but scientists have failed to discover the cause of this. Nevertheless the supply exceeds by far the demand. This is not due to any inferiority of the fish, but because most consumers have not been familiar with its merits of quality and price.

In the matter of quantity taken by Canadians, haddock gives place only to cod, salmon, herring and halibut, while the value of the catch is exceeded by salmon, cod, lobsters, halibut, and herring in the order mentioned. In 1919, 564,574 cwts. of haddock were landed, having a first-hand value of $1,363,147 and a market value of $2,048,745. The greatest quantity was used fresh, but a large quantity was smoked, dried and canned and went into local and foreign consumption.

ORIGIN OF "POT LUCK"

Everyone is familiar with the expression "pot luck" which means that no special preparation is made for the invited guest. There was a time, however, when "pot luck" meant dishing the food out of a pot, and when the guest really took chances of getting a good meal or a very slim one. In the old days—and the practice is still in force in some parts of Europe—nothing came amiss to the family cooking pot, suspended from the pot-hook in the middle of the fireplace. Everything edible was thrown in it, and "to keep the pot boiling" the fire was seldom if ever allowed to go out. When the meal time came every one fished in the pot for himself, and whatever he happened to find was "pot luck."

NEUTER?

The class lesson was geography.

Just before the close a bright young lady of seven summers asked the teacher:

"Please, Miss, what relation is Italy?"

Accustomed as she was to the children's quaint fancies, the teacher was for the moment puzzled.

"Relation? Why, what do you mean Annie?" she asked.

"Well," explained Annie, "you call Germany the Fatherland, and England the Motherland, and America Uncle Sam, so what do they call Italy?"

Well, well, I tell you I'm proud this week. I received a letter the other morning all the way from Winnipeg, and it was addressed to me, without being in care of any one, and I got it all right, and right on time—two days and twelve hours after it was posted in the western metropolis. That's what they call Winnipeg now, isn't it? though, bless me, it doesn't seem long since I heard them talking about Fort Garry, and that's where the big Manitoba capital is now.

Here's the way the envelope was addressed:

THE OLD MAN OF
THE BIG CLOCK TOWER,
ACTON, P. O.,
ONTARIO.

Well, this letter came from no other than my old school friend, Donald Campbell, son of Squire Archibald Campbell, of whom I wrote some recollections two or three weeks ago. Donald is Claims Agent in connection with grain shipments in the west. What he doesn't know about grain, and grain cars, and grain elevators, and grain shipments, and grain hospitals, and such, out there in the big grain country and grain shipping points and ports, isn't worth knowing. He's been in it, right up to the neck, for quarter of a century and more; and Donald's an authority. As a claims agent he knows his ground like a book.

Well, here's his letter. He says at the close not to tell the folks who he is; but bless my eyes, Donald's reminiscences wouldn't have the snap if his old-time friends and schoolmates did not know he wrote it:

Winnipeg, March 4, 1922

To the Old Man of
the Big Clock Tower,
Acton P. O., Ont.

Dear Sir:

I desire to thank you for the splendid letters which you have been giving to the readers of THE ACTON FREE PRESS, reminding us of old friends, some of which have joined the great throng gone before. I often wonder if you attended the Acton School while I attended in Mr. Little's time. If so, do you remember when the horse races were held on the ice on the Mill Pond, and the older boys took in the races in the afternoon, instead of going to school.

If I remember correctly Manassah Leason, tavern keeper, of Brisbane, Erin, was one among those who owned the race horses.

I have also thought you might have some recollection of a bear hunt that took place over sixty years ago.

The bear had killed one of father's sheep on the west gore lot, and my oldest brother, Duncan, got the sportsmen of Acton interested, and it was arranged to get some of the neighbors to turn out and spread through the swamp, and by keeping up a noise, drive the bear out on the road between what was then known as Dalton's swamp and Pat Lamb's woods. The crack shots of the town were to be ready when the bear made his appearance on the road. They were there, with the result that the bear was killed.

I was only a small boy at the time, and as far as I know, I think your veteran Postmaster, Mr. James Matthews, is the only one of those who were engaged in the hunt, who is still alive to-day. Benjamin and Edward Nicklin are both gone, also my old friend, Mike Speight, and I forget the other sportsmen of that time who were there. All the old farmer neighbors who helped drive the bear through the swamp have passed away, including my elder brothers.

I regret that I was not able to attend any of the re-unions of Mr. Little's old pupils which were held, as at that time I was out through the West buying cattle, and did not get word in time to get there.

I hope that you will excuse the liberty I have taken in writing you, but I enjoy your letters so much I thought I would drop you a note for your own information, not that you should refer to it in any way as coming from me.

Trusting that you may be long spared to continue your interesting letters, I remain,

Yours truly,
D. D. CAMPBELL.

Why, bless you, Donald, of course I was with you when we attended school with Mr. Little as our teacher. Of course I was in a class or two ahead of you, but we were good chums all the same. And we attended Sunday School together, too, in the old Presbyterian Church, when Mr. Little was the superintendent there. Don't you remember the Bibles we both received as prizes, for repeating verses one Christmas. I prized mine very much, and I guess you did yours, too. Perhaps you took yours to the West with you when you went.

I had forgotten about the bear hunt until you jogged my memory in your letter. But, like yourself, I wasn't carrying around guns through our swamps and woods at that time; but many a fine wild pigeon I brought down in the gore, between your father's place and McDonald's and John Walters', a few years after the big bear hunt. I have the impression that John O'Connor and Thomas Moore and John Wallace all had their guns with them out at that bear hunt. John O'Connor is still living retired, in Chicago, after a busy life as a locomotive engineer. You'll remember, he used to boy with the Dalton and Mulholland folks a lot about fifty years ago. I think he was related to the Daltons and the Gibbons.

Well, now, you see how I run off at a tangent when I get chumming up with one of my old friends of boyhood days again. But I know you younger fry will pardon me for my digressions, all right. You'll be doing the same yourselves, some day, when you get old and gray and your wife get to "wopi gathering" like mine do now.

So here I am, back to the Young Street section again. And, right here, I find myself getting off with the old folks, for the first house I reach this week is that of Fred Crewson, and that brings me back to his father, Morgan Crewson, and his grandfather, the founder of Crewsons Corners. Fred owns the half of the double house of which Frank Kennedy is the owner of the north half. The two form very attractive and home-like premises, and they both keep the surroundings attractive and homelike. Fred's mother, Mrs. Morgan Crewson, was one of the Roper girls, when we were all young together, at the Corners.

Speaking of the old Corners, how the memories of long ago awake afresh. There was William Crewson, the teacher and Disciple preacher. Why, I remember Willard in his school days, and I knew him when he was sparking Mary Lasby, and when he married her. And then I think about his son, Joe. How he went to school in Acton, and then he became a school teacher, and later a High School teacher, and is still occupying a fine position in one of the High Schools down east, and somebody told me that he has a son or daughter now teaching school. And then there was William's brother, Joe, and of course we all remember John, the carpenter. And John was a great grafter too. Not the vulgar, lazy kind who do up folks; but he grafted apple and pear trees. John trimmed and grafted more orchards in this section than any other man of his day. And then we think of the Dockray Farm, and old man Dockray, and his English methods of living. Yes and I can go back farther than Dockray's time on that farm. Philip Hemstreet settled there seventy years ago. He had no sons, but his four daughters did as much helping on the farm as the average boys. And there was some sprinkling done at that house, too; for Edward Moore, son of Thomas over on the first line, had taken a fancy to Lizzie, and the old settlers used to see him week after week by his sprightly walks up the new G. T. R. right of way going to Crewsons Corners to "see his girl." And they were married away back in 1856, and by the way, now it comes to me this same young couple were the parents of the President of the newly-organized Boys Paper, for he was their first-born son, and I believe his birth took place in their cozy home on the site of his present residence. I don't know whether he'll let this little incident go or not, but it runs right into my old memories of Crewsons Corners all the same.

But say, hold on, I'm getting away from my text altogether. I started out on Young Street, and here I find myself wandering about Crewsons Corners. Well, I feel as if I'd like to tell you some interesting things I know about the Hopers and the Cripps, and the McIntoshes, and the Lambs and the Lathams, and the Moores, and the Browns, and William Hemstreet's tannery, and the Church, and the old tavern, and Jago's glove works, and Huck Storey's oil well, and a lot of other things about Crewsons Corners, but I guess I'll have to take a whole day or two off and brush up things so that I can give you a week's full quota of the Corners.

Let's see, where did I get switched off from my Young Street story? Oh, you. I just struck Fred Crewson's place, and next thing I knew I was up at the Corners. Well, the next home on Wellington Street, next Frank Kennedy's, now owned by George Dade, was built by Hugh McLaughlin, or at least it was Hugh's home when he gave up farming and came to live at Acton. Hugh had lived on the first line, one concession east from Crewsons Corners. Say, I'm right in it again. His first wife was a Crewson, and his farm abutted the Crewson homestead. They raised a fine family of sons and daughters, and the oldest son was named Crewson for his grandfather Crewson, lives in Acton, and you'd never believe that his cosy home is the building erected for the first schoolhouse in Acton, about seventy years ago. But it is, and its comfy and homelike too.—Well, Mr. McLaughlin's second wife was a Mrs. Porter. He fell in love with her when on a visit to his son Robert, when he was living up in Huntsville. She made him a good wife too, and cared for him faithfully until his eyes were closed in death, after he had long passed the four-score allotment.

Miss Ella Snyder owns the next property. Its a cosy place, too, and leased to tenants. Miss Snyder is a descendant of one of the oldest families of this neighborhood. Her grandfather was Jacob Snyder, of "The Hill." He was one of the trustees of Acton's first school. His great-granddaughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mother Arthur, now live on the old homestead on "The Hill." Isaac Snyder, Miss Ella's father, bought this home when he left the old farm and came to Acton. He was a fine old gentleman, was one of the founders of the Brick Church, and a worker always interested. He spent his last days in this home.

There, I didn't get over the balance of the Young Street district after all.

The Old Man

GUESSING GAME—FLOWER CONTEST

A maiden's name and the color of her hair. Marigold.

An adjective and the maiden's brother's name. Sweet William.

His favorite musical instrument. Trumpet.

The early hour at which he awakened his father. Four o'clock.

What his father chastised him with. Goldenrod.

What did it make the boy do. Balsam.

Maiden's lover's name and what he wrote with. Jonquil.

Being single, what did he often lose? Bachelor's buttons.

What did he offer her? Bleeding heart.

What did she say when he knelt at her feet? Johnny-Jump-Up.

What did he say his love would be? Everlasting.

What minister married them. Jack-in-the-pulpit.

What did he say when he left home? Forget-Me-Not.

What did she wear on her feet? Lady's Slippers.

What precise name did he call her? Primrose.

THE BEST THINGS ABOUT LOVE

You never believe that anyone ever loved just as you do.

You want to tell him everything you have ever thought, said or done.

You are sure that every other woman is anxious to take him from you.

You cannot imagine life without him.

You resent any criticism of him from other people.

You are jealous of his mother because she knew him first.

You count a day blank in which you do not see him.

You are sure that if you marry him earth will be better than any poet's paradise.

You would rather dive in one room with him than in a palace with anyone else.

If you fail to feel like eight of these nine things, including the last—don't marry him.

A FUTURE STATESMAN

All the talk of hyphenated citizenship has evidently had its effect upon a San Francisco youngster, American born, who recently rebelled fiercely when his Italian father whipped him for some misdemeanor.

"Hut, Tomasco," said one of the family, "your father has a right to whip you when you are bad."

Tomasco's eyes flashed. "I am a citizen of the United States," he declared. "Do you think that I am going to let any foreigner lick me?"

ICE INDUSTRY AT BANFF

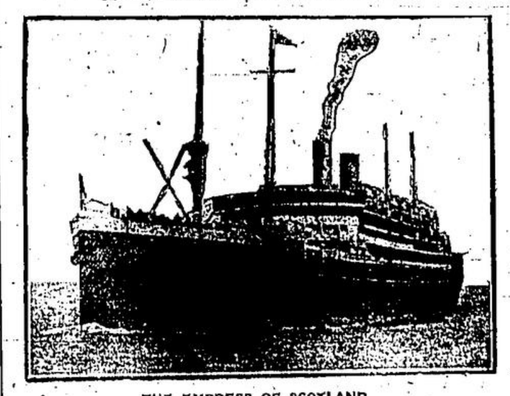
Ice Operations on Bow River at Banff.

The winter season at Banff, Alberta, gives opportunity for the promotion of an extensive ice-industry. It is unique as the only industry of its kind west of Selkirk, Manitoba. The ice-field on the Bow River is a hive of industry in the winter time. It is a tract two miles in length and is leased for ten year periods. Operations begin as soon as the river freezes over, in the care given to keep the space clear of snow. The ice is marked by a line two inches deep into cakes 22 by 44 inches. An ice channel is made at one side of the river and the cakes are floated up to a bench for loading.

About 50 men are employed in the work each season and they use such implements as a splitting bar a pike pole for directing the pieces up the ice channel, an ice saw for sawing the cakes 28 inches down, following a two-inch mark that is made early in the season around each piece. An ice needle is used for splitting the blocks at the bench and the ice monkey grasps the cakes out of the ice channel and carries them up for loading. Ten cakes at a time are floated down the ice channel, each weighing about 900 pounds. The output is about 25 cars a day and will be about thirty thousand tons for the season. Each car holds 44 tons, and is shipped over the Canadian Pacific Railway.

British Columbia is thus supplied with ice. It is used in the Okanagan Valley, at Kamloops, and the coast cities. It is of great service in caring for British Columbia fruit such as in refrigerator cars, and is used on dining cars as the purest ice that can be obtained.—C. G.

"EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND"



THE EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND

The Canadian Pacific Steamships liner "Empress of Scotland" has been chartered by Frank C. Clark, New York, for a cruise of 56 days to the Mediterranian, calling at the various European ports. She left New York on February 4, with every berth booked.

This spring the Empress of Scotland will carry on a regular service between Quebec, Cherbourg, Southampton and Hamburg. She is scheduled to leave Quebec on her first outward journey from Canada early in May.

The Empress of Scotland is the largest vessel in the Atlantic fleet of the Canadian Pacific, and one of the most luxurious vessels in the service. This steamship has recently undergone a very comprehensive overhaul, and has been adapted for burning oil fuel instead of coal. Her second class passenger accommodation has been increased and improved. Her third class accommodation has also been greatly improved, a new third class dining saloon having been arranged at the forward end of the ship, together with a lounge and smoke room, and an additional third class dining saloon arranged aft. The boating capacity has been brought up to the most modern standard, new davits having been fitted throughout, and new boats of the latest collapsible type fitted under each existing lifeboat, these lifeboats also having been completely overhauled and made good.

The principal dimensions of the Empress of Scotland are as follows:

Length B. P., 677 feet, 8 inches; breadth, 77 feet; depth, to shade deck, 54 feet; gross tonnage, about 24,600 tons.

The vessel is of the shade deck type, with a bridge deck over, extending fully half length, and with a long forecastle deck. Above the bridge deck there are lower and upper promenade decks extending the full length of the bridge deck and above the upper promenade deck there is a boat deck. There are two complete 'tween decks, and a lower and Orlop 'tween decks at the forward and after ends of the ship. The vessel has a straight stem, elliptical stern, two funnels and four masts, and presents a most imposing appearance.

A REASON FOR EVERYTHING

"Generally run down, sir?" queried the druggist; "slightly seedy and want a good toning up?"

The pale faced customer nodded.

"Well, I've the very thing for you—Jenkins' Juvenator. Three doses a day and more if necessary. Fifty a bottle."

"No thanks," said the pale patient.

"But my dear sir, it's the rage of the day. Jenkins' Juvenator is the greatest discovery of modern medicine. It's the rage of the season. Everyone is—rejuvenating, you might say."

"Yes, but I think I'd rather try something else," replied the customer.

"Nonsense," pressed the chemist. "I tell you Jenkins' Juvenator will have more effect on you in a single day than any other medicine could have in a month. It cures everything—from coughs to corns. What is your objection to it?"

"Why nothing, only I'm Jenkins."—Business.

BE A GOOD LISTENER

If you wish others to be interested in you, you must be a good listener. Listening, itself, is an art. There is nothing more flattering to a person than to feel that you are interested in what he is saying. To be a good listener is next to being a good talker. But if you seem indifferent, if your eyes wander about the room and you seem bored when others are talking they will lose interest in you. It is not necessary to be a great talker in order to be popular, but it is necessary to be a good listener. If you will just make up your mind that there is something interesting in everyone you meet, and that you are going to find it, you will be surprised to see what facility of speech you will acquire.

NEWS OF THE NAMES CLUB

Even when there is plenty of love in them some marriages are not a success. For Indanice, Blanche Love, of Akron, has just sued A. R. Love for divorce.

And you would really think that a marriage with so much sweetness about it would be bound to be happy, but our Akron correspondent also notifies us that G. A. Honey, of Hudson, Ohio, has sued his wife, Ivah B. Honey, of Akron, for divorce. Evidently there was a jiting to the B. in Ivah's middle name.

PETROLEUM

The story of petroleum in America reads like fiction. The Indian knew of it, for in certain sections it oozes out of the earth. He knew that it could alleviate pain, and the earliest record mention of oil in America, written in 1627, by a missionary, tells of its marvellous properties as a medicine. But in those days nobody took any trouble to dig for the oil, but used what came to the surface naturally.

VERY SIMPLE

"I am ashamed of my failure to keep abreast of modern science," said the learned professor of zoology to the young housewife. "Take the electric light for instance; I haven't the least idea how it works. The young woman gave him a patronizing smile.

"Why," she said, "It's very simple, really. You just press a button and the light comes on—that's all there is to it."

TOUGH PROBLEM

Mrs. Youngbride—"I've come to complain of that flour you sent me."

Grocer—"What was the matter with it?"

Mrs. Youngbride—"It was tough. I made a pie with it, and it was as much as my husband could do to cut it."

When a young man begins to know how much less he knows than he thinks he knows, then he knows something that is really worth knowing.

"Dar am one thing Ah like about de Prodigal Son," said the colored preacher, "de boy had do grit ter walk back, 'stead er telegraphin' for money."

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES Night and Morning. Have Clean, Healthy Eyes. If they Tire, Itch, Smart or Burn, If Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothe, Relieve. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Superior Sheet Metal Products!

Are turned out of our shop. We make anything in tin or sheet metal from a tube or gutter up to a complete barn or garage.

Special metal doors, windows, roofs and ceilings made to order.

All work expertly done. Ask for our estimate.

PHONE 80

W. F. Mooney
ACTON, ONT.

WALLPAPER!

Walls that have become faded may have passed muster during the grey days of Autumn and the long Winter evenings, but with the approach of Spring they are shown up unmercifully in all their faded dinginess by the searching glances of a warming sun. Spring is the time for brightening up the home and replacing faded wall coverings.

THIS SEASON'S PRICES ARE FULLY ONE-THIRD LESS THAN FORMERLY

EXTRA VALUE

Light paper suitable for bedroom or in fact for any room, extra special value, 9c Roll. I have papers from 9c to $1.50 per roll. See my sample books and let me give you an estimate on the cost of your papering.

Pre-War Prices on All Paper Hanging—Borders Hung at Same Price as Side Wall

L. A. WORDEN, Decorator
Phone 110--Acton, Ont.

PRINTING

Is Your Advertising Printing an Expense or an Investment?

PRINTING is an investment only when it is intelligently planned. Shrewd advertisers take into consideration the taste in appeal, but also usually know that art in the larger sense should always be subservient.

Clean, readable impressions of type, properly set, may not require any artistic embellishment. The knowledge of where definitely to draw the line between the use and misuse of ornamentation, makes for good printing with assured results which are mutually beneficial.

The buying public is critical to the point of analyzing between cost and expense. Good printing never is expensive because in order to be good it must be productive of sales results. Any piece of printed matter which promotes sales is beneficial only when it secures the permanent result of imbuing confidence in the advertiser. All large users of advertising printed matter concede this and there is, therefore, great care exercised in the planning of sales-promotion printing.

When it is remembered that all printed matter must effect sales ultimately as a salesman should, by inspiring confidence, then it is apparent why carelessness in matters of detail cannot be tolerated. Inaccuracies in statements are even more hurtful than the misuse of engravings and types. If a good appearance counts for much in personal representation, how much more care should be devoted to the preparation of printed matter upon which you build your hope for increased sales!

A good investment requires careful thought and deliberation, advice and sound judgment. So—in printing—if it be an investment, it requires the utmost skill and knowledge so that pitfalls may be avoided and the costliness of mistakes eliminated.

Ours is an organization of trained printing experts which it has taken years to weld into efficiency of a higher order. Our knowledge of our craft is amplified by our open-mindedness to accept your point of view with regard to policy and expediency.

Once entrusted with your order we become members of your organization—working as others on your payroll to deliver out utmost of satisfactory effort.

Therein do we insure your investment in good printing, supplying our equipment as part of your own to utilize to the greatest advantage. Our designers and all our craftsmen co-operate with you as your agents to promote good results.

Let us assist you to plan your next printing campaign.

The Acton Free Press
Acton, Ont.

HASTE IS A WASTE

Physically and mentally, haste is a waste. Some people run for a street car on their way to work in the morning, stumble aboard gasping and with their hearts fluttering, and hardly able to get back to normal by noon. And many a desk worker who is hurrying to get through a pile of papers, discovers to his surprise that his pulse is racing as if he were running. A half day's work done in the atmosphere of hurry takes more out of one, in nervous energy, than a week of work performed tranquilly.

A successful literary worker who was noted for his large output, as well as for his excellence, declared that he never allowed himself to be hurried. "When the thought of haste obtrudes on my working hours," he said, "I stop whatever I am doing, pick up the paper and read until my sense of leisure returns."

ECONOMIC TEN COMMANDMENTS

Last week was national thrift week in the United States and it was based upon an economic programme with the following ten commandments as the foundation stones of success:

1.—Work and earn.
2.—Make a budget.
3.—Record expenditures.
4.—Have a bank account.
5.—Carry life insurance.
6.—Own your own home.
7.—Make a will.
8.—Pay your own bills promptly.
9.—Invest in reliable securities.
10.—Share with others.

These commandments are worthy of adoption in any land.

SUCCESS IN BUSINESS

is based on right training. We give—personal individual instruction, Shorthand, typewriting and business methods. Over 20,000 graduates. Eleven schools in Toronto. Start at anytime. Write for complete prospectus.

P. McINTOSH, Chief Principal

SHAW BUSINESS SCHOOLS TORONTO