The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1925

THE HOME-BUILDERS GIVE AN EXHIBITION

The robin first suggested it
In chatting with the wren.
The phoebe and the humming bird
The two consulted then.
The four felt sure the plan would work
If but the chickadee,
The oriole, the chimney swift
And swallows would agree.

Those birds were all in full accord;
And others of their kind
When summoned to the council hall
Had but a single mind.
And this it was they planned to do:
"We feathered folk will give
An exhibition of the homes
Where we are wont to live."

Straightway they carried out the plan
Where field and forest met;
And all who went enjoyed it much
And will not soon forget.
The nests of every kind were there,
A wondrous sight to see,
In bush and bank and tuft and wall,
And in the spreading tree.

The nests of every kind were there,
All built with skill and grace,
And holding in their sheltered depths
The little eggs in place.
And close beside them all the day
The feathered builders sang.
With what a merry chorusing
The field and forest rang!

Among the visitors who came
The oddest of the day
Were little bugs that flew and crawled
Or hopped along the way.
"The birds will catch us all," they said,
"And so perhaps 'tis best
For us to come ourselves and pick
A cosy, stylish nest!"

—Oswald M. Rickard.

THE TROUBLES OF A CONSUL

Consuls the world over are likely to have their hands full with certain types of their fellow countrymen, or women, as in the instance about to be described. It occurred when Capt. A. F. Townshend was acting in his official capacity of British consul in a town in Asia Minor. One day, he relates in "A Military Consul in Turkey" an English lady arrived and was shown in to his office. She was invited to sit down, which she did with caution, after subjecting the consul to a careful scrutiny.

"You are the consul, I suppose?"

I admitted that such was the case.

"Well," she went on, "my steamer only stays here for six hours, and I want to go to Tarsus to see the place where Saint Paul lived; and as I believe the train has gone, I want a carriage; and you must guarantee me that I shall be back in time for my steamer; and I want an interpreter who speaks English and Turkish, and—"

"Madam," I interrupted, "I must really—"

"My name is Mrs. X!" she snapped, with a kind of don't-dare-to-madam-me air.

"Very well," I replied, as meekly as I could, "but as you have not shown me your passport, I did not know. If I could find an interpeter who spoke English and Turkish, I would buy him for myself, so I fear you can't have that, but I—"

"And you must arrange about lunch for me in Tarsus!" she put in.

"But," I continued desperately, "I shall try to get a carriage as soon as possible. Of course we can't call a cab, you know, as if we were in Regent Street, but I'll send a kavass for one."

"Rather unsatisfactory!" she growled.

"And I'll ask the Turkish governor to send a policeman on the box, so that you will be quite safe. I cannot, however, guarantee what time you may get back. It is sixteen miles to Tarsus."

"Well, I won't go at all," she declared as if she were inflicting a crushing blow; "but I want to change a Bank of England five-pound note, and as I don't know the rate of exchange, I shall have to trust you to change it for me."

"Really, Mrs. X.," I said, goaded into retaliation, "you seem to have some very mistaken ideas. Let me tell you that I am neither a cab-proprietor, nor a tourist-agent, nor yet a money-changer, and I must ask you to change your note elsewhere."

She sprang up as if she had sat on a wasp's nest.

"Young man, I shall go straight back on board my steamer, and as I have most influential friends in the foreign office, you will hear of me again!"

"That will be a great pleasure," I murmured, as the lady sailed out.

For days afterward I trembled at the arrival of every telegram; but the foreign office, in its leniency, must have decided to give me one more chance before dismissal without a "character."

WHEN MOTHER WAS LITTLE

Children love to be told about "when mother was a little girl." During long hours of wakefulness because of an abscessed gland, I diverted my small daughter's mind from her pain by weaving tales of my own childhood. The first night I tried I could recall very little to tell her, for these childhood incidents had been given hardly a thought in years; but after that I got paper and pencil and jotted down the recollections which came crowding back when memory was turned upon them. Next time she demanded "when mother was a little girl," I was ready for her.

It helped amazingly through that illness and subsequent ones of others of the children. The best thing about telling stories to the young is that they enjoy hearing the same ones over and over. They like particularly to hear about their elders school days, particularly if their school conditions were greatly in contrast with those of modern education.—M. P. D.

A GOOD DISTINCTION

It was a plain, if unusual, distinction made by the English mayor in the following story: At a large political meeting where Gladstone was to speak, the hall was packed and the air was stifling. For some reason, says W. C. Brownell, who quotes the incident in a recent book as coming from James Russell Lowell, it was impossible to open the windows, and one had to be broken.

It was feared that the noise would startle the audience, and the mayor stepped forward to explain what was proposed. The audience, however, had not assembled to listen to the mayor, and overwhelmed him with cries of "Gladstone! Gladstone!"

At last the misconceived and infuriated official restored silence by shouting, at the top of his lungs:

"I'm not going to make a speech! I've got something to say!"

ONLY MISPLACED

Mr. Bixby was on a visit to Mr. Rollins, his cousin, who resided in another part of the country, where manners and speech were different from those to which the visitor had been accustomed. Both eye and ear, therefore, were occupied with study and comparisons.

"There's one thing I notice about you people here," observed Mr. Bixby. "You don't seem to have much use for the letter 'r.' Back where I come from it has a sound, as other letters have, but here it is practically a silent letter. Why is that?"

"I haven't the slightest idear," replied Mr. Rollins, innocently.

THE OLD FARM HOUSE.

The empty house yawns gloomily
Up to the empty, cloudless sky;
The scorching August sun rays beat
On a dull wilderness of heat.

The pump is crumbling, red with rust;
The door is silver white with dust,
No hay ricks, jogging homeward pass;
A chipmunk scuttles through the grass.

The burdock and the ragweed keep
Corners where roses used to sleep;
The crazy windows leer and stare
At ragged trees that once were fair.

And still, beneath that empty sky
It stands in changeless dignity;
Few things I know are quite as grave
As any house—or quite as brave.

—John V. A. Weaver.

A CHAPTER OF OTHER DAYS

Say, I had quite a start the other day when I walked up Main Street toward the new Toronto-Sarnia highway. When I got up to the little creek which runs down from Mr. Switzer's farm, and then through Mr. Young's, and from there passes under the railway and then through the property where the old glove leather tannery used to be, and past the old Smith shingle factory, and on across that corner lot, and then under Main Street, and into the Ebbage lot where John Zimmerman built the first tannery in Acton ninety years ago; I had to rub my eyes and think a few minutes, wondering where I was. There on almost the very site where Bill Overton built his blacksmith shop sixty years ago, stood an old building which looked just like a little blacksmith shop, and I thought for a moment I was back to the old school days, and the blacksmith would step out of the door if I waited a little while. But as I looked, and wondered, I saw this building was larger than the Overton shop, and one of the men there explained that it was the old Stephenson blacksmith shop, which Anthony Stephenson built over forty years ago on the site of the Old California Hotel, which was burned more than half a century ago. This old shop, which has not been used much for blacksmithing since Anthony and John quit a good many years back, was moved across the street, and one of the men working about the building told me that Sandy McIsaac, grandson of my old friend John McIsaac, who lived for many years on the third line, had bought it and intends making a garage of it. It's rather a dilapidated looking place now, but when Sandy clads it with brick or metal it will pass inspection.

The presence of that old building near the site of the old blacksmith shop called up many memories. Some of you will remember old Mr. Overton's blacksmith shop further down the street, on the property which Nelson Moore owns now. When a boy Bill helped his father at the smithy, and when he grew to manhood and thought of marrying and settling down in a home of his own, he asked his father for regular wages. This rather angered the old man who thought Bill was well enough at home, where his mother and his sister Ann—who afterward became Mrs. Thomas Ebbage—were good housekeepers, and kept the family comfortable. But Bill wasn't satisfied, and told his father so in plain terms. The upshot of it all was that the old man wouldn't give in, and Bill left him. Bill bought the lot beside the little creek and started business there for himself. He did pretty well for a number of years, and then decided to go to Haliburton, where he spent the rest of his active life. But the old man never forgave Bill for going into business in opposition to him in Acton.

Well, time settled all the differences as it invariably does. Old Mr. Overton died many years ago. His widow followed him a few years afterward. Bill Overton died eight or ten years ago. Thomas Ebbage passed away in the house built on the site of old Mr. and Mrs. Overton's home, shortly after William Overton died. Mrs. Ebbage entered into rest in Toronto a couple of years ago.

About forty years ago, after Bill Overton went to Haliburton, Anthony Stephenson secured his old shop and for years he and his brother John conducted a blacksmithing business there. Anthony was the owner, and John his helper, though for many years most people thought they were in partnership. After a while the shop got too small, and Anthony had a new and larger shop built—the one Sandy McIsaac has just moved to the old site.

The old Bill Overton shop was bought, with the little brick cottage beside it, by Henry Sayers, who owned it until his death three or four years ago, at Speyside. Henry had this old shop moved across the lot, when the old school lane was diverted and Education Lane opened, direct from the front door of the Public School to Main Street, and placed it facing on the new school lane. A year or so ago Charlie Holmes bought the property. Charlie lived for a while in the brick cottage, and then conceived the idea of converting the old shop into a dwelling. This he accomplished, and it is now a very comfortable house, and Charlie and his wife and their numerous family occupy it and are quite happy in their improvised quarters.

Say, I read the Mail and Empire sometimes these days, but I read the Globe more; and I find both of them are talking about a new general election. And this brings me to remember the elections of the old days, when John White and D. B. Chisholm, and W. D. Lyon and Wandering Willie Magdougal were candidates. In those old days of electioneering the candidates' trick of kissing the babies was much in fashion. The determined candidate of a generation or two ago, was as deeply interested in all members of a voter's family as he is to-day. In William Cowper's "Letters" may be found a description of the way things were done more than a hundred years ago.

"We were sitting yesterday at dinner, the two ladies and myself, very composedly and without the least apprehension of any such intrusion in our snug parlor, one lady knitting, another netting, and the gentleman winding worsted. Suddenly, to our unspeakable surprise, a mob appeared before the window. A smart tap was heard at the door, the boys hallooed, and the maid announced Mr. Grenville. Candidates are creatures not very susceptible to affront, and would rather, I suppose, climb in at the window than be absolutely excluded.

In a minute the yard, the kitchen and the parlor were filled. Mr. Grenville, advancing toward me, shook me by the hand with a degree of cordiality that was extremely seducing.

As soon as he and as many more as could find chairs were seated, he began to open the intent of his visit. I told him I had no vote, for which he readily gave me credit. I assured him I had no influence, which he was not equally inclined to believe.

Thus ended the conference. Mr. Grenville squeezed my hand again, kissed the ladies, and withdrew. He kissed likewise the maid in the kitchen and seemed, upon the whole, a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman."

Our own Davie Henderson of popular political fame in this county, and who for over thirty years was able to corral sufficient votes to give him election and a good majority in nearly every contest he engaged in, tried the baby-kissing plan of election candidates, in his early election experiences. But Davie couldn't make votes that way. Those long sideboard whiskers of his seemed to scare the kiddies when he got his face close to theirs. And, anyway, he didn't much like the process, especially when he was down among the mountaineers of Nassagaweya. Our Davie, the dear man, had plenty of babies to kiss at home, and home was, after all, his paradise. You don't hear much about election candidates kissing babies these days. I fancy even Agnes McPhail, M. P., would make a sorry mess of it if she tried that worn-out old scheme.

The Old Man

A BLOW AT SUPERSTITION

Some minds, even untrained minds, are so luminous that they contain no dark corners in which superstitions and fantastic fears may hide. Such a mind was Betty's.

The class in history had been examined, and several girls lingered in the schoolroom, discussing the examination.

"O dear!" sighed one. "I just know I didn't pass. But I expected it. Why, I was in such a hurry this morning that I opened my umbrella right in the hall!"

"What harm did that do?" demanded Betty.

"Why, it's an awful bad sign, you know."

"Yes, indeed," chimed in another girl. "Something horrid always happens afterwards." The speaker then stated her fears about her own examination, and disclosed the ominous fact that she had seen the new moon the night before over her left shoulder. "Some of the questions weren't fair, anyhow," she finished plaintively.

"Pshaw!" said Betty. "Isn't your left shoulder just like the other?"

Betty was too young to quote Shakespeare on the predilection of people to attribute the results of their own neglect to the planets and to excuse themselves for being "fools by heavenly compulsion"; but she sturdily maintained that if they knew their lessons, moons, shoulders and umbrellas could not affect examinations.

To convince the unbeliever the other girls poured forth direful accounts of "perfectly awful things" which had followed on the occurrence of various bad signs. They waxed especially eloquent over the baleful influence of the number thirteen. One told that a Christmas dinner, at which thirteen sat, was followed by the death of one of the participants during the week. Betty's inquiries developed the fact that the deceased was an old lady in her eighties, who attended the feast against her physician's orders. But that did not matter. The cause of disaster was thirteen, which was so sinister in nature that nothing connected with it could possibly come out right.

Betty, being one against four, was outtalked. As she sat, unconvinced, her eyes chanced to rest upon the flag which hung over the teacher's desk. The teacher, an enthusiast in American history, had explained that morning that when the first new states were admitted to the original Union a star and a stripe for each were added to the flag; but since the stripes promised to be thinner and more crowded as they were multiplied, it was decided to keep the thirteen stripes and add only to the stars.

Suddenly Betty ran to the platform and seizing a pointer, counted the thirteen stripes aloud.

"Say, girls," she called, over her left shoulder, "how about the thirteen original states?"

A SHEAF OF SAGE SENTENCES

To link the conception of patriotism inseparably with that of war is to do it a grievous wrong. A true patriotism is the enemy of war.

All honor to the men who fought for our country, and the wives and mothers who inspired and cared for them. But all honor, also, to the men and women who to-day labor to make fighting no longer necessary.

The worth of peace lies less in itself than in what it makes possible for the lives of men. It must rest upon justice or it has neither real value nor the quality of permanence.

Patriotism rightly lays its wreath upon the graves of its heroic sons who made the supreme sacrifice for their country, but it serves best the cause they died for by seeking to abolish the evil which required the sacrifice.

FAVORED AGE

When the teacher looked severely at Isadore Levinsky, all ideas fled from him. When asked to name the Presidents, he could think of just five—with four long gaps between them.

"I am surprised, Isadore," said the teacher, who had left middle age well in the background. "When I was eleven years old, more than a year younger than you are now, I could recite the list of Presidents without a single mistake or a moment's hesitation."

"Teacher, yes, ma'am," said Isadore, humbly; then a brilliant and comforting idea came to him. "But there couldn't to have been half as many Presidents to remember then, was there, teacher?"

"NEVAIRE!"

Jacques had not been over from France very long and did not know the language very well; so when he wanted to know the meaning of a word he went to his friend Hodges. One day he asked:

"What is him a pole bear?"

"You mean a polar bear? That's an animal that lives in the ice and eats fish."

"I will not be heem! I will not be heem!" cried Jacques, excitedly.

"My dear fellow," said Hodges, "no one wants you to be a polar bear."

"But yes, monsieur," answered Jacques; "a man next door he die, and ze neighbors say will I be a pole bear. But live on ice and eat fish—nevaire!"

DUCK'S EGGS

A city-bred girl married a young farmer. As her husband came into the house one day, she exclaimed: "Oh, John I found four ducks' eggs among the two dozen you brought in this morning."

"Ducks' eggs," said John. "How do you know they were ducks' eggs?"

"Why," she answered, "I put them in water and four of them floated."

ACTON NEWS FROM OVERSEAS

The Gazette of July 17, contained the Following Items of News

It is proposed to appoint a temporary dental surgeon for the Acton Schools' Clinic.

Acton Education Committee is recommended to pay £1 15s. 9d. a ton for kitchen coal and £2 8s. 6d. a ton for anthracite (Cwmgrach cobbles).

Eight members of the Acton Fire Brigade have been successful in obtaining first aid certificates from the St. John Ambulance Brigade.

An estimate of the cost of the layout of the remainder of the Acton Cemetery extension is to be prepared. Coffin turn-tables have been provided at the cemetery chapels.

On Sunday morning a collision occurred near Hart-grove, Shepherd's Bush, between a tramcar and a private motor car owned and driven by Mr. A. W. Dunstall (60), of 31 Hillcrest-road, Acton.

The Town Clerk, Mr. W. Hodson, who has recently been indisposed, was again unable to be present at the Council meeting on Tuesday, and his place was taken by the Deputy Town Clerk, Mr. J. Morgan.

Members of the Acton Congregational Church held their annual garden fete on the church athletic association's lawn tennis courts at Snell's Farm, North Acton, on Saturday.

Harry Sheriff, of Packington-road, Acton, and John Flack, of St. Margaret's-terrace, Acton, were each fined 10s. at Acton Police Court on Wednesday for using indecent language.

Three more South Actonians were fined £1 each, including costs, at Brentford this week for neglecting to have their children vaccinated.

A party of the 7th Acton Scouts have spent a very enjoyable week in Paris. Most of the places of interest in and around the city were visited, including the International Art Exhibition and an evening was spent with the 1st Paris troop (English-speaking scouts.)

The Eagle Eye Patrol of the 2nd Acton Troop were in camp at their headquarters over the week-end, whilst their brother scouts were competing for the honor of the troop in the annual camper and scoutcraft competition in Gunnersbury Park.

The vagaries of a frightened horse deprived hundred of Actonians of milk with their breakfast on Sunday. A corner of Newton avenue became a land flowing with milk, if not with honey.

Frances Hart, of Colville-road, Acton and Constance Dover, of the same address, who were both recently bound over appeared at Acton Police Court again on Wednesday, when Hart summoned Dover for damaging her clothes line.

As a general bi-weekly collection of house refuse in Acton would cost an additional expenditure of £2,500 per annum, the proposal is not to be proceeded with, but householders can get a second collection for 6d.

A young man who obtained a summons against a neighbor at Acton Police Court on Monday said that the trouble was due to jealousy because he did not take her to Southend when he paid a visit there recently.

In view of road developments at East Acton, including the re-surfacing and widening of East Acton Green, the time is considered to be opportune for widening East Acton-lane from the Vale to Churchfield-road-east.

Miss I. M. Browell, Southfield-road Junior School, Acton, is to be granted leave of absence to enable her to undertake a year's teaching in Australia under the League of Empire scheme for the interchange of teachers.

The Mayor of Acton was amongst the guests received by Ald. H. W. Peat, sheriff of Middlesex, and Mrs. and Miss Peat, at a garden party held last week in the grounds of "Oakhurst," St. Stephen's-road, Ealing.

The annual athletic sports of the Acton County School, which took place on Saturday afternoon, were attended by a large gathering of parents and old boys. Favored by beautiful weather, the scene on the school grounds was somewhat in the nature of a garden party, there being an interval for tea lees, and light refreshments.

Although most of the staff of the Acton Vale Pensions Office reside away from Acton, they are never slow to recognize that by day they are parishioners of the neighboring church of St. Thomas, and have, many times given very practical help in the way of organizing entertainments.

When Nathan Tobias, of Churchroad, Acton, was summoned by his wife at Acton Police Court on Wednesday for desertion, his solicitor said he complained of his wife's drinking habits. He was prepared to agree to a separation order of 15s. a week.

Members of the Acton Chamber of Commerce and their friends, sufficiently numerous to fill three charabancs, travelled about 70 miles between 2 and 9.30 p. m. on Wednesday. To see famous Thames riverside resorts was their aim, and the limit of their trip was Henley.

A curious little fire occurred in Central Acton about 1.45 p. m. on Wednesday. The scene of it was the rear of the new shops in the Broadway, near the Globe Cinema, where dry grass on the vacant land was observed suddenly to ignite and spread to some trees.

Owing to the number of complaints of the improper employment of children in Acton, the Acton Education Committee has drawn the attention of employers to the by-laws prohibiting the employment of children under 12 years, and regulating their employment between 12 and 14 years. A number of warnings have been issued.

Mr. W. Cunningham, a Hammersmith magistrate, was the special preacher on Sunday at the Acton Hill Wesleyan Church, and gave the address to the children in the afternoon. The services were well attended, and the singing of the children under the conductorship of Mr. E. A. V. Capon gave much pleasure.

The first summer sports ever organized for the boys and girls of the Acton Schools, Oldham-terrace, were held on Friday afternoon, and gave so much pleasure to the children and the parents who came to see their athletic prowess that it is intended to make them an annual event.

A small sale of work was held in the garden of 168 Avenue-road, Acton, on Saturday in aid of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor. It was arranged by two children, Marjorie Carpenter (11) and Maisie Steeper (9). The sale realized the sum of £3 15s.

Eighteen tenders were received for the provision of a steam engine and dynamo at Acton Baths. That of Messrs. Belliss and Morcom at £462 was recommended by the special subcommittee for adoption.

An alleged attempt to blow open a safe with explosives was described at Brentford Police Court on Thursday when George Saunders of Davis-road, Acton, ice cream salesman, was charged with breaking and entering the warehouse of Messrs. T. Wall and Son, at Manor-road with intent to steal the sum of £400.

That he admitted having had six or seven half pints of beer during the day was stated by a constable of Frank King a licensed motor driver, who was charged at Acton Police Court on Tuesday with being drunk during his employment as a hackney carriage driver at Market-place, Acton.

A petition came before the Acton Highways Committee at its last meeting signed by 223 residents on the East Acton housing estate, protesting against the use of their roads for the purpose of testing motor cars, as extreme danger, nuisance from clouds of dust, and damage to the roads was thereby occasioned.

The Acton Hospital authorities were absolved from all blame by the Divisional Coroner in regard to a painful tragedy which occurred in the institution on Tuesday when a middle-aged male patient cut his throat under the influence of a sudden impulse due to pain and worry.

When Helena Golding, a laundress, of Park-road north, Acton, who was found outside her house having a row with people who were trying to get her to go indoors, was charged at Acton Police Court on Tuesday with being drunk, disorderly, and using obscene language, she said she had not had any drink for a long time, and the little she took soon overcame her.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cox, 107 Fielding-road, Acton Green, an account of whose diamond wedding celebration appeared in the "Acton Gazette" last week, have received the following telegram: "Buckingham Palace—To Mr. and Mrs. Cox, Bedford Park. The King and Queen are much interested to hear that yesterday you celebrated your diamond wedding, and I am desired to convey to you their Majesties' sincere congratulations and best wishes on this great anniversary, together with the hope that you are both in good health. Private Secretary."

Weekly Fashion Hint

FOR DINING OR DANCING

The charm of a beautifully designed frock is enhanced by the materials used in its development. Here white Georgette crêpe is printed with large flowers in black and pink. The inset godets are of plain white Georgette, while the long, graceful scarf corresponds with the border of the frock. If 54-inch material is used for the model, only 1½ yard will be required for the dress.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY

Mr. Stringer looked over the backyard fence and watched the stout Mr. Streeter trying to balance himself in a squatting position and pull up garden weeds at the same time. "Streeter," said he, "I've just got back from the city, and I've found out my wife is the most prudent woman in the world."

The other got up and looked round with a face as red as if he had apoplexy. "Hello, Stringer!" he coughed. "What makes you think your wife is so prudent? Has she decided not to buy any more new hats?"

"No, but she took some money I gave her and bought a piano."

"Huh!" snickered Mr. Streeter. "Is that what you call prudence?"

"Wait a bit," Mr. Stringer replied. "As I say, she bought a piano about a week ago. It's a beauty! Has a rosewood case, the handsomest you ever saw. Shines like a new dollar. Polished like a mirror, carved legs and gives a rich look to the whole house."

"Music inside?" asked the other, dryly.

"Now here's where the prudence comes in," went on Mr. Stringer, disregarding his friend's remark. "I came home last Tuesday and found the piano entirely hidden by a plush cover that hung over on each side like one of those little blankets you see tied on pug-dogs. I told my wife it was a handsome cover, but that it wasn't half so pretty as the wood with its polish and handsome grain. She explained that the wood might get scratched, but that with the cover over it, it would always be just as bright as it is now."

"That was prudence, but—"

"Don't interrupt, Streeter. That isn't all. When I came home to-night I found a linen cover over the plush. Of course a brown linen cover may not be ugly, but it isn't to be compared to the plush. So I protested. I said it was a shame to hide that handsome plush affair. My wife answered that the plush cover cost nine dollars and sixty-eight cents, including the initials embroidered in yellow at the corner, and that it seemed to her wasteful to let the dust settle all over a delicate thing of that sort and make it look old and dingy inside a year. She said the linen cover was to protect it. Now that's prudence, unadulterated prudence! But between you and me, Streeter, I've been wondering if it would not have been cheaper to buy the linen cover first—then we shouldn't have needed the plush."

"Or the rosewood piano, either," added Streeter.

RULES OF THE ROAD—TOKIO

This is not a joke; it appears just as it is in Japan's largest police station:—

"Rules of the Road—Tokio, Japan.

"1. At the rise of the hand policeman stop rapidly.

"2. Do not pass policeman or otherwise disrespect him.

"3. When a passenger of the foot have in sight, tootle horn; trumpet at him, melodiously at first; but if he still obstacles your passage, tootle him with vigor, and express by word of mouth the warning, 'Hi, Hi'.

"4. Beware of the wandering horse, that he shall not take fright as you pass him by; do not explode an exhaust blow at him. Go soothingly by.

"5. Give big space to the festive dog that shall sport in the roadway.

"6. Avoid entanglements of the dog with the wheel spokes.

"7. Go soothingly on the grease mud as there lurks skid demon.

"8. Press the brake of the foot as you roll around the corner, to save collapse and tie-up."

SUCCESS POINTS

By the Late Viscount Leverhulme:

The secret of success is no secret at all. Will a man pay the price of success? That is the point. There is only one certainty—hard work, self-sacrifice, and service for others.

"Believe me, there is much more money made in doing something better than ever it was done before than in doing something new—far more."

"Some think hard work may kill a man. It never did. It is a good habit is hard work, and it is bad habits that kill."

"Young men of to-day have a better chance than ever, but the sacrifice is greater owing to the opportunities for amusement and self-indulgence."

"Some say that all the great men died years ago. Don't believe it. There are finer young men in England to-day than ever."

"It is capital that is looking for young fellows all the time."

"The best chance a young man has in life is to start either without capital or short of capital."

"The fact is that the foundation of business success and of Christianity are the same, and that foundation is service for others."

"In all the ups and downs of business, Art is the rock under the shadow of which business men revive their souls."

REPAYMENT

The mayoral chair of a certain English town was once occupied by a man of great generosity.

Among the applicants who sought relief from him during his tenure of office was a local character known as Tim. Now, Tim had rather a doubtful reputation. He had never done a great deal of work, and several people were of the opinion that he never would.

Nevertheless, Tim didn't see why he shouldn't ask the mayor for a donkey and cart to set up in the rag-and-bone business.

So he called on him one day, and, after being admitted to his private office, made his request.

"Well, Tim," replied the mayor, "if I give you this money, how are you going to repay me?"

This was rather a poser for Tim, but suddenly a brilliant idea struck him and he blurted out:

"Well, yer worship, if you're kind enough to advance me the necessary I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll name the donkey after your worship."

HE CHANGED HIS MIND

Billy came home from school bearing every evidence of having had the worst of a fight.

"Why, Billy!" exclaimed his mother. "How often have I told you to play only with good little boys? Good little boys don't fight."

"Well," said Billy through his tears, "I thought he was a good little boy till I hit him."

PROTECTION AGAINST MOSQUITOES

Certain protective mixtures applied to the skin are of great value in warding off mosquitoes, black-flies and similar pests, especially when the insects are very numerous. A number of formulas for such mixtures are given in a pamphlet on the methods of protection against mosquitoes and black-flies, just issued by the Entomological Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture. A mixture recommended by the author is composed of 3 ounces of oil of citronella, 1 of spirits of camphor, 1 of oil of tar, ¼ an ounce of oil of pennyroyal and from 4 to 6 ounces of castor oil. Another mixture consists of 2 ounces of oil of citronella, ½ an ounce of pennyroyal and 2 ounces of castor oil. The castor oil is included to prevent injury to the skin. Tallow may be used instead if it is desired to have the mixture in the form of a paste.

When the insects are abundant it is necessary to apply the mixture at least once every half hour, using liberal quantities and rubbing it very thoroughly over the hands and face. Care should be taken to have a sufficient quantity of a mixture when on an extended trip in the woods. At least one ounce per person per day is necessary if the flies are anyway abundant. The mixture should be carried in a small aluminum flask or screw top tin, but not in a glass bottle as it is apt to break.

TABLES WERE TURNED

A priest went into a barber shop conducted by one of his parishioners to get a shave. He observed that the barber was suffering from a recent celebration, but decided to take a chance. In a few moments the barber's razor had nicked the father's cheek.

"There, Pat, you have cut me," said the priest, as he raised his hand and caressed the wound.

"Yis, y'r riv'rence," answered the barber.

"That shows you," continued the priest, in a tone of censure, "what the use of liquor will do."

"Yis, y'r riv'rance," replied the barber humbly, "it makes the shkin tinder."

HER NAMESAKE

When Mrs. Lombard heard that the baby of her former cook had been named for her, she bought a suitable rattle with many jingling bells, and went to see her namesake.

"Why, Bridget," she said to the late Miss Leahy, now Mrs. O'Sullivan, "I thought you said the baby was named for me. My name is Hannah, and you are calling the baby 'Celestine.'"

"'Celestine L.,' ma'am," said Mrs. O'Sullivan, hastily. "The 'L' is for Lombard, and 'Celestine' is just a koin of a name to describe you, ma'am. There ain't anny 'Hannah' to your looks, Mrs. Lombard; anny wan would tell you that."

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CAKE OR LIQUID

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