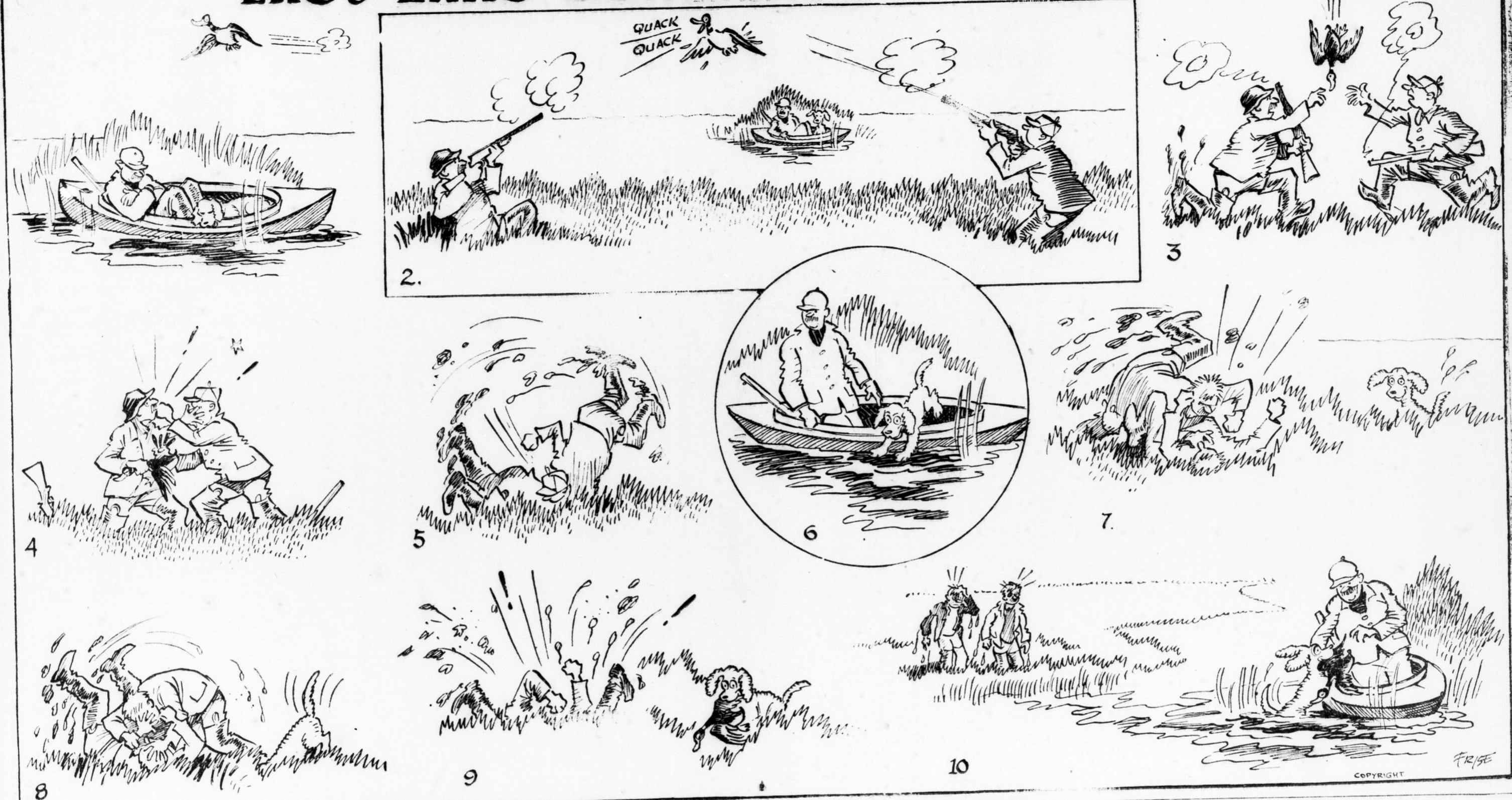


Life's Little Comedies

To the Victor Belong the Spoils



Sandy Grey, Expert Logger We Can All Lengthen and Enrich Our Lives By Re-arranging Our Twenty-Four Daily Hours



'Twould Take Dynamite to Break That Log Jam, Said the Boss, But Sandy Knew Better and Proves It

By DOROTHY STACEY

SOME ten miles inland from Go Home Bay, on the route to Bala, lies Flat Rock lake, a long, peaceful, much-indented stretch of water which seems to invite the dipping paddle of the canoeist. At its extreme eastern end the Muskash river empties itself down a rocky, curving drop of sixteen feet, and this is called Sandy Gray Falls.

Sandy Gray! It seemed an odd name for this turbulent, angry water, boiling with tremendous force over black, weathered rocks. So we plucked up our courage and asked one of a party of surveyors who were encamped on the spot whether a gray was a peculiar geographical phenomenon or if perhaps a man of that name had had some intimate connection with the spot. And this is the story we heard.

In 1887 a big drive of logs came down the Muskash in charge of a hard-drinking, horny fisted and expert crew of lumberjacks. But of all that wild crew the wildest and the best logger was a certain Scotchman, Sandy Gray. On a late Saturday afternoon they reached the sixteen-foot fall and here the logs jammed. With each moment the tangle became worse, and when night

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fell there was as pretty a jam as had ever been seen on the river.

Now Sandy Gray was a first-class logger, and a jam was a slur on his pride, so on Sunday morning before breakfast he looked the jam over and his expert eye saw a way out—a hard way and a dangerous one, but still a way. Running back to camp, he shouted:

"Say, boys, I've seen a way to break that jam. Are ye with me? Who's got the guts to help?"

But hard men as they were, that hideous tangle of logs in the rocks and white water had put fear into them, and the only answer was, "You're mad, Sandy; there's nothing on God's earth short of dynamite will break that!"

"Dynamite will it be!" roared Sandy. "And ye callin' yerselves loggers. I tell ye I'll break it myself or if I don't it's breakfastin' in Hell I'll be!"

His fellows looked at each other as he dashed out. The jam was fast—any fool could see that. Sandy must be mad.

"Drunk again!" said the boss, with a philosophic shrug.

But hardly were the words out when from the river came a grinding and a jarring and with a roar like that of an avalanche the logs began to move.

"He's got the key log!" shouted someone, and as the whole camp rushed to the river the jam heaved and broke and the logs rushed forward, leaping down the rough incline, smashing against rocks at the curve, and finally tumbling to the cauldron beneath.

Yes, the jam was free, but where was Sandy? Battered and broken, somewhere under those tons of logs or on the bottom of the lake. For hours they searched without result, but at last something that looked like a log was seen half out of water on the farther shore. It was all that was left of Sandy Gray, and stamped forever on his face was a wild look of triumph. He had broken the jam, but as to the other part of his promise, who knows?

Below the falls, half-way down the lake, runs

"A LL adults may be divided into three classes.

"First, those who are very keen on the work by which they earn their living, who run to this work as the bridegroom to the bride, and leave it with even more reluctance than the bridegroom leaves the bride," writes Mr. Arnold Bennett, the well-known novelist, in the London Sunday Pictorial. "Second, those who are not keen on their work, starting it with reluctance and quitting it with a sigh of relief. Third, those who do not have to work regularly for a living—a large class.

"The first, concentrating on their master-passion, do test spare time and become narrow through over-concentration. The second class have usually plenty of spare time, but usually fritter it away as spendthrifts fritter away money. The third class are often the busiest and the most rushed of the three, and find it the most difficult to organize—simply because they have had no discipline.

"But all three classes are alike in the excellent desire to live more calmly and more fully. And all three classes should treat themselves in the same way, for all three will cry out with the same voice: 'I have no time to live, widening my life. I cannot make time.'

"Well, of course, we cannot any of us make time. Time is a fixed quantity.

"There is, however, more time at our disposal than we generally suppose.

"The problem is not to make time, but to arrange time. Bad time-habits must be broken. They can only be broken by ruthless methods,

out a beautifully wooded point, and here at the foot of a slim white birch they buried him. On the bark his friends carved their names and above the grave they nailed a board and wrote on it

SANDY GRAY, 1887

The mound is still clearly defined as is the way of the graves of those who die with their boots on and are not buried in coffins. The tree has grown so much that the names carved on the bark are now indecipherable, but that on the weather-beaten board was deeply carved and is easily read.

"Soon, probably," said our surveyor friend, "the grave and the falls and all will be gone, for if our work here comes up to expectations we're going to raise the lake's level sixteen feet and build a powerhouse where the falls is now."

"Vandal!" said we, and left him.

Arnold Bennett Has a Plan for Clearing Away Rubbish of Time—To Save Seven Hours a Week Would Be Great Addition to Life

for it is far easier to break a good habit than a bad one. The members of the first class must ruthlessly limit the exactions of their master-passion—a difficult undertaking, but they have the immense advantage of self-discipline already acquired.

"The spare time of the second class is encumbered with a litter of disconnected trifles which must be ruthlessly swept up to make a clear space for some regular activity. They have some self-discipline to help them.

"The whole life of the third class is a horrid mess of time-extravagance and waste. They have rich resources of time, but lack the self-discipline to utilize those resources.

"The greatest danger of all three classes is—to wait. We all say: 'When I have drawn level, when I have put everything into order, then I will make a start.' Ridiculous, because not ruthless!

"Chop, uproot, sweep away—something, anything, no matter what, at once; but make a space! Something must go, something must suffer; in every life there is, as a rule, only one thing that is important; and of the others it doesn't matter much which is ruthlessly sentenced to the rubbish heap.

"A maxim is ruthlessness. Let us not be too ambitious in clearing a space. We are apt to say sadly: 'Ah! Unless I could get two clear hours every day I could do nothing.' Not so. With a little space here and a little space there, one can do a lot. Also, cross out the phrase 'Every day,' and insert 'every week.'

"Seven hours a week is the equivalent of one hour a day, and is easier to manage. The hazards of dullness may ruin any given day, and if the self-imposed rule has been 'every day,' one is thereby morally damaged. But a week affords opportunity for recovery without shame.

"And now you complain: 'But he has not said a word about employing the time which we are to arrange for!' Of course I have not. Everybody has private ambitions towards a wider and fuller life. And no two ambitions are quite alike.

"Some want to acquire knowledge, some wisdom, some skill, some improved health. Each must search his own mind. The choice is vast. Some things are better than others; but none is bad."

Current Wit and Wisdom

Sparkling Paragraphs from the Columns of Our Clever Contemporaries

There are many clerks who have got more out of life than many bank presidents.—EX.

Having taught history for a while, Vincent Massey thinks it is about time for him to help make it, just for a change.—Hamilton Herald.

A man ought to read just as inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good.—Dr. Samuel Johnson.

When you see a man all sleepy and worn out he may have a bad baby or good radio.—Kitchener Record.

A poignant thought that strikes us on reading of the discovery of the remains of prehistoric Americans at Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, is that they died in ignorance of the fact that they were Americans.—Punch.

If you have a drawing-room of your own there is quite a respectable amusement called bridge; if you don't happen to have a room and play your game of cards on the road it is a criminal offense.—Mr. Justice Swift.

A fire in a garage recently caused a motor-horn to function. This is the kind of car that

would go and give itself up to the police if it found itself on the wrong side of the white line.—Punch.

Why try to give advice? Those with sense don't need it. Those without sense won't take it.—EX.

For obstructing golfers by lying on a green at Mitcham Common, a youth was fined. Golfers, of course, are well able to do any lying on the green that is necessary.—The Passing Show.

Balloon tires are easier on pedestrians.—Judge.

And there is dear old mother again up to her ears in preserves and pickles.—Ottawa Journal.

No inspiring martial music accompanies the painful duty of paying war debts.—Chicago News.

A baseball pitcher gets as high as \$40,000 a year, and a preacher around \$2,000. Perhaps it's the difference in delivery.—

When an optimist gets the worst of it he makes the best of it.—EX.