

*Butter and
Eggs the
Standard*

forty years ago. In Huron county, which was, I suppose, an average county in Ontario, we used to believe that butter at sixteen cents a pound was almost as high as sometimes it smelt. Eggs were common tender at one cent apiece. Indeed, butter and eggs set the standard of values. A dozen eggs would buy a yard of shirting, and a pound of butter was worth three pounds of granulated sugar. Now, however, a dozen eggs will buy almost two yards of shirting, and a pound of butter is worth four pounds of sugar. All these everyday commodities have advanced greatly in price, but the butter and the eggs have advanced more than the shirting or the sugar.

I am reminded of the old Scotsman whose wife sent him to the store to get an egg's worth of darning-needles. In those days the general store prevailed, and the stock in trade frequently included whiskey and other strong liquors. The storekeeper whom the Scotsman approached had "given out" that he would treat every customer. Sandy obtained the needles, then waited with some patience for the treat. At length he was constrained to remark:

"I'm hearin' ye're giein' a treat to every customer."

"You'd hardly expect a treat with an egg's worth of darning-needles," the storekeeper replied.

"Ah, weel, bit ye canna draw the line too close—a customer's a customer."

"All right. What'll you have?"

"I'll take a bit whiskey."

The storekeeper poured out a horn of whiskey and laid it on the counter.

"I'm used to haein' a bit sugar in it," said Sandy, smacking his lips.

The storekeeper opened the bin and dropped a lump of sugar into the glass.

Sandy looked at the concoction, hesitated a moment, and then spoke again.

"I'm used to haein' an egg in it," he ventured.

The storekeeper reached behind and took from a shelf the very egg that Sandy had traded. He broke the shell and let the contents drop into the glass. And, wonderful to behold, there were two yolks. Sandy looked on, and a smile of satisfaction came to his face as he raised the glass to his lips.

"I'm thinkin'," he said, "there's anither egg's worth o' needles comin' to me."

*He was from
Aberdeen*