

HAMILTON STAR GAZER SQUARED AN ARCH ENEMY

Mr. Wm. Bruce, as a Lad, Proved to the Maid That Peace is Safer Than War.

Dr. William Bruce, honorary president of the Hamilton branch of the Astronomical Society of Ontario and father of the late W. Blair Bruce, noted artist of Paris, France, although in his eighty-ninth year is one of the most vigorous and active men of his time.



Philanthropic work has made his name a by-word not only in Hamilton, but far and wide. No one would suspect that the keen sense of fun still displayed undiminished by Mr. Bruce today, combined with an accuracy of marksmanship, sometimes got him into such a scrape as the following:

It was Hallowe'en, and in accordance with the custom from time immemorial, Bill Bruce and his chum (now a senator) dragged a huge tub into the kitchen, locked the doors, drew the blinds, and with a dozen row apples floating in the water proceeded to make merry in nature's garb.

The following morning the maid appeared with a black eye and a flogging was administered to the offender. The Scotch are slow to anger but sure. The same evening just as Jane opened the door in answer to her lover's rap, a perfect deluge of dirty water, and rancid potatoes drenched this snug and hopeful swain to his skin and left him shivering and like a drowned rat before his sweetheart.



OFFICE BOY TO CHARLES DICKENS

Here is Frederick Edrupt, who more than half a century ago was the office boy of Charles Dickens at the time when "Household Words" was one of the popular magazines of the day.

THOROUGHLY IN THE SOUP

Colonel J. A. (Jimmie) Cross, atterney-general, has been so thoroughly in the soup that he has missed the mark. Col. Cross was, at the time, O.C. of the 15th Reserve Battalion, Bramshott.

SISTER'S TEACHING PAVED SHAW'S WAY

Capt. Joe Shaw, M.C., M.P., who defeated R. B. Bennett in West Calgary, is making good at Ottawa and is spoken of by some as a coming leader.



Capt. Joe Shaw.

When the U. F. A. decided not to put a candidate in the field in West Calgary but to endorse whichever candidate proved most satisfactory to them, it was thought that A. J. Samis, one of Calgary's city commissioners, would get the endorsement.

However, it is stated that several years previously, Miss Shaw, sister of Capt. Shaw, had taught school in the Carstairs district near the house of H. W. Wood, and while there had boarded with Mrs. Wood. Miss Shaw, now principal of one of the Calgary schools, was a success, and through her Mr. Wood became acquainted with Capt. Shaw.

OCTOGENARIAN YOUTH INCREASES HIS DUTIES

President of the Dominion Life Assurance Company at Age of 81, Reappointed to Methodist Board of Missions.

Mr. Thomas Hilliard of Waterloo, Ontario, was organizer, then manager, and is now president of the Dominion Life Assurance Company.

He was probably the oldest delegate to the recent conference of the Methodist church. The first general conference he attended was in 1878, and he has now attended eleven in all.

A SCOT'S NATURAL DEATH

The difference between an Englishman and a Scotman has been described as follows: An Englishman lives telling a story about some other fellow, and a Scotman loves telling a story about himself.

THEY DON'T DO IT

A down-town furrier was selling a coat to a lady customer. "Yes, ma'am," he said, "I guarantee this to be genuine skunk fur that will wear for years."

BIBLE IN HAND AND TEXT PREPARED, DR. CODY COMMITTED HIS FAVORITE CAT TO ITS GRAVE

It Was in Embro, When He Was Nine Years Old. As Earnestly as He Does Today, He Preached a Most Fitting Sermon From the Text, "Prepare Ye the Way, O Lord."

Archdeacon Cody is a distinguished Canadian adult now. "Probably there is no other man who would be more gladly chosen by Canadians to represent their country on any great occasion at home or abroad," said the Canadian correspondent of the London Times, just before Dr. Cody



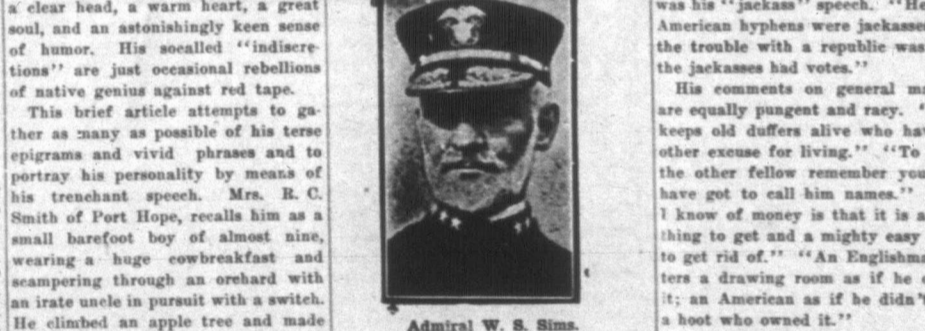
sailed this year for the United Kingdom, where he preached the sermon at a consecration of bishops in Westminster Abbey. Three times, at least, he has turned his back on archbishops to remain rector of St. Paul's, Toronto.

Yet, once upon a time, he was just a boy—a real boy, who waited for Hallowe'en to come round and had a pet cat. Dr. Cody always had a fund of anecdotes—and not an ill-natured one among the lot—but personal ones

THE SO CALLED "INDISCRETIONS" OF SIMS INDICATE A HUMAN BEING AND A HUMORIST

His Life Motto Has Been: "It Is Better to Be a Young Squirt Than an Old Stiff"—Washington Burned 2,000 Pages of His Caustic Reports Against the "Old Stiffs" From Paris.

No one will ever be able to write as an epitaph for Admiral Sims "Born a man and dies an Admiral."



Admiral W. S. Sims.

His life motto, "It is better to be a young squirt than an old stiff." As naval attache at Paris, he went after the "old stiffs" in 20,000 pages of caustic report which Washington officials burned. Even then there was sea salt and Attie salt in his speech.

HAVE MUSIC GALORE IN MANCHESTER

Cotton Metropolis Has Greatest Library in Existence.

Where do you think is the greatest public library of music in the world? It is not in Paris or in one of the great music-loving German cities, but in that very business-like manufacturing English metropolis known as Manchester.

THORNTON MOULDED ON BROAD LINES

New Chief of the Canadian National Railways is a British Subject by Adoption.

No cartoonist quite equals Matt, the well known cartoonist of the London Daily Sketch, whose kindly caricatures have become an institution in the British Isles. All sorts and conditions of people from Mrs. Asquith to Lloyd George, from Lord Curzon

BLOOD THICKER THAN WATER

At Least Dr. Gunn's Daughter Claimed to be Closer Related To Her Father Than Her Mother.

The Rev. William T. Gunn, the popular general secretary of the Congregational Union of Canada and author of that classic of home mission work in Canada: "His Dominion," is able to tell a good story, despite the cares and responsibilities of his office.

Recently he told this one on himself which opens up a nice problem in family relationships. Several years ago while enjoying a quiet evening at home on Victor avenue he was sitting on the sofa by the side of his wife when their young daughter came and sat on the other side of her father, and snuggled up close to him. Her mother turned to her and said playfully: "You get away from there! What do you always want to be butting in for?"

WORDS LEAPED FORTH ALSO HIS "STORE" TEETH

An Embarrassing Situation Was Saved by the Unrailing Humor and Keediness of Hon. Manning Doherty.

To have a tooth fall out and roll across the platform would be the scene of embarrassment to most public speakers. Not so with Hon. Manning Doherty, who, during a meeting at Montreal last week, was engaged in a discussion of the proposed co-operative marketing plan for dairy products. As



Hon. Manning Doherty.

he waxed enthusiastic in emphasis of an important point, one of his "store" teeth clattered to the floor. A ripple of laughter spread over the audience, but Mr. Doherty, without signs of embarrassment, stooped to pick up the unruly molar, and placing it in his pocket remarked: "Ladies and gentlemen, if I pronounce words incorrectly from now on don't blame me; but put the blame where it rightly belongs—on this tooth."

THIS TELESCOPE BIGGEST YET

Canada is to have the most wonderful observatory and the most wonderful telescope in the world.

The observatory is to be erected on the Pacific coast at a point that has not yet been definitely selected, and the chief work of its staff of astronomers will be the taking of celestial photographs.

IN THE SAME COIN.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who started as recently by his conversion to the Roman Catholic Church, disagrees often with the political doctrine often put forward that a candidate is justified in fighting an opponent with his own weapons, which are often lies. When arguing the question with a friend he illustrated his contention in his usual whimsical way. "I believe, sir," declared his friend "in fighting an enemy with his own weapons."

GRIMY AUTOGRAPH MCKISHNIE KEEPS

The Grimy Signature of an Author Who Pitted People Who Read His Book.

Archie P. McKishnie, the much-loved author of stories of wild life, who is again in the public eye as the author of "Openway," his one publication for the year 1922, tells a story on himself that deserves the preservation of printer's ink.

While visiting Los Angeles, California, some time ago, McKishnie relates, he came upon two bookshops, both with a considerable queue of people winding out of the open door. Upon investigation he found one line to be leading into the purchase of some best seller of the time, it being advertised that the author would autograph copies purchased. On the other side of the street was a window display of McKishnie's latest book, and a similar sign in prominence announced that the author was that day in the city, and that he also would autograph all copies sold.



Archie P. McKishnie.

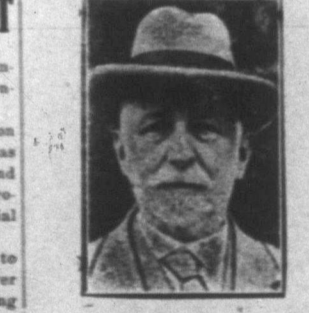
Naturally this aroused McKishnie's interest. He took his place on the line, bought a copy of the book, and engaged his double in conversation. The pseudo-author was a typical conception of his class, lean, cuff frayed and quite dirty. His expression was one of utter dejection and gloom, and even McKishnie's encouraging remarks about the sale of the books failed to call forth any enthusiasm.

"Good stunt, this," McKishnie remarked. "Oh, not so bad," the autographer answered. "Must sell a good many books this way," the author further ventured. "Oh, I guess so," was the languid reply. "But I just want to tell you that anybody that would read the book that's in this book deserves to lose the money he puts into it."

HON. MR. FIELDING TRIES MOST FOR PRECISION.

He Ponders Over the Proper Adjective in Regard to Ex-Premier Meighen.

Hon. W. S. Fielding has many fine characteristics among them being incisiveness of statement, preciseness of language, and a disinclination to say anything but good of his fellowmen. Once in Shelburne one of his young constituents approached him, saying: "Mr. Fielding, I'm interested in politics and politicians, but don't know much about either. Tell me something about those fellows who make the wheels go round at Ottawa."



Hon. W. S. Fielding.

THE PREMIER DRURY OF PRAGUE.

This is Dr. Anthony Svehla, the great agrarian leader of Czechoslovakia, who has been appointed premier, and is now selecting his cabinet.

Dr. Svehla is the organizer of Agricultural unions in the sugar beet industry. The Industrial party leans towards Germany, but Dr. Svehla's rise to power represents the victory of the agrarian influence which is nationalistic. Take a quarter of a medium-sized pumpkin and stew until tender. Then mash it very fine, adding to it a quarter cupful of sugar, a heaping tablespoonful of butter, a half teaspoonful of salt, the beaten yolk of an egg and a half cupful of heavy cream. Set the mixture over the kettle to keep warm. Strain a pint of rich milk, then heat in a double boiler. When hot, stir in the pumpkin mixture and stir until well blended and slightly thickened. Serve hot.

ROSS HAD TO FORGIVE HIM WHO HAD SINNED

The Paymaster of the C. E. F. Succumbed Before Wit. The Young Officer Got His Ten Pounds.

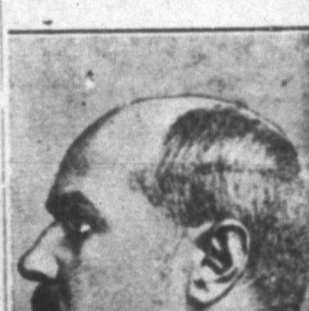
Than General James Ross, chief paymaster of the C. E. F., the maple leaf soldier, empty of pocket and more or less stranded before the end of his two weeks' leave in London from France, found no truer friend. Besides having a very kind heart, Colonel Ross



possessed a keen sense of humor, as the following story goes to prove. One morning, near the first of the month, a rather worried looking young officer presented himself before his chief, in his office in Millbank street, and requested an advance of £10.

"But," questioned the colonel, were you not here a few days ago on the same errand, and I did not give you an advance then?" "Yes, sir," admitted the worried looking young man, "but—" "Sorry, then," interrupted the colonel, "I can give you nothing more until the 10th of the month."

"But, sir," pleaded the officer, "I'm stoney broke, I owe a hotel bill and my leave is up tomorrow." "Sorry," repeated the colonel, "you should have thought of your hotel bill before. I can do nothing for you. Call around on the 10th of the month. Good day, sir." And the colonel turned away, ending the interview, while the worried looking officer, more worried looking than ever, slowly removed himself from the office.



THE PREMIER DRURY OF PRAGUE.

Two hours later when he passed out to lunch, Col. Ross was much surprised to behold, seated in a chair just outside his office door, the same young officer, wearing the same dejected expression. "Are you still here?" he exclaimed. "What are you waiting for?" "I'm waiting for the 10th of the month, sir," was the reply. Whereupon the colonel had a good laugh and the officer got his ten pounds—before the end of the month.