

## At the Sign of the Wooden Leg

By "Silas Wegg."

### The Little Things.

"It is the little things that count," said Jones to me the other day. "For instance——"

"For instance," I broke in, seeing a brilliant opportunity to work off a joke I had been nursing for weeks, "there is the colon bacillus."

"I don't mean that," said Jones.

I was not to be put out of the game, however.

"But I mean the colon bacillus," said I. "He is a wonderful counter. A mathematician, Jones! See how fast he can multiply. Why, Jones——"

Jones was not there. He has no sense of humour, has Jones. He wears a red and blue waistcoat which his mother-in-law knit for him.

Yet I am thankful for him. He brings me the old truths which I had as mine own once, but which I have lost by the wayside. "Full of wise saws and modern instances," he teaches me this, that the canned wisdom of the past is often better than the grow-your-own varieties in which we take such pride at times.

*It is the little things that count.*

For instance,—good old *exempli gratia*, first introduced to me in childhood by Euclid, and loved like a brother ever since,—for instance, take the smallest thing you know or can lay your hands on. Take a pinch of snuff.—oh, no, that sounds frivolous, although it's a sneezy thing to take,—or take a minute of time around nine a.m. You can't afford that? I have it then. Take the interest earned in the Retirement

Fund for six months on the five per cent. deduction from a monthly instalment of your statutory increase.

Now, don't get gay, or hypercritical, as they say down East, and retort that you can't take that because the government won't let you have it till you are dead. This is only an hypothesis, and anyone can take an hypothesis who has had his tonsils removed; and, if you have not had your tonsils removed, you are not in good society; and, if you are not in good society you don't read "At the Sign of the Wooden Leg." As I was saying,

*It is the little things that count.*

But concerning that interest question. The interest for six months on the five per cent. deduction from a monthly instalment of your statutory increase,—you have it all down, have you?—is, in round numbers, \$.0042. Does that look small enough? It is bigger than some of my hearers' profits out of co-operative trading. That is another question, however. The figures I have given are not small enough to count? Well, then, the interest for *one* month on the *ditto-ditto-ditto* is \$.0007. That ought to suit you, I am sure. You can verify these figures by simple division and a reference to the ledgers of the Finance Department. In the face of these facts, for who will dispute the inter-corroborative evidence of the Treasury Board and the Public School Arithmetic?—in the face of these facts, I say, is there a man with soul so dead who never to himself has said that

*It is the little things that count?*

I knew a chap who used to work out these interest problems for his