

105 YEARS OLD AND STILL GARDENS AND CUTS WOOD

Lawrence Johnston of Avon, Ont., Was a Real Pioneer.

LAWRENCE JOHNSTON, who was 105 years old on August 11th last, is without doubt the oldest person in Middlesex county and one of the oldest in Canada. He lives in the village of Avon in a tidy little home to which is attached half an acre of garden which he works himself. He takes special pride in his garden and raises more fruit and vegetables than he can use.

Mr. Johnston was born on August 11, 1817, in the village of Charlotteville, near Port Rowan, but spent his youth in Bayham township, Elgin county. At the age of 21, a year after the Mackenzie rebellion which he remembers well, his parents bought him a farm in North Dorchester township near what is now the village of Avon. It was just bush. To get there he walked 22 miles carrying all his belongings on his back, 40 pounds of flour, a 10-pound pack, 5 pounds of butter, an axe, a rifle and a heavy quilt. As it was spring he tapped trees to obtain sap to mix with the flour to make bread.

At the end of two days' trip he started to



Lawrence Johnston.

build his own shanty. He was alone in the bush. There were no roads, no people near. He cleared his own farm, cut his own roads, built his own stables and barn. He was a good shot and kept himself supplied with fresh meat from the wild fowl and deer that abounded.

He lived several years alone before marrying Miss Mary Eliza Barr of North Dorchester. They were married thirty years when she died. Some years later he married again, his second wife being Miss Margaret Baccus, who is still living, aged 78.

Mr. Johnston attributes his long life to clean living. He has no bad habits unless his pipe may be so called. His senses are unimpaired. Only his eyes are somewhat dim. He cuts his own wood and makes trips daily to the corner where the rural delivery mail boxes are assembled. He has still a vivid recollection of the Mackenzie rebellion of 1837.

Mr. Johnston is a Conservative and never misses a chance to vote.

Wrong Party Might Have Heard Liberal Secrets

When Murray Strolled Into the Enemy's Office.

A NEW story about Hon. G. H. Murray is being told in the rotunda of the Halifax Hotel where nightly the premier of Nova Scotia is wont to be found, surrounded by friends under a canopy of tobacco smoke.

Recently in Ottawa Mr. Murray stalked into the office in the new parliament buildings which the architect had designated for the prime minister.

"Good morning," said Mr. Murray to the secretary there. "Glad to see you on the job. Glad to see somebody's on the job."

This latter was a reference to the quietude of Ottawa on a holiday. Mr. Murray then spoke of the weather and made some important observations on politics. After which he said:

"Get me D. D. McKenzie on the phone, will you?"

When the secretary had to look up D. D. McKenzie, Mr. Murray began to wonder.

"You haven't been with the premier long, have you?" he asked.

"No, not for some past," answered the secretary.

"What! Isn't this the premier's office?"

"No, sir, this is Mr. Meighen's office. It was intended for the premier, but Mr. King preferred to remain in his old room upstairs."

The Psychological Moment

CLUBLEIGH: "How are you feeling to-day, old man?"

"I don't feel like myself."

Clubleigh: "In that case, perhaps you will do us a five-spot."—Boston Transcript.

No Wonder

"HAT'S your husband growing about?"

"He's cross because I'm taking him out 'Joy Himself'."—London Mail.

If he's married, you can't tell whether he smokes a pipe because he is an outdoor man or an indoor man because he smokes a pipe.

Mainly About People

Sarah, Grown Old, Goes Back to Her Own People

Bernhardt, Born Jewish, Regrets Neglect of the Race.

IT is not generally known that Sarah Bernhardt, though she has adhered to the Roman Catholic Church practically all her life, was born a Jewess. The "Divine Sarah" of France has recently given an interview to Miss Room of the New York Herald, in which the aged veteran of the dramatic stage declares deeply that she regrets her neglect of her own people for many years. Born in Paris in 1844 of Dutch Jewish parents, Sarah Bernhardt, while still a child, was received into the Roman Catholic Church at the request of her father. In 1861, after a long absence, towards the Jewish fold she made the following statement:

"On the threshold of my eightieth year, I am impelled to review my feelings. I now believe that I have given the French people more than I was entitled to give, and to the Jewish people much less than it had the right to demand of me. I gave my soul to French art.

"What I did, others could also do for the French people. But there is a people for which I alone could have done something and I have failed to do it. I refer to the Jewish people, who are my people. To them the product of my mind has always belonged and I have given it to the French. Thus I must review my position. I cannot die confessing I have loved the whole world, but my own people I have not loved! I know now how long I have got to live, but I have still time to waken an old love to new life. I should again like to love the Jewish people as I did as a child, and to work for its welfare as I worked for myself and for French art. I go to America and shall devote the results of my tournee to the Jewish Home."



Sarah Bernhardt.



The King in Kilts is a Good Highlander

HIS MAJESTY dons the tartan when he is up at Balmoral Castle, Scotland, for the shooting. The head game-keeper, Arthur Grant, here seen with his wife, was bitten by a retriever on one expedition and the King, anxious for his safety, himself demotedly telephoned for the doctor. He is here seen enquiring about the progress of the wound.

The Cat May Not Have Enjoyed the Idea, But It Certainly Secured the Dutchman's Apples

No Need to Be Bitten by a Dog When Robbing an Orchard, John Adams Proves.

WHEN ex-Ald. John Adams of Toronto was a schoolboy in his home village of Norwich, Oxford county, he had a penchant for leading a foray into the orchard owned by a local Dutchman. In order to head off these foraging expeditions, the latter procured a vicious-looking bulldog. For some days the dog well served his purpose; he was on duty every time the youthful foraging expedition approached the orchard fence. But necessity is the mother of invention to boys as well as to men. And it was very necessary that John Adams and his companions should get the Dutchman's apples. Their stomachs just craved for them.



"Sit him, Caesar," he yelled. "Sit him."

John accordingly set his brain to work out a plan that would circumvent the activities of the orchard-guarding bulldog. And as in the days of his manhood he showed an aptitude, while a resident of both Brandon and Toronto, for working out successfully political undertakings, so he finally hit upon a workable plan in this particular instance.

"Say, fellows," he exclaimed one evening to a group of his followers, "I've got a scheme for getting into the Dutchman's orchard."

"What is it?" they all in unison demanded.

"Meet me at the orchard at five o'clock and I'll show you."

At the appointed hour the foragers were on duty.

BRISCO'S IRISH BULL CHINESE AND FEMINE

These Things Happen When a Mayor is Eloquent.

FRED H. BRISCO, of Chatham, Ontario, came into province-wide prominence as leader of the municipal movement against higher natural gas rates. An evidence of his popularity in his home town is the fact that he was the first man in something like twenty years to hold the Chatham majority for two successive terms.

On one occasion his position as chief magistrate of Chatham required Mayor Brisco to address a gathering of the Kuo Min Tang, signifying the Chatham branch of the Chinese Nationalist Party.

It was a gala occasion. The lodge-rooms were crowded with slant-eyed Orientals and a sprinkling of whites. Senator Proudfoot was present to elucidate the objects of the Kuo Min Tang, and prominent speakers, both Chinese and Occidental, vied with one another in eloquence. As befitted the occasion, Mayor Brisco was felicitously congratulatory—and no one can be more congratulatory when the occasion demands. His peroration worked up to a fervid climax something like this:

"I congratulate the officers of this fine organization of the Chinamen of the Maple City. I go further, I congratulate all the Chinamen. And most of all—I he paused, impressively—"I congratulate the lady Chinamen."

"Something of a sneeze," whispered an irreverent Occidental in one of the back seats. But the Chinese—ladies included—never even smiled.

HAD LOST HIS ACCENT

LORD LEVERHULME tells the story of a Scotsman who was introduced to an American in this series began in an insurance office, where he obtained his first job, that of office boy. He had only just begun on this job when his boss looked up from an important letter one morning and said irritably, "Don't whistle at your work, boy."

"I ain't workin', sir," he answered.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Obeying Instructions

OF a man who had failed they said: "He was doomed to fail. His life had been, in fact, but a series of failures. The first chapter of this series began in an insurance office, where he obtained his first job, that of office boy. He had only just begun on this job when his boss looked up from an important letter one morning and said irritably, "Don't whistle at your work, boy."

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Young Falconer Failed to Clear Away His Doubt

When Students Wakened the Echoes of Edinburgh.

SIR ROBERT FALCONER, president of Toronto University, was a student at Edinburgh along with his brother, Professor J. W. Falconer, of the Presbyterian College, Halifax; Rev. A. S. Morton, of Saskatchewan University; Rev. J. G. Robertson, D.D., of Toronto, and others, all well-known Canadians. One day a number of these college chums thought they would like to test for themselves the famed echoes of Arthur's Seat, one of the high hills near that city. It was soon arranged and at midnight the party was at the spot testing the wonderful echoes with curious and increasingly loud calls.



Sir Robt. Falconer.

Suddenly, as if arising out of the ground, a burly Highlander in police uniform appeared and demanded explanation of the disturbance. Sir Robert Falconer cited as spokesman for the party and in a sincere straightforward manner stated the case.

"Who are you?" demanded the officer.

"We are students from the university."

Possibly he imagined that they were science students that they should be engaged in such research. "Students of what?" said he.

"Of theology," was the answer.

"What going into the ministry?"

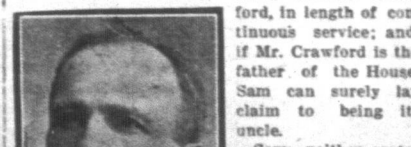
"We hope to."

With a friendly wave of the hand he left them with this parting word, "Yes, and I hope I'll live till you all get charges."

CLARK'S VIEW OF PROHIBITION BEER

Sam Did Not Agree With the Previous Member.

THERE are few members of the Ontario legislature who command a more attentive audience when they take the floor than does Sam Clark, who has represented West Northumberland in the House for more than a quarter of a century. Mr. Clark ranks second only to Hon. Thomas Crawford, in length of continuous service; and, if Mr. Crawford is the father of the House, Sam can surely lay claim to being its uncle.



Sam Clark, M.P.P.

Sam neither orates nor makes a speech, when he rises to his feet; he simply talks; out the House listens to his talking, where it ignores the perforce eloquence of a dozen others. An utterance of Sam's during a temperance debate last session is worthy of recall. The occasion arose when certain Labor and other members voiced a demand for stronger beer.

"I don't know," Sam confessed. "One honorable member said, in effect, that it was impossible to get hit on two and a half per cent. beer. I don't agree with him. It is certainly possible to get full on it. It's impossible to get drunk on it, but that's another matter."

A Popular Pastime

PUSH-BALL played by teams of three motor-cars aside is providing America's new thrill. Push-pedestrian, with an unlimited team of motorists, still furnishes all the excitement we want at home.—Punch.

AMERICAN NOW IRISH LORD

THIS well-dressed young man is Baron Fermoy, formerly Edmund Maurice Burke Roche of New York. He renounced his American citizenship when he succeeded to the title and aspires now to a seat in the British House of Commons. A twin brother, Francis Burke Roche, stays American. He is in the banking business in New York.

FOCH'S RETORT COURTEOUS

WHILE on his recent American trip, Marshal Foch, the famous French soldier, made a witty reply to a man who, when one of a party at a dinner-party in Denver, given by a party of Americans, took exception to French politeness.

"There is nothing in it but wind," he said with questionable taste.

"Neither is there anything but wind in a pneumatic tire," retorted the gallant marshal, "yet it eases the joints along life's highway wonderfully."

And for the rest of the dinner the other man had little to say.

His Proof

TWO actors came out on the stage and one of them made this speech.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have with us tonight a man who is known the world over and one every one of us has heard of. Will Mr. Henry Ford kindly stand up and let us all see him?"

After waiting a minute or so and seeing that no one had risen, he turned to his partner, saying, "Are you sure that Mr. Henry Ford is in this audience?"

"Why, sure he is!" was the reply. "I saw his car standing outside."—Judge.

Draw Your Own Conclusions

LOOK here! Do you say I stole the dollar bill you lost?"

"No, I don't say that."

"Then what do you say?"

"Well, I say that if you hadn't helped me look for it, I might have found it."—Pearson's Weekly.

On An Empty Eye?

MISS Moss (telephoning): "Oh, doctor, I forgot to ask you about that eye medicine you gave me."

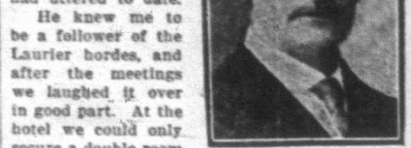
Doctor: "Well?"

Miss Moss: "Do I drop it in my eyes before or after meals?"—Pearson's Weekly.

Laurier Watched Over Sleeping Conservative

Just After Donald Sutherland Had Attacked Him, Too.

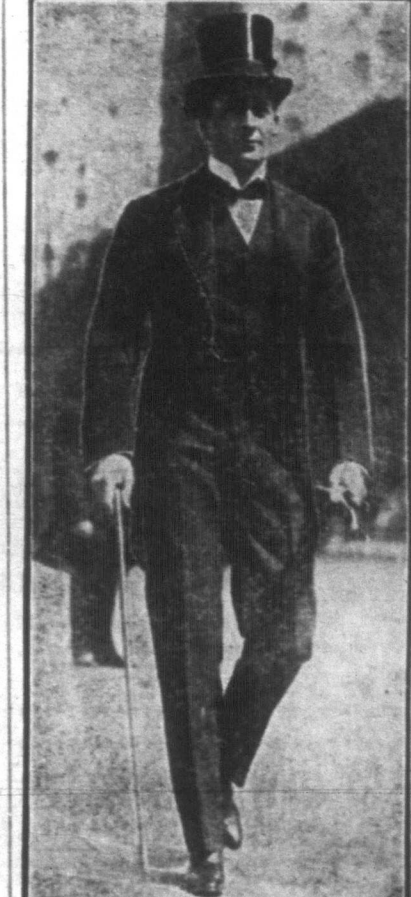
NEVER was there a better campaigner than that South Oxford Conservative veteran, Donald Sutherland, M.P. Yet I have proof that his powers of observation were sometimes at fault. On at least one occasion it was thus. As a newspaper representative I was with him all through the memorable campaign of 1917. It was in the town of Tillsonburg one night that he waxed warmer than usual in his tirade against the policy of the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier.



Donald Sutherland.

There were no personalities—just politicalities, but they were the hottest he had uttered to date. He knew me to be a follower of the Laurier horde, and after the meetings we laughed it over in good part. At the hotel we could only secure a double room on the third floor. Mr. Sutherland took first choice of the beds, and after a few words slipped under the sheets while I remained up to look over my notes. Before turning in, I chanced to look above the head of Donald's bed, and there, with all its white plumage, was a very large likeness of the late Liberal chief. Naturally, I guffawed aloud and told the campaigner of the joke he played on himself. He sat up, a fanny sight there in the feeble light, and looked at the likeness for some seconds. Then followed a loud outburst of laughter in solo and in chorus, singly and in unison.

He enjoyed the coincidence as much as I. He slept well after it, and I sometimes think that Donald felt he was in good company at that.—J.T.F.



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If former had men could see themselves in modern movies they would be surprised to see how well they kept their nails manicured.

No proper garage mechanic thinks he has done his full duty unless he leaves a dime's worth of grease on your steering wheel.

"The woman did it," said Adam, thus proving himself a gentleman. An ill-bred person would have said "The woman does it."

There are two million people in America who can't speak English, but they doubtless have some other way of saying "I'll tell the world."

Nations once fought to protect the national honour, but the record of the last few years reveals that a mighty small thing to fight about.