

the motor an igniter or ignition timing device is provided.

The igniter is equipped with a pair of interrupter points, one fixed and the other movable. The movable one is operated by a cam which is driven through suitable gearing by the crank shaft of the engine. The spark is obtained by bringing the movable point in contact with the fixed point and

Are You Selling Yourself at a Premium or at a Discount?

If you work for a living, you are selling yourself in some way. In fact, in many ways. You are not only selling your time and ability, but also your manners, your bearing, your conversation, your education, your training, your appearance, your whole personality.

Whether you sell to your advantage or disadvantage will depend upon the quality of your goods. Some people get enormous prices for their personality alone, because it attracts trade. It draws and holds customers. A pleasing personality is so very valuable that even when accompanied by comparatively small mental ability, it commands more than much larger ability without a fine, attractive personality. You are selling yourself, my friend.

Stories of Well-Known People

Lord Beaverbrook's Turn.

In the days of his youth Max Aiken was a candidate for membership in a certain social club in his home town in New Brunswick. A member of the club whose name might be Roberts looked down from the height of the small town aristocracy upon the clergyman's son, and for some reason decided to blackball him. Some years later Max Aiken, then Lord Beaverbrook, entertained an old friend, a former member of the club, in London, England. On his leaving Lord Beaverbrook said: "By the way, when you see Roberts, will you tell him for me that the King of England is not half so particular as he is. I am dining with his Majesty to-morrow."

What's in a Name?

Few people know the full name of ex-President Wilson. It is Thomas Woodrow Wilson, and this is the story of how he discarded the "Thomas." About thirty years ago Mr. Wilson was a professor at Wesleyan College, and one evening he started a discussion with a fellow-professor on names and their effect on success in life.

The future President of the United States held that the effect of a name was due entirely to whether it was composed of long or short syllables. "Thomas," he declared, "is quite the wrong kind of name to have. 'Woodrow Wilson,' on the other hand, is sure to bring success."

So he dropped the Thomas, and as Woodrow Wilson he achieved world fame.

"Never Mind, Sambo!"

Father Bernard Vaughan, whose health has been giving cause for anxiety, is a noted mountaineer. One of his

the tension of the motor can the interrupter points are caused to open earlier.

This device makes it unnecessary to keep shifting the hand lever for each change in engine speed. But it will be found desirable to still set the spark lever in the retard position when the motor is started, and to set it perhaps one-half to three-quarters advanced for ordinary running speeds.

but have you fitted yourself to command the best market price for your energies and abilities? While still young, you can readily correct all your deficiencies, your lack of education, of training, of manners. You can change your bad habits for good ones, eliminate disagreeable or bad qualities and cultivate an attractive personality which will sell itself without words or effort on your part.

You can do all this, if you will. Schools, books, libraries, courses of instruction, all the means to help you are everywhere, free as air. Whether you take advantage of your opportunities or not, remember that the price you bring in the industrial market depends upon yourself. It rests with you whether you will sell at a premium or at a discount, whether you will be a top-notch or a leftover on the bargain counter.—O. S. Marden.

best stories is about a Negro who wanted to enter a swell church in New York.

The clergyman said, "We don't have any colored gentlemen in this church." "But the Lord told me to come here," replied the Negro.

"Well," said the clergyman, "you had better go and ask for more guidance."

After some days the Negro returned, saying, "The Lord still says dis is my church."

"I am sorry," answered the parson, "but we can't take you in."

The Negro returned a third time, saying, "I told the Lord what you said. He say, 'Never mind, Sambo, I myself have been trying to get into that church for years, but have never succeeded.'"

Hard to do Hamlet Without a Shave

Matheson Lang, one of the leading British Shakespearean actors, was born in Montreal and is a son of Rev. Gavin Lang, of Inverness, N.B., where he went to school. His career has been full of adventure, and he tells many amusing yarns of his early days.

He was once appearing with a small touring company in "Hamlet." Funds were very low, and the actor who was to play the title role had not one penny to rub against another. In sheer desperation he went to the manager.

"Look here, sir," he said, palming his face, "I've got to play Hamlet to-night, and I haven't had a shave for three days."

The manager turned out his pockets, but they were absolutely empty. Then he had a brain-wave.

"I've got it," he exclaimed. "Blacken the rest of your face and we'll play Othello."

dense smoke arising from two braziers. The juggler, naked except for his loin cloth, appeared and commenced salaaming profoundly; he continued his exaggerated salaam for some little while. Eventually he produced a long coil of rope. To Colonel Barnard's inexpressible surprise, the rope began paying away, as sailors say, of its own accord out of the juggler's hand and went straight up into the air. Colonel Barnard photographed it. It went up and up, till his eyes could no longer see the top of it. Colonel Barnard photographed it again. Then a small boy, who was standing by the juggler, commenced climbing the rope, which was held at the bottom by nothing, supported by nothing. The colonel photographed the boy, who went up and up till he disappeared.

Suddenly the juggler, professing himself to be angry with the boy for his dilatoriness, started in pursuit of him up the rope. The colonel photographed him, also. Finally the man descended the rope and, wiping a bloodstained knife, explained that he had killed the boy for disobeying his orders. Then he pulled the rope down and coiled it, and suddenly the boy reappeared and with his master began salaaming profoundly. The trick was over.

The two Europeans returned home, absolutely mystified. With their own eyes they had seen the impossible, the incredible. Then Colonel Barnard went into his dark room and developed his negatives—with an astounding result. Neither the juggler nor the boy nor the rope had moved at all. The photographs of the ascending rope, of the boy climbing it and of the man following him were simply blanks; they showed the details of the courtyard but nothing else. Nothing whatever had happened, it seemed, but how in the name of all that is wonderful had the juggler conveyed the impression to two hard-headed, matter-of-fact Englishmen? Possibly the braziers contained cunning preparations of hemp or opium unknown to European science; possibly they may have been burning some more subtle brain stealer; or possibly the deep salaams of the fellow had hypnotized his spectators and had forced them to see the things he wanted them to see.

The Handy Man.

The class had been having a lesson on prominent men of the day. After the lesson the teacher asked the members of her class individually to name the prominent person they would like to see.

Some said the King, others the Prime Minister, and many of them mentioned famous footballers.

After a time one small boy at the back shouted:

"Please, miss, I'd rather see my farver's guv'nor."

"Well," replied the teacher, "I should hardly think one would class him as a prominent man; but still, let us hear why you would like to see him."

"Because, teacher," was the answer, "I've heard farver say that his boss has got over two hundred hands."

Australians eat more meat than any other race.

his company a disagreeable evening, and when we plant it down, and try to do it with a smile; I've no respect for princely might if he won't pay his bills on sight; I'm going after Chee to-night, and chase him round another mile."

An Opportunity for Musicians

The musician may or may not acquire large capital in money. Some musicians become immensely rich these days. Others manage to secure a competence for life and enough for their loved ones. But every musician worthy of the name accumulates a treasure in music which he may bestow upon others with a kind of spirit of philanthropy quite as valuable in its place as hard cash.

This is what we mean. The following are a few words from the forty-ninth annual report of the Philadelphia Home for Incurables referring to the late David Bispham.

"Care of the bodies of the invalids in the Home does not exclude provision for the spiritual needs. Every Sunday a service is held to which a longing little congregation gathers to hear the promise of life abundant and blessed. One glorious Sunday was the day David Bispham came out and sang for the patients. It is impossible to say what this act meant to them. Their joy at hearing the fine baritone was only equalled by their pride when he shook hands with them. A little while later Mr. Bispham passed on to the life abundant and blessed."

The opportunity of the musician to serve the sick is always at hand, and the more music you distribute in the hospitals the fewer patients there will be. More music and less medicine is what the patients need these days.

Food Presents Instead of Flowers.

A pianist who recently left Austria for a tour of the United States, tells this story of her farewell performance in Vienna to some American newspapermen:

"Of course in Vienna it is the same as in America. Your friends send you beautiful flowers at your concerts; but now the necessity of food is so tremendous, that the artists no longer get flowers, but real substantial articles that are considered most valuable. It was perfectly fascinating! I received several pounds of real crystal sugar, not the brown sugar that is being used every place, but that white sugar that you know here; and there were pounds of wonderful coffee, and one of the ushers came down the aisle with an enormous loaf of bread tied with a piece of ribbon. It was large enough to last an average family a week; but the most valued offering I received at my farewell concert was a strip of fresh pork. It was considered something very difficult to obtain and a rare delicacy. The audience cheered and applauded me very much when these wonderful gifts were brought on the stage. Of course it is hard to appreciate such a condition here in America, but it is a very serious thing there, this lack of some of the essential food products."

Persons of a forgiving temper seldom have much to be forgiven.



The Golden Egg will never lay the Golden Egg.—From London Opinion.

moving motor.

The engineering features of the road get their interest from its location in the heart of the Rocky mountains, its construction through seventy-three miles of virgin mountain and forest country, and from the fact that it crosses two mountain passes.

The general route of the road is

A standard width of road provision a 16-foot clear wheelway was adopted, which with an allowance for ditching gives a 20-foot base in cuts. All the curves are super-elevated and given an extra width.

It is expected that the road will be officially opened for traffic on or about July 1, 1923.

Canada's Wild Life a Valuable Resource

One of the great natural resources of Canada is its wild life, and consequently the protection of fur-bearing animals, fish, sea mammals, and birds is a subject of national importance.

How to do this in the most efficient manner was the subject discussed at a round table conference held in Ottawa, on December 6, 7 and 8. Those who took part were federal provincial game officers representing all parts of Canada, officers charged with the protection of wild life, and representatives of voluntary organizations. The conference was called by the Canadian National Parks Branch of the Department of the Interior, and was the first gathering of the kind in Canada. It was opened in the absence of Hon. Charles Stewart, Minister of the Interior, by Hon. J. H. King, Minister of Public Works, who stressed the importance of wild life to the nation and the need of conserving it.

Three strenuous days were spent in discussing almost every phase of wild life protection, and the topics ranged from the whale, the greatest of mammals, down to the smallest of migratory birds. While there was free interchange of views, the proceedings were marked by a splendid spirit of co-operation, and all the resolutions passed were adopted unanimously.

These resolutions dealt with many important matters, such as a Dominion wide educational campaign in the interest of wild life conservation, general prohibition of the sale of game, and form adjustment of the "bag limit" for Canada and the United States, federal assistance for the provinces in controlling illegal shipments of game and fur, a gun license system for all hunting, alteration of present open and closed seasons for several species of birds, and protection of marine mammals. The problem of controlling the wolf and coyote menace in the west was thoroughly discussed and helpful suggestions were brought forward.

The conference made it clear that both the provinces and the Dominion realize their distinct responsibilities in the matter of the guardianship and development of Canada's wild life resources, and that with intelligent conservation and utilization there was reason why this natural asset should not be preserved to constitute a perpetual source of profit. It was that conditions were such that at least insofar as big game was concerned, Canada was destined soon to enjoy a monopoly on this continent.



Unfinished.

"Then why didn't he put some hair on his head?"

His Flower.

A beggar plodded in the snow That drifted to his thighs. The flakes were thick upon his beard And ice had sealed his eyes. He had a heavy oaken staff Dry as a violin. And when he spoke his piping voice Was weak and hoarse and thin.

"Give me," he cried, "one budding rose, One purple lilac plume, One simple daisy of the field, One violet in bloom. That folks no more may draw in haste The curtain o'er the glass, And close the door at my approach And shiver as I pass."

"Old Winter," said the weather man, "Your freezing touch would blight Those tender blossoms and alas! Destroy their beauty bright. But you shall have forevermore A flower of frost to rest Its fairy petals, white and pure, Upon your chilly breast."

—Mina Irving

Light for the Eyes.

Our grandfathers, who were obliged to read their weekly papers by candle-light, escaped many of the eye troubles that are common among their descendants, who use electric lamps and incandescent gas mantles. It is the ultra-violet rays in our brilliant lights that are at fault, say the scientists. It has been found that the arc light contains three times as many of the objectionable rays as the filament lamp, four times as many as the ordinary gas-light, or the petroleum lamp, six times as many as the old fashioned oil lamp, and indefinitely more than candle light which is almost free from ultraviolet rays.