

Perhaps you are using good tea. We think "Red Rose" extra good. Won't you try it?

RED ROSE

TEA "is good tea"

The same good tea for 30 years.

Surnames and Their Origin

PRICE
Variations—Pryce, Preece, Rice, Reese, Rees, Reez.
Racial Origin—Welsh.
Source—A given name.

When pronunciations change, of names as well as common words, it is due to one or more of several causes. The most powerful cause of language changes, of course, is ease of pronunciation. The tongue unconsciously slips into the easier pronunciation and has a tendency to slur and shorten words. Sometimes the spelling follows quickly, and sometimes it does not, according to whether the change took place at a time when literature exerted little influence or much.

Another cause is the effort to pronounce a word as it is spelled. Both of these causes are involved in the explanation of why such names as Price and Preese, Rice and Reese, which really are the same names, have different pronunciations today. If the old pronunciations were followed, all of these family names would be pronounced with the "ee" sound, as in "see," "rye" and "rye." In some of them the "a" has been dropped entirely. In others only the "i" has been dropped and the "p" has been incorporated in the name.

But neither Price nor Rice has any connection whatever with our modern English words "price" and "rice."

THE ROMANCE OF OIL

In 1632 a Franciscan missionary told of "springs of oil" occurring in what is now Allegheny County. The Red Indians when they learned of the sickness used to skin it from the surface of the water in the creeks and drink it as medicine.

This was in the days when herds of buffalo and flocks of wild turkeys ranged the continent from north to south. Now they are gone, together with the Red Indians, and only the oil remains.

Such was the first reference to oil in the New World, which now annually produces millions upon millions of barrels of this valuable and indispensable product. It was the natural history of the oil world, though to come back to the Old World, have in production it lies far behind the Western lands.

Oil has been known at Baku since time immemorial. Baku was the Mecca of the Hindu fire worshippers, and was annually visited by thousands of pilgrims. The Temple of Surakhant for centuries the Seat of the Sacred Fire, and as late as the 'eighties was still visited by priests from India. Marco Polo, the Venetian traveller, saw and described the burning springs and Persia has been known since earliest times to contain oil. Of recent years the Persian fields have been proved to be some of the richest in the world.

We find that the Romans knew the use of oil from Persia and burned it in lamps in the Temple of Jupiter. This is the first recorded instance in history of its use for lighting purposes. After the decline of the Roman Empire petroleum was forgotten or neglected, and it was not until centuries had elapsed that it was again used for this purpose.

Not a hundred years ago our ancestors wrote their manuscripts by the fitful light of a candle, or by the sputtering flare of a lamp burning animal or vegetable oil. But the march of civilization discovered the latent properties in the thick viscous substance which oozed out from certain parts of the earth's crust.

In 1659 the first oil well was sunk in America by a man named Drake, and within a comparatively short time other wells were sunk and a ready market found for the products.

Propelling Britain's Warships.

The torch of enlightenment was soon carried into the uttermost corners of the world, and into the homes of rich and poor alike the paraffin lamp found its way, diffusing its mellow light on countless family circles. A common enough article surely, but what a wealth of romance behind it!

Other and varied uses were found for the remaining fractions of crude oil, chief among which is the propulsion of motor vehicles.

As kerosene it lights our way in the

The Man Who Loves a Garden

The man who loves a garden will never break his heart, Will never have it harden, Nor stand from life apart. Oh, if you love a garden You'll have a love more true Than even friend or book can lend— A garden's love for you!

The man who loves a garden Despair can never know. The man who loves a garden And helps it thrive and grow, He'll never lack these treasures: Peace and contentment true. The man who lives a garden— I hope that he is you!

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

Doing Away With Conversation.
This is an age of democracy when everyone is as good as everyone else—if not a little better.

It was the new charwoman's first morning, and her mistress had been giving her a few instructions. "Now, Mrs. Jones," she concluded, "please remember that I am a woman of few words. If I beckon with my hand, that means 'Come.'"

"That suits me fine, mum," answered Mrs. Jones, "for I'm a woman of few words as well. If I shake my head, then you'll know it means 'Nothing to do.'"

Bobby was a dear lover of honey and he could scarcely contain his joy when his father bought some bees. A few days after the purchase, he inquired anxiously, "When do the bees start to laying their honey?"

For Every Ill—Minard's Liniment.



Jacob Gould Schurman, new United States ambassador to Germany, sails with his wife and daughter to assume the post. He is a former Canadian.

New Sea Thrills.

It might be thought in this age, when every ocean is chartered and crossed by ships in all directions, that there was nothing new to discover, but the Arctic scientific expedition not only found two new volcanoes in active eruption in the Pacific, but also came upon a gigantic tide-race where two great currents meet.

The mass of foam caused by their violent collision extended for miles, and in this foam great numbers of whales and porpoises wallowed, attracted by the immense supply of food. There were also great quantities of wreckage, covered with organisms, and fish of all kinds feeding on them.

For the first time the scientists found the eggs of halobates, the only marine insect in the world. The eggs were being hatched in tanks. Vast numbers of jelly-fish colored the water purple for many square miles.

The expedition caught more than 15 species of fish, among them being transparent flounders, deep-sea mackerel with blue and yellow lights, many kinds of jelly-fish, and fish which live only on jelly-fish.

"Pullmans" of the Air.
Not more than a dozen years ago an aeroplane was a curiosity, and people would go miles to see one.

It is a far cry from the crude models of those days to the air expresses which are now operating on the Imperial Airways winter service between London and Paris.

Behind the pilot is a long, low saloon which has been fitted to be in every way a counterpart of the most luxurious Pullman carriage on the railroads. Ample room is provided for the accommodation of fourteen passengers, and for each there is a comfortable, cushioned armchair.

Mahogany fittings, flower vases, mirrors, shaded electric lights and draught-proof windows all add to the comfort of passengers, while an improved system of heating keeps them warm. There is also a carpeted passageway up the centre of the saloon, and shelves, containing books and periodicals, are within easy reach. Those who make many journeys to the Continent by air read just as much as passengers who travel by sea or land. The novelty of flying does not last very long.

THANKFUL MOTHERS

Once a mother has used Baby's Own Tablets for her little one she would use nothing else. The Tablets give such results that the mother has nothing but words of praise and thankfulness for them. Among the thousands of mothers throughout Canada who praise the Tablets is Mrs. David A. Anderson, New Glasgow, N.S., who writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my children and from my experience I would not be without them. I would urge every mother to keep a box of the Tablets at home."

The Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative which regulate the bowels and sweeten the stomach; drive out constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers; make teething easy. They are sold by medicine dealers, or by mail at 25c. a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Always the Same.
"What kind of a fellow is old Binks down at Poseyville?" asked one traveling man of another.
"Most even-tempered man I've ever known," was the reply.
"Good!" exclaimed the first. "This is my first trip in this territory and I like to get a line on prospective customers."
A week later they met again.
"Say," said the first traveling man, "you told me old Binks was the most even-tempered man you'd ever known. Why when I dropped in on him he had just fired a clerk, jumped up and down on his own hat, told a customer to go and chase himself and kicked the stuffing out of a filing cabinet. And he was carrying on this way just over some mere trifle."
"Well," remarked the second traveling man, "that's how he always is."
A Hard Slap.
Consoling friend—"And she has broken off the engagement?"
Dejected one—"Yes."
"Did she return your diamond engagement ring?"
"Oh, yes, that came back all right; it was packed in a small box marked 'Glass, with care.'"

NEARING A BREAKDOWN

A Condition That Calls for a Reliable Tonic.

Many women give so much of their time to the cares of their household that they neglect their own health and health is shattered. Often the heart palpitates violently at slight exertion, the stomach fails to digest food and discomfort follows. The nerves become weak and headaches grow more frequent. The body grows weak and they are always depressed. This condition requires immediate treatment with such a reliable tonic as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which enrich and build up the blood, carrying renewed energy to every part of the body. The value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in a rundown condition is proved by the following statement from Mrs. Alex. McInnes, Bowdoin River, Man., who says: "About a year ago I had a serious illness which left me very anemic. I was not able to get around to do my work; in fact I could scarcely walk. I was troubled with palpitation of the heart with the least exertion. One day a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as they had done her much good. I followed this advice and took the pills for some weeks, when I was able to attend to all my household duties. The dizziness and palpitation have left me and I bless the day I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are just the medicine for those who are weak and run-down."

You can get these pills from any dealer or by mail at 50c. a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Changing the Calendar.

A scheme which is being put forward by the League of Nations that the year shall be divided into thirteen months instead of, as at present, twelve, looks like meeting with almost universal approval, says an English newspaper. The extra month would be inserted between June and July, and it is suggested that it should be known as "Sol."

If this scheme were carried into effect it would involve the addition of an extra day, not included in any of the months, known as "Year Day." The extra day in Leap Year would also be additional to any month.

The plan would give a fixed Easter and Whitsun, and the idea is approved by Church dignitaries, leaders of commerce, hotel-keepers, and railway officials. At present, it is very difficult for railways, hotels, and other concerns that have to make special arrangements for holidays, to run to any sort of schedule when Easter and Whitsun never occur on the same dates two years running.

Other advantages claimed for the thirteen-month year are that pay-days, market-days, and other fixed events would fall on the same date every month, and that each weekday would come on its four fixed monthly dates. Also, permanent dates for racing meetings and other gatherings would be made possible.

Whether Britain will ever be persuaded to adopt such a calendar is another matter. All attempts to introduce the decimal system of coinage here have so far failed. Then, too, what will the superstitious say to thirteen months in a year?



A Woman's Job.
Miss Singleton—"Doesn't your husband help you get the children ready for school?"
Mrs. Multikids—"I can't trust him. What does a man know about how much rouge and lipstick to use on the little girls?"

Her Doctrine.
A little girl who was greatly disturbed by the discovery that her brothers had set traps to catch birds. Questioned as to what she had done in the matter, she replied: "I prayed that the traps might not catch the birds." Anything else? "Yes," she continued. "I then prayed that God would prevent the birds getting into the traps, and," as if to illustrate the doctrine of faith and works, "then I went out and kicked the traps all to pieces."

The Lesser Evil.
"I want my daughter to enjoy some kind of artistic education," said the father who had recently made his fortune. "I think I'll let her study singing."
"Why not art or literature?" suggested a friend.
"No. Art spoils canvas and literature wastes realms of paper. Singing merely produces a temporary disturbance of the atmosphere."

Don't Call it Love!

This scrap of teashop conversation drifted to me from two girls: "Pouf, my dear! You're not in love with him. You're merely infatuated!" "And what is the difference? How can one tell?"

A crash of teacups drowned the reply, but the question had set me thinking.

What is the difference? The kindest thing that can be said about infatuation is that it is a freak sort of love, fierce while it lasts, but short-lived; capable, too, of causing a good deal of trouble. It is obvious that it affords no foundation whatever for a happy marriage.

"Infatuation" marriages, however, do take place, and that because, until sanity returns, infatuation is taken to be love, with a great, big capital L. Evidently what is wanted is a test as between the two.

Well, despite the proverb, let it be stated that love is not blind. Infatuation is. Love sees the little faults and flaws; infatuation sees nothing but perfection. A youth of twenty may be madly infatuated with a woman of forty. To him she seems an angel. If he were in love with a girl of twenty he might adore her, but the keen eyes of true love would not only see all that was good and beautiful, but her little faults as well.

Again, true love maintains its independence. An infatuated girl is clay in the hands of the object of her infatuation. She surrenders her will and her judgment. His slightest wish is her law.

The same, of course, applies to a man infatuated with a woman. Men have ruined themselves, stolen, embezzled, when infatuated. They wouldn't have been so reckless had they been in love. So there it is. As between love and infatuation the test is: Do sight and sense still function? If not, then what seems to be love's but mad infatuation.

How Thunderstorms Start.

When the sun shines warmly upon sea or land it draws up moisture in the form of tiny globules too small for the eye to see. The warmer the air the greater the number of these globules it is able to hold in suspension. It is, of course, this moisture that causes rain.

But before a raindrop can form it must have a nucleus, or centre. This is provided by the tiny specks of dust that float in the atmosphere. So tiny are these specks that each is no more than one forty-thousandth of an inch in diameter, and a cubic foot of saturated air may contain a thousand million of them.

Moisture rising in warm air reaches colder layers, and becomes visible as clouds. A cloud may be likened to a damp sponge that must be squeezed before water comes out of it. The squeezing is done by cold, either a cold hilltop or a current of cold air. So raindrops are formed and at once begin to fall. But in falling they may reach fresh up-draughts of air, and so be pushed up to a great height the drops may be frozen into lumps of ice and finally fall in the shape of hail.

Water is a liquid of only moderate density, so the size of each drop is limited. No drop can be more than one-fifth of an inch in density. If it grows bigger it splits. In splitting it releases negative electricity, and itself gains a positive charge.

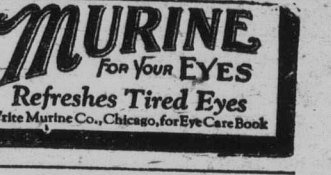
But electricity, like water, finds its own level. This process is always going on, every leaf and grass blade acting as silent conductors. It is only when the tension becomes too great—when a cloud is overwhelmingly charged—that lightning flashes and we have a storm.

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Classified Advertisements

A Hint to Mothers.
Father had come home early from the office while mother was still out shopping, and little Alice ran to meet him.

"Father," she cried, "I've been waiting to see you for a long time when mother's not near."
"Why?" asked father.
"Well, father, replied Alice, "please don't tell mother, because she's a dear, but I don't think she knows much about bringing up children."
"What makes you think that?"
"Well," replied Alice, "she makes me go to bed when I am wide awake, and she makes me get up when I am awfully sleepy."
Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.
Brotherly Love.
"You ought to be provided to be the father of such a splendid family," said the head mistress to her visitor.
"What on earth? Large family?" gasped the visitor.
"Yes, indeed. Your daughter has had eleven of her brothers here this term to take her out. She expects another to-morrow."
Plantier.
"And what did you see your business was?" asked the young lady.
"I run a fox farm."
"My goodness. Do you plant the dear little foxes?"



FOUND

At LAST A Wonderful Remedy for Rheumatism. Just one bottle of Piggott's Rheumatic Remedy will give you instant relief. One dollar postpaid. RELIABLE REMEDY CO. 793 YONGE ST. TORONTO

Thin People

Thin, nervous, underweight people take on healthy flesh and grow sturdy and ambitious when Bitro-Phosphate is guaranteed by us to take a few weeks. Price \$1 per-plate. Arrow Chemical Co., 25 Front St. East, Toronto, Ont.

PIMPLES ITCHED ALL THE TIME

Face and Arms Covered. Could Not Sleep at Night. Cuticura Heals.

"My face and arms were covered with pimples and blackheads. The pimples were hard and red and scaled over. They itched and burned all the time, and I could not sleep at night. My face looked so badly that people talked about it."

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. After using it I got relief so purchased more and in two weeks I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Muriel Jollymore, Lower Wentworth, Nova Scotia.

Clear the pores of impurities by daily use of Cuticura Soap with touches of Cuticura Ointment as needed to soothe and heal. Cuticura Talcum is fragrant and refreshing.

Sample each free by mail. Address Canadian Depot: "Shannon Ltd., Montreal, Quebec, or The Ointment and Soap Talcum Co., 500 Cuticura Shaving Stick 28c.

ERVES AND INTING SPELLS

Woman to Bed. Great Change Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

nia, Ontario.—"After my girls and I was a wreck. My nerves too terrible for words and I almost not stand or walk without I suffered with fainting spells was no longer any good for my hold duties and had to take to my bed. The doctor said I should have a operation, but I was not in a fit condition at time. My neighbor said, 'Why you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?' I am sure it will do you good and will save those doctor's bills. So I was advised by my husband to try it after I told him about it. I am very thankful to say that I was soon able to take a few boarders for a while as rooms were scarce at that time. My baby is 17 months old now and I have not yet had an operation, thanks to your medicine. I have recommended the Vegetable Compound to a few people I know and have told them the good it has done me. I know I feel and look a different woman these last few months and I certainly would not be without a bottle of your medicine in the house. You can use this letter as you see fit, as I should be only too glad for those suffering as I have to know what it has done for me."—MRS. ROBERT G. MACGREGOR, R. R. No. 2, Sarnia, Ontario.

A recent canvass of women users of the Vegetable Compound report 98 out of 100 received beneficial results. This is a remarkable proof of its merit. O