THE WORLD'S RICHEST MEN

Who are the ten richest men in the world? Henry Ford is easily the richest, while Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the United States Treasury, was said recently to be the fourth wealthiest. Who are the other eight?

They must possess private fortunes of over $100,000,000 to secure a place on such a list, and fortunes of such proportions are almost impossible to estimate with accuracy. Authoritative estimates, however, supply the following list of men credited with the possession of more individual wealth than any other group on earth:—

Henry Ford	$550,000,000
John D. Rockefeller	500,000,000
Duke of Westminster	150,000,000
Andrew W. Mellon	150,000,000
Sir Basil Zaharoff	100,000,000
Hugo Stinnes	100,000,000
Percy Rockefeller	100,000,000
Baron H. Mitsui	100,000,000
Baron H. Iwasaki	100,000,000
The Gaekwar of Baroda	100,000,000

Breath-Taking Figures.

J. B. Duke, the tobacco king; George F. Baker, of the First National Bank of New York; and T. B. Walker, the Minneapolis timber landowner, might be added to the list, since they all have fortunes estimated at $100,000,000 while there are at least three other Indian rulers whose fortunes probably exceed this amount.

The Rothschilds, Guggenheims, Vanderbilts, Weyerhausers, and the Astors do not appear because theirs are family fortunes. The Rothschild wealth has been estimated at from $250,000,000 to $500,000,000, and that of the Astors at from $100,000,000 to $500,000,000.

Henry Ford is possibly the hichest man in all history. He has a net business income of $120,000,000 a year, which, capitalized at 5 per cent. represents $2,400,000,000. He earns $225 per minute. Croesus may have been richer, since his famous gift to Delphi cost $10,000,000, and that, reduced to today's terms, might mean $200,000,000.

Guns of Gold.

John D. Rockefeller gave away $500,000,000 to charity and to foundations before 1921. He is the head, however, of the biggest group of wealthy men ever produced by a single industry, and his private fortune must still rank him second.

The Duke of Westminster's wealth is in land. He owns 600 acres in Mayfair, Belgravia, and Pimlico. When the leases of Belgravia fall in he will be easily the richest man in England.

Sir Basil Zahariff is Europe's mystery man, but it is no mystery that he is one of Europe's wealthiest men. He owns more than half of Monte Carlo, and his holding in armament firms are even larger. He is in all, finance, shipping; in fact, it is difficult to say what he is not interested in.

The Mitsuis and the Iwasakis are financiers, traders, and shippers. The Gaekwar of Baroda's wealth is almost imposible to estimate, but his diamonds alone are valued at $1,250,000, and he has a jewelled tapestry worth $1,500,000. Guns of gold weighing 400lb. stand at his palace gate.

The Dahlia.

I never knew the dahlia bloomed so sweet
Till I saw one in your old-fashioned plot,
Where still you try
To keep old things alive;
Old faiths and sentiments,
And flowers that knew their day
When bonnet-strings and crinolines were fresh,
Romance as formal as forgotten valentines. . . .
For you who love them yet
All these are left, plaintive and fragile ghosts
Who come again into your garden
When you are there alone.
But for us all
Each summer in remembrance
The dahlia blooms,
Nodding in queenly state,
Breathing of older things;
Lost days and nights,
Romance gone by. . . .

—Elizabeth Osborn.

British Gardeners Look for Diamonds.

Does it ever rain diamonds? That question is now troubling a resident of Hampstead, a suburb of London, who, following a recent severe thunder storm, found embedded in his garden a heavy lump of some metallic substance which was sudded with glistening points, resembling precious sones.

The apparent meteorites are only six by five inches, but weigh six pounds each, and are so hard that fragments of them will cut glass.

C. P. Fitzgerald, in whose garden the meteorites were found, is an expert metallurgist, and states the gift from the sky exactly resembles the diamond-bearing quartz found in South Africa. He has sent his find to a laboratory for investigation to ascertain whether the glistening points really are diamonds.

Meanwhile, there is an extraordinary activity reported in the digging up of gardens by other residents of Hampstead.

The sea covers three-fourths of the earth's surface, or a total area of about 145 million square miles.

Classified Advertisements

WANTED—AMBITIOUS MAN OR WOMAN to distribute samples and take orders for high class household specialty. No risk. Big money. Honest proposition. Lucas Products Co., Dept. F, Hamilton, Ont.

SILVER FOXES—NOTES FROM MY DIARY (Booklet). Nine years' experience ranching foxes. 25 cents. Dr. Rendall, Truro, Nova Scotia.

AGENTS OPPORTUNITY, REAL HAIR NETS, sell easily. Send ten cents for full samples. Fine proposition, liberal commission. Dorothy Hair Net Co., Lindsay Building, Montreal.

WASHINGTON HAND PRESS.

WE HAVE AN ENQUIRY FOR A WASHINGTON Hand Press that will take 2 pages of 7 columns, long. Wilson Publishing Co., Ltd., 73 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

STORIES OF WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE

Girl Designs Irish Stamps.

The latest stamps that have been issued by the Irish Free State, the four pence and nine pence denominations, have been from the design of Miss Millicent Girling, a Waterford girl of twenty-one.

When Miss Girling was an art student she qualified as a technical instructor in the Irish Department of Agriculture, as well as a certified teacher under the Board of Education, and pursued her own studies with such success that she obtained a scholarship in the Dublin School of Art.

Miss Girling's design has the merit of effective simplicity. On a background of shamrock is impaled a shield containing the arms of all the provinces, with "Ireland" in Gaelic above and the value below.

Not What She Wanted.

Speaking of the art of handling customers, Lord Leverhulme told a good story the other night. He said that a certain grocer, after being absent from his shop, asked his assistant whether any customers had been in. The reply was, "Yes, one. She wanted some apricot jam, but I told her we hadn't any."

The grocer pointed out that the assistant ought to have offered the lady some other jam, and should always endeavor to sell something similar to what was asked for if he had not the precise article.

The next time the grocer went out he inquired of the assistant when he returned what had happened in his absence.

The employee answered: "Mrs. Tompkins has been in and wanted a tooth-brush. I told her we had not got any, but that we had blacking-brushes and scrubbing brushes. She told me she had never been so insulted in her life."

"What a Pity!"

Lord Balfour's health is not all his old friends would like it to be. He is far over seventy, and the other day when he was expected at a little luncheon party, we got a note at the last moment regretting that he was laid up in bed. It was only a few weeks ago I saw him playing a sturdy game of tennis.

Lord Balfour—I may say he really did not want to be made a lord—is now definitely resigned from public life. As everybody knows, he is Lord Robert Cecil's cousin, and it is some evidence of heredity that his long-time past ancestor was Prime Minister to Queen Elizabeth, and he himself rose to the same high dignity. When he passes away the title will not die, although he is a bachelor, for by special remainder when he was made a peer, the title goes to his nephew, the son of his brother, Mr. Gerald Balfour.

Here is a story which is possibly not true, but it is very characteristic of "A. J.'s" manner. When in New York he was shown the Woolworth Building. The highest building in the world, sir," he was told. "Indeed," said Balfour, not at all excited. It accommodates five thousoud people." "Does it?" he remarked with bored casualness. "Yes, sir, and it is fire-proof throughout." Balfour affixed his pince-nez slowly, let his eye roam over the building and then remarked, "What a pity!"

SUMMER HEAT HARD ON BABY

No season of the year is so dangerous to the life of little ones as is the summer. The excessive heat throws the little stomach out of order so quickly that unless prompt aid is at hand the baby may be beyond all human help before the mother realizes he is ill. Summer is the season when diarrhoea, cholera infantum, dysentery and colic are most prevalent. Any of these troubles may prove deadly if not promptly treated. During the summer mother's best friend is Baby's Own Tablets. They regulate the bowels, sweeten the stomach and keep baby healthy. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail a 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

One meal a day was the custom of the Greek patricians; the soldiers and plebeians had two; only the riffraff of the population had three, and the Greek patricians were the healthiest of the population, and lived the longest. The moral is obvious—if you want to apply it.

The wheelwright has a good motto for public speakers to remember: "The longer the spoke the bigger the tire."

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

PALE FACES AND WORN OUT NERVES

Due Solely to Weak, Watery Blood—A Tonic is Needed.

Anaemia — literally impoverished blood—comes on so stealthily that it is often well advanced before its presence is recognized. Feelings of fatigue and discomfort are the earliest manifestations of the trouble and these are seldom taken seriously. Gradually small tasks become an effort and exertion causes the heart to palpitate violently. The complexion becomes sallow or pale and there is loss of weight. The nerves grow weak and the victim displays irritability under slight provocation and is extremely sensitive to noise. The appetite is fickle and indigestion often follows.

A condition of anaemia calls for a tonic, one that will enrich the blood and strengthen the nerves, and for this purpose there is nothing can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills give the blood all those missing elements necessary to give strength to the nerves, color to the cheeks, and nourishment to starved organs and tissues. Miss Margaret J. Fraser, R.R. 2, Thessalon, Ont., has proved the value of this treatment. She says: "I was very pale and weak. My blood was poor and I was very nervous. I lost my appetite, my feet and ankles were swollen and I was in a very miserable condition. A friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I got two boxes, and found before they were finished that they were helping me. I continued the pills until I had taken a half dozen boxes, with the result that I am now enjoying the best of health, all symptoms having disappeared. I feel confident that what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me they will do for others, if given a fair trial."

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

"Big Cinnamon Bear!"

Mr. Zane Grey, the writer, has had some interesting experiences out of doors. In Tales of Lonely Trails he tells this exciting and amusing story of a bear hunt in which he took part on a skittish horse:

When we topped a ridge the baying of the hounds rang clear and full and fierce. My horse stood straight up. Then he plunged back and bolted down the slope. His mouth was like iron; I could neither hold nor turn him. He was running away! No doubt he had smelled the bear. He hurdled rocks, leaped washes, slid down banks, plunged over places that made my hair stand up stiff, and, worst of all, he did not try to avoid brush or trees or cactus. Manzanita he tore right through, leaving my coat in strips decorating our wake. I had to hold on, to lie flat, to dodge and twist and all the time to watch for a place where I could fall off safely.

But I did not get a chance to fall off. A loud clamoring from the hounds close behind drove my horse frantic. Before he had only run; now he flew! He left me hanging in the thick branches of a juniper, from which I dropped, blind and breathless and stunned. Disengaging myself from the broken and hanging branches, I staggered aside, rifle in hand, trying to recover breath and wits. Then in that nerveless and shaken condition I heard the breaking of twigs and the thud of soft steps right above me. Peering up with my half-blinded eyes, I saw a huge red furry animal half obscured by brush. A shock came over me; I felt a gush of hot blood that seemed to turn to ice. "Big cinnamon bear!" I whispered hoarsely.

Instinctively I cocked and leveled the rifle, and, though I could not clearly see the red animal bearing down the slope, I fired. Then followed a roaring crash, a terrible breaking onslaught upon the brush, and the huge red mass flashed down toward me. I worked the lever of the rifle, but I did not work it far enough down; the next cartridge jammed. I tried again. In vain! The terrible crashing of brush appeared right upon me. For an instant that seemed an age I stood riveted to the spot; my blood seemed congealed; my heart was choking me, and my tongue was pasted to the roof of my mouth. Then I dropped the rifle and whirled to plunge away. Like a deer I bounded. To escape, to find a tree to leap into—that was my only thought. A few rods down the slope—it seemed a mile—I reached a pine with low branches. Like a squirrel I ran up it and, straddling a high limb, gazed back.

I heard the crashing of brush, the pound of soft jumps over to my left. Then I saw a big red woolly steer plunge wildly down the slope and disappear. I had mistaken a wild, frightened steer for a red cinnamon bear!

Would Get 'Em Soon Enough.

Female Orator (fiercely): When will woman get man's wages?

Mr. Meekton (in audience): She'll get mine Saturday night.

Surnames and Their Origin

LORIMER

Variation—Lorrimer.
Racial Origin—English.
Source—An occupation.

This family name is one which dates from the days of Norman domination in England. It was originally the mere description of occupation, added to a man's given name, to distingush him from other men of the same given name.

It is in this manner that a very large classification of modern family names came into being throughout the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

Often such a descriptive appellation would, through common usage, develop into a family name during the first generation, so that in the minds of speakers the name would designate the man directly, and its reference to his calling be lost sight of. Sometimes it would not be until the second or third generations that this almost intangible change would take place. One vital factor in the stabilization of names was the fact that so often the sons followed the same occupation as the father under the social and industrial conditions of feudal days.

In its earlier and descriptive form the name of Lorrimer, or Lorimer, appears as "le Larymer," the "le" being the same as the modern French "le," and meaning "the." Even at a very early period, however, its use or omission appears to have been optional with the speaker. It was, of course, entirely dropped, as soon as the name became a family name. The "lorymer" was one who made bits for horses.

MACLURE

Variations—McClure, Macleod, MacLeod.
Racial Origin—Norse-Scottish.
Source—A given name.

It's hard to know whether to class this Highland Scottish name as Scottish, Norwegian or Irish, because in a sense it is each one of them.

Begining as the old Norsey-given name of "Leoid," it became the name of two Highland clans as Macleod, was taken to Ireland, where it became Maclure, and was brought back to Scotland in that form.

"Leoid" was a son of Olave, a brother of Magnus, the last king of Man, for fairly early in the Christian era the Vikings had conquered and established themselves along the western coast of England and Scotland. His ancestry traced back through six generations to Harald the Black, who was king of the Norsemen about the time the Normans invaded England.

There are two branches of the clan he founded, the Macleods, or, if you choose to call them so, the two clans. One of these is known in Gaelic as "Siol Tormod" (Clan Norman, or Normanson) and the other as "Siol Torquil" (Thurkildson), though in English they are referred to as the Macleods of Harris and the Macleods of Lewis.

After the defeat at the Battle of Worcester, certain of the Macleods of Harris fled to the north of Ireland, where the tendency was to pronounce the final "d" in their name as an "r," thus giving "Macleor," or Maclure. In this form the name returned to Galloway in the seventeenth century.

In Search of "Limits".

Some years ago, Professor Dewar, by boiling liquid hydrogen in a vacuum, reached a temperature within about 50 degrees of absolute zero. This temperature, described as that at which the heat energy of matter absolutely disappeared, is no less than 490 degrees below zero Fahrenheit.

Man's mind is not so constituted that he is able to comprehend space or infinity, and to the average person these words mean little, if anything.

Yet in regard to positive science we are now reaching points which, like that of the intense cold mentioned, are absolutes so far as terrestrial existence is concerned.

At the same time that Professor Dewar was experimenting with liquid hydrogen, other men of science, such as Moissan and Acheson, were experimenting with electric furnaces in which temperatures as high as 7,000 degrees Fahrenheit were obtained.

Under such heat nickel and platinum burn like wax, and even the best firebrick is consumed, leaving no trace behind it. Yet science has not yet yeached the absolute of heat, and it is not known what that temperature would be.

By the use of wave-lengths of light, the scientist can now measure accurately to the seventy-millionth part of an inch. The mechanism, which is very complicated, shows a startling difference between two standards made in the same mould.

As for size, theoretically speaking, there is no limit one way or the other. But in the laboratory man has succeeded in discovering the dimensions of the atom, which is now known to be about one-thirty-millionth of an inch in diameter.

Yet even the atom is built up of electrons. These we believe to be the smallest particles which can or do exist.

Why Climates Change.

"The wanton cutting of timber is responsible for the radical change in the climate of the United States, says Gene Stratton-Porter, the famous American author.

"With the cutting of our timber has come a change in our climate; weeks of drought in summer and destructive cyclonic windstorms, winters alternating from a condition so open as to freeze prematurely forced fruit and grain, and winters so stringently cold that the fruit trees are killed outright.

"The even temperature and the rains every three or four days which we knew in childhood are things of the past. Summer in these days means to scorch for weeks at a stretch with unalleviated heat; and in the same state in which I was born, it has become necessary for the sons of the men who wasted the woods and the waters to put in overhead sprinkling systems in order to grow their garden vegetables, while windmills and irrigation are becoming common.

"In my childhood my father planted grain with the same certainty of having a full crop, that he had of alternate day and night.

"To-day the farmer on my land has no more idea whether he will get a paying yield from the wheat, corn and potatoes that he puts into the ground than he has as to whether the next cyclone will blow his house into the lake or pass a few yards on the other side of it."—

Radio for Jap Isles.

Japan is working out a plan to link her various islands by radio.

A hurdy-gurdy in London has blossomed into a "radio barrel organ." The music box contains a radio receiving set with a loud speaker, surmounted by a small aerial. The outfit is novel enough to attract crowds of listeners.

Horizona.

Ten acres gone to grass. He felt as though
The clover and the daisies understood
By what neglect they had been allowed to grow.
Well, thinking about an orchard did no good.
And then he gathered back to him the dream:
Next year it would be different — no more need
Of hiring help or some one else's team;
No more of seeing then acres go to seed.

Almost before we know it summer's here,
And grass, to be of any use at all,
Has to be mown. The wheat is in the ear;
The patient cow keeps munching in her stall;
Barns have been eaten empty of their hay . . .
Next year, perhaps . . . Next year he'll find a way.

—Leslie Nelson Jennings

MONEY ORDERS.

Send a Dominion Express Money Order. Five Dollars costs three cents.

Identification.

As a means of identification a European scientist has combined X-ray photographs of persons' fingers with their fingerprints.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Prevents Accidents.

An automatice locking device has been invented for street manhole covers to prevent accidents due to them being displaced by vehicles.

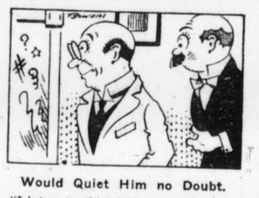
A great many oxeye daisies went to seed last month. The outlook for an improved crop for next year is good.

Hawaii is a country of rainbows. Scarcely twenty-four hours pass without one or more of the celestial arches appearing above Honolulu.

SMOKE OLD CHUM

The Tobacco of Quality

½ LB. TINS and in packages



Would Quiet Him no Doubt.

"Listen to that fellow out there raising Cain! He says I've got plenty of hootch and won't give him any."

"Well, if you want to stop the row, why don't you give him a drink?"

Three sets of claws of different sizes enable a new hammer to pull a nail from any angle.

America's Pioneer Dog Remedies Book on DOG DISEASES and How to Feed Mailed Free to any Address by the Author. H. Clay Glover Co., Inc. 119 West 24th Street New York, U.S.A.

Attractive Proposition

For man with all round weekly newspaper experience and $400 or $500. Apply Box 24, Wilson Publishing Co., Ltd., 73 Adelaide Street West.

PRICKLY HEAT Minard's counteracts the inflammation, eases and heals the skin.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

In the Furrows.

From the cool and dark-lipped furrows
breathes a dim delight
Through the woodland's purple plumage to the diamond night
Aureoles of joy encircle every blade of grass
Where the dew-fed creatures silent and enraptured pass.
And the restless ploughman pauses, turns, and, wondering,
Deep beneath his rustic habit finds himself a king.

—George William Russell.

Exactly how a bird soars is not a determined fact.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES You Cannot Buy New Eyes But you can Promote a Clean, Healthy Condition Use Murine Eye Remedy "Night and Morning." Keep your Eyes Clean, Clear and Healthy. Write for Free Eye Care Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., 9 East Ohio Street, Chicago

Use Cuticura Talcum Daily For The Skin

After a bath with Cuticura Soap, and warm water Cuticura Talcum is soothing, cooling and refreshing. If the skin is red, rough or irritated anoint with Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal. They are ideal for all toilet uses.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lymans, Limited, 344 St. Paul St., W., Montreal. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

ASPIRIN

UNLESS you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all

BAYER M.D.

Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 22 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

WEAK, RUN DOWN AND AILING

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Brought Relief When Other Medicines Failed

Port Mann, B. C.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because I was tired and run-down. I had headaches and no appetite and was troubled for two years with sleeplessness. I tried many medicines, but nothing did me any real good. While I was living in Washington I was recommended by a stranger to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am stronger and feel fine since then and am able to do my housework. I am willing for you to use these facts as a testimonial."—Mrs. J. C. Greaves, Port Mann, B. C.

Feels New Life and Strength

Keene, N. H.—"I was weak and run-down and had backache and all sorts of troubles which women have. I found great relief when taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I am able to do my work and feel new life and strength from the Vegetable Compound. I am doing all I can to advertise it."—Mrs. A. F. Hammond, 72 Carpenter Street, Keene, N.H.

Sick and ailing women everywhere in the Dominion should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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