

A Pair of Torn Trousers.

I was brought up in a church-going family, one of a little group of business men declared reflectively when the conversation had drifted round to attendance at church. "That doesn't always count, to be sure, for as Burton just said, a man feels something that he's had church enough in his boyhood to last him all the rest of his life. It wasn't so in my case, though, and that it wasn't owing largely to one of the saddest and most impressive incidents of my early years."

"Mother's health was always delicate, though she was always happy working and uncomplaining. People nowadays can hardly understand what scanty means a small farmer had fifty years ago, and how much toil and planning and scrimping were required to keep a family of four clothed and fed. Saturday nights mother often sat up till the stroke of twelve, patching and mending our clothes so that we could go to church the next day. Father used to remonstrate with her, but she always had much the same answer: 'The children can't go to church without clothes. William, and they mustn't get into the habit of staying at home. If they don't learn to go when they're young, they'll never take it when they're older.'"

"My eleventh birthday I spent at Uncle Sidney Fletcher's. A day at Uncle Sidney's was a rare treat, and I returned, happy and excited, except for one disquieting accident. I had torn the knee of my new gray Sunday trousers. I can remember just how mother said, 'Why, Joey, dear!' as she drew the frayed edges together between her slim white fingers, planning no doubt how best to mend the rent."

"How little I suspected what the next few hours would bring! That was a Saturday night, and mother died suddenly in the gray dawn of the morning following. For hours I couldn't believe it. It seemed like an ugly, terrifying dream, and I kept thinking I should wake up presently and find everything as it had been before. The first thing that brought me out of my daze was that pair of gray trousers hanging on a hook behind the stove. I turned them around and looked at the neatly mended knee—mother's last work. My eyes blurred with tears. One so near dying must feel ill and weak, I thought in my boyish way, but she had stitched and stitched and stitched, so that I could go to church Sunday morn'g! That was her dearest wish, and I resolved that it should not be disappointed."

"Apparently no one noticed me when I stole out of the front door, arrayed in my Sunday best, and set off across the fields on foot. It was five miles to the little country church, and the day was hot, but I kept plodding on, blinded half the time with my tears, but buoyed up by the thought that I was doing what mother wanted me to do. I don't remember much about the service or what people said to me, but that dogged determination to carry out mother's dying wish was clinging to me for fifty years. She was a wise, good woman and must have known what was best for a boy in his teens, for a young man, for any man or woman. As my own judgment has matured I have come more and more to agree with her conclusions. Whenever I have been asked to stay away from church the neatly mended knee of that pair of gray trousers has come up before my mind's eye as a gentle reminder."

More Laconic Than Lucid.

The recent revival of interest in old-time sailing-vessels has led to the retelling of many half-forgotten anecdotes of ancient sea captains. One of the most successful and experienced of those old fellows was Capt. Ezekiel Jenkins of the Jehu, who, despite his lack of education, was as good at trading as at navigation.

The owners of the Jehu once sent him with a valuable cargo to a port of South America at a time when two or three of the young and lively republics of that region were in a state of belligerent ebullience. On his arrival he found all ports where the goods could possibly be marketed closed against foreign vessels. He felt it his duty to inform his owners of the situation at once and sent word to them by a ship, larger and swifter than his own, that he found on the point of departure as he arrived. The message duly reached them in Boston. It read:

"Sirs—Own to the blockade the vig is split."

They could make nothing of it. But another sea captain, a former shipmate of Captain Jenkins, was ashore and near at hand, and they sent for him to assist them. Being himself "no scolar" and finding his old friend's vagaries of pronunciation and spelling quite natural, he was astonished that they had found any difficulty: he read off easily and at once.

"Sirs—Owing to the blockade the voyage is spoiled."

Refuge.

I am afraid of eyes.

That all with sudden thoughts of you;

I must seek peace in little things,

As other women learn to do.

There's no time to sit and dream;

A lonely house needs endless care

To keep it gay and beautiful,

As it was once, when love was there.

So I will trim my garden paths,

And I will sow and sweep and sing,

And leave to braver hearts than mine

The comfort of remembering!

—Margaret De Laughter.

RED ROSE

TEA "is good tea"

and the choicest of Red Rose Teas is the ORANGE PEKOE QUALITY

Surnames and Their Origin

LLOYD.

Variation—Lloyd. Racial Origin—Welsh. Source—A given name or a descriptive one.

The family name of Lloyd is sometimes, though infrequently today, spelled Llydd.

It is a Welsh name, rather commonly met with in England and particularly so in the Central Eastern section of the United States, notably in Pennsylvania, where the Welsh played an important part in the early colonization.

As a family name its use traces back both to the given name, and to its use as a descriptive surname, for the word means "brown," and like such Gaelic names as Dougal and Douglas, which meant dark, it became a given name.

Again it was used, as "dhu" and "dub" have been used in Scotland and Ireland, as a sort of surname, descriptive either of the personal appearance of the bearer or of that of the particular branch of his family from which he came.

In short, in many instances, its development into a family name has paralleled that of the English family name of Brown, the meaning of which is the same.

"Lord Nelson" and the Cooks.

Yachting in the Mediterranean was on the whole "Blue Water," as Mr. A. S. Hildebrand calls it in his book of that name. But on one occasion at Almeria, Spain, when the boat was without the services of a cook, not only the water but the yachtsmen also were blue. The ship chandler at that place, a man with one eye, says Mr. Hildebrand, kept asking what he could do for us. In the end we told him we needed a cook, and as he left he handed us his card, which we found bore the name "Lord Nelson."

Subsequently we asked the British consul whether Lord Nelson was dependable.

"He's about as good as the general run of them," was the reply. "He's about the only ship chandler here at any rate. Some of the others, younger men for the most part, have tried to break into his game from time to time, but he has money enough to undersell them, and he doesn't hesitate even to give away supplies for the sake of freezing out his competitors."

When we asked Lord Nelson to recommend us a cook he thought for a moment and at last muttered, "Pepe! There's a man for you. Good cook, good sailor. For six months he cook on Norway salvage ship; he go away, because ship no go to sea. Always he want go to sea. He marry my little girl. You see? And I try to make him go into ship-chandler business with me. But no. No. He love sea. Always sea. Good sailor? Whoof! Bad weather? More bad weather, better he like!"

Since the wind was in the east, we stayed three days in Almeria, and Pepe came and cooked for us. He was a good cook and neat and pleasant, but he was so fat that it was impossible to imagine his going aloft. We asked him whether he was willing to stay with us.

"Yes, I go," he said. "For six months I try get into ship-chandler business here in Almeria, but Lord Nelson, he give away meat, figs, wine, eggs, everything to ships that come. So I lose three thousand pesetas and give up. No got more money. I go. Where you go?"

When we told him his eyes grew wide with astonishment. He reflected for a moment and then said he thought

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which contains proven directions

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets

Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists

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GALBRAITH.

Variation—Galbreth. Racial Origin—Scottish. Source—A given name.

At the period when the Scottish clans were at the height of their power the Galbraiths formed a very important division of that most influential clan, the Macdonalds, North and South.

The Gaelic designation of this branch of the Macdonalds was "Clann a' Bhreathnach," or "descendants of the Bretons," but they took as a family name the given name of their chief, who played an important part in the national affairs of Scotland about the time of James I., "Galbraith," of Baldernoch.

Of course, in the earlier use of this name it was regularly prefixed by the "mac," indicating followers or descendants of the person named. But as has been the case with so many Scottish and Irish clan names, the prefix was dropped as superfluous after the translation of the name into English in later generations.

The strongholds of this branch of the Macdonalds were at Macbrathish and Rrumore, and prior to 1600 they held the island of Gigha for the Macdonalds.

"Pure, unadulterated cow's milk is the only ingredient. This is boiled for not less than four, nor more than five minutes. Then it is permitted to cool to body temperature, 98.6 degrees, before the injection is made. The amount injected in an adult is ten cubic centimetres, or 150 grains. This much is injected in the lumbar region once a day for three successive days. That is all. After that the infection, or falling sight, is arrested for good and all, or else the case is hopeless. The dose for infants under one year is one cubic centimetre once a day for three days."

Acute Sight Enables Birds to Spot Food.

Compared with birds, human wings have poor sight. It is well known that an eagle is capable of sighting its quarry from a great height, and is able to swoop down and seize it exactly in the centre of its neck.

Most birds have good sight, but in the case of the woodcock, for instance, has the remarkable power of flying at a great speed through dense thickets as though it were flying through an open space.

It is astonishing to see the pace at which a bird will alight upon a tree or building. Only most acute sight enables it to do this accurately.

Then, how quickly birds discern food that has been left on the ground! Throw a piece of bread down at a time when no birds are near, and in a few moments a number of them will be on the spot.

History of the Cabbage.

Remarkable facts concerning the cabbage have been discovered by Professor Ruggles Gates, the botanist. It is stated that cabbages, kales, cauliflowers, and brussels sprouts all originated in the wild cabbage, a native of the coast and the South of England. The cabbage as we know it was the first development of the wild plant, and from it came the cauliflower and the sprout.

Apparently there was no gradual development. It just happened spontaneously. In the case of the cauliflower there was an inflorescence, and the green flower turned to white and became succulent and fleshy, though not to the degree we know it today. As a food the cabbage is extremely valuable, because it contains lime and potash.

To be completely healthy people require roughage, coarse indigestible material, just as animals do. Cabbage furnishes roughage and supplies lime. It should be steamed, and not boiled or cooked in soup.

New Peaks Found in Cariboo Range.

Eight new mountains have been found and ascended in the Cariboo range of British Columbia by Prof. R. T. Chamberlain of the University of Chicago's Department of Geology, and Allen Carpe, New York, engineer, who have recently returned. One is among the highest in the Canadian Northwest.

Hitherto even old guides in Alberta were unfamiliar with the Alpine slopes of the range.

Chamberlain and Carpe also located the headwaters of the Thompson and Canoe Rivers, and they are the first white men ever to note the glacial sources of these two mountain streams.

They camped on the rocks as high as 10,000 feet, using a special powder for fuel.

To My Little Son.

In your face I sometimes see Shadowings of the man to be,

And, eager, dream of what my son Will be in twenty years and one.

But when you are to manhood grown,

And all your manhood ways are known,

The shall I, wistful, try to trace

The child you once were in your face.

—Julia Johnson Davis.

Man is Immortal till his work is done.—James Williams.

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Falling Sight Arrested.

Falling sight, the result of rheumatic or other infection, or even the penetration of the eyeball, can be arrested within three days by injections of pure cow's milk into the lumbar region, the patient, according to Dr. Edward R. Gookin, of Boston, who arrived at New York recently after five months' study in Vienna of this new discovery by physicians of the hospital attached to the University of Vienna.

Dr. Gookin denied early reports that the milk injections are a cure for blindness. Those who are already blind, he said, may not hope for the restoration of their sight by this method, but those who are but partially blind from infection or penetration, or those in whose eyes the infection has just been discovered, have good reason to hope that their sight will get no worse, and also that sympathetic ophthalmia (infection of the other eye) will be prevented.

For the milk injection treatment, said Dr. Gookin, no one Viennese doctor claims credit. It was discovered, he declared, by a group of doctors chief among whom, perhaps, are Doctors Lindner and Guist. (Cocens indicates something more than a doctor, or a combination of doctor and professor.)

"Successful treatments have been given in so many cases in Vienna," Dr. Gookin continued, "that the discovery may be said to have passed the experimental stage. It is established as an absolute preventive in far more than fifty per cent. of cases. If the patient does not respond in three days then he is considered beyond hope and no other remedy is attempted."

"The discovery is particularly valuable in the case of infants whose eyes are affected at birth. Any eye trouble, resultant from infection, may be arrested in them at once by the milk injections. It seems simple enough for home treatment, but there are details which only a physician experienced in this work can handle."

"Pure, unadulterated cow's milk is the only ingredient. This is boiled for not less than four, nor more than five minutes. Then it is permitted to cool to body temperature, 98.6 degrees, before the injection is made. The amount injected in an adult is ten cubic centimetres, or 150 grains. This much is injected in the lumbar region once a day for three successive days. That is all. After that the infection, or falling sight, is arrested for good and all, or else the case is hopeless. The dose for infants under one year is one cubic centimetre once a day for three days."

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SUMMER HEAT HARD ON BABY

No season of the year is so dangerous to the life of little ones as the summer. The excessive heat throws the little stomach out of gear 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 other troubles most prove deadly if not promptly treated. During the summer the 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 at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"As She Is Wrote."

Over the office of a forwarding agent in front of the old Shibashi Railway Station in Tokio is the alluring invitation to "Leave your luggage with us and we will send it in every direction."

Not far off still more remarkable advantages were offered on a milliner's shop-sign, bearing the somewhat equivocal legend: "Clothing of woman tailor: Ladies furnished in the upper story"; and yet more misleading, "Respectable ladies have fits upstairs."

Clean Minds.

He—"Of course women should vote. They deserve suffrage as much as men—more, because their minds are purer and cleaner."

She—"Of course their minds are cleaner, but how do you know that?"

He—"Because they change them so much oftener."

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THE DELICATE GIRL

What Mothers Should Do as Their Daughters Approach Womanhood.

If growing girls are to become well developed, healthy women, their health must be carefully guarded. Mothers should not ignore their unsettled moods or the various troubles that tell of approaching womanhood. It is an important time of life. Where pallor, headache, backache or other signs of anaemia are evident you must provide the sufferer with the surest means of making new blood.

Remember, pale, bloodless girls need plenty of nourishment, plenty of sleep, and regular open-air exercise. But to save the bloodless sufferer she must have new blood, and nothing meets the case so well as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills increase the supply of new, red blood; they stimulate the appetite and relieve the weary back and limbs; thus they restore health and charm, and bring to anaemic girls the rosy cheeks and bright eyes of strong, happy girlhood.

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

The Stolen Duchess.

No one ever loved duchess more than Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire; at her London mansion she was the centre of the social and political groups that swayed the kingdom. How delighted she would have been, therefore, could she have known that after her death she would be the most talked-of woman in the world!

Gainsborough, writes Mr. E. M. Dole in the Mentor, was at the height of his powers when the auburn-haired duchess ordered from him a full-length portrait.

He made four preliminary sketches before deciding on the pose and the costume. After the picture had passed into the lady's possession, about the year 1778, she occasionally lent it for exhibitions; then it dropped out of sight. In 1841 a well-to-do haberdasher saw the picture in the cottage of an old seamstress, who had cut it down to fit a space over her mantle. He bought it for two hundred and seventy-five dollars and thirty-five years later sold it to a well-known London firm of art dealers at a profit of over fifty thousand dollars!

At this point he enters the sinister figure of Adam Worth, an American criminal, who in May, 1875, was directing from his luxurious apartments in London the operations of an international band of thieves and forgers. One of his aids had fallen into the hands of the police and was in Newgate Prison. While trying to decide what to do to get him out Worth, passing along Bond Street one afternoon, noticed the line of carriages drawn up before Agnew's, where the Duchess of Devonshire's picture was on view. He immediately he conceived a plan. He would steal the painting that had set London astir and hold it as hostage against the release of his confederate.

The next night he climbed through a window, cut the portrait from a stretching frame and carried it to a safe hiding place. When the robbery was discovered the world of art was thrown into convulsions. A day or so later the Messrs. Agnew received an anonymous communication stating that the picture would be surrendered if they would go bail for the prisoner in Newgate. A scrap of the canvas was enclosed in the letter. The owners would enter into no negotiations that would associate them in doubtful proceedings, and Adam Worth found the stolen masterpiece on his hands.

Despite desperate efforts Scotland Yard got no clue to the perpetrator of the crime, and some time afterward the robber carried the portrait to America, concealed under the false bottom of his trunk. For twenty-five years the painting was sought by detective agencies all over the world while it lay concealed in warehouses in New York, in Brooklyn and in Boston.

In 1901 word came to Pinkerton's detective agency through Pat Sheedy, a notorious New York gambler, that the picture, the disappearance of which had never ceased to be the object of discussion in art circles and in the underworld, would be surrendered upon payment of the reward of five thousand dollars. After a life of extravagance Worth was penniless. A secret message was sent to Mr. Morland Agnew, and in Chicago a few weeks later the canvas was placed in his hands.

When exhibited in London the Stolen Duchess was viewed by hysterical crowds. J. Pierpont Morgan, after a few moments' examination, bought the picture for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. At Mr. Morgan's death the painting came back to America and was shown for a while at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. In 1916 it went to Mrs. Herbert L. Satterlee, Mr. Morgan's daughter.

How's Your Practice?

"Well, Bloom," a physician asked a young colleague who was just starting, "how's your practice?" "In the morning hardly anyone comes," was the reply, "and in the afternoon the rush falls off a bit."

When sending money by mail use Dominion Express Money Orders. Safer than sending bills.

Bees' wings beat the air at the rate of 190 strokes a second.

When the Plain Tales First Reached the Hills.