

FLYING FEATS OF BIRD EXPRESSES

MILLIONS ARE SPENT ON
PIGEON-RACING.

Popular Sport in the North of
England Has Developed Dur-
ing Last Thirty Years.

The great pigeon Derbys are flown every year about the end of May or early in June.

These races start from France or Spain, and thousands of British homers compete. Some of the birds attain a speed of a mile a minute.

Last year's winner of the Lancashire Combination race from Nantes covered the distance of 477 miles at the rate of 1,531 yards a minute, while in a race from Marennes the winner flew 517 miles at the rate of 1,476 yards a minute. One of the minor records of last year's racing was a flight of 450 miles in slightly over ten hours.

Pigeon-racing is most popular in the North of England, and there are thousands of men and not a few women who spend many dollars in breeding and training homing pigeons. They vary in value from \$25 to \$500 each, and the money spent on racing this year will run into millions of dollars.

Pride money alone is a large item, and in the big races as much as \$1,250 is awarded the winner.

Of Racing Origin.

Thirty years ago pigeon-racing was an almost unknown sport. Twenty years ago the sport began to boom, and in 1910 two thousand pigeon-racing societies had been formed. Perhaps the greatest fillip was given to the sport when King Edward became president of the National Flying Club. The lots at Sandringham have always ranked amongst the most famous in England. At least one record breaker was bred there in King Edward's time. Before the war the sport had attained such popularity that railway companies ran special trains to convey pigeons to the places whence they were to fly. A train load represented from 10,000 to 20,000 birds collected from various divisional areas.

During the war flying was restricted, and most fanciers placed their birds at the disposal of the country to assist in maintaining communications between the front line and headquarters.

Last year men who had been denied their hobby for five years took it up again with renewed enthusiasm. Membership of the homing societies of England increased by over 10,000.

In the early part of the season races of graduated distances are promoted. Birds from Yorkshire and Lancashire fly from Devonshire or somewhere in Scotland. In June the Continental races begin. Various federations send their birds to Marennes, Bordeaux, Jersey, Arras, Troyes, or even St. Sebastian. These long distance flights are attended with risk, and many losses are sustained by fanciers. As many as 100,000 birds have been lost in a particularly stormy season.

If fine weather prevails some good times are made. Birds liberated in France at 6 a. m. will be in England before tea the same day, and sometimes head winds have to be faced and storms blown through.

A Game Bird.

The Yorkshire Federation's race from Arras last year proved that these birds will face. Two thousand pigeons were liberated at six o'clock on a July morning for a 300-mile race. In mid-Channel they encountered a storm, in the South of England another storm awaited them, and in the Midlands still worse weather was their lot.

Yet at 3.30 the first birds were arriving home. The winner averaged 900 yards a minute. All the birds were exhausted, and their breasts were bare of feathers as a result of the headwinds they had faced. One of the birds reached its home at Pudsey, but after settling in the yard was too exhausted to fly into its loft.

A Little Wisdom.

The truth most required is the truth liked least.

A little commendation goes a long way.

The greatest wickedness is to be guilty without repentance.

An honest man does not lose his character because a dog barks at him.

When you obey your superior you instruct your inferior in obedience.

Those who gather nothing when young will have no more when they are old.

The greatest wisdom is to have unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.

He who knows himself best esteems himself least, for all are the better for knowing the worst of themselves.

Perfectly Simple.

"Do you ever catch any whales, captain?" asked the fair passenger on the ocean liner.

"Often, ma'am," answered the dignified captain.

"How very wonderful! Please tell me how you catch them."

"We drop a few of the old salts on their tails, ma'am."

Eighty per cent. of the total enlistments of nearly 600,000 from Canada in the war were voluntary.

It is in every man to be first-class in something, if he will. Only himself can hold him back. There is no excuse for incompetence in this age of opportunity and efficiency; no excuse for being second-class when it is possible to be first-class, and when first-class is in demand everywhere.

Remarkable Christian Names

It is one of the minor tragedies of life that a man is allowed no voice in the choice of his baptismal name.

No doubt the parent who had twin christened Cherubim and Seraphim, because, as he explained, "they continually do cry." was proud of his cleverness; but he could scarcely expect his offspring to "rise up and call him blessed," any more than the man whose five children had to sign their names Imprimis, Finis, Appendix, Supplement, and Erratum.

Equally unfortunate were infants launched into the world as Not-Wanted James, Let-Maria? and That's-It-Who'd-Have-Thought-It. Even Odious Health and Troublesome John Sims could afford to smile at such labels while deploring their own, while it was without malicious intent that the parents of an American named Cumber christened him, as their fifth, Quintus. Naturally, his political opponents could not resist referring to him in print as Mr. Q. Cumber.

While some parents exhibit too much ingenuity at the baptismal font, others seem to be singularly lacking in that virtue. One man called his sons, in order of birth, One Stickney, Two Stickney, and Three Stickney; and his daughters, by way of numerical variety, First, Second, and Third Stickney.

The two children of another parent were christened Also and Another, while the progeny of a Mr. and Mrs. Frost were known to an amused world as Jack Frost, Winifred Frost, White Frost, and Early Frost.

Vernal Greenwood, with its poetic suggestiveness, is pardonable, and partridge Roast has an appetizing flavor; but what shall we say of Mr. Bull, who had his first-born dubbed Wild, and of Mr. Keye, whose infant son was branded Donkey Keye, in honor of his mother's maiden name.

A glance through the registers at Somerset House will reveal hundreds of curious names, says an English newspaper. Thus we find Reservoir Green rubbing shoulders with Noah Ark Smith; Britannia Bottle smiling across the page at Jocose Ann Reynolds and Affability Box; and Happy Ephraim Jiggins with Virtuous Jane Spurgeon; Man Friday Wilson and Merry Christmas Finnett look on enviously.

Surnames and Their Origin

MORGAN

Racial Origin—Welsh.
Source—A given name.

This is a family name which has been formed from the given name in the normal process which marks the development of Welsh surnames falling within this classification.

That virtually no widely known variations of the name exist is due to the fact that it is a name not easily simplified or changed in form. Most changes in names, as in words, of course, have come about through a tendency to simplify rather than to make complex.

Morgan is very ancient as a given name in the Cymric branch of the Celtic tongues, and its meaning was "sea white."

While the Welsh had their clans in somewhat the same fashion as the Irish and the Scottish Highlander, the clan system among them does not seem to have persisted to the extent that it did in Ireland and in the Highlands, at least to the extent of imposing itself upon the family name system of later generations. For the most part the Welsh formed their family names in much the same fashion as the English, using them in the first place as mere explanations of the individual's parentage. The Welsh word corresponding to the "son" of the English, the "Fitz" of the Normans and the "Mac" of the Gaels was "Ap." Thus "Evan Ap Morgan" was simply "Evan the son of Morgan." And just

Names of great warriors and statesmen are associated with the most unwarlike and unpolitical of surnames. Thus we find Arthur Wellesley Waterloo Cox fraternizing on the same page with Napoleon-the-Great Brown and Richard Coeur de Lion Tyler bridging the centuries to compare notes with Robert Alma Balacavia Inkerman Sebastopol Delhi Dugdale, whose father was a tailor.

John Redvers Butler Thomas and Ezekiel Methuen Macdonald Baden-Powell Williams owe their names to the Boer War; while the parents of King David Haydon, Martin Luther Upright, and Lord Nelson Jones have gone farther back in history for inspiration. There are parents for whom nothing less than royal labels will suffice. And thus we encounter Empress Eugenie Aldridge, Albert Edward Prince of Wales Morris, King George Westgate, and Royal Consort Partington.

One unhappy man was condemned to go through life labelled Ananias; and in Norfolk there was living not long ago a man who signed his name Mahershalalhashbaz.

While the majority of parents are content with one or two Christian names for their children, there are others who must have a long string of them. Thus there is living a short time ago a woman who had a name for every letter of the alphabet, from Anna Bertha Cecilia to Winifred Xenophon Yettie Zeus.

Silenced the Heckler.

Hecklers do not get much change out of the Right Hon. Sir L. Worthington-Evans, the new British Secretary for War.

While addressing an election meeting, a woman, who appeared to be highly incensed at something he had said, shouted out, "If you were my husband, I'd give you poison."

"Madam," replied Sir Laming, "if you were my wife I'd take it."

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia Quite Likely.

Lulu—"Here's an ad for a man to undertake the sale of a patent medicine."

Harry—"Yes, it will probably be profitable to the undertaker."

A baby kangaroo is only about four and one-half inches long.

We do not demand the abundance which belongs to us, hence the leanness, the lack of fullness, the incompleteness of our lives. We do not demand royally enough. We are content with too little of the things worth while. It was intended that we should live the abundant life.

as these prefixes and suffixes have been dropped later in English and Gaelic names, so the "Ap" has been dropped in the Welsh names.

O'ROURKE

Variations—O'Rourke, O'Ruarc, Rourke, Rooke, Rorke.
Racial Origin—Irish.
Source—A given name.

The Clan O'Rourke, from which the Clan O'Reilly took its origin, and which in its turn was an offshoot of the Clan O'Connor, is listed among the oldest of clan organizations among the Irish.

As a clan name, which virtually was the same thing as a family name, this surname probably antedates anything in the way of an English family name by some three or four centuries.

The founder of the O'Rourke clan was a chieftain named Roarc O'Connor, the youngest of the twelve sons of the famous Tienan O'Connor. The date was some time prior to 93 A.D. A grandson of Roarc, Feargal O'Rourke, was the thirty-ninth Christian King of Connaught. This monarch died in 954, and for a period of several centuries afterward this clan contributed many monarchs to the royal list of this kingdom.

Like most of the Irish names, this one has suffered rather drastic changes in spelling through its translation into the English language. The given name of "Roarc" is derived from ancient Gaelic words meaning "very swift."

When Nights Are Sleepless

—the trouble is often due to the effects of caffeine on nerves and muscles, from the use of coffee or tea.

Thousands have turned to

POSTUM CEREAL

and found complete satisfaction, with freedom from irritation to nerves or digestion

"There's a Reason"

Sold by all grocers



STERN REMINDERS OF RHEUMATISM

The Trouble Must be Treated
Through the Blood.

Every rheumatic sufferer should realize that rheumatism is rooted in the blood and that to get rid of it it must be treated through the blood. The old belief that rheumatism was caused by cold, damp weather, is now exploded. Such weather conditions may start the pains, but it is not the cause. Liniments and outward applications may give temporary relief, but that is all they can do because they do not reach its sources in the blood. The sufferer from rheumatism who experiments is only wasting time and money in depending upon such treatment: the trouble still remains, and it is all the time becoming more firmly rooted. Treat this disease through the blood and you will soon find relief. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly on impure, weak blood; they purify and strengthen it, and so act on the cause of the rheumatism. Mr. P. J. MacPherson, R.R. No. 5, Carigan, P.E.I., says: "About three years ago I was attacked with rheumatism. I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and soon the trouble disappeared and I am in better health than before. I also know of an old lady acquaintance who was badly crippled with rheumatism in her arms and legs, and who suffered very much. She, too, took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and is now able to do her housework. I tell you this in the hope it may be of benefit to some other sufferer."

You can procure Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicines; or they will be sent you by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Bottles As Messengers.

A wire received from Philadelphia recently announced the finding of one of the Lusitania's lifebelts. This sad reminder of disaster must have traveled three thousand miles, and occupied years in its journey. Not one of the several clues relating to the unexplained disappearance of the Waratah proved to be genuine, but the evidence of bottle messages has often been accepted in courts of law.

The *Whina* sailed from New Zealand, New South Wales, in July, 1912, and was never heard of again. Long afterwards, a scrap of paper torn from a log book was washed up on the New Zealand coast. It bore a scrawled message: "Nomia is sinking fast by hurricane in 42 S. 160 E. Gott save us." The German consul at Auckland was able to establish the fact that the handwriting was that of the captain of the ill-fated vessel.

The General Steam Navigation Company's vessel *Orion* left London for Havre in January, 1915. The following month several of her lifebelts were picked up near Hastings, but the *Orion* never reached her destination. Subsequently a Guernsey fisherman picked up a beer bottle containing a sheet of paper on which was written a brief message signed by three of the crew—"Orion—torpedo—sinking."

The Allan liner *Huronian* left Glasgow in 1902, and disappeared entirely. Five years afterwards a man saw a bottle washed up by the tide on the north coast of Ireland. He opened it and found a paper on which was written the message, "Huronian sinking fast. Tip heavy. One side under water. Good-bye, mother and sister, Charles McFall."

Several bottle messages were put in as evidence during an inquiry into the loss of a Grimsby trawler, the *Angus*. One, picked up on the coast of Norway, read, "Steamship *Angus*. All hands missing. Collision with foreign bark."

Bottles have been known to come to land even fifteen years after they had been cast into the ocean.

Ask Yourself

Am I living the sort of life that will give me the largest returns in brain energy and gripping thought, in masterful living; that will keep me always fit for the biggest things I am capable of doing? Am I doing the sort of things that will encourage my aspiration, feed my ambition, develop my mental and physical strength, or am I forming habits which will tend to sap the largest percentage of my energy, demoralize me, demoralize my efforts, kill my ambition, mar my ideals?

These are fundamental questions which strike at the very heart of our possibilities. What we should be ambitious to do is to bring out the largest possible man, the man we are capable of being, the man we long to be. And we should live and work with this end in view, and not like a man who should say: "I want to bring out the divine possibilities in me, for I realize that I have two natures, two selves, so to speak. The largest possible man in me is ever prodding me on, ever suggesting to me that I bring him out and give him a chance; but I am not willing to pay the price, I am not willing to do the hard work, which would make the larger man possible, and so there is nothing I feel I can do but go on, year in and year out, letting the little man in me get my living while the larger man is huddling at the very gates, asking to be let out, to be given a chance to make good."

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BITS OF HUMOR FROM HERE & THERE

Nothing Much.
"Pa, what are ancestors?"
"Well, my son,