

The Sense of Obligation.

There is nothing at all attractive in the idea of obligation. No one enjoys being under an obligation, no one likes to assume new obligations; and a person who is really kind and well-disposed does not enjoy feeling that he has put another person under obligations, however much he may have enjoyed doing the kindness that has had that practical effect upon their relationship. Yet, if to incur obligations is always more or less unpleasant, to fulfill them is one of the more buoyant experiences of life, and perhaps we should be philosophical enough to welcome them for the sake of the satisfaction we shall feel when we get rid of them.

Certainly among people who do not permit themselves to be oppressed by the sense of their obligations we usually find those who are most successful in settling the account. There are some of course who light-heartedly or callously refuse to meet obligations that they can legally evade, but they may as well be excluded from consideration, for we do not recognize ourselves as belonging to that company. Most of us probably make the mistake of letting obligations weigh too heavily upon our spirits—obligations of all sorts, social and moral, large and trifling, obligations to church and state, community and family; if we let ourselves become depressed in contemplating them, we are pretty sure to find our power of satisfactorily meeting them impaired. Some of them are constant, to be terminated only when life closes; if we are harassed by an obligation that is ours for life, we are unlikely to fulfill it adequately and to get from the continuous fulfillment of it the satisfaction that it might yield.

In every responsible human being the sense of obligation is inborn. He has a sense that he must make something of the life that has been given him. Under that sense of obligation he need not chafe. It should be productive not of unhappiness but of happiness. The sense of obligation is really the greatest force in the world.

Woe Hughie.

He's gone to school, woe Hughie,
An' him not four,
Sure I saw the fright was in him
When he left the door.

But he took a hand o' Denny,
An' a hand o' Dan,
Wi' Joe's owd coat upon him—
Och, the poor wee man!

He cut the quarest figure,
More stout nor thin;
An' trottin' right an' steady
Wi' his toes turned in.

I watched him to the corner
O' the big turf stack,
An' the more his feet turned forrit,
Still his head turned back.

He was lookin', would I call him—
Och, my heart was wae,
Sure I lost I am without him,
But he be to go.

I followed to the turnin'
When they passed it by,
God help him he was cryin',
An', maybe, so was I.
Elizabeth Shane, in "By Bog and Sea in Donegal."

The Nick in the Axe.

Walter Smith went to the woodpile to do his part in keeping up the supply of wood for the kitchen stove. It was a clear, frosty morning; the snow was glistening; the ice on the pond was smooth and inviting, and Walter's skates had been recently sharpened. He picked up the axe and swung it quickly and impatiently down on a stout birch block. Out from the edge of the steel fell a small fragment.

Walter looked at the nick in dismay. He had neglected to warm the axe and thus take out the frost; zero weather makes steel brittle. Walter knew that his father would not tolerate a nicked axe round the place; so, being an honest boy, he took it to him at once. "That is too bad, Walter," said Mr. Smith patiently. "You turn the grindstone, and I'll hold the axe."

Hour after hour Walter turned away at the stone; all the morning he and his father worked and again after dinner. Boys passed with their skates on their way to the pond, but Walter had to grind on. The stool was hard, and at night the neck still showed. And the next morning, though his arms and shoulders ached, he had to turn the grindstone again. Finally about noon the axe was in good shape.

"There, that's done," said the father. "Impatience doesn't pay, does it, Walter? What we have to do we should do right and in good spirit. If we do it in any other way, something and sometimes one gets hurt. That hasty blow has delayed you in your wood cutting and has made a lot of extra hard work besides, without considering that it has spoiled a day and a half for me. No wonder the Apostle tells us to add self-control and patience to faith and courage and knowledge. But, my boy, you are lucky you could grind out the result of your impatient act. A rash word or deed might knock a nick out of your teacher's respect for you or out of a valued friendship or out of some other noble relationship in life that could not be so easily mended."

It was a lesson that Walter never forgot. In after years when his impatient spirit seemed likely to gain control over him he remembered that weary day and a half spent grinding out the nick in the axe.

A good companion makes a heaven out of hell.

RED ROSE TEA 'is good tea'

Next time try the finest grade—
RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE

Surnames and Their Origin

GUNNING.

Variation—O'Gunning.
Racial Origin—Irish.
Source—A given name.

Here is a family name which in many instances comes from Anglo-Saxon sources. It is, however, often of Irish development, being merely the Anglicized form of the clan name of O'Gunning.

In point of age, this family or clan name shares honors with that of O'Day, or, to use the Gaelic form, "O'Deafachaidh," tracing directly back to the period when Brian Boru reigned as High King over Ireland and established by edict the system of clan and family names.

The O'Gunning clan was probably founded a few years after that of O'Day, for its founder, unlike that of the O'Days, was not of the same generation as Brian Boru, being, in fact, his grand-nephew.

The given name, in this case, happens to have the same spelling in the nominative as in the genitive case.

It is from this latter that the clan name is formed by the prefixing of the "O," which has the same significance as the Anglo-Saxon ending "son" and the Norman-French prefix "fitz."

MARIS.

Variation—Mariss.
Racial Origin—Norman-French and French.
Source—A locality—Also a given name.

Here is a family name which may be accounted for in several ways.

The simplest explanation lies in its development from a given name which was fairly popular among the Norman French, that of "Martius."

But while this undoubtedly accounts for the name in a great many instances, it does not suffice for all. It is also traceable to the name of a locality in Normandy, known as "le Marais."

In the first instance the early form of the name is found as "Fitzmaris" or "Fitzmaris" (which undoubtedly also has developed in some instances into Fitzmorris), the "fitz" being the Norman development of the Latin "filius" meaning "son."

In the latter, the early form is found as "de le Marais."

But it is also a matter of record that, in some instances, the family name was brought into England after it had already become a family name in France, in the form of "Mares."

A SPLENDID LAXATIVE FOR THE BABY

Mother should constantly be on guard to keep baby's bowels working freely, and his stomach sweet, for nine-tenths of the ailments from which little ones suffer are caused by derangements of the stomach and bowels. Baby's Own Tablets are a splendid laxative for the baby. They are mild but thorough, contain neither opiate nor narcotics, and are absolutely guaranteed to be safe and efficient for either the newborn babe or the growing child. By their action on the bowels and stomach they drive out constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers; make the dreaded teething period easy. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Basque Heart and Soul.

From the little town near the Spanish frontier to the mountain village is not more than thirty kilometers, but the motor diligence that runs between them takes a whole day for the trip—sister what an accommodating fellow the driver is. To please a passenger, says the London Times, he will pull up at what he thinks is the finest point of view so that a photograph may be taken, and he is flattered when the camera is turned on him and his diligence.

He is a Basque heart and soul and grows eloquent about the scenery, so wild, so solemn on the mountain heights, so smiling and intimate in the valleys. The gardens are full of flowers, fruit and vegetables; the meadows yield three crops of hay in the season.

You may learn if you will who lives in the beaming white houses with the brown beams and old stone name plates, for driver and fishwives are

willing to talk. They will tell you that the Basque country is the most beautiful corner of all France; that life is easy for everyone there; that there is no poverty at all, and that the workman lives as comfortably as the man of leisure; that the Basques have large families, and their sons and daughters emigrate, though only to earn money and bring it back to their own village, where they spend it on the land they love. When the people are tired of talking they sing old Basque folk songs with a lively lilt in every air. The mountains are folded in a purple robe; the evening star comes out, and from the shore, as the diligence nears the town, comes the long wail of the Atlantic breakers. The moon appears.

My Wife.

Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble-dew,
Steel-trued and blade-straight,
The great artificer
Made my mate.

Honor, anger, valor, fire;
A love that life could never tire,
Death quench or evil stir,
The mighty master
Gave to her.

Teacher, tender, comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-whole and soul-free,
The august father
Gave to me.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Large Forests Stand on Ice.
One of the largest forests in the world, between the Ural Mountains and the Okhotsk Sea, in Russia, stands on ice.

"Yesterday is dead—forget it; tomorrow doesn't exist—don't worry; the day is here—use it!"

Waste of wealth is sometimes retrieved, waste of health seldom, waste of time never.

Less Pot-washing

SMP Enamelled Ware has the smooth surface and polish of fine crockery—without the breakage. And it is so very easy to clean—just like china, and therefore makes light work of pot washing.

Try this test. Take an **SMP Enamelled Ware** sauce pan and an all-metal sauce pan of equal size. Into each pour a quart of cold water. Put on the fire at the same time. The **SMP** sauce pan will be boiling merrily when the water in the other is just beginning to simmer.

SMP Enamelled WARE

"A Face of Porcelain and a Heart of Steel"

Three finishes: Pearl Ware, two coats of pearl grey enamel inside and out. Diamond Ware, three coats, light blue and white outside, white lining. Crystal Ware, three coats, pure white inside and out, with Royal Blue edging.

THE SHEET METAL PRODUCTS CO. LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG
EDMONTON VANCOUVER CALGARY

Kissing Placed Under Ban by Tokio Police.

"Kissing is an unclean habit, the introduction and encouragement of which is not desirable by the Japanese," the Chief of the Metropolitan Police of Tokio said today in explaining why a bamboo screen was erected around a bronze reproduction of Rodin's "The Kiss." The work was one of several French masterpieces banned from public sight by the police censor.

When the art exhibit loaned to Japan by the French Academy of Art opened yesterday those attending were astonished to find Rodin's "The Kiss" covered up.

A representative of the French Embassy called at the Foreign Office to learn the reason for the ban on bronzes and canvases which were the pride of France. He was referred to the police, who gave the above explanation.

A REAL NERVE TONIC

Is a Bountiful Supply of Rich Health-Giving Blood.

Sufferers from what medical men speak of as nervous debility find themselves tired, morose, low-spirited and unable to keep their minds on anything. Any sudden noise hurts like a blow. They are full of groundless fears and cannot sleep at night. Their hands tremble, the legs feel as if they will give away following a walk or any exertion, and the mind is greatly disturbed by the most trivial incidents.

Doctors of the nerves with poisonous sedatives is a terrible mistake. The only real nerve tonic is a good supply of rich, red blood. To secure this, new rich blood use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which have a direct action on the blood and through it stimulate every nerve and organ in the body.

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The best
Tobacco
for the
pipe

Ogden's CUT PLUG

Self-Pity.

Self-Pity how came you inside my door?
I've given you the gate oftentimes before!
Who left my door ajar and let you in
With cringing men and sycophantic grin?

Honest emotions I admit at times
And count them rather honored guests
than crimes;

But you—fool toadstool in my mushroom bed!—
Are even worse than all your foes have said.

While you are here my virtues count for naught;
While you are here my usefulness the good I've wrought;

While you are here my striving is in vain.
To raise the courage that can smile through pain;

While you are here contempt must be my mood;
Even from friends if they should shrewdly heed

Until your loathsome presence I eschew
I am in sore disgrace—outside with you!

—Stickland Gillilan in "Success."

GREEN TEA IMPORTS LARGER.

Statistics from Ottawa show that in 1922, 553,977 pounds more Green Tea were brought into Canada than in 1921, and 906,728 pounds more than in 1922. The reason given is that the fine quality Green Tea of India and Ceylon have displaced the inferior Japan and China Greens which, due to their low price, were imported heavily some years ago. Salada Tea Company is the largest importer of India and Ceylon Green Teas.

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.

Correct.
"Where do most of our traffic difficulties originate, anyhow?"
"Detroit, I think."

The Star Twinkles.

There is a bit of tragedy as well as comedy in the story that in the Tapestry of Life, Mr. Raymond Blackway tells of a young man who after years of poverty and misery finally emerged as a poet of the highest order. A certain literary duchess who had been greatly fascinated by the charm and beauty of his verse gave an afternoon tea in his honor.

Poor fellow, he sat in speechless agony, surrounded by his admirers, realizing that as the star of the occasion he was expected to twinkle at least once during the afternoon. At last an inspiration came to him. He started to speak, and dead silence fell upon the room. "This is what he said," "Have you noticed, d-d-duches, that this year's pawn tickets are all pink?"

A Face!

Here is a story of the London tube, told in the Tatler. A certain man who had never considered himself as handsome liked to think nevertheless that the lofty expression of his face more than compensated for any deficiency in beauty. Accordingly, going home in the tube one evening, he was much gratified to see a man on the seat opposite him produce a notebook and start sketching his face.

He leaned across to the sketcher and said genially, "I see you are an artist, sir."

The other smiled. "Oh, in a humble sort of way," he replied. "I design these grotesque door knockers."

His Foolish Things.

"Yes," said Boggs unthinkingly. "I can remember events of long ago as if they happened but yesterday. When I think of my boyhood days—of my escapades at school—of many of my youthful and later actions, and how I got married—I can't help smiling and thinking how many foolish things I've done."

And Boggs wondered why his wife treated him coolly after the visitors had gone.

Useful Invention.
A number of men were engaged in a discussion as to who was the greatest inventor. Some said Edison, some said Marconi, and some said Morse.

Finally, a small Jew got in a word and said: "Well, gentlemen, does any great peoples, but I tell you, de man vot invented interest was no fool!"

"Happiness is great love and much serving."

Minard's Liniment for Sprains.

Even Then a Soldier.

An Italian officer who won distinction in the Great War was in his boyhood the hero of an amusing incident. His chief fault then was that he would interrupt any one if he had anything he wanted to say himself. Our mother, writes Miss Lisi Cipriani in A Tuscan Childhood, repeatedly said to him:

"Ritchie, you must never interrupt me when I am talking. Wait till I have finished and then say, 'At your convenience, mama, I have something to tell you.' Take time; learn to be polite."

One day toward the end of the season my mother had taken Ritchie and me to the baths at Leghorn. The baths are built in piers and rotundas into the sea, and bridges connect the piers. Before the autumn storms begin the boards are taken away, so that only two long wooden beams and the railings remain.

I had crossed one of the bridges at a considerable distance from where my mother and some friends were sitting in a group and was watching a man who was fishing. Just as I left him and was about to cross the bridge on the beam he called to me that he had hooked a fish. I waited till the fish was safely landed and then started to cross. But so interested was I that I forgot that the boards had been taken away and, walking on as usual, fell into the sea.

Ritchie, who had been standing by me, rapidly crossed the bridge and ran to my mother. Taking off his cap, he stood politely beside her for some time, waiting till she had finished a rather long story that she was just telling. Then he said:

"Mama, at your convenience, I have something to tell you."

"What is it?" inquired my mother approvingly.

"Mama, at your convenience, Lisi has fallen into the water."

"What?" cried my mother, jumping up. "Has any one pulled her out?"

"I don't know," Ritchie replied calmly and politely, "but I did not interrupt your story—and she can swim!"

Nasty Nicknames.
"I hope they don't give my little boy any nasty nicknames in school?"
"Yes, mother; they call me Corns."

"How dreadful! And why do they call you that?"
"Cause I'm always at the foot of the class."

When a man's cloak is threadbare it is easy to pick a hole in it.

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer Aspirin"

INSIST! Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 24 years.

Safe. Accept only a Bayer package

which contains proven directions. 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 Monach (Germany).

DISTEMPER

A tablespoon of Minard's in a cup of molasses mixed with the brush wash will give quick relief.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Thin Folks

If you are weak, thin and nervous, let your druggist supply you with Bitro-Phosphate. It is guaranteed to increase weight and strength and restore energy, vigor and nerve force. Price \$1 per pkg. Arrow Chemical Co., 26 Front St. East, Toronto, Ont.

Someone to Care.

Our daily task bends and fatigues us. There's no passion to do or to dare. Automatically working and working—If there's nobody somewhere to care.

And often life's road does seem furrowed.
We question if Fate has played fair—But the breathe of love clears all our worries

If there's anyone ready to listen
With eyes sympathetic and mild,
If there's someone who really needs you—
Though that someone be only a child.

—Leraine Ballantyne.

Minard's Liniment for Distemper.

Biscay Waters for Zoo.
The new aquarium at the London Zoo is supplied with sea water from the Bay of Biscay.

Classified Advertisements

FIREPROOF PAINT

COSTS LESS THAN ORDINARY paint. For Barns, Garages, Factories, etc. \$3.75 gallon. 5-gallon cans \$18.00. Red, Black, "Roxide" Paint, for Barns, Roofs, Iron, Concrete, etc. 5-gallon cans, \$8.00. Charges Prepaid. A. C. Wells & Co., Paint Manufacturers 221 Carriere St., Montreal.

WANTED—CAR OWNERS TO send for our Big Free Catalogue showing 101 bargains in Auto Supplies. It will save you money. Send for it today. Canadian Auto Shops, Box 154, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

MURINE FOR EYES

IRITATED BY
SUN, WIND, DUST & CINDERS
RECOMMENDED & SOLD BY DRUGGISTS & OPTICIANS
WRITE FOR FREE EYE CARE BOOK, MURINE TO DISCOVER



Have You Tried The New Cuticura Shaving Stick?

This delicately medicated antiseptic Soap produces a rich creamy lather, enabling you to shave without the slightest irritation. Indispensable for those who shave twice daily. Properly used, it will prevent ingrowing hairs.

Price 25c. Sold everywhere or on mail, post-paid, upon receipt of price, by Canadian Dept. Cuticura, P.O. Box 2616, Montreal.

MOTHER OF TWIN BOYS

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Relieved Her of Inflammation and Great Weakness

West St. John, N. B.—"I was in a general run-down condition following the birth of my twin boys. I had a great deal of inflammation, with pains and weakness. Finally my doctor recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. He said that your medicine would be the only thing to build me up. I am sure he is right, for I am feeling much better and am gaining in weight, having gone down to ninety-three pounds. I was in bed for over a month, but am up again now. I have recommended the Vegetable Compound to my friends and give you permission to use my letter."

—Mrs. ELMER A. RITCHIE, 82 Rodney St., West St. John, N. B.

There are many women who find their household duties almost unbearable owing to some weakness or derangement. The trouble may be slight, yet cause such annoying symptoms as dragging pains, weakness and a run-down feeling.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a splendid medicine for such conditions. It has in many cases relieved these symptoms by removing the cause of them. Mrs. Ritchie's experience is but one of many.

You might be interested in reading Mrs. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon the "Ailments of Women." You can get a copy free by writing the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Coughour, Ontario.