

The Boss Elephant.

Elephants in Asia are easily trained; a trick or a certain kind of work soon becomes habitual with them. In fact, says Mr. Charley in *Trapping Wild Animals in Malay Jungles*, they can form habits more rapidly than any other animals I have ever seen.

In Burma there are large lumber mills, and elephants are used for rolling the logs into position for the saws. Pushing with their heads, they run the logs up two inclined skids to the platform; two elephants do the pushing, and a third elephant acts as boss. The boss need not be an especially intelligent animal; he is taught simply that the log must go up the skids in a certain way, and that he must keep the two pushers even. In his trunk he carries a few links of anchor chain, which he uses as a whip if one elephant falls behind. When the log is on the platform the pushers turn and plod back for another. The boss elephant is quite unimpressed with his authority, and the other elephants show no resentment when he swings the chain on them.

When the whistle blows they all know that it is time to stop work and eat. It makes no difference whether they have a log within a fraction of an inch of the platform; the boss drops his anchor chain and gets out of the way, and the pushers step to one side and let the log crash. Then without the least expression of interest they turn toward the stalls. Because they obey signals so mechanically the engineer steps out when feeding time comes and looks up and down the runway to see whether an elephant carries a log on the skids. If so he waits until it reaches the platform before he pulls the whistle cord.

Premier Baldwin Has Romantic Son.

Oliver Baldwin, the Prime Minister's romantic Socialist son, whose twenty-three years of life have been crowded with stirring experiences, has written a novel dealing with the decay of Western civilization, which is to be published next spring, says a London despatch. Meanwhile he is about to set out upon another of his adventurous travels—he has been already in nearly every European country, Poland, many parts of Africa and the East End—but has not decided whether he will go.

He has left for Paris, and may go to Brussels, Italy or Africa. He says he wants to see how affairs are going on. It is said Mussolini's firmness attracts him, because he regards it as so contrary to England's weakness. He says another war is inevitable before long and the Teuton race is doomed, but it matters nothing to him, as he is free and without. Just a common rock on the sand!

He looked up and down the shore. There they were again! Rocks everywhere were moving toward the water—edging, creeping, crawling by ones, by twos, by threes and in large groups! Then the sentinel's nerves gave way. The whole battalion was awakened by his yelling like a Comanche as his rifle spat fire in the darkness.

When it was safe to approach him it took half an hour to calm him and to prove to him that his treacherous, traveling rocks were only immense but innocent turtles making their nightly visit to the water in search of food.

Work.

Let me but do my work from day to day, In field or forest, at the desk or loom In roaring market-place, or tranquil room;

Let me but find it in my heart to say, When vagrant wishes beckon me astray—

"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom; Of all who live, I am the one by whom

This work can best be done, in the right way." Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,

To suit my spirit and to prove my powers; Then shall I cheerfully greet the laboring hours,

And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall At eventide, to play and love and rest. Because I know for me my work is best.

—Henry Van Dyke.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house. Pays a Man to Wed Her So She Can be Briton.

There are more ways than one of becoming a British subject, and one of the strangest yet revealed—that is, for a foreign-born woman to pay \$150 for the privilege of going through a marriage form with an Englishman, whereupon she automatically takes on her husband's nationality.

It is said that recently an Austrian woman, who had difficulty in becoming naturalized and wished to take the short cut, offered an elderly and impetuous bachelor of her acquaintance about \$150 if he would marry her. On his agreement the ceremony took place at the Registry Office, the bride and bridegroom agreeing, as they left the building, never to see each other again.

The Home Office states that several marriages of this sort have taken place recently.

Failure is the only high road to success.

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SYMPTOMS OF DEBILITY

How to Tell Whether Your Blood Needs Revitalizing.

The symptoms of general debility vary according to the cause, but weakness is always present, a tendency to perspire and fatigue easily, ringing in the ears, sometimes black spots passing before the eyes, weak-back, vertigo, wakefulness caused by inability to stop thinking and unrefreshing sleep. The cause of the trouble may be some drain on the system, or it may be mental or physical overwork, sometimes insufficient nutrition due to digestive disturbance.

If you have any or all of these symptoms try building up the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as the new blood courses through your veins there should be an increase in your appetite, a better digestion and soon a renewal of strength and vigor.

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

Private O'Grady's Nerves.

Veterans of the Great War who served in the front-line trenches in France will be able to sympathize with Private O'Grady. Some of them can remember seeing the posts that held the barbed wire out in front come together on a moonlight night and advance in a stealthy and threatening manner. They know how they felt as the water's edge. As darkness fell and the stars came out he felt weak and depressed. He glanced at the line of a fire crested wave and watched it charge toward the shore. He glanced at a flat rock lying some dozen paces away. What! Did the rock move? It certainly did!

He looked in the opposite direction. Another flame-tipped wave was rolling toward a number of rocks lying a short distance from the water. Those rocks moved too! Very slowly they started to meet the incoming wave. He shouted "Halt!" and brought his gun to bear.

The rocks halted, and O'Grady rubbed his eyes. What had happened to him? He had glanced back over his shoulder toward camp. A rock directly behind him was coming toward him. Ah! Sneaking up to bolo him in the back! O'Grady rushed madly at it and dashed the butt of his gun against its hard surface. Then he mopped his forehead. Just a common rock on the sand!

He looked up and down the shore. There they were again! Rocks everywhere were moving toward the water—edging, creeping, crawling by ones, by twos, by threes and in large groups! Then the sentinel's nerves gave way. The whole battalion was awakened by his yelling like a Comanche as his rifle spat fire in the darkness.

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Royalty in Hiding.

Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, one of the French Royalists who came back to London in very indifferent health as a result of his recent expedition to Africa, unlike his sister, Queen Amelia of Portugal, and his nephew, King Manuel, who are constantly to be seen around London, goes about very little. He is rather grieved at being exiled from France though in his young days, you remember, he more than once insisted on going there, claiming his right as a Frenchman to serve as a conscript in the Army. He used to live at York House, Tricombham—his sister Queen Amelia was born there—and at one time I was a frequent visitor to the house. The grounds are on the banks of the Thames with the most exquisite bowers of roses; but the chief thing about York House is the big marble swimming pool specially built by the Duke and decorated with the Orleans arms.

We have seen practically nothing of the Queen of the Netherlands who, with her Prince Consort and her daughter, the Princess Juliana, have been here in England for a month's holiday in the poet Wordsworth's country at Grassmere among the lakes of Westmoreland. They have had the quietest of times and their wish for unobtrusiveness has been complied with. The Prince Consort took his daughter, Juliana, long climbs in the mountains while the Queen devoted a good deal of her time to water-color painting of the lake scenery. The Dutch royal family never came near London, really for fear they might get engaged in the galleries of the season.

The mother of the murdered Car has been staying with her sister, Queen Alexandra, mother of the King. The two widowed queens are inseparable. More than once recently when I have sauntered into Hyde Park on a sunny afternoon to listen to the band of the Grenadier Guards I have seen their open automobile drawn up under the trees so they might enjoy the music. Of course, everybody knows who they are, but no one is so bad-mannered as to go near and stare at them. Queen Alexandra, however, has always the brightest smile for anyone who salutes her as the car drives along, but the Dowager Empress of Russia always seems to be wrapped in sadness—as well she might be.—Sir John Foster Fraser.

A Personal Instrument.

The general popularity of the piano, that instrument which has long been a classic unit of the furniture of the home, is not the result of some arbitrary choice of the householder. According to a famous pianist the satisfaction which the listener finds in this instrument is the result of the complex tonal effects which it is capable of producing, and also of its peculiar adaptability for conveying fully and directly the message of the performer. What a remarkably personal instrument the piano is. It is capable of impressing upon auditors with unique thoroughness the personality of the artist or the character of a work. If music has any value that fact may be determined by playing it over on the piano. We frequently hear composers say that their compositions are "written for the piano." In fact the piano is such a peculiar personal instrument that it is possible for the works of certain composers to be properly set forth only by their creator.

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Surnames and Their Origin

GOODWIN
Variation—Godwin.
Racial Origin—Anglo-Saxon.
Source—A given name.

There is no particular distinction in being able to trace one's family name back to a Norman-French origin in old England. Probably a majority of English family names are derived from Norman sources, which is strange at first thought, considering that at no time was the bulk of the population in England Norman.

The paradox is explained by the fact that the Normans, being for several centuries the rulers of the land, dominated it in the matter of language and names, though numerically weaker than the Anglo-Saxon element, until finally they were absorbed, and following the political severance with their old land, Normandy, drifted willingly into the "melting pot."

Thus, during this period of dominance of the French tongue, say through the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the historical records show a very small minority of the old Anglo-Saxon given names. Anglo-Saxon names, indeed, disappeared for a time more completely even than Anglo-Saxon speech.

But here and there they were to be found. Among these rare instances are several Godwins, spelled variously "Godwin," "Godwyne" and "Godun." They became familiar names, as did other given names, by the addition of the termination "son" or the prefixing of the Norman "fitz" with the same meaning, and in the course of time these again have been dropped.

The form Goodwin is explained by the fact that the "o" in Godwin originally was pronounced long, as in "hole," and that the spelling "oo" also at one time had the same pronunciation.

OAKES
Variations—Oake, Oakbolt, Oakley, Oakover, Oakshot, Oaksade, Oker, Nokes.
Racial Origin—English.
Source—A locality.

Here is another group of family names belonging to the locality classification. One and all of these names apparently spring up simultaneously and quite naturally in nearly all parts of England, at least in all parts where oak trees grew. Consequently the possession of this name is no guarantee of relationship, even a remote one, with other persons bearing the same name or ones similar to it.

The original forms of the name, of course, were nearly always preceded by words that show it was at first merely a descriptive phrase. In the old records we find the Norman prefixes "del" and "de," meaning "of," used with it, and also the Anglo-Saxon "atte" ("at").

Old spellings of the names include "del Oke," "atte Oke," "atte Ok," "del Okes," "de Okoit," "de Okhoit," "de Oclce," "de Akelegh," "de Okovera," "de Oclside" and "Oker."

The last of these is simply "oaker," that is, a contraction of the old "were," meaning "man," with the word "oak."

An oak "holt" is an oak thicket. An oak "sade" is a grass-covered open space in an oak forest. An oak "lee," "lee" or "legh" is either a shelter or pasture near oaks. An "over" is flat land near the sea or a river. If oaks grew upon it, the medieval English called it an "okover" or "okovera." The termination "shot" in the name Oakshot is simply a contraction of "holt" to be found in a great many English place names. The name of "Nokes" is a contraction of the form "taken Oke," in which the "n" of the prefix has been carried over to the name.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS OF GREAT VALUE

Mrs. Hermad Chagnon, Ste. Theodose, Que., writes:—"Baby's Own Tablets have been of great value to me in keeping my little one well and I would not be without them." Thousands of other mothers say the same thing. They have learned by actual experience the value of the Tablets in regulating the bowels and stomach; banishing constipation and indigestion; breaking up colds and simple fevers; and keeping the baby free from the many simple ailments of childhood. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Two Lovers.

"How do you know you love me?" The modest maiden said. The lover's eyes were big, round eyes, And high he held his head.

"Because you're fair as angels are, Because your eyes are dreams! Because without you all the world But tame and empty seems.

Because when I am far from you Life seems but Death, away. I cannot live without you, dear!" She sent the man away.

"How do you know you love me?" Again the maiden said. The lover's eyes were sleepy eyes, And down he cast his head.

"Because when'er I knot my tie, I always think of you. I wonder if you like the red, Or would prefer the blue.

Because when'er I shave myself, Your face comes in the glass, And I am sure to cut myself." He won the little lass!

—Gelett Burgess.