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About the House

WHAT SHALL WE PLAY.

How many times a mother must answer that question! Not only at home for her own children, but at the neighborhood parties, picnics or community gatherings, is she asked to suggest a game.

Not long ago I attended a family party—that is, a gathering where all the members of the family came for a play hour. One game that caused much excitement was a clothespin race. Two lines of folks of all ages, and a bag of clothespins for each line, a starter to see them off and the pins were passed down the line one at a time. The line that emptied its bag first won the race. If the game is played where seats are plentiful, the lines may as well sit down for the game.

An apple race for boys amuses girls as well as the boys. Apples are placed on the floor or grass, one for each boy, and they must be rolled a certain distance and returned the same way only with their noses.

[illegible] among our country [illegible] any number may [illegible] where the leader [illegible] with the group [illegible] either sitting or [illegible] She approaches one of the [illegible] and pointing to her own eye [illegible] says, "This is my nose." While [illegible] the one she addresses [illegible] respond by pointing to her nose [illegible] saying, "This is my eye." If the [illegible] respond, she keeps her place [illegible] takes the centre and [illegible] another group of slow wits. [illegible] any part of the body. For [illegible] "This is my chin," and [illegible] pointing to an elbow, and the re[illegible] must be "This is my elbow," while the speaker points to his chin.

I saw a neck auto race the other evening that was a complete success. Groups of six were chosen, and as many groups could take part as there was room for the race track. Each group chose a car to represent. Then a relay race began. One of the group, representing a car, would race across the room, turn a chair around, sit upon it, drive and turn the chair back and before returning home for the second racer to start. Five groups were represented, and you may rest assured that excitement rose to a high pitch at times.

For a small group of about a dozen or fifteen, Passing the Dollar is enjoyed by young folks. Seated in a circle, each person grasps the wrist of the one sitting at his left. The right hand of every one is free, except at the wrist. Then a dollar is taken by one and passed to his neighbor. The dollar must be continually passed, but so cleverly enough that the person in the centre will have difficulty in locating it. All hands keep up the pretense so that one is continually reaching to clasp a hand on one side or the other. When the hunter in the centre locates the dollar, the one found [illegible] must be the hunter and [illegible] the Dollar is continued. A large circle calls for two dollars and two hunters. (Mrs. M. S.)

POINTS FOR THE NEEDLE.

When making buttonholes in baby's daintiest little clothes or any other thin material, rub a little library paste on the wrong side of the goods and let it dry. This will give a firmer surface to work on and will not stain the most delicate fabric.

If it is your task to sew a wide lace on a round luncheon cloth or centrepiece, roll the lace in a tight roll and tie with a clean cord in three or four places. Wet thoroughly one inch at the bottom and when it is dry your lace will fall in graceful circles ready to be sewed.

HAVE YOU EVER

Tried using one teaspoonful of cornstarch with one cup of sugar instead of one and one-half cups when making chocolate fudge frosting. The frosting has to be cooked more slowly and stirred often but will be creamy and smooth.

Tried making graham buns this way: Three pints graham, one-half cup shortening, one-half cup sugar, two cups yeast, two eggs, one cup water. Use enough wheat flour to handle easily, and let raise. When light, turn out on well floured board, mold into biscuit and when light bake in moderate oven. When nearly ready to take from oven, brush tops with a coating of milk and sugar.—M. B. I.

PLANNING THE SCHOOL LUNCH.

Mothers are daily faced with the problem of preparing school lunches. It is hard to prevent the sameness from creeping into the menu and besides, many foods which children enjoy cannot be carried in a lunch basket. The metal container with ventilation holes is best for carrying to school because it can be scalded daily. Paraffin paper should be used for wrapping moist foods, as cake and sandwiches.

These suggestions help to make appetizing lunches for school kiddies. Sandwiches with sliced meat filling, baked apple, cookies, or a few pieces of candy. A crisp roll hollowed out and filled with chopped meat or salmon, an orange, cookies, and a few dates. Hard-boiled and deviled eggs, with brown bread and jam, apple sauce and a piece of cake. Nut or cheese sandwiches with a piece of maple sugar, and fruit. Baked bean sandwiches, sweet pickle, handful of raisins, and cookies. All these combinations are tasty and helpful, especially if a small thermos bottle with milk is provided with each lunch.

THAT HORRID STAIN.

Every housewife at times has trying experiences with stains, but there are some common agents by which stains and discolorations can be removed, proved by home economics experts. Colored candle wax dropped on table linen can be eradicated by applying a hot iron and two pieces of blotting paper which absorb the wax. Then the color is removed by soaking material in denatured alcohol for a few minutes.

Fruit, tea, coffee and chocolate discolorations are removed by holding the cloth taut over a bowl and pouring boiling water over the stain. A paste of borax and cold water, with much rinsing, takes out chocolate easily and usually grease spots yield to soap and hot water treatment. Iron rust comes out by applying a paste of table salt and lemon juice several times, alternating with steam from the tea kettle spout. Black grease or tar stains can be removed by rubbing spots with lard, then wash in hot suds.

Javelle water is a good commercial bleach, but it can't be used on colored materials as it destroys color. Use only on cotton and linen. Make a solution of equal parts of water and the bleach, soak cloth in it a few minutes, rinse well and in the last rinsing add a few drops of clear ammonia water.

A VERY ATTRACTIVE COSTUME FOR MASQUERADE, FANCY DRESS AFFAIRS, ETC.

4524

4524. This could be developed as "Mother Witch," "Mother Goose" or similar characters. It is also desirable as a Colonial Costume. Crepe paper would be the most inexpensive material; crepe in silk or cotton, cretonne or chintz and sateen, brocade and plain material, all are desirable combinations. The sleeve may be short and finished with a deep ruffle of lace or contrasting material; or they may be in peasant style, with gathers and heading at the wrist. The Hat may be in contrast to the costume or of self material.

This Pattern is cut in four Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires [illegible] yards 36 inches wide. For drapery and fichu of contrasting material 4½ yards 36 inches wide is required. Hat alone requires ⅝ yard. Without long sleeves ⅝ yard less is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

10 Marvellous Book Bargains

Tracy's History of Canada: Champlain to Laurier, full of plates, 3 volumes ($5.00), the set $2.25. **Who's Who and Why in Canada,** record of 3,500 Canadian Men and Women, hundreds of portraits, 1568 pages ($10), $2.25. **History of Canadian Rebellion,** 1837-39 and Life of Wm. Lyon Mackenzie, by Lindsey, 510 pages ($5.00), $2.25. **Sir Wilfrid Laurier,** by Peter McArthur, life, anecdotes and complete political career ($1.00), 35c. **Life of the Immortal Napoleon** by His Secretary, Baron de Meneval, illustrated, 3 vols. ($4.50), $2.25. **Morgan's Freemasonry Exposed,** origin, history, key, etc., paper cover, 50c. **Scottish Kirk and its Worthies,** complete history by Dickson, colored plates ($3.00), $1.50. **Shakespeare,** as Poet, Dramatist and Man, by Mable, 400 pages, 100 pictures ($3.00), $1.25. **Complete Family Doctor and Book of Health,** by the famous Dr. McCormick, colored and other plates (including herbs) 900 big pages ($6.50), $2.50. **Bible Stories for 52 Sundays,** symbols, pictures and stories, 370 pages ($3.00) $1.25.

Above are all popular books and well bound. We give regular prices in brackets, and our Bargain Prices; and remember we pay delivery charges.

ALBERT BRITNALL,
815 YONGE ST. - TORONTO, ONT.

ISSUE No. 49—'24.

Make Effort to Learn Flight Line of Geese.

An interesting experiment with wild Canada geese is being carried out at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, by officers of the Poultry Division of the Department of Agriculture and of the Canadian National Parks Branch of the Department of the Interior. This experiment is carried on to secure valuable information concerning the habits of these birds and it is hoped that it will result in having large flocks of these geese rest on Dow's lake, an expansion of the Rideau canal near the Farm during their migrations north and south next year.

"Jack" Miner, the well known and original investigator of wild goose life, is assisting the Government officials in the experiment. Four wild Canada geese caught on his sanctuary at Kingsville, Ontario, early in May, were wing-clipped and sent to the Central Experimental Farm, and these, together with five goslings raised this year by four captive Canada geese at the Farm, are being used in the experiment. Each of the geese caught by Mr. Miner wears one of his bands. These bands bear a scriptural text and his address, the inscription on one of these reading, "The word of the Lord endureth forever," 1 Peter, 1.25. Write Box 46, Kingsville, Ont." The other bands bear different passages and the address. The birds have also been banded with the official numbered band of the series in use by both the Canadian and United States authorities for marking wild birds.

The goslings, which are now full grown, have been placed with the Miner geese, and the flock makes repeated trips to Dow's lake. With the period for southern migration nearing those interested in the experiment are watching the birds to see whether the younger geese will follow their older companions or will remain at the Farm with their parents. It is hoped they will go south and return in the spring with more of their kind possibly to stop at Dow's lake on their northern journey.

One danger is that these birds may drop in with domestic ducks and geese unsuspecting any danger. If wild geese bearing bands as described join any domestic flocks between Ottawa and the South Atlantic coast, or between Ottawa and the mouth of the Mississippi river (depending upon which route they follow) it is hoped that they will not be killed but allowed to resume their journey. It is desired to learn as much as possible of their travels. If, therefore, persons who hear of any of these birds, or hunters who happen to shoot one, will communicate the particulars to the Commissioner of Canadian National Parks, Ottawa, Canada, their action will be appreciated. If the bird is alive and able to travel on the band should be read carefully and the bird released.

Thoroughly Realized.

1st Mother—"I don't believe you realize what a great thing education is!"

2nd Mother—"Don't I though! When them six children of mine are home from school for the summer vacation you kin just bet I do!"

Hard on Dobbin.

Before our agrarian population had taken so enthusiastically to the automobile, two farmers drove into town in an old spring wagon pulled by a very bony nag. The little burg had just been incorporated, and among the evidences of this was a brand new sign at the town line: "Speed limit, 10 miles an hour." Observing this, the driver began whipping up his steed vigorously.

"What's yo' hurry?" returned his companion in mild astonishment.

"See that sign?" returned the other. "But I dunno if I can make it or not."

"The human body is the vehicle of a colossal and absorbing evolutionary experiment," said Sir Arthur Keith, the famous scientist, recently.

The Hidden Hour

BY J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND

CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd.)

As they passed through Maidstone Sir Alexander said, "I suppose that's the kinema the girl talked about at the inquest," and Ruth answered, "Yes, perhaps it is, Alec." And, later on, as they drove slowly through a village, he said, "That is Little Slapton, and I daresay that's the policeman. Policemen are so much alike in their uniform."

A grey mist seemed to come across the sunshine, and Ruth was no longer able to think of the cottage at South Barton. Her mind went back to the night when Merrington's little car had swayed and bumped over this same piece of road. She turned up the collar of her fur coat, so that most of her face was concealed. Very soon they would come to the scene of the accident. How fortunate it was that she would not be able to recognize it.

They turned off the main road, and a few minutes later Bradney slowed down the car and said, "I suppose it was about here."

Ruth turned her head and looked at the hedge. "On this side of the road?" she queried.

"Yes—on the left, Ruth—see anything?"

"Nothing Alec—but of course there would be nothing to see."

"The broken hedge."

"Oh, it all looks the same to me, Alec."

He quickened the speed of the car, and a few minutes later he stopped to ask a laborer where Dr. Trehorn lived.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was not until the front door had opened, and Ruth saw Alice, the house parlormaid, that she remembered Trehorn's servants and the important part they must have played in Trehorn's vow of secrecy. She had forgotten that either of the two women might betray her by a look of surprise or recognition—a look that would not escape the sharp eyes of her husband.

Fortunately Bradney was standing a little in front of her and to one side, and Alice saw him first, and before Alice's glance had travelled to her she, Ruth, had buried her face still deeper in the collar of her fur coat.

"We have come to ask after Mr. Merrington," said Sir Alexander, "and I should like to see Dr. Trehorn if he is at home. My name is Bradney—Sir Alexander Bradney."

"Will you please come in, sir?" said the servant, and as he walked past her Ruth turned down the collar of her coat and looked straight in the face. The servant gave a start and then smiled pleasantly, as much as to say, "Don't you worry, my lady; I'm on your side."

They were shown into the fireless drawing-room, and a flood of memories swept over Ruth. She stood by the window, for she could not face her husband just for those first few moments. But when she heard the door open she turned at once. Dr. Trehorn was not likely to betray himself. Alice would have warned him.

"We were passing here," said Bradney, "and I thought I'd just look in and inquire after Merrington."

"Oh, he's getting on very well, thanks," Trehorn replied with a smile. "Let me see; of course—I saw you—yes, of course, you gave evidence."

"I did, Dr. Trehorn, and that must be my excuse for calling upon you. I am naturally interested in Mr. Merrington. Besides, Mr. Merrington painted my wife's portrait—well, you heard about that, didn't you?"

"Yes. I'm afraid you can't see him."

"Oh, we didn't expect to see him," said Ruth. "But—oh, I do hope that this won't wreck his life, Dr. Trehorn. It is all so terrible, and he is such a great artist."

She spoke the words that she might have been expected to speak as a woman who had a kind heart and admired Merrington's talent.

"He will still be a great artist, Lady Bradney. And, though he must suffer horribly, poor chap, when he is strong enough to be told the truth, he is a brave fellow. I am sure he'll work harder than ever, and that he'll make a success of his life."

"You're right there," said Bradney. "If a man has nothing to think of but his work he's bound to get on," and then after a pause he added, "But that does not always mean happiness."

He did not look at his wife as he spoke but Ruth felt as though his eyes were upon her.

"Won't you stay and have some lunch?" queried Trehorn.

"No, thanks," Bradney replied. "We are only going to South Barton. You know it, I expect."

"Not very well, but it is the nearest seaside place to Dedbury."

"Well, you must run over and see us, Dr. Trehorn. Why not come over to-morrow?"

"I'm afraid I can't do that—but, later on, I'd like to look you up."

"My wife may be staying on," Bradney continued, "and, if so, I shall be down next week-end. Shall we say next Saturday, Ruth, if you stay on?"

"Oh, I shall stay," Ruth replied, and she felt as though she were speaking to Dr. Trehorn and not to her husband. She wanted to see Trehorn alone—find out from him exactly how matters stood.

"I'll try to come," laughed Trehorn. "Anyhow I'll let you know by next Thursday, Lady Bradney."

He accompanied them to their car, and for one moment, while Sir Alexander was a little way ahead of them, he was able to look at Ruth and smile reassuringly. His lips moved and they seemed to frame the words, "Everything's all right."

And then, as the car began to move away from the house, another car swept up the drive and passed it.

"Hallo," said Ardington as he stopped his engine. "I've just arrived at the right time."

"At the right time?" queried Trehorn.

"Yes— to catch you alone," Ardington replied.

"Any news?"

"Oh, yes—I'll come in if I may."

They entered the consulting-room, and when Trehorn had closed the door Ardington said, "So that's the lady, eh?"

"You said you had news, Ardington."

"Yes, of course. So have you."

"Well, let's have yours first."

"It can wait, Trehorn. Who were your visitors?"

"Sir Alexander Bradney and his wife."

Ardington gave a low whistle. "Sir Alexander Bradney," he echoed. "How odd!"

"Why odd?"

"Oh, I don't know, old chap. I hope you didn't give yourself away."

"I didn't. But I might have done so if one of the servants hadn't warned me."

For a few moments there was silence, and then Ardington said, "Of course, I recognized her at once—from your description. Oh, it must have been very awkward for you, Trehorn."

"It *was* awkward."

"Did you get a word with her, alone, I mean?"

"Not a chance."

"Do you think Sir Alexander suspects anything?"

"I don't know. If he does he didn't give himself away."

"Rather odd he should have come here, don't you think—almost seems, Trehorn, as if he wanted either you or his wife to betray yourselves."

Trehorn shrugged his shoulders. "They were motoring to South Barton, where Bradney has a cottage. This place is only a mile or two out of their way. And Sir Alexander was naturally interested in Merrington."

"H'm, yes—well, I don't like the look of it at all. We shall have to be very careful. Bradney is rather an exceptional man—hard-headed brute of a fellow."

"Your news?" queried Trehorn.

"Oh, *my* news?" laughed Ardington. "Nothing very pleasant, I'm afraid. Detective-Inspector Ditton is down here—staying at the inn. He arrived last night. I met him in the village this morning and recognized him at once."

Ruth Bradney was glad to be out of London, glad to be in the quietude of an almost empty seaside village, glad, above all, to be away from her husband.

It had been rather a jolly week-end, on the whole. The sun had shone all through Saturday and Sunday, and though a cold wind had blown from the sea, it seemed to have brought life and vigor with it. Ruth and her husband had taken enough exercise to give them that pleasant, tired feeling which is almost a rest to the brain. They had not used the car at all. They had gone for long walks inland, and over the sands when the tide was low. They had been hungry enough to eat the very plain fare that had been set before them. In the evenings they had played piquet, and Ruth had won 15s. She had been childishly pleased at the victory over her husband. It was almost like the old days when he had been so much in love with her, and she, not loving him at all, had tried so hard to please him.

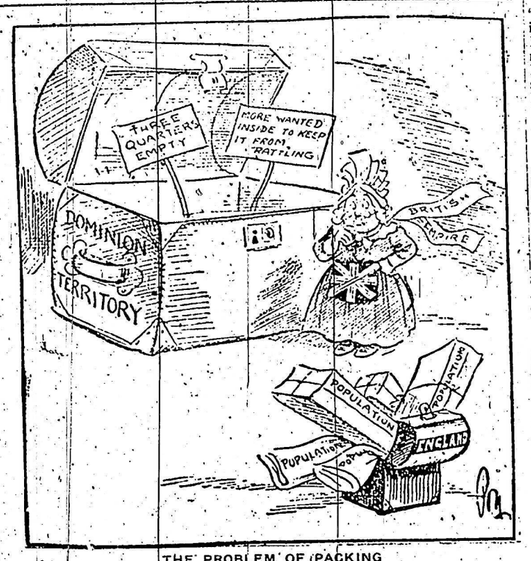
He had motored up to London on the Sunday evening, and she had already spent two days alone. The fine weather had held, and she had been able to spend most of the time out of doors. In the evenings she had read a novel or had sat before the fire, occupied with her thoughts. That visit to Dr. Trehorn's house had given her much to think about. Her husband had scarcely referred to it after their arrival at the cottage, but it had rarely been out of her mind since she had been alone.

And now, on Wednesday morning, she opened a letter from Trehorn.

"Dear Lady Bradney," he wrote, "I think that perhaps I shall be coming down to your part of the world on Friday. I have to see a man at Romney and I shall lunch with him. Might I look you both up about tea-time—say four o'clock? Your husband was kind enough to suggest next Saturday, but I find I cannot get away.—Yours sincerely.

"Frank Trehorn."

(To be continued.)



THE PROBLEM OF PACKING

Surely there is some better method than this!

(The question of emigration as a means of relieving congestion in the British Isles and peopling the empty spaces of the overseas Dominions must soon be solved).—From the London Evening News.

The Power of Light.

It has been pointed out that not only the direction and intensity of light but its color must be considered in estimating its power to reveal fine details. Experiment shows that most persons are shortsighted for blue and violet light. When patterns are illuminated alternately with red, green and blue light it is found that for ease of seeing minute details blue and green light are preferable to red for short distances but that at greater distances red light gives the best results.

Such a Disappointment.

Little Irene marched into the room breathless. "O mother," she said, "don't scold me for being late to supper, because I've had a disappointment. A horse fell down and they said they were going to send for a horse doctor, so I waited, and what do you think? It wasn't a horse doctor after all. It was only a man."

The first fire insurance company of importance in the United States was founded in 1752.

London's Ancient Stalls Vanishing.

The ancient stall-holders of London are fast disappearing. One by one flower girls (a woman of any age up to four score who sells flowers is a girl) and various street vendors who have held advantageous places for a longer time than any one remembers die and and no successors are named. There is not room for them in the bustle and hurry of present-day London life.

But London is the loser by the passing of these picturesque characters. Mother Kitchen and Mother Bury, the old Milkmaids of the Mall, have vanished, and "Fanny," a flower girl who sold fragrant blooms for more than a generation under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral, was borne to her long rest not long since, after services in Dr. Samuel Johnson's old parish church in the Strand.

A tiny apple stall beside the turreted gateway of Lincoln's Inn, the haunt of barristers in Chancery Lane, is the latest to disappear. The Inn has just celebrated the 500th anniversary of its foundation and the apple stall may well have been as venerable an institution in point of time. Old Mrs. Wise, who kept it, as her mother and grandmother before her did, has died and she left no descendant to come forward and claim a privilege granted by the benchers of the Inn for some reason long ago forgotten. Her mother was there in Dickens' time assisting her mother.

Dickens was a frequenter of this quarter of London and gave the narrow, dingy alley of Chichester Rents as well as other streets and alleys leading out of Fleet Street and the Strand, close by, such interesting associations that every week scores of pilgrims pass in and out searching for the originals of places made immortal by the novelist in his works.

Water Gypsy.

Gypsies who love the water love the way
Of ships along a rugged coast at dawn,
Always they want a spar to lean upon,
And freighters steaming down as salty bay.

Gypsies who love the sound that water makes
In coves at nightfall always want to hear
The run of windy waves along a pier,
The sound of foaming water when it breaks.

Gypsies there are who love the way of hills,
Roads that go eastward underneath the moon,
Valleys of daisies and new daffodils,
Roads that go westward in the haze of noon.

But they who love the water always see
Through rifts of moonlight vessels on a quay.

—Harold Vinal.

The Talking Ray.

At the annual assembly of the British Association, a demonstration was given in connection with the talking ray of the wonderful photophone.

The greatest advantage of this apparatus is its secrecy: only persons to whom the ray is directed can receive the message.

A ray of light is reflected from an electric lamp, and the vibrations of the human voice cause the light ray to tremble and oscillate slightly. These tremblings are picked up at the receiving end of the photophone by selenium cells, and translated back again, through a telephone receiver, into intelligible sounds.

Unfortunately, the range of the light-phone is limited by the curvature of the earth, as the source of light must be in a direct line with the person receiving.

Leaves.

Peace to those little broken leaves,
That strew our common ground;
That chase their tails like silly dogs,
As they go round and round.

For though in winter boughs are bare,
Let us not once forget
Their summer glory, when these leaves
Caught the great Sun in their strong net;

And made him, in the lower air,
Tremble no bigger than a star!

—W. H. Davies.

Hawaii has the largest extinct and largest continuously active volcanoes in the world.

After Every Meal

A universal custom that benefits everybody.

Aids digestion, cleanses the teeth, soothes the throat.

WRIGLEY'S

a good thing to remember

Sealed in its Pure Package

WRIGLEY'S PEPSIN

THE FLAVOR LASTS

Music Belongs to Everybody.

When you speak of music or of taking music lessons, what generally comes to your mind? Of course the forms and kinds of music and musical instruments that you are accustomed to hear are those. We think of pieces, songs, pianos, organs, violins, and the other instruments of our orchestras and bands, and we also think of the music that we often hear that is made by machines and records.

But just think of all the many parts of the world where people love music on their own instruments, which are not all like our own. Think of countries where they have never seen pianos, for instance, and yet the people in those countries have had music for hundreds and hundreds of years. Everywhere people have tried to invent instruments that would make music and rhythm from the earliest antiquity to the present time. The American Indian had a great deal to do with music, and he made flutes of bone and reed and many varieties of queer drums and rattles from gourds, something like pumpkins and dried [illegible] at least.

The Chinese made lots of their instruments of metal and wood and stones. The Turks and Persians and all the Eastern countries have their own musical instruments. Even the South Sea Islanders have instruments of music. It is of course we would probably dislike the sound that they call music, because we are accustomed to more perfect instruments and our music is more highly developed since music began. We call it music, but we could not understand at all, and they would call it noise, we feel, which is just exactly what we call their music.

Pleasant.

Here is a little piece of lead
That I've flung every inch by Lord,
While I worked, haggled, sweat, and prayed,
And one I get the mortgage paid.
There'll have to be call nothing, sir!
To prove to you that I should stir
One inch from my two acre farm
To fight or drive for Young Hare Nor
Finders, keepers, and I've found
Some [illegible] things in this [illegible]
[illegible]
Sullen, [illegible] possessions
Aliscrpt [illegible] my own distress.
Conscr[illegible] that won't bade
So long as I'm left free to dream
On my [illegible] cheap and to spend
On my [illegible] thanks while working it.

—Robert Louis Barrett.

China, Perhaps.

Dealer—Don't you want some nice fresh eggs? They're just from the country.

Customer—What country?

Surnames and Their Origin

FERGUSON

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

The family names Ferguson and Farquhar sound very little alike. Yet they are virtually the same name, originating as given names in ancient Ireland, being brought to Scotland as such, and there, under both English and medieval clerical Latin influences, developing respectively into the forgoing forms of family names.

The name of Fergus figures prominently in the Gaelic myths, legends and history of the pre-Christian era. But the spelling Fearghus is a closer approximation as it was spelled with the old Irish alphabet.

About the period 200 A.D., before Ireland became Christianized, there was a great exodus of expeditions of conquest and colonization from the north of Ireland to Scotland. The Irish clans which settled in Scotland, or Alba, as they called it then, were the progenitors of the present Gaelic portion of the Scottish race, for the most part Highlanders.

This name, which was compounded of two Gaelic words, with a meaning of "manly deed," developed in Scotland into the form Fearchar in many instances, from which the Latinized version Farquharius was taken, later being shortened into Farquhar.

The addition of the Anglo-Saxon ending "son" to the Celtic name Fergus (a much more common mixture of tongues in Scotland than in Ireland), of course produced the family name of Ferguson.

ARMSTRONG

Variation—Armstrang.
Racial Origin—English.
Source—A nickname.

The family name of Armstrong [illegible] spread as a result of having been [illegible] in the ranks of the Scottish [illegible] that it is by [illegible] only Scots and [illegible] the Gaelic tongue.

The name appears to have [illegible] independently in many [illegible] being a nickname [illegible] type [illegible] a nickname were [illegible] medieval England [illegible] of course, [illegible] "strong arm." One variation of it which virtually has become [illegible] is very rare [illegible] United States is "Strong Arm."

There is no doubt that in the [illegible] of a number of families the name [illegible] the Anglicized equivalent of the German-French "Brazdefer" or "Brazdefer" ("arm of iron"), adopted at a period when the Anglo-Saxon influence asserted itself throughout England.

There is a legend that the name of the founder of the Armstrong border clan was changed Fairbairn, but that a Scottish king conferred the former name on him for his feat in aiding the monarch to mount his horse, burdened with heavy armor as he was, when his former steed had been killed under him in battle, a legend borne out by the crest, which shows an armored arm with the hand grasping an armored leg, evidently meant to illustrate the act mentioned.