

Determining Our Place-Names

Before the creation of the Geographic Board of Canada in 1897, no central authority existed over the place-names of the Dominion. Every explorer and map-maker adopted such names as, spellings as appealed to him, and often travellers caused endless confusion by changing all previous names in the accounts of their travels. Foreign explorers, also, visiting unknown parts of the Dominion would bestow names more or less undervalued by Canadians. One map applied the name "Grand" or "Elk" perhaps to the river styled "Ottawa" or "Athabaska" on another. Uniformity of nomenclature was one reason for the creation of the Board.

A second reason was to avoid the confusing duplication of names especially within the same province. In the days when the Indian, who did not go far afield, roamed the woods and plains, "Front Lake" or two streams "Red River," little confusion was likely, but it is different in these days of wider travel. Moreover, few people reflect on the inconvenience occasioned by repetition, even to the twentieth or thirtieth time, of such names as Deer, Eagle, Fish, Maple, Red, White, etc.

A third reason was that the geographic nomenclature of Canada should not be left in the hands of a foreign body, as for example a board in another country deciding through its publications by what names rivers and mountains of Canada should be known.

The Geographic Board was informed to regulate the publications of the Dominion Government only, but it was soon recognized that the provinces had a right to be consulted respecting names within their own limits. Ac-

ordingly in 1899 provision was made for the appointment of representatives of the several provinces, which at the same time bound themselves to abide by the board's decisions.

The function of the board is not the naming of features, but the regulation of those sought to be bestowed by others. At the same time, it has striven to see that Canada's history is incorporated in her place-names, as has been done, for instance, in the case of the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence, which bear the names of many gunboats which sailed these waters in the war of 1812-14 and in that of the mountain peaks of the Rockies, which have been given the names of eminent Canadian fighting men and of battles in which Canadians fought in the World War. Information about names is very easily lost if not noted. For instance, the town of Weyburn, Saskatchewan, was named by the late Sir William Whyte of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1891 or 1892, but the meaning of the name is unknown.

The rules of the board include the following three which will give an idea of its workings: (1) Whenever possible the local name to be given preference. (2) When the priority of a name has been established by publication particularly in an authoritative work, that name if possible to be retained. (3) A name which has been corrupted or changed if not too firmly established, to be restored to its original form.

During the twenty-five years of its existence considerable information has been recorded by the board relative to geographic names. A start has been made with the publication of this in the shape of pamphlets giving the meaning of Canadian city names and a certain number of place-names in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Glass Houses.

When last I went a-walking I came on Glasshouse Street. And there stood rows of houses all built of glass so neat; Though every door was open I fancied number nine. This one, thinks I, was builded for your delight and mine.

The walls were made of Waterford, sharp diamond-cut they were; 'Twas floor'd with yellow Corkglas, a spiral was the stair; The hall was all of Bristol; the doors were bottle-green. With architraves of crystal—the prettiest ever seen.

Each canopy and curtain in fairy glass was spun; And many-hued Venetians were drawn agin' the sun; The pillars they were silvered; or moulded glass the beams; The house was blown of bubble, my dear a house of dreams.

Hearing Singers.

It is often of the greatest use to read books and magazine articles on singing, but let us bear in mind that it is of no use to read without discrimination. The same truth applies to the hearing of singers. Do not conclude after listening to a prima donna, whose lower jaw wobbles when she sings, that the reason she sings well is because her jaw wobbles and that you must make your jaw do as hers does in order to make good tones. If you hear a singer who holds high notes until you forget which ballad he was singing, do not straightway go home with the notion that you have found in this cheap method of gaining applause the true key to interpretation.

There was once a young man who had a very round, full voice. He had all the mind and technic necessary to please unthinking folk, but he was not satisfied. He realized that many other singers had some several of these and so after watching several of these and noting an occasional toss of the head and gesture of the eye he decided to incorporate these tactics into his method. But also, it was invariably the unexpressed syllable or unimportant word on which he elected to brandish or oggle, and so the last state of the singer was worse than the first.

An opinionated young soprano once fell into the hands of a new teacher. After she had perpetrated several of the "best sellers" in the operatic repertoire of all divas she gave the teacher an opportunity to speak, and he criticized her tone, whereupon she retorted, "Well, my tones are good, and I know they are, because I went and heard Melba sing all those songs, and I made my tones just the way she did."

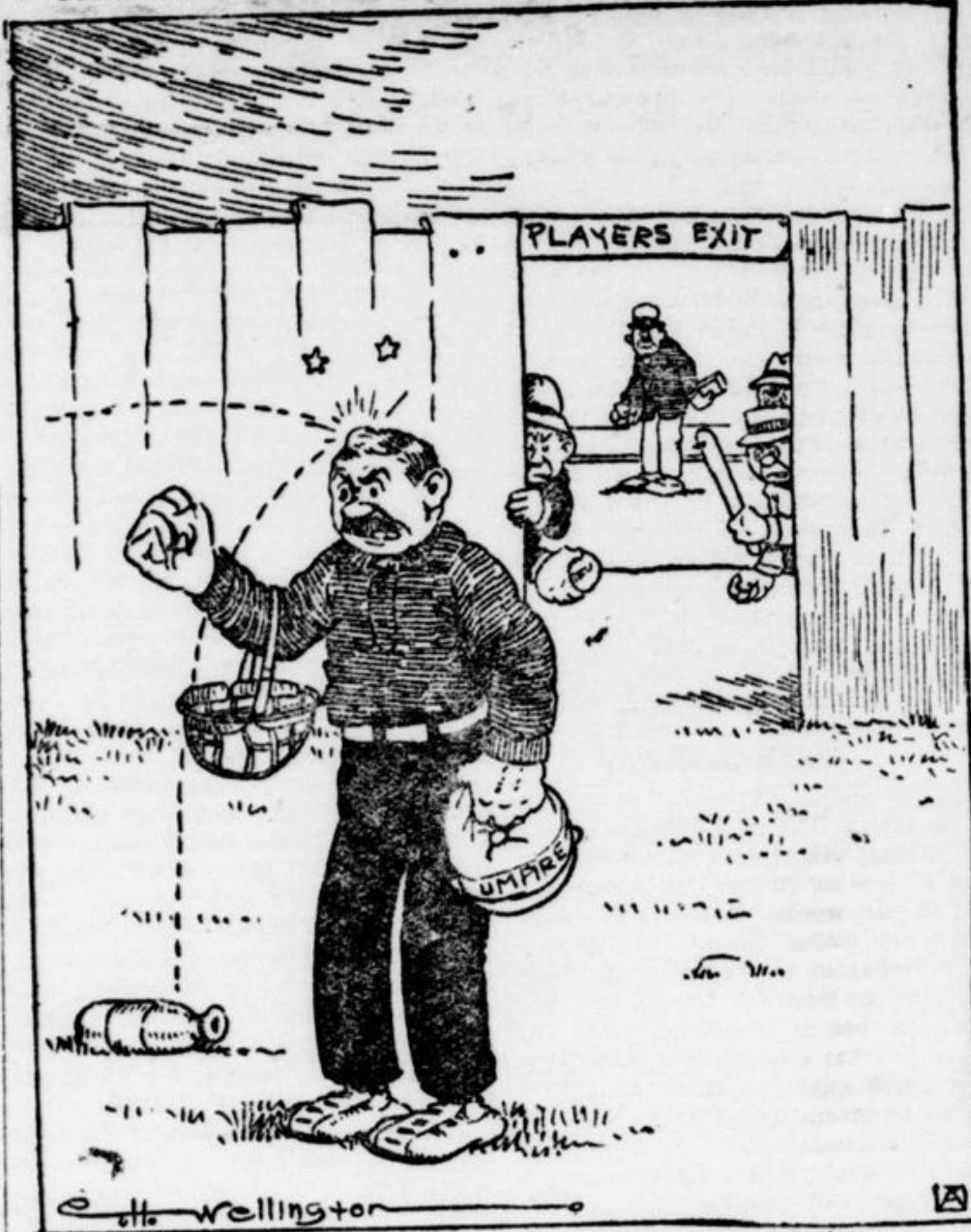
Keeps Plants Moist.

A double walled jardiniere to keep growing plants moist by capillary action through small siphons has been invented in France.



Only Shifted Her Ground
"Well, what difference has the coming into great wealth made in Mrs. Gabb?"
"Very little—gossips on the front porch now instead of over the back fence."

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



Petaun Cultivating Roses.

"Marshal Petaun, rose farmer," reads the latest citation of France's illustrious figure, who has just received a gold medal from a French agricultural society for cultivating a new species of rose.

Visitors to the little farm on the French Riviera, who expected to find the military leader directing a squad of trained gardeners, were surprised to learn that Marshal Petaun himself does all the work. Early in the morning till late evening—whenever he is not assigned to military inspections of garrisons in the South of France—he labors in his shirt sleeves, a broad-rimmed Panama supplanting his army cap.

When he bought the property just after the war it was tangled with

weeds and vines and several olive trees had been allowed to spread wildly. But the Marshal soon restored order and began cultivating roses on a large scale. Now he is engaged in grafting and is said to have developed one variety of blue rose which, unlike others, may be kept flowering for weeks with a small quantity of water daily.

The products of his gardens are being eagerly sought by Riviera perfume makers, who are proposing to organize a stock company to market Petaun brands, in competition with the classic names adopted by Senator Coty.

The British Navy possesses 18 battleships, 4 battle cruisers, 2 cruisers, 48 light cruisers, 186 torpedo-boat destroyers, and 66 submarines.

Something Kept Me.

A business man said recently in an informal talk to his Bible class of young men: "My stepfather was unkind to me, and I left home for good when I was only eleven years old. My mother was a good woman—I loved her, and she loved me—but she knew little of the world and could not advise me as an experienced father might have done.

"For the next six years I mingled with all classes of people except good people and had every opportunity to become a tough and criminal. I wasn't a model boy by any means, but I never lost my footing. How I kept it I don't know. As I look back at those days I can't remember that I had the instinctive shrinking from wrongdoing that is the safeguard of some sensitive natures. The things I saw and heard didn't disgust me.

"When I was about seventeen years old a lad from the country came to work in the factory where I was employed, and he and I became intimate. John Wilson—that was his name—told me a good deal about his home, which had been a far different home from mine. John had had his share of temptations, but he said frankly that he believed his mother's prayers had helped her whether his mother had ever prayed for me. If she had prayed for me, she had done it in secret.

"One evening I went with John to a religious meeting in a little Methodist chapel in the suburbs. Some of the earnest prayers I heard that night amazed me. What most impressed me were the petitions for all who were tempted, helpless, destitute, distressed, lonely or friendless. That seemed odd to me. I had always thought of prayer—when I had thought of it at all—as asking God for something we wanted for ourselves. I had never thought that Christians the world over prayed for people who they didn't know but who needed God's protection and help. And during those years of hardship and temptation such prayers had been going up to God for me!

Something had kept me all through those perilous days! Something was keeping me now and would keep me to the end! God's people had called God's attention to me, and He had been watching over me.

"I think I learned the secret of prayer that night. Praying for people I don't know has a meaning for me. It isn't a formula; some one needs it. Who can say where I should be to-day but for the prayers of strangers?"

Postponing Old Age.

Old age is as inevitable as death and taxes. But the term "old age" is elastic; some persons are old at fifty years; some are young at eighty. A witty Frenchman said once that a man is as old as his arteries, which is partly true, since the condition of the arteries is a pretty fair indication of the state of the other tissues and organs.

Many physicians believe that the degenerative changes that are characteristic of old age begin in the arteries and appear later in other tissues as a consequence of the diminished supply of blood and of impure blood. One theory is that the arterial thickening and hardening invariably found in the aged (the aged as measured by diminished function and not by years) are owing to auto-intoxication acting through many years; the poisons in the blood cause degenerative changes in the walls of the arteries. Another theory is that senility depends on changes in the cells and tissues caused by a principle in them that leads in early life to growth and in later life to decay. But whatever the theories, and there are many of them, they all lead to the same conclusion; depending on the case of one person on an inherited constitution and in the case of another on the mode of life he has followed, the period at which old age begins varies within wide limits, and, barring an inexorable inheritance, the individual can do much to postpone it. Unfortunately, the time to begin is early adult life, just when old age seems so remote as to be negligible.

The secret of postponing old age lies in observing temperance in the broad sense of the word—moderation in everything; in eating, in coffee drinking and tea drinking, in sleeping, in exercising, in working and indeed in every phase of human existence. Athletes are not long-lived; neither are those who are too strenuous in business, nor those who worry. The reason that they are likely to be heavy eaters or to have defective nutritive organs. Breathing fresh air day and night and walking moderately without missing a day are essential to long life, as they are essential to health.

Music is Human Activity.

The accomplishment of yesterday is going to be one of the most valuable educational factors of to-morrow. Great progress has already been made but there is much laid yet to be possessed.

We hear much talk at prize distributions, public dinners, and the like—of the humanizing influence of music—but one often wonders whether those who use this expression really know what they mean. What is very clear is that the humanizing influence of music is to be found in a different way from that of which these worthy speakers dream. Music is a human activity and it is not to be approached in a spirit of mental idleness as a soporific; it is not a species of vapor bath in which our senses may wallow, but it is an art to be understood and appreciated by the alert use of our mind and the exercise of our intelligence. Let us see to it that the foundations of this true appreciation are laid securely at the time of all others when mind and heart are responsible to pure and healthy impressions—namely in childhood.

Thus and only thus shall we be enabled to create a more serious regard for the art of music as a force in our national life, worthy of the exercise of the best of our mental powers, and also as a means by which those powers may in turn be developed, strengthened, and enriched.

Just Be the Best.

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,
Be a shrub in the valley—but be
The best little shrub at the side of the
rill;
Be a bush if you can't be a tree,
If you can't be a bush, be a bit of the
grass,
Some highway to happier make;
If you can't be a muskie, then just be
a bass—
But the liveliest bass in the lake!

We can't all be captains, we've got to
be crew.
There's something for all of us here;
There's big work to do and there's
lesser to do,
And the task we must do is the near.
If you can't be a highway, then just
ring the bell;
If you can't be a sun, be a star.
It isn't by size that you win or you
fall—
Be the best of whatever you are.



Just the Man
Fair Stenog (in newspaper office—
"I believe my heart is weak—always
have cold hands and feet. Whom
should I consult?"
Editor—"The circulation manager, I
guess."

DO ANIMALS SUFFER PAIN AS HUMANS DO?

By Dr. A. S. Alexander, Veterinary Surgeon.

Some people who regard animals as merely "dumb brutes" also assume that they are incapable of severely suffering pain.

A woman recently gave expression to that heresy in the press. She argued that animals "do not suffer much pain when injured either accidentally or by the hand of man," and would, I assume, be willing to have the rising generation taught that shameful doctrine.

One would expect one of the gentler sex to see, believe, know, and feel that animals suffer terribly from pain as do humans. Not all do so, however. Indeed, cruelty to animals is so prevalent that we may well say, with apologies to Bobbie Burns, "Man's inhumanity to beasts makes countless creatures mourn!"

Years ago a St. Bernard dog was brought to my veterinary hospital suffering terribly from inflammatory rheumatism. Anodynes quickly relieved the pain, and appropriate treatment afterward banished the disease. One morning several months later we were awakened at four o'clock by the mournful howling of a dog that now and then stopped to scratch at the back door of the house. On going down I found the St. Bernard again afflicted with the inflammatory trouble. He had returned seven miles to the place where previously he had found relief, and with appealing eyes and tortured cries tried, as best he could, to say:

"Here I am again, Doctor! The pain's as bad as ever, or pity's sake, hurry up and give me another dose of that helpful dope!"

Another time when going to visit a patient, a Great Dane came hopping towards us holding up one foot, and whimpering in distress. He stopped at once when I called, "What's the matter, old fellow?" and let me look at his foot. The cause of his suffering was apparent. A big pin was buried to the head in his paw. Seizing it with forceps I plucked it out—then you should have seen that dog! Away he went with a "Wouff! Wouff!" of joy, running in a wide circle, returning to my feet, wouffing again with happiness, until he had made three trips expressive of thankfulness, and then went on his way rejoicing.

Pain has been defined as undue pressure upon sensory nerves. Animals possess these nerves just as do people, and also the cerebral centres to which they transmit their messages of misery. Some animals, however, are less "high strung" in nervous sensibility than others. The horse, for example, suffers more acutely than the cow or sheep, and gives plain expression to pain than do the ruminants. Yet I have seen pain quite plainly evinced by many a supposedly stupid, senseless cow. To the trained and appreciative observer symptoms of pain are as noticeably expressed by other "dumb" animals.

But are animals dumb? They may

seem so, no doubt, to those who, "having eyes, see not," who, "having ears, hear not," and the chords of whose hearts refuse to vibrate in sympathy when an animal is evidently suffering pain.

People often are so thoroughly occupied with their own miseries—many of them imaginary—that they fail to note the sufferings of their "dumb servants."

Come with me all ye who believe that animals do not acutely suffer pain! Note the actions of the work horse in this box stall thrown open by a groom. The poor beast stands there steaming with sweat, holding one foot off the ground, breathing fast through reddened nostrils and manifesting terrible suffering by his haggard face. His pulse, we find, is running like a trip-hammer, and the thermometer registers three degrees of fever.

How long has he been acting in this way? I ask.

The attendant answers, "A little more than two days, Doc."

Two long days of torture, which could have been quickly alleviated by treatment. But the owner of this poor suffering creature, like thousands of others, has not read the symptoms aright, has made only crude attempts to lessen the lameness, and no doubt looked to nature to repair the damage.

Examination discloses that pus from a corn in the heel of the hoof has all the time been burrowing upward under the wall, and seeking vent at the juncture of the horn and flesh. The resultant pain is excruciating. Instantly I administer a hypodermic

dose of morphine, and in a few minutes the sweating and rapid breathing cease, the horse gives a deep sigh of relief, and the foot comes to rest on the ground. Then, when the pus has been liberated, the hungry "patient" thankfully starts eating feed.

What plainer evidence of pain and suffering could there have been than that shown by this afflicted horse? And was not blessed relief as plainly manifested when the narcotic was administered. To me the evidence was conclusive, as I am certain it would have been to every sympathetic reader, and I thank God for the means He has given me of assuaging pain.

Are hogs dumb on killing day? Do the cries that come from the slaughter pens denote pleasure or pain? Do they not loudly proclaim the cruelty of a man who has neglected humanity to stun or shoot the poor beasts that are being branded? Are those cringing, sweating hogs, supposedly balking on a steep hill, up which he has failed to pull a heavy load, suffering from the rain of angry blows showered upon him by his brutal boss? Assuredly he does, and all because his ignorant driver does not know enough to grease the dry, heated axles of the wagon wheels.

Note how that work horse struts out one aching foot as he stands "resting" at the curb. Watch how that other suffering horse constantly shifts weight from one foot to another. Perhaps a corn is hurting; a nail has been driven too close; the

REG'AR FELLERS



HEY POP, WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER BE—THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OR A REAL COP WITH A CLUB AN A BADGE AN EVERYTHING?

Gene B. FRANKS

I AM—

The outstanding quality of a strong, virile personality.

Never associated with a weak, negative mind, but with a person who lacks backbone, but has no iron in his blood. That force which puts an end to argument, an end to wavering, an end to doubt and uncertainty. When I take hold there is nothing to do but carry out my dictum.

So constructed that I go only in one direction—always forward, never backward. When I cast the die it is cast for good. I silence all suggestions of reconsideration, all temptations to go backward.

That power which nerves people to undertake the things they are ambitious to do; I buttress their ability, enlarge their initiative, strengthen their determination, and make them adamant against all temptations to turn aside from their purpose.

That which makes people self-reliant, independent, and bids them not to look for outside help; but to find their resources where all strong characters find them—within themselves.

The pointer and director of all of the mental faculties. Just as a chest of tools without a trade is of very little practical use to a man without the carpenter's purpose or aim, so a headful of faculties to a man without me is a chest of tools of comparatively little value.

The leading factor in all victories. Coupled with sublime audacity, I have won many a doubtful battle against great odds, and have carried many a successful man over perilous crises, where hesitation or long deliberation would have been ruin.

Never mulish or obstinate, but always firm, positive, because I think before acting. I know what I want and am never on the fence. I do not waste time shilly-shallying, seeking advice, balancing options, or splitting hairs. I plan my course of action, and then pursue it without hesitation or wavering.

A dynamic power. The man who is not polarized by me is like driftwood on the surface of a river, whirled about by every little eddy, blocked by every tiny obstruction. He is always at the mercy of the stronger current of other people's opinions, beliefs, and influence. He belongs for the time to whoever talks with him; he is the echo of the man who had the last word with him. He is never captain of his soul, never owns himself, because he is continually swayed by outside influences.

That which stiffens a man's backbone and makes him a force wherever he goes. No one can be a leader without me, for I am one of the most important elements of leadership. I never hesitate in an emergency; am never rattled in a crisis, but seize instantly what seems to be the wisest course, and sacrifice all others; put out of consideration everything else which would conflict with it.

An irresistible force. The steel tools driven by the great cranes in our shipbuilding yards, go through solid steel plates with as much ease, seemingly, as the fingers of a cook go through yielding dough, because of the huge balance wheels whose mighty momentum, without jarring or straining, overcomes all obstacles. I am the balance wheel of life, that which gives momentum to a man's energy and carries him past all obstacles to his goal.

I AM—DECISION.

The Printer's Devil.

A printer's devil was the name formerly given to the boy who took the printed sheets from the tympan of the press. They got themselves so bedaubed with black that the workmen jokingly called them devils.

Printing used to be called the Black Art, and the boys who assisted the pressmen were called imps.

According to a legend, Aldus Manutius, a printer of Venice, had a little Negro boy, who was left behind by a merchant vessel, to assist him in his business.

It soon got about that Aldus had a black imp to assist him, and to dispel the rumor he showed the boy to the assembled crowd, and said, "He it is known in Venice that I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the Holy Church and the doges, have this day made a public exposure of 'the printer's devil.' All who think he is not flesh and blood may come and pinch him.

The people were satisfied, and no longer molested the Negro lad.

Their Secret.

A minister of a rural parish, motoring home one day after a round of visits, overtook a girl plodding along a country road, carrying a heavy basket of provisions.

Recognizing her as a servant employed by a farmer living near his parsonage, he pulled up and offered her a lift. When he came to the lane leading to the farm, he stopped to let her get down, and she said: "Oh, thank you, sir."

"Don't mention it," replied the minister.

The girl blushed prettily, hung her head, then looked up archly. "All right," she said; "mum's the word."

Spraying Outfit.

A spraying outfit has been invented for cleaning automobile engines with a mixture of air, oil and water under pressure.