STORIES OF WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE

Too Much for Balfour.

Mr. (now Lord) Balfour was one day strolling near his Scottish home at Whittinghamo when he was accosted by an old man hailing from a neighboring village. On being presented with a shilling, the man whispered to Mr. Balfour: "Mon, dae ye ken what I'm gaun to tell ye?" "No," replied the statesman. "Well," was the rejoinder, "its gaun tae rain seventy-twa days." Mr. Balfour, thinking to have a little fun with him, remarked: "That cannot be, for the world was entirely flooded in forty days." "But," returned the old fellow, "the world wisna sae weel drained then it is noo."

Field-Marshal's "Crimes."

Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson, in conversation recently regarding his early days in the Army—he joined up as a private when seventeen years old—he confessed that his first "crime" was letting a prisoner go, his second letting a horse go, and then at Brighton, at a Volunteer review, a man who was under his charge refreshed himself too freely and his horse ran away with him.

The Colonel then said to young Robertson: "I am getting sick of you; first you let a man go, then you let a horse go, now you let a man and horse go."

A Threat That Had Effect.

General Sir Archibald Macdonnell has found himself on occasion in as ticklish situations as that recently precipitated by his irrepressible cadets, and has emerged by dint of no less masterly generalship.

As commissioner of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police it was once his duty to try an Indian for murder. The prisoner had been haled out of the far north together with a woman, the only witness of the crime. But to the dismay of the prosecution the squaw, who had given a straight-forward account of the occurrence at two preliminary investigations, now stubbornly refused to say a word. She had told them twice, that was enough. There she stood, dirty and unkempt, and defied all the threats and coaxings of that imposing assembly.

"Look here, Teshtage," said the commissioner, not unkindly, though in desperation, "if you don't tell I'll have to send you to the big prison in Regina."

She considered it a while.

"All right. Plenty eat. Plenty warm. I no tell."

"But you know what they'll do to you there. They'll cut your hair off short like a man's."

That staggered her. They might as well scalp her and be done with it. But she answered faintly, "I no tell."

"And do you see this piece of paper? I'll write on it and tell them every Saturday to give you a bath. Scrub you all over with soap!"

"No, no," she wailed. "I tell. I tell you everything!"

Collecting Wild Flower Names.

A holiday-maker on a walking tour in England asked the country people the common names of the wild plants of the vicinity. He found that both the children and the adults were well acquainted with the wild flowers, but that the names they gave him were often different from any that he could find in books. Many of them were poetic or quaintly descriptive, and some had historical associations.

After returning home the man continued to take walking tours and to follow the practice of collecting the every day names of plants and flowers. Our Canadian wild flowers, like those of England, are conected with our national life, as is seen in the names that the common people give to the plants of our roadsides, fields and woods. The number and the significance of the names have been only partly studied, and there are probably more of them that have never been recorded than are set down in books.

In collecting the names it is not safe to accept every answer to an inquiry as being useful to your purpose, because some of the names may be only the expression of personal fancies. "I don't know just what the right name is," but I call it so-and-so." If others conversant with plants in the same neighborhood recognize the name when they hear it you can know that you have a true folk name.

In the record enter the scientific name, the popular name, the neighborhood where it bears that name and the reason why it bears it—if you can discover the reason.

Have a botanist identify your specimens if you do not know them. Communicate your discoveries from time to time to your local natural history club or to a plant journal, as a contribution to the knowledge of our national folklore.

He that listeneth for what people may say of him will never have peace.

Gambling is an express train to ruin.

There is no worse robber than a bad book.

The best throw of the dice is to throw them away.

There is no dull grind if you take pride in your grist.

If you pay nothing don't grumble about the score.

SPRING TIME IS TONIC TIME

The System Needs "Spring Cleaning," Just As The Home Does. TANLAC Has Been Called The World's Greatest Tonic By Over 100,000 Persons, Who Have Testified That Tanlac Has Helped Them Regain Their Strength and Health.

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Tanlac Has Benefited Thousands of Persons Suffering From Stomach Trouble, Indigestion, Rheumatism, Nervousness and Kindred Ailments — Tanlac Is For Sale By All Good Druggists —Accept No Substitute— Over 40 Million Bottles Sold.

LIVINGSTONE WAS NEGRO'S RESCUER

NOW A GARDENER ON KENT ESTATE

Aged African Recalls How Noted Explorer Saved Him from Slave Traders.

An aged African Negro, who as a young boy was rescued from a Portuguese slave-trading party, by David Livingstone, has been discovered in the little village of Chislehurst, in Kent. He is known as Arab Makeppo, and he is not certain of his age. He only knows that it was very many years ago and that he was a very small black boy when the party which had raided his native village, and to which he was sold by an older brother, was attacked by red-coated British soldiers attached to the Livingstone party and he and his fellow slaves, both men and women, were rescued.

The captured blacks were brought before Livingstone and the great explorer took a fancy to the small Arab Makeppo and kept him for his "boy." The English party kept most of the men of the party with them, sending the women back to their native villages and then after learning the native language sent them throughout the country to announce to the native tribes that the Englishmen were friends of the Africans and were bringing good-will with them. Thus was the way prepared for unmolested exploration in the farthest depths of the then little known continent.

Worships Memory of Explorer.

Makeppo remained in the Livingstone party as the body-servant to its leader until the great adventurer died, and was then sent to England to school. Shortly after his arrival here he was christened George Watto by the English family which engaged him as a cook. He is a devout Christian and looks forward to again joining his famous "Governor" when he dies.

He remembers well the grim procession of himself and his native relations and friends as captives of the Portuguese. He says that the men were tied two by two to wooden collars, which they wore even in their sleep; the women were chained at wrists and ankles, the girls roped like horses while the little ones, himself among them, were allowed to run free, but were kept in the centre of the party.

"We were frightened all the same," he said, "when the Redcoats began to fire on our captors."

He worships the memory of the great explorer who was his benefactor, and says that when, as a small boy, his legs would get tired, Livingstone would carry him on his back until he was rested.

Makeppo has been gardener in the same family in Kent for more than thirty years. In spite of the many years he has lived in England he wears four coats in winter weather.

Death Curse Put on Cattle by Angry Irish Fairies.

Every now and then a story of something other than mutinies and uprisings comes from that "most distressful country" of Ireland. The latest concerns the man who crossed the fairies.

In a recent prosecution before a local peace commissioner quite a lot of fairy lore came up because a certain farm building had been built on a "pass." It seems the little folk always travel in a direct line and resent any construction placed across their path. When they find themseves held up by a house or farm then woe betide the person living there.

Near the village of Maam Cross, some miles east of Clifden, a returned Irish-American not long ago bought a large farm, and as there was neither cowhouse nor stable began to erect these things, despite warnings of the neighbors. When the buildings were roofed and cattle installed therein the animals refused to eat, pined away and died. Not until three-fourths of his stock was killed (struck by "elf stones," said the peasantry), was he convinced and he removed the buildings to another place. After that his luck changed and he lost no more cattle.

PAINFUL SCIATICA AND NEURALGIA

Caused by Starved Nerves Due to Weak, Watery Blood.

People think of neuralgia as a pain in the head or face, but neuralgia may affect any nerve of the body. Different names are given to it when it affects certain nerves. Thus neuralgia of the sciatica nerve is called sciatica, but the character of the pain and the nature of the disease is the same, and the remedy to be effective, must be the same. The pain, whether it takes the form of sciatica or whether it affects the face and head, is caused by starved nerves. The blood, which normally carries nourishment to the nerves, for some reason no longer does so and the excruciating pain you feel is the cry of the starved nerves for food. The reason why the blood fails to properly nourish the nerves is usually because the blood itself is weak and thin.

When you build up the impoverished blod with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, you are attacking sciatica, neuralgia and kindred diseases at the root. As proof of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of this kind we give the statement of Mrs. Marion Bell, Port Elgin, Ont., who says:—"Some years ago I was attacked with sciatica in my leg and hip. The pain was excruciating and finally I was forced to go to bed. Apparently all the doctor could do was to give me drugs to dull the pain, as otherwise I found no relief. I had been in bed with the trouble for eight weeks when a lady who came to see me said that she had had a similar attack, and had only found relief through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I decided at once to try this medicine, and before I had taken more than three boxes I found relief. I continued the use of the pills and under the treatment the pain left me. I was able to walk again, and have not since had the least return of the trouble. I feel that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been of such great benefit to me that I strongly urge similar sufferers to give them a fair trial."

You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Guadalupe is the sole remaining home of the only remnant of a herd of elephant seals in the northern hemisphere.

Wondrous indeed is the virtue of a good book.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Surnames and Their Origin

HAYWARD

Variations — Heyward, Haward, Howard.
Racial Origin—English.
Source—An office or title.

It is a surprising thing how many family names of to-day have come down to us from words denoting occupation or titles of office which long since have become obsolete.

Few people in this country bearing the name would have any idea of what a "hayward" or a "heyward" was in England of the twelfth, thirteenth or fourteenth centuries, nor of the nature of his duties.

Even the explanation that the medival word "hay" meant "hedge," and is not our modern word "hay," would hardly serve to give you the right clue.

The "hedge warden" was not the keeper of hedges in the sense that he was a gardener. His duties consisted in service toward the villagers, the farmers of the day.

Fences and walls were little used in those days to mark the divisions of land. For this purpose hedges, either the real thing or mere indications of them, were used. Naturally, cattle had a tendency to stray from one man's land to another. It was the "hayward's" duty to prevent this. Originally his duties were limited to this. He was a servitor of the entire community rather than the employee of a single person. But in the course of time his authority and his duties were extended until he became a sort of general trespass officer, and an official of considerable importance in each village or community.

"Hayward" is not the regular source of the family name of Howard, though sometimes the latter is simply a corrupted spelling of the former.

DANIELS.

Variations—Daniel, Dann, Tancock.
Racial Origin—Anglo-Saxon.
Source—A Biblical given name.

Daniels is another of those family names which comes down to us from the days of the old Anglo-Saxons, though, like other family names, it did not become such until a period after the Anglo-Saxons and Norman-French had become fused into the English race of medieval and modern times.

The final s on Daniels indicates that it has been shortened from Danielson.

The variation Tancock is the result of a misspelling that crept into the name at some period, either before or after it became a family name, and the habit o the Anglo-Saxons of shortening names to one syllable and then adding a diminutive ending. One of these endings was "cock" or "coch," meaning "little." Tancock, then, translated literally into modern speech, means "little Dan," or, if we should use the modern diminutive, "Danny."

It is impossible to state at just what period "Daniel's son" ceased to be merely descriptive of an individual and was adopted through several generations, thus becoming a family name. A general development of custom took place along this line throughout northern Europe from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries. The frequency with which Daniel appears as a given name in the old days indicates many unrelated families adopted it simultaneously.

Former Playmate of Czar's Children Now Saleswoman.

Little colonies of Russian aristocrats, penniless refugees, are forming in Canadian cities. Honors, wealth, titles have all been swept away by eight years of revolution.

These exiles are content to begin life in a new home just as other immigrants would. Positions as domestics, as saleswomen or as ordinary laborers are accepted. As a rule, aristocratic arrivals are absolutely without friends or any one to whom they can appeal for assistance. Previous arrivals from Russia, drawn from the proletariat, are generally hostile.

If you enter a leading jewelry store in Toronto you may be waited on by a tall young woman in a blue sweater coat with wavy blond hair knotted loosely, a striking face, in which experience and youth seem curiously blended, who will try to learn your wants in broken English. She is the Baroness Luibich de Lozina-Lozinoky.

The baroness was a daughter of Baron Ivan Tehteglovitova, who was minister of justice in Russia from 1905 to 1915. To him fell the task of prosecuting and punishing offenders in the revolution of 1905. No doubt he attracted his share of fear and hate.

Immediately on the outbreak of the revolution in Russia in 1917 the baron was thrown into prison, where he remained during the regime of Kerensky. Then, in 1918, when some one shot at Lenine, in retaliation the baron and other prisoners were taken from a dungeon below the Kremlin and put to death.

How the English Make Toffee.

Mix four cups of brown sugar and half a cup of corn syrup with half a cup of water, and put on the fire, stirring carefully until all the sugar is dissolved. Let this come to a boil and then take off the fire and add four tablespoons of butter. Put the mixture back on the stove once more and boil until the butter has penetrated throughout the candy. Pour onto a greased enameled ware tray of any kind and, as the candy cools, mark it into squares. When it has hardened break these apart and wrap each piece separately in wax paper. Incidentally, you will find that the labor of "cleaning up" is a great deal less if you have used an enameled ware saucepan for the cooking, since even the stickiest mixtures do not adhere long to its porclain-like surface.

Tip from the Chaplain.

The rector of a fashionable London church was induced to preach at a well-known prison. When in the vestry he said to the prison chaplain: "Now I have come, I don't know what to say to your convicts." The chaplain replied, "Preach to them exactly as you do to your own congregation; and remember only one thing: my people have been found out and yours have not—yet."

At the Crossroads.

A recruit wearing fourteens in boots was enlisted in the Irish Free State army. One night he was included in a rounding-up party, and when the roll was called afterward he was absent.

"Has anyone seen Jewell?" asked the sergeant.

"Sir,' said a voice, "he's gone up to the cross-roads to turn round!"

Value of Insurance.

Mike and Pat are sleeping and are awakened by fire gongs. Pat shouts to Mike, "Mike, run for your life, the house is on fire and the roof is falling in!' Mike replies, "I'll not move an inch. I'll stay right where I am. Sure 'tis meself that's insured against accidents!"

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

SAVED BABY'S LIFE

Mrs. Alfred Tranchemontagne, St. Michel des Saints, Que., writes:—"Baby's Own Tablets are an excellent medicine. They saved my baby's life and I can highly recommend them to all mothers." Mrs. Tranchemontagne's experience is that of thousands of other mothers who have tested the worth of Baby's Own Tablets. The Tablets are a sure and safe medicine for little ones and never fail to regulate the bowels and stomach, thus relieving all the minor ills from which children suffer. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

She—"How dare you speak to me? You know our engagement is broken."

He—"Yes, but I thought I might flirt with you and catch you again the way I did the first time."

Send a Dominion Express Money Order. They are payable everywhere.

The Call.

Come with me where the soft winds blow,
Come out where the wild flowers grow
Among the yellow daffodils,
Come where the fairies play at dusk o' day,
When the golden sun is slipping away
Down beyond the hills.

Come with me ere the day grows late,
Come when the trush is calling his mate
In the morning hours.
Oh, come with me to the meadows wide and free,
And thy heart shall sing the bird's sweet melody.
Among the flowers.

CORNS

Lift Off—No Pain!

Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

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IS FOUR TIMES SEALED

to bring you the full richness and mellow sweetness of this—

"Tobacco of Quality"

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Garden Labels.

Most garden labels are unsatisfactory because the names become obliterated so quickly. There is a method, however, by which labels can be prepared at home so that they will remain legible for ten years or more. It is only necessary to buy a sheet of zinc and to cut it into labels of whatever size you may desire. A hole, or better still two holes, can be punched in one end for the wires, which should be of copper. Strips adready cut and punched can be bought for a few cents if the gardener desires to avoid the labor of preparing them.

Zinc labels have been marked with a prepared ink, but that is not necessary. If the labels are exposed to the elements for a few weeks until they become oxydized the writing can be done with an ordinary lead pencil. Oxydization can also be produced by immersing the labels in a bath of salt water for a few days.

Also the results by this method are generally satisfactory, still better ones can be obtained by painting the zinc with a good gray paint after they have been oxydized. The paint should be thick and can be put on with a cloth, and the writing should be done when the paint is only partly dry.

Running Wild.

"What has become of the tin locomotive and train of cars I gave you on your birthday?"

"All smashed up," replied the little boy. "We've been playing Government ownership."

The flower of a common milkweed catches and holds a cluster fly that has come in search of honey.

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

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BACKACHE!

Minard's eases the stiffness, relieves the pain.
Keep a bottle handy.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Nervous People

That haggard, care-worn, depressed look will disappear and nervous, thin people will gain in weight and strength when Bitro-Phosphate is taken for a short time. Price $1 per pkge at your druggist. Arrow Chemical Co., 25 Front St. East, Toronto, Ont.

Chiropractically Speaking.

Two colored gentlemen were arguing.

"You ain't got no sense," said one.

"No sense? Don what's dis head of mine for?"

"Head? Dat's no head, niggah. Dat's jes' a button on top of yo' body to keep yo' back-bone from unravellin'."

Eleven pounds of cork is sufficient to support a man of ordinary size in the water.

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