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Surnames and Their Origin

FREDERICK.

Variations — Fredericks, Friedrich, Friedrichs, Fredricks, Fredson, Fredsen, Frederico, Fredo.

Racial Origin—English, German, Scandinavian, Italian, Spanish.

Source—A given name.

Family names in this group are all derivatives of the given name of Frederick, or its equivalents in the various languages mentioned.

To some it may be a matter of wonder that a given name palpably of Teutonic origin should be popular enough to have developed into a family name among such races as the Italian and the Spanish. The answer lies in the fact that the so-called Latin races are considerably more Latin in language than they are in blood. While the Teutonic element may not predominate in them it is largely represented in the blood of the conquering Goths of medieval days, who swept over the ruins of the Roman Empire.

The given name of Frederick is of Teutonic origin. Its original form was "Frithuric," and it was a compound of the words "frithe," meaning "peace" or "peaceful," and "ric," meaning "king" or "ruler." It is to be noted that this word "ric" has its counterpart in the Celtic "rix" and "righ," as well as the Latin "rex."

Among these family names the forms Frederick, Fredericks, Fredricks, Fredson are English. Friedrich and Friedrichs are German. Fredsen is Scandinavian, and Fredo and Frederico are both Spanish and Italian.

LATIMER.

Variation—Lattimer, Lattiner.

Racial Origin—English.

Source—An occupation.

The populations of medieval Europe had one great advantage and convenience which has not been passed down to their posterity. They had a common language for international communication. The language of the scholar, the educated man, was the same in all countries.

To-day, it is true, most Europeans consider that they are not well educated unless they know two or three languages beside their own. But in those days it was not necessary to know more than one tongue in addition to the native one in order to converse with scholars of all lands.

This universal language, of course, was Latin, the language of the church. And at one period in medieval England, it was considered more important to know how to read and write Latin than Norman-French. Anglo-Saxon was "deader" then, so far as reading and writing went, than Latin is to-day.

The "latynere" was the man who could read, write, and speak Latin; in short, the scholar. At a somewhat later period, Sir John Maunderville wrote: "And men alleweys fynden Latyneres to go with them in the contrees and furthere beyonde in to tyme that men conne the language."

The difference between the sound of an "n" and an "m" is not great, but it is a good bit harder to say "latiner" than "latimer" in ordinary conversation. Hence the word, existing now only as the family name, has come down to us in the "corrupted" form.

The Touch That Tells.

"Tony's not a bit smart. Somehow, his clothes always look all wrong," said one girl.

"Tony's got no sister to keep him up to scratch," remarked her friend flippantly.

Men may not dress so much for women, as women undoubtedly dress for men; but it is a fact that in homes where there are sisters you find well-dressed brothers.

Of course, men won't own up to it, but you notice it in a hundred little ways. A girl's feminine eye for detail allows her to jog her brother tactfully when his socks and ties are not all they might be. She may never be allowed to purchase the sacred articles; nevertheless, he hears her half-whispered comment on so-and-so's toilet, or such a man's new suit, and ear-marks it for future reference.

One sister I know has good taste in materials, and usually has her way in the choice of her brother's new suit. And because she is his sister and takes an interest in his welfare, her bargain eye is always on the alert for a good cheap line in new soft shirts or a place where one can get reliable gloves at less than five shillings a pair. Yes, sisters can dress brothers and dress them well.

Another reason for a man's extra smartness where women abound is the fact that he dislikes showing up shabbily in their company. Modern woman is smart and well groomed; spurred on by her example, man instinctively follows suit.

But the man on his own lacks this subtle feminine aid. Mother is a dear, probably, but a little old-fashioned as regards men's dress, and inclined still to take her standard of male smartness by what father wore twenty years ago.

So there it is. The sisters of this world, and later on, of course, some other brother's sister, do more than their fair share towards seeing that men are well clothed.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Masterpieces of Fiction That Were Dictated.

The man who walks about his study or lounges in an easy chair whilst his secretary takes down a dictated novel or article for the Press is sometimes regarded as a product of these modern days of hustle.

Yet there are great precedents, for both "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" were dictated. Milton was blind and unable to transcribe his own works. His method was to compose a number of lines in his mind, and then dictate them to anyone who happened to be handy.

Wordsworth, the great interpreter of nature, used to ramble over hill and dale composing poems. When, after his death, an inquirer asked an aged villager if he knew him, the old fellow said: "Aye, sure, I've oft seen him goo bummin' past." He was referring to the poet's habit of murmuring his lines as he walked.

In this way he could compose and memorize a couple of hundred lines. When he returned home he would call his sister or his wife to his side, and dictate the whole to them whilst they wrote.

Sir Walter Scott is another example. The whole of "Ivanhoe" and "Guy Mannering" was dictated to secretaries, who took turns in striving to keep pace with him. But it was not Scott's usual habit to dictate. He was unwell at the time and unable to write.

It is certain that he Iliad of Homer, as well as most of the ballad literature of the world, were spoken or sung for years, perhaps for ages, before they were committed to writing.

The Australian women have needles made of a little bone from the leg of an emu, and they thread them with the sinews of opossums, kangaroos or emus.

Unless you make up your mind to enjoy your work, you will never like it even a little.

Dress Fads of Famous Authors.

"He had a double gold chain outside his waistcoat, and such breastpins that I thought he looked like one of our river gamblers." Such is the description of Charles Dickens, given by Prentice in an account of his tour of the Unitetd States. A tendency for overdressing was always one of Dickens's characteristics.

A photograph of Dickens, taken in 1852, shows him in a frock-coat with a broad velvet collar, a waistcoat made of some furry stuff, and trousers of a huge check. Percy Fitzgerald says the French painter's remark, that Dickens was "more like one of the old Dutch admirals we see in the picture galleries than a man of letters," conveys an admirably true idea to his friends.

"The first time I saw Archbishop Whately," said the Provost of Oriel College, Oxford, "he wore apea-green coat, white waistcoat, stone-colored shorts, flesh-colored stockings. Bishop Heber was dressed in a parsley and butter coat. Dr. Arnold in a light blue coat with metal buttons and a buff waistcoat."

Charles Lamb always dressed in black. "I take it," he said, "to be the proper costume of an author.' When this was once objected to at a wedding, he pleaded the raven's apology in the fable that "he had no other." His clothes were entirely black, and he wore long black gaiters up to the knees.

Southey wore clogs; he had a fawn-colored all-round coat and a cap with a knob to it. He never put on a swallow-tailed coat. Like Southey, Porson, the great Greek scholar, had an utter contempt for appearances. When Hazlitt met him in the library of the London Instituion, he was dressed in an old rusy black coat, with cobwebs hanging to the skirt, and with a large patch of coarse brown paper covering the whole length of his nose.

GUARD THE BABY AGAINST COLDS

To guard the baby against colds nothing can equal Baby's Own Tablets. The Tablets are a mild laxative that will keep the little one's stomach and bowels working regularly. It is a recognized fact that where the stomach and bowels are in good order that colds will not exist; that the health of the little one will be good and that he will thrive and be happy and good-natured. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Preserving Pianists' Art.

To play the player piano properly, taste, musical instinct and considerable practice are necessary. Sufficient justification for the last will be found not only in the increased power and fluency of expression that result, but also in the vast fund of knowledge that is required in the process.

Through a highly sensitive electrical device it is possible for a pianist whilst playing what appears to be an ordinary piano, to cut simultaneously an exact record of his playing upon a paper music roll. The result is an almost uncannily truthful reproduction of the pianist's performance which, after the roll is duplicated, becomes available to every owner of an instrument fitted with the mechanism.

The accuracy with which these instruments reproduce the pianist's own interpretation, the phrasing, the rhythmic peculiarities, the niceties and delicacies of shading is amazing.

It is surely no trifling contribution to culture that the all too fugitive art of the pianist may thus be preserved for the benefit of vast audiences whom he may never see, or, that the music lover of 1923 may enjoy in the seclusion of his home, the playing of the greatest contemporary artists.

Cigarette Commended.

Dr. Royal S. Copeland, formerly Health Commissioner for the city of New York, states that the cigarette is the most suitable smoke as the tobacco in that form is perfectly consumed, and as combustion is better the nicotine is practically destroyed. Although a non-smoker himself, Dr. Copeland says there can be no doubt that smokers find solace and comfort in the moderate use of tobacco.

A Cat-astrophe.

Aunty—"What became of the kitten you had when I was here before?"

Little Niece (in surprise)—"Why, don't you know?"

"I haven't heard a word. Was she poisoned?"

"No, aunt."

"Drowned?"

"Oh, no."

"Stolen?"

"No, indeed."

"Hurt in any way?"

"No."

"Well, I can't guess. What became of her?"

"She growed into a cat."

MONEY ORDERS.

The safe way to send money by mail is by Dominion Express Money Order.

A doctor observes that a generation that lives on wheels should eat more fruit and fresh vegetables than the generations that walked.

The woman whose work is never done, doesn't have the right kind of a husband. Think that over, husbands.

SYMPTOMS OF ANAEMIA

An Inherited Tendency to Anaemia May be Overcome.

Some people have a tendency to become thin-blooded just as others have an inherited tendency to rheumatism, or to nervous disorders. The condition in which the blood becomes so thin that the whole body suffers comes on so gradually and stealthily that anyone with a natural disposition in that direction should watch the symptoms carefully. Bloodlessness, or anaemia, as the medical term is, can be corrected much more easily in the earlier stages than later. It begins with a tired feeling that rest does not overcome, the complexion becomes pale and breathlessness on slight exertion, such as going upstairs, is noticed.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a home remedy that has been most successful in the treatment of diseases caused by thin blood. With pure air and wholesome food these blood-making pills afford the correct treatment when the symptoms described are noticed.

You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail, post-paid, at 50c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Shoemaker's Kingdom.

He was in his way a king, that miserably poor and helplessly paralyzed old shoemaker who lived in one of the grimiest streets in the squalid East End of London. He could think great thoughts, bright, happy thoughts by means of which he peopled his kingdom, the dark little kitchen in which he sat day in and day out. In London's Underworld, Mr. Thomas Holmes, who for upward of a quarter of a century was a police-court missionary, reports this remarkable conversation, which took place between himself and the cripple:

"It is a very hard life for you sitting month after month on that chair, unable to do anything!"

"It is hard; I do not know what I should do if I could not think.

"But isn't it hard for you to do nothing except think?"

"No! it is my pleasure and accupation."

"What do you think about as you sit here?"

"All sorts of things—what I have read, mostly."

"What have you read?"

"Everything that I could get hold of—novels, poetry, history and travel."

"What novelist do you like best?"

The answer came, prompt and decisive: "Dickens."

"Why?"

"He loved the poor; he shows a greater belief in humanity than Thackeray."

"How do you prove that?"

"Well, take Thackeray's Vanity Fair, it is clever and satirical, but there is only one good character, and he was a fool; but in Dickens you come across character after character that you can't help loving."

"How about poetry; what poets do you like?"

"The minor poets of two hundred years ago. Herrick, Churchill, Shenstone and others.'

"Why do you like them?"

"They are so pretty, so easy to understand; you know what they mean. They speak of beauty and flowers and love; their language is tuneful and sweet."

"You have read Shakespeare?"

"Yes, every play, again and again."

"Which do you like best?"

"I like them all, the historical and the imaginative. I have never seen one acted, but to me King Lear is his masterpiece."

As the missionary went out the old shoemaker doubled over farther in his chair, alone with his thoughts, alone with his kingdom.

Might Make Them a Visit

Mrs. Newbride—"What is it, John?"

Mr. Newbride (looking up from paper—"I'm uneasy about our foreign relations."

Mrs. Newbride—"Foreign relations—how splendid! Why haven't you told me you had foreign relations, dear? We might manage to visit them some time.

Fooled the Barber.

Barber—"Air's gettin' a bit thin on top, sir."

Customer—"Yes; that's the result of too much Anno Domini, you know."

Barber (after a pause)—"No doubt, sir. Never did think much of these new fangled 'air-restorers. Try a bottle of our own make, sir."

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Clever Bishop.

The clergyman's small son was spending an afternoon with the bishop's children.

"At the rectory," he said, "we've got a hen that lays an egg every day.'

"Pooh!" said Master Bishop, "my father lays a foundation stone once a week."

ISSUE No. 41—'23.

Around the Bend.

Dead? No, don't speak of him that way!
Don't think of him as dead!
He's only just gone on a piece,
A little way ahead.

He's travelling still the same highway
That he, with us, has trod;
Merely out-distanced us a bit,
Upon the road to God.

Dead? Never with a thought like that!
The smallest moment spend.
He's simply gone beyond our sight;
He's just around the bend!

Ida M. Thomas.

And the Wind Sighed

She (shyly)—"Can you manage your car with one hand?"

He—"No; but there's a nice shady lane just ahead where we can stop."

Irish Railway.

A railway line was being built in Ireland, and to save time it was decided to begin operations simultaneously from either end.

But each contractor favored a different gauge, and neither would give way.

Thus, when the two sets of track met, the result was described as "connecting railways which wouldn't connect at all, at all.

Smoking in the street was once an offence punishable by fine.

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Get this book! You cannot afford to be without it. It costs you nothing! If you own horses, it can save you hundreds of dollars.
The book—"A treatise on the horse"—is yours for the asking, at your druggist's.
The horse and all about him—his diseases—how to recognise them—what to do about them—with chapters on breeding,—shoes and shoeing, feeding—and many tried and proven horsemen's remedies.
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SILVER FOXES—NOTES FROM MY DIARY (Booklet). Nine years' experience ranching foxes. 25 cents. Dr. Randall, Truro, Nova Scotia.

No Cause for Alarm.

The telephone bell rang, and the great physician replied in his usual gentle voice. Then he crashed down the receiver.

"Quick! Hand me my bag!" he cried. "A man just telephoned me in a dying voice that he couldn't live without me!"

"Wait!" declared his wife, who had taken up the receiver, "that call is for Edith!"

Humane societies have been in existence for over 100 years.

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MRS. ANDERSON TELLS WOMEN

How Backache and Periodic Pains Yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Leslie, Sask.—"For about a year I was troubled with a distressing down-bearing pain before and during the periods, and from terrible headaches and backache. I hated to go to a doctor, and as I knew several women who had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with good results, I finally bought some and took four bottles of it. I certainly do recommend it to every woman with troubles like mine. I feel fine now and hope to be able to keep your medicine on hand at all times, as no woman ought to be without it in the house."—Mrs. Oscar A. Anderson, Box 15, Leslie, Sask.

Mrs. Kelsey Adds Her Testimony

Copenhagen, N. Y.—"I read your advertisement in the papers and my husband induced me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to get relief from pains and weakness. I was so weak that I could not walk at times. Now I can do my housework and help my husband out doors, too. I am willing for you to publish this letter if you think it will help others."—Mrs. Herbert Kelsey, R.F.D., Copenhagen, N. Y.

Sick and ailing women everywhere in the Dominion should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before they give up hope of recovery. C

ASPIRIN

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Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."