Fill your pipe with

Ogden's CUT PLUG

"It Satisfies"

15¢ per packet

80¢ a ½ lb. tin

If you roll your own ask for OGDEN'S FINE CUT (green label)

Surnames and Their Origin

SMALL

Variations—Little, Pettit, Lepetit.
Racal Origin—English and French.
Source—A characteristic.

Here is a family name, with variations, which "means just what it says." If you bear this name you may be sure that the particular ancestor of yours who first bore it was a small man—unless, perhaps, he was prominent for his great size. At any rate, he was not of medium build.

Some people find it difficult to conceive how such a surname as this can develop into a hereditary family name. They grant that it was natural to speak of a John who was little, as "John Little," or "Little John." But they don't understand by what law or rule all his descendants have borne it, for in the first place the name was merely descriptive of the individual.

Well, to begin with, not more than a very small percentage of the persons to whom the name was descriptively applied passed it on to their children. Family names did not develop suddenly. They took form gradually, over a period of three centuries or more. In one family the name might have become hereditary in the twelfth century, in another in the fourteenth. Then, too, it is not uncommon for the children of small parents to be small. So a man's son might be called Little, not so much because his father bore the name, as because he, too, actually was undersize.

As the strongest evidence that the names Little and Small developed from this descriptive source, we have the corresponding names of Pettit and Lepetit in French. Lepetit leaves no possible doubt, being a combination of "le" and "petit"—"the small."

WALDO.

Racial Origin — Gothic, or ancient French.
Source—A given name.

Here is a family name which does not sound English, a name borne by Ralph Waldo Emerson, and though it has been settled in England as a family name for many centuries, it is not an English name.

It is traceable to no given names among either the Anglo-Saxons or the Norman French, nor to any other likely source in the language of those peoples. On the other hand, it is traceable genealogically, through the settling in England of a family bearing that name, to a certain merchant of Lyons named Peter Waldo, who in the twelfth century attracted considerable attention for his denial of the church's doctrine of transubstantiation and his translation of the gospels into French, or rather the Provencal language.

With this clue it is not difficult to trace his family name (and this was just the period when family names were beginning to come into existence) to a given name among the Goths. Comparatively little is known of the language of this Teutonic race which dominated all southern Europe after smashing the Roman Empire, for both the language and the customs of the Goths gave way rapidly before the superior civilization which they conquered and settled themselves into. Their nomenclature, however, persisted, exerting a powerful influence on that of modern France and Italy.

The given name in question apparently was derived from the Gothic word "Valdan," and signified "one who rules." Names ending in "o" were as typical of the Goths and the Franks as those ending in "a" were of the Anglo-Saxons.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS AN EXCELLENT REMEDY

When the baby is ill—when he is constipated, has indigestion; colds; colic or simple fever or any of the other many minor ills of little ones—the mother will find Baby's Own Tablets an excellent remedy. They regulate the stomach and bowels, thus banishing the cause of most of the ills of childhood. Concerning them Mrs. E. D. Duguay, Thunder River, Que., says:—"My baby was a great sufferer from colic and cried continually. I began giving him Baby's Own Tablets and the relief was wonderful. I now always keep a supply of the Tablets in the house." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Faith.

Faith always takes the first step forward. It is sight, which peers far beyond the physical eye's vision, a courier which leads the way, opens the closed door, sees beyond the obstacles, and points to the path which the less spiritual faculties could not see.

Addicted to Smoking.

Passenger—"I say, driver, what is the average life of a railway engine?"

Driver—"Oh, about thirty years, sir."

Passenger — "Gracious! I should have thought such a tough-looking thing would last longer than that."

Driver—"Well, perhaps it would, sir, if it didn't smoke so much!"

MONEY ORDERS.

Send a Dominion Express Money Order. Five Dollars costs three cents.

The soul refuses all limits. It affirms in man always an optimism, never a pessimism.—Emerson.

THE INTRUDER

By Rene Bizet

Translated by
William L. McPherson

I was eighteen years old. For the first time I was free. My parents had allowed me to make a trip alone through the country. For a whole month I could realize my dream of rambling over the Breton roads, my sack on my back, without worrying about the length of the march, sleeping under the stars and eating my bread on the bank of a stream.

Sometimes I was tired and conditions of travel afoot were not favorable. Thus one oppressive July Sunday I regretted that I had not stopped at Sarzeau when it grew dark and the sky clouded over. I had still three good leagues to go to the next village. The southwest wind blew in squalls across the country, forcing me to stop to catch my breath. I was not discouraged until the rain began to fall in torrents, blinding me and almost strangling me. The lightning illuminated the horizon. The thunder and the ocean mingled their tumult so completely that I feared any minute I should reach the edge of a cliff and stumble into the waves below. I had given up hope of finding shelter.

. . . . . .

Suddenly I saw on my right a dark mass in the shadows. It must be a house on the side of the road. Who would be cruel enough to refuse hospitality to a drenched wayfarer? I felt for the door. I discovered it and rapped on it. There was no answer. A lightning flash revealed a low, thatched cottage. I rapped again. Not a sound in reply. Then out of irritation than anything else, I seized the knob and turned savagely. The door opened. I entered with a sigh of relief. Finally I had a refuge.

But where was I? What was going to happen? I drew my lamp from my pocket and walked ahead. There was a long passageway—then to the left a furnished room. I called aloud to awaken the occupants. No voice responded. The house was empty. Since I was the sole possessor for the night and there was little chance that the owners would return in such weather, I decided to install myself as comfortably as possible and go to sleep I found copper candlesticks on a mantel-piece. I lighted the candles. In the room were chairs, a table and a peasant clothes closet. But all the furniture seemed to have been chosen by a city person with rustic taste rather than by country people.

"It is a lucky chance which brought me here," I said to myself. "At dawn I shall get out, for after that I might not find a welcome."

The tempest raged outside. I was so tired that I closed my eyes as soon as I sat down on the bench which I intended to make my couch, and I thought I was dreaming when I heard these words:

"What are you doing in my house?"

I gave a start. No, it was not a dream. Two steps away was a woman who, a candle in her hand, was examining me curiously.

"I"——

"You came to rob me?"

She spoke so audaciously and had the air of being so little frightened my presence that I did not know what to answer and contented myself with looking at her closely. She was a young woman and very good-looking, as far as I could judge, for the water was streaming from her clothes. Her locks, escaping from under her hat, were matted against her cheeks. But even so, nothing could alter the purity of her profile, and I could see her wide blue eyes glitter like two pale sapphires.

"Well," she continued, "are you afraid?"

As she said this she drew a revolver from her pocket. I jumped up.

"But, madamoiselle"——

"Don't be afraid. It is not for you. It is for me. So I am going to give you a piece of advice If you want to keep out of trouble and avoid being accused of a crime, go away I intend to kill myself. And if they know that you spent the night here"——

I was sure that she was not joking. She expressed herself calmly, without bravado and toyed with the weapon in her hand as she might have toyed with a pendant to her necklace.

"You want to kill yourself?"

"Yes."

"Why"

"For reasons which don't interest you."

"Nevertheless, what justifies you in killing yourself?"

"No—no moralizing. If you please. There is something so ridiculous in our dialogue at this hour and in this place, that I almost feel like leaving you here and killing myself outside on the road."

"But it is raining too hard. You want to shoot yourself, but you are afraid of the rain!"

"It is true. And now, go. I beg you, leave me here alone You don't know me. What difference does it make to you if I kill myself? At my age, when one is tired of life, it is because one has suffered in love. The man whom I loved has just deserted me, in spite of my tears. I am indifferent to everything. I can neither smile nor weep. I ask your pardon for sending you away. But it must be. Go. Continue your journey. Think of me until the dawn. And swear to me that you will never tell any one what you have seen.

She put the weapon and the candle on the table. She pushed me out and slammed the door violently behind me.

. . . . . .

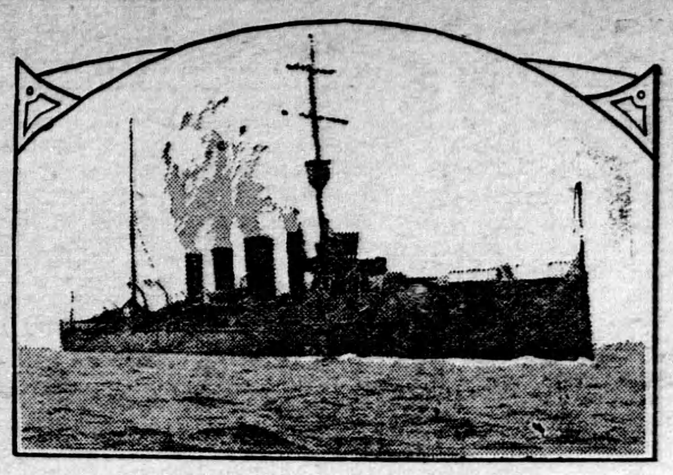
I know that I ought to have resisted, that I ought to have defended her against her folly. But I had neither the time nor the strength to do so. We had talked but a few minutes, and the scene which I had passed through was so strange and so unexpected that out on the road I hardly knew if it had not been all a dream. I walked ahead abstractedly in the rain and mud. I paid no attention to the howling of the wind. I tried to keep on my feet and to plunge through the darkness. I remembered nothing.

Stumbling against a stone and almost falling over it restored me to my senses. My memory came back. There was a thatched house and a young woman. There was the revolver—and death. There was the drama which I was allowing to be played through. I turned about and ran toward the house. I shouted aloud my remorse, as if men could hear me. I hurled mysel fat the door. The flames of the candles threw fitful shadows on the wall. I listened. All was silence. I saw her stretched on the bench on which I had lain. I had arrived too late.

I drew nearer and heard the sound of regular breathing. I saw her beautiful hair in a golden network about her closed eyes. Her hands lay on her breast like flowers. The revolver was still on the table. Weary, exhausted, no doubt, she had been overcome by sleep before death appeared.

I put the weapon in my pocket. I blew out the candles. I went out again into the storm, this time joyously, leaving my Sleeping Beauty. I was not, under my vagabond cloak, enough of a Prince Charming to awaken her with a kiss.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.



BRITISH WARSHIPS TO TOUR WORLD.

Five light cruisers of the type shown in the picture are to start in November on a tour of the world in which outlying parts of the Empire will be visited. The ships will include the Delhi, the Dauntless, the Danae, the Dragon and the Dunedin. They will be commanded by Sir Hubert G. Brand.

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS

May Obtain Relief by Enriching the Blood Supply.

In the days of our fathers and grandfathers, rheumatism was thought to be the unavoidable penalty of middle life and old age. Almost every elderly person had rheumatism, as well as many young people. It was thought that rheumatism was the mere effect of exposure to cold and damp, and it was treated with liniments and hot applications, which sometimes gave temporary relief, but did not remove the trouble. In these days there were many cripples. Now, medical science understands that rheumatism is a disease of the blood, and that with good rich red blood any man or woman of any age can defy rheumatism. There are many elderly people who have never felt a twinge of rheumatism, and many who have conquered it by simply keeping their blood rich and pure. The blood enriching qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is becoming every year more widely known, and the more general use of these pills has robbed rheumatism of its terrors. At the first sign of poor blood, which is shown by loss of appetite, dull skin and dim eyes, protect yourself against further ravages of disease by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have helped thousands—if you give them a fair trial they will not disappoint you.

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

Timely Thoughts.

Genius does nothing without reason.

Music may be termed the universal language of mankind.

Music has, like society, its laws of propriety and etiquette.

What is genius else than a priestly power revealing God to the human soul.

Music is never stationary, successive forms and styles are only like so many resting places on the road to the ideal.

A sympathetic recognition is assured to everyone who concentrates his art to the divine service of a conviction of a consciousness.

God and Religion.

I wish it were possible to speak of God without the implication of dealing with religon. By this I mean that I am anxious to keep religion out of this subject of the conquest of fear. The minute you touch on religion, as commonly understood, you reach the sectarian. The minute you reach the sectarian you start enmities. The minute you start enmities you get mental discords. The minute you get mental discords no stand against fear is possible.—Basil King, in "The Conquest of Fear."

Good All Year Egg Production.

S. W. Knife.

Now is the time to get your birds into winter quarters. They should be fully matured by this time, and to start off in the race for high egg production for the year, should have a certain amount of surplus flesh and fat. There is no particular secret in getting late Fall and Winter eggs. The essential factors are good stock, well matured (not mongrels, as they cost more to keep and pay less dividends). Hens should be confined from early in October throughout the winter in a well ventilated, dry, frequently cleaned and disinfected house, free from draughts. For each bird allow 3½ to 4 sq. ft. floor space. Provide straw litter about 6 inches deep for them to exercise in. Feed grain in the litter night and morning, and above all, feed at regular times, not 7 a.m. to-day and noon to-morrow.

Laying mash should be available to the hens at all times. They never eat too much of it. Feed greens, mangles, cabbage, etc., daily, if possible.

Remove any sick birds at once. Keep drinking vessels clean. Gather your eggs often and market them before they get old. And you will soon have the pleasure in seeing your profits come in.

A cheap comfort in summer is a shower bath. If you can do no better, even the sprinkler head of a watering pot attached to the bottom of a ten-gallon keg will serve.

To get the most out of the coming year, we must put the most into it. —James Freeman Clarke.

What Ails the Dance?

Friend—"What you doing—subscribing to the dance?"

Doctor—"No—prescribing for the dance."

Too Slow.

Jimson had barely taken off his coat when his mother-in-law, pale of face, rushed up to him and grabbed his arm.

"Oh, Arthur," she gasped, "that great, heavy grandfather clock in the hall just crashed down on the spot where I was standing only a minute ago!"

Jimson did not seem to be greatly agitated at the news, and only murmured:

"H'm! I always said that clock was slow!"

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

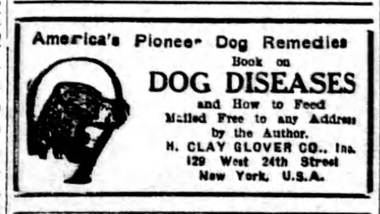
Tactless.

"Tact," said the lecturer, "is essential to good entertaining. I once dined at a house where the hostess had no tact. Opposite me sat a modest, quiet man.

"Suddenly he turned as red as a lobster on hearing his hostess say to her husband, 'How inattentive you are, Charlie! You must look after Mr. Brown better. He's helping himself to everything.'"

Son, don't wait to be a great man —be a great boy.—The Watchman.

Use MURINE NIGHT & MORNING & KEEP YOUR EYES CLEAN CLEAR AND HEALTHY



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Book on DOG DISEASES and How to Feed
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BABIES LOVE MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP
The Infants' and Children's Regulator
Pleasant to give—pleasant to take. Guaranteed purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. It quickly overcomes colic, diarrhoea, flatulency and other like disorders. The open published formula appears on every lable.
At All Druggists

ECZEMA ON BODY IN PIMPLES

Itching Intense. Could Not Sleep. Cuticura Heals.

"Eczema broke out on my body in small pimples with white heads.

At first there were just a few small spots but it quickly spread, causing intense itching and discomfort. My clothing seemed to aggravate the breaking out, and I could not sleep well at night.

"A friend gave me a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after using them I got relief so purchased more, and after using one cake of Soap and one box of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Miss Maybelle Brett, Pullman, Wash.

Give Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum the care of your skin.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Lymans, Limited, 344 St. Paul St., W., Montreal." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

Classified Advertisements

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

LADIES WANTED TO DO PLAIN AND LIGHT sewing at home, whole or spare time; good pay, work sent any distance, charges paid. Send stamp for particulars. National Manufacturing Co., Montreal.

SILVER FOXES—NOTES FROM MY DIARY (Booklet). Nine years' experience ranching foxes. 25 cents. Dr. Randall, Truro, Nova Scotia.

Debt.

Someone has said that if all the tears that have been shed on account of debt could be gathered into one place they would form a Niagara Falls.

Who could ever estimate the heartaches, the sufferings, the premature deaths caused by debt!

Debt is the killer of ambition, the blighter of hopes and prospects, the murderer of love, the cause of unhappy homes, the monster that makes life, intended to be beautiful and full of promise, a hell upon earth for millions of men and women and for countless little children.

The Russian Press.

The Russian people complain that readable and interesting newspapers in their language have ceased to exist. All they have is an "elaborate machinery for spoiling paper." An observer in Russia writes that under the present government the newspapers are merely the mouthpieces of a small despotic group; the really able journalists have given up their profession, and the daily run of printed matter is little more than a lot of colorless propaganda. Before the revolution the Moscow Ruskoije Slovo had a circulation of more than 1,200,000; to-day the combined circulation of all the soviet press is no more than that.

BOILS! Minard's kills the inflammation, disinfects and relieves.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer" and Insist!

BAYER

Genuine

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years for

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Lumbago
Earache	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. 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."

WOMEN FROM FORTY TO FIFTY

Will Be Interested in Mrs. Thompson's Recovery by Use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Winnipeg, Man.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me good in every way. I was very weak and run-down and had certain troubles that women of my age are likely to have. I did not like to go to the doctor so I took the Vegetable Compound and am still taking it right along. I recommend it to my friends and to any one I know who is not feeling well."—Mrs. THOMPSON, 303 Lizzie St., Winnipeg, Man.

When women who are between the ages of forty-five and fifty-five are beset with such annoying symptoms as nervousness, irritability, melancholia and heat flashes, which produce headaches, dizziness, or a sense of suffocation, they should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is especially adapted to help women through this crisis. It is prepared from roots and herbs and contains no harmful drugs or narcotics.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from roots and herbs, has for forty years proved its value in such cases. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Women who suffer should write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Cobourg, Ontario, for a free copy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women."