

IN THE FACE OF DEATH

The nameless hero of the Grontoft, the radio operator of the Norwegian steamer who fished with death as his ship sank in a mid-Atlantic hurricane this spring, has caused several millions to ask themselves how much more nerve they have and what their words and actions will be when it at last becomes evident to them that the fight is flickering.

"Well, the steward is making sandwiches for lifeboats. Looks like we were going on a picnic," wired the Grontoft operator in one of his jesting comments which were picked up by the Danish steamer Estonia.

"We are sinking stern first," came the final message. "The boats are smashed. Can't hold out any longer. Where did I put my hat? Sorry we can't wait for you. Pressing business elsewhere."

During the great war it was frequently observed that the British soldiers were wont to die with stoic calm, that the emotional nature of the Frenchman often expressed itself, and the Americans in many cases were known to die with a laugh or a joke on their lips.

History shows many varieties of emotion during the last hour, and the bitter just does not seem to be confined to any nationality.

Thomas Hood, the English poet, is said to have remarked that he was dying out of charity to the undertaker, expressing himself in a lowly pun. He referred to the undertaker as wishing "to turn a lively Hood."

The scaffold of the executioner was the scene of many bitter last-minute observations. "No, no; you can get them off more easily afterward. Make haste! Make haste!" said Louis Philippe Joseph to his executioner who attempted to pull off his long and handsome riding boots, which fitted tight to his legs.

"It is small, very small, indeed," said Anne Boleyn, clasping her neck. Robert Burns remained true to type till the end, expressing himself with blunt Scotch wit: "Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave," he is reported as saying.

Lord Chesterfield's last words concerned properly to the social amenities which his life exalted. "Give Day-robbe a chair," he said.

The maxim expressing the futility of earthly possessions, "Shrouds have no pockets," was recognized with frank regret by Rachel, the French actress. Fondly contemplating her jewels, she said, "And must I part with these too soon?"

While even the basest of monarchs usually commended their spirits to God when the hour of death approached, there were some who with their last breath gave voice to a regret or even a curse. "O shame! shame!" exclaimed unhappy Henry II. "I am a conquered king—a conquered king! Curse be the day on which I was born and cursed be the children that I leave behind me!"

Alexander Pope at the last uttered a good-natured paradox. A friend asked to see him as he sat in a chair, dying, just after his physician, who had spoken encouragingly of his condition, had gone out. In answer to the friend's inquiry relative to his death, he said: "I am dying of a hundred good symptoms."

Hundreds of dying people, whose words have been recorded, have spoken of the pleasantness of death. "If I had the strength to hold a pen," said William Hunter, "I would write how easy and delightful it is to die."

"I feel the daisies growing over me," said the poet Keats.

Among the dying words most frequently quoted are those of William Sidney Porter (O. Henry), so typical of the man himself. When he was expiring in a New York hospital in 1910 he said to the nurse: "Turn up the lights. I don't want to go home in the dark," applying the words of the popular song which was then being whistled in the streets.

Roussant, not unlike O. Henry, asked for more light, bidding his wife to open the window that he might see once more the magnificent scene of nature.

There is certainly nothing of irreverence in most of the bitter, laconic expressions of those who have "business elsewhere." It is of such stuff as well as of prayers and humble confessions that the human drama is made. The courageous manner in which he enters the greatest of mysteries with a stout heart and a smile on his lips is a worthy example for us all.

Goods Returned.
An American traveler was being shown over Warwick Castle.

An old guide explained eloquently, and at length, the beauty spots of the old ruins.

At last they came to a particularly fine old tower.

"This 'ere tower," the guide explained expressively, "goes back to William the Conqueror."

The American looked at it critically and carefully for a moment, and then asked:

"Does back to William the Conqueror? Why, what's the matter with it? Ain't it satisfactory?"

A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

When the Blood is Out of Order the Nerves Are Starved.

The nervous system is the governing system of the whole body, controlling the heart, lungs, digestion and brain; so it is not surprising that nervous disturbances cause acute distress. The first stages of nervous debility are noted by irritability and restlessness, in which the victims seem to be oppressed by their nerves. The matter requires immediate attention, for nothing but suitable treatment will prevent a breakdown. The victim, however, need not despair, for even severe nervous disorders may be relieved by improving the condition of the blood. It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills enrich the blood that this nervous disorder has proved beneficial in nervous disorders. The nerves thrive on the appetite blood made by these pills; better, sleeplessness no longer troubles the nerve-shattered victim, and life generally takes on a cheerful aspect. The value of these pills in cases of this kind is shown by the experience of Mrs. John W. Macdonald, Cardigan, P.E.I., who says: "I have much cause to be grateful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was suffering from nervous breakdown, and my condition gave alarm to both my friends and myself. I suffered almost continuously from nervous headaches, my appetite was poor, I hardly got any sleep, and in every way I was badly stricken. A friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after I had taken them for a while there was a noticeable improvement in my condition. I continued using the pills until I had taken twelve boxes, when every symptom of the trouble was gone, and I have since enjoyed the best of health."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Slow rivers run four miles an hour; rapid ones average seven miles.

The Blind Side.

"I'm afraid, doctor, that religion doesn't mean anything to me," the boy said with embarrassment. "I'm reluctant to say it, for you've been kind to help me with this Greek I made a mess of last term; but I guess my attitude is a family tradition. Though my father never made light of religion, he said that it had served its purpose when people couldn't think for themselves, and he'd no more ridicule it than he would snub an old, tottering, gray-haired man who had outlived his usefulness. That's how father looked at it. He was bitter against some of the old doctrines—the Trinity, for instance, future punishment, and the idea that no one had a chance of being saved unless he was in the church. He said that those doctrines had made men narrow and intolerant on the shelf as they've been laid on the shelf as curiosities—'that's how he expressed it; and he said that all religion was headed the same way."

A smile showed on the minister's face, elderly face. "You've remarked that these rooms are pleasant and cozy in the evening," he said, speaking slowly. "When you proposed reading Greek with me that morning over at Preston you didn't know where I lived, and you may remember that I gave you minute directions how to find the house. It was late when you got here across, through Maybush's back yard and up against the blind side of a solid brick wall, four high windows and not a glimmer of light. That rear wall is an integral part of the building—the house wouldn't stand a minute without it—but it isn't a good side for a stranger to get in at."

"I've been wondering, Henry, whether you haven't approached religion on the blind side. So many people do just that; they accept all the mysteries of the Christian faith, all the hard, stern elements of God's moral government, and everything between the covers of the Bible that seems to make it an antiquated book. It never occurs to them to go round to

the front entrance, where there's a porch lamp and such cozy lighted rooms as righteousness and goodness and love and hope and God's tender fatherhood. Those things aren't out of date; they never will be. If men should lay them on the shelf as mere curiosities, our old world would be headed for chaos.

"The blind side of religion is a part of it, exactly as the dark rear wall is a part of this house; but we've got to approach by way of the lighted rooms. That is God's invariable rule. He offers love as the royal interpreter of things that are hard to understand. We've got to be at home in the cozy, lighted rooms before we can appreciate the utility of the rear wall."

"The blind side," the boy spoke the words softly. "Yes, it might be." He looked up brightly. "Thank you, doctor, for giving me a new clue. Secretly I've wanted to find one for a long time."

SATISFIED MOTHERS

No other medicine gives the same satisfaction to mothers as do Baby's Own Tablets. They are equally good for the newborn babe or the growing child and are absolutely guaranteed to drive away all other harmful drugs. They are a mild but thorough purgative and cannot possibly do harm to anyone. Concerning them Mrs. J. M. Ache, Cotnam Road, N.B., writes: "I think that Baby's Own Tablets are a marvelous medicine for little ones. I have them to my little girl with such good results that I now strongly recommend them to all mothers." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Thankfulness.

If, when the evening shadows fall around me,
I can look deep within my heart and say;
"I have been true unto the best within me,
Have tried to live just as I should to-day,"

I can be glad, though failures press upon me
And doubt and grief oppress and weigh my soul,
And know that some time, though the way be weary,
I yet will reach a noble, worthwhile goal.

—Katherine Edelman.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

The Big Wheel Falls.

The "Grand Rue"—Big Wheel—or "Ferris Wheel," as Canadians know it, is no more a part of the Paris skyline.

This big wheel of Paris which has stood in the Champ de Mars for more than twenty-two years, sharing attention with the Eiffel tower as one of the lofty sights of the French capital, was condemned in November, 1920, as unsafe and the work of demolition started.

Before long, engineers found that tearing down the big circle was a greater engineering task than the erection of it in 1900 as one of the wonders of the Paris exposition.

The cars were first detached and sent to the devastated regions for homeless families. Next came the very dangerous operation of detaching great girders of steel weighing tons, and lowering them to the ground.

The structure had been erected with a comparatively delicate balance, it became impossible to continue the demolition except by intricate mathematical precision, which might be termed "finding the balance." Flylike workmen, therefore, ascended with paraphernalia to cut off several thousand pounds here and several hundred pounds there, according to the instruction of experts. Little by little Paris has watched the great "roule" disappear.

The sons and daughters of hundreds of thousands of tourists who have already marveled at or "gone up" on the big wheel will now find a more sombre Paris skyline than their fathers and mothers found.

The question is now, How many years before the Eiffel Tower, rising nearly 1,000 feet, will be found unsafe and condemned to destruction?

M. Eiffel, the famous engineer who constructed the lofty pile of structural steel, lived to see it perform valuable service during the war as an observation station and wireless post. He is still living to-day to announce that it is almost as sound and safe as the day it was completed and with proper repair from time to time, will continue so for decades.

The Eiffel Tower—like the Woolworth Tower—pays its way by admission charged visitors. Elevators are constantly climbing to the top with an average of 1,000 persons daily. To see Paris lying at his feet costs the tourist five francs.

How Mary Started a Forest Fire.

Mary had a little match
And scratched his head to see
If she could find the gasoline.
She did—but where's Marie?

The sound of cigarette ash falling on a carpet is like rocks falling, while grass seeds burst from their pods with a noise like a report of a gun, when heard through a wonderful new apparatus, the radiophone.

Covered carriages were first used in England in 1780.



The Highest Form.

Teacher—"Now, Willie, in what does animal life reach its highest form?"
Willie—"The giraffe, ma'am, I guess."

If Not Up, Down.

Tourist (in mining town)—"Is this a good healthy place to settle in?"
Hotel-keeper—"It is, stranger. Fact is, ye can't get away from here alive unless ye do settle."

Can't Fool This Boarder.

Fisherman—"Don't you want to buy some fine crabs, sir? Look—they're all alive."
Boarder—"Yes, but are they fresh?"

No Place to Stay.

(Little Helen breaks in on her newly engaged sister and her beau.)
Big Sister—"Why, Helen, haven't I told you to stay in the kitchen with Jessie till mamma comes home?"
Helen—"Yes, I know; but Jessie's sweetheart just now came, too!"

What the Reindeer Does.

The teacher had been giving an account of the reindeer, its habits, tabbits, and uses. One little urchin was not paying the slightest attention so the teacher asked him:

"Now, what is the use of the reindeer?"
The startled urchin looked up, and said:
"It makes everything in the garden lovely, teacher."

Smart Boy.

"Here, boy," exclaimed the excited little man, as he rushed up to a page in a big hotel. "Run up to my room and see if my umbrella is there. Hurry now, because I've just got five minutes to catch a train."

Three minutes later the boy came tripping down the stairs.
"Yes, sir," he said, "It's there all right."

Matrimonial Shrinkage.

It was a well-known writer of verses, to whom a lady said:
"I have just seen your wife for the first time since your marriage; but I had supposed she was a taller woman. She seems shorter than when I saw her last."

"Certainly," said the writer, solemnly. "She has married and settled down."

Against the Sergeant.

An Irish soldier was crossing a barrack square with a pail in which he was going to get some water. A sergeant passing at the time noticed that Pat had a very disreputable-looking pair of trousers on and, wishing to make a report, stopped the man and asked:

"Where are you going?"
"To get some water."
"What in those trousers?"
"No, Sergeant, in the pail."

Short.

"Hair cut, please," said the customer, dropping into the barber's chair. He had that tired look that stamped him as an over-worked editor.

"I don't know, sir," began the barber, "whether you have heard the story about the man who—"

With a sudden attention to his job, he broke off short and said:
"Like it short, sir?"
"Yes, please," answered the customer wearily. "A brief synopsis will do."

How He Remembered.

A man went into a cheap restaurant and asked for the menu. The waiter said:
"We ain't got no menu, boss, but I can rattle the grub list off for you out of my head, if you like."
"All right," said the man. "Let's have her."

The waiter rattled off a list of dishes about three yards long. The man said in astonishment:
"You must employ a very remarkable memory-training system. How on earth can you remember all that?"
"Easy enough," said the waiter. "I just look at the tablecloth."

A New Sensation.

Little Alice had visited one of the larger summer amusement parks for the first time, and with the courage possessed only by those girls whose playmates are boys older than themselves, she had not hesitated, when invited, to take a ride on one of the "thrillers" that abound in such places.

To her mother, on her return from the park, she confided the emotions she had experienced as she swung round the curves of the "figure eight" with her elder brothers.

"Mother," she said, "when I went round those awful turns so fast I felt just as if I had freckles on my stomach!"

MONEY ORDERS.

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

Nearly 50,000 separate items are kept in stock by the average drug store.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere
Quick bath no love for hasty.

ISSUE No. 20-22

TOOK ALL HIS GRIT TO HOLD ONTO HIS JOB

Was Afraid to Eat, Grew Weak and Dizzy, But Tanlac Soon Ended His Troubles, Says Quebec Citizen.

"Tanlac has done me a world of good and I am a firm believer in it," said Narcisse Descombes, 79 Franklin, Quebec, Que.

"For over a year my stomach was badly out of order and I didn't relish a thing, in fact, I was almost afraid to eat, because I know of the suffering that was sure to follow. At times I was so weak and dizzy I could hardly stand up and while I managed to hold on to my job, it took all my grit to do so. Indeed, I was almost a nervous and physical wreck."

"I took only a few bottles of Tanlac, but to-day I feel better, work better and sleep better than I have in years. It has just made a new man out of me."

Tanlac is sold by all good druggists. Advt.

Flight of Pigeons.

Experiments have shown that pigeons are able to outstrip the fastest express trains, although on the average they fly at the rate of only thirty-four miles an hour. A French expert expresses the opinion that they can attain a velocity of more than seventy miles an hour. They are said to be unable to fly long distances in a perfectly straight line; apparently they are easily driven aside by shifting air currents.

Before giving up hope and deciding you are a chronic dyspeptic just try the effect of a little Bisulphate of Magnesia—not the ordinary commercial carbonate, citrate, or milk, but the pure Bisulphate of Magnesia which you can obtain from practically any druggist in either powdered or tablet form.

Take a teaspoonful of the powder or two compressed tablets with a little water after your next meal, and see what a difference this makes. It will instantly neutralize the dangerous, harmful acid in the stomach which now causes your food to ferment and sour, making gas, wind, flatulency, heartburn and the bloated or heavy, lumpy feeling that seems to follow most everything you eat.

You will find that provided you take a little Bisulphate of Magnesia immediately after a meal, you can eat almost anything and enjoy it without any danger of pain or discomfort to follow; and moreover, the continued use of the bisulphate of magnesia cannot injure the stomach in any way so long as there are any symptoms of acid indigestion.

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HEAD COVERED WITH PIMPLES

Itched Badly, Baby Cried At Night, Cuticura Heals.

"My baby's head was covered with hard, red pimples. They itched so badly that she scratched them until they developed into sore eruptions. Her hair began to fall out, and at night she cried and kept me awake. I tried different remedies without relief until I started using Cuticura Soap and Ointment. After one week's use I saw a great improvement, and after using two boxes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment she was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. M. De Stefano, 76 French St., Bridgeport, Conn., May 11, 1921.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum exclusively for every-day toilet purposes.

Sample Pack Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura, Dept. 500, P.O. Box 104, New York, N.Y." Cuticura Soap always without mess.

There is one fact women should consider and that is this. Women suffer from irregularities and various forms of weakness. They try this and that doctor, as well as different medicines. Finally they take Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound, and Mrs. Sherman's experience is simply another case showing the merit of this well-known medicine.

If your family physician fails to help you and the same old troubles persist, why isn't it reasonable to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

Lake Michigan.—"About one year ago I suffered with irregularities and weakness and at times was obliged to stay off my feet. I detested with our family physician and he finally said he could not understand my case, so I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After I had taken the first bottle I could soon feel that I was getting better. I took several more bottles of the Vegetable Compound and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sensitive Wash and I am entirely cured of my ailments. You may publish this letter if you wish."—Mrs. MARY SHERMAN, Route 2, Lake, Mich.

WARNING! Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin.

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all. Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 22 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds
Toothache
Earache

Headache
Neuralgia
Lumbago

Rheumatism
Neuritis
Pain, Pain

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark registered in Canada of Bayer Manufacturing Co. of Elberfeld, Germany. To assist the public against imitations, the Bayer Manufacturing Co. will be pleased to issue a certificate of authenticity, if desired, for the purpose of identifying the genuine Bayer Aspirin.

Surnames and Their Origin

PENNIMAN.

Variations—Penceman, Penman, Penman.
Racial Origin—Welsh.
Source—A locality.

Knowing how easily family names have developed from nicknames and occupations, one is tempted to believe that that of Penniman and its variations made their first appearance as surnames descriptive of an occupation, say that of the maker of pens.

While this origin is not an impossible one and, indeed, in some cases may be the true one, the medieval records and tax lists offer pretty good indications that it is a family name which has developed from a locality.

Such a form as "Roger de Penman" must not be read to mean "Roger the Penman," notwithstanding the fact that in certain criminal circles of our own day "Louie de Dip" would be more correctly rendered as "Louis the Pickpocket." The "de" found in medieval English names is not the same as the "de" which is a dialectal variation of "the," nor yet the Dutch variation of the German "der," which, strangely enough, happens to correspond with it in both spelling and meaning. It was, of course, the French word for "of," which was nearly always used in descriptive surnames indicating localities. Penniman is a place name in Wales. Those who bear this family name are either Welsh in descent or else trace their ancestry to early Saxon or Norman settlers in Wales.

COTTER.

Variations—Kotter, MacCotter.
Racial origin—Irish, Danish.
Source—A descriptive name.

Here is an Irish family name concerning whose origin there is some room for doubt. The question is whether it is a name of purely Gaelic origin or a Gaelic adaptation of a Danish word.

While the period of Danish incursions in England and Ireland was several centuries prior to the time when family names began to form in the former country, it by no means antedated the widespread use of surnames in Ireland, though it was prior to the establishment of surnames by the law of King Brian Boru.

Cotter appears to be the development of a Danish word, meaning "cot" or "boat-builder," a word which is to be found to-day in the modern Danish family name of Kotter. The name in Mallow, County Cork, which bore this name was "O'Coitceoir," or more scientifically "Ua-Coitceoir" (the prefixed "O" is a development of "Ua" and "U" is an earlier Anglicized form of the name were "MacCotter" and "MacCoitcheir," forms somewhat closer to the Gaelic.

Such a clan or sept name as this would develop naturally from the surname of some chieftain, whether with some Danish blood in his veins or not, who might have been surnamed, according to the Danish-influenced dialect of the locality, "the cottager."

Let the Children in, too!

It's no longer necessary to maintain a dividing line at the breakfast table—tea or coffee for grown-ups—no hot cup for the youngsters

Serve INSTANT POSTUM

to each member of the family, and all will be pleased and benefited by this pure, wholesome cereal drink.

"There's a Reason" for Postum Sold by all grocers

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