

FEB. 1924

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

The ORANGE PEKOE QUALITY makes finer tea and more of it

Surnames and Their Origin

TYSON
 Origin—Middle English.
 Source—Descriptive of Locality.

The last name of Tyson is one of those which have developed from baptismal names, but which were very common in the middle ages, in which family names began to take shape.

It's a long stretch from Dionisius to Tyson, but that's really what it developed from.

Tyson is one of those names which became a family name at a fairly early period, though it by no means belongs in the earliest classification, which is composed almost entirely of Anglo-Saxon names. It belongs to the period when the Norman influence was still strong, but those of Norman blood had begun to regard themselves as Englishmen, dropping French as the "every-day" language. This is established by the fact that Dionisius was distinctly Norman, while the ending "son" shows the reassertion of the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

Dionisius was variously abbreviated in the Norman-French speech into the nicknames Denis, Denot and Dyot. From the latter developed Dyotson, which at a later period was shortened by many families to Dyson, and finally changed by others to Tyson. The latter is the more common form in this country to-day.

The name often is erroneously explained as having originated from Tony, or Antony, but historical records show no such connection, while the path back to Dionisius may be traced step by step.

GREENWALD
 Variations — Grunewald, Greenwalt, Greenwood.
 Origin—Middle English.
 Source—Descriptive of Locality.

The last named of the variations of this family name gives you the clue to its meaning, as it is the only name of English origin in the group. The rest are of German development.

By far the larger number of families in Canada bearing the various forms of this name trace it back to German origin, for the name had a much wider development in Germany than in England. This is ascribed to the fact that even though the period of family name formation took place considerably later in Germany than in England, most sections of that country were less developed than the England of two or three hundred years before. In short, there were more forests, hence more "Greenwoods" in Germany than in England.

It is rare that an English and a German family name of exactly the same meaning run so near parallel in the philology of the words of which they are composed. Both "green" and "wald" come from the same root. Formerly the English word was spelled "grene," and the older form of the German word was "gruene." In the development of one language the "e" has prevailed and in that of the other the "a." In the same manner the words "wood" and "wald" come from the same root. The older form of the one was "wode," developed from a still earlier "wolve."

Grunewald is, of course, the true form of the German name. Greenwald and Greenwalt are modern variations, developed, as you may plainly observe, from the first syllable, under the influence of English speech.

The King of Courtesy.

"They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but the Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy."

These lines from the second act of the "First Part of King Henry IV," recurred to my mind recently when, at a big luncheon given by an association of business men at which he was the guest of honor, I sat within a few feet of his Royal Highness, says a London writer.

His cheery courtesy to everyone round him—to the eager, fluttering waiter, who leaned over his shoulder and held a match to the Royal cigarette in its elongated holder; to the two audacious spirits who, at the close of the banquet, ventured to bring their menus to him for his autograph; and to the flashlight photographer who desired to "record" him in a characteristic attitude, impressed me very much.

Seen so close, he looks much younger than his twenty-eight years, appearing more like a good-looking, brown-skinned, well-set-up youth of nineteen or twenty until he speaks, when his maturity becomes more apparent.

What surprised me more than anything else about the Prince was his voice. I am sorry to say that I did him the injustice of expecting him to speak with that ugly intonation rather unfairly known as the Oxford drawl, though had I considered for a moment I should have realized that the best type of "Varsity men do not possess it."

The Prince's accent is immeasurably more pleasant, for it is quick and reliant and, though I hesitate to declare that it contains just the slightest suspicion of a Cockney intonation, I have no hesitation in saying that there could be no mistaking him for anything but a Londoner. He would probably impress most people who met him, incognito, as a keen young business man, who led a strenuous existence and was accustomed to make up his mind quickly.

And that he has a mind of his own.

GIRLS! A GLEAMY MASS OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR

35-Cent "Danderine" So Improves Lifeless, Neglected Hair.

An abundance of luxuriant hair full of gloss, gleams and life shortly follows a genuine toning up of neglected scalps with dependable "Danderine."

Falling hair, itching scalp and the "standstill" is corrected immediately. Thin, dry, wispy or fading hair is quickly invigorated, taking on new strength, color and youthful beauty. "Danderine" is delightful on the hair; a refreshing, stimulating tonic — not sticky or greasy! Any drugstore.



Here is a splendid mid-air action picture of one of the contestants in the ski jumping competition at the Quebec winter sports held at the Chateau Frontenac.

Modern Surgery Speeds Up Nature.

Man, as everybody now knows, is the result of millions of years of development on this planet; perhaps even on some other before "the stardust swirled." What we do not always realize is that this development is still going on, very slowly, as it always has done, but surely.

There are a number of scientists, especially surgeons, who think that the process may be speeded up, and that mankind would be saved much suffering if Nature were assisted in this way.

Not many months ago Prince George the King's youngest son, passed through an experience which, in a more enlightened age, everybody will undergo in infancy.

In the first place, he was operated upon for appendicitis, when what physiologists call the "vermiform appendix of the caecum" was removed.

At one time in our history, no doubt, the appendix served a useful purpose. It is a relic of our ascent from a lower form of life. In some of the other mammals it is a large organ, but in our own bodies it is, as a rule, quite rudimentary. Sometimes it is absent altogether. In another thousand years or so, perhaps, no human being will be born with this excrescence. But we cannot afford to wait for that, and a few years hence, very likely, the operation for its removal will be as common in infancy as vaccination is now.

Prince George had scarcely recovered from the operation when it was heard that he was again in the hands of the surgeons. On this occasion it was an even simpler matter, involving only the loss of his little toe.

There was certainly a time when our little toes were of use to us—possibly in climbing trees. But that time is long past. They are now merely encumbrances; they do not help us to walk or run or jump; they do nothing to improve our golf handicap or our batting or bowling averages. To the majority of people they are simply sprigs on which to grow corns. The only person to whom little toes are of any practical importance is the barefoot woman dancer, who would perhaps look rather odd without them.

Nature is very slow in extinguishing parts of animal structure that have served their purpose in the process of evolution. Some time in the future, perhaps, children will be born without an appendix, and with only four toes on each foot. In the meantime, surgery has to be called in where their possession causes danger or inconvenience.

SO NERVOUS SHE COULD NOT SLEEP

A Quebec Woman Found Relief and Wants Others to Know.

Mrs. Donald M. McLeod, Springhill, Que., was a victim of great nervousness until she found the right remedy, and is now anxious that others shall profit by her experience. Mrs. McLeod says:—"Some years ago I became run down and grew so nervous that my life was a burden to myself and all around me. Every night I would wake up with a choking feeling, numb all over and my heart beating at an alarming rate. I would jump up and walk the floor and declare I was dying. Then I would have sinking spells, and all day long would be so dizzy that I would stagger like a drunken person. I was afraid to be left alone, and my condition was terrible. I was then taken to the Sherbrooke hospital, but the treatment there did me no good and I came back home so weak that I could hardly cross the floor. I could not take care of my children, and my mother did so. Everybody thought I was dying, and I was just waiting and wondering when the end would come. At this stage my attention was directed to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got a supply at once. By the time I had used five boxes I felt much better, could eat better, and sleep better, and felt almost like a new woman. I continued the pills for some time further, and am now a strong and healthy woman. I advise all run-down women to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as I am sure they will do for others what they have done for me."

The new sales tax will not increase the price of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as the company pays the tax. You can still obtain the pills through any medicine dealer at 50 cents a box, or by mail, post paid, at this price, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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 the little one will be free from all ailments and will be happy. The new sales tax will not increase the price of Baby's Own Tablets, as the company pays the tax. You can still obtain the Tablets through any medicine dealer at 25 cents a box, or by mail, post paid, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Gold From Sea Water.

The modern alchemist no longer dreams of transmuting the baser metals into gold; he is more concerned with the possibility of extracting from the waters of the ocean the vast quantities of the precious metal known to be held in solution in them.

As a matter of fact, it was rumored recently that a profitable method of doing this had been discovered, and that Germany might pay her reparations debts in sea-water gold.

The rumor, however, was premature. It has been calculated that there is one ounce of gold in every 31,000 tons of sea-water. And this gold is not in simple solution but in what is known as the "colloidal" state, thus rendering its extraction a very difficult and costly matter.

At present, indeed, the cost of producing gold from sea-water is about twenty times the market price.

The Preliminary Step.

"You say Brown is fitting himself to become an American statesman?"

"Oh, yes; he's just left for a year in Moscow, you know."

Clock Tells the Weather.

A clock is not the only useful mechanism that can be displayed to public view in tower or steeple. The German city of Munich has recently set in the tower of the museum a huge dial that shows the height of the barometer. The mean barometer figure for Munich appears at the top, and the passer-by has only to notice whether the hand points to the right or to the left of that mark to know the tendency of the weather.

The Tree's Heart-Beat.

Has a tree a soul? Has it a personality? These apparently absurd questions are provoked by Sir J. C. Rose's recent lecture to the Royal Society of Medicine on the heart-beats of the tree.

His experiments show that a definite active tissue extends through every tree. The cellular pulsations of this tissue in regular sequence by their pumping action cause the movement of the sap. When these pulsations are arrested they can be revived by drugs, by blows, or by massage. In Bengal the sugar-canes are actually milked.

The pulsation of the cell is ultra-microscopic, but Sir J. C. Rose has detected it by his electric probe in conjunction with a recording galvanometer. Any agent which quickens the heart-beat of the animal also quickens the heart-beat of the tree. The life of the tree is as wonderful as the life of man.

Pay your out-of-town accounts by Dominion Express Money Orders.

Got the Goods.

A man wanted to ring up the parcels office at a railway station.

"Is that the parcels office?" he inquired, when he heard the sound of a girl's voice over the wire.

"No," she replied, sweetly. "I'm the goods!"

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Egypt has 166 daily and weekly newspapers. Of these, ninety-four are in Arabic, six in other Oriental languages, sixty-three in European tongues, and three in combinations of Eastern and Western languages. Cairo is responsible for 105, Alexandria forty-six, and the rest of the country fifteen. In fact, Cairo, with a population of between 600,000 and 700,000, has twenty-four daily newspapers, thus far outstripping London.

Children should be taught to live dangerously.

By reducing life to a business of insurance and safety first parents might produce long-lived children, but they will have no character.

—Dr. Crichton Miller.

MURINE You Cannot Buy New Eyes

But you can Promote a Clean, Healthy Condition of Your Eyes

Use Murine Eye Remedy Night and Morning.

Keep your Eyes Clean, Clear and Healthy. Write for Free Eye Care Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., 9 East Ohio Street, Chicago.

Some of the most interesting of the month in the moonlight, rifle in the air, without warning sharp claws into his shoulders and he found himself staring into the gaping mouth of a leopard.

The shock was so sudden and unnerving, says Mr. J. H. Main in the Wide World Magazine, that Pienaar dropped his rifle. Then in an instant he recovered his presence of mind and gripped the animal by the throat with both hands to keep it from biting his face. There they stood locked in a death grip; the leopard, upright on its hind legs, rested all its weight upon him and he with all his muscles braced clenched his fingers upon the beast's throat. Although the leopard's formidable claws were tearing his shoulders and arms cruelly, Pienaar dared not shout or move, lest the animal should tear itself away, leap upon him again and kill him.

How long Pienaar and the leopard stood there he cannot say, but it seemed an eternity. The leopard stood so close, glaring into his eyes, that he could feel its hot breath on his face.

When the rifle dropped from his hands it had fallen against a tree and now was lying with the muzzle pointing towards him about three feet from his right knee. How to get it was the question. That the beast remained so quiet was, he believed, owing to his keeping quiet himself. So ever so gently he loosened the grasp of his right hand on the brute's throat and at the same time tightened the grip of his left. He slowly crouched lower and lower and then cautiously stretched his right hand towards the rifle. All the time he stared steadily into the leopard's blazing eyes.

Presently he found that he could just touch the weapon with his fingers. With infinite care he edged over until he was able to grasp it firmly. Now came the crucial moment. Should the rifle as he pulled it toward him catch even momentarily in the undergrowth, the noise would startle the fierce brute into a raging fury. He tightened his grip on the beast's throat and began to pull the rifle towards him. As luck would have it, the weapon came away freely from the bushes, and inch by inch he managed to draw it to him until its butt rested on the ground against the inside of his right foot. From there he slowly raised it with his fingers until the muzzle pointed straight at the leopard's under jaw; then he lifted it a little more and got his finger on the trigger. Quickly releasing his grip on the beast's throat, he pulled the trigger and leaped backwards.

The animal, as he discovered later, was killed instantly; the bullet broke its neck. But Pienaar will carry to his grave the scars of the wounds that his adversary made in that horrible night encounter.

Not long ago a thrilling fight between a man and an eagle took place on a Scottish moor. Seeing an eagle with a rabbit-trap dangling from its foot, the man tried to attract the bird so that he might remove the trap. Mistaking his intention, the eagle swooped down upon him and he only escaped by diving into the heather. That is the eagle circled round in readiness for another attack, the man hit it with a branch. The bird reeled and fell dead.

The Crushing Blow.

Grown people have lots of disappointments, but none of them compares to that which a little fellow feels when the clerk informs him that shoes like his big brother's are not made in sizes small enough for him.

Don't let us manufacture imaginary sins, but concentrate on the sins we know to be real.—Bishop Wellton.

ASPIRIN

Beware of Imitations!



Unless you see the name "Bayer" on the package or on the tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin.

Proven safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years for:

- Colds
- Headache
- Teething
- Rheumatism
- Neuritis
- Pain, Pain
- Neuralgia

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Drugists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetate of Salicylic Acid. 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."

HOARSE?

Remove the danger of bronchitis by gargling with Minard's in water. An enemy to germs.



BACK ACHED TERRIBLY

Mrs. McMahon Tells How She Found Relief by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Chatham, Ont.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a run-down condition after the birth of my baby boy. I had terrible pains and backache, and was tired and weak, not fit to do my work and care for my three little children. One day I received your little book and read it, and gave up taking the medicine I had and began taking the Vegetable Compound. I feel much better now and am not ashamed to tell what it has done for me. I recommend it to any woman I think feels as I do."

—Mrs. J. R. McMAHON, 153 Harvey St., Chatham, Ont.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has for nearly fifty years been restoring sick, ailing women to health and strength. It relieves the troubles which cause such symptoms as backache, painful periods, irregularities, tired, worn-out feelings and nervousness. This is shown again and again by such letters as Mrs. McMahon writes, as well as by one woman telling another. These women know, and are willing to tell others, what it did for them; therefore, it is surely worth your trial.

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."