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The constant simmering on the stove demands a kettle of extra quality. We have four sizes at 69c. 89c. 99c. and \$1.39

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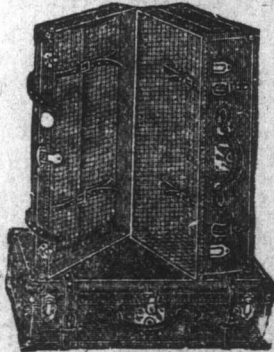
Made from good English Galvanized Ware; 12 inch size .59c. each

Enamelled Pudding Pans.

Oven cooking is best for good health; 3 inches deep. Our price 19c. 25c. 29c. each.

Ladies' Singlets.

These are made of fine perfectly bleached Cotton yarn with wing sleeves. .39c. each

**Suit Cases.**

Splendid for those who do not wish to invest a great amount of money. They are excellent values, for they will give the wear and have the appearance of far higher priced Bags. Our price

\$1.95, \$2.95 \$3.75 each.

Misses' Princess Slips.

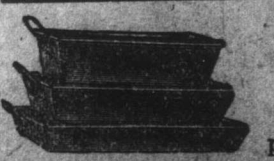
Thoroughly comfortable; you'll be pleased at the low prices. Only \$1.00 to \$1.95 each

Double Saucepans.

With cover, makes a nice porridge boiler for small family. Our price, 89c.

Ends of Shirting.

Ends of Shirting, good value; from 15 to 39c. each

**Bright Tin Baking Pans.**

Only a small quantity of this pan left. Our price .19c. each

Spring Balances.

A well made and accurate Scale of practical use. Our price .25c.

English Mirrors.

Worth double the price we are asking. Our price 65c. each

Ladies' Silk Brassieres.

Among this lot you will find goods worth \$3.00 each. Our price 95 to \$1.50 each

Screeds O' Tartan Frae Scotland.

(Contributed.)
Rev. Dr. Henderson of Galashiels in the course of his pastoral visitation, called on a widow with a large family, and asked how they all were, and how things were getting on. She said, "A' richt, except Davie; he's been troubled wi' a sair leg, and no fit for work." The doctor could not remember which one Davie was, but did not like to hurt the widow's feelings by betraying his ignorance, and in his prayer he pled that Davie's affliction might be blessed to him. On going home he said to his wife referring to his call "which of the sons is David?" "Hoot," she exclaimed, "Davie's no a son. Davie's the Cuddie." (donkey.)

FREE CHURCH MINISTER.

It was a minister of the Free Church of Scotland in the parish of Kilspindie, in the case of Gowrie, in the course of his parochial visitation called at the house of a ploughman where the oldest boy, a lad of ten, had been severely coached by his mother in anticipation of the "visit, and with the hope of his making a good show, when, by and by, the minister took notice of the boy.

At the broken glass, "Oh," he exclaimed, assuming an attitude of despair, "O Lord, this is perfectly ridiculous!"

He was more of a philosopher who, when his good lady told him that he did not insist enough when praying for a change of weather, replied, "Nae use o' insistin'." Margot, until the change o' the Mune."

The wife of a distinguished Highland divine had occasion to travel during very cold weather, a number of years ago. One night she rested at a respectable inn in a country village, and on being shown to her bedroom by the rustic chambermaid, the question was put to her:

"Would you like to have a hot crock in your bed this cauld night, mem?" "A what?" asked the lady.

"A pig, mem. Shall I put a pig in your bed to keep you warm?"

"Leave the room, young woman!" was the indignant response. "Your mistress shall know of your insolence."

"Nae offence, mem," insisted the lassie. "It was my mistress that had me spier," and I'm sure she meant it in kindness."

The lady looked in the girl's face, and now satisfied that no insult was intended, said, in a milder tone, "Is it common, my girl, for ladies to have pigs in their beds?"

"Ay, and gentlemen ha'e them too, mem, when the weather's cauld."

"But you would not surely put the pig between the sheets?"

"If you please, mem, it would do maist guid there."

"Between the sheets? It would dirty them, girl. I could never sleep with a pig between the sheets."

"Nae fear o' that mem! You'll sleep far mair comfortable. I'll stick the mouth o' tightly, and tie it up in a poke."

"Do you sleep with a pig yourself in cold weather?"

"Na, men, pigs are only for gentry like periel. Wha lie on feather beds!"

"How do you sleep, then?"

"My neebor lass and I just sleep on Cauf."

"What! you sleep with a calf between you?"

A county laird, near Govan, who had lately been elevated to the position of a County Magistrate, meeting Mr. Thom one day on horse-back, attempted jocularly by remarking that he was more ambitious than his Master, who was content to ride upon an Ass."

"They canna be gotten noo," replied Thom. "They're a' made Justices of the Peace."

OLD SCOTCH DIVINES.

The quaint homeliness thus manifested in the lesson and in the sermon found a place now and again in the prayers. A West Highland divine, in the course of a wet harvest, in praying

for more suitable weather, expressed himself thus:—"O Lord, ge us mair mair water for a season, but wind—plenty of wind, an' yet, O Lord, mair o' yer rantin', tantin', teardin' winds, but an' oughin', oughin', winnin' wind." Another good old Minister of the Highlands, similarly circumstanced, prayed:—"that the flood-gates of heaven might be shut for a season." This was towards the close of a protracted period of rain and storm, and the weather had never been worse than on this particular Sabbath. And, just as the good man persisted in his petition, a fierce gust of wind bore the roof-window of the church down with a crash, which was succeeded by a terrific clatter of broken glass. "Oh," he exclaimed, assuming an attitude of despair, "O Lord, this is perfectly ridiculous!"

He was more of a philosopher who, when his good lady told him that he did not insist enough when praying for a change of weather, replied, "Nae use o' insistin'." Margot, until the change o' the Mune."

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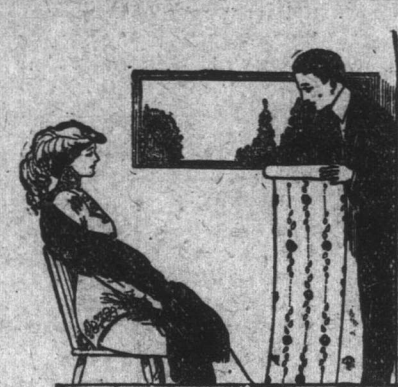
We have had two busy weeks selling JOB WALL PAPERS, and we start the third week of this annual event with another lot of **BRIGHT, NEW PATTERNS,** which we still offer at the same price.

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A Ball O' Fun.

MAJESTIC ORCHESTRA.

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Your Choice for 25c. piece

Also a nice assortment of Dainty Tapestry Papers at **Only 30 cents per piece.**

Marshall Bros.

"On, no, mem, ye're jokin' noo. We lie on the top o' it."

When the two came to perfectly understand each other, history telleth not.

It's a hard hard job for the pulpit to please the pew. The ladies have always exercised in Scotland a lively surveillance of the pulpit, and vented many an apt criticism.

"How did you like that young man we had to-day?" was once asked of a discerning village matron.

"Well, I had just three faults to his sermon," was the reply.

"And what were these, if I may ask?"

"Well," said she, "firstly it was read, and secondly, it wasna weel read, and thirdly, it wasna weel readin'." A sweeping criticism and no mistake.

A little band of old women on their way home from the Kirk on the evening of a special day's preaching—shortened the road by discussing the merits of the various divines who had addressed them. When one worthy came thus honestly expressed herself, "Oh, leeze me abuse them, an' exclaim-ed she," for you auld, -beld, clear-headed man that spoke sae bonnie on the angels. When he said, Raphael sings, and Gabriel tunes his golden harp, and the angels clap their wings wi' joy. Oh, but it was grand."

It just put me in mind o' oor geese at Dunjarg, as they turn their nebs to the South and clap their wings when they see rain."

COMIN' AFTER A LONG DROUTH.

A physician in Dumfries, who was also a member of the Kirk session, meeting the headle "the waur o' a dram" threatened to expose him.

"Man, doctor," said the gravedigger, with a twinkle in his eye, "I ha' happit mony a faut o' yours, an' I think ye micht thole an o' mine."

A reverend and pious gentleman once began his discourse thus:—"My dearly beloved brethren, you will

find the subject of our observations this afternoon in the First Epistle General of Peter, the Fifth Chapter and the eighth verse, and in these words, "The devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." Now, my brethren, with your leave, we will divide the subject of our text into four heads. First, we shall endeavour to ascertain who the devil he was. Secondly, we shall inquire into the geographical position—namely, where the devil was going. Thirdly—and this is of a personal character—we shall ask ourselves who the devil he was seeking. Fourthly, and lastly, my beloved brethren, we shall endeavour to solve a problem that has never been solved to this day—namely, What the devil he was roaring at?"



ALICE CALHOUN IN SCENE FROM "PEGGY PUTS IT OVER"

Alice Calhoun, Vitagraph star, is exceptionally charming in "Peggy Puts It Over," a rural comedy-drama in which she appears as a civil engineer. For this role she wears a pair of riding breeches and goes about the country with her tripod and survey instruments.

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By Gene Byrnes