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For large or small offices we carry Desks, Phone Tables and Chairs, Type-writer Desks and Chairs, everything necessary to make business run along on well-oiled wheels.

Let us give you an estimate for your office equipment. Our stock is one of the finest in the city.

U. S. Picture & Portrait Co.
—St. John's—

Thistledown Frae Scotland.

(Contributed.)
RUMORS OF SCOTTISH RURAL LIFE.

Any apt illustrations and choice examples of the humours of Scottish rural life might be multiplied to almost any extent. One of Sir Walter Scott's, should convey a lesson to those who cater for cheap compliments. A jolly dame, says Scott, who, not "seventy years since," kept the principal caravanary at Greenlaw, in Berwickshire, had the honour of a Hogmanay night to receive under her roof a very worthy clergyman, with three sons of the same profession, each having a cure of souls. He it said, in passing, none of this party were reckoned very powerful in the pulpit. After dinner was over, the worthy senior, in the pride of his heart, asked Mrs. Buchanan, the landlady, whether she ever had had such a party in her house before.

"Here sit I," said he, "in place minister in the Kirk of Scotland, and here sit my three sons, each a placed minister of the same Kirk. Confess, Lucky Buchanan, you never had such a party in your house before."

"Indeed, Sir," replied Lucky Buchanan, "I canna just say that I ever had such a party in my house before, except once in the forty-five, when I had a Highland piper here and his

three sons, a' Highland pipers, and the deil a sprig could they play among them!"

Lord Rutherford, having entered into conversation with a shepherd on the Pentland Hills one day, complained bitterly of the weather, which prevented him enjoying his visit to the country. In specially forcible language he denounced the mist, and expressed his wonder how, or for what purpose an East wind was created. The shepherd, a tall, grim figure, turned round sharply upon him, and said: "What ails ye at the mist, Sir?" he said, "It was the sod, it docks the yowes, and," adding with much solemnity, "it's God's will," he turned away with lofty indignation.

Lord Rutherford used to repeat this with much candour as a fine specimen of rebuke from a sincere and simple mind.

Dr. Alexander Fraser, of Aberdeen, was a homely and somewhat gruff but skilful physician. Among his patients was a sturdy country wife of the working class order, who had, upon very slight pretence, as Fraser felt satisfied, taken it into her head that she was unwell—indeed, "Was just dymn' awa," as she herself phrased it. "And fat could he do for her?"

The doctor did not feel called upon to search the pharmacopoeia very deeply, and asked if she thought she could eat a herring.

"Ay," she said, "I rather like them."

Your New Year's Dinner

will be the better for a little shopping in our Store. On a good many things a saving can be effected.

SPANISH TABLE FIGS—18c. lb.
MACONCHIES SWEET PICKLES—45c. bottle.
WHITE'S 20-oz. Bottles CHOW or MIXED PICKLES—47c.

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The following imported English Fruit Syrups are guaranteed absolutely pure—Pint Bottles:
RASPBERRY, STRAWBERRY, LEMON, PEAR, CHERRY and BLACK CURRANT.
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PINEAPPLE CHUNKS—1½-lb. Tins, 28c. Can.
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P.E.I. TABLE BUTTER—48c. lb.
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SMALL NEW YORK PIGS' JOWLS—16c. lb.
FINEST MILK CURED BOTTLED HAM—70c. lb.
CHOCOLATES—in Fancy Presentation Boxes.
"BORNEO" CIGARS, Havana Filled—Guaranteed genuine—25's & 50's; from \$11.00 per 100.
"CONCHAS" and "GOVERNORS" JAMAICA CIGARS
OLD CHUM TOBACCO—½-lb. Tins and Packages.

TURKEYS, DUCKS and CHICKEN
in splendid order.

C. P. EAGAN,
2 Stores:
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"Well," said he, "I canna do better than hand tichtly at them." On his next visit the patient was asked if she had felt herself equal to carrying out the prescription.

"Ay," she said, "I have many herring did you contrive to eat?"

"Well, sir, I managed eleven."

"Eleven, indeed; that is quite as many as I expected. How did you manage them?"

"Well, they were rather strong, Sir," replied the patient, "but I just conquered them w' bread."

HOGMANAY.

The name is dear to every Scot, even in the land that's far abroad, where sailors rank too fish for cod. They love the freedom of Scotland, on Hogmanay night, hugging the bonnie lassies. It was on a Hogmanay night that Renwick H. Longford wrote "There's a Bonnie Sweet Lassie."

"There's a bonnie sweet lassie lives down by the glen, Wha is welcome the bide in my ain 'bunt and ben'."

Her lips are like cherries, her cheeks like the rose, An' she scatters her sunshine whar'er she goes.

She's the pride o' my hair, an' the licht o' my e'e, I'll loe' this braw lassie till the day that I dee.

An' some day I'll say till her: 'Come under my plaid, You shall be my lo'e lassie an' I'll be your lad.

But I've foun' it's nae easy, as some thers has sung. For the words winna fa' frae the end o' my tongue;

But some day, I' the future, I'll become verra bauld; I'll tell her the story that sae aft has been tauld.

I will kiss her red lips, an' I'll glance in her e'e, An' the lo'e I g'e her she'll g'e back untae me;

My airm shall steal gently, aroun' her slight form, An' she'll be protected frae the winter an' storm.

Losh, man I'm sae happy, I hae asked her at last, An' my fear like the dew o' the mornin' is passed;

For Jean's whispered tae me, in her ain winsome way, That the bans may be read in the mild month o' May.

Then when June comes wi' its fruit an' its flowers, An' a' the sweet pleasures o' the simmer are ours,

I will gang tae the Kirk, w' lo'e'd Jean by my side, An' I'll be the bridegroom an' she'll be the bride."

The simplicity of rural love-making, unsuccessful as well as successful issues, has found illustration in many a humorous tale of Scottish life and character, but seldom with truer native than in the subjoined narrative of Betty's courtship and marriage, from the pen of an unknown author. It first appeared in an Edinburgh newspaper many years ago, and afforded the ground plan of the late Alexander McLaughlin's popular and really clever song, "Tibby and the Laird."

It was my usual to sit up till he came home, when he was awa. When he cam' in that night an' gied up stairs he fand his supper ready for him. Indeed, bein' Hogmanay night, to tell ye the even-doon truth, he had rather better, he had a wee drop in his e'e. When he had got his supper finished, he began to be very jokey ways, an' said that I wassna' only gude 'but I was a bonnie lassie. I ken that fouks arens't serious when they have a dram, an' say rather mair than they do if they were sober. Sae I cam' awa' down into the kitchen. Na, the maister never offered to kiss me; he was, ower modest a man for that. 'Two or three days after, our maister cam' into the kitchen," Betty says he. "Sir," says I, "Betty," says he, "come upstairs, I want to speak to ye."

He says he, "Very well, Sir," says I. Sae I went upstairs after him, thinking o' the road that he was gaun to tell me something about the feedin' o' the swine, or something like that. But when he tellt me to sit down, I saw there was something serious, for he never let me sit down afore but ance, an' that was when he was gaun to Glasgow Fair. "Betty," says he, "ye hae been lang a servant to me, says he, an' a gude an' honest servant. Since ye're sae gude a servant, I'll affen think ye'll make a better wife. Hae ye any objections to be a wife, Betty?" says he.

"I dinna ken, Sir," says I, "a body canna just say noo they wad like a bargain until they see the article."

"Well, Betty," says he, "ye're very right there again. I hae had ye for a servant these fifteen years, and I never knew that I could find fault w' ye for anything. Ye're careful, honest, an' attentive. And—"

"Oh, Sir," says I, "ye aye paid me for't, an' it was only my duty."

"Well, well," says he, Betty, that's true; but then I mean to mak' amends to ye for the civil speculation that Tibby Langtongue raised about you an' me, an' forby the world are taking

the same liberty; sae, to stop a' their big mouths you an' I shall be married."

"Very well, Sir," says I, for what could I say? At last I got married. When I was wanted, Mr. Brown o' the Rassebyrae cam' and took me into the room among a' the grand fouk, an' the maister, I was mair like to feel, for I never saw sae many grand fouk together a' my born days afore, an' I didna ken whaur to look. At last our maister took me by the hand, an' I was greatly relieved. The maister said a great deal to us, but I canna mind muckle o't; an' then he said a prayer. After this I thought I should hae been wanted an' fouk kissin' me; money an' shook hands w' me I had never seen afore, an' whid me much joy. After the ceremony was ower, I slippit awa' down into the kitchen again among the lave o' the servants, to see if the dinner wassn' richt. But in a' maister's time, our maister cam' into the kitchen, an' says, "Betty," says he, "Sir," says I, "Betty," says he, "Ye maun consider that ye're nae langer my servant, but my wife," says he, "an' therefore ye must come upstairs an' all among the rest o' the company."

"Very well, Sir," says I. Sae what could I do but gang upstairs to the lave o' the company, an' sit down among them. Sae, Jean, that was a' that was about my courtship an' marriage."

REVERIE OF AN OLD YEAR.

We suppose you are still conscious of the fact that the old year 1922 on this Saturday evening, December 30th, is still hanging in the balance. We care not what position in life you occupy; let each of us go down on our knees and ask God's forgiveness, if we have done our fellowman an injury, remain a little longer on our knees, and ask for God's mercy for some unkind words we have uttered against a friend in business, or in the home life of a bosom friend. The end of the year should be the stock-taking period of us all. We are only frail fragments of humanity cast adrift, some with a gossiping tongue, but at whatever period of life we have reached, let our future motto be: "Peace on earth, goodwill to men. Yes, and women."

The Old Year is sitting by the fireside smoking Mr. Old Year. He never had done anything else beyond that, though he often had tried, and now he was content to sit. Though the fire was flickering and dying, and the pain was gnawing incessantly at his heart, he did not move. Outside, the pure white snow had covered trees and fields, the icicles looked like a pendant of glittering jewels. The waning moon flooded the land with light and all was still and silent. Quite suddenly Mr. Old Year sat up with a start. The pain had stabbed him cruelly. He knew that he was dying.

Many a foreign Old Year dies excitedly, screaming and shouting; but a Scots year, of real stock, dies thoughtfully, philosophically, and indeed plausibly. He began to think upon his past. As a youngster, he remembered, he had been greeted joyfully with glad hopes, and an old "sney-wife" had predicted that he would straighten out the affairs left so entangled by his deeds of one year. That was only an old wife's story. He saw quite clearly now that where he commenced with the enthusiasm of youth he had ended in the disillusionment of old age. He had intended to give his dear boy soldiers new clothes and beautiful houses, but the other boys, clad in the greasy overalls and hob-nailed boots of labour, had commenced to scream. In the midst of giving them a dose of soothing syrup, he had been annoyed by the hornets on the brook leaving their nests to attack him and devour the syrup. Why could they not have stayed in their mire-land? 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