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Marshall Bros

Different Kinds of Laughter

By RUTH CAMERON.

"Don't you just hate to be laughed at?" queried Molly, the little stenographer lady with the warmth of one who speaks from recent and bitter experience.

"Depends," said the Author-man thoughtfully.

"On what?" said Molly.

"On the character of the laugh and the character of the person who laughs it."

After a moment's consideration, Molly agreed.

And so do I,—emphatically.

A laugh is almost as great a variable as the tone of the human voice. The same words spoken in different tones may convey dislike, neutrality or affection. Similarly a laugh may be an insult or a caress.

There are almost as many laughs as there are human emotions.

For instance, there is that most exasperating and unbearable laughter, the sneering, superior laugh. I know a man who has a way of greeting any minor mistake his wife may make with a hard little laugh that is packed full of sense of his own superiority. It exasperates his wife more than anything he can say and leaves him furthermore in the maddening position of having said nothing which she can answer. That is one of the noteworthy things about laughter, by the way,—that it is so unanswerable. Let two people be arguing before a group, and let one of them say something witty enough to make the audience laugh, and no matter how untenable his position or how unfair his witticism, he has his hearer with him and his antagonist has lost their sympathy.

To take as great a contrast as possible, cany anything be sweeter or more tender than the laugh which the whimsicality, the quaintness, the lovable little faults of one whom we love call forth? Who does not like to be laughed at in that tone? Indeed such a laugh does not laugh at you at all but with you at your own little faults and foibles, and there is an "I love you" in every note of it.

The flattering laugh is another familiar variety of laughter. This is the laugh which the socially clever keep always on tap. Whenever you say anything which could be remotely construed as a witticism, it is ready for you, and you are sure to leave the presence of anyone talented in this direction, agreeably convinced of your ability as an entertainer.

"Laughter leaves us doubly serious shortly after," said Lord Byron, and it is certainly true, but not of all laughter, merely of the nervous bravado kind. Haven't you known nervous, high-strung people who laughed and "carried on" most hilariously when they were anxious or overwrought. And haven't you earned to recognize the half hysterical note in their laughter?

Laughter is associated with joy, and tears with sorrow, yet we do not always laugh when we are happiest or cry when we are saddest, by any means.

Do you remember the picture of Melancholia in Kipling's "The Light That Failed?" It was a girl who had seen all the sorrow in the world and threw back her head and laughed at it. And an the other hand are not life's most exquisite moments "nearer still to tears than laughter?" What a queer old world of contradictions this is when you stop to think of it.

Ruth Cameron

When Women Entertain

Some sort of tea is required—and it ought to be a good tea for the sake of one's personal satisfaction.

Each guest will enjoy Homestead—it's something that is distinctly good, and there isn't a drop of harm in a houseful of it. Its flavour makes staunch friends.

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FRESH MACKEREL.
FINNAN HADDIE.

C. P. EAGAN,
Duckworth Street and Queen's Road.

LONDON GOSSIP.

LONDON, Oct. 28th, 1914.

BRITISH PRINCES IN THE GERMAN ARMY.

It is rumored that the name of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (who is Duke of Albany in the peerage of the United Kingdom, and is reported to be now fighting against this country) will be removed from the "Army List" before the next issue, together with that of the Duke of Cumberland, who at present is the senior general on the supernumerary list. The former is the colonel-in-chief of the Seaforth Highlanders—officially known also as the Ross-shire Buffs and the Duke of Albany's—a position he has held for nearly ten years, and he wore its uniform when last he visited this country for the marriage of Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught just a year ago. Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, whose residence is Potsdam, served for some years in the German Army, but Princess Christian has caused it in times past to be notified that he is "in no sense a German soldier." His elder brother, the late Prince Christian Victor, died while in the British service at Pretoria in 1900, and a monument to his memory is on the walls of Windsor Castle. If any purgation of the "Army List" is to be made, a glance might be officially given to the field-marshals "on the active list." Only two foreign names appear therein, and these are of the German and Austrian Emperors. The former, strangely enough, is the senior, and both received their batons from the late King Edward, the Emperor William having his bestowed coincidently with the funeral of his grandmother, Queen Victoria. His seniority, in fact, is second only to that of Lord Roberts, while Sir John French is the junior of all.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.

The adventurous gallantry of the King of the Belgians, has, of course, exposed him to a good deal more than the personal risk to which a general officer in the field is liable. One has frequently heard stories of his taking a place in the firing line. Recently I spoke with a Belgian soldier who had actually seen him in the trenches at Antwerp. King Albert has taken elementary percautions to make himself less conspicuous. He has dressed as a simple soldier in the uniform of whatever regiment he was acting with. He has shaved off his mustache. But he has literally shared the life and the hazards of his Army My informant tells me that before the bombardment of Antwerp actually began the Queen also visited the fortifications, and that he saw her examine one of the forts from top to bottom. He also confirms the statement made to me several times by Belgian soldiers that the enemy was provided with precise information as to the King's movements. Confirmation of the story of the attempted kidnapping by a chauffeur is wanting, though the tale is believed. But there is a consensus of opinion that from the beginning of the campaign attempts have been made on the King's life. My informant gives an example of the accuracy of the enemy's information. While at Antwerp the King did not live at the Palace, but in a villa not far away. There was also evidence that bombs were thrown not at the Palace, where the King might be supposed to be, but at the villa where he was. Besides such facts as this there have been numerous other attempts of various kinds.

LONDON SOCIETY IN WAR TIME.

Many changes in the social life of London are taking place as a result of the war, and one of the most unexpected of these is the gradual falling into abeyance—only temporarily, no doubt—of the custom of wearing evening dress. It is particularly noticeable in the stalls of West-end theatres, where nigh toilettes have become almost the rule for women. The rules in regard to the wearing of evening dress in certain parts of the fashionable theatres, it is true, have been considerably relaxed in recent years in the case of many theatres, but there were still others where the observance was regarded by theatre-goers as practically compulsory until the last few weeks. The same thing applies to the fashionable restaurants, which present a strangely subdued appearance now that the majority of the diners appear in morning coats and the ladies in afternoon toilettes. Various reasons are assigned for this change in social custom. Undoubtedly in the present rush of relief work many society people make a point of putting in useful work in the evening, both before and after dinner, but according to the manager of a leading West-end restaurant the presence of so many refugees is primarily responsible. The Continental nations do not make a practice of donning evening dress for dinner in their own countries, and in many cases members of the Belgian nobility who are now over here have arrived practically without luggage.

THE BELGIAN INVASION.

A blind man making his way about London some of these evenings would have taken it for a French city. The "Independence Belge," (which like "La Metropole" and other Belgian papers is being published temporarily in London) observes that in certain streets one hears as much French and French than English, Flemish was not simple truth that in the Strand, Leicester Square, Piccadilly Circus, and the surrounding streets—the quarter that is usually crowded on Saturday night—one overheard actually more French than English Flemish was not so frequent. The Belgians seemed to be in a definite majority. At every swirling confluence of traffic the "Independence Belge" was being cried, and always by Belgians, both men and women. "'Independence Belge'! qui vient de paraitre! Edition ce soir!" seemed to be the burden of the song, with its penetrating nassals. As in the center so in the outer parts of London the Belgian tide rose to the flood last week-end, and overflowed the commons and other open-air places of public resort. Last Sunday, for example, if it was not the case that most people on Wimbledon Common were Belgians, at all events most of the conversation was in French. Some of the London evening papers, with a goodwill to be hospitable to the refugees, send out into the streets newsbills in Flemish, and print half a column or so of news in Flemish. Others make a feature of giving half a column or so of news in French. Every educated Belgian knows French, and half the population speaks no other language.

A STRIKING LONDON BELGIAN FASHION.

Nearly all the Belgian refugees wear their national colors in the form either of rosettes or bows, varied occasionally in the case of the ladies by a more conspicuous display of ribbon or scarf. A new fashion seems now to have been introduced. One day this week I met a group of Belgian ladies all in deep mourning, whose coats were edged with a silk cord in the now familiar red, yellow, and black colors. The effect was very striking, and the ladies as they walked along the crowded Strand attracted a good deal of attention, especially from their English sisters.

THE FAIR RECRUITER.

During the luncheon hour yesterday when the pavements of the Strand were crowded with strolling youths, a taxi-cab glided slowly along the edge of the kerbstone. At the window sat a bright-eyed young lady wearing a silken Union Jack and displaying a boldly printed placard with this invitation—"We want recruits. Jump in, and I'll drive you to the office."

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TURNIPS,
to arrive and in stock to-day.

Soper & Moore.
'Phone 480.

Minard's Linment Co., Ltd.

Gentlemen,—In July 1905 I was thrown from a road machine, injuring my hip and back badly and was obliged to use a crutch for 14 months. In Sept. 1906 Mr. Wm. Outridge, of Lachute urged me to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, which I did with the most satisfactory results and to-day I am as well as ever in my life.

Yours sincerely,
his
MATTHEW x BAINES,
mark

Hr. Grace Notes.

Mr. Max Cron and his crew returned from Labrador by the S. S. Kyle.

Two of our old citizens passed away during the week—Mr. John Sheppard and Mrs. Robert French. Mr. Sheppard who was 76 years of age has been an invalid for the past fifteen months; he leaves two sons to mourn their loss. Mrs. French who was paralyzed early last summer has been a sufferer ever since; she leaves one daughter, Mrs. James Martin, of Montreal, and three sons—Charles, in Yukon; Mark, in Montreal; and Joshua in this town. To the friends of the above we tender our sympathy.

The schr. Elizabeth, John Keefe, master, put into Trinity yesterday morning on her way home from Labrador. This is the last of our Labrador fleet.

A Sure Cure.—A gentleman who has been troubled with indigestion told us a couple of days ago that after taking a dinner to a poor person and receiving their hearty hanks he returned home so light-hearted that he thought he would take a little food himself. He did so, and to his delight there was no indigestion apparent. To those troubled we give the recipe. Find out some needy person, take them a dinner and see if the cure will not be permanent.

Your correspondent must apologize for not writing this week, but there was no news where he was for the last three days of the week—in bed with heavy cold and lumbago. Glad to say I am better now.

CORRESPONDENT.
Harbour Grace, Nov. 21, 1914.

Died at Hospital.

Alfine Olsen, a native of Sweden, who was mate on the Danish schr. Laura, and brought here to the General Hospital to be treated for pneumonia was buried on Saturday afternoon last. Deceased passed away the previous day, his illness having reached such an acute stage that recovery was impossible. The funeral arrangements were looked after by Consul Tasker Cook, who also was untiring in his attention to the young seaman during his illnesss. Deceased was 24 years old.

Cape Breton's Rough Trip.

The Black Diamond Liner Cape Breton reached port Saturday night from Montreal via Gulf ports, bringing a large general cargo including a deck load. From Sydney the run took almost three days owing to the boisterous weather that was met. The ship got the full force of the storm of Friday last and for twenty-four hours was hove to, with tremendous seas running constantly. However the ship was fortunate in coming through without mishap.

A Request From Salisbury Plains,

for some of the Souvenir Books of the 1st Nfld. Regiment that are now on sale at PARSONS' ART STUDIO.
nov21,61

Marine Notes.

The S. S. Stephano sails to-morrow evening for Halifax and New York.

The R. M. S. Carhaghian sails from Liverpool to-morow week for this port.

The S. S. Queen Wilhelmina leaves Liverpool the last of the present month for here.

The S. S. Florizel got away from New York on Saturday for Halifax and this port.

SPECIAL SALE
OF LADIES
FALL & WINTER
COATS

Latest English and Continental models.

Prices:
$2.85, 3.50, 4.00, 4.15, 4.25, 4.75, 5.15, up to $40.00.

Commencing Saturday, 19th, until further notice, we will allow a special discount of 5 per cent for cash.

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The Sunday At Home
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The Prize, Leading Strings, Sunday
The Wonder Book of Soldiers
Bo-Peep, The Royal Annual
The Child's Companion
The Infant's Magazine
Tiny Tots, Child's Friend
Our Little Dots, Band of Hope Annual
The British Workmen
The Family Friend
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