

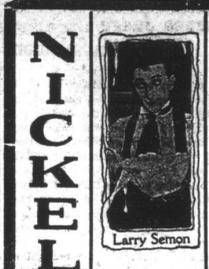
**Washed Down  
Frae Scotland.**

(Contributed.)  
SCOTCHMEN EVERYWHERE.  
Has ever a place that hadn't its Scotchman? In a late English publication we find an account of a gentleman travelling in Turkey, who, arriving at a military station, took occasion to admire the martial appearance of two men. He says: The Russian was a fine, soldier-like figure, six feet high, with a heavy mustache, and a latent tendency to betray itself (as a physical trait) in every line of his muscular limbs. Our pasha was a short thick set man, rather too stoutly built, but the eager, restive glance of his quick gray eyes showed that he had no want of energy. My friend, the interpreter, looked at the pair as they approached each other and was just exclaiming, "There, thank God, are real Russians and a real Turk, and admirable specimens of their race, too!" when suddenly General Sarafoff and Ibrahim Pasha, after staring at each other for a moment, burst forth simultaneously:  
"Eh, Donald Caymell, are ye there?" "Lord keep us, Sassy Robertson, can this be you?"  
NOT OF THE ESTABLISHMENT.  
At an hotel in Glasgow, a gentleman, finding that the person who acted as a waiter could not give him certain information which he wanted, put the question:  
"Do you belong to the establishment?" to which James replied, "No, sir, I belong to the Free Kirk."  
CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.  
Andrew Leslie, an old Scotchman, always rode a donkey to his work and tethered him, while he labored, on the road, or wherever else he might be. It was suggested to him by

a neighboring gentleman, that he was suspected of putting him in to feed in the fields at other people's expense.  
"Eh, laird, I could never be tempted to do that, for my cuddy wins at anything but nettles and thistles."  
One day, however, the same gentleman was riding along the road when he saw Andrew Leslie at work, and his donkey up to his knees in one of his own clover fields feeding luxuriously.  
"Hollo, Andrew," said he, "I thought you told me your cuddy would eat nothing but nettles and thistles."  
"Ay," was the reply, "but he misbehaved the day; he nearly kicked me over his head, so I put him in there just to punish him."  
AN INSTANCE OF SCOTT'S PLEASANTRY.  
Sir Walter Scott was never wanting in something pleasant to say, even on the most trivial occasions. Calling one day at Huntly Burn, soon after the settlement of his friend in that house, and observing a fine honeysuckle in full blossom over the door, he congratulated Miss Ferguson on its appearance. She remarked that it was the kind called trumpet honeysuckle from the form of the flower.  
"Weel," said Scott, "ye'll never come out o' your ain door without a flourish o' trumpets."  
LAUGHING IN THE PULPIT—WITH EXPLANATION.  
A Scotch Presbyterian minister stopped one morning, in the middle of his discourse, laughing out loud and long. After a while he composed his face, and finished the service without any explanation of his extraordinary conduct. The elders, who had often been annoyed with his peculiarities, thought this a fit occasion to remonstrate with him. They did so during the noon intermission, and insisted upon the propriety of his making an explanation in the afternoon. To this he readily assented, and after the people were again assembled, and while he was standing, book in hand, ready to begin the service, he said:  
"Brethren, I laughed in midst of the service this mornin', and the gude eldership came and talked wi' me about it, and I tould them I would make an apology to you at once, and that I am now about to do. As I was preachin' to you this mornin', I saw the devil come in that door wi' a lang parchment in his hand, as long as my arm, and as he came up that side he tuk down the names of all that were asleep—and then he went down the other side, and got only two seats down, and by that time the parchment was full. The devil looked along down the aisle, and saw a whole row of sleepers, and no room for their names, so he stretched it till it tore; and he laughed, and I couldn't help it but laughed, too—and that's my apology. Sing the Fiftieth Psalm."

TIRED OF STANDING.  
A Paisley man, visiting Glasgow, much admired the statue of Sir John Moore, which was an erect figure. Soon afterwards he brought another Paisley man to see the statue, but not topographically posted, he stared at the statue of James Watt, which is in a sitting attitude. Feeling somewhat puzzled as to the identity of what was seen before him with what he recollected to have seen, he disposed of the difficulty, by exclaiming, "Odds, man, he's sat down since I last saw him."  
A DIFFERENT THING ENTIRELY.  
While surveying the west coast of Scotland, Capt. Robinson had received on board his ship the Grand Duke Constantine. As the Duke could only remain a very short time, the captain resolved to show him as much as possible during his stay. Accordingly he steamed to Lona on a Sunday, believing that day especially suited for pointing out to his royal visitor remains associated with religion. Landing on the island he waited on the custodian of the ancient church with the request that he would open it.  
"Not so," said the keeper, "not on Sunday."  
"Do you know whom I have brought

chanced to meet two of his parishioners in the office of a lawyer, whom he regarded as being too sharp. The lawyer jocularly and not very graciously put the question:  
"Doctor, these are members of your flock; may I ask do you look upon them as black or white sheep?"  
"I don't know," answered the divine drily, "whether they are black or white sheep, but I know if they are here long they are pretty sure to be fatted."  
BETTER THAN A COUNTESS.  
Mrs. Cutts, wife of the eminent banker, and previously Miss Mellon, dressed in a most magnificent style, so as to quite overawe her northern neighbors.  
"Hoot, mon," said a gentleman standing by, who did not know who she was, "Ye's a braw lady; she'll be a Countess, I'm thinkin'."  
"No," replied an eminent banker, not just a Countess, but what's better a dis-Countess."  
A THRIFTY PROPOSAL.  
It is said that before the opening of the Glasgow Exhibition the laying out of the garden and grounds were under discussion, and it was suggested that a gondola would look ornamental on the water.  
"Well," said a member of the town Council, "I think we may as well have a pair, and they might breed."  
AT THE END OF HIS TETHER.  
An old Scotch lady was told that her minister used notes. She disbelieved it. Said she, "Go into the gallery and see." She did so, and saw the written sermon. After the luckless preacher had concluded his reading on the last page, he said:  
"But I will not enlarge."  
The old woman called from her



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SUNDAY SHAVING AND MILKING.  
On first going to Rosshire to visit and preach for Mr. Carment, the rev. gentleman asked him on Saturday evening before retiring to rest whether he could get warm water in the morning. Whereupon he held up a warning, saying, "Whist, whist." On my looking and expressing astonishment, he said with a twinkle in his eye, "Speak of shaving on the Lord's day in Rosshire, and you never need preach more." In that same county Sir Kenneth MacKenzie directed my attention to a servant girl, who, if not less scrupulous, was more logical in her practice. She astonished her master, one of Sir Kenneth's tenants, by refusing to feed the cows on Sabbath. She was ready to milk—but by no means feed them—and her defence shows that though a fanatic, she was not a fool. "The cows," she said—drawing a nice metaphysical distinction between what are not and what are works of necessity and mercy, "that would have done honor to a casulist—the cows canna milk themselves, so to milk them is clear work of necessity and mercy; but let them out to the fields, and they'll feed themselves." Here certainly was scrupulous, but the error was one that leaned to the right side.  
SPEAKING FROM "NOTES."  
A porter at a Scotch railway station, who had grown grey in the service, was one day superintending matters on the platform, when the parish minister stepped up to him, and asked when the next train arrived from the South. The aged official took off his cap and carefully read the hour and the minute of the train from a document stuck in the crown. Somewhat surprised at this, the minister said:  
"Dear me, John, is your memory failing, or what is up? You used to have all these matters entirely by heart."  
"Weel, sir," said John, "I dinna ken if my memory's failin', or what's up, but the fact is I'm grown like yersel—I canna manage without the paper."  
"LAW" SET ASIDE BY "GOSPEL."  
It is related that a Scotch minister

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The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in a colorless clear liquid (one drop does it) and in extra thin plaster. The action is the same. Pain Stops Instantly

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Use Econ-o-leum on your attic floors, your upstairs hall, your bathroom or wherever you require to cover a floor  
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lately position: "Ye canna' ye canna, for yer paper's give out!"  
AN EPITAPH TO ORDERS.  
The Rev. Dr. McCulloch, a minister of Bothwell at the end of last century was a man of sterling independence and great self-decision. To a friend—Rev. Mr. Brisbane—he one day said:  
"You must write my epitaph if you survive me."  
"I will do that," said Mr. Brisbane, "and you shall have it at once, doctor!"  
Next morning he received the following:  
"Here lies, interred beneath this sod, That sycophantish man of God, Who taught an easy way to heaven, Which to the rich he look and stare To find some out that he put there."  
APPRECIATION FROM CONTRIBUTOR.  
My Dear Mr. Editor,  
Whoever is responsible for the

**Pies and Pastry!**  
The digestibility of Pies has been called into question but, when properly made, pies are as easily digested as anything else.  
Until quite recently it has been taken for granted by the majority of people that it was impossible to make good pastry out of Manitoba wheat without using a large amount of shortening—the proper kind of which is very expensive.  
They have thought it necessary to keep two kinds of flour—one for Bread and the other for Pastry. This idea is erroneous.  
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—By Bud Fisher

**MUTT COULDN'T SEE ANY HUMOR IN THAT.**

ND USE TALKING, THESE HINDU MAGICIANS CAN PERFORM TRICKS THAT ARE REALLY UNCANNY!  
MUTT, I WAS JUST READING ABOUT A HINDU MAGICIAN WHO CHANGED A CHICKEN INTO A DUCK! THINK OF IT!  
IT'S A FAKE!  
BUT I TELL YOU I READ IT, I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO KNOW HOW HE CHANGES ONE ANIMAL INTO ANOTHER! I'D HAVE A LOT OF FUN!  
WHAT WOULD YOU DO?  
I'D CHANGE YOU INTO A RAT, BRING IN MY CAT, AND SIT DOWN AND WATCH THE FUN!  
TEE HEE!

**PATENT NOTICE.**  
Notice is hereby given that Stanley John Peachy of Davenport, Cheshire, England, proprietor of Newfoundland Patent No. 888 for "New and Useful Improvements in process for the Vulcanization of Caoutchouc" is prepared to bring the said invention into operation in Newfoundland and to license the use of the same or to sell the same upon terms to be had upon application to  
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