

Frae Scotland.

THISTLE AND THE ROSE. ded him to cross the ferry over | wanted a rest." hed a young woman reaping de in a field of oats, ne following dialogue ensued:

now what you are saying, sir," plain English? "Are-yer, aits,"

ring him a madman; while the

Rev. Mr. Yule, a. Perthshire the village on the Sabbath summer, and leviling ople to open air service on the in the evening. Entering one on where there were a numthe inhabitants congregated special purpose further than assion of current local events folded her hands complacently lap, and looking towards the said, "Eh! yon was a grand e ga'ed us this forenoon, Mr.

glad you were pleased with sure," the minister modestly

so perfectly feasted wi' it am hame an' ga'rd Tammas 'Matthew Henry' and read er again to me."

ng a walk through his parish a minister came upon a woted at her door reading a hich he at once concluded was W Testament, but which was Blind Harry's Wallace," Exg his gratification at finding well employed, he said it was which no one would ever grow

o't. I've read through an I dinna kin hoo often, an' I'm ond o't yet as ever." net," exclaimed the enraptu

"I am so so glad to hear o; and how happy I wo ny parishioners were of the

A city congregation not long since minister to one of his parishioners, a presented their minister with a sum ploughman, who had called at the And recalling my dread

And my cheeks white as chalk, Ramsay tells an amusing ed from the Continent, meeting a "Well," said the ploughman,

Mersey, and inspect the harvest- "No," said the member calmly, "it then in full operation, on the wasna him, it was the congregation hire side. On landing, he apthat was needin' a rest."

said the long-haired lessee of a small farm in the North one day as r-"Lassie, are you aits he came up to the door of the Free Church Manse, "this is awfu weather see if you wad put up a petition for shower o' rain, for my neeps are

just perishin'." "You are a member of the Established Church," said the clergyman addressed. "Why not ask your own minister to intercede on behalf

e-bookit."

of your turnips?"

might as well have asked the "It's no very likely he'll pray for to Stronachlacher, Auchter- rain for my neeps," was the blunt or Ponfeigh. The reaper de- response, "when his ain hay's no in

ething else than a set o' ignor- be on the earth noo, think ye, Janet?" said one old crone to another. "Ten," na, naething like it, woman."

"Hoots, Janet, ye think there's naebody good enough for heaven but yersel' and the minister." "Deed," replied Janet, "I have sometimes very grave doots about the

"I hope you have made due prea cauld frosty mornin,' wi' his broad- paration and are in a fit state to have sword in his teeth, it was awfu'." tered to your child, John," said a

of money, and sent him for a holiday. Manse in connection with a recent best hauve o' a kibbuck o' cheese."

ister, "I do not mean preparation of full of vigor, force, and power unless that perish. Is your mind your blood is rich in iron," says Dr. all to be the very best in the city.

"Do you mean that I'm no soond in the head?" queried the ploughman. the divine. "You do not appear to sist and overcome disease and that have an intelligent idea of the matter that brought you here." Then, after a minute's reflection, he continued, "How many Commandments are there,

"I couldna tell ye just exactly on the spur o' the meenit," said John, scratching his head, "but there's an auld beuk lyin' in the hoose yonder, gin I had it here I could sune answer yer question."

"John," said the minister, "I am afraid you are not in a fit state to hold up your child for baptism." "No fit to hand him up?" echoed the ploughman, starting to his feet, and posing in the attitude best calculated to display his great muscular form, " Me? man, I could hand him up gin he were a bull stirk."

Weddings have been the occasion

land, are the resident wholesale agents

clustered around with capital stories. "Jeanie, lassie," said an old Cameronian to his daughter, who was asking his permission to marry, "mind ye, it's a solemn thing to get

"I ken that, faither," returned the sensible lass, "but's it's a solemn thing no to be married."

A humorous old divine, who had strong feelings on the subject, was in the habit of prefacing the ceremony thus: "My friends," he would Asaya-Neurall say, "marriage is a blessing to some, a curse to many-and a great risk to all. Now do you venture? and no objections being made-Then let us pro-

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Just Folks By EDGAR A. GUEST.

THE DEMON DRIVER. He asked me to ride,
And he opened the door
Of his roadster full wide But I'd ridden before.
With that demon of speed
And I thought of my nerves,
How they danced like a reed, As he swung round the curves.

And I thought of my heart,
Beating faster with fear,
When he just missed a cart
And a child playing near;
And I thought of the way
He abuses his brakes,
And my fear and dismay
And the chances he takes.

few months before I had sat at his side, Heard his great motor roar In that perilous ride; There was sweat on my brow
Which grim terror had drawn,
For I thought: "Here and now Is eternity's dawn."

As he drove through the town, Passing street after street, Never slacking her down As we swung and we swayed Through the women and mea.
This the vow that I made:
"Never, never again!"

the Sacrament of Baptism adminis- He asked me to ride, And he opened the door Of his roadster full wide. But I'd ridden before! thanked him and said: "I would much rather walk."

son, engaged in business in Livtion, said, "Oh, by the by, I met your way o' preparation, maybe. I'm a Newer Form of Iron Tobacco and other Smokers' Requis-The son finding the father determinister in Germany. He was look- man o' sma means, ye ken, but I've de trop in his office, one day, and him to cross the farmy over Strength and Energy Postcards and Newfoundland.

"Tuts, tuts!" interrupted the min- "You cannot be well and strong, and full swing. Our Ice Cold Coco Cola James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician Bellevue Hospital (Out-Door Department), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital. "It is will linger in your memory for many "No, I do not mean that at all," said your red blood that enables you to renourishes every organ in your body.
Without iron your blood becomes
thin, pale, and watery. Poor blood
cannot nourish your vital organs and as a result you may have pains in your heart or kidneys, indigestion, your heart or kidneys, indigestion, headaches, and feel all run-down and

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which contains the form of phos-phorus required for nerve repair. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO.

Mrs. Philip D. White.

OBSERVES SOTH BIRTHDAY.

Mrs. Philip D. White, of 48 LeMarchant Road, widow of the late Philip David White, Esq., M.H.A., observed her 80th birthday on Thursday and a toast to her health for 80 more years was ably proposed by Countillor Reginald Dowden, and responded to by Hon, Frank McNamara. Mrs. White is the mother of Rev. James M. White, John W. White, Esq., K.C., both, deceased, Charles M. C. White of New York City, Gus S. White, winner of the first Rhodes Scholarship in Newfoundland, Kathryn J. White, of New York City, Music Composer and song writer, and Miss Marie White of St. John's.

Among a small gathering of friends at her residence her health was proposed by Councillor Reginald Dowden and responded to by Hon. Frank McNamara. Some of those present were:—John V. and Mrs. O'Dea, Miss Mary O'Mara, Reginald and Mrs. Dowden, Newton Smith, Miss Mary Grace Smith, Hon. Frank and Mrs. Frank McNamara, Alfred and Mrs. McNamara.

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LIFE'S BOAD. Along life's



road I bear my 1 o a d, which chates my jaded shoulders; with rest I travel west among the stumps, and boulders. Sometimes I shed teardrops by weari-I'm smitten; the trip's a

ore, my legs are sore, where country dogs have bitten. The night is dark and I must park my person in stable, and ere I sleep I sometimes weep as fiercely as I'm able. The night is damp and I must camp where rain and thunder pound me, the night is cold and I must fold a burlap sack around me. And such is life; its storm and strife gave me the peagreen willies; a thousand groan, a thousand moan where two kick round like fillies. Now comes a knave with hand made grave, he's strongly recommending; he says, "Lie here, and all your fear, and grief will have an ending. This grave," says he, "I guarantee to finish all your troubles; just climb right in, and woe and sin and care will fiee like bubbles." "I want no tomb," I say, "my gloom is merely grand stand playing; I'll bear my pack along the track, the sunshine on me playing. Men frown and scowl, they hoot and howl, denouncing life's dark journey, but they all balk when

No Room in the Safe.

The travelling man was standing The hotel keeper was watching him. By and by the hotel keeper said to the travelling man:
"Lose something?"
The travelling man nodedd.

ething valuable?"

"Then why didn't you p

"What was it?"



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