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ST. JOHN'S GROCERY STORES.

Small Green Cabbage. 5c. lb.

Pork Jowls. Finest quality 15c. lb.

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Beef Boneless . . . 11c. lb.
Beef Finest Family . 12c. lb.
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Pork Small Ham Butt 19c. lb.
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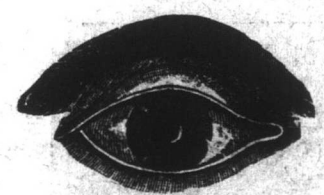
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Spare Ribs. 16c. lb.

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Evaporated Apples,
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Does Your Tobacco Sift Down into the Stem of Your Pipe?

Edgeworth Tobacco goes out into the world to make its own friends. It is a good smoking tobacco. We don't have to make many claims for it. It makes quite a number of friends for itself. Some of these good friends write to us. One of them recently sent us the following suggestion: Gentlemen:

Being an occasional smoker and on those occasions usually smoking your tobacco, I am writing to mention a point which might be used in your advertising to your advantage, which to my knowledge has appeared in none of your advertisements to date.

Your tobacco possesses the particular quality of not being rubbed too fine, as a great many of the various brands of tobacco are, and this should be a great selling item, as a smoker invariably experiences a great deal of difficulty in keeping the stem of his pipe clear and clean with the average tobacco, which practically always is drawn into and blocks up the stem. This is merely a point which I have noticed and hope that it may be of use to you.

If your pipe clogs up too quickly, we believe you'll find that Edgeworth will relieve you of one of the petty annoyances of smoking.

You are not likely to become an Edgeworth fan simply on this account. You will want a smoking tobacco which has the flavor and fragrance perfectly matching your individual taste.

Edgeworth doesn't suit all smokers; it suits many—not just because it doesn't clog up the stems of their pipes, but because it's also a pretty good smoking tobacco.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is formed into flat cakes and then sliced into thin, moist wafers. One wafer after rubbing for a second between the hands furnishes an average puffful.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is already rubbed for you. You pull it straight from the little blue can into the bowl of your pipe.

Both kinds pack nicely, light quickly, and burn freely and evenly to the very bottom of the pipe.

Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome tin humidor and glass jars, and also in various handy in-between quantities. Sold everywhere. dec2,8

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with cover, universal tone; arm to play all records; high grade motor. Regular Price \$45.00. Now only \$22.50.

3 of above Cabinets slightly scratched in shipping, at Only \$21.00 each.

2 Records and 200 Needles free with each machine.

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40 inches high with record filing cupboards; highest grade works; all outside parts heavily nickel plated. Latest model tone arm. Regular Price \$125.00 to \$150.00. Special Sale Price Only \$62.50.

The above three machines are equal in not superior to any others offered at twice the original sale price.

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Scrap Brass, Copper, Lead and Old Rope.

Highest Market Prices.

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nov3,12

Thistledown Frae Scotland.

(Contributed.)
TWO GREAT WORTHIES OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND—OLD SCOTCH DIVINES AND THE MINISTERS MAN JOHN.

THE OLD SCOTCH BEADLE.

Shortly after the disruption of the Church of Scotland, two clergymen—father and son—were discussing the comparative merits of the churches of which they belonged. The father, an upholder of Erastianism, had remained faithful to the church in which he had been ordained. The son, ex-patriated at great length on the superiority of his church over that of his father; of the advantages of its freedom from state control; of the privilege of its members to elect their own ministers; of its activity and zeal for the diffusion of religion, etc.; and while he did so, did not hesitate to pick holes large and many in the discipline and government of the church with which father had been so long connected, and from which he himself had so recently seceded. In his estimation the Auld Kirk had faults innumerable, the Free Church none. After hearing him for a while, the father closed his conversation by saying: "When Your Kirk's him, Andrew, has been as long as mine, I'm thinking ye'll find, lad, it will then need sweepin' too."

The Rev. Dr. Gillan, of Inchinnan, was a ready wit, of whom a number of capital stories are told, among them being the following:—One day a young elder, making his first appearance in the Glasgow Presbytery, modestly sat down on the very edge of a bench near the door. By and by the minister who had been sitting at the other end rose, and the young elder was just falling off, when the door opened and Dr. Gillan entered, who catching him in his arms, with his usual readiness exclaimed: "Sir, when you come to this place you must try and stick to the forms of the church."

Among the preachers who occupied the pulpits in Scotland in the days of other years, these fitful glances tend to reveal, were men not less famous for their eloquence and earnest preaching than for their wit and humour and popular eccentricities of character; and they were certainly not the less effective as pastors and preachers that they now and again gave rein to their fancies, and moved to laughter like ordinary men. How much have the keen humourous sensibilities of Spurgeon, and Moody, and the Rev. John McNeill, and others that might be named, contributed to the effectiveness of their pulpit ministrations? Indeed, there have been few great preachers, in any time or place, who have not had a lively sense of humour; although the converse, of course, does not obtain. In the grand old days of yore, the old Scotch divine was a lovable creature, none of your long faced sanctimonious moving figures of hypocrisy. The old Scotch divine could take for his text, such a subject as The spirit moveth in Sundry places, preaching the gospel of truth to his congregation, on the spirit divine, or the spirits of wine, and the benefits to the soul of hot toddy, in those far away days there were no scruples required, but the scripture flowed freely and given to the people without money and without price. The great Dr. Guthrie, the grand Dr. Norman Macleod, the erudite Dr. Anderson of Glasgow, and eloquent Gillan of Dundee, were all humourists of the first water. Referring to the fact that each successive generation considers itself a vast improvement on its predecessor, Dr. Guthrie once said: "I thought that my father really didna ken very much, but my laddie seem to think I'm a born idiot."

Dr. Norman Macleod's faculty of humour was well known everywhere, for it manifested itself in various ways—most effectively, perhaps, in typical measures such as "The waggin' o' oor Dog's Tail," "Capt. Fraser's Nose," etc., but always to the order of uproarious fun. It is told of Norman that when walking down Buchanan Street, Glasgow, arm-in-arm with a merchant friend of the West End, one day, the two were passed, first by the Most Rev. Bishop Irvine of Argyle, then by the Bishop of the Valet, followed by a few steps behind him, the one short and slim and the other long and thin, but both dressed clerically, and seeming much alike. They each saluted the popular minister of the Barony as they passed.

whereupon his merchant friend turned to him and enquired: "Oh," said Norman, "that's the Valet of the shadow of death."

When Norman, not yet great, began his ministry in the Ayrshire parish of London, among his parishioners were some rather notable freethinkers, whose views the young divine, with the energy and earnestness characteristic of him, thought it proper to assail and denounce. Naturally this caused a good deal of commotion and excitement in what had hitherto been rather a sleepy parish. One of his elders, who thought his minister's zeal outran his discretion, one day thus addressed him:

"Mr. Macleod, how is it ye never heard o' unbelievers hereabout till ye cam' among us?"

"John," said the ready minister, "saw ye ever a wasp's bite? 'Hoch aye, aften.' 'Weel, lat it be, and they'll lat you be; but put your stick through the heart of it, and it'll be another story."

No minister was ever more beloved by his people than was Dr. Macleod by the inhabitants of the Barony parish. There is a story—although told before—which reveals this with rare effect, and which the great Norman himself told with much gusto. A dissenting minister in the district had been asked to come to a house in the High Street, and pray with "a man who was thought to be at the point of death. He knew by the name, and addressing given that the people were not connected with his congregation. Still, he went off at once as desired. When he had read and prayed—having previously noted how tidy everything looked about the room; and being puzzled by the thought of a family of such respectable appearance having no church connection—he turned to the wife and mother of the then told stories, and laughed without stint half the night through. In the morning the old gentleman, who slept in a bedroom above them, complained to the landlord that he had not been able to sleep on account of the noise from the party below; and added that he regretted that such men should "take more than was good for them."

"Weel," replied the landlord, "I am bound to say there was a good deal of loud talking and laughing; but they had nothing stronger than tea and berrings."

"Bless me," rejoined the old gentleman, "if that is so, what would Dr. Macleod and Mr. Burns be after dinner."

THE OLD SCOTCH BEADLE.
"John," said a parish minister in Perthshire to his headie not very long ago, "that Disestablishment o' yer is becoming serious. Dr. Hutton and his crew are apparently not to rest until they have us all put out of church and manse together. Why I see there's to be a set of agitators from Glasgow, and elsewhere to be holding a meeting in our very own parish this week."

"Dinna ye bother yersef," minister, was the headie's reply. "Dinna ye bother yersef." If the Kirk continues to do her duty, the very gates o' hell will no prevail against her. We have scripture for that. As an instance, Sir, ye mind o' yon five dissenters who tried to put me out o' the grave-diggin' two years syne. I've haptit four o' them noo!"

It is a truism that much depends upon the way in which a thing is done. A young spark of a fellow had been made a minister, neither very wisely nor very well, as we may in fairness suppose, for, being appointed to a country charge, the manse was situated at a considerable distance from the church, he very soon shocked the finer sensibilities of the leges by driving tandem to and from the Sunday service—that is, having two horses yoked to his machine, the one running in front of the other. The like had never been seen or heard of before. He would require to be spoken to about it at once. Driving of itself was tolerable, but tandem was out of the question. Accordingly, the



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elders laid their heads together, and one of them tackled the reverend gentleman on the question at the close of the service.

"Why, you drive to church yourself," said the Minister to the elder.

"Ay, but in a very different manner frae that heathenish way that you do it," retorted the elder—that tandem way."

"I see nothing more scandalous in driving tandem than running them abreast," coolly argued the minister; "but if you can convince me that there is, I will cease from doing it."

"I just dinna like it," said the elder, failing to discover a better argument at the moment.

"That's just it," sneered the minister. "You don't like it. It's a sheer conventionalism and narrow-minded prejudice."

"Maybe it is, but it dinna look weel," insisted the elder.

"Look! this is nothing," returned the minister, "but a mere matter of taste."

"The elder's right," broke in the beadle, who had been standing aside listening to all the argument. "Look has a handle to do w't. An' if ye'll allow me, Sir, I'll convince ye o' that by a very simple illustration. See ye here, noo, Sir. When ye pronounced the benediction two or three minutes since, it lookit grand an' constant-like when ye did it the proper way. But what gine you had done it a heathenish way, tandem benediction by placing your left thumb to the point of your nose, with your fingers spread out, and your thumb of the right hand to the point of your little finger of the left hand." This was what the beadle called a tandem heathenish benediction.

The minister stood convinced and never proposed tandem again as long as he lived.

A highly respectable minister, who had no preaching gifts, was one day going to officiate for a country brother, who was from home. The manse to which he was going was some miles from the railway station, and the minister's man John, was in waiting with the conveyance for the stranger when the train arrived in the winter afternoon. John, after receiving him kindly, told him that he had some messages to do in the town close by the station, which would take him about half an hour, and that he would go along to the hotel the landlord would give him a comfortable seat at the fireside till he was ready. The minister readily agreed, but when, instead of half an hour elapsed before John appeared, he upbraided him when he came for his unnecessary delay, and threatened to report him to his master. This was too much for John, who could stand it no longer, and said:

"Weel, Sir, if ye maun hae the truth, I was tellt by the minister to put off at the town till it was dark, so that the folk in the parish might na see wha was to preach the morn."

"That's a damp, cold morning," said the minister, as he entered the session-house, chaffing both hands and feet.

"Deevillish, Sir, deevillish," replied John. Catching the same perhaps, although the sound reached him imperfectly, "It's a hell o' a caul morn."

Shipping.

Schr. General Plumer has cleared and sailed from Port Union for Malaga with 4,500 quintals codfish.

Schr. H. V. Macintosh sailed yesterday from Sandy Point for Halifax, taking 998 barrels herring, 225 qtls. fish and a quantity of oil.

S.S. Seneca sailed yesterday from Jackson's Arm for Newport News with 800 cords pulp ready. The ship put in here this forenoon and takes bunker coal at A. Harvey's before proceeding on her voyage.

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Cooked Ham, Sliced, per lb. 70c.	Rolls Oats, per lb. 6c.

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Fine Orange Pekoe Tea, . . . 45c.	Loose Raisins, 3 Crown, . . . 22c.
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Fresh Ground Coffee, per lb. 60c.	Fancy Seedless Raisins, . . 23c.

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Lemon Peel 40c.	Beet, 10-lbs. for 40c.
Orange Peel 40c.	Carrots, 10-lbs. for 40c.
Citron 60c.	Parsnips, 10-lbs. for 60c.

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Pure Gold Essence Vanilla 1-oz. 15c.	Lazenby's Essence Vanilla 2 oz. 70c.
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Pure Gold Essence Almond 1-oz. 15c.	Lazenby's Essence Almond 2-oz. 60c.
Pure Gold Es. Raspberry 1-oz. 15c.	Lazenby's Essence Ratifia 1-oz. 40c.
Pure Gold Es. Strawberry 1-oz. 15c.	Lazenby's Essence Lemon 1-oz. 30c.

FINE LOOSE TABLE SALT—Per lb. 3c.
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