



The Paint for Appearance and Protection CANADA PAINT (Canada's Favorite)

Whatever motive influences your paint buying—whether you paint for appearance or to "save the surface"—you will find CANADA PAINT to be really "the paint of merit," and the most satisfactory from every point of view.

With "Elephant Brand" White Lead as the pigment basis, the quality of Canada Paint is absolutely assured. Easy spreading under the brush, it is far more durable and will cover more space than the so-called cheap paints.

The Quantity Required

To estimate the amount of CANADA PAINT required, add the number of feet in width of front and rear to number of feet in length of building (both sides), multiply by the average height and divide by 425 for two coats.

We carry a complete stock of Canada Paint and other C.P. Products, including the famous SUN VARNISHES. It will be a pleasure to assist you with color cards and detailed information concerning the particular job you have in view.

AYRE & SONS, Limited,
St. John's.

Made in Canada
by the manufacturers
of the famous
"Elephant Brand"
Genuine White Lead

Thistledown and Mountain-dew.

(Contributed.)
SCOTCH HUMOUR.

One of the chief characteristics of Scotch humor, is its spontaneity, or utter want of effort to effect its production. Much of it comes out as a matter of course, and without the slightest indication on the part of the creator that he is aware of the splendid part he is playing. Then it has nearly always a strong characteristically practical people, and very much of what is most enjoyed in humorous Scotch stories and anecdotes, as Dean Ramsay truly says, arises "from the simple and matter-of-fact references made to circumstances which are unusual." No anecdote can better illustrate the practical basis of the Scotch mind than the following:

"John," said a Minister to one of his congregation, I hope you hold family worship regularly."

"Aye," said John, "in the time o' year o't."

"In the time o' year o't," what do you mean, John?"

"Ye ken, sir, we canna see in the winter nights."

"But, John, can't you buy candles?"

"Weel, I could," replied John, "but in that case I'm dootin' the cost would swerger the profit."

SALMON OR SERMON.

A clergyman in Perthshire, who was very skilful as an angler than popular as a preacher, having fallen into conversation with some of his parishioners on the benefits of early rising, mentioned as an instance that he had that very morning, before breakfast, composed a sermon, and killed a salmon—an achievement on which he plumed himself greatly. "Aweel, sir," observed one of the company, "I would rather have your salmon than your sermon."

FOWLS AND DUCKS!

A Scotchman giving evidence at the bar of the House of Lords in the affair of Captain Porteous, and telling of the variety of shot which was fired upon that unhappy occasion, was asked, by the Duke of Newcastle what kind of shot it was? "Why," said the man in his broad dialect, "sic as they shoot fowls (fowls) wi' an' the like." "What kind of fowls?" asked the duke, smiling at the word, "why, my lord, ducks (ducks) and sic kin' o' fowls."

CARRYING THE CLOGS.

A splendid instance of the matter-of-fact view of things celestial frequently taken by the Scotch mind is in that story which Dean Ramsay tells of the old woman who was dying at Hawick. In this border seat of tweed manufacture the people wear wooden spoked boots—clogs—which make a clanking noise on the pavement. Several friends stood by the bedside of the dying person, and one of them said to her:

"Weel, Jenny, ye're deasin', but ye've done the richt gae here, an' ye'll gang to heaven; an' when ye gang there, should you see any o' our fowls."

ye might tell them that we're a weel." "Ow," said Jenny, half-heartedly, "gin I see them I'll tell them; but ye maunna expect that I'm to be gaun clank, clankin' about through heaven looking for your fowls."

TAKING NO CHANCES.

Of all the Scotch stories of this class, however, the following death-bed conversation between a husband and wife affords perhaps the very best specimen of the dry humour peculiar to Scotch folk:—An old shoemaker in Glasgow was sitting by the bedside of his wife, who was dying. Taking her husband by the hand, the old woman said: "Weel, John, we're to part, I have been a gude wife to you, John."

"Oh, middlin', middlin', Jenny," said John, not disposed to commit himself wholly. "Aye, I've been a gude wife to ye, John," says she, "an' ye maun promise to bury me in the auld Kirk-yard at Stra'von, beside my ain kith and kin, for I couldna rest in peace among upo' fowls in the dirt an' smoke o' Glasgow."

"Weel, weel, Jenny, my woman," said John, soothingly, "I'll humour ye thus far. We'll pit ye in the Gorbals first, an' gin ye dinna lie quiet there, we'll tak' ye to Stra'von Syne."

OLD SCOTCH DIVINES.

An old Edinburgh Doctor of Divinity, whose nose and chin were both very long, lost his teeth, and the nose and chin were thus brought, like the nose and chin of Willie Wastles' wife, to threaten either. A friend of his, accordingly, looking him broad in the face, jokingly observed:—

"I am afraid, Doctor your nose and chin will fight before long; they approach each other very menacingly."

"I am afraid of it myself," was the ready and good-humoured reply, "for

a good many words have passed between them already."

TIT FOR TAT.

The Rev. Dr. Dow, of Errol, and the Rev. Dr. Duff, of Kilspindie, long maintained a warm and uninterrupted intimacy. Once on a New Year's Day, Dr. Dow sent to his friend, who was a great snuffer, a snuff-box filled with snuff, and inscribed thus:—

"Dr. Dow to Dr. Duff
Snuff! Snuff! Snuff!"

The Minister of Kilspindie resolved not to be outdone either in generosity or pungent humour. The pastor of Errol, though withal a sober and exemplary man, was known to enjoy a glass of toddy with his friends. So his clerical brother retaliated on him with the present of a hot-water jug, bearing on the lid this couplet:—

"Dr. Duff to Dr. Dow
Fou! Fou! Fou!"

Rural Route No. 1, Mascouche, Que. The Miquard's Lament People.

Sirs,—I feel that I should be doing a wrong if I neglected to write you. I have had four tumors growing on my head for years. I had them cut off by a surgeon about fifteen years ago but they grew again till about three months ago I had one as large and shaped like a lady's thimble, on the very place where my hair should be parted, and it was getting so embarrassing in public that it was a constant worry to me. About three months ago I got a bottle of your Liniment for another purpose and saw on the label good for tumors. Well I tried it and kept at it for exactly two months, with the result that it has entirely removed all trace of the tumor, and were it not that they had been cut fifteen years ago, no mark would be seen. I have not been asked for this testimonial and you can use it as you see fit.

(Sgd.) FRED C. ROBINSON.
P.S.—I am a farmer and intend using Miquard's Liniment on a mare for a strained tendon, and am hoping for some results.—Fred C. R.

Vindicated.

Mr. Coaker has been vindicated, so let us shoulder our losses and extend to the Honorable gentleman our heartfelt felicitations.

It is nice to be vindicated, nice to get away with a whole skin from the wreck your bungling and mischief-making meddling has created.

What matter the wreck, what matter the destruction of a profitable market, what matter the ruin of business if you be but vindicated.

I am sure Mr. Coaker and his friends must feel supremely happy as they survey the ruin for has not Mr. Coaker been vindicated.

Thousands of dollars worth have been destroyed, hundreds of precious lives lost and a gallant ship has been smashed upon the rocks, but the captain has been vindicated. He gets praise for having been the cause of the disaster, because he was a man with courage enough to try a new theory of navigation. The new theory in practice wrought destruction, but it was a new theory, and worth trying though the brave captain and inquiry finds him praiseworthy. He has been vindicated.

"The Commissioners are unanimously of the opinion that there is no foundation for the suggestion or charge that the Minister of Marine and Fisheries has been guilty of wrong doing or has used his public office for the benefit or advantage of himself or the Company of which he is President."

In other words Mr. Coaker has been vindicated.—Public Opinion.

McGuire's Ice Cream now ready for delivery. Wholesale only. Phone 794.—jue8,tf

Where Ignorance is Bliss

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir,—The profundity of the knowledge of the writer in the Advocate of Saturday, who signed himself "Citizen" was surely never acquired in any educational institution in this country or elsewhere. Had it been, or had he the least conception of history, as it is written, he would have been aware that the victory won by the barons over King John of England in the year 1215, at Runnymede in their forcing from him his consent to Magna Charta, was a bloodless one. Bolsheviks of "Citizen's" type can misconstrue and misinterpret anything to suit themselves and the radical ideas they desire to promulgate, particularly through the columns of the Advocate, which, now as always, is ever ready to publish revolutionary propaganda.

Yours truly,

SCHOOL BOY.

June 29, 1922.

Insults a City.

(Public Opinion.)

Premier Squires in that speech of his on the Municipal Council John displayed very poor taste and poor knowledge of the political economy of our town and country.

Sir Richard is in very bad form these days and seems to fly off the bat in a most astonishing manner, for one in his position.

It may be that overt sneers at the expense of St. John's are very delectable to certain constitutions and in certain quarters, but Sir Richard should not stoop so low to invite pleasurable response from an audience so mean.

The words of the Prime Minister are more or less cunningly arranged to afford safe retreat should he be challenged, but there is no mistaking their meaning. They are insulting to a degree, and highly irritating, as much from their thinly veiled insolence as from their stealthy cowardice.

Sir Richard would like to stab but fears an open, manly approach. He will have reason to repent, and time for vain regrets later on.

Shovels, Spades, Pick Axes and Garden Tools at BOWRING BROTHERS, LTD., Hardware Department.—may18,tf

TO THE WHOLESALE TRADE!

We Announce the Arrival of
**The Very Best Values We Have
Handled For Years**

The result of some very keen purchasing by our American buyer, and that he has sent along a goodly portion of it will be best seen by a visit to our big Warerooms to-day.

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Pound Goods

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Special Values in
EMBROIDERIES
LACES, RIBBONS
BUTTONS, STUDS, ELASTICS
HANDKERCHIEFS
SAFETY PINS
HAIR PINS, PRESS STUDS
SIDE COMBS, BARRETTE
TIES, PACIFIERS, ETC.

REMNANT GOODS SHIRTS SOCKS

Just Glance Down These Columns

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POCKETINGS
It Will Pay You to See Our
CORSETS, TOWELS
BRACES, APRONS
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We Excel in
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for Ladies, Gentlemen & Children.
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SALT!

15,000 Hogsheads

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CADIZ SALT,

Due to arrive June 9th.

A. H. Murray & Co., Ltd.

St. John's.

jue8,tf

Eggs for Hatching!

The following members of the Newfoundland Poultry Association have hatching eggs for sale at the rate of 20c. each from this date:

Name.	Address.	Breed.
S. Emberly	14 Wood Street	R. I. Reds.
A. Foster	King's Beach, Box 268	Barred Rocks
J. Duff	Freshwater Road	Barred Rocks
H. W. LeMessurier	Winter Avenue	R. I. Reds.
O. Rusch	Portugal Cove Road	Rose Comb R. I. Reds.
S. White	Freshwater Road	White Oringtons
G. R. Williams	Florence Grove, City	White Leghorns
Dr. A. Tait	Patrick Street	White Wyandottes, Red Caps.
W. D. McCarter	Merrymount Road, Box 102	White Leghorns
E. Munn	Board of Trade Building	R. I. Reds.
W. Clayton	Box 102 or Newtown Road	White Leghorns
F. Perry	268 Hamilton Avenue	White Leghorns

All eggs guaranteed by the above to be 70 p.c. fertile.

apr21,25,28,may2,5,12,19,26,jun2,9,16,23,30

COD OIL!

We are open to purchase Cod Oil for immediate shipment in any quantity, and will pay the highest market rate for same. All payments made promptly.

Reference: Canadian Bank of Commerce.

ARTHUR EBSARY, Smyth Building,
Cor. Water St. and Beck's Cove)

Phone 1167.

P. O. Box 402.

MUTT AND JEFF—

MUTT'S SENSE OF HUMOR IS SICK.

—By Bud Fisher

