Thistledown Frae Scotland.

(Contributed.)

THE SCOTTISH TONGUE. No man, it is well known, had ever more command of the native vernacular than Robert Burns. In a letter written at Carlisle, in June, 1787, to his friend William Nicol, Master of the High School, Edinburgh, he has a curious testimony at once to the capabilities of the language and his own skill in it. "Kind, honest-hearted Willie," he writes, "I'm sitten doon here, after seven-and-forty miles' ridin', e'en as forjeskit and forniaw'd as a forfoughten cock, to gie you some notion o' my land-lowper-like stravaigin' sin' the sorrowfu' hour that I sheuk hands and parted wi' Auld Reekie. My auld ga'd gleyde o' a meere has huchyall'd up hill and down brae in Scotland and England, as teuch and birnle as a vera deevil wi' me. It's true, she's as puir's a sang-maker, an' as hard's a Kirk, and tipper taipers when she tak's the gate, jist like a lady's gentlewoman in a minuwae, or a hen on a het girdle; but she's a yauld, poutherie girran for a' that, and has a stamach like Willie Stalker's meere, that wad hae digested tumbler-wheels, for she'll whip me off her five stimparts o' the best aits at a doon-sitten, and ne'er fash her throom. Whan once her ring-banes and spavies, her crucks and cramps, are fairly soupl'd, she beets to, beets to, and aye the hindmost hour the tightest. I could wager her price to a threlty pennies, that for twa or three wooks, ridin' at fifty miles a day, the deilstickit a five gallopers acqueesh Clyde and Whithorn could cast saut on her tail. I hae dander'd owre a' the country frae Dunbar to Selcraig, and ha'e forgather'd wi' mony a gude fallow, and mony a weel-faur'd hizzie, I met wi' twa' dink queynes in particular. Ane o' them a sonsie, fine, fodgel lass, baith braw and bonnie, the other was a clean-shankit. straight, tight, weel-faur'd wench, as blythe's a lintwhite on a flowerie thorn, and as sweet and modest's a new blawn plum-rose in a hazel shaw. They were baith bred to mainers by the beuk and ony ane o' them had as muckle smeddum and rumble sumption as the half o' some Presbytries that you and I baith ken. They played me sic a deil o' a shavie, that I daur say if my harigals were turn'd out ye wad see twa nicks I' the heart o' me like the mark o' a kail-whittle in a castock. I was gaun to write you a lang pystle, but, gude forgi'e me, I gat mysel' sae noutourously bitchify'd the day, after kail-time, than I can

hardly stoiter but and ben. My best,



The Home of Good Rubbers F. SMALLWOOD 218 and 220 Water Street oct21.s.m.th.tf

How happy is

certain Adam Scott, in Upper Dalg- idiom that the simpler the language see the graphic picture we have prerespects to the guid wife and a' our common friens', especially Mr. and Thus Scott prayed for a son employed the effect is the greater. ssnted to us by a few strokes of his

SUITABLE WORK.

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I'm coming around

I represent the largest manufacturer of

high-grade brushes for personal and household

I am located in your city. Hope to call on

To every one I visit, I give a Fuller Handy Brush-

without cost or obligation — to prove the quality and usefulness of my line. By this token, you'll know why Fuller Brushes are to-day used in over 5,000,000 homed

Identify me by the Fuller trade-mark button I wear of my lapel. Identify Fuller Brushes by the Fuller Ref Tip Tag and the Fuller trade mark on their handles.

'Til we meet!

W. H. JCHNSTON, The Fuller Man.

G.W.V.A. Bnilding.

PRICES RIGHT.

to see you!

every woman who reads this ad.

- ALSO, -

'M the Fuller Man.

use, in the world.

Mrs. Cruickshank, and the honest who seemed thoughtless. "For thy Think how this is manifested in the pen:guidman o' Jock's Lodge. I'll be in mercy's'sake-for the sake o' thy song and ballad literature of the "She has an e'e-she has but ane, puir, sinful' servants that are now country. In popular ballads like "Gil; The cat has twa the very colour; Dumfries the morn gif the beast be addressing Thee in their ain shilly- Morrice," "Sir James the Rose," "Barto the fore, and the branks bide hae. "Gude be wi' you, Willie! Amen!" shally way, and for the sake o' mair bara Allan," and "The Dowie Dens o' than we daur weel name to Thee, hae Yarrow," in Jane Elliot's song of "The Her nose and chin they threaten

mercy on Rob. Ye ken fu' weel he's a Flowers of the Forest;" in Grizzel That letter might fairly be made the shibboleth in any case of doubt wild, mischievous callant, and thinks Baillie's "Werna my heart licht I wad regarding one's ability to read Scotch. nae mair o' committin' sin than a dee"; in Lady Linsay's "Auld Robin dog does o' lickin a dish; but put thy Gray"; in Lady Nairne's "Land o' She's bow-houghed, she's hein-skinn'd, It would shiver the front teeth of hook in his nose, and thy bridle in the Leal"; in Burn's "Auld Lang Ae limpin' leg, a hand-breed shorter, some of your counterlouper gentry. , his gab, and gar hin come back to Syne"; in . Tannahill's "Gloomy Yet it is not an overdone example of Thee wi' a jerk that he'll no forget Winter"; in Thom's "Mitherless Scotch Doric as it was spoken in Edinburgh drawing-rooms a hundred the longest day that he has to live." Bairn," and in Smibert's "Widow's The twin o' that upon her shouther. years ago-Vide, Henry Cockburn's For another son he prayed: "Dinna Lament." I do not mean to say that Sic a wife as Willie has, Memorials. Between it and the "braid forget puir Jamie, wha's fur awa' the making of these songs and ballads Scotch" of half a century earlier frae us this night. Keep thy arm o' was a simple matter, but the verbal frae us this night. Keep thy arm o' was a simple matter, but the verbal no idea there is strained. Every power about him, and oh, I wish ye material is in each case of the sim- word is common. The same may be there is a marked difference.

wad endow him wi' a little spunk and plest character, and the effect such said of Hew Ainslie's lyric poem in Hogg, in his "Shepherd's Calender," smeddum to act for himsel'; for, if ye that the pieces are established in the a different view, "Dowie in the hint of referring to the religious character dinna, he'll be but a bauchle i' this common heart of Scotland.

of the shepherds of Scotland in his warld, and a back-sitter i' the neist." day tells that "the antiquated but de- Again: "We're a' like hawks, we're a Burns did not go out of his way for lightful exercise of family worship like snails, we're a' like slogie rid- either language or figures of speech When the wind grows cauld, and the was never neglected," and "formality dles; like hawks to do evil, like snails to describe Willie Wastle's wife. Yet

being a thing despised, there are no to go good, and like slogie riddles to compositions I ever heard," he con- let through a' the gude and keep a' tinues, "so truly original as those the bad." When Napoleon I was filling prayers occasionally were; sometimes Europe with alarm, he prayed: "Bring for rude eloquence and pathos, at doon the tyrant and his lang neb, for other times for an indescribable sort he has done muckle ill this year, and of pomp, and not infrequently, for a gie him a cup o' Thy wrath, and gin plain and somewhat unbecoming he winna' tak' that, gie him kelty." familiarity." He gives several illus- (i.e., double, or two cups.) Very trations, quite justifying this descrip- graphic, is it not! It reminds us of tion, from some with whom he had the prayer of one Jamie Hamilton, a himself served and herded. One of the celebrated poacher in the West Counmost notable men for this sort of try. As Jamie was reconnoitring a family eloquence, he thought was a lonely situation one morning, his



mind more set on hares than on prayers, a woman approached him from the only house in the immediate district and requested that he should "come owre and pray for auld Eppie, for she's just deein."

Open Child's Bowels with "Ye ken weel enough that I can "California Fig Syrup" pray nane," replied Jamie."

"But we haena time to rin for ony ither. Jamie," urged the woman. "Eppie's just slippin' awa', and oh! wad be an awfu' like thing to lat the puir bodie dee without bein' prayer

glory, Amen." It was a poacher's prayer in very truth, but a bishop

could not have said more in as few

"Weel, then," said Jamie, "an' maun come, I maun come, but I'm sure I kenna right what to say." The occasion has ever so much to do with the man. Approaching the bed. Jamie doffed his cap and pro ceeded: "O Lord, Thou kens best Thy

Even a sick child wes the fruity" taste of "California and it never fails to open Fig Syrup" and it hever inits to open Thee and auld Epple; and sin 're nee the bowels. A teaspoonful to-day may prevent a sick child to-morrow. If baith the heft and the blade in yer constipated, bilious, feverish, fretful, nain hand, just guide the gully as has cold, colic, or if stomach is sour, best suits her guid and yer nain her the blade in yer baith the source base of the source base Fig Syrup" constipated, bit or if stomach is sour, has cold, colic, or if stomach is sour, tongue coated, breath bad, remember a good cleansing of the little bowels is often all that is necessary.

Ask your druggist for genuine alifornia Fig Syrup" which has totions far babies and children of ages printed on bottle. Mother: n must say "California" or you words. But if is easy to be expressive i Scotch, for it is peculiar to the native on fig syrup.

Table Salt THE CANADIAN SALT. CO. LIMITED They're settled like eternitic Oh, Mary, gin I were wi' thee." **BILLY'S UNCLE** HELLO BILLY! - IS YEAH HE'S STILL aryouns POOR nainsel' how the case stands atween Thee and auld Eppie; and sin' Ye had

THE

HANDY

LITTLE

SPOUT

LETS THE

SALT

RUN OUT





Five rusty teeth. forbye a stump

A whiskin beard about her mou;

She's twisted right, she's twisted left

Hairst." which I make no apology for

It's dowie in the hint o' hairst.

An' the wuds are hingin' yellow:

The wa'-gang o' her the heart gangs

That darkens the weary warld on

There was meikle love atween us twa

And the thing on yird was never made

But the way o' Heaven's aboon a' ken.

And we maun bear what it likes to

That the warst o' this warld's waes

here's mony things that come and

gae, Just kent, and just forgotten;

It's comfort, though, to weary men,

At the wa'-gang o' the swallow

But oh! it's dowier far to see

The dead-set o' a shinnin' e'e.

Oh, twa could ne'er be fonder;

That could ha'e gart us sunder.

burns grow bauld,

Sic a wife as Willie has.

I wadna' gie a button for her.

To balance fair in ilka quarter.

She has a hump upon her breast

I wadna' gie a button for her.'

ither-

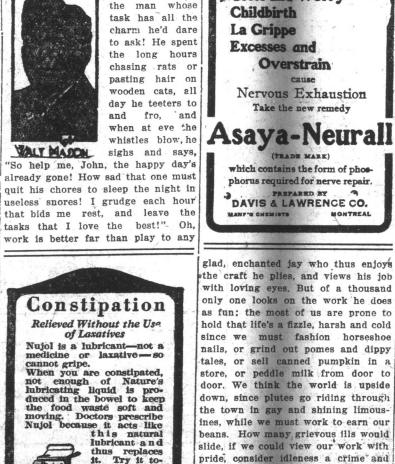
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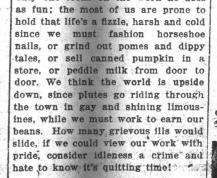
sen'-

maun en'.

A clapper-tongue wad deave a miller.



. ORR CO., Ltd



HIGHER LEVELS COACH SERVICE - Commencing Monday, October 30th, the following departures from Queen Street will be cancelled:-1.30, 3.00 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00 p.m. MARSHALLS' GARAGE.



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APPLES-KINGS, GRAVENSTEINS NOW IN STOCK. (Only a few Barrels of Gravensteins left). **ONIONS**-Silver Peel-in Cases. GRAPES-Choice Green. BURT & LAWRENCE **14 NEW GOWER STREET.**