

# NEW ARRIVALS--Evangeline High Cuts!



**Glove fitted  
Tweedie Boot Tops**



THE ORIGINAL  
You will wear TWEEDIES for their comfort, fit and good style. Wonderfully effective different and distinctive. Unconsciously women who wear them accept the word TWEEDIES. EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED to be the best shades and style combinations.

**F. Smallwood,**  
Sole Agents, St. John's



**Evangeline**

The Perfect Shoe for Women.  
We are now showing the very latest Styles in the above lines of renowned footwear.



**Dr. Reed.**

Have you foot trouble, madam? If so, bring them all here.

**Dr. A. Reed's**

**Improved**

**Cushion Soles.**



**EVANGELINE  
GREY KID**

We also stock this style in Brown, Black and Royal Purple Kid.



**Evangeline Dark Tan Calf**

We also stock this style in Cherry Red and Black Kid.

**EVANGELINE BLACK KID**

Also in Brown, Grey and Tan Kid.

**LADIES!** Our Showroom is now stocked with the very choicest of Footwear. While we offer our patrons the Best Shoes at reasonable prices, we offer, also, Splendid Shoe Service. We are experts at fitting, and all our ability in this direction, together with our Shoe Advice, is always at the command of our trade.

We are now showing the very latest styles in Footwear. We also stock the famous "K" Footwear for Ladies & Gentlemen

## F. SMALLWOOD, The Home of Good Shoes

### Beddown and Screeds of Tartan.

FRAE AULD SCOTIA.

(Contributed.)

**THE ADVANTAGE.**  
Rev. Mr. Johnstone, of Mon-  
ro, a very grandiloquent pulpit  
man, having ascended a  
pulpit, he said: "I have  
been down the wind way" re-  
ferring to John, with a low bow,  
"Your reverence has the  
advantage of me."

**LENGTH OF HIS TONGUE.**

After an Edinburgh Court  
case, the whole day with a speech  
was anything but interesting.  
Somebody who had left  
Courtroom and returned again  
some hours, finding the same  
case going on, said to Lord  
Russell, "It took me a long  
time to get in." "That's right,"  
said Lord Russell, "he has long  
ago exhausted, and encroached upon eter-

### A NEW APPLICATION.

Honest Highlander, a genuine  
of Sheshin, observed, standing  
in the door of the Blair Athol Hotel,  
significant man in full tartan,  
glanced with much admiration at  
the dimensions of his nostrils in a  
puffed nose. He accented him-  
self as he most complimentary ac-  
complished his mull (snuff-box) for a  
while, and then he said: "The  
stranger" drew up and  
haughtily said, "I never take  
snuff." "Oh," said the other, "that's  
not for there's gran' accommo-  
dation for it."

### COULDN'T SING.

Scotch family lately removed to  
England, wished to have a sheep's  
head prepared as they were ac-  
customed to it at home, and sent a  
letter to the butcher's to procure one.  
The butcher's son, who was a bonnie  
Scotch lassie, was standing  
outside the shop, "My mither,"  
she to the butcher, "I want a  
sheep's head." "What a head,"  
said the butcher, "there's plenty  
of them there,"  
"Choose which you will,"  
said she, "but there's none o'  
that will do." "I want a sheep's  
head that will sing" (sings).  
"You fool," said the butcher,  
"ever heard of a sheep's head  
singing?"  
"Ay," replied the girl in a  
singing voice, "you it's the only  
one I've ever heard of singing."  
"But I jalousie yer English  
are just as glib fules as their  
a, and they can dae naething  
but sing."

### A POOR FISHER.

Only Russell of the "Scotian"  
some years ago, it is said, enjoy-  
ing a holiday in a quiet High-

land retreat, which afforded excellent  
scope for the plying of the gentle  
art, and the Sabbath coming round  
in due course, he resolved, in order  
to spend the tedious of the day, to at-  
tend the village church. The worthy  
parson noted the intellectual-looking  
stranger among the sparse congrega-  
tion, and on making enquiries, was  
informed of his personal identity. On  
the Monday following, the parson took  
a walk along the river side and very  
soon encountered the popular editor  
busy with rod and line.

"You are a keen fisher, I believe,  
Mr. Russell," was the parson's in-  
troductions remark.  
"Yes I am, pastor," was the instant  
and decided reply.

"I am a fisher too," remarked the  
minister dreamily, "but a fisher of  
men." The latter words were deliver-  
ed with great unction.

"Oh, indeed," dryly responded the  
editor, "I had a keen into your creed  
yesterday! Ye didn't seem to have  
catch'd none."

### MIGHT HAVE BEEN DEAF.

In view of a Divine Call of  
Scotland's great preachers, the late  
Dr. Macleod, the following is told.  
In visiting his Dalketh parishioners  
to say farewell, he called on one of  
those sharp-tongued old ladies whose  
privileged gibes have added so much  
to the treasury of Scottish humor. To  
her he expressed his regret at leaving  
his friends at Dalketh, but stated  
that he considered his invitation to  
Glasgow in the light of a call from  
the Lord.

"Ay, ay," was the sharp response,

"but if the Lord hadna called you to  
a better steepend, it might have been  
long gin ye had heard Him."

### CARING FOR THEIR MINISTER.

A minister was called in to see a  
man who was very ill. After finishing  
his visit, as he was leaving the house,  
he said to the man's wife: "My good  
woman, do you not go to any church  
at all?"

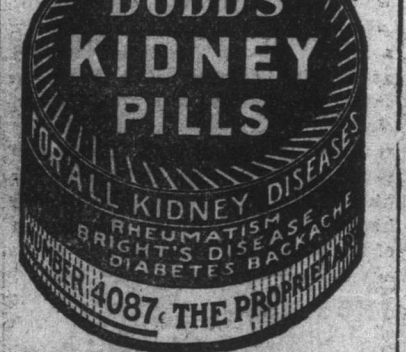
"Oh, yes, Sir; we gang to the  
Barony Kirk."

"Then why in the world did you  
send for me? Why didn't you send for  
Dr. Macleod?"

"Na, na, sir, 'deed no; we wadna  
risk him. Do ye no ken it's a dan-  
gerous case of typhus?"

### PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

An old clerical friend upon Sprey-  
side, a confirmed bachelor, on going



up to the pulpit one Sunday to preach,  
found, after giving out the Psalm,  
that he had forgotten his sermon. I  
do not know what his objections  
were to his leaving the pulpit and  
going to the manse for his sermon,  
but he preferred sending his old con-  
fidential housekeeper for it. He ac-  
cordingly stood up in the pulpit, stop-  
ping the singing, when he had com-  
menced, and thus accented his faith-  
ful domestic: "Annie, I say, Annie,  
we've committed a mistake the day,  
ye maun jist gang your waa's home,  
and ye'll get my sermon out o' my  
breck pouch, an' we'll sing to the  
praise o' the Lord till ye come back  
again."

### A PROCESS OF EXHAUSTION.

A Scotch minister was asked if he  
was not very much exhausted after  
preaching three hours. "Oh, no," he  
replied; "but it would have done you  
good to see how worried the people  
were."

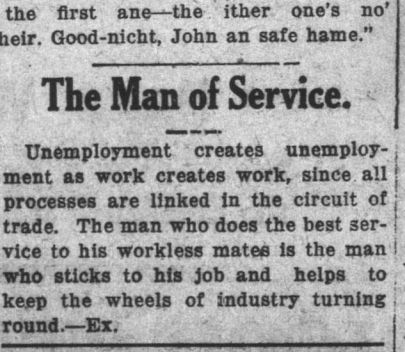
### LANG'S SYNE.

One festive old Scot recently visit-  
ed another in the English capital.  
They had not met before in many  
years, and a good deal of hot water  
and sugar joined by a corresponding  
quantity of "barley breek" was slow-  
ly within their waistscoats before it  
was considered that full justice had  
been done to the occasion. By this  
time the night was well advanced,  
and the visitor began to speak of mak-  
ing tracks for his hotel, when a cab  
was accordingly called and brought to  
the door. Now came the supreme  
moment of parting, and the host hav-

ing led his friend by the arm in  
devious fashion to the head of the  
stair, halted and solemnly addressed  
him: "John," said he, "I winna gang  
doon the stair mysel' for fear I  
mayne get up again. I'm real glad to  
have seen you, and we've had a grand  
night. Good-night, John; good-night,  
and mind your feet on the stair. And  
John, hark ye, when ye gang out at  
the door ye'll see two cabs, but tak'  
the first ane—the fither one's no  
their. Good-night, John an' safe home."

### The Man of Service.

Unemployment creates unemploy-  
ment as work creates work, since all  
processes are linked in the circuit of  
trade. The man who does the best ser-  
vice to his workless mates is the man  
who sticks to his job and helps to  
keep the wheels of industry turning  
round.—EX.



### THE PROCESSION.

The roads are  
black with mo-  
tor cars, they're  
whizzing all the  
day; and some  
are glittering like  
stars, and some  
are dingy grey;  
some e drivers  
smoke their fine  
cigars, and some  
are smoking hay.  
I watch the long  
procession pass,  
it never has an end; by day and night  
men press the gas, more speed and  
pep to lend, and from the horns of  
tin or brass the wailing honks ascend.  
How many cars, I ask my aunt, would  
leave the big parade, how many fans  
would gallivant, if all their debts  
were paid? A million cars that chug  
and pant from this blithe scene  
would fade. If it were by the law  
decreed that men who dodge their  
bills were not allowed in cars to  
speed along the vales and hills, the  
traffic would be light, indeed, and void  
of present thrills. For men will burn  
old John D's juice, though credit  
fall apart; they owe the butcher for a  
goose, the baker for a mart; and yet  
they're scorching like the deuce, each  
in his buzz-buzz cart. I hold joy-  
riding should be done when all our  
debts are paid, our creditors should  
have their mon, the bills should be  
defrayed, then we may let our wag-  
ons run, the ghosts of conscience  
laid.

Eat MRS. STEWART'S Home  
Made Bread.—april 1922

### Woman's Neck Tough Eating, Says Cannibal.

The back of a woman's neck is the  
toughest part of the human body, says  
Frederick O'Brien, author of "White  
Shadows in the South Seas." O'Brien  
obtained this information from a gen-  
tlemanly cannibal chief who was his  
neighbor in the Marquesas Islands.  
This Kahuli—as the chief was named  
—is no longer a cannibal, but in his  
youth he had eaten human flesh. "I  
learned later that he was an avowed  
bachelor," says O'Brien, "and it may  
have been his grim joke, for he told  
me that a woman's neck became tough  
because she was always turning it to  
look around and about!"

The author of "White Shadows" re-  
turned recently from another trip to  
the South Seas.

Dr. Malcolm Brown, a New York  
physician and admirer of O'Brien's  
books, lived with O'Brien at Savail  
Samoa, a part of the island least touch-  
ed by civilization. Brown was so  
enamored of Polynesian life that he  
remained in Savail. The doctor and  
the author were honored residents of  
the village, taking part in all the na-  
tive festivities and ceremonies.

There are islands in the South seas

where conditions are primitive enough  
to suit the most ardent devotees of the  
simple life. O'Brien says. Lack of  
transportation has saved these from  
many of the evils that have accom-  
panied civilization elsewhere in  
Polynesia.

### DO IT NOW.

When business is hard to get the  
thoughtful merchant works harder.  
Very often poor business is due to  
lack of application. We apply to the  
trade-to-day and say to them that we  
are in a position to offer at Reduced  
Wholesale Prices the following prepara-  
tions:—

- Stafford's Liniment.
- Prescription "A"—small & large  
size.
- Phoradone Cough and Cold Cure.
- Essence Ginger Wine.
- Ess. Peppermint, 1/2 and 1 oz. btl.
- Friar's Balsam, 1/2 and 1 oz. bottles.
- Tincture Iodine, 1/2 and 1 oz. bottles.
- Sweet Spirits Nitro, 1/2 & 1 oz. bottles.
- Glycerine, 1 oz. bottles.
- Paregoric, 1 oz. bottles.
- Camphorated Oil, 1 oz. bottles.
- Oil Eucalyptus, 1 oz. bottles.
- Oil Sassafras, 1 oz. bottles.
- Brick's Tasteless Cod Liver Oil.
- DR. F. STAFFORD & SON,  
Wholesale and Retail Chemists and  
Druggists,  
St. John's, Nfld.  
mar28.11

### Might Be Adopted Here.

VIENNA. (Associated Press)—  
Thefts of money and drafts from  
American mail are so frequent that  
the postal authorities now notify ad-  
dressees of its arrival and ask them  
to call for mail in person.

GASOLINE at McKinlay's  
55c. per gallon.—april 20

—By Bud Fisher.

### MUTT AND JEFF—

### LET'S SEE! AIN'T OSHKOSH IN THE BUSH LEAGUE?

