

Thistledown Frae Scotland.

(Contributed.)
THE PULPIT AND THE PEW.
 To "get the better" of the Minister has always meant fame of a kind—largely because of the rarity of such an achievement—and one case, imagine how the parish would ring with the fame of the old dame who, when her spiritual adviser called at her house to enquire of her the reason why recently she had suddenly turned "Seccesor," retorted, "weel, ye just took a hale fortnicht to put Jonah into the whale's belly, and another hale fortnicht to tak' him out; and what sort o' fools preschin' d'ye ca that?"

A Fifeshire laird, in a somewhat similar way, scored heavily against the minister of his parish. The latter had called on the laird to solicit a subscription from him to aid in putting a stove in the church, which, he said, the congregation found very cold. "Cauid, sir, cauid?" snorted the chief heritor; "then warm them up wi' your doctrine, sir. John Knox never askit for a stove in his Kirk."

Equally pungent was the retort which issued from a country pew on the North of the Tay. "Ye're sleeping, John," said the minister, pausing in the middle of a humdrum discourse, and looking hard in the direction of a drowsy member thus addressed: "Tak' a snuff, John."

"Put the snuff in the sermon," grunted John, and the broad grin that scamped over the upturned faces of the congregation showed how much the suggestion was deemed fit. But it is seldom the sleeper is found so wide awake, if the expression will be allowed. His mental condition for the time being acts against the ready exercise of wit, and he is generally caught napping in a double sense. And, indeed, many who are popularly termed "pillars of the Kirk," might with equal appropriateness be termed sleepers. In a certain church in Forfarshire, there was no worse offender in this way than the minister's own wife. One Sabbath she was actually asleep before the text was given out, a fact which her husband was not slow to observe. The minister had a quiet humour of his own; and the passage chosen for treatment that day had more than its original meaning to many present, when "fixing his glassy eye" on the family pew he said, "The words, my brethren, to which I wish to direct your attention at the present time, are these: 'He loveth His beloved sleep.'"

HUMOUR OF SCOTCH PRECENTORS.

Of course it is just as the study of music progressed in Scotland, and the taste for the highly-refining art becomes general, that Organs increase and precentors decay. It is to the olden times, however, when he who had a "fairish gude lug" and a thoroughly sound pair of lungs was, irrespective of musical education, elected to "fill the desk," that the humours of precenting almost exclusively belong. And, truly, of that time many a sufficiently funny and ludicrous story may be told.

The Rev. Sir Henry Moncreiff, Bart. was for some years Minister of the parish at Blackford prior to his translation to St. Cuthbert's in Edinburgh. During his incumbency at Blackford he had, as Doctor Rodgers tells, one Sabbath opened divine service by giving out a portion of the 71st Psalm, at the seventh verse. The conductor of the psalmody followed the practice then in vogue, and enunciated the opening line: "To many, I, a wonder am." Immediately the congregation seemed to be overpowered by an inclination to indulge in laughter, which, indeed, some were unable to restrain. The precentor faltered, but proceeded to read the line again. This tended only to increase the excitement, and while some quickly withdrew from the church, others ceased their faces under the pews, or buried them in their handkerchiefs. Sir Henry rose up, and looking down at the precentor, called to him: "So you are a wonder, John, turn your wig!" The oddity of the precentor's appearance with his wig misplaced, viewed in connection with his proclamation, had produced the mistimed merriment.

A precentor of humorous turn of mind when Lord Eglington's family were crowded out of sitting room in the Kirk, exclaimed: "Stand back, Jock, and let the Eglington family in," then continued to read: "Nor stand in sinners' way."

The old Scotch precentor, pure and simple in Scotland, is now a thing of the past.

The pitch-fork and the Doh Ra Me Fa Soh and the key-note precentors have "struck" after they have had years of experience, and I have heard of one in a country Kirk who frequently pitched his tunes too high, and when he failed in his efforts to carry them through, he would stop and shake his head and exclaim, "It'll no do chaps," "we'll need to try 't a wee thoct laicher." Another, after repeated ineffectual attempts to raise the tune on a certain occasion, turned round, and looking up to the min-



later, exclaimed, "Dod, sir, that psalm'll no sing ava."

One who was suffering from cold occupied the desk so imperfectly that the minister whispered to him over the pulpit:—

"What's the matter wi' ye, John?" "Deed, sir," replied John, "it sounds to the amusement of the congregation, 'I'm fash'd wi' an unco kittlin' o' the paup o' an auld tam—cat.'"

"A kittlin, do ye cat?" exclaimed the minister, loud enough for all the congregation to hear him. "It sounds to my lug mair like the catterwaw o' an auld tam—cat."

He Was Quite Welcome.

"Madam," said the tramp, spinning the tale to the farmer's wife, "have you any objection to my lying down in one of your fence corners and dying?"

"No objection at all," replied the lady. "Over in the corner you will find a lot of straw."

"I wouldn't dare to lie on your straw, madam," said the tramp; "I'm so hungry that I'd be sure to wake up and find myself eating it!"

"We have plenty more," said the farmer's wife pleasantly, as she closed the door.

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First English King's Peace Mission to Ireland

It was on Sunday, August 12th, 1891—just a century since—that King George IV. arrived at Howth, at about five o'clock. The congregations from the different churches were waiting on the pier while all ages strained to get a glimpse of the sovereign, the first King of England who had ever gone to Ireland on a mission of peace. The "Lightning," steamboat, Captain Skinner, came near the pier head, and some person, recognising his Majesty on board, cried "The King!" when the multitude enthusiastically exclaimed, "The King, the King, God bless him!" This was followed by universal cheering again and again, when the king stood forward, and taking off his cap, flourished it over his head several times, and with great agility. On the pier he found himself jammed by a mass of people, and, although he had reason to be displeased at the want of proper arrangements, he bore the inconvenience with good humor, indeed, his Majesty was quite jolly. On seeing Lord Kingston in the crowd, he exclaimed "Kingston, Kingston, you black whiskered, good natured fellow, I am happy to see you in this friendly country." Having recognized Mr. Dennis Borden Daly, he cordially shook hands with that gentleman, who at that moment was deprived of a gold watch, worth sixty guineas, and a pocketbook, by one of the light fingered gentry. The king also shook hands with numbers who were wholly strangers to him. As his Majesty got into his carriage, the cheers of the multitude rent the air, and he turned toward them, extending his hands, saying with great emotion, "God bless you all, I thank you from my heart." Seemingly exhausted, he threw himself back in the carriage; then, on the cheering being renewed, he bent forward, and taking off his cap bowed to the ladies and those around him. The cavalcade drove rapidly to town, and proceeded by the circular road to the park, attended by a constant accession of horsemen, who all rode uncovered. In his speech to them at the door, he said, "This is one of the happiest days of my life. I have long wished to visit you; my heart has always been with the Irish; from the day it first beat I have loved Ireland."

BUY MILLER'S ONE CENT CANDIES.

July 17, 1922, eod

This day has shown me that I am loved by my Irish subjects. Rank, station, honors are nothing; but to feel that I live in the hearts of my Irish subjects is to me exalted happiness. I must once more thank you for your kindness, and bid you farewell. Go, and do by me as I do by you—drink my health in a bumper; I shall drink all yours in a bumper of good Irish whisky." It is a singular fact that there was not a soldier and not a policeman visible from Howth to the Park. No guards, no pomp, no ceremony. The king appeared in "fatigue dress," and on landing found himself in the midst of his Irish subjects, and this in a country of people whose disaffection and turbulence has been a constant trouble to his ministers.

The publisher of the best Farmer's paper in the Maritime Provinces is writing to us stating: "I would say that I do not know of a medicine that has stood the test of time like Minard's Liniment. It has been an unfailing remedy in our household ever since I can remember and has outlived dozens of would-be competitors and imitators."

Give us Coal.

The conference held at Glace Bay on Saturday between the Executive Board of the U.M.W. and Vice-President D. H. MacDougall and other representatives of the Company, will be welcomed by the public as holding out the hope that the parties may be to come to an agreement on the question at issue. The conference was asked for by the U. M. W. Executive, and the response of the management equally indicates a desire to find a way out of the present threatening situation. It was the reasonable thing to do—to get together around a table to discuss the matter in dispute and endeavour to reach an amicable agreement.

So far, in this respect, the steps taken are all to the good. It is to be hoped that this sensible attitude on both sides will be maintained. A strike in the coal mines at this juncture when the greatest present and prospective need of the country is coal, could not be justifiable on any existing grounds. It would be a strike against the public interest, and no such strike can ever be justified. The demand for coal from all sides is so urgent that the first duty of men and management is to compose their differences and unite their efforts in supplying the demand. There is now the opportunity to recover much of the ground lost during and immediately after the war, and perhaps, of completely re-establishing Nova Scotia coal in the St. Lawrence market, with the possibility of selling it much farther west. Stoppage of work now, at this critical time, would not only cause serious loss to all concerned, and not the least to the people of the Province generally; it might, and probably would, give the coal industry of Nova Scotia a disastrous setback.

Surely the folly of precipitating a strike at such a time will be recognised by all fair-minded men. At all events, it may be said that the public, whose interests are paramount, do not want, and will not lend their support to a strike. The need of the hour is an abundant supply of coal at a reasonable price. This is vital to the well-being of all the people, and to the industrial rehabilitation of the country. Stoppage of the mines would mean nothing but widespread suffering and irreparable loss all around. It is to be hoped that these plain facts will be recognised and that the spirit of reasonableness will prevail.—Morning Chronicle.

The Plus Man.

It's the work you do for which you receive no pay that earns promotion. Just as the reserve power sells a motor, or the extra stretch of sail wins a race, or the second wind makes the athlete, so the person who gives just a bit more than is actually required earns promotion. Good work may attract attention but the reserve, the after-hour effort, not only receives recognition but deserves promotion. No man climbs to the ladder top on an eight-hour schedule. The first man out the gate may be a good workman, but we'll wager the last man out of the gate is a better partner in the plant.

The man who gives just the amount of effort he is paid to give is overpaid. Don't lean—support. Give more than is required every day in the year and three hundred and sixty-five times you will receive more than you give.—Walmtextis.

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THE HAPPY LAD.



VALT MACDON.

My car is made of zinc, my car is painted pink; but I'm as gay when on my way as any wealthy gink. My home is but a shack, a woodshed at the back; but when I'm there 'twould make you stare to see how high I sit a cack. My watch is built of tin, and has punk works within; it is a crime, but keeps the time, the while I toll and spin. My duds are ready made; I see the colors fade; but still I spring a smile and sing—the clothier has been paid. On liverwurst I dine, and I am feeling fine; the goods you see belong to me, and they are truly mine. No creditor appears with caustic taunts and sneers, to get his plunk or have my junk sold by the auctioneers. No sheriff comes with writs to scare me into fits; no bailiffs wait around my gate to bone me for six bits. I'll have a limousine some day, and mansion green; some day I'll shine in raiment fine, a silk hat on my head. Some day I'll have a clock that none will dare to mock; some day I'll eat such costly meat 'twill make the neighbors talk. But I won't cut this ice until I have the price; and so in brine these coins of mine I pickle once or twice.

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