

Our Scotch Corner

Very Good Story.

No form of humor appeals to one more than the pawky sallies of old Scotch people, and in this connection a very good story is told. It is a story of a man who was being seriously ill, so ill, in fact, that the minister had been called in. The good man was impressing upon her that if she bore any ill-will towards any one she should forgive in case the end should come, and she mentioned that she and her neighbor had been bitter enemies for some time. The neighbor was brought in, and the old woman said: "I'm pretty badly, Mrs. B., and I think we should be making up our differences in case the worst should happen." The neighbor was much affected, and the minister was glad to witness the full reconciliation of the two women. At length, the neighbor rose to take her departure, and just as she was going out at the door the old woman in bed raised herself up and shouted: "Mrs. B., yes, what is it, Mrs. G.?" "Well, in case I should get better, of course, it is understood that things will just be on the same old footing!"

A Prayer in Braid Scots for Good Weather.

The following is part of a prayer by the Rev. D. Gibb Mitchell, Cramond U. F. Church, at the Braid Scots service in the Ker Memorial Church, Edinburgh, on Sunday night, the 27th ult.: "Great River of our braid lang ha'e ye good words er an' fa'en on bonny fields, ripe an' ready for the sickle. Thro' a' the spring folk were eident at the plooin' an' the delvin' an' the seed plantin'. Syne cam' summer; we watched the corn grow. Ye thought it wad be a' the morn' an' mickle grain—fodder for the cattle, but the hairst time has come an' gane, an' the rain has claudit it an' gar'd it rot. Maister o' storm an' sunshine, haud forth yer haun an' halt the fluids. Send sunny blinks an' winnin' winks that pairt o' me may be gotten in, an' no' a' the morn' to the madden. Yer servants o' the land are dooncast, dowie, an' wae. Thro' a' their dool, gar them lippen to Yerel, an' the day will daw when they will lauch at their fears an' lilt the auld sang o' joy."

No More Heather Besoms.

Among the Scottish industries which have disappeared in the march of progress is that which concerned itself with the manufacture of heather besoms. All sorts of foreign contraptions have come in to compete with the home-grown article in the scouring of the pans and the syring of the awnings, and the truth might for once be put before patriotism—they generally answer, the purpose much better. There are a few, says a writer in the Glasgow News, who still pursue the old trade, cutting their heather where they find it, laying it up in hard bundles, and bartering it for the doorsteps for almost any kind of household rubbish. These are evil times for the trade, however, and they would be even more hard were it not that the newer taste in decoration has touched the business, and opened up a more profitable outlet for the heather plant. The tailors and shoemakers and dealers in wet groceries who hope for a share of the patronage of those who go to hunt the vary grouse, make a practice of bedecking their places of business with bunches of heather in August; the game dealer, who has grouse to sell, never thinks of offering them otherwise than on a heather bed. The demand is brisk, and the return though scanty, is better than can now be made in the manufacture of heather reeves.

On Being a Laughing-Stock.

(By Willie Wylie.)

Seein' the summer's bye noo an' we've gotten the fire lichted, I think mebbe settle down to the consideration o' some serious subject, an' try if we cannae dae anything tae improve the human race. I've been lauchin' back over my an' achievements o' the past three months, an' I canna help but think I might ha' been mair yisful in my writin', wheeh ye'll admit, at least, an' in an auld man. I wadna like tae gang tae the grave wi' the consciousness that the worl' had been name the better o' me, an' that the wey I'm sae ankhishtae start an' dae something worthy o' my high ca' in. I wad like fine tae get haud o' a snipe; that wad gar my felin' a tura think. Of course, it's a mair treuch that I've done some guid by makk' folk lauch noo an' again, but ony fule cood dae that, an' I wad consider it a fairer greater achievement if I cood mak' folk see the merit o' bein' laucht at. I dinna think the virtue o' bein' a lauchin' stock has ever gotten proper recognition in this worl'. In fae, it has been my experience that folk wi' or'na' common or gairden minds dinna think it a virtue ava. Some folk even gang the length o' thinkin' it's a shamefu' thing tae be a lauchin'-stock, which seems tae me tae be an evidence o' an extremely limited intelligence. The fae' o' the matter is, however, that the shame o' the thing is no in bein' a lauchin'-stock, but in the wey which the lauchin' o' folk fae tae rise tae the exceptional responsibilities o' that exaltit position. There's a richt wey an' a wrang wey o' bein' a lauchin'-stock, an' it's the fae' that near about everybody tak's the wrang wey that has brocht the condection intae disrepute. Beedie, it is said tae be the best corrective, because it tak's the skin aff folk's backs an' gars them men their weys jist tae scape anither doo o' the same weidin, an' if the mair o' folk wis weidin, they wud swalla their reedie wi' muckle relish as a dish o' tea, an' naebody wud feel uncomfortable.

Ye can never mak' a lauchin'-stock in the yaesal sense o' the term o' a doon-richt sensible buddy. A sensible buddy has a gotten his wits aboot 'im, an' without gettin' red in the face or feelin' the collar tight he can mak' reedie drechit against himsel' appear like a compliment, an' lea the blubbin' if there's tae be ony, tae him that wis expectin' tae get the lauch. Verra few folk ha' learned the secret o' daein' this, an' maybe I shoud say that verra few folk ha' the gumption tae learn it, altho' everybody recognizes the vail-yaw o' an' everybody, in their cuil moments, wad like fine if they cood aye keep it in mind. For a' that, we cannae get awa' frae the apparent fae' that nine-tenths o' the population o' the worl' tak's the primitive view o' reedie, regardin' it as synonymous wi' dispaigement an' contempt. Near about everybody gets het an' cauld by turns if a joke is directed against theirsels. This is because nine-tenths o' the population o' the worl' ha' risen but little abune the level o' primeval man, who elubbit the veras aye if they grint at him an' sae develop the ridiculous characteristic o' bein' fear't for reedie. A man gets cauld an' doon his back noo a days when onybody lauchs at him, be-

cause his mind's in a state o' darkness an' chaos because he has never thought oot the justification o' his ain existence, an' because he's at aye waiting for a sneakin' fear that he's maybe no sae fine a creature as he has been in the habit o' thinkin' himsel'. Folk dinna like tae be laucht at because folk is fu' o' vanity. It's naething but self-consate that gars ye get crabbin' when ye think somebody's jokin' at ye. I've heard it said it's self-respect, but it's naething o' the kind. A self-respectin' buddy can lauch at himsel' when there's naebody near tae hear him doin' it, and by the same token a self-respectin' buddy canna be reedie'd. For my ain part I rather like bein' laucht at, because it gies me an opportunity o' keepin' my wits sharp, and enables me tae discomfit thame that lauchs. It's a fine heftsome exercise, like scimm'in' hills on a caller mornin'. Tae be a lauchin' stock is ane o' the high privileges o' humanity, an' I cannae but think it's a pretty folk wime tak' the trouble tae qualify for the position. The man that can stann tae be laucht at in the richt wey has the germ o' greatness in him. If folk wad keep mind that in showin' theirsels upst when they lauch against theirsels or their nature an' the mairness o' their minds, the worl' wad be a fair better place tae leave in, an' we'd a' lauch a haule sichts offener. But it's a terrible thing tae ha'e sae sense o' humor.—Soltoats Herald.

Gave Names to Canadian Places.
The Earl of Dunmore, who recently died in England, gave names to two towns in Canada during her troubles many years ago.

Dunmore Junction on the Canadian Pacific Railway, is named after him, and now flourishing town. Moose Jaw owes its name to him through a very peculiar circumstance.

At this spot he mended the wheel of his Red River cart with the jawbone of a moose he had shot, and the Red Indian scouts called it the place where the one-eyed white chief mended his cart with the jaw bone of a moose. This was shortened into "moose jaw."

Lord Dunmore had lost the sight of one of his eyes in a sporting accident, hence the name bestowed on him by the Indians.

In addition to his qualities as a sportsman and a soldier, Lord Dunmore was also an accomplished musician, a yachtsman and a cattle breeder. He served in the Scots Guards, and had been long in waiting, and colonel of the 4th Battalion of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.

Lord Dunmore's son and heir, Viscount Fincastle, entered the 16th Lancers, served in an Indian frontier war, won his V. C. in 1867, and afterwards saw fighting in South Africa.

Lord Dunmore the seventh earl, was born on March 24, 1831, and belonged to the Murray clan, the chieftain of which is the Duke of Atholl. He succeeded to the title when he was only four years old on the death of his father.

He was not content merely to sit down and enjoy all the pleasures that an earldom brings. He once lived in New Caledonia for a year, the only British nobleman who could say as much, and there were a few corners of the earth he had not visited at some time.

He caused a stir some years ago by becoming a member of the Christian Science church. He came to America as the guest of Mrs. Eddy, the arch-priestess of the sect, and on his return wrote several articles in the English papers.

His conversion to the new religion was a whole-hearted one. He came in with his household, wife, son and daughters, and he was soon "giving his experience" as freely as any pentitent at a Salvation Army bench.

At the dedication of the "Mother Church of Christ Scientist," in Boston—which cost £400,000 and has an organ with 5,000 pipes and a dome twice as large as the state house dome—Lord Dunmore was one of the most impassioned worshippers.

But Lord Dunmore was even better known as a great traveller and sportsman. He explored the Roof of the World, that wild tabularia of Pamirs, went through western Tibet when it was a land of mystery, and wrote several books on his experience. He explored Newfoundland and Canada before they were crossed by railways.

Mrs. Arthur Haverstock Makes Public Statement.
Tells of Her Belief in the Undying Merit of Dr. Hamilton's Pills.



You Can't Always Dope Them.
Case of the Hen—of the Cow—of the Canary—of the Woman.

Take a hen, for instance. Just a plain hen. The kind that they have in the country for Sunday dinner and call a pullet. See what I mean? Just a hen. And plain. Ever see a whole yard of them oiling up their feathers because it is going to rain? Inspiring sight. Regular instinct, like a cat falling on its feet. Isn't that sort of thing. Sometimes one hen won't oil up. Goes right on scratching gravel. You feel almost like running over and telling her to look out. Regular fool hen, too hungry to bother. Then it begins to rain. Rain comes down all wet and splashy. First it's a sprinkle. Then a shower. Storm coming. Hens all oiled up. All but the one. She's still scratching gravel. Nary an oil for her. No instinct. Fool hen. By the way, where is she? Isn't out getting rained on. Isn't over the fence in the tall grass. Isn't running around squawking. No. Guess again. No? Give it up? Guess inside the barn where it is dry. What do you think of that? Wonderful. Plain hen, too. No idea hens were so smart.

Look at her again. Or let's take another hen and see. No, let's take a cow. Regular cow. No funny business. Short hair. Long tail. Fat underneath and skinny on top. Cow with a wet nose. Mouth full of chewing gum. You know. The kind that artists never paint. Regular plain cow. Flies all over everywhere. And bugs. Gee whizz! Get in your eyes. No good at all. Bother cow nearly to death. Whole bunch stand out in pasture and let flies eat 'em up. Whisk tails, stamp feet and shake heads. Then a shower. Storm coming. Hens all oiled up. All but the one. She's still scratching gravel. Nary an oil for her. No instinct. Fool hen.

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Hold on. Begins to sing. Guess we won't. What do you suppose that bird's doing? Regular time. Sing "Mary." Way up in the air but the real stuff. Refused offer of a horse for that bird. Give it away? Might. To a museum. Otherwise, nix. See what I mean? But it's same all over the world. Big world, too. Feel like a regular discoverer. Days to keep your eyes open. Hold on, though. Take a woman, for instance. Don't take her so far you can't bring her back. Don't take any still and think. Just a plain woman. Not too plain. Just a kind of an average female lady. Give her a moment to herself. Take the children out of the bread pan. Take the gas bill out of the oven. Call Johnny's talent to the fact that he's speaking above a whisper. Give her a chance. Close the back door. Tear the fashion page out of the morning paper and burn it up. Give her a rest. Go away so she won't talk to you. Make her sit still and think. Dangerous but interesting. Next day go and call. Hear her talk. Paper was full of politics. Why don't people elect men to office who are honest? If the men they do elect are dishonest why don't they throw 'em out? That's the beginning. Don't answer. You can't. But don't try. Listen. Why don't the city make the street railroads run more cars? Look wise. But don't answer. If they used more tunnels why don't they build them instead of talking about it? If they know that anarchists are dangerous why do they let them roam all over the place? Let her alone. She was doin' town shopping this morning. Oh, had ten minutes, but—Good. Here's a chance to get away from the question. Ask her what she bought. What did she? Well, the store was crowded so she couldn't get near the counters. But she got some new shoes for Johnny, a spool of No. 67-8 thread, a quarter of a yard of bleached muslin, paper of tacks and a baseball. Good. It was a busy morning. Oh, that was before she went out and met whoever she met and went across the street to the other place where she bought a bottle of pickles, a dotted veil, a paper of hairpins, two yards of striped flannel, a new screwdriver and a cork-screw (patent) thing she wondered why they didn't sell before, a bottle of Florida water, a package of nail files, mittens for Sallie and a piece of dotted Swiss to mend the curtains. Well! Well! You were busy! Oh, that was before she went down the street to the other place where they were having a sale and bought a pair of crocheting needles, two saucers to replace those Johnny smashed, some flat ribbon for Sallie, a piece of wax, a hair ribbon holder and a bottle of ammonia. Stop her right there. Oh, that was before she went over to the other corner and bought—Don't listen, that's all. Willful waste of money. A day gadding all over town. Time frittered away. No sense in it. Extravagant. Oh, as to that, she only spent 86 cents and she had to be home to get the child. Aren't dinner. See what I mean? It's different. No comparison.—New York Sun

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TWO KINDS OF MISERY.

Both Are Suffered by Authors, But One Has Compensation.

"Among the acutest of the small miseries of my existence," declares Hall Caine, in the Book Monthly, "has been that of seeing a man, or more frequently a woman, take up and lay down, in the midst of a running fire of desultory conversation, in the trains, on the steamers, in the halls of hotels or on the seashore a story on which I might have spent all my strength and have written, as I supposed, with my heart's blood."

"Now, that's all very well," comments Kerlie Howard in a sketch, "but Mr. Caine must remember that there are a good many novelists also writing with their hearts' blood who never see their stories taken up at all. When they do see them taken up there is often a large fee in the outcome."

"A week or two ago, for example, I spent five hours in a railway carriage with a wealthy gentleman, unknown to me save by name and reputation, who was actually reading one of my humble works."

"When he had finished it he handed the volume to his secretary, who remarked that his mother had read the same copy. It was a sixpenny edition, sold at fourpence halfpenny. I got the halfpenny."

Recurring Headaches.

Do They Bother You?

You find life a miserable affair because you have headaches, but you have neither nausea nor are you weak—You know you're really only prevent headaches you would enjoy perfect health.

Such headaches indicate a general lowered condition, because they arise from a general decay of the nervous system. This depressed condition of the nervous system has its origin in the reduction of the quality and quantity of the blood.