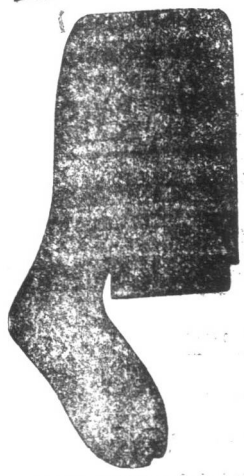


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Positively one of the greatest values on the market this year. This Hosiery has a ribbed top, well fashioned leg, double strength heels and toes, fleece-lined. Just the Hosiery for this season. We have often sold no better for 45c. pair. We only have 25 dozen 300 pairs bought. Special Friday and Saturday 19c. per pair.

19c. pair

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A White Flannelette worth 25 cents per yard. Our price Friday and Saturday, 19c. per yard.

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A White Scrim, fancy insertion edge. Our price Friday and Saturday 19c. per yard.

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There is no need to mention the good wearing qualities of the Work Socks we carry. This is an English Heather Wool; coarse knit, seamless feet; comfortable Sock.

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With hinge cover and lock. Only . . . 10c. ea.

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Seconds. Good value. 29c. per pair.

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This is wonderful value. Only 8c. per ball.

Corticelli Yarns.

Colors Apple Green, Amethyst, Chartreuse. Special only 15c. ball.

Our Famous Alarm Clock.

Our price \$1.94

Enamelled Lipped Saucepans.

Our price 25c. ea.

Corticelli Knitting Silk.

All the favorite colors. Our price 49c. ball.

Kitchen Mirrors.

A good clear glass with wood frame. Our price 25c. ea.

Mucilage.

Good quality. 10c. per bottle.

Enamel Dipper.

Triple coated. 20c. each.

Aluminium Egg Beaters.

Very serviceable. Our price 19c. ea.

Cake Turners.

With wood handle. 8c. each.

Baby Setts.

In individual boxes. 75c, \$1.50, \$3.50 Setts. Special!

Men's Blue Chambray Work Shirts; all sizes. Our price 89c. each.

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(Contributed.)

OLD SCOTCH DIVINES.

Good old Saturday night of over sixty years ago—how I love to think of the happy days spent at the home fireside, and reading a chapter from the good book before retiring to rest. Did you ever read Dr. Waddell's translation of the last four verses of the 52nd Chapter of Isaiah, they are impressively beautiful: "Blythe and brak out, lift a' like ane, ye hourock sae awak o' Jerusalem; for the Lord He has hearten'd His folk fu' kin'. He has e'en boucht back Jerusalem. "The Lord, He raz'd yont his hallie arm in sight o' the nations mony. O', an ilk neuk o' the yirth sal tak' tent an' learn the health o' our God sae bonny o'.

"Awa, awa, clean but frae the town; mak' nor middle wi' nought that's roun'. Awa frae her bosom, hand ye soun, wi' the gear o' the Lord forenent ye!"

"For it's no wi' sic pingle ye'e gang the gate; nor it's no wi' sic speed ye mair spang the spate, for the Lord, He's afore ye, ear' an' late, an' Israel's God, He's ahint ye!"

The humour of the old typical pastor, it is true, has not to any extent been remarkable as a humourist—the reverse may with more truth be said of him. At the same time the Scottish pulpit has contained many earnest, good men, who were also genuine humourists. Yet, than the good old Scotch divines, certainly, no other class or section of the community has laid up to its credit so many witty and humorous sayings that are destined to live with the language in which they are uttered. There have been many ministers of the Gospel, of course, who not at all witty themselves, yet by reason of certain idiosyncrasies of nature and eccentricities of character, have been the cause of wit in others.

A late minister of Crossmichael, in Galloway, did not disdain to illustrate his subjects with such images and allusions as were within the comprehension of his homely hearers. Accordingly, one Sabbath morning, he read a verse from the book of Exodus as follows: "And the Lord said unto Moses—shut that door I'm thinkin' it ye had to sit beside the door yersel! ye wadna be sae ready leavin' it open. It was just beside that door that Jedam Tamson, the bellman, gat his death o' cauld, an' I'm sure, honest man, he didna let it stay muckle open. And the Lord said unto Moses put out that door. What let that brings dogs to the Kirk, yaff-yaffin? Let me never see ye bring yer dogs here ony mair, or I'll put ye an' them baith oot. And the Lord said unto Moses—I see a man aneath that wast let wi' his hat on. I'm sure ye're clean oot o' the ouch o' the door. Keep o' yer bonnet, Tammas, an' if yer here now, he could, ye maun list get a grey worsted wig like mysel! they're no sae dear, plenty o' them at Bob Gillespie's for tenpence." This said, he again began the verse, and at last made out the instructions to Moses in a manner more strictly in accordance with the text and with decency.

Dr. Paul, in his Past and Present of Aberdeenshire tells of a minister who, while preaching on the subject of the wiles and crafts of Satan, suddenly paused, and then exclaimed: "See him sittin' there in the crap o' the wae? What shall we do wi' him, my brethren, can any o' you tell me? The Devil is takin' too much charge

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o' this Kirk. He is looking for a seat in almost every pew the noo. He wanna hang, for he's licht as a feather; neither will he droon, my brethren, for he can swim like a cork; but we'll shoot him wi' the gun o' the gospel. Then putting himself in the position of one aiming at an object, and imitating the noise of a shot, the minister called out exultingly: "He's doon like a dead crow." This incident would have greatly delighted the man who thus described the kind of minister he was in search of. "Name o' your guid—marks men, or preachers o' cauld morality for me, gie me a speerit-rousin' preacher that'll hand the devil under the noses of the congregation and mak' their flesh creep!"

Matrimonial relations are supposed not to have been of the most agreeable kind; that one Sabbath morning, while reading to his congregation the parable of the Supper, in which occur the passage "and another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them. I pray thee have me excused." And another said, "I have married a wife, and therefore cannot come," he suddenly paused at the end of this verse, drew off his spectacles, and looking on his hearers, said with emphasis: "The fact is, my brethren, one woman can draw a man farther away from the Kingdom of Heaven than fifty yoke of oxen."

A late Earl of Airliel, when Lord High Commissioner, had the retiring Moderator to dinner with him on the evening previous to the opening of the General Assembly Edinburgh. In a spirit of mischief, the Earl tried to unfit him for his duties on the following day. As often as the reverend gentleman would endeavour to retire, the Earl met him with the exclamation: "Another glass, and then!" In spite of his late populations, the minister was in his place on the following day, and preached from the words: "The wicked shall be punished, and that right early." Notwithstanding the manifest impatience of the Commissioner, the sermon was spun out to an inordinate length, the minister repeating with meaning emphasis each time that the sand glass which showed the half-hours was turned. "Another glass and then. The wicked shall be punished, and that right early."

A certain divine—or perhaps we should say an un-certain divine—preaching a sermon from the parable of the prodigal son, took as his text the words, "And when he came to himself," and gave a reading of the passage at once unique and original. "We have here, brethren," said he, "an instance of the wonderful depth of meaning there is in scripture. We see how low this once splendid fine young man had fallen. When he came to himself—what does it mean. Money all gone—deserted by his friends, nothing left for him but the pawnshop. So he went and sold first his coat for a few shillings; he might live a week on that; then his waistcoat; that would not serve him long. Lastly, his trousers and his shirt would follow, and then—ah, then, my friends, he came to himself. He couldn't pawn himself, and so he went home to his father."

The older style of preaching was wonderfully graphic as well as cutting to the heart. "Me freen's tak' ye heed." Preaching from that text in Ecclesiastes "Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour. So doth a little folly that is in reputation for wisdom and honour," a North country divine illustrated his subject by

this example: "See John at the Kirk, an' he looks amon' folk a man o' mense, but follow him to the post-moss, an' ye'll hear him tellin' coorse stories to the loons an' queans, handin' them laughin' at st. There's a dead flea in John's sowl." Sometimes, in his endeavour to give a vivid description, this same preacher became delightfully grotesque. Referring to Jonah, "The whawl," he said, "Shouterin' awa' the waves, got at last seyan near the shore, and cried Byock-up. But Jonah didna come. Then the whawl cried (speaking it louder, and imitating the whawl retching) Byock-up! But na! Jonah aye stack. Then the whawl cried (speaking it very loud and slow) Byock-up! Noo, sirs, dinna ye see Jonah rinnin', dreeplin' up the beach? Once he described the progress of a sinner in a course of vice to the last stage of his hopelessness, when there is nothing left for him but a cry of pain. "Sirs, not sirs, ye know there's a sheepie there, an' in o' reach o' it's tether there's a bream buss (brown buss) an' it gangs round the buss, and round the buss, till it's hankit at the head, an' then, what does it dee? It cries, Bae! That's just the sinner cryin' out in its meesry." In the same sermon, looking down upon the old women who sat near the pulpit and on the pulpit stair for the purpose of better hearing, in their clean white mitches, he said, "Here ye're a sittin', wi' yer auld wither'd faces, that's bonnier to me than a lass in her teens, for I ken ye have seen sixty or seventy years, like ane o' ye, an' yer auld faces just say to me, "We have served our Maister threescore years thegither, an' we're no tired servin' Him yet." It does not surprise one to be told that this reference to the old women put them in a state of visible emotion.

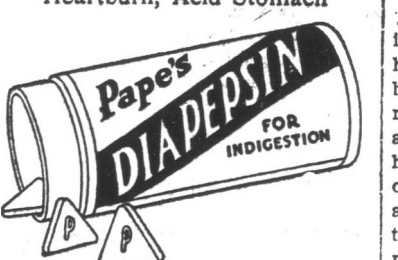
The pastor of a small congregation of Dissenters in the west of Scotland, who, in prayer, often employed terms of familiarity towards the great being whom he invoked, was praying one day that such weather would be granted as was necessary for the ripening and gathering in of the fruits of the earth, when, pausing suddenly, he added in a lower tone of voice, "But needs I talk? When I was up at the shotts the other day, everything was as green as leeks!"

The Rev. Dr. Young, of Perth, used to be annoyed by a couple coming to church, sitting away in the gallery, "Ssh—Ssh" as they talked in lovers' language all through the service. He could stand it no longer, so one Sunday he stopped in the middle of his sermon, looked up to the gallery, and said, "If that couple in the right hand who, in prayer, often employed terms of familiarity towards the great being whom he invoked, was praying one day that such weather would be granted as was necessary for the ripening and gathering in of the fruits of the earth, when, pausing suddenly, he added in a lower tone of voice, "But needs I talk? When I was up at the shotts the other day, everything was as green as leeks!"

Rev. Walter Dunlop, of Dumfries, while pursuing his pastoral visitation among some of the country members of his flock came one evening to a farmhouse where he was expected, and the mistress, thinking that he would be in need of refreshment, proposed that he should take his tea before engaging in exercise, and said she would soon have it ready. Mr. Dunlop's reply was, "I aye tak my tea better when my mark's done. I'll just

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Julio enlists

He had seen no reason to don a uniform at first, for it was not his country at war. And when he did enlist, it was from a greater force than merely being lonely without his boulevard companions. It was the first time in his life anything but pleasure had actuated him. Why he changed can only be understood after seeing

Metro's

Rex Ingram Production THE FOUR HORSEMEN of the Apocalypse

Adapted by June Mathis from Blasco Ibañez's Novel

Oct 17, 61

be gaun on. Ye can hing the pan on, an' lea the door aje, an' I'll draw to a close when I hear the ham fazzlin'. Mr. Dunlop's penchant for "presents" was, of course, well known, and on one occasion at least brought him into rather an awkward predicament. While engaged in offering up prayer in a house at which he was visiting, a peculiar sound was heard to issue from his great coat pocket. This was afterwards discovered to have proceeded from a half-choked duck which he had "gotten in a present," and whose neck he had been squeezing all the time to prevent it's crying—Amen.

THE BUGGY.

My Uncle Hiram has a steed, a critter of a gaudy hue, and he admits his greatest need is something he can hitch it to. He wants a buggy, neat and nice, such as he used in other times; my Uncle Hiram has the price, he is loaded with his dimes; and yet he roams the town in vain, and brandishes his wad of dough; he cannot find the sort of wain that needs a horse to make it go. The dealers see his bundle big, and weep the tears of bleak remorse, for they can't find a decent rig that might be fastened to a horse. "We'll sell you cars propelled by gas," the dealers cry, in pleading tone, but Uncle Hiram says, "Alas I want to drive my awaybacked roan. I long to make a dally trip on wheels, along the village street; I have the horse, I have the whip, I have the harness all complete." "We'll find you plebeian unicorns," the dealers cry, in their despair; "and bunder-snatchers decked with horns, we



Hurry, mother! Even a sick child loves the fruity taste of "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoonful to-day may prevent a sick child to-morrow. If constipated, bilious, feverish, fretful, 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 "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

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First performance at 7 o'clock sharp.

What is the meaning of the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse?" Answer: Conquest, War, Famine and Pestilence.

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Of the best quality for sale at the Gas Works. An excellent substitute for Anthracite Coal, and the best smokeless fuel for Domestic or Industrial use. Clean, Efficient and Economical.

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Our price, sent home, \$20.00 per ton of 2240 lbs.

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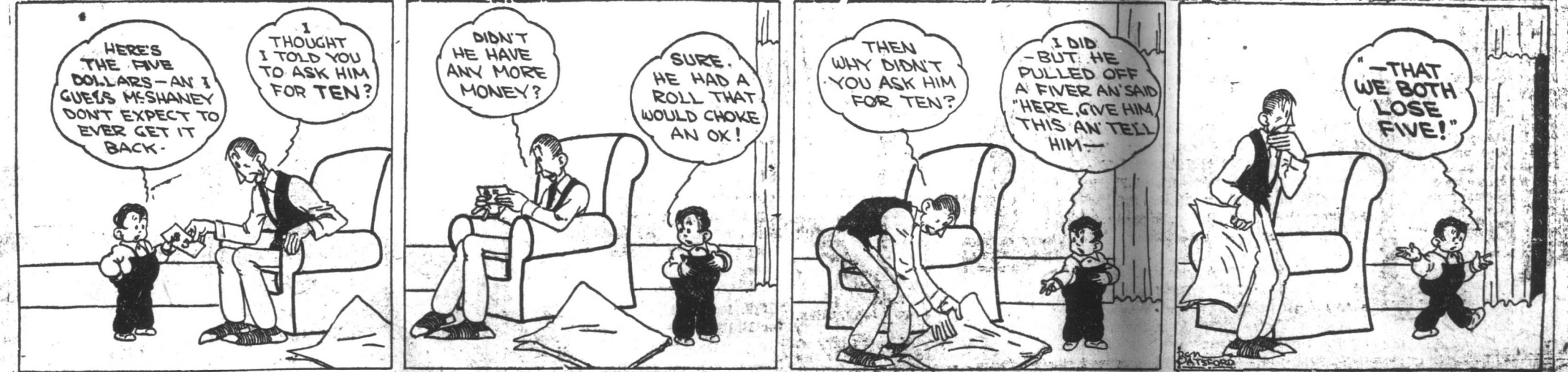
B.I.S. Grand Drawing.

The B.I.S. Grand Drawing will take place without fail the last week of October. It is felt advisable to postpone it to this date because of the difficulty in collecting in the steps. Those holding stubs are advised to hand them in immediately to the Secretary in order that everything might be in readiness for the Drawing. It is suggested to those of the public who have not as yet invested, to procure their tickets immediately, as there is only a limited supply on hand.

sept 19, 23, 1922

W. B. SKINNER, Secretary.

BILLY'S UNCLE



By BEN BATSFORD