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which will be sold at bargain
prices. All new. Different sizes.
Also 30 x 3 1/2 Tubes.—E. D.
SPURRELL, 365 Water Street.
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**MINAUD'S EXTRACT FOR THE
GRIP AND FLU.**

**Thistledown
Frae Scotland.**

(Contributed.)

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE.

Scotch folks' humour, being the
common gift of Nature to all and
sundry to the land, differing only in
degree, alips out most frequently
when and where least expected.
Famous specimens of it come down
from our ignominious hill-sides—from
the cottage and farm inglenooks.
Fifty to one hundred years ago na-
tive opinion generally would, I be-
lieve, have corroborated the state-
ment of the inspired shepherd of the
"Noddy," that "the Englishers are the
nobler race o' leavin' men—except
the Scotch." That very decided com-
pliment, notwithstanding, however,
and even although nowadays so
many Scotchmen are fain to emulate
the Cockney speech and fashion in
all things, it is putting the case in
the mildest terms to say, that, up to
and even beyond the period indicated,
there had never been much love lost
between the denizens of the sister na-
tions, Scotland and England. On all
pre-eminent occasions, subsequent to
the Union, to the credit of both be it
often told, their cherished antipathies
—trifles mayhap at the best—have
magnanimously been allowed to lapse
for the time being, and "shoulders to
shoulder, knee to knee," John Bull
and Sandy Cawmill, aided and abetted
at all times by their brow-beaten
half-brother Paddy, have presented a
brave and unbroken front of steel to
the enemies of their United King-
doms. But, the conflicts over the
sword is sheathed the old animosity
the chronic jealousy has again and
again manifested itself between the
Thistle and the Rose. Into the crucible
of this little estrangement in friendly
feeling which so long obtained, but
has now almost entirely disappeared,
though some of them are obvious, we
shall not trouble ourselves here par-
ticularly to inquire, but will rather
review some of the effects as they
are illustrated in the records of the
many witty skirmishes which have
taken place here and there between
them, and in which the Thistle has
fairly justified its popular motto of
"Nemo me impune lacessit!" Yes,
and surely it is remarkable—is an ex-
traordinary circumstance, indeed,
when viewed in the light of the fact
that the English deny to the Scotch
any idea of wit—that in nearly every
witty encounter that has taken place
between them Sandy has had the
best of it. They are "a nobler race o'
leavin' men," as the shepherd averred.

"But, no," blustering John Bull is no

**Some Men Swear--
Others Just Smoke**

This is just another fisherman's
story. A pipe and tobacco have some-
times to do with it. Somehow when a
man's in the worst luck, a few pulls
at the little old pipe help to buck up
his courage, make him able to grin
and yell, "Next!" But the story
The late William Marion
went tuna fishing off the Pacific Coast
"The tuna are kept in a roundhouse
somewhere over near Japan," he
wrote, "and one of the men is released
every so often to make the round trip
of the Pacific."

Out in a motor launch with a boat-
man, he finally hooked one—a sixty-
pounder—no, by Jove, an eighty-
pounder. The boat had to do a merry-
go-round to keep the line from running
under the keel. He reeled and un-
reeled to keep the line from parting.
For 1 hour and 11 minutes man and
fish fought. Then the tuna, seem-
ingly tired out; it began to come in, when:
"The boatman stoops for the gaff
and the fisherman raises the pole an
approximation of the perpendicular—
crack! The line parts like a fiddle-
string and one end whips around the
pole. The fish
sinks like a
stone.
The fisher-
man looks at the
boatman, who
looks back one
glance, then he
turns to his lev-
ers. Not a word!
The fisherman
sits down and
looks at the sea
as if it were not
there—as if the
tuna had plunged
away with the
life of him.
Yearly, almost
sommabulistic-
ally, he reaches
for pouch and pipe and fills the latch
from the former and strikes a match.
Some men swear—others just
smoke."

It helps a lot to have the right to-
bacco at hand in times of hard luck.
"That may be Edgeworth."
Only you can tell that.

Without making any foolish claims
that it must be the right tobacco for
you, we invite you to try it and judge
for yourself.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is formed in
to flat cakes and then sliced into thin,
point wafers. One after rubbed for a
second between the hands furnishes
an average pipet. Edgeworth Ready-
Rubbed is already rubbed for you.
Both kinds pack nicely, light quickly,
and burn freely and evenly.

You will load up the little old pipe,
take back your chair, put your feet on
the desk or mantelpiece, and—put,
put, put—decide for yourself just
how good a smoking tobacco Edgeworth
is.

Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and
Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed
in small, pocket-size packages, in
handsome tin tins, and in glass jars,
and also in various handy in-be-
tween quantities. Sold everywhere.
nov13,31

match for Canny Sandy Cawmill. He
would have been delighted in co-
ercing him—would have given his right
hand to have been able to say,
"Sandy, you must!" But as the late
David Kennedy, the Scottish singer,
used to put it, when introducing the
song of "Scots wha hae," "Scots wha
were buried at Bannockburn." And hence-
forth, whilst strife with the sword
had ceased between them "a wordy
war"—a war of wit and ridicule—
long obtained instead.

It has been a favorite sarcasm of
John that the finest view in all Scot-
land to the eye of the Scot is the road
that leads from it into England. To
which Sandy has made the withering
reply: "There's nae doot, John, a
bawle o' us hae fund oor way to Lun-
don, but it's been gude for you as
it's been gude for us, for everybody
kens ye wad be pulr things with-
oot!" Notable features in the char-
acteristics of the two are these, that
each has been inclined to overesti-
mate himself and to underestimate
the other. In the opinion of many a
living London Cockney, a Scotchman
is only slightly superior to a
Red Indian savage. "Arry entertains
in all seriousness the conviction that
every home-bred Scotsman is red-
headed; and that we all wear kilts,
play on the bag-pipes, drink whisky
ad lib, snuff, and feed exclusively on
kail-brose and bannocks of barley
meal." Sandy, on the other hand, has
regarded himself individually as the
ideal man—the noblest work of his
creator—and has declared the Eng-
lish to be "maybe no sae very bad
considerin', but even at the best
neither mair nor less than a parcel o'
upsettin'; ignorant, pock-puddin'." It
has been English money in general,
but Scotch brains in particular, he
has asserted time and again, that
have made London what it is. "All the
brightest intellectual luminaries of
your London firmament," he has told
John Bull, "have been nursed and
reared amid the hills o' Bonnie Scot-
land," the land o' the bonnie purple
heather.

"What of Shakespeare?" John has
asked. "You don't claim him as a
Scotchman, do you?"

"No, oh, no," Sandy has replied.
"I'll no say that Shakespeare was a
Scotchman, although the way ye
brave o' him ye seem to think he was
mair clever enech to be ane."

And as in the opinion of the typical
Scotsman there is no man to equal a
Scotsman, so there is to his mind no
land on earth like his own Scotland.
He may have wandered far away from
it, but distance only made his heart
grow fonder, and lent enchantment
to the view. And, as almost every
Scotsman is a poet, if he took to sim-
ple praises he would do so with such
enthusiasm as is revealed in these
lines:—

"Land of chivalry and of freedom
Land of old traditional fame,
May thy noble sons and daughters
Long uphold thy honoured name."

To the critical eye of John Bull the
scene would appear different, and
could he have sung as pitifully in the
vernacular speech of Auld Scotland,
his vocal description would have been
thus severely censorious:—

"Land of ancient bloody tyrants,
Sneaking traitors deep and sly;
Land of thieving, Heelan teevils,
Killed rogues and stolen kye."

And when each had had his fling
the true account would be found
midway between the two. But, oh!
John did like to get a hair in Sandy's
neck, and does so still. Nothing de-
lightful Dr. Johnson, the eminent
lexicographer, more. He had the
meanest opinion of the Scotch, it is
well known, and never missed an op-
portunity of casting ridicule upon
them. Thus, when compiling his fam-
ous Dictionary, he defined the word
Guts as "Guts for men in Scotland
and horses in England." The defini-
tion afforded unalloyed delight to the
English mind, until, by and by, it was
"cast in the teeth" of a witty Scot-
tish Lord, who retorted with: "Yes,
and where will you find such men and
such horses?" Since then, the fun of
it has not been quite so apparent.

But the Doctor frequently met his
match, and got paid back in his own
coin. Soon after his return from
Scotland to London, a Scotch lady
resident in the capital invited him to
dinner, and in compliment to her dis-
tinguished guest ordered a dish of
hotch-potch. When the great man
had tasted it, she asked him if it
was good, to which he replied, with
his usual gruffness:

"Very good for hogs, I believe!"
"Then pray," said the lady, "let me
help you to a little more," and she
did.

Of course John Bull had never
been loquacious to any great extent
on the subject of Bannockburn; and
Sandy, I suppose, remembering Flo-
den, has not reminded him too fre-
quently of the incident. Occasions
have arisen, however, when enlight-
enment was necessary. Thus, when
many years ago, a little company of
Englishmen were travelling by rail-
way between Glasgow and Strirling,
having an old Scotsman and his wife
as fellow-travellers, the weather
being wet, they abused the Scottish
climate "the dooced weathaw, you
know," and anything Scotch to their
heart's content. Latterly one of them
sawed that "no Englishman could
ever settle down in such a region."

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**James Baird
LIMITED**

By this time the train was emerging
from Lambert station, and—

"Nae, Englishmen settle down in
this region!" echoed the old Scot-
man, who had hitherto not spoken.
"Tools, man, ye're halverin' nonsense.
I'll let ye see a pairt along the line-
side a bit here whaur a gey wheen o'
yer countrymen cam' mair than five
hunder year syne, and they're no
thinkin' o' leavin' yet, tho' they
maun-be gey weel settled down by this
time."

"Where is that?" asked several of
the Englishmen at once.

"Bannockburn," replied the Scot,
and silence deep as death fell on the
little company."

A similar reminder was more de-
licately given when two English tour-
ists a few years ago visited the scene
of what has been aptly termed "the
best day's work ever performed in
Scotland." A local cartwright point-
ed out with intelligence the positions
of the contending armies; the stone
where Bruce's standard was fixed, and
other features of interest; and the
visitors before leaving pressed their
informant's acceptance of a small
money gratuity.

"Na, na," replied the native with

noticeable pride, "put up yer siller,
I'll hae name o' it. It's cost ye enech
already."

Speaking of Flodden Sir Walter
Scott was wont to tell a good story
of a Scotch blacksmith whom he had
formerly known as a horse doctor,
and whom he found at a small coun-
try town South of the border, prac-
tising medicine among the natives,
with a reckless use of lawdnam and
calomy, and who apologized for the
mischief he might do by the assur-
ance that it "would be a long time
 afore it made up for Flodden."

Nothing galls the national pride of
the true-blue Scot more than the
liberties that have been taken with
that article of the Union, which ex-
pressly declared that Britain should
be the only recognized destination
of the United Kingdoms of Scotland
and England. The Queen of England,
the English Ambassador, the English
Army, the English Fleet, and similar
expressions still in common use, de-
spite the courageous and persistent
protests of the Rev. David Macrae,
and others, are therefore terms par-
ticularly offensive to a sensitive Scot-
tish ear. A striking instance of this
feeling occurred at the Battle of Tra-

falgar. Two Scotsmen, messmates and
bosom cronies, from the same little
clachan, happened to be stationed
near each other when the now cele-
brated signal was given from the
Admiral's ship: "England expects
every man to do his duty."

"No a word o' putr auld Scotland
on this occasion," dolefully remark-
ed George to Jock.

Jock cooked his eye a moment, and
turning to his companion:

"Man, George," said he "Scotland
kens weel enech that nae bairn o'
hers needs to be tell't to do his duty
—that's just a hint to the Englishers."

A Scotch gentleman visiting some
friends in England, displayed in con-
versation such contempt for the mem-
ory of England's most illustrious
sons that one of the family resolved
to pay him off in his own coin. He
therefore took down a steel signet-
ring of John Knox, which adorned the
dining-room wall, and hung it up in
a lumber room. The Scotsman, mis-
taking the picture, asked what had be-
come of it.

"We no longer consider your Reform-
er worthy of a place here," said his
friend, "therefore we have hung him
up in a dark closet."

"You could not have done better,"

said the Scotsman. "I consider
situation very appropriate. I
ever a man could throw light
dark subject, John Knox, that
the man."

A North country driver, com-
turning homewards, after a com-
unsuccessful journey to the
was, in consequence, not in very
humour with the "Englishers."

reaching Carlisle he saw a
stuck up offering a certain
anyone who could do a piece of
vice to the community by offer-
an executioner of the law on a
criminal then under sentence
death. Sandy herein perceived an
portunity of making up for his
market, and comforted and encour-
ed that he was a perfect stranger
the town, he undertook the
changed the rogue, and got the
When moving off with the man
was twitted with being a mean
sly Scot, doing for money what
Englishman would.

"Dead," replied Sandy, "w-
wicked leet in his eye. 'I would
ye a' at the same price."

Cub Cigarettes are ap-
proved, not only by the smoker
by those in his company.