

THE SCOTS, THE JEWS AND THE MOTHER-IN-LAW

Would Be a Sad World Without Them.—Not All Jokes that Appeal to English-Speaking People Make Other Nationalities Smile.

"A Scot opened his purse and a both flew out!"

That is a classic one-line laugh that has tickled the ribs of the world. It is a Tit-Bits man. First published in an English newspaper, it was speedily picked up by wire, wireless and cable to Europe, American and the East almost before Britain had begun to smile. Within a week it had appeared in twenty different languages in every corner of the earth. White, black, brown, red and yellow faces had opened on the centre because of it. It comprised the perfect Esperanto laugh as a joke the whole world understands.

The reasons were its brevity and its simple language. It contained no subtle meanings or play upon words. A Scot is a Scot, a purse is a purse, and a moth is a moth in any language. The joke is as good in Sanskrit or Bantu as in English.

Not all jokes that appeal to English-speaking people make foreigners smile. You have heard that yarn no doubt, of the Englishman, the Scot and the Jew who went into a public-house; the Englishman stood a round of drinks, the Scot stood six foot two and the Jew stood in silent admiration?

That is the sort of joke that is funny only in English. Try to translate it to say, French or German and you will lose it. The core of the joke is the simple meaning of the verb "to stand". There is no equivalent word in any other language.

The alleged meanness of the Scot and of the Jew's shrewd bargaining are subjects of world-wide appeal. That is because Jews and Scots are more widely distributed over the earth's surface than are any other nationalities. Mother-in-law jokes, too, are good for a laugh in most countries. A Portuguese paper published the following recently:

Judge: "You are accused of killing your mother-in-law."
 Accused: "I did it out of pity, sir."
 Judge: "Out of pity?"
 Accused: "Yes, sir, out of pity for my mother!"

That might as easily have been used in an English, American or German journal. But here's a warning. I once read a mother-in-law story to a Chinese. It all but lost me his friendship. He listened gravely to my chuckling and then told me frigidly that he had made a mistake—he had once thought me a gentleman.

Chinese of all classes regard home and family ties as sacred. Anything that disparages a mother or father by marriage is sacrilege. Much the same applies to Indians. When an Indian



Bring Home Superb Heads



The hunting season is in full swing in the Province of Quebec. In the middle of October a party of three Nimrods left the Gray Rocks Inn, St. Jovite, Que., and took a hydroplane trip into the north to investigate moose hunting prospects. They got a big surprise and one of the highlight moments of their careers as hunters of big game. One of the party bagged a moose with the magnificent spread of 66 1/2 inches; another of them shot a 60 1/2 inch head and the third also got a trophy which though smaller than either of the other two, would have ranked high in any average moose hunt. They report that the section is unusually well stocked with the big animals. The object of the party was to get quickly into the north to spy out the land and come back later for the real hunting with all its pleasurable hardships of portaging, camping out, canoeing one's way through unknown or almost unknown territory and ending up by pitting one's brains and experience against the instinct, sagacity and wariness of the moose. They have returned to tell us of a Mecca for hunters of moose in the North. Lay-out shows the great moose spread with hydroplane in background, and Tom Wheeler, proprietor of the Gray Rocks Inn, with guide.

In Other Communities

Bush Fire in Culross
 Mr. T. P. McDonald, Culross had the misfortune to have his bush catch fire from burning grass on Sunday last and it was a tough and long fight to subdue it. Mr. McDonald with the assistance of many neighbors worked for hours to get it under control. Quite a loss in standing timber will be the loss of Mr. McDonald.—Teeswater News.

Oil Well Down to 1,130 Feet
 After a few weeks' delay, drilling operations have been resumed at the Penn-Ryan oil fields. Mr. William Rawson, of Petrolia, has been engaged and is now at work. The well is down to a depth of 1,130 feet at this writing and indications of success were never brighter. The management is speeding up the work and no further holdups are anticipated. Hope of early production results in burning in the breasts of all supporters of the scheme.—Meaford Express.

Rabbit Runs Race With Car
 A local motorist tells us of the stunt pulled off by a rabbit while he was driving in Greenock Township. It undertook to give his car the lead. He turned two corners and each time this fleet little animal managed to overtake the auto, take its place in front, and though he speeded up occasionally, the rabbit increased his speed accordingly and maintained its distance. Finally, after he had it as an advance guard for miles, while not appearing fagged, the rabbit jumped into some brush and disappeared.—Mount Forest Confederate.

Shortage of Electricity
 Hydro plans on tying up the former Poshay system with the combined Niagara and Eugenia systems by installing a sub-station at Walkerton, but until it is possible to do so consumers will probably, if the dry weather continues, be short of current.

This was apparent on Tuesday, when the water in the Saugeen receded to levels which made it necessary to shut down the local plant, about 4.30 p.m. On Tuesday there is always heavy usage of electricity, due largely, we are informed, to the big ironing day.

For two hours, commencing at 4.30 we and other consumers in Mildmay, Formosa and along the transmission line to the plant at Chippewa, north of Southampton, had to be satisfied with the small amount of current generated by one of the machines at Chippewa. However, by conserving water during the interval and throughout the night, the service was fairly satisfactory from 7.00 p.m. on and during Wednesday.—Walkerton Telescope.

Youth Must be Served
 The horseshoe pitching game is quite an interesting sport for young and older boys in town. You can hear the

clang of the shoes almost any hour of the day and sometimes up to nearly midnight. Quite a number of local sports have acquired quite an expert handling of the shoe in ringing the iron stake, and with them a wringer is the only pitch that is worth while.

Dundalk has a boy pitcher, Frank McGuirk, 9 years old, who is a wonder in the ringing line. In a match the other day (novices) he defeated a man who is no novice at the game and the score was—No, we promised the older player not to publish the score. In another challenge game (doubles,) Frank took on as a partner, Donnie Copeland, 10 years old, and the boys defeated two men members of the club who are both experienced players. The ringers were many, but the young lads had the best of the contest.—Dundalk Herald.

Deer Near Mount Forest
 A pair of deer, creatures rarely seen south of Georgian Bay district, were observed about ten miles south of Mount Forest one day last week, according to the Guelph Mercury. The two, a doe and her fawn, crossed the road directly in front of an automobile, driven by Thomas Guest, of Thorndale. Leaping the ditch, they crossed a field and paused to watch the car go past. They did not appear to be in the least frightened. When the car drew level with them they turned and vanished into a small bush. Mr. Guest, who is a well-known hunter and sportsman, said it was the first time he had ever seen deer south of Warton. Even in the Northern part of the Bruce Peninsula they are to be seen only occasionally. Mr. Guest could see occasional deer if he lived in North Wellington or South Grey. The two he saw probably came from the Luther marsh. A herd was seen more than once in Princeton last year.—Mount Forest Confederate.

MARKETING GEES

The time to prepare geese for market is when the weather turns cold in the fall, state poultry experts of the Dominion Department of Agriculture. They should then be taken off pasture and those selected for market should be placed in small penned enclosures, provided with plenty of water and grit and kept clean. They should be fed heavily on whole corn, the best medium for the fattening of geese, and about two weeks' heavy feeding should fit them for market. Twenty-four hours before killing geese should be starved, but given plenty of water. Care should be used in plucking, the dry or steam methods being recommended, for the reason that the feathers are particularly valuable, bringing as much as 60 cents per pound. The dressed bird should be rubbed over with a damp cloth and set aside to cool. The twelve-bird box makes a desirable market package.

calls you his father and his mother, he is paying you the highest possible compliment. Yet he is invariably guilty of an unconscious joke whenever he wishes to be unusually polite. A stock phrase for such occasions is: "Sahib, you are my father and my mother, and I am the son of a pig!" It never strikes him as funny!

Even before prohibition gave a glut of drinking jokes to the world, the subject of alcohol was a universal smile-winner. Spain was laughing the other day at the story of a man whose oculist had told him that his weak sight was due to too much drink. "On the contrary," the man replied, "when I drink I see double!" And the adventures of the heavy father and timid suitor raise a smile in every land where a man and a maid make love. I pick this one from Rome:

She: "What! You come to ask my hand armed with a rifle?"

He: "Well you see, someone told me your father was an old bear!"

The "dear old lady" yarn is known in every country except in the East, where age is venerated. This is from Belgium. A young man has taken his elderly aunt to the theatre. He tells her that the next act takes place a year later.

Old Lady: "Are you sure our tickets will still be valid?"

The Germans and the Swiss never fail to "fall for" a joke against doctors. A Swiss told me this quite recently. A doctor was showing a woman a fine tiger skin.

"Yes," he said, "one of my friends wound it, but it was I who finished it off."

"Now, now doctor," cooed the woman, "you'll never make me believe that this tiger was one of your patients!"

And this floated through the ether the other night from a German wireless station:

Doctor (after examining a patient): "You are suffering from alcoholic abuse and a weak heart."

Patient: "You'd better give me something for the heart!"

American humor includes skits on domestic differences that would offend many people in the Old Country. Thus a prominent journal had a sketch recently of a young wife with a revolver in her hand and a little girl looking up at her. The mother is saying: "Run and get the movie camera, dear mamma's going to shoot at papa again!"

And another—of a husband returning home at Christmas-time to find his wife embracing another man—bore the caption: "By jove, I forgot the mistletoe!"

Just as American humor is slick, German ponderous and Chinese polite, so the main characteristic of the French has always been an aptitude for the quick retort. Prince Talleyrand, the famous diplomat, limped badly, and one day on entering a room, he was met by a woman with a bad squint.

"Monsieur de Talleyrand," she exclaimed, "how you walk!"

In a flash came the answer: "As you see, madam, all cock-eyed!"

Whether your face is white, black, or yellow, a laugh makes brothers of us all.

nations? Here would be a promising piece of property for the League of Nations. If Spain builds the tunnel, she will want to keep it in her own hands; and there is nothing—in the opinion of the Spaniard—to prevent her getting from the Caliph of her Moroccan Protectorate the necessary concessions for this purpose. But the tunnel would in fact be under the guns of Gibraltar, and its African mouth so near to Tangier that the fate of that much disputed city would be directly involved.

"France is getting ready to build a trans-Sahara railway and to develop rapid communications between Oran, Algiers, and the Gulf of Lyons with a view to military transport in case of a future war. If she could arrange with Spain to use a Straits tunnel for her troops, it would be extremely valuable to her.

"For Spain there is one more issue. Gibraltar, they hold, is out of date as a fortress, and it could easily be destroyed by the normal army of a nation of 22,000,000 inhabitants. Should the tunnel come to be built, Gibraltar might remain a commercial establishment under the Spanish flag in which British interests would be safeguarded, and Spain might offer in exchange as a military post the island of Alboran and the Chafarinas. Alboran, comparable to Helligoland, is twenty nine miles north and four degrees west of the Cape of Tres Forcas in Spanish Morocco and forty-seven miles distant from the coast of Spain. The three Chafarinas are a couple of miles north of Cabo de Agua, near Melilla. Undoubtedly these positions together, properly armed and fitted out, would make a military base of the first order.

"Colonel Jevenois, a distinguished Spanish engineer, and secretary of the committee at present considering the possibilities of the tunnel, says that he makes the above suggestion entirely on his own account, in the belief that England would gain by obtaining an incomparably better naval and air base. But when he speaks of Gibraltar in the following words he is speaking as a true Spaniard: 'In this manner would disappear for ever the sole existing cause of friction between England and Spain, the often unobtrusive but never forgotten obstacle to an imperishable friendship between the two nations. Gibraltar in foreign hands is, and always will be a thorn in the heart of Spain.'"

WILL GIBRALTAR REMAIN BRITISH?

Proposed Construction of Straits Tunnel Raises Question of Exchange With Spain

This is an age of cool discussion of things which twenty years ago would have seemed outrageous merely in the notion. For instance, what about England's giving up Gibraltar? The popular notion has been for long enough that Gibraltar, the Suez Canal, and Aden were three strategic points in the Empire which would be the last to go in a crisis; and here we have no less an authority than the Madrid correspondent of the London Times calmly envisaging the possibility of exchanging the Rock for other Spanish territory. The question has been brought up over the imminent construction of a tunnel from Spain to Africa.

"The beginning of a tunnel," writes the correspondent, "has been bored on the Spanish coast near Tarifa, about fifteen miles west of the Rock of Gibraltar. It is the exploration shaft of the scheme for tunnelling under the Straits of Gibraltar. Next month a similar shaft will be sunk in Morocco, and all sorts of experiments will be made in the hope of discovering what the soil beneath the narrow intercontinental stretch of sea is like and whether it is suitable for a tunnel.

"Many political, military, naval, and legal problems would assume a new aspect with the existence of a Straits tunnel. For instance, should the tunnel be internationalized in accordance with the hopeful tendency of modern international jurisprudence toward making all great trade passages accessible to all

A NATIONAL MARK PROVING SATISFACTORY

The use of a national mark for identifying the quality of meats and farm products in Great Britain is proving very satisfactory, states the current report of the British Ministry of Agriculture. The Red and Blue brands on beef are the national mark of quality in Canada. The Beef Grading Service of the Dominion Department of Agriculture establishes the quality of beef and marks it with an official brand for the protection and convenience of the consumer. In buying beef one should order by grade—Choice or Good—and watch for the brand marked red or blue.

FLOW DEEPER

In those districts in which the white grub outbreak is a serious menace to crops and where fall plowing is being done as the one effective control measure available at this period of the year, the Entomological Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture call attention to the importance of plowing about one inch deeper for October than in September. November and December plowing, where possible, should be each one inch deeper than the plowing of the preceding month. This ensures the grub cells being turned up for effective action by frost and natural enemies.

About the only thing that comes to him who waits is whiskers.

THE PEOPLE'S MILLS

We have on hand for sale the best qualities of Flour and Feed at reasonable prices:

- Western Recleaned Screenings, \$22.00 per ton
- FLOUR AND FEEDS**
- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------|
| Royal Household Flour | Crimped Oats |
| O Canada Flour | Screenings Chop |
| Pilot Flour | Mixed Chop |
| Castle Flour | Braa |
| Prairie Pride Flour | Sherts |
| Rolled Oats | Oilcake |
| Feed Flour | Tankage |
| Oat Chop | Oyster Shell |
| | Chick Grit |
- Special reduction on 5- and 10-bag lots of Flour
- Graham and Blatchford's Stock and Poultry Foods

FERTILIZER

We have on hand a full line of Fall Wheat Fertilizer.

Highest market prices paid for all kinds of grain delivered at our mill.

JOHN MCGOWAN
 Phone 8, Day or Night Durham, Ont.



MISTRESS: "That's a very nice-looking birthday cake, Mary. But where are the candles?"
 MARY: "Candles? I ope I've done right, ma'am. I cooked 'em in the cake."
 The Humorist, London.

A Dollar is Saved
 when it is in the Bank

AND the sooner it is deposited in the Bank the greater the assurance of its being saved.

A Savings Account is a magnet for the money that ordinarily slips through one's fingers, and an income-paying guarantee for the future.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE
 with which is amalgamated
 THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

THE CENTRAL DRUG STORE

That Stale, Dry Morning-Mouth Taste is easy to correct . . .

Just Try

ASTRINGOSOL

Learn what a great feeling it is to start the day without that dry, stale, morning-mouth taste. Try this pleasant, half-minute treatment when you wake up tomorrow morning. Shake a few dashes of Astringo-sol into a quarter glass of water, then gargle and swish the tingling liquid through your teeth. Feel the magic change that Astringo-sol makes instantly. It wakes up and refreshes mouth and throat tissues—corrects that dry, fuzzy taste—purifies the breath—attacks germs—leaves a tangy after-taste—and gives you that delightful feeling of fitness. Get a bottle today.

FREE! . . .

FOR YOUR BATHROOM—THE NEW LANSTER GLASS TUMBLER in pastel shades—FREE with each bottle of Astringo-sol—the morning mouth wash.

MACBETH'S
 Phone 3