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A Deacon's Deal

By John Boylan

There is an ancient idea still floating around that because a man is a church deacon he must take the small end of the bargain when he either buys or sells. If he trades horses he must take a blind one in exchange and be thankful that the equine has four legs to move about on.

If he makes cider to sell he must turn out the pure quill, whereas any one else is excused for a dilution of five pails of water to a barrel.

For about fifteen years Deacon Goodhue had been governed by the ancient idea, and had been looked upon as a man that would be a leader among the angels, but all of a sudden there came a change. He had been thinking things over, and when he killed an early fall pig he did not send the remains around among the nearest ten families, as had been his wont, and keep the ears and bristles for his portion. And hereupon the people exclaimed:

"Deacon Goodhue has surely backslid."

"Within a month he'll be selling milk instead of giving it away."

"He can't develop such a spirit as this and expect to remain in the church!"

Deacon Goodhue dug thirty bushels of potatoes from his garden that fall, and instead of giving away twenty of them, and living on turnips after January, he stored every peck of them in his own cellar. Some folks said that the evil omen had surely got hold of him, and some almost excused his unheard and unwarranted conduct by saying that he was losing his mind.

Whatever it was, he kept right on springing his surprises. Brother Absalom Springtree had a sick cow. He asked a tin peddler to diagnose the case, and, after looking at her eyes and twisting her tail, the man looked wise and said:

"That 're cow has got a bad case of the holler-horn."

"Shoo! Will she die of it?"

"The chances are nine out of ten that she will."

"What had I better do about it?"

"Trade her off, and that without a day's delay. Don't you know of any one around here you can stick?"

"Um! Why, there is Deacon Goodhue?"

"Go for him!"

The cow was driven over to the deacon's. He stood a rod away and looked over and shook his head and replied:

"Bad case of the holler-horn."

"But you can cure it."

"I don't want to. Let her die on your hands!"

That reply went to the parson, and he was asked to entertain charges.

"Was there any cheating on the part of the deacon?" he asked.

"N-o-o, not skassly."

"Then what can he be charged with?"

"Why, refusing to do a neighborly act!"

"You believe in Moses, don't you?"

"Of course, parson."

"He was a good man?"

"A mighty good man."

"He was the owner of cows?"

"He was."

"Do you think he would trade a good cow for one with the hollow horn?"

The caller went away disgruntled, and the deacon kept right on being good to himself.

No deacon has ever been considered a good business man, and when it was known that Deacon Goodhue was branching out a little it was predicted that:

"The eggs he sent to market would all addle."

"That the butter would all turn frowny."

"That the strawberries would turn sour, and that the calfskins would be a losing venture."

They went to the parson again, and after he had heard the story he replied:

"Oh, I don't know."

"But you will surely talk to him?"

"Oh, yes. I will tell him that I wished more men of the world attended my church!"

"Parson Stebbins!" was gasped.

"In which event my salary, poor as it is, would not be from five to six months behind!"

Deacon Goodhue was like a dramatist. He worked up to a climax. Per-

haps it was because he was not a

business man that he got a hint that a railroad was coming to town, and that the site of the depot and a repair shop would just cover what was the town graveyard. There had been talk for years about abandoning the old site for one better located, and the deacon's offer for the land was thought a liberal one. Under a state law, however, if a single objection was filed no move could be made for a certain length of time.

The widow Raymond had filed an objection. She had lost her husband some five years before, and to put it in her words when the deacon called on her:

"There is to be a judgment day, isn't there?"

"Yes, they say so."

"Gabriel will blow his horn?"

"I expect he will."

"And the quick and the dead will rise up?"

"Yes."

"Deacon Goodhue, how far is it from this to the town of Guilford?"

"Just seven miles, widder."

"And a straight road?"

"There ain't a bend in it."

"Well, everybody in this village knows that my Peter used to start for Guilford every Saturday for years and years."

"He did, widder—he did."

"And everybody also knows that he got lost as regularly as he started, and it took two days to find him."

"Two days, widder, and sometimes three."

"When Gabriel blows that horn ain't there goin' to be such a bustlin' and hustlin' as this world has never seen?"

"Quite likely."

"Peter will be among 'em. When he pops out of his grave he'll take a look around, and if he sees the same old landmarks he'll hustle straight for the golden gates. If he's been dug up and buried in a strange spot it'll be like goin' to Guilford over again, and the gates will be shot agin him. No, I want to give Peter a fair show with the rest of 'em, and I shan't withdraw my protest."

Did the deacon argue the point? Not a bit of it.

Did he offer a whopping big price, and thereby arouse the widow's cupid-ity, and start her making inquiries? Not at all. He just went home and sat down and thought aloud:

"When a widder woman is a widder woman what does she want most on this earth?"

"When a widder woman has to make her own garden, milk her cow, feed her hogs, take care of the chickens, split the wood, shovel snow and build her own fires what does she most sigh for?"

"For a man, of course," he answered himself—"any fool knows that!"

The deacon set out with horse and buggy and rode over most of the country. He finally found the man he was looking for, and accosted him with:

"Do you want to marry a widder woman with about \$3,000?"

"You bet your hat I do!" was the ready reply.

It did not take over half an hour to settle the details, but the deacon thought best to wait ten days longer before calling on the widow Raymond again. She met him with a smile and said:

"Deacon, I am ready to withdraw my protest."

"Has something happened, widder?" he innocently queried.

"I am going to marry a man named Rogers."

"You don't say!"

"Yep. No more single blessedness for me."

"But about Peter when the horn blows?"

"Oh, as to that I've been thinkin'."

If Peter, when the judgment day comes, can't keep up with the scramble, he must put up with the best he can do!"

And when the villagers heard that the deacon had made a clear \$15,000 by securing a husband for the widow and selling the property to the railroads, they went to the parson again.

"As I take it," he replied, "the widow couldn't look around, and so the deacon did it for her."

"But he made \$15,000."

"And out of it he has paid up my back salary, and is going to repaint the meeting house and provide it with a spire and pew cushions. The deacon's all right."

GREYHOUND FAST AS PIGEON

English Dog Can Cover Ground at the Rate of From 18 to 23 Yards Every Second.

Comparatively few people realize of what remarkable speed dogs are capable, observes a writer in the Springfield (Mass.) Republican. The wolf can run between 50 and 60 miles in one night, and the Arctic fox can do quite as well, if not better.

Esquimo and Siberian dogs can travel 45 miles on the ice in five hours, and there is one case on record in which a team of Esquimo dogs traveled six and one-half miles in 28 minutes. English setters and pointers hunt at

the rate of 18 to 19 miles an hour, and they can maintain the speed for at least two hours. Foxhounds are extraordinarily swift, as is proved by the fact that a dog of this breed once beat a thoroughbred horse, covering four miles in six and one-half minutes.

Greyhounds are the swiftest of all four-footed creatures, and their speed may be regarded as equal to that of carrier pigeons. English greyhounds which are carefully selected and which are used for coursing are able to cover at full gallop a space between 18 and 23 yards every second.

It is said that a hare at its greatest speed never goes faster than at the rate of 18 yards a second. These interesting statistics fully prove the right of the greyhounds to rank as the swiftest of the quadrupeds.

A Bitter Reflection.

"Do you subscribe to the theory that it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all?" asked the sentimental person.

"That depends on the circumstances," replied the cynical bachelor. "There's precious little consolation in the thought that you have loved and lost, if the object of your affection has a fortune approximating seven figures."

FINNISH FOLK SONGS.

Expert Speaks of Beautiful European Music.

"The Finnish folk songs are not purely Finnish in origin. Modern research shows that the popular melodies of most countries have wandered about from one land to another, and those of Finland are no exception to the rule. In them we do but find Finnish characteristics stamped on to what was originally a common European stock. Nevertheless the national note is strong in them. It is both grave and gay, seeming in the one case to embody the surging joy of the summer on which no darkness ever falls; in the other, the long snow-lit twilight of the winter, when for months on end the sun scarcely neeps above the level of the frozen earth." Prof. Arthur Reade of Helsingfors University, writes in "Finland and the Finns." "The ancestral love of song is also clearly expressed in the actual life of to-day, and one cannot help realizing that it springs out of the inmost heart of the people. In the long summer evenings people sit together and sing. On anniversaries choirs sing before the statues of Finland's great men. At dinners given to honored guests, singing is often part of the entertainment afforded. The Finns imprisoned in Russia for defending the constitution have often been sent off with singing and welcomed with singing on their return. From emigrant ships upon the Atlantic floats the sad cadence of Finnish songs, and in the new world the Finns meet together and sing their country's immemorial songs in a strange land."

"Finnish composers have, as might be expected, turned mainly to folk songs and the 'Kalevala' for their themes. The latter, with its vast indefiniteness, is full of suggestions to musicians, and, if Finland develops a modern opera, will no doubt furnish its heroes and heroines, as Homer did for Greek tragedy. In this way Finnish legends may become more widely known to the rest of Europe."

"Among Finnish composers Jean Sibelius is by far the greatest. While transcending the limits of nationality and forming part of the main current of European music, he is yet distinctively Finnish, in his love of nature and his patriotism. The latter is discernable in his choice of subjects, both for orchestral music and for songs, but it is best described as an atmosphere pervading all his work. Not only did he often turn to the 'Kalevala' for his inspiration, but also to that other great source of national feeling, the poems of Runeberg. He is not only a great lover of nature but there seems to be something peculiarly Finnish in his way of apprehending her, the Finnish landscape in all its moods being often brought most vividly into the mind of the hearer. . . . He excels in depicting poignant moments, especially in his songs, which are among the finest of modern times."

"It is appropriate that a nation in whose music the song has always played so great a part should be unusually rich in fine voices. Their quality is clear and metallic, like the physical atmosphere of the country. Finnish singing is rich in spontaneous feeling and has a fine primitive quality. Probably we shall hear much of Finnish singers in the near future. . . . Liedersinging has been but little developed among them. . . . It is rather in opera and folk song that they shine, where fineness is less requisite and their simplicity and strength tell. When they sing the songs of their native country really well, one has the impression, not of exquisite art, but of the simple utterance of nature, heartfelt and inevitable, the sublimation of peasant songs."



MARCH TO VICTORY

Courage is a matter of the blood. Without good red blood a man has a weak heart and poor nerves.

In the spring is the best time to take stock of one's condition. If the blood is thin and watery, face pale or pimply, generally weak, tired and listless, one should take a spring tonic. One that will do the spring house-cleaning, an old-fashioned herbal remedy that was used by everybody nearly 50 years ago is still safe and sane because it contains no alcohol or narcotics. It is made up of Blood root, Golden Seal root, Oregon Grape root, Queen's root, Stone root, Black Cherry bark—extracted with glycerine and made into liquid or tablets. This blood tonic was first put out by Dr. Pierce in ready-to-use form and since then has been sold by million bottles as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If druggists do not keep this in tablet form, send 50 cents for a vial to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., or branch in Bridgeburg, Ont.

CENTRAL BUTTE, SASK.—"I have used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for a number of years and am pleased to recommend it as a blood purifier. I know it has no equal, as I used it for my boy. My neighbors and friends were surprised with the results; in fact, I do not think he would be alive to-day had it not been for the 'Medical Discovery.' I also keep it on hand for coughs as it differs so from other medicines, instead of upsetting the stomach as cough syrups do it is good for the stomach. I only wish I had known about Dr. Pierce's medicines sooner." Mrs. Percy Wood.

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ROLL OF

Men From
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The Er

27TH REGT.—IS
Thos L. Swift, reported
15th, 1915
Bury C. Hinks
I. Cann Newell, killed
F. C. N. Newell
Alf Woodward, killed
Sid Welsh
M. Blondel
R. W. Bailey
R. A. Johnston
C. Manning
F. Phelps
R. W. Smith
J. Ward, killed in action
F. Wakelin, D. C. M., killed
T. Wakelin, wounded
H. Whitsitt

PRINCESS PATRICIA

Gerald H. Brown

18TH BATT

C. W. Barnes
Edmund Watson
J. Burns
C. Blunt
S. P. Shanks

2ND DIVISIONAL

Lorne Lucas
Chas. Potter

33RD BATT

Percy Mitchell, died of
Lloyd Howden
Geo. Pountam, killed in
Gordon H. Patterson,
Hospital, London

34TH BATT

B. C. Crohn
Macklin Hagle, missing
Stanley Rogers
Henry Holmes, killed
1916
C. Jamieson

29TH BATT

Wm. Mitchell

70TH BATT

Ernest Lawrence
C. H. Loveday
S. R. Whallon, killed in
Thos. Meyers
Vern Brown
A. Sid Brown, killed in ac
28TH BATT

Thomas Lamb, killed in

MOUNTED

Fred A. Taylor

PIONEER

Wm. Macnally

ENGINEER

J. Tomlin

ARMY MEDIC

T. A. Brandon, M. D.
Norman McKenzie
Allen W. Edwards

135TH BATT

Nichol McLachlan, killed
6th, 1917

3RD RESERVE BATT

Alfred Levi

116TH BATT

Clayton O. Fuller, killed
18th, 1917

196TH BATT

R. R. Annett

70TH BATT