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## The Skunk And Dolphus

(Rod and Gun)  
By  
Jane Dilworth

The door of the little country store opened and a half brood stepped inside. All eyes—and noses—turned instinctively in his direction. He was short and fat but his usually jovial face wore no smile to-day.

"Morning, Dolphus," said the storekeeper, "You look sick. What's wrong, drunk last night?"

"Well, mebbe I was a little drunk but I sobered up mighty queek I keel a skunk," he answered.

"I sort of expected you had been mixed up with a skunk. Funny how quick I am finding out things; guess I should have been a detective," and he winked broadly at the two or three early customers whose parcels he was wrapping.

"Want me to tell you 'bout it?" asked Dolphus, treating the last remark with the contempt which it deserved.

"Sure, fire ahead; only if you want to buy anything sell me first—there's no stopping you, once you get started. You can stay over there by the door, I'd just a soon you didn't come too close to the groceries."

"My ole Rosanna, she say 'Get some bacon—dat cook queek on a bonfire; an' some coffee an' some sugar—dat warm us up good; an' some bread, an' a bottle of dat green pairfume he had 'long las' Christmas tam'."

"Why do you want to cook bacon on a bonfire, Dolphus, going to a picnic? And I thought Rosanna made all your bread?"

"Sure she does," said Dolphus, "but our stuff is all in de shanty an' we ain't, I tell you now why we got out. Say, and a slow grin spread slowly over his round face making him look more natural—"It seem kind of funny now, wasn't funny 'tall in de night."

"You know my shanty down by de creek w'ere me and my old woman lives. I tell you, sair, an' warm an' my old Rosanna, she work hard an' fix dat shanty up purty swell. She buy a new cook stove an' little rug an' a gran' new rockin' chair. Dat's a ver' nice place to live—near de creek so Rosanna, she don't have to go far to get de water an' 'near an' de bush so Rosanna, she don't have far to go for de wood."

"Well I keep some chickens in de winter tam dose chickens an' awful lot of bodder—dey fix he food every day—an' de water freeze—an' dere's lot of holes in de chicken house w'ere de shonks an' de wensels get in an' keel de chickens. So one day I say to my ole woman, 'Rosanna I say, dose poor chickens awful cold way out dere in de cheeken 'ouse all lone. Wot say if I feck up some nice little roosts in de shanty for dem? Huh?' Rosanna, she have quite a lot to say 'bout not wanting dese chickens in de shanty w'ik her gran' new rockin' chair an' little rug, but w'ile she's talkin' I jest go out in de bush an' cut me two, tree poles. When I come in Rosanna, she spik to me 'tall so I put up two, tree roosts in dat end of de shanty w'ere de rug an' de rockin' chair ain't. Dat night I bring all de chickens in an' put dem on de roosts an' still Rosanna not spik to me—jest sit in her rockin' chair an' rock ver' scornful-like."

"Rosanna ver' mad at me an' de chickens for w'ile, but she soon get used to dem, an' not scold no mooch 'bout dem 'cept w'en dey go 'way from deir own end of de shanty."

"If one of dese dirty chickens walk on at rug I keel 'em," she say. And she 'trow lots of t'ings at dem but never hit any."

"We live purty peaceful dere, her an' me an' de chickens, till las' night. Now I guess I never hear de end of w'y did I bring dese chickens into de shanty."

He heaved a long sigh but before he could resume his tale of woe, the storekeeper broke in with "Here hold on a minute, Dolphus, open the window before you start again. Seems to me there's a skunk somewhere in this story."

"Dere is, sair," said Dolphus as the obligingly opened the window a couple of inches, "an' you'll hear 'bout 'em right now."

"Well las' night mebbe I was a little bit drunk but I manage get home a'right, only I guess—I didn't manage get de door shut tight after I get in. I was ver' storry an' jest roll into bed an' go sleep. Long 'bout 't'ree o'clock it was Rosanna shake me an' whisper, scared like, 'Dolphus, Dolphus, wake up, dere's someone in de shanty.'"

"Oh, go sleep, ole woman," I say "dere couldn't be anyone in de shanty. Anyway dere's no'ing for dem to steal."

"Dere's my new rig an' rockin' chair," she says, "you got up w'en I tell you."

"S'pose you tink dey might steal de cook stove too," I grunt, but I get up to look 'cause I know she'll keep on talkin' an' bodderin' me till I do."

"Sure nuff de cheekhs was makin' 'em awful fuss, such a squawkin' I never did hear, an' dere seemed if be somethin' reannin' roun' under de roosts."

"Light de candle, queek, Rosanna," I say, "dere's a weasel at de cheekhs an' I'm goin' to keel 'em. So she get de light goin' an' woa de cheekhs see de light dey all give a screech an' jump off de roosts. An' I see somethin' under de table an' dere was Mr Weasel but he had two white stripes down his back. Rosanna see him too an' she equel 'Oh Dolphus, it's a skunk, don't keel it in here.'"

"Shut up Rosanna I ain't goin' to keel 'em, I'll just open de door wide an' let 'em he'll run cut."

"So I begin to creep ver' quiet to de door—an' I trip over dat little rug. Dat scare de skunk an' he run behin' de stove, I hurry to chase him out dere 'cause it's Rosanna's new gown—an' I fall over de rocker of dat gran' new rockin' chair. A rockin' chair ain't a ver' nice t'ing to fall over in bare legs so I get awful mad."

"Now I will keel 'em, by dam," I say, an' though Rosanna keep hollerin' at me not to I reach in de corner for my gun; Rosanna cover up her head but she keep on yellin' under the bed clothes. An' I fin' my gun, I aim at de skunk but de candle flicker jest den an' I shoot a keel clean through de barrel of will we keep warm by de stove all de tain for de pigs: It was full, too, I guess it ain't now; Dey make me mad more, so I grab de gun an' start out to chub de skunk w'ik it."

"Rosanna shout again, 'Dolphus, Dolphus, don't keel de skunk in de shanty.'"

"And I holler back, 'Rosanna I would keel dat skunk if he was in de bed,' and I chase him."

"He run roun' an' roun', I run after him, an' de cheekhs get between my feet, an' I fall over dat little rug again an' de rockin' chair t'ree, four t'ime I just guess I was mad. Rosanna say I swore a lot of words she say I did I begin to wish I'd let 'em stay live. We jest grab our clothes an' jump for de door; we got dressed outside an' stored dere de res' of de night. Too bad skunks is easily offended, if he had just gone out quiet by de crack he came in by dere wouldn't have been no fuss 'tall. Rosanna she say it's my fault for leavin' de door open, I say it's her fault—if she didn't woke me up dere would never have been no argument w'ik dat skunk 'tall."

"Now, Boss, if you've got dose parcels ready I'll get back to Rosanna an' we'll have some breakfast. Wat! seventy-five cents for dis green pairfume. Well I guess it's worth it, I'll try it anyway, here goes—" and he pulled out the stopper and emptied half the contents of the bottle on his manly bosom."

"There was a precipitous move-

## Presbytery Meets At Newcastle

The Presbytery of Miramichi met in quarterly session in St James Hall here on Tuesday 10th inst. Rev Alex Cruise, of Bams River, Moderator; Rev W McN Matthews clerk. Others present were: Revs Geo P Tattler, Tabusintac; J F McCardy, Redbank; F L Jobb New Mills; Alex Firth, Douglastown; Geo S Gardner, Rexton; L J King, Escumiasac; P Q; A J MacNeil, Doaktown; J M Fraser, Black River; L H MacLean, Newcastle; F W Thompson, Loggieville; Geo A Grant, Blackville; Dr S W Squires, Newcastle; and the following Elders, John Williamson, Newcastle; Geo D Stewart, Blackville; J O Chearer, New Carlisle; P Q; Edgar Vye, Derby Jet; also Catechist, Mr Forsythe, Kouchibouguac.

Among the visitors were Rev Dr J G Shearer, Toronto; Rev H A Goodwin, St John and Sgt R H Scott, of Bathurst.

The session opened at 11 a m Devotional exercises were led by the Moderator.

Reports were received from the Stevens Trust Committee and committee to visit New Carlisle congregation.

The ministers appointed to dispense sacraments in Home Mission fields reported that the work in New Brandon, Millbank and Kouchibouguac had progressed favorably during the summer months.

Communication from the secretary of the Aged and Infirm—Ministers' Fund indicating more generous treatment of aged ministers and the widows of ministers was received and heartily endorsed.

The Presbytery agreed to exert every effort in the direction of supporting this very important fund.

The Presbytery appointed a committee to co-operate with the National Service Commission in work among soldiers. The committee are: Revs Hugh Miller, convenor, Dr Wylie, L H MacLean, secretary; and Messrs John Williamson and M A Kelly.

Presbytery considered arrangements bearing on the contemplated Forward Movement initiated by the General Assembly last June, covering: Deepening of the spiritual life of the people and general advancement in every department of church life and work; that the church might play its proper part in the general life of these stirring times of crisis.

Following were appointed a Forward Movement Committee, with power to make arrangements for a special meeting of Presbytery to consider the whole question relating to the Forward Movement: Revs F W Thompson, L H MacLean, A Firth and W McN Matthews.

A meeting of the Presbytery will be held during the Maritime Synod at Charlottetown the first week of October.

The next quarterly meeting will be held at Newcastle on the first Tuesday of December next.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children  
In Use For Over 30 Years  
Always bears  
the  
Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitcher*

ment toward the door and everyone seemed to arrive there at once.

"You darn breed," gasped the storekeeper; "get your filthy carcass out of here; smelling up my store so I won't have a customer for a week. Git, I tell you."

With an air of resignation, Dolphus went to the door and stepped out into the sunshine. Then he held the green bottle up to the light and patted it lovingly.

"Guess I'll keep de rest for Rosanna," he said "She's needs it moat as bad as I did."

And with a satisfied smile he started happily homeward.

## YOUR CUP OF TEA

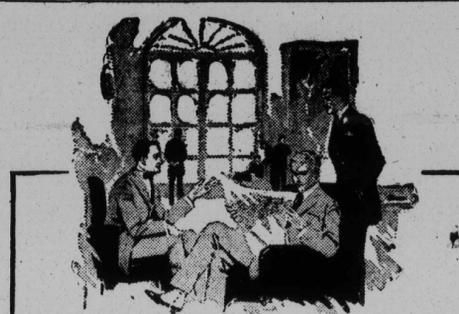


Your cup of Tea means much to you. It is more than an item in the daily fare. It is the one thing that "rounds off"—or spoils—an enjoyable repast. Tea is fortunately so cheap in this country that there are few who cannot afford Choice Tea. The cost per pound is only slightly higher than ordinary Tea, while the increased pleasure you get from every cup you make is worth many times the difference. It is true also, that a FLAVOR-FULL Tea like KING COLE Orange Pekoe will actually spend further—that is, make more cups to the pound. KING COLE Orange Pekoe is prepared particularly for lovers of Choice Tea.

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