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The Markdale STANDARD

Is published on Wednesday by
C. W. RUTLEDGE,
Markdale, Ontario.

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C. O. C. F. No. 399, Markdale Council, Canadian Order Chosen Friends, No. 399 meets second Monday in the month in Sarjeant's Hall at 8 o'clock. A. Jackson, Chief Councillor; Herb M. Irwin, Recorder.

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MARKDALE STANDARD

VOL. 40 MARKDALE, ONT. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1920. Established in 1875

A Fair Exchange

The same year that Mary Marsh had a black hen sitting on twelve big brown turkey eggs in the corner of her mother's old flower house, white hen sitting on twelve duck eggs in a box in his father's garage. The children had never lived on a not know much about fowls; this was the first experience they had. They were divided their yards to talk about their plans for the same day, Easter Monday, if all well.

Jock was inclined to brag about his ducks, and at good deal, but she ever so much hand-soner than your turkeys," Jock said one day. "But new turkeys are just like babies," she argued. "Did you ever hear a baby say peep, peep?" he asked.

Mary began to think hard it, was her way of keeping back tears, but one tear got away somehow and ran down her nose. Then a sudden thought struck her, and she smiled in triumph. "Anybody's gobblers gobble most beautifully," she said. "Jock wanted to reply instantly that gobblers chase up all round the yard, but he was very sorry about the tear; so he said nothing.

They parted good friends after all. Jock went off whistling with his hands in his pockets. He was saving his money to get a bicycle, and he felt sure that the twelve ducklings would be enough money later on to make his bark much heavier. "Mary dried her tear on a tiny handkerchief and then went back to her playhouse, singing. She did not intend to sell the black hen's brood; she loved pets, and surely a dozen lively turkeys would make good company. Her plan was to keep them so long as they lived.

That night at supper, Jock brought up the subject of his hen. "So you're going to raise ducks, are you?" said Jock's father. "Well, they're tame chips and make pretty good pets. What's Mary gone in for?" "Oh, just turkeys," Jock answered with a superior air. "But she thinks she's made a splendid choice. She's bound to have something to pet." Mr. Davis looked thoughtful. "I'm afraid she won't find it easy to pet turkeys," he said. "If she can find the flock of turkeys in time to drive them in from a thunderstorm, she'll be doing well. They wander all over creation."

age, but she was going to see that Jock did not have a disappointment like that. She darted into the house, then came out again and crept through the dusk down to the place where the black hen was sitting. The hen knew her well and made soft chucking noises as she entered. "Keep perfectly still," Mary whispered. "What I'm going to do won't make a bit of difference in the world to you."

She tilted old Blackie gently to one side, and took out the twelve eggs and laid them in the bottom of the basket she had brought. Then she covered them with a warm shawl. Blackie gave one or two soft squawks of dismay, but as Mary turned to go she settled back in the nest as if nothing had happened. Mary was glad that Blackie took matters so calmly, and that the weather was too warm for the eggs to get chilled.

Carrying the basket carefully, she slipped through the side gate and into the Davis garage. Old Whitey was much harder to handle than old Blackie had been. She fussed and pecked, but Mary held her firmly under one arm while she exchanged the eggs. Finally, with the twelve duck eggs in her basket, she went back to Blackie. She walked slowly with her precious burden. "Of course," she said to herself, "Jock won't understand, and at first he will be disappointed, but some day he will thank me."

A few days later Mary heard Jock calling her just as she had finished breakfast. She guessed what he wanted, and her heart began to beat fast. She went out to the fence, trembling a little; her cheeks were red. "Whitey's hatching," Jock told her. She noticed a queer look on his face. "Oh!" said Mary faintly. "Then Blackie must be hatching, too." "Jock opened the gate and joined her. "Come on, let's see," he said. They walked toward the old flower house in silence.

Presently Mary broke into a run with Jock close at her heels. When they reached the nest they found Blackie clucking proudly. Lifting the hen with great care as a poultry raiser had shown her how to do, Mary found the nest half full of little new fowls. She took out one and looked it over with great care. "Is this a turkey?" she faltered. "Of course it is," said Jock; but he still looked queer. "Mary winked her eyes in that queer way she had. "It ought not to be a d-duck!" she said. "It ought to be a turkey," she said. "It ought to be a d-duck!" she said. "It ought to be a turkey," she said.

Neither of them said anything for a moment; then Jock started to whistle. Suddenly he stopped short. "Mary," he said, "I'm going to ask you something: Did you change the eggs?"

Mary bowed her head. She was afraid to look at Jock. "I found out that you can get your bicycle sponser with turkeys," she answered after a moment. "So I changed Blackie's eggs for Whitey's. But I was oh, so careful!" "Well," said Jock, "I did the same thing. Ducks make better pets. I was going to tell you later on. And then old Whitey began to hatch ducks!"

They stood stock still for a moment looking at each other; then they both burst out laughing. It did seem funny, after all. "I know—we'll divide," suggested Mary. Jock shook his head. "The hens would hardly stand for that," he said.

They decided to let things stay as they were. But later on both hens were kind enough to sit again; and that time Whitey hatched valuable turkeys and Blackie had a beautiful family of ducks.

April Fool. Little Miss Frown, break into a smile, Show your dimples, and let us see Where the spirit of heaven should always be. Beam and dimple. Oh, follow this rule, For that is the way to April fool.

Little Miss Quarell, be sweet and brave, Drive angry feelings away, away; Refuse to utter one sharp retort; Speak gentle things on this April day, Be kind and gracious. Oh, follow this rule, For that is the way to April fool.

Little Miss Lazy, rise with the lark, Study your lessons and know them well; Run down the road to the village school, Run into school when you hear the bell Be quick and eager. Oh, follow this rule, For that is the way to April fool.

Little Miss Headless, tie your shoes; Gather your playthings in neat array; Pick up the scissors and sweep the room; Bind your locks with a ribbon gay. Think and remember. Oh, follow this rule, For that is the way to April fool.

Risen Christ! O Easter Flower
How dear Thy Grace has grown
From East to West with loving power
Make all the world Thine own.

EASTER CUSTOMS. Easter is always the Sunday which occurs next after the fourteenth day of the calendar month which follows March 21, and if that day be a Sunday, Easter is the following Sunday. Many of the old Eastern customs still linger among us. The distributing of the pasc or pasch egg, which was once observed by the entire Christian world, is now universally confined to the children. In England the folks of Lancashire, and in some parts of Scotland the young folk, still have their d-d hard-billed eggs, which they either roll or throw at one another and finally end up by eating the eggs.

In many of the counties and shires various ancient customs prevail, such as the men folk lift the women folk on Easter Monday and then the women retaliate on Tuesday. In Durham the men remove the women's shoes on Easter Monday, and then the women do the same on the following day. At Easter-time the churchmen and the laity arrange a ball game and the winners being regaled with tansy cake and tansy pudding; while in the other counties the town clerk carries a basket containing Easter cakes as an offering; and in return he receives a gratuity from the various householders.

France first turned her artistic and culinary talents in making the Easter or pasch confectionery. This arose from the fact that eggs were at this season very scarce and yet in great demand. These eggs were first made from fondant and then coated with chocolate or various colored fondants. There were some made to be kept as mementoes, and these had crystallized surfaces and a view of a landscape arranged inside. These eggs were prepared from foundations of plaster paris and its substitutes, and various decorations were used to ornament the finished product.

Games For Easter Monday. If you're somewhere between five and fifteen, and you're invited to an Easter Monday Party, you will enjoy the following games: Humpty Dumpty: Stuff a pillow case plumply, making it as egg-shaped as possible. Mark a face near the top, and tie a band of bright ribbon or cloth cravat-fashion, a little below the middle. The pillow should look quite Humpty-Dumptyish by this means. Now set Mr. Humpty upon a chair back or on an improvised shelf. He may need to be weighted inside. Let each child in turn have a shot at him with a light baseball or a toy ball heavier than rubber. Someone should be appointed to keep score, and each child who knocks Humpty Dumpty off his perch is credited with 2. A child who simply touches him with the ball, but does not knock him over, is credited with 1.

Have as many rounds as you wish, and then add up the scores to see who has won. Easter Eggs High: Divide the children up into companies, and line the companies up in two rows, facing each other. Give the captains of each line a gray-painted Easter egg to be passed from hand to hand down the line as rapidly as possible. The child at the end of each line, as soon as he receives the egg, must shout "High!" Of course, in the haste that will result from the race the egg is likely to be smashed in transit. In that case the side smashing the egg is penalized, and everybody must pay a forfeit. In the meantime another egg can be supplied if you wish to make another race at the relay race. Peter Rabbit's Adventures: This is a variation of the old-fashioned game of stage coach. Each child is given the name of some character or object in the famous story of "Peter Rabbit." Seat the children in a ring and begin to tell the story. As you use the names of the characters or objects, the children answering to them must rise and hop three steps rabbit-fashion. When Peter Rabbit's house is mentioned, all the children exchange places, and the one without a seat must tell a tale. Easter Bouquets: Seat the children in a circle and start the game by saying, "I picked an Easter bouquet; in it I put a lily." The next in the ring must repeat this and add another flower to the bouquet. The third continues by repeating what the first and second children have said, and adds still a third flower. It will be quite a large and varied bunch of posies that results.

SUFFERED DAY AND NIGHT

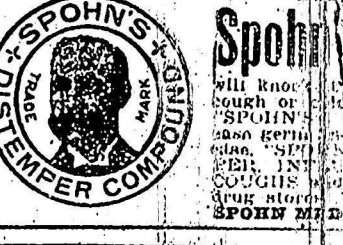
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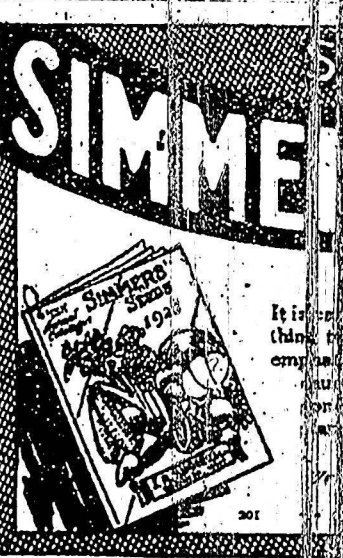
At the door of his tomb we place a stone to keep all that we have left of Him from desecration; a stone that is a great agglomerated builder of pity and remorse and apology and excuse; the claims of family, the demands of business, the irresistible pressure of circumstances.

And then one morning we awake to find that some angel of unselfishness—the loved for some good suffering or sacrifice—has rolled away the stone, and in the garden of our heart we see again the risen and living Christ.

That is the everlasting miracle of the Resurrection!



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