

The Blessed Meddler

By DAVID H. TALMADGE.

PART I.

Old Dan McCarty, starting for church one June morning with his pretty daughter Mary—his wife had gone on to the greater service in giving Mary birth some nineteen years before and his son had been killed in No Man's Land the previous winter—paused at that point in the straggling village street where the road to the river crossed.

"Darlin'," said he, "I've thought of somethin'. I'll go down this way to see—to see if I can find a feller. Ye go on to church and I'll come later; 'tis early yet."

Mary laughed. It was an old story to her. "All right, Father; but you'll not be at church at all, that I know. Don't get your Sunday suit dirty."

Dan looked down at the black suit which had been his Sunday best for fifteen years. "No danger, darlin'; dirt won't stick to it. Sure, I think I'd slide out of it meself if 'twas not buttoned on, although," he added reflectively, "'tis liss smooth on the inside than 'tis on the outside, owin' maylike to the pews in the church bein' harder than meself. Last Sunday—did I tell ye?—a bee lit onto me, and a bee with his stinger and the hooks on his feet and all should be able to stick to anything. But that poor little bee slipped down so fast he didn't have time to start his buzzers, and—and he broke his neck. 'Tis a blissed daughter ye are, Mary, and 'tis a pity ye have such an old goose for a father."

"If I'd my pick from ten million fathers, I'd have chosen you," said the girl. "Go on to the river. I—I understand."

"Yis, but," Dan put out a restraining hand, "I am not goin' to fish, darlin'."

"I know it, Father; you are going to your church, that is all. Don't think I don't know, for I do, and that is all right."

She went on a few steps, then turned and waved her hand, smiling. "Roast beef and apple pie for dinner," she called; "don't be late."

"Niver fear."

Old Dan took his way slowly down the flower-bordered road to a certain spot near the river bank where a wild apple tree laden with bloom scattered

the sunshine in countless flecks upon a carpet of green. It had long been a haunt of his in the lazy hours of the spring and early summer, and little by little he had builded up a theology there, quite to his liking, quite free from any offense to the organized church. When the rains were on or when the chill winds blew he sat in the old family pew with Mary and frankly twisted and fidgeted and dozed. But when the air was soft and rich with the perfume of blossoms and fresh-turned earth, and the river sang in harmony with the birds, which it did not do in the winter days, he yielded willingly to the truant call.

A pagan he was perhaps. The pastor of the church had referred to him in that term, but in a tone of voice which had in it little of impatience. Afterwards the preacher had said—and the statement was passed about from the church social, where it was uttered, to the political and civics club at the corner store and to the blacksmith shop where the village heathen were wont to congregate, and had in short a universal circulation so far as Typica extended into the universe—that Dan was a blessed pagan. This afforded Typica folk a topic for speculation. What is a blessed pagan? The village has never fully agreed upon a definition. There is a general agreement among the mothers that Dan is all right but is not to be recommended as a model for the children. All men and women and children, respect him. Few understand him. A rough man of gentle impulses. A doer of good deeds but a growling, peppery man when well-meaning folk would heap praise upon him. A tobaccoish man and a user, upon all occasions, of language too strong and forceful to entirely meet the approbation of all his acquaintances.

On this particular Sunday morning Dan heard music before he came in full sight of the wild apple tree and he hastened his steps somewhat. A grosbeak couple were occupying the tree, using it both as a temple and a nesting place, and the gentleman grosbeak was religiously devoting a portion of each day to song. The fact that the lady grosbeak sat on a number of eggs and looked bored and occasionally scolded because she was of

the feminine gender—which calamitous error the gentleman grosbeak would have been unable to remedy even had he been informed in time—deterred him not a particle in the exercise of his warbling inclinations. He was perched on a swaying twig near the very top of the tree and was simply letting himself go, as the saying is, this Sunday morning. Possibly the first hatchling was a boy. Perhaps his breakfast had been unusually satisfying. It may be the lady grosbeak had twitted a bit of sympathy to him because he was compelled to sleep on the precarious edge of the nest. Not much is required to make a man feel like singing at a certain period in his family affairs, more especially when worms are plentiful and the weather is to his liking.

Old Dan removed his coat and stretched himself upon the grass with a grunt of satisfaction.

"Sure, he's a whole choir in himself," he said, addressin' the grosbeak. "And," he added presently, his eyes roaming in a leisurely way about him, "he has a congregation—quite a typical one—yis; thim yellow-topped weeds yonder, noddin' wise and knowin' nothin'; yis, and there's a little snake wigglin', and bugs buzzin'—aw, my!" He chuckled at the conceit and lifted his eyes to the tree again. "'Tis to the glory of God ye're singin' so grandly, little bird, for 'tis God that gave ye somethin' to sing for, and 'tis grateful ye are. Maylike ye can see God—I shouldn't wonder, but we—we can only feel Him, we that are not so very wise; and that the spirit of it was not in harmony with the situation, spat vigorously. The twig at the top of the tree rose and fell in the breeze and the grosbeak sang louder and louder in the exhilaration of the movement.

Old Dan's eyes closed. "Thou shalt love thy God with all thy heart—yis—and keep his commandments," he murmured. "Do unto others—yis—as ye would be done by—lit not yer lift hand know what yer right hand doeth—hilp one another—'tis a small price to pay for the dibt we're owin'."

There was a sound beyond a clump of bushes between the tree and the river, and Dan's eyes opened. He raised his head, listening. The grosbeak was suddenly silent.

"'Tis Hadley Ross," Dan told himself presently, "and his sister Emma Crowther, and they've come out on the river bank for a bit of a walk and a talk over family matters. They're thim of us that are very wise can't do even that."

(To be concluded.)

The only quadruped that cannot swim is the camel.



F. Handley Page, who organized the syndicate that bought the enormous surplus air supplies from the British Government. They consist of 11,000 aeroplanes and 30,000 engines. The Government is to receive \$5,000,000 and 5% of the profits the syndicate make.

DEATH CLAIMS CROWN PRINCESS

Wife of Crown Prince of Sweden and Daughter of Duke of Connaught.

London, May 2.—Just before a dinner party which was to have been held on Saturday night at Clarence House, the Duke of Connaught's London residence, in celebration of the Duke's seventieth birthday, the Duke was handed a telegram. It announced the death of his daughter, the Crown Princess of Sweden.

The guests had begun to arrive, but the festivities, which had been going on all day, were immediately abandoned. The Duke was heartbroken. What had promised to be one of the happiest days of his life had been turned into one of despair.

Stockholm, May 2.—The entire nation has been plunged into mourning by the death yesterday of Crown Princess Gustave Adolph of Sweden, daughter of the Duke of Connaught. King Gustave, who was in Nizzi, and Queen Victoria, who had just arrived at the bedside of her sick mother in Baden, had been notified and are returning for the funeral.

Margaret Victoria Charlotte Augusta Norah was the eldest child of the three children of Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught; and the late Princess Louisa Margaret of Prussia. She was born on January 15, 1882, and was married to the Crown Prince at Windsor Castle on July 15, 1905. In addition to her five children, four boys and a girl, she is survived by a brother, Prince Arthur Patrick of Connaught, and a sister, Princess Victoria Patricia, familiarly known as "Princess Pat," who was recently married to the Hon. Alexander Ramsay.

Her husband is the eldest son of Gustavus the Fifth, fifth King of the House of Ponte Corvo and great-grandson of Napoleon's great General, Marshall Bernadotte. The Crown Prince and his wife had planned to visit the United States in 1914, but were prevented by the war.

Manitoba Farmers Work at Top Speed on Seeding

A despatch from Winnipeg says:—"Seeding has become general throughout the Province, and the farmers are working at top speed," Hon. Valentine Winkler, Minister of Agriculture, stated on Thursday. Mr. Winkler said that the recent good weather had permitted the farmers to get away to a good start, and that they were looking forward to a very good crop. There would be plenty of moisture in the ground this year, he said, because of the fact that the spring thaw had been slow and most of the water had been absorbed instead of running away. The Minister gave the impression that the late spring had not delayed seeding to a material degree, stating that the conclusion of the seeding period for Manitoba grains was May 15 for wheat; oats, June 1; barley, June 10 to 15, and flax, June 25. There was still plenty of time for seeding, he said.

Greeks Massacred by Albanians

London, May 2.—An Albanian rising against the Greeks has begun at Epirus, according to a wireless message from Moscow, and Albanian bands are massacring the Greeks.

Hungarian Peace Treaty Ready

Paris, May 2.—The Council of Ambassadors has fixed Thursday next for the delivery of the treaty to the Hungarian delegation. The Hungarians will be allowed ten days for examination of the document before signing.

A DESIRE TO EAT WHAT YOU WANT

How Stomachs Can be Restored to a Vigorous, Healthy Condition.

Not to be limited in diet, but to eat whatever he pleases is the dream of every dyspeptic. No one can honestly promise to restore any stomach to this happy condition, because all people cannot eat the same things with equally satisfactory results. It is literally true that "what is one man's food is another man's poison." But it is possible to so tone up the digestive organs that a pleasing diet may be selected from articles of food that cause no discomfort.

When the stomach lacks tone there is no quicker way to restore it than to build up the blood. Good digestion without rich, red blood is impossible, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills offer the very best way to build up and enrich the blood. For this reason these pills are especially good in stomach trouble attended by thin blood, and in attacks of nervous dyspepsia. Proof of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in even the most obstinate cases of stomach trouble is given by Mrs. S. Morrison, Varney, Ont., who says:—"I shall always feel indebted to a friend who advised me to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had been a sufferer for upwards of twelve years with stomach trouble which resulted in a general weakness of the whole system. My meals always caused me great discomfort, and at times I would go hungry rather than undergo the suffering which followed meals. I was constantly taking something or other recommended for the trouble, but without finding a cure, and often the trouble kept me in bed when I should have been about doing my housework. My friend, who had had a similar attack, came to see me and urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which had helped her. I got a supply at once and began taking them, and soon found relief. By the time I had used eight boxes I was again enjoying the best of health, and with a good appetite and a stomach restored to normal. Had I known of this medicine earlier it would have saved me years of suffering, and I urge any who may be in a similar condition to try these pills at once."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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THE roof is an important item—it "makes" or "mars" the whole structure. In shingle-roofed houses it is even more necessary to see that it is in good regular repair, because once a roof commences to decay a general deterioration of house-value is the immediate result.

To ensure a permanent durability, as well as an added appearance, use

B-H Shingle Stain

either as a mixture in which shingles are dipped or as a stain to apply to the completed roof.

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