

THE DEACON'S SINFULNESS.

His Repentance, Confession, and Emancipation.

BY EVELIA ELLIOTT.

As the sitting-room door opened, Mrs. Parker looked up from her sewing. "The Deacon's been up to mischief," she said.

Deacon Parker was a thin, under-sized man, with small, appealing blue eyes, set in a thin, undersized face—a timid, deprecating man, but in his wife's opinion, as prone to mischief as the child he resembled.

He stood now on the threshold, his look of glee modified by his very evident sense of wrong-doing. "My, it's cold," he said, sliding up to the fire, one eye on his "better three-fourths," as the village wits were wont to put it. "My hands nigh froze driving. What do you think, Betsy—they've got one of those new horseless turnouts in town. I'd like one, first rate."

"Old Jim'll do you, Deacon. I'd like to see myself riding in any such Tom-fool rig."

"Would you, Betsy?"—willfully misunderstanding her. "If that ain't fort'nate. What'll you say, when you find yourself riding in that same automobily?"

"That I ought to be ashamed of myself, at my age. But see here, Deacon, you've been up to something. You might's well out with it first as last."

The Deacon drew up his arm-chair, in which he looked smaller than ever; then, taking a yellow ticket from his pocket, handed it to his wife.

"Deacon Parker, are you up to this again?"

"Why—why not, Betsy?" the Deacon spoke nervously.

"M'ria," Mrs. Parker said to her daughter, "fetch me the green box from my cupboard."

The Deacon actually shivered as his daughter rose to obey. Her alacrity exceeded even that demanded by filial duty, he thought. "I guess I'll go see to the chores," he said weakly.

"Stay where you be," his wife answered. "Is this business worked the same's all the rest?"

The Deacon brightened. "Yes, every time you buy 50 cents' worth at any of those stores named there, you get a numbered ticket. The person that gets the right number gets that new style rig I told you of. And"—the Deacon's courage was rising—"there ain't no reason why we shouldn't get the right number. I'd feel proud to go round in that automobily."

Mrs. Parker smiled grimly. "I'd feel like a horn fool, but there ain't much cause to worry. You won't get it, and if you did I'd never let you stir a rod in it. I've read about the way they carry on; it's my belief the devil himself had the inventing of them. And I'll tell you what, Deacon, when you go out of this life, and your blessed mother comes down to meet you on the other side, you're not a-going flying up to her arms all in a thousand and one pieces." Mrs. Parker was much excited; she had always felt a half-maternal responsibility concerning her husband. Maria's reappearance calmed her.

She lifted the lid of the green box, disclosing packet after packet of little tickets, ranged in orderly piles inside. She held one up. "Do you remember these, Deacon?"

The Deacon looked at the bits of blue pasteboard, faded now from their original color, as had the eyes of the little man himself. "They was for a m'lodeon, Betsy, I saved 'em fore we was married. I did want that m'lodeon for your best room."

Mrs. Parker's manner softened. She laid the packet gently down. "Linda Powell got that melodeon," she said thoughtfully. "They used to say Linda wanted you, too, Tyson."

The Deacon's nervousness lessened. The atmosphere seemed clearing.

But Mrs. Parker was a woman of determination; having long had this step in view, she was not to be turned aside by a bit of sentiment. She held up a second packet, "You mind these, Deacon?"

"For a baby-carriage," he answered, chuckling. "Saved 'em when you was expecting M'ria. Your sister Nanny'd got one ready for her first."

His wife was laughing, too, by now, her broad shoulders fairly shaking with merriment. "Nauny won that carriage, too, and then"—Mrs. Parker was almost gasping—"her first was twins!"

A red packet came next, and, as usual, when questioned, the Deacon recognized it. "For a patent churn. My! I did want that churn, for you, Betsy."

"And this?" Betsy asked, and again: "And this? And this?"

As she held up a certain pile of red tickets, the Deacon turned from it to look wistfully out of the window. Down below the orchard was a bit of enclosed ground—the family burying-place that as yet contained but one grave, and that a little one.

"I did want that tool-chest mighty bad, for him," he said, half under his breath. "And after all it wouldn't've mattered. I used to worry 'bout how I'd ever tell him if I failed. He used to count every ticket I brought home, and after all, I didn't have to tell him. I never did go down the day the number was given out."

There was a tiny spot of water on the uppermost red ticket as Mr. Parker laid them back in the box. She, too, had turned to look out at the snow-covered plot. Rising, she lifted the green box and went to put it away. When she came back, she went to stand a moment behind the Deacon's chair, laying one hand softly on the thin gray hair that lay in boyish rings on his forehead.

"Oh, Deacon, Deacon!" she said in a voice wherein both laughter and tears seemed striving for the mastery. "How many times 've I reasoned with you 'bout buying things we didn't need and couldn't afford, for the sake of chances that never amounted to anything? Think of the money we might've laid by—more than enough to buy melodians, and patent churns, and goodness knows what all."

"I reckon you're right, Betsy," the Deacon answered submissively.

Betsy laughed, or sobbed—which was it?—and laid her other hand tenderly upon the gray hair. "Still you'll go on doing it to the end of time—or your time. But remember, if you should win that new-fangled heatbenish rig, not one rod do you ride in it." Then she went out to the kitchen, where Maria was getting supper. "We'll have wheat cakes and maple syrup, M'ria," she said. "Your pa's fond of wheat cakes. And get one of the pies you baked this morning; and I'll fry some ham and eggs—your pa's fond of ham and eggs."

"Land, what geese women are!" she exclaimed, a little later, when Maria was out of the kitchen. "I did think for once, I'd make the Deacon see the error of his ways, and have no backing down about it, neither; and here'm getting him up the supper he likes best, and feeling as grateful to him 's if he'd got me all those fine things he's wasted money trying for."

During the succeeding weeks the collecting of those yellow tickets went merrily on. There had been no such chance in some time, and the Deacon was like a starving man in sight of food. Many were the excuses he made to go to town. Steadily the little store or ready money in the old chest grew less and less.

Mrs. Parker pleaded, scolded, threatened; but though the Deacon admitted the force of her arguments, nearly wept at sight of her distress, shrank before her displeasure, he continued to spend money, almost daily, at one or another of the stores issuing the automobile tickets.

In all his purchases he never bought anything for his personal use. "If your pa'd only get things needed, now and then, I wouldn't mind his bringing home those pesky tickets," Mrs. Parker said one morning to Maria. "Or if, sence he will buy, he'd buy sensible. He needs a new suit now, but he never thinks of himself."

Maria looked around the sitting-room, at the pictures on the walls (the Deacon was not a judge of art, but neither were his women-kind); at the mantel, loaded with gayly decorated ornaments; at the bright rugs covering the well worn carpet; the new footstool before her mother's chair.

"I guess I'll tell Joe we needn't wait 'til fall," she said. "You'll be able to spare me considerable towards setting up. I've made Joe promise never to begin collecting tickets."

Mrs. Parker tossed her head. "I guess if Joe does as well by you as the Deacon's done by me, you won't have much cause to complain." A moment later, catching sight of her spouse driving to the gate in his shabby old gig, a suspicious showing of brown-paper parcels about him, she rose impatiently. "I declare I wish Congress would make it against the law to give out tickets."

That afternoon the Deacon's wife called upon her minister. "And you won't think any real harm of the Deacon?" she said, as she rose to leave the little study, where she had been closeted for some time. "I thought maybe you might help me—it's for his good, you know—but I'd never forgive myself if folks got to talking about it."

The following Sunday the Rev. Collis Hatchley gave his people an earnest, direct talk on the sin of self-indulgence along the line of any one particular passion. Mrs. Parker, glancing out of the corner of her eye at her husband, saw the color coming and going in his thin face and the ever-deepening concern in his eyes.

He was very silent during the ride home after church. At dinner he ate scarcely anything. Mrs. Parker did not know whether to be relieved or troubled.

All the afternoon the Deacon sat silent in his big chair, his closed Bible on his knee. When the twilight came, and Maria had gone out to tea with Joe, he rose and began pacing slowly up and down the shadowy room.

"Feeling badly?" his wife asked, at last.

"Betsy, I'm"—he stopped in front of her—"I'm a wrestling. That was a powerful sermon this morning. I see my sin clear at last, and I'm a wrestling."

Betsy rocked uneasily. "I don't know's I'd take it too much to heart, Tyson," she said, with womanly inconsistency.

The Deacon had gone over to a little corner cupboard and taken out a pile of yellow tickets. From there to the stove was but a step or two; the next moment they were



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curling and writhing on the hot coals within.

"Betsy," the Deacon said breathlessly, "I've put my sin behind me, but I can't put the consequences. I'll have to bring it before the next general meeting; I need disciplining, Betsy. To think that I, a deacon in the church, should have gone on so wickedly spending money where it wasn't needed, and so much good waiting to be done! I've been an extravagant, self-indulgent sinner, but, thank the Lord! I see my wrong-doing now."

"Deacon Parker!"—his wife had seized him by the shoulder—"if you dare to breathe a word of this, at general meeting or anywhere else, I'll"—she broke off abruptly. Though it was against all rule to cook anything on Sunday night, the Deacon had wheat cakes and maple-syrup and ham and eggs for supper.

For a day or two the sense of victory over self kept the Deacon's spirits up; then the outer man began to triumph over the inner. Deprived of its one stimulant, the Deacon's life seemed dull and vapid. He gave up his trips to town, spending his idle hours sitting listlessly in his big chair.

"I believe he'll do himself a harm, fretting after those tickets," Mrs. Parker said to Maria one morning. "If he'd go to town, 't would hearten him up—but he won't."

"Perhaps it's spring fever," Maria suggested. "Joe's been complaining some of late."

Mrs. Parker grasped the suggestion eagerly. "I shouldn't wonder if it was. Anyhow, a tonic won't hurt him none. I'll drive in this afternoon and get him one."

She made as good time as old Jim's powers would allow. On her return she steered a straight course for the Deacon, armed with a bottle of tonic and a spoon. As she pulled off the outer wrapper, a yellow ticket fell from it to the floor, unseen by the Deacon, however.

Hastily picking it up, Mrs. Parker dropped it into her pocket. A little later she took it out to look at it. "Suppose this should happen to be the lucky number?" was the thought that ran through her mind. From supposing, she passed, with alarming rapidity, to wishing, from wishing to hoping, from hoping to planning, from planning to worrying.

Her final fall, however, did not come until the next day. The issuing of the automobile tickets was to end at noon. At breakfast Mrs. Parker announced her intention of going to town again. When she drove into the yard, on her return, there was several parcels on the seat beside her.

"Why we didn't need anything," Maria said, going out to the carriage.

"I guess I know what I'm about," the mother answered shortly.

The Deacon left worried about his wife during the next few hours—she wasn't herself, somehow. As for Mrs. Parker, she avoided her husband's mild glance in the oddest manner. Those faded eyes seemed possessed of a new power, to piece down to the very depths of her troubled conscience. Especially did she shun them after still another trip to town. She was restless and irritable all that evening, and though she went early to bed, it was only to toss and turn miserably. Late that night lying wide-eyed in the moon-lighted room, she decided she could stand it no longer. She woke the Deacon up at once.

"Sick, Betsy?" he asked anxiously.

"Sick at heart, Deacon. I got a ticket with your tonic that day. I didn't know it 'til I got home. It must've been bewitched, the way it upset me. It's the only time I've ever taken an interest in the business—I've only been angry at the way you've gone on about 'em. But all of a sudden, I felt 's if I wanted to get the lucky number. I went in town and bought a lot of stuff the next day, in the little time there was left."

"Oh, Betsy!" the Deacon's voice bespoke relief. He had always found her superior strength of mind and will a little overpowering. He felt now as if the scales were shifting, to settle, finally, into a more equal balance.

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"I was a silly, silly thing," his wife went on; "but I did want to win."

"Well—well—I'm sorry for your disappointment, Betsy."

"But—oh dear!"—for once in her life Mrs. Parker was hysterical—"I wasn't disappointed. Deacon, I've won the automobily!"—New York Post.

Rheumatic Warped Limbs

Mrs. H. Wills, Chesley, Ont., says:—"My boy was all crippled up with rheumatism. Although we doctored, he was in this way for about one year, and the pain was terrible. Reading of many cases where Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills had cured rheumatism, we got a box. Before they were half gone he began to improve, and is now quite well. I am very glad to recommend them to others." One pill a dose, 25 cents a box.

"We are pleased to know," remarks The American Horse Breeder, "that there is a more general inclination this season among breeders of trotting stock to experiment with the thorobred cross than has prevailed since the standard craze swept over the country 20 years ago. This seems to us a sure indication of an improvement in speed in the future. No practical breeder, in fact no theorist who has studied the subject of heredity, can find any ground for claiming that the introduction of a cart horse cross has ever improved the speed of any horse, no matter what gait he or she may have adopted. All the improvement in the speed ability of the light-harness horse that has ever been affected has come from the speedy, thorobred racehorse. Increased ability must come from the same source."

The Duke of Cornwall, says London Tit-Bits, always performed his full duty when he was an officer in the navy. While sailing under admiral Sir F. Bedford, the vessel was coaling off Smyrna, when a comfortable Turkish Pasha came on board to pay his respects to the grandson of the great Queen. After being received with due ceremony, he asked for H.R.H., and was pointed out a coal-begrimed officer who was superintending the coaling operations. Anyone who knows what coaling means on board a man-of-war will at once understand one condition in which the Duke of York was at the time. The look of incredulity and offended dignity on the face of the Pasha cannot possibly be expressed in words, and to this day he believes that the matter was an ill-timed joke at his expense.

The young melodramatist, telling the story of his play to the manager, said:—"As the robbers crawl in at the window the clock strikes one."

Manager: "Good! Which one?"

Fools learn nothing from wise men, but wise men learn much from fools.—Lavater.

A lazy man is of no more use than a dead man, and he takes up more room.—O. S. Marden.

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NOTICE OF SALE.

To R. Willoughby Richardson and Jane his wife, Aaron F. Campbell and Margaret his wife, and David D. Porter and Annis Porter his wife, all of the Village of Hartland, in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, Charles H. Clarke, of St. Stephen, in the County of Charlotte, and D. McLeod Vince, of the Town of Woodstock, in said Province of New Brunswick, and all others whom it may in any wise concern.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Nineteenth day of April in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, recorded in Carleton County records in Book "Y" Number Three on pages 406, 457 and 468 and made between the said R. Willoughby Richardson and Jane Richardson his wife, Aaron F. Campbell and Margaret Campbell his wife, and David D. Porter and Annis Porter his wife of the one part, and me the undersigned of the other part; there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said Indenture, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction in front of the law office of Louis E. Young on Main street in the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton on THURSDAY the TWENTIETH day of JUNE next at eleven o'clock in the forenoon (local time) all the lands and premises in the said Indenture of Mortgage described as follows:—

"All that certain piece or parcel of land and premises situate and being in the Village of Hartland in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick described as follows:—Commencing on east side of the Canadian Pacific Railway at a post on the south side of a street leading to John Bradley's, thence easterly along the south side of said street to a cedar post, thence southerly to land owned by George F. Grant and said railway, thence north along said railway to place of beginning, containing two acres more or less, being same land conveyed with other lands to Agnes E. J. Shaw by Allison B. Connell and wife by deed registered in Carleton County Registry of Deeds as number 32455 and by the said Agnes E. J. Shaw and husband deeded to R. Willoughby Richardson, Aaron F. Campbell and David D. Porter by deed dated the fourteenth day of April, A. D., 1898, excepting therefrom four building lots sold out of the above described lands and released from the operation of the said Indenture of Mortgage."

Together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereunto belonging

Dated this eleventh day of May, A. D., 1901. THOMAS TODD, Mortgagee.

In the Matter of the Estate of Samuel T. Craig.

Samuel T. Craig, of the Parish of Brighton, in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, having on the twenty-first day of May, A. D., 1901, in pursuance of the provisions of 58 Victoria, Chapter 6, and amending acts, made a general assignment to me for the benefit of all of his creditors, I do hereby call a meeting of the creditors of the said Samuel T. Craig, to be held at the office of Stephen B. Appleby, in the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton, on Saturday the first day of June next at eleven o'clock in the forenoon for the appointment of Inspectors and the giving of directions with reference to the disposal of his estate.

All creditors are required to file their claims, duly proven, with the Assignee within three months of the date of this notice, unless further time be allowed by a Judge of the Supreme or County Court, and all claims not filed within the time limited, or such further time, if any, as may be allowed by such Judge, shall be wholly barred of any right to share in the proceeds of the Estate, and the Assignee shall be at liberty to distribute the proceeds of the Estate as if any claim not filed as aforesaid did not exist, but without prejudice to the liability of the debtor thereof.

Dated at Woodstock, in the County of Carleton, the 21st day of May, A. D., 1901. WILLIAM A. HAYWARD, Sheriff of the County of Carleton

CANADIAN PACIFIC

In effect October 21st 1900.

DEPARTURES—Eastern Standard Time. (QUEEN STREET STATION).

6.20	A MIXED—Week days—for McAdam Junction, St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Fredericton, Saint John, Bangor, Portland and Boston.
8.05	A MIXED—Week days—for Aroostook M. Junction, Presque Isle, etc.
11.33	M EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque M. Isle, Edmundston, and all points North.
1.20	P MIXED—Week days—for Fredericton, M. Isle, etc., via Gibson Branch.
2.55	P MIXED—Week days—for Bath and M. Intermediate points.
4.18	M EXPRESS—Week days—for Saint M. Stephen, Fredericton, St. John, Vanceboro, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West, Northwest, and on Pacific Coast; Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleeper McAdam Jct. to Montreal. Pullman Sleeper McAdam Jct. to Boston.
7.55	P MIXED—Week days—for Debec Junction and Houlton.

ARRIVALS.

7.00 A. M.	MIXED—Week days, (at Freigh Yard) from McAdam Junction.
11.33 A. M.	EXPRESS—Week days, from Saint John, St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Boston, Montreal, etc.
12.15 P. M.	MIXED—Week days, from Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.
2.10 P. M.	MIXED—Week days, from Presque Isle.
4.18 P. M.	EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque Isle, Caribou, Edmundston, etc.
5.40 P. M.	MIXED—Week days, from Houlton.
7.55 P. M.	MIXED—Week days, from Bath, etc.
9.40 P. M.	MIXED—Week days, from St. John, Fredericton, St. Stephen, Portland, Bangor, etc.

A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., St. John.

Butter Paper, printed and unprinted, in one and two pound wrappers, at this office.