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songs. It's beautiful. But no one sings them. The children don't sing them. I'll tell you a story about an Irishman that had a boy. And the Irishman didn't know a letter • but he was a wealthy farmer. And he said that his son had to go to col? lege and that he had to be one of the most educated men in England. So finally he did get married and he had a son. So the son had to go to school. And he went to col? lege. And when he was all through, he had all his degrees and he came home. And then there was an English professor who came out and said that he would give a fortune to anyone who could beat him at history or anything that would come his way. And the Irishman said to his son, "I want you to tackle him." The son said, "I can't, fa? ther. That's an intelligent man." "Well, that's all right, that's what I sent you to college for' • to be an educated man, to be more clever than an Englishman." "Well, I can't do it." The father said, "If you don't try him then I'm going to tackle him." "Father," he said, "you can't win." "I know," he said, "but I'm going to tack? le him just the same." So they took the old Irishman into a great big dining room. I guess the table must have been 30-40 feet long. One on each end of the table. And it started this way: The professor took one finger and he showed it to the Irishman. And the Irish? man held up two. And then the professor showed him three. Aw, the Irishman was get? ting hot behind the collar • so he showed him his fist. So the Englishman gave a twist of his head like that, and he fished in his pocket and he brought out a beauti? ful apple and he rolled it to the Irishman like that. So the Irishman took it and looked at it. It was beautiful. So he put it in his pocket and he began to rake his pockets • what could he find • all he could find was an old crust of bread. It was so hard and he was so mad, he just threw it. And the Englishman said, "Oh, my dear peo? ple, I am beaten. He's got the victory." So they took the old Irishman in triumph. They carried him all over the hall there. And they asked the professor, "How is it that diMb fellow got the victory?" "Oh well," he said, "he's not diamb." He said, "I showed him one finger to show him that there is one God. And he showed me two to show me there are two persons in God. So I showed him three fingers to show him there were three divine persons in God. So he showed me his fist to tell me they were all combined in one. So I rolled him an apple on the table to tell him of the temp? tation of Adam. So he threw me a crust of bread for the redemption of sin. That's how I was beaten." So they asked the old fellow, how was it that he beat the professor. He said, "That fresh Englishman. I have only one eye and I know it • and he held up one finger. So I showed him two fingers to tell him I could see better with one eye than he could with two. So he showed me three fingers to say he could fight me. So I showed him my fist to show him I was ready. I'll fight him any day. So he sent me an apple to make up and be friendly. Well, all I had was an *Se seillean a'phosas daoine ri lusan Fl'nming' Honey Truro and Tatamagouche? Nova Scotia We offer Septic Tank Pumping Service Ken-Mac Plumbing & HEATING Hione 929-2214 and if no answer 929-2326 Englishtown For aij extraordinary display JOY Gift and Jewell Ltd. SPODE China AYNSLEY China ROYAL DOULTON China RYEDEL Crystal from Austria LIMOGES Miniatures from



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