

Strange But True

By F. B. MacArthur

Chapter III

DOWN ON THE FARM

I can still laugh heartily when I recall the summer we had a visit from our cousin Ray and his mother, of Boston. Of all the farm animals Ray thought the pigs tops. Every day he would carry them armfuls of old hay and then complain to us because they refused to eat it. He wouldn't drink a drop of our milk because it came from cows teats instead of milk bottles. Ray's mother was just about as green as Ray. For instance, she considered us quite wealthy because we floated our porridge in cream and spread huge hunks of butter on our bread. "This farming sure is an easy way to make a living," she'd tell granddad, time after time. "Nothing to it at all," granddad would pipe up. "Not a thing to it. A farmer just stands around and lets the ripe fruit drop right into his mouth. Nothing to it at all."

cleaned and fried brook trout by the hundreds. Us boys made sure that a good supply was always on hand. "If it wasn't for our livestock," granddad said, "I declare I'd plug up that that spring and dry the little creek up. The boys spend entirely too much valuable time in that confounded hollow." Granddad lived in an age when a lot of farmers thought more of their horses than they did of their wives. To them a woman was only a woman, but a good horse was something to be adored. Grandpa belonged to this group. When he wasn't grooming a horse he was getting ready to groom one. Every night he'd carry his pets pots of boiled grain, roots, and what not, so that he hadn't much time left to do other chores. When spring rolled around and the noble creatures had to be put to work on the land, the old man would rest them every few rounds and lift their collars from their shoulders so that the wind could cool them off. Granddad would rather have the itch than have a horse with sore shoulders. Nothing made him crosser than when we put one of his pets off the walk. If he happened to catch us at it, you can guess we walked to the village store for a long time afterward. But granddad did a lot of the horse work himself, such as carrying fence posts and clearing new land, while the horses kicked up their heels around the pasture, or he'd brood their stalls for the need of exercise. I never knew a horse to wear out in his hands. Some of our sheep, hens, pigs, and cattle were old enough to vote. "I just rough 'em through the winter," he would tell our neighbors. So he did. Granddad could tell the truth when it suited his purpose. I always admired him for that. Grandma, who showed a great deal of sagacity, often scolded granddad for his lack of interest in these animals. "It's a shame," she'd tell him over and over, "to feed all the good stuff to the horses and let the rest of our livestock starve through the winter." "It's the nature of them critters to be thin," granddad would pipe out in self defense. "I feeds 'em plenty for the returns they bring me, but they just don't show their feed like the horses do." When it came to arguing about the way the farm animals were fed, granddad always had the last word and that word was HORSES! "You ought to have been a fisherman, John," she'd yell out to granddad. "You never were a farmer and you're too old to learn now." Then she'd turn on her heel and go to the house wearing on her face a thoroughly disgusted look. But some of our neighbors said that granddad was a "just rate" farmer. They were the ones who loved horses better than they loved their wives. The others sided in with grandma and vowed the farm would be better off without

Stanley Bridge Notes

Mrs. Wallace Parish was a recent visitor to Charlottetown. Mrs. John Lyle and Mrs. Ray Douglas were recent visitors to Summerside. Mrs. James Hiscatt, Mrs. Elmer Fyfe and Mrs. Stanley Coles were recent visitors to the city. Mrs. Sadie MacKay, Charlottetown was a recent visitor to Stanley Bridge. Miss Virginia Fleming, teacher at Hunter's River, spent the weekend at her home in Stanley Bridge. Mrs. Wm. Gunn received the sad news recently of the death of her brother-in-law, Mr. Frank Nesmith in Londonderry, N.H. Miss Betty Murphy, teacher at Stanley School, spent the weekend visiting Mr. and Mrs. Morten Adams. Friends of Mrs. John S. MacKay, Stanley Bridge, are sorry to learn she is a patient in the P. E. I. Hospital. All wish her a speedy recovery. An enjoyable evening was spent on Oct. 19 in Stanley school when a shower was held for Mr. and Mrs. Lenith MacKay, Charlottetown. The bride and groom were escorted to the seat of honor by Mr. and Mrs. Archibald MacEwen. The gifts were carried in by Masters Murdoch Fyfe and Stanley Coles and opened by Mrs. Biols MacEwen, verses read by Lillian Coles and placed on the table by Marguerite Davey. Mr. MacKay thanked them for their gifts. A dainty lunch was served by the ladies. After a social chat all departed to their homes wishing Mr. and Mrs. MacKay many years of happiness. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Fletcher and son Jimmie, St. Eleanors, were recent visitors to the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Don MacDonaid and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Coles, Stanley. —G.U.

Girls. Thank-you cards were relieved for cards and flowers. The also two parcels of cards for are Mrs. Bruce Younker and Mrs. Clayton Cudmore; word for roll in at November meeting. Meeting closed with "The Morning Light" and Missph Benediction.

Leaders for November meeting call is "Temple". Mite boxes and thank offering are to be passed Is Breaking" and Missph Benediction.

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SOUTH GRANVILLE W. I.

Mrs. Wallace Moreside entertained the members of South Granville W. I. at her home on Oct. 7. Six members answered roll call which was "Late-Summer Pickle Recipe." Two visitors were present.

The treasurer reported the payment of \$50 to School Trustees as promised by W. I. It was decided to contribute \$1 from funds to Jubilee Endowment Fund. The members suggested some plans for a bazaar, the matter to be fully decided at November meeting.

An invitation to the home of Mrs. Sheldon Abbott for annual meeting was accepted. Roll call will be answered with "Subscription Fee of 25 cents."

New committees appointed are as follows: school: Mrs. Louis Corbett, Miss Annie Keir; sick: Mrs. Fred Chappelle, Mrs. Stirling Corbett; programme: Mrs. Louis Corbett; lunch: Mrs. Stirling Corbett, Mrs. Wellington McInnis. Miss Keir, president, on behalf of members thanked the hostess for her hospitality.

WINSLOE NORTH W. M. S.

The October meeting of Winsloe North W. M. S. met at the home of Mr. Earl Carter with Mrs. Leonard Cudmore as leader. Meeting opened with "I Love Thy Kingdom Lord", followed by the Lord's Prayer in unison, and prayer from Missionary Monthly.

The program was on the different phases of the work of the United Church, with Mrs. Earl Carter and other members acting as readers. "Jesus, Thou Divine Companion" was sung, and "Here Comes the Church" was read by Mrs. Earl Carter. Prayer was offered by Mrs. Hardy.

Seven members answered roll call: A special collection was taken for the Maritime Home for

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