

Tales of the Old Days

By H. B. Scott, Meductic, N. B.

As a man grows older he realizes that things that were once a joy to his heart are gone forever. As I was strolling along the river not long ago I heaved a sigh when I looked at the old sand bar where as boys we used to swim. In my mind's eye I saw again the crowd that swam there those lazy summer afternoons. In the words of the old song, "Some are gone to lands far distant and with strangers made their home—Some have gone from us forever."

How things have changed since the days when the old Saint John was our chief enjoyment for boating, swimming and racing. During May, June, July and August the river would be running with logs and rafts, all the way from up in Maine logs were running. One time in particular, I remember, the steamer Aberdeen stopped opposite my place for four hours to let the load go by. It seems so strange now, not a sign of life in the river once so busy until just lately a pulp drive has begun.

All the farmers years ago would cut so many hundreds of logs down on the bank, raft them, and run them in the spring. The river would be lined with rafts as far as you could see. Raftermen who lived from Woodstock down used nothing but scull oars to steer their craft. Up above Woodstock, even up to Tobique, they used sweeps as well as oars. In the middle of the summer when the river was getting low, the deal rafts would be coming from the mill far up the river. Cord wood rafts, sleeper rafts, and best of all hay rafts went sailing down the stream.

I must pass over one little incident that happened at that time. There had been a hay famine the summer before and all the people in this vicinity, mostly farmers did not know what to do. As early as May, people who had hay to sell wanted \$20 to \$25 for it loose and very few could buy any at that price.

Well, one fine day, down past Woodstock floated a large craft loaded with pressed hay. No one knew whose raft it was and I guess they didn't care. Unfortunately for the owner of the raft it ran into Watson's Rock, formerly called "The Plowshare". There it broke up. One part floated down the river with four men on it. The rest of the raft separated and left the hay, tons of it, floating in the water. The farmers were quick to spot the hay. The ones that had boats were more fortunate. First they hollered to the men on the raft about the hay. They said to pick it up as it would spoil where it was in a little while. So George Ross, the Scott boys and the Dickinson boys all made for the hay. In no time they were pulling it in and spreading it on the shore to dry. One man, who always went by the name of Uncle Andrew and who had a gray horse whom he prized very highly, came running down the bank. He had a

pick pole in his hand. No one imagined he could get any hay with the stick he had, but he jumped in, clear to his neck. "Uncle Andrew, come back!" George hollered. "The water will sweep you off your feet!" Nothing deterred Uncle Andrew. He seized a bundle of hay and bringing it triumphantly ashore said with a smile: "Where's there's a will there's a way, boys, I had to have that hay or let the old gray mare starve."

Here in Meductic, and I suppose other villages are the same, we have some old sayings passed down from one generation to another. When anyone is very hearty and a big eater we say: "He eats as much as Hosea". While I am on the subject of the old days on the river I must tell you the story about it.

This man Hosea was a fine respectable man but the one thing he was noted for was his big appetite. He ran rafts to Springhill and Fredericton and at this time in particular he had killed a sheep and dressed it in good shape. He wrapped a quarter in a pillow slip and took it with him on the raft to pay his fare overnight. It was the custom of the raft runners to stop at the nearest hotel so they would not have far to carry their oars, axes, boiling kettles, ropes and all other articles that go with raft running.

Hosea came to the hotel at the upper end of the city. It seems to me the landlady's name was Mrs. Atherton.

Says he: "Mrs. Atherton, I would like to stay all night but I'll have to get up early to catch the Aberdeen for home. I have a nice quarter of mutton. Could you buy it?"

"Yes," says the landlady. "I'll take it if the price suits. How much do you want for the quarter?"

"How much do you tax me to stay all night?"

"Thirty-five cents," says Mrs. Atherton.

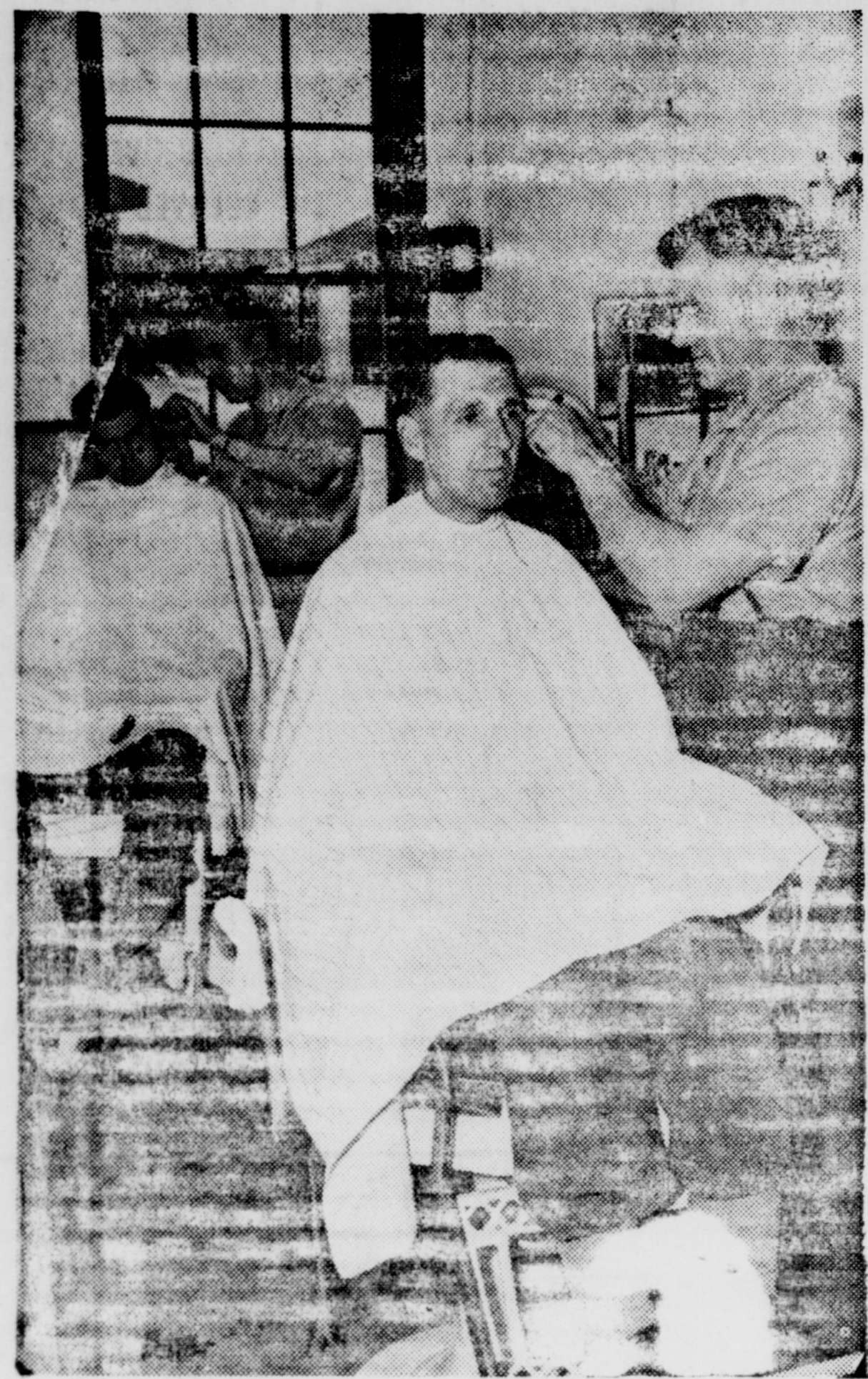
"Well," says Hosea, "I'll let you Tales of the Old days Galley TWO have the meat for seventy-five cents."

So they struck a bargain and Hosea retired to bed. At that time they used the old fashioned bakers, so the maid washed and dressed the mutton, placed it in the baker, and set it in the oven for the boarders in the morning.

At a very early hour Hosea came downstairs and asked for his breakfast. The maid, to save time, placed the dish, holding the quarter on the table. Hosea began to eat and occasionally for tea. I don't know how much bread and cake he ate but he never stopped until he finished the whole quarter of mutton.

This story is not new to the older inhabitants of our village but to the best of my knowledge it is true. So that's why we say when a man is a big eater: "He eats like Hosea". Some appetite.

Help Canada's War Effort—Buy War Savings Stamps.



The barbers are important persons at No. 71 Canadian Army (Basic) Training Centre at Edmundston, N. B. They help the recruits to maintain a neat, soldierly appearance, and the Barber Shop in one of the huts at the Training Centre is well patronized. This particular shop is as well equipped as any civilian barber's establishment. A soldier, incidentally, is liable to get a growl from the Sergeant-Major if he neglects to get a haircut when necessary. Neatness of appearance is a requisite of discipline in the Army.

FLIES CAUSE INFANTILE PARALYSIS

Investigations by medical scientists indicate that fly-infected foods are one of the principal causes of Infantile Paralysis (Poliomyelitis). Every fly allowed to live is a potential menace to human health.

KILL THEM ALL WITH WILSON'S FLY PADS

QUICKLY, CLEANLY, HUMANELY
10c PER PACKAGE OF 3 PADS
At All Grocery, Drug, Hardware & General Stores

Richmond

Mrs. Ellen Strong returned home Wednesday from Bangor, Maine where she was taking treatments. She was accompanied by her niece, Miss Velma Bell, R. N., Presque Isle.

Mrs. Harry Nevers, Houlton, Me. returned home Thursday evening. She has been visiting her daughter Mrs. Paul Carter.

Harold, Berry and Harry Ivey have gone to Toronto, Ont., to work in a munition factory.

Cpl. John Currie, Valcartier, Que.

is home on leave. His son, Ross Currie, R.C.A.F., is also home on leave.

Pte. Sydney Parkinson Saint John Fusiliers is home on leave.

Friends of Jack Parkinson are sorry to learn that he is in the Fisher Memorial Hospital, Woodstock, for an operation. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Ladies Aid met recently at the home of Mrs. Theodore Clark with a large attendance. The afternoon was spent in sewing. Mrs. Lawrence Hanson presided in the absence of Mrs. William Hay, president. The next meeting will be held at Mrs. Hanson's home, Sept. 9th.

Alfred Currie, R. C. A. F., and Mrs. Currie, also Mrs. Currie's mother, are spending their vacation with Mr. Currie's father, Dr. Ross Currie. Many friends will be sorry to learn of the serious illness of Mrs. Herbert Hay. Her two sisters, Mrs. James Miller and Mr. Miller, and Miss Sadie Lawrence, Prince William have arrived to see her.

Salesmanship

A good salesman should have—
The curiosity of a cat.
The tenacity of a bulldog.
The determination of a taxicab driver.

Poems for Your Scrapbook

MY DOG

He's my dog—
Four legs and a tail,
A reckless vagabond out of jail.
Just a lotta dog, no pedigree,
All kinds of branches on his family tree.
Shoe-button eyes, nose too long,
Makes your head ache when he sings his song.

Wild and woolly, likes to run away,
Knocks you down when he wants to play.
Is fond of "rassling" with gloves and hats,
Tears up flower beds and chases cats.
Sleeps all day—eat like a hog,
Absolutely worthless—but,
He's my dog.

—George Burton.

Canadian Women Serving in Ground Crews



A BRIGHT yellow tractor, skillfully guided by a driver in blue overalls, hooks on to a two-engine Avro-Anson aircraft in a flight hangar, hauls it out and swings it into line on the tarmac. More blue-overalled figures swarm around the plane, delve into its motors, clamber up on to the broad wings. A fuel truck pulls alongside and gasoline is fed into the wing tanks; the plane is checked over by the figures in overalls.

These photos were taken at No. 8 Air Observer School, Ancienne Lorette, P.Q., which is operated by Quebec Airways (Observers) Ltd., under the supervision of Canadian Pacific Air Lines Limited in conjunction with the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. Seven such civilian-conducted flying schools across Canada are sponsored by Canadian Pacific Air Lines Limited on a non-profit basis.

The young ladies in these pictures are from Quebec City. In the oval at the left is Miss Jeanne Beauchamp, gassing the wing tanks.

Upper photo (left to right) shows Miss Beauchamp, Miss Alice Parry, Miss Cecile Noel and Miss Mabel Robertson (on tractor). Lower right (left to right) shows Miss Beauchamp fueling the aircraft; Miss Robertson of the Instrument Department, checking, and Miss Parry attaching a ground wire.

More and more women are being recruited for this type of work, and still more are being sought for it. It's another phase of the war effort being shouldered by the fair sex in addition to those on active service with the auxiliary services, working in office jobs or in war industries, in order to release more men for the armed forces.

THERE ARE ONLY A FEW PEOPLE WHO WILL BE INTERESTED IN THIS ADVERTISEMENT

DON'T BE A WELSHER

LET'S be brutally frank. The man or woman who buys a Victory Bond or Certificate to save face, then sells it—except in case of dire necessity—is a welsher.

True, there is no law which says you cannot sell your Victory Bonds or Certificates. It is not a legal obligation that you keep them for the duration. But there is a moral promise to make a loan to your Country for the War period. To evade that undertaking through sale, at this time of great need, is to welsh—it is the denial of an obligation which you admitted and accepted by your act of purchase.

Your Country does not ask you to deny yourself those necessary things which make for decent living, that you may buy Victory Bonds and Certificates. But the voice of Public Opinion does say that those persons who now insist on the unnecessary luxuries of life are not themselves decent.

Of course—you have no immediate cause for worry. No one will ask you to cross the beach and climb the cliffs of Dieppe. You are not in a slit trench with Stuka Dive-Bombers showering death about you. The blazing sun of Africa—the wind-driven sands—will never cut and blister your skin until every exposed part of your body becomes a festering sore. No—you will never feel the vibrant crash of a torpedo

—the tilt of a ship's deck under your feet as it slides to Dorey Jones. No one is asking you to leave your favorite chair tonight and fly over Germany. None of these things is asked of you.

All you are asked to do is to lend to your Country—Canada—lend at interest all the money you can possibly spare to provide the tools for those men who are fighting your fight. You are not expected to deprive yourself to the extent that you must live below the level of ordinary decency.

But if you think you are doing your part by buying Victory Bonds only to sell them—then, you had better take yourself into a dark room and ask yourself some soul-searching questions. Ask yourself what you are doing to protect your loved ones, your Country, and your way of life.

If you do this we know what the answer will be. We know because the men and women of Canada are inherently decent people. They value the good opinion and respect of friends and neighbors. But most important is the fact that we Canadians value our own self-respect. We ask charity from none—we assume our obligation to work and lend. So there can only be one answer—you will hold your Victory Bonds and Certificates for the duration except in cases of extreme necessity.

NATIONAL WAR FINANCE COMMITTEE