

Preface

This book describes to anyone who reads it.

The true story of my life,
It brings to light some of the hardships

I had to endure from which there was only one law. The whip.

If my dear mother had not been called to a higher life when I was a little lad of six years of age. All these hardships and cruelty would never had happened.

So, the prologue of the story as always left me with one bad fault.

And, that is of holding a grudge. I never forget. Or forgive.

Therefore, read the story and draw your own opinion. Written by me.

Wm. J. W. A. Veltum

THE HARD WAY. (1) THROUGH LIFE.

I was born in the year of 1898 in the City of Canterbury, Kent England. My father died on the day of my birth. Mother passed to the great Beyond when I was at the age of six. So my story begins of my days with Mother. I could not begin to realize that myself and mother were living in one of the small houses located in one of the short narrow streets named Rosemary Lane. Situated not far from Canterbury Cathedral, Mother worked in a laundry not far from where we lived, I was left alone during Mother's days. But mother had taught me many things in the way of house hold duties to occupy my mind and to keep me out of mischief. I was left with plenty to eat and drink until her return home from work. My one particular job. I enjoyed most was to have the table layed ready for our tea and to receive a loving kiss for trying. Things was going along nicely. Until one night when mother told me that my Aunt Kate

would be calling on us and that she would be taking me back with her for two weeks. I always wondered why mother ever suggested such a thing, knowing what she was. I could only put it down to one thing. And that was to give mother a rest from worrying about me. Being on my own during the days, it broke my heart to leave mother and home when it was time to go, we did not venture very far up the street after bidding mother good night when my Aunt caught me a severe slap across the face for crying from this. I wished I had never met her. We soon arrived at what was to have been my new home for two weeks. But I had other ideas about staying for that length of time, Her husband, my Uncle Bill was out when we arrived, thou I guess that was all planned between them before leaving to fetch me, so after being ordered to take off my hat and coat and to sit on the sofa until they returned. I soon

inserted the key in the lock turn and knew I was locked in and left alone, my loneliness of two hours or more was soon aroused by their return and knew they had been to the Pub at the end of the street. I certainly was scared at their drinking capers, but said nothing. Finally Uncle Bill came over to where I was sitting and made it clear to me that he was my uncle Bill and that I was to be a good boy. If not, the heavy leather belt he wore would make me sit up and take notice. I work at the Gas house and you can come with your Aunt with my dinner. But what I seen of the situation that night I did not care if he got his dinner or not, I had no intention of ever accompany my aunt to the Gas works, or staying for the two weeks, after being put to bed and left alone and no feeling for sleep I was quite amused with myself planning my escape for the following day. I had no idea of spending another night away from mother.

and home. Morning came and relieved me of my uneasiness. The day found me quite busy doing odd jobs that Aunt Kate told me to do. I was quite happy when I was told to lay the dinner table for the three of us. My Uncle Bill came home to dinner that day I cannot say. But it suited me. All through the day my plans of escape seemed to be barred as I was never out of her sight so I just relied upon my luck to hold out for the one last chance I had in mind. But my luck and planning came later than I had bargained for, but it all was worth the waiting. It so happened after tea when everything was done for the day and they made ready for the Pub and their return that I made my escape. During their absence I was locked in and I knew it would mean another night of their drinking capers upon their return. I presume the time would be nine thirty or nearing ten o'clock when they entered leaving the door open behind them, which of course was to my own

satisfaction, my presence for the moment did not seem to matter to them, for these drunkards never gave them other ideas. In the kitchen Aunt Kate had a few sticks of rubard laying on the table. These of course caught their eyes and they were soon banging on the wall with them and singing the song that went something like this, till you ladies don't you fumble. Rubard penny a bundle, you can imagine yourself the state the kitchen was in. I certainly was pleased when this had come to an end and the two of them out on the floor. This was my chance of escape but my attempt was barred by Aunt Kate trying to get up from where she had fallen, Come here you brat where do you think you are going. What have you done with my purse. I tried to explain that I knew nothing about it. But only received a severe slap across the face. With that I made for the open door. I lost no time in putting that place far behind me, I finally

realized I was lost and did not know which was the right way to get back home to mother. The one thing I did remember was our address. It was one thing mother always taught me to remember in case of any mishaps. I do not know how far I had gone or how late it was though I was getting very tired when suddenly I was stopped by a policeman, Where are you going sunny. And what's the trouble. After explaining to him where I had come from and where I was going he soon informed me I was going the wrong way, so taking my hand we set off in the opposite direction. It seemed a long time before we reached my home, But after going through a couple more short streets we finally reached our destination. Mother of course was in bed, I do not need to draw your attention to the ways and means of your policeman's duties, As you know in my days they all carried a lamp on their belts during their night patrols. After knocking on the door and receiving no answer from mother he lit the

lamp and shone its beam of light into the top bed-
room window where mother and I slept, mother
went out long in opening the window and asking
what was the trouble, where is your son said the
policeman, I'll be right down said mother, I was soon
outside. And I can tell you I was a very happy boy, the
policeman and mother talked for sometime what was
said I cannot say, But I guess mother was explaining
how I come to be away from her and home. Finally we
were both alone, mother soon got busy preparing some
thing to eat and drink after which we went to bed.
Mother went to work as usual the following
day and I carried on with the odd jobs about
the house that mother had taught me to do, I
had returned only a few weeks from Aunt Kate's
when our happiness together turned for the worst.
Mother died leaving me alone. What happened
I cannot remember, But the following day after
mother's passing I was taken away by some
man to where I did not know at the moment.
Though I've always cursed the guy for ever

starting my expedition that laid ahead of me, I am now six years of age and it finds my escort and myself boarding a train which lost no time in pulling away leaving just the two of us alone in the compartment. As the train gathered speed my mind could only remind me of one thing, Escape, and go back home. My chance came as the train entered a tunnel, not knowing the danger I opened the window to jump out but was saved by my escort who was reading a newspaper, We came to the end of my first train journey and found myself being taken aboard a big Ocean liner that was already taking on lots of other boys and girls. I certainly had lots to look at which took my mind off other things, Finally the whistle of the great liner echoed in the distant telling us that we were on our way, To where, Or how soon. I did not know at the time, I remember seeing the big jack knife bridge opening up to let us through. So I presume we boarded the liner

one of your London clocks, The name of the liner still remains in my memory. She was called the Britannia. I noticed it as I was going up the gangway. By now we are out to sea leaving England behind. Towards evening I was quite friendly with one of the boys who was much older than myself I could judge his age to be about nine or ten he soon told me where we were bound for and what it was all about. We are all going to Canada through Dr. Banard's home. What happens at the end of this voyage I cannot say, we will just have to wait and see, Mid ocean found us very sea sick every one lay flat out on the decks, How long we had this sea sickness I cannot say. But I knew it was morning when I awoke and saw that everybody else was managing to walk about. My first thoughts were for my Pal but I did not have to wait very long before I seen him coming towards me, How are you he greeted me. I sure have been sea-sick, I guess we all was I told him, The liner was still tossing and pitching with the rough seas, and mighty cold, At the end of two

weeks we came to the end of our sea voyage, what port we pulled into I do not know. We were soon taken ashore and taken to some centre not far from the dock. I do not quite remember all that happened as I was quite choked up with crying. Though I can still see how quickly all the boys and girls were gradually disappearing, what happened to my Pal I don't know. Neither of us had time to say good-bye as everything moved so quickly. Evidently I was taken to a waiting train by some man who informed me to prepare myself for another long journey. Finally we got under way leaving the dock and the sickening sea far behind us. This trip by rail took four days and three nights before we reached its journey's end. Leaving the train at the station I was taken by my escort over to a man who was waiting for me with a horse and cart. After putting my trunk aboard and I was safely in the seat. The two men were in conversation about something what was said between them I was not the least interesting

I know my long journey had not yet come to an end. My story up till now may not have been very interesting to you but I can assure you it will be as you read on. So I would like you to sit back and picture the things and happenings that occurred to me during the years from six years of age until I was sixteen. If there had been the same living in my days like what you have today and we had what your children have got I can honestly say that I could have been more than a working man, or what some people would say. A jack of all trades and master of none. But you will clearly see what some people will do who never had to work for their living or even knew what the meaning of kindness meant. So I will go on to where I was handed over to the man with the horse and cart. After saying good-bye to my escort at the station we started on the last lap of this long and tiresome expedition. I had landed at Huntsville Ontario. Muskoka Lakes. My horse and cart journey was seven miles. It was the fall of the year

The leaves were falling and made quite a thick blanket on the ground as we drove along. The road was very rough. And the trip very quiet. As the man beside ^{me} never spoke a word during the seven long miles from the small town of Huntsville. Though I was quite amused at the big heavy timber bush of Birch, Beech and maple and the thickly wooded swamps of spruce, pine, cedar and hemlock that lined the whole of the trip. Finally we pulled off the main road and entered through an open gate that was opened by a small boy who had seen us coming up the road. We drove on to the barn where another boy was waiting for our arrival, not alone I thought as the man beside me pulled the horse to a stop. I was hurried away to the house but I noticed the two boys busy putting the horse and cart away. Upon entering the house I was taken before his wife who was knitting by a warm fire, this is your new boy he said to his wife. Ah yes she said your going to be a good little boy. Aint you. You

ll call us Ma, and Pa. I said yes and was told to go to the kitchen with the other two boys who at this time had entered the house. We soon made our acquaintance to each other by asking each other their names, mine is Alf. said one. And Jim Len said the other. And mine is Bill says I. Alf was seven, one year older than I. Len was five. By this time we were called into supper. I was shown my place at the table and after Ma had said grace we started to eat what was on our plates before us, the supper was very little. It consisted of one small potato, a small thin piece of meat and one piece of dry bread, I noticed the butter on the table and was going to reach for some to put on my bread in so doing Ma caught me such a rap with her knife across the back of my hand. You touch, or ask for nothing at this table just eat what is put before you. When you are finished your meals you will excuse yourself and leave the room, This I did and went to the kitchen. Alf and Len

soon followed and went out to the barn, Before getting to far into my story I must first draw your attention to the location of the farm and its surrounding and what it consisted of. The house was built of very wide pine boards with wide strips overlapping the cracks. Two stories high, consisting of three bed rooms upstairs and three rooms downstairs. A dining room, Parlor and kitchen. There were two very large barns for storing the cattle's winter's feeding and to house twenty two head of cattle. Fourteen head of horses, not mentioning the number of young stock. Next we come to another large building the pig pen, that housed fifty hogs. Adjoining this was the hen house of five hundred chickens. All of which was built in a valley surrounded by hills and its heavy timbered land. There was four hundred and fifty acres of cleared land. And more than two hundred and fifty acres of heavy timber. Our nearest neighbour was five miles away. I soon real-

ized that I was to start my new life in this wild cold north part of civilization, I must not forget to mention the dog which was a thoroughbred Coolie and well trained who was the best friend we had and knew. You will see what I mean as I go on with my story. I return now to the kitchen where Alf and Len went out to the barn, Pa entered the kitchen and told me to follow him to the barn where he explained to me the duties I was to do. Upon entering the barn where Alf and Len was busy with the milking I was amazed to see such a herd of cattle and horses. Pa lost no time in laying down the rules to the three of us as for what we were to do. You three will be up and at it by four O. Clock every morning. Bill you will light the two fires at the house. Then you will come and start the work here at the barn. Alf and Len you will carry in the wood and carry up the water for the house. When you have done that you will come and help Bill. Your breakfast will be at six. All this work must be done

by that time. If not, no breakfast, after been given these orders. Pa turned to me and pointing to the milk pails said. Sit one of them pails and stool and start milking. I certainly did not know what he meant, But I watched Alf and Len and followed suit, sitting down by the cow. I knew not what to do. I did not sit there very long before Pa had me by the collar and gave me a terrible licking with the stub of a raw hide whip that he kept handy in the stable. Pull and squeeze dam you sitting me back on the stool. And I can assure you I had the idea of milking before he left me that night but I was a mighty scared and hurt boy. After milking was over I learned a lot from Alf and Len. In the way of feeding the stock and cleaning out the stables. This certainly was not all that we had to do. There was the house hold duties that the three of us had to do every day soon as our morning chores was finished and breakfast was over. Such as, making the beds washing up the

dishes, cleaning, dusting, and polishing the floors, also the weekly wash. All of which had to be done in a certain time. Ma done nothing only sit and watch us with a piece of raw hide whip across her lap, anything that was not done right we were never told about it. But the whip would speak for her. I remember one day while polishing the dining room floor I received a most terrible blow across my back from the whip for missing a small patch on the floor, Alf and Len got the same as myself that morning for not making the beds the right way. We were always glad to leave the house and head for the bush where we had to saw and split wood for the rest of the day until chore time again. Finally, winter set in and believe me I never seen so much snow or knew it to be so cold. Fifty and sixty below zero, with hardly enough clothes to keep us warm. Hard work is what we had to do to take the place of clothes, all we had was one pair of old

shoes. long stockings short pair of pants a pair of mitts and a very light suit of under wear. Only the winter months we were allowed to sleep in the house. Summer time we slept in the hay at the barn. Our bed was far from being up to date and comfortable. Just an old wooden bed with no springs and a straw tick for a mattress. No pillows and only a couple of blankets. But the three of us managed to keep warm. This was my first taste of a Canadian winter and I can assure you we endured a miserable and tough one. For breakfast we had a small bowl of porridge with one piece of dry bread. Our breakfast over we got busy once again with the house work. This over we make our way to the bush carrying our seven lb lard pail of dry bread for our dinner. For supper which you call tea in England we got the same as I mentioned to you before. But don't think we ever went hungry. Oh. no. I took care of that. we always got our bellies filled up with milk. mornings and nights while milking the cows. We were very

carefull not to get caught. One of us would always keep watch to see that Ma. or Pa was not coming. Before I get too far with my story I must explain to you how Pa came to own this farm. It was owned by his father who made his money in the timber and cattle and by hiring the cheapest hands he could get. Before his retirement he built a lovely cottage in a small town called Rollingwood Ontario. There he could live comfortable for the rest of his days. His son a young man and thinking of getting married he turned the farm stock and implements over to him. Saying to him in these words. There you are my son. Everything is yours a wedding present from me and your mother. But. if you fail. do not ever come back to me or your mother. He certainly did not fail. his dirty scheming and planning took care of that. His cunning turned to Dr. Barnardo's home for cheap labour. he'd have three boys at a time any that was not to his liking they were found other homes. So. with the farm in his grip and three boys on the

way from Dr Banardo's home. He got married to the one that we now call Ma, They raised Eleven boys from Banardo's home. Alf, Len, and myself were the last three making the total to fourteen, and I often wondered if there life had been like ours, During Pa and Ma's married life they raised two girls of there own, Upon my arrival one was married, the other still at home, but engaged to be married. Edna got married to one of the boys that Pa had raised. He was working in a logging camp a few miles away, and living in a log cabin close to the logging camp. Mabel got married shortly after my arrival and I can tell you we were glad to see her go as we encountered many a licking on her account, I received one licking on her account, one that I never have forgiven her to this day, Ma was going to whip me one morning for something that I had never done so I started to run away from her, the snow being so deep and unable to get through the fence Mabel caught me and took me back to the house where Ma was waiting for me.

My pants was taken down. laid upon the kitchen table and a piece of cord wood stick descended on my bare other end, after which I could not sit down for nearly a week, I had to milk the cows on my knees, and I wondered why we had to be treated in this way, so as the winter carried on with its snow, ice, and cold bitter winds it brought to me other memories, I thought we were the only ones that was treated so cruel, but one cold stormy night I found out different, Pa had broken his saw set on one of the saws that he was sharpening and setting ready for us to use the next day, We had just entered the house after finishing the chores at the barn when Pa said to me I want you to go to Mr Sealy's place and borrow his saw set. After telling me the way to go I set out on the five mile journey, it was a bitter cold and blustering night the roads were piled high with snow drifts making the going tough, so I changed my route from the main road and travelled by the logging road where the heavy loads of logs had

dearly to get the saw set I soon noticed they had one boy
about the age of eight. He was sent to catch five eight goat
pails of water from the spring but had the misfortune to
fall in the deep snow and fill all he had. By the
time he got back to the house with the water he was
temporarily late, Mrs Sealy ordered him to his room
and for him to take all his clothes off and she would
wash for him. By this time Mr Sealy had got the saw
set for me. But I was not in any hurry to leave until
I seen what the poor fellow was in for, did not have
to wait long before he was brought down stairs just
like the day he was born. He was put into a sack and
stood outside on the door step and told to stay there
until she came to bring him in. I did them good
I had no chance to speak to the boy as Mrs Sealy
seen me and to make sure I was on my way I
kept looking back at the sight I had left behind me
and wished I could have done something. I did
not venture very far from the house when I saw the
deer then and the poor fellow taken in, nearly

hunted during the day to the saw mill. The
ging was much better as it does not drift very much
in the heavy bush timber, I was mighty pleased I
can tell you. Not of its darkness as it never gets
very dark during the winter months while the snow
is on the ground. All of its wild beasts that was in
abundance in that part of the country. I would not
let me take Rover our dog on a lantern but the
deeper I got into the heavy thick timber I wished
I had the lantern as you are quite safe from any
wild beast while carrying one. But this is one of
the chances we had to take, this was one of my
first nights out alone along one of the wild trails
of the north. In the distance I could hear the baby
like cry of the wild cat. Rakkitt's running across
the road. A dumpy mummy of with something in
its mouth. Deer scattered at the scent of danger.
Finally I came to my determination of my deary. I
knocked on the deer which was fenced by Mrs
Sealy. She asked me in and I soon told her what
brought me on this errand. I like waiting for me

frozen I said to myself as I started to run to try and make up for lost time, though I myself was only allowed a certain time to make this return journey, so stopping at one of the log piles for a small sappling stick for protection along the way it was impossible to make very good head way on account of the driving snow that was falling. Finally I arrived home without any mishaps during my journey, but my troubles started soon as I entered the house, I was a half hour late, not even time allowed for the bitter storm that was still raging outside, all I received for the journey that night was a terrible licking from the raw hide whip and went to bed, Alf and Len had just got into bed when I entered the bed room, I sat down on the side of the bed and told them through tear stained eyes not only caused from the licking I had just received but what I saw at Mr Sealys place and the rough journey I had there and back, and we wondered why people should be so hard and cruel, we talked and planned through this sleepless night of what to do

for the best, but no matter what we planned it was of no use, as we were in a strange land and miles from anybody, the old clock soon changed our minds of anything. It was four o'clock in the morning time for us three to get at it, and we wondered what was in store for us during another day, by this time the storm had ceased and blew itself out, but it was mighty cold, the thermometer was sixty below zero, we had to shovel the snow from the house to the barn before we could do anything, our chores done we made our way to the house for our breakfast which consisted of one thin slice of dry bread and a small bowl of porridge, this over and our household duties finished Pa gave us our orders for the day, at this moment I thought him to be crazy at what he told us to do but following Alf and Len to the barn they soon gave me to understand that he meant every word he said, the job that was put before us was not new to Alf and Len as they had done it before but poor me had to learn, I suppose the same as they did, here we had

to harness three teams of horses and hook them up to the bob-sleighs drive back to the bush and put four and a half cords of slab wood on each load and take to town also harness Peter the dapple grey horse and hook him to the cutter ready for Pa who was going with us and to show us where to deliver the wood, we set to this task that I knew nothing about, I knew nothing about harnessing horses, but watching Alf I done the best I could, we had to stand on boxes in order to get the harness on the horses, lucky for us the horses were of the quite type and well trained. Alf was helping me out of one of the difficulties that I got into of putting the collar on back to front on one of the horses when in came Pa, He lost no time catching me a severe blow across the back with the rawhide whip for doing it, Alf got the same as I for helping me. And for being late in getting the horses ready, Finally we were on our way with the loads of wood, Pa was ahead with his horse and cutter all wrapped up in the nice warm bear

robes with the eggs and butter to trade for groceries while us three had to walk with the horses in order to keep warm, All the steep hills we had to tow one another up, The snow ploughs were out to clear the roads of the heavy snow from the night before, But still the going was tough, Finally we came to the end of the seven mile trip, our loads sold we headed for home. We ate our dinner on the road back of dry bread and a drink of water from a nearby creek, when we arrived home we had to load up again with bark from the swamp for the tannery at Huntsville the next day, This was our routine during the long winter months, One night after all our chores were done and we had returned to the barn from our supper I asked Alf about Christmas which was only a week away, Oh, he said, you can forget all about that. Its just another day as far as we are concerned. What made me ask was that I noticed a big hall that was built on the opposite side of the road about a quarter of a mile from our place, The school children hold there concerts there but they have better man-

walked to the stable alone during the horse's for good
measures & could not help it. but I had to laugh. What a
funny says all. By golly I have a good idea. What that
sage old man come on. It shows you setting the fire
from under the shavings, where we had hid them we
rolled up the first log, well, says I, we'll cut off each
end of every log that we marked with the blue X and
put the rest of the log back. We carried out this procedure
until dinner time. Taking our half of dry bread off
the top of one of the hardwood stumps we ate our
dinner of frozen bread. This done, we set to the
work once more. All and I done the sawing while the
the blocks into slabs and piled them up the best we
could, our job done we gathered up all our tools and
headed for the barn to start the chores. The hal just
started to clean out the stable when I came on the
scene, you call all these logs I marked out for you, I
sure don't say I. Feeling quite confident in myself, I
kissed him for the first time but my mind was all on
the horse's family. I took up the horse to the cutter for
all. And he walked out of the barn, all came in

and says than what we have says all, do all just
give you a brief idea what happened when Chumma
did come along, Christmas morning. I ordered me
to harness the horse and took him up to the cutter.
This done, we followed behind carrying the logs of
logs, wedges and a bit but cross cut saw. I know that
this meant another day of sawing wood, the hal four
big shavings of logs beside a good many cords
of slab wood all piled up ready for delivery. I
piled up to one of the side ways of logs takes a
piece of blue chalk from my pocket and marked an
X on both ends of each log, saying, that's your day
work by cutting all the logs I have marked. Besides
your chores, if you do that all let you three go to the
James tree tonight, get into the cutter and drive
off with me following behind to put the horse and
cutter away and then back to the bush where
all and I was carrying on with the work, all
greeted me by saying, Eh, Bill, well, never cut
all these logs, there's a more blooming log
marked out here to keep two down good bush -

after Pa drove off headed for the bush, do you think he will know what we have done, says Len, He sure will says Alf, I had over looked one thing, not much wood for the amount of logs we had to cut, Don't worry says I, I'll take the blame and the consequences. We heard Pa coming back by the bells on the horse. Pulling to a stop at the barn he ordered me to put the horse and cutter away and headed for the house. We were speechless for the moment, all we did was to look at one another, Phew, says I, I guess we put that one over him alright, We dug in and finished the chores and made our way to the house for our supper that we didn't get, Pa was waiting for us in the kitchen when we entered the house, All the chores done he says to me, Yes, says I, You thought you pulled a fast one didn't you, Who's idea was it, mine, says I, Take your clothes off the three of you, I pleaded with him not to lick Alf or Len, but only received a severe slap across the face that sent me spinning into the far corner of the kitchen where I sank to the floor. Then the raw hide whip descended across my bare other

end, no supper, or breakfast for you either you dirty whelp! I could just hear ^{him} say as he walked away, Alf and Len ditched off lightly with only a slap in the face and no supper, that was the end of our Xmas concert, This of course did not worry us very much as we never had any pleasure or enjoyment of any kind. Only what we made between ourselves when Ma and Pa was away to town which was quite frequently, After my ordeal over the wood problem Alf and Len helped me to dress and we returned to the barn for a last general check up on the stock before retiring for the night, This was always our last round up during the long winter months, The music and singing at the hall came loud and clear across the cold frosty night air we stood for awhile to listen when it stopped we made our way to the house and to bed, Next day we had to haul wood to the school house about four and a half miles away, All the farmers or lumberjacks had to supply the school with a certain amount of wood each winter that lived in our vicinity, which was few and far between, I asked Alf why

did not we go to school, that he said you will find out for yourself this coming summer. Which I did, as I will explain to you the further we get into this story, the school house was built of pine logs, seat about twenty pupils, One big box stove stood in the middle of the floor with its stove pipe running up through the roof, Toilets were built outside over a small trench. One for boys, and one for girls. These were looked after by the two oldest boys in the school, Alf explained all this to me as we drove towards home, the following day brought forth more miseries, I was weak, hungry, and sore. But, I was not long figuring out a solution to overcome our hunger, My one thought was for poor Len who was the youngest, so laying my solution aside for the moment, I set to doing the morning chores, until Alf and Len came down to help, I did not have to wait very long before they entered the barn crying, saying, bill we are hungry. What are we going to do, I soon told them what I had in mind to overcome the situation soon as Ma and Pa

got away to town, I knew I would be found out but I'd sooner have a sore other end than an empty stomach. any day, Our chores done, Alf and Len went for there breakfast as Pa gave me the order's for the day, I was told to have the horse and cutter ready for him and Ma, load the butter and eggs, and that we were to feed bark in the swamp just back of the barn, They left that morning for town about eight thirty and after seeing them fade out of sight we lost no time in carrying out my solution, Our first job was to get a good hot fire going in the big Jewel range that stood in the middle of the floor of the kitchen, This done, I mixed up a big batch of biscuits I knew how to do it as I seen Ma do it every time she made her own bread, The biscuits made about three or four dozen of them I got Alf and Len to hide them in the hay at the barn while I carried out the last of my solution, Under the house was the cellar with the door outside which was always kept nailed up with four inch spikes, These I pulled out, Walked in and

helped myself to some lbs of butter, jars of fruit and what have you, I shut the door and replaced the spikes in the same holes and drove them in to just how I found them, I joined Alf and Len at the barn and enjoyed a good feed of hot buttered biscuits, we certainly had a good feed, in fact it was too good as we were mighty sick afterwards, But after all said and done we got our days work done far better than any other time before, now I wait for the worst that I knew was to come, It was no use of us ever trying to get away with anything. Because Ma had everything marked and could tell if anything had been touched, they arrived home that night about ten thirty every time they went away we were not allowed to go to bed as it was up to us to put the horse and rigs away winter or summer, soon as we done this that night and entered the house Pa said in four words, Alright, who done it, I did says I. Alf and Len had nothing to do with it, Then come with me, and I followed

him back to the barn, I knew all about the raw hide whip but all never mentioned to me about the ugly ball whip that Pa held in his hand that night, where he got it from I did not know as I was more interesting as to where he was going to put the lighted lantern so I could kick it over, then again I thought of the stock if the barn should catch afire, I endured a severe licking that night from the bull whip, twice, I made for the open barn door without success as the ugly lash entwined itself around my legs throwing me heavily to the floor, third time I was lucky to get out and I made for the house, By the light from the kitchen lantern my pants looked as though they had been riddled with buck shot where the ugly lash had left its marks and painfull stings, Pa entered the house and ordered us to bed out of his sight, I was thankful that Alf and Len came to no harm, From this licking I became more hateful towards them, I'd make it as miserable as I could no matter the cost. I only encountered one more incident of the bull whip, as I will explain to you as we go further

into the story, It was now getting to the end of my first winter, and I wondered how many more I would survive, We enjoyed the rest of the biscuits we had hid in the barn being careful not to get caught in case Pa should come in unexpectedly to inspect our work, I had fully made up my mind that we would not go hungry from now on, I would still keep a good supply of biscuits and butter hid in our store cupboard at the barn, no matter what the cost, One night while waiting for Ma and Pa to return home from town I pondered over one thing, would anyone that was in our predicament call this stealing, no, I don't think they would. I said to myself, Give a child enough to eat at the table and he or she would not steal, This was always my belief and I think you will agree with me that I am not far wrong, Alf and Len were quite busy playing with Rover the dog while I sat with my thoughts, and I often wondered why Rover never came to our rescue, so I asked Alf about it, Come here, he said and I'll show you why he don't interfere, I was amazed at what I saw, Oh, no says I, looking at a

long big scar that at one time had been an ugly wound, That says Alf, is what he got in return for coming to my aid, Rover took the licking from the bull whip one night instead of me which laid him open from ear to tail, I let him out the back door and I followed him to the barn, where he tried to hide himself in the hay, I looked after Rover the best I could unbeknown to Pa, I dressed his wound by cutting away the hair and stopped his whimpering by applying some of the healing ointment that we use for the horses when they get sore shoulders, Every milking time I'd give him warm milk from the cow and what meat I could steal for him, That's about all I can tell you says Alf, and started to cry, so did Len and I, Looking out the window to the far distant hills where the moon was just rising, I could plainly see that Pa had no more feeling for a poor dumb brute than what he had for us, no wonder he hid himself every time we got a licking and why we were never allowed to take him with us to the bush for company, Alf and Len told me of many things that night of what happened to them

before I arrived and I believed all that they told me as I'd seen enough already. Next day found us busy fixing fences all around the farm where ever they needed it, no wire fencing in those days, either log or bush and rail fencing anything to keep out the roaming cattle from getting into the crops when they were turned out to hunt for there own living in the early spring. We carried on from one job to another like hauling all the logs to the saw mills, Clearing the swamp of all the bark we peeled for the tannery at Huntsville, Twenty two cords of slab wood hauled to the house for the summer's use, all of which had to be done before the heavy snows of winter had disappeared, finally we came to the end of winter, Spring came at last bringing forth a new routine of duties, The rabbit had changed there coats from white to brown, Chipmunks and red squirrels were enjoying the fresh air of spring. We were enjoying it also until we heard a voice calling us from the house, You three will sleep in the barn from now on, Alf. you know what to do so get cracking. Son and myself followed Alf upstairs and done the tasks

that Alf told us to do, First, our mattress had to be taken down to the barn and empty the straw out of it taking the ticking back to the house ready to be washed and put away ready for another winter, Our bed dismantled and the floor boards scrubbed white, After finishing our regular house hold duties, We had to see that Rover moved also to his new quarters back to his kennel that was halfway between the house and the barn, Cattle turned out to hunt there own living, Pigs, Chickens and the calves let out into there summer runs, Only the horses remained in the stable, All the winter implements stored away until the following winter, Wagon's all greased ready for the summer work, Pare Buggy and cart uncovered cleaned polished and greased ready for his own use, Finally we caught up with all the odd jobs that Pa expected us to have done, Everything seemed to be enjoying the fresh air of spring as we watched the calves jump and kick, The cattle had disappeared over the hills headed for the heavy bush timber, After dinner we were busy hauling out manure to the back fifty

where we were to sow oats, wheat, and barley, Before going back for our second loads Alf and den came over to my wagon just as I was putting up the tail gate of the wagon box, Bill, says Alf. That ever is ahead of us from now on I cannot say, You see den and I have only been here a year. just before you came. So what ever work we do from now on. We will have to learn the same as yourself, O.K. Chum I said, We'll get along some how, den spoke up to remind us to take off our shoes and stockings. Why, said I, Oh. we are not allowed to wear them now we should have taken them off before we brought this load out, Well, we will take em off now and hide them in the corner of the wagon box, says I. This done, we drove off to fetch another load, We spotted Pa going to the barn when we got into the clearing. We pulled to a stop at the manure heap where Pa was waiting for us. We still had not been smart enough as Pa spotted our shoes and socks in the wagon box, Alright. get em out and come with me, Here again

the whip left us with sore backs, and rear other ends After this hicking, we had to clean our shoes and put them away in the cupboard at the house until the following winter, We returned to our work of hauling manure but was glad when it came chore time. Alf and den had to carry on with the chores while I went to hunt the cows, Before, taking off. Pa asked me if I put the bell, s on the bell cow, s before turning them out. Wondering what he meant I said no. And was sent on my way with a swift kick in the rear end for not doing so, What did we know about bell, s on a cow. What was the idea anyhow, Why should we be taught this way I said to myself as I tried to sit down on a pine log far into the bush. I had no trouble in finding the herd that night as there hoof marks were easily followed in the soft ground, We let the herd go into the stable so we could put the bell, s on the three bell cows, As you must remember that the cattle stray, s a mighty long ways during the day and night time in this part of the country. That is the reason why we

put bells on them. We had all our cows named like Rosie, Pansy, Queenie, and so on, the three I have mentioned were the most reliable bell cows we had. Not all cows will take to them, the rest of the herd will always follow the bell cows no matter what we let them out as we milked them that night, the three of us had to take our turn in hunting them morning and night, neither one of us were allowed to return home without them. No matter how late it got, we settled in our new quarters. The barn, that was to be our summer home, only allowed at the house for our orders and to do our house hold duties and what meals we got, By this move we gained one advantage that we could talk to one another without Ma or Pa hearing us, Our alarm clock stood on one of the oak beams where we could hear it ring each morning. No lights for us when darkness came there was no electricity in them days like what you have today. All water had to be carried from the springs. Toilets built outside over a deep trench.

No machinery to cut the hay or grain. This had to be done by hand. All the cleared land where the tall timber once stood the stumps still remained, no music of any kind only an old organ that Pa's daughter Mabel used to play before she got married, so that died out. I shall always remember the piece she was thumping out of it the first night I arrived, Oh where is my wandering boy tonight. It seemed to stay in my mind. In fact. It still does to this day. I often thought that our poor mother would like to know what was happening to these boys, I did not think she played it for our sake. Only for her boy friend who was one of the lucky ones, so let me explain to you why he was better off than us, His name was Harry Everett he came from England the same as myself. We landed at a place some ten miles further north from us, they were an old couple never had any children of their own but was well off, they had one boy when Harry arrived I don't know his name but the old couple took to them as though they were their own. They were given a good education. Good home. plenty of eat

and so on, when they left school they worked the farm for the old folks and made good. One year passed when the old fellow lost his wife. Her will left everything to the two boys. Another year passed and the old fellow passed on. His will left them everything under one condition. That who ever wanted to leave the farm the one that stayed had to give the one who left his half share. The other fellow left Harry because he knew he was engaged to Pa's daughter Mabel and would soon get married. So Harry paid him his share and he pulled stakes. Harry lost no time in getting hitched up to Mabel and we were glad to see her go, yes, even some of the girls and young lads fell into good luck such as this. And yet a good many fell into places like ours, I could tell you of many more. Lucky. Or. Unlucky. But I must get back to my own story. One lovely spring morning we were ordered to split wood for the house that was piled up along the front of the house. When just before dinner time a horse and buggy drove into the lane and stopped at the barn. Pa ordered me to go and attend to his horse. Alf and Len had to come to the

barn with me also and we were to stay there until his departure. The man got out of the buggy and went to the house without a word to us, I done what Pa had ordered me to do and we waited for his return. After the fellow drove off I asked Alf who he was, that is your answer to the school problem, still. I couldn't grasp the meaning why he wouldn't tell me, He knew something as he avoided my question the day we hauled wood to the school. So I intended to find out that night. Our days work of splitting wood finished and everything in the way of our last duties for the night done, I lost no time in putting my problem to Alf as we sat on one of the oak beams in the barn, Alright Alf I said lets have it. You know something and I aim to find out, I don't know what you mean says Alf looking somewhat surprised at what I said. That fellow who came here today says I, You might just as well spill it says Len, Bill will find out anyway, Very well then said Alf I'll tell you on one condition. that you will promise us never to mention it to Ma. or Pa. while we are here. It will mean the whip for us if you do, I promise

nothing in this dump says I. But I'll take good care that you and Len are not involved at what I do or say. Both that we settled and made ourselves comfortable in the hay where we could watch the house through one of the wide cracks of the barn. It was a lovely moon light night as Alf told his story, you see Bill. Len and I arrived here the summer before you came. Two boys left here the day upon our arrival. One boy remained until the day you came. They went to new homes. There destination we do not know but what I'd seen of that poor fellow I hoped his new home was better than what we have here, so the night before he left he told me the same story as I'm going to tell you, well chum's he said. you have come to a rotten home, so I'm going to give you a few tips, never asked Ma or Pa why you don't go to school or ask for anything, Rover there is a well trained dog and good for hunting the cattle. But never attempt to send him for them, I sent him one night for the cows and was caught in the act, and this was the results I got, pointing to an ugly scar on his face running from

the corner of his eye to the bottom of his ear, that the bull whip had done, some people call them the black snake. And I don't think they are far wrong for its bite is as bad as its stings, Every month a man will call to see how you are getting along. He'll not say anything to you as he finds out all particulars from Ma or Pa, never ask him for another new home, because he is just as crooked as Pa, and just as mean, Pa pays him five bucks every month he calls to keep his trap shut, The teacher at the school his paid the same for signing your school cards that he brings and gives to Pa, I know, I listened one day at the closed door's and was caught in the act, you can guess what I got in return, Tomorrow I leave here. Where I cannot say but I only hope its something better than this, I could tell you lots more, But no doubt you will experience the rest. But I hope you don't, I wish you luck. And hope to meet again, with that we went to sleep, we could not wish him good bye the next day when he left. Because we were too busy doing the house work, I even forgot to ask him his name the night he told us his story as I was too interested listening to what he had to say, He

also made us promise never to repeat what he told us for that's why we never told you about anything. But you got the story the same as we got it. And I cannot tell you anymore, when Alf came to the end of this story I made sure that Alf and Len would not be involved in anything I done, simply because I was more of the tough and hard type, Alf was a tall slim lad for his age with fair complexion and dark eyes, Len was one of the short type with dark complexion and lovely blue eyes, they didn't seem to be as healthy as myself, that's one reason why I would always try to shield them no matter the cost, you will see what I mean as I carry on with my story, I learned a great deal from this little paragraph and I intended to show Pa that he had got one hard nut that he couldn't crack, I explained everything to Alf and Len what I had in mind and for them not to worry, I'd take a chance in spite of what the other fellow got, the following day Ma and Pa went to town as usual with the butter and eggs leaving us to carry on with odd jobs around the house and barn, chore time that night I decided

Rover would hunt the cows. No use having a dog if we couldn't use him. At five o'clock I let Rover loose, Al right boy I said. Go fetch 'em. He seemed to be as pleased as ourselves. We watched him go until he was lost over the hills. Rover had the cows home just as we finished the last of our chores, I chained Rover up to his kennel and fed him the best that I could steal for him, taking the milk pails we set to in milking the cows, Alf broke the silence by saying, Pheew, blooming good job the old man and Ma didn't ~~arrive~~ we home and see that lot, I myself wasn't the least bit worried as I told them that it was Rover's job from now on at nights during the days that Ma and Pa went to town, during the days that followed we were busy cleaning and bagging up wheat ready for town that Pa had sold. We stacked them one again, the other in the centre of the barn floor ready for loading. But a lot happened before they were loaded, I had played with faith too long and got caught, Rover had just brought home the cows one night as Pa and Ma drove in and pulled to a stop at the barn, to whose idea is this he says to me as I finished tying Rover up, mine says I, so

that's what goes on when our backs are turned is it. Well then come with me and I'll teach you different, and off to the barn I was marched by the ear, once inside the barn I intended to enjoy this little game of hide and seek, I'd give Pa a run for his money this time, the bags of wheat was my only protection, as the long ugly black lash of the bull whip left his hand I dove behind the bags of wheat as the lash split the bag where I had stood, each time the lash tore at me I was lucky to miss it by inches, I soon realized that my shield of protection was getting mighty small as the lash tore open the bags spilling its contents over the floor, I'd have to make a run for the open door. Wheat on the floor was making it hard going, so as the lash rang again I leapt for the open barn door, from this move I only received a sharp sting on the shoulder from the end of the lash, I made for the protection of one of the old pine stumps and stopped to see if Pa was coming, luckily he'd had enough, tucking the whip under his arm he went to the house, saying, you dirty young whelp. I'll get you

yet, I only laughed and went to the barn where Alf and Ben were busy doing the chores. They had watched my little game through one of the cracks in the barn, Ben golly says Alf, you sure fooled the old man that time, but he sure means what he says, so watch him, I will, don't worry, I said, still trembling from the excitement, my only fear was going to the house for my meals and doing the house hold duties. But knowing Pa for what he was I knew he had other ideas than catching me in the house, catch me asleep in the barn one night. I thought, two days had elapsed, living in fear and dodging Pa's every move. I knew Pa would not wait much longer to have his revenge. So on the third night we decided to take our turn in keeping watch, he won't climb the ladder to where we are says Alf, won't he, says I, and we said no more, that night I sat in the hay at the top of the ladder watching and waiting, I was ready for his coming, I did not have long to wait. But he had picked the wrong night for his revenge, the moon was bright. I could follow his every move, his fingers slid the bolt through the wide crack

of the door and made for the ladder with the black snake under his arm, we were carefull not to make any noise in the hay until he got within three rungs of the top of the ladder to where we were sitting. I finally broke the stillness of the night by saying, "Alright Pa. don't come any closer or I'll put this pitch fork clean through you," Taken by surprised he missed judged his footing and fell to the barn floor, I knew he was not hurt because we always kept a good pile of hay on the floor ready for feeding the horses, what happened to me afterwards I wished none of it had been there, Getting to his feet and telling me what he would do before I was many more days older he made for the house, His words rang true to what he said for I was only two days older when he got his revenge, and I sure paid dearly for what I had done, we were busy getting cedar nails out of the swamp back of the barn to repair the fence's around the pig run's when it happened, Pa was busy blazing more trees for us to cut down, I had been too interresting in my work to realize where Pa

had come from so fast, I was thankful he did not have the black snake but the hazel switch that he used made up for it, I was knocked to the ground as the stick broke across my back. He cut another as I tried to get up out of the water of the swamp but was only forced down as the second stick broke the same as the first. Again I tried to get up but was too weak to make it. All I knew I was picked bodily up and threw into the mud and water of the swamp, There, you dirty skunk, I guess you will think twice next time, Turning to Alf and Len, I hope what you have seen will be a lesson to youse, and walked away, Alf and Len came over and helped me onto a log that I was trying to reach, By gum. says Alf. I thought the old man would kill you, not me. Bud and I'm not beat yet, I'm going to ask that fellow when he comes for a new home, no dice. says Len. you sure will get it again if you do, I'll take that chance for I intend to make it very aggravating for Pa, Rising from the log where we sat I staggered away to hunt the cows, I stubbed my toe's more times than once opening the skin, I walked into a wild black-berry bush scratching my bare legs making

them bleed, Everything seemed to go against me and I wondered if the old man had put a curse on me to seal the bargain, I arrived home in good time with the herd the two lads were waiting at the gap with the milk pails as we done the milking outside during the spring and summer, I was glad to hit the hay that night, a few days after this incident Pa pulled one more of his dirty tricks, after loading up the butter and eggs. and had the horse and buggy ready for there trip to town, Pa told me to tie Rover behind the buggy also, I've sold him he says with a dirty grin on his face. how I'll know he won't be hunting the cows anymore while we are away, They drove off. Rover following behind, we cried as we seen them fade out of sight, there goes our only friend says Alf, yes. said I. We saved us many a dark night. roaming the bush for the cows, but now its up to us, after this. to make things more miserable. Pa figured out another Idea for us to do, we were to take our turn Every Wednesday going the seven miles to

town for the mail. One Wednesday when it was my turn to go again Pa gave me a nickel to buy some candies for the three of us. But was not to have any until I got back. He would share them out between us I hurried on my journey taking the shortest route through the heavy bush timber and fields there and back this had to be done in order to avoid the whip for being late. I knew this plan of Pa's meant just that, But my Idea and planning we beat him on the count, I arrived home with the mail and handed Pa the candies, Sit and do your chores he says to me. and out I went to the barn where Alf and Len were already busy doing them, Got the candies says den. Yep. Pa. a got em now, I guess he will give us them when we go in to supper says alf, we went to supper alright but got no candies. Ma and Pa ate them instead, leaving the house I started off to hunt the cows, sitting on a log far into the bush staring into the darkness I caught the tinkle of the cow bells as I sat thinking about Rover. and the nickel for candies, so. thats the way he wants to play his it well we will still have our

candies, This might make me steal again but I had it all figured out the next time we went to town, we took one candy out of the bag and ate it on the way home, That's how we got our candies, lucky enough we were never caught, We were now into the month that the man from Dr Barnardo's home called on Ma and Pa to see how we were getting on, I still stuck to my plan about asking him for a new home, I'm not afraid to mention his name or what he was, But if this story was ever published I hope he is still alive to read it, so that he could see that I knew how dirty and crooked him and Pa was, I also hope he enjoyed living on tortured money, His name was Mr Bruce. His district covered a certain area, He was given this mission by Dr Barnardo's Home to keep them informed on all the boys and girls conditions, Any boy or girl who wanted a new home it was up to him to see that the report got to the office of Dr Barnardo's home, But the money he received paid him far better than bothering about children's reports, This

is how I got my new home through one of his crooked deals, And I can tell you of two more cases far worse than my own later on in the story, The day of his arrival he pulled to a stop at the hitch rail alighting to the ground he brushed the dust from his clothes and started for the house without taking any notice of us, He soon stopped when I told him how we were getting treated and that I wanted a new home, I'll see your Ma and Pa about it, he said, and took off to the house where Pa was at the door already to greet him, I fed and watered his horse and waited for his return and the results, You fool, says Alf, you sure will get it, Don't worry says I, I'll take what's coming, good or bad it does not matter to me, Come on Alf, said Len, let us beat it here they come, I looked towards the house and knew that Len was right, I untied his horse and turned the buggy around ready for his departure, Pa bade him good bye and he went into the barn, Before Mr Bruce pulled away on his journey he looked down at me from the buggy seat, And said, you fellows have a good home here, your Ma and Pa thinks

the world of you see, and drove off, Pa's voice at the barn called me, I knew what to expect, I entered the barn as Pa closed and bolted the door behind me barring my way of escape, I had nothing on the barn floor for protection like the bags of wheat, my only hope was to dodge the ugly lash as it uncurled itself in the air. Then again I was not fast enough, so you want a new home do you, well, Perhaps I can give you one, and brought the bull whip into play, that I endured from the whip that day I shall never forget, The last bite of the ugly lash entwined its self around my legs throwing me to the floor, striking my head against the grainery door nearly knocking me out, I heard the slide of the bolt and through dazed eyes I saw him go out the door, that I'll teach you not to ask for a new home, you dirty skunk, and was gone, I laid where I had fallen from the last stroke of the whip too tired and sore to move crying from the stings of the whip that I could not miss, Alf and den came in to where I layed and helped me onto my feet and led me from the barn to an old

wagon box alongside of the stable where we sat down, I think, I felt more sorrowfull for poor den than what I did for my own aches and pains, He looked so pityfull at me, that made you go into the barn when he called you. Why did not you run away from him, says den, look chum, I said, I run from no man whether he licks me or not, I'll not let the old man see that I'm afraid of him, Its over now but I'll tell you one thing chum's the whips have spoken there last around this dam hole, what do you mean says alf, you'll see, says I, and we got on with our work, From this hiding I came out far luckier than two other poor fellows did for asking Mr Bruce for new homes, one had his arm broken. The other hung himself in the barn to get out of his misery's, Such things as this nobody knew anything about up in the cold north country, but I bet they do in these r's times, The mounties will take care of that, The lad with the broken arm had his revenge one day while his ma and Pa had gone to town. Seeing that all the live stock was turned out and chased far into the bush he set fire to the old pine house and the barn burning

the lot to the ground, He disappeared, and never was heard of. But I met him after the first world war, I will tell you later on into the story, The day came when I finished the whip affair, after telling Alf and Len of my plan and keeping them out of it. I carried on alone, while getting the horse and buggy ready for me and Pa to go to town. I made sure to take the raw hide whip out of the whipstock of the buggy. Replacing a hazel switch in its place, hoping, and trusting to luck they would not spot it, as they drove off I ran ahead to open the gate and was mighty glad to close it behind them. my little trick had not been noticed, I made a hasty retreat back to the barn and got busy with my task. This was one little chore that I was really going to enjoy doing, First, I went to the house and got the whip that Ma enjoyed using on us, then proceeding to the barn I collected the rest making the total of five raw hides, and one black snake. Getting one of our sharp axes from the tool shed I chopped them all up into small pieces, After tying them up into a small bundle I carried

them to the back of the barn where I threw them into an old hollow pine stump, Alf and Len said nothing as I carried on with the job only looked on, and shook their heads when I had finished I knew what they meant by that. But they still didn't know what else I had in my mind waiting for Pa to seal this little chore. when they arrived home, they arrived home about eight thirty that night. We were waiting at the barn to put the horse and buggy away as they pulled to a stop. They proceeded to the house without saying a word to us, I noticed the new whip in the whipstock of the buggy that Pa had bought to replace the one I had taken out before they left that morning, I soon made short work of it before it could do any damage. So chopping it up and putting it with the rest I knew my task was completed, there would be no whip slinging that night or any other time, We went to the house for our supper that I knew I would not get though it didn't bother me in the least as I had plenty stored away in the hay, Pa. was waiting for us as we entered the house they had missed the whip belonging to the house also for he greeted us with

these's words, Pa changed the whips in the whipstock of the buggy this morning and where is the whip belonging to the house, I am to blame for all you ask says I. And if you come with me I'll show you where they are, feeling quite cocky and sure of myself, no use blaming Alf or den they had nothing to do with it, you two get your supper he said to Alf and den, but you come with me, and we set off to the barn, at the barn I led Pa to the old hollow pine stump, there are your whips in there I said pointing at the stump, Alright, get 'em out and come with me, I handed him the bundle of chopped up whips and followed him to the barn, He still thought he had the new whip in the buggy to fall back on but he looked very surprised as he started for the buggy and seen that it was gone also, there's that one gone too, he said, as he turned and looked my way, I chopped it up before going to the house, says I. Still feeling sure of myself and knew that I still held the winning hand, Pa turned and walked to one corner of the barn where we had some pieces of oak timber standing ready to make double

trees for the wagon's and some round pieces to make handles for the long handle pitch forks for haying time, one of these's he picked from the pile, now it was time for me to finish all that I had planned, either him or me this time, but I made sure it was no going to be me, as I pulled the three long long handle pitch fork out of the side of the hay mow that I had stuck there ready for this emergency. As Pa turned around with the piece of fork handle in his hand and started towards me, he stopped short when he seen me holding the long handle pitch fork in my hand, Alright Pa, put it back, I'm not fooling, I'll pin you to the barn if you don't, you have done enough to me with them whips. And it ain't a coming to any oak sticks either, Perhaps this little scene will get me a new home, Eh Pa, and if I see any more whips around here I'll chop them up too, how Pa going as I followed him out of the barn at the end of the fork, Once outside, Pa had his little say to me, new home, Eh, like hell, a good stout elm switch for you from now on. Don't think you have got away with this because you ain't, I'll sure get you proper before long, I'll take that chance says I, with

that he went to the house, Alf and Len had just left the house from having their supper as Pa stopped them for something which I was soon to find out what he said to them when they arrived at the barn where I was busy feeding the horses. They entered the barn and told me that Pa gave them orders to go and cut three good Elm switches. One for the house and two for the barn, which they did, you know. I could chop them up too. Laughing at the idea, but I'll let him have his fun with them for a while, you seem to be quite happy with yourself we expected to find you crying or something, says Len, but when I told them what I had done they thought different, no wonder we had to cut them Elm switches says Alf, the following morning I got the first taste of the Elm switch from Ma while I was busy with the usual house work, she was just as mean and cruel as Pa, I had the idea that he put Ma up to do it for what I had done to him the night before, Pa also got his revenge the same day while I was busy cleaning out the pig pens. It came sooner than I had expected, and he showed no mercy, my mind

being taken up in my work and the noise of the hogs I never seen or heard his coming until I hit the floor from a blow along side of the jaw, The Elm switch doing the rest, That's only a taste for what you did last night, you'll get the rest later on, with that he was gone, Dazed and sore I tried to sit up from where he had left me on the floor as Alf and Len came in, The dirty coward, I said. He got me when I was not looking, I told them, we didn't get very far into our conversation as Ma's voice called from the house wanting Alf and Len, They soon made tracks for the house. But if they knew what waited for them I know they would never have answered that call, Ma was waiting for them with the stick in her hand as they entered the house. The two of them received a nasty licking from the switch. And was told what it was for after she had finished, you fellows will learn yet how to do your work the right way, look at them dishes only half washed and dried, how get out of my sight you dirty whelps, they came a running to where I was leaning against the door of the pig-pen, That's how it went on from day to day always getting a licking for

something, no doubt, we needed. At some times like any other children, but not all the time, anyhow. It finds us now in doing the most difficult of the hardest work we ever done, if it had not been for the food I stole to keep our supply from running out at the barn. We could never have kept going. I know myself that the food they were dishing out to us and at the mercy of the whip all the time I'm quite sure in saying I would not be here writing this story now, if you remember just back into my story I told you we had no machinery in our days to cut the hay or grain it had to be done by hand. Hay had to be cut with a scythe. Grain had to be cut with a cradle, so now this is where you can follow me into another routine of hardships. Cutting hay, Pa gave us our orders one night just as we finished our supper, you whelps will get busy tomorrow and cut the hay in the back fifty's, I'll be there to see you get started, with that we went to the barn, what are we going to do says Alf. We don't know a damn thing about cutting hay let alone swinging a scythe, Don't worry says I. I guess Pa will show us alright tomorrow,

But it was far different than that the next morning, all our chores done and the house work finished Pa soon had us headed for the hayfield. I noticed he carried one of the Elm switches under his arm that he got from the barn before leaving, Alf and I carried a scythe as Len carried the three tone pitch fork to throw the hay away from the stumps as we cut it, as we got into the hayfield Pa stopped and told us what to do, you will start here and go right around the field, so now get cutting, Alf and I looked at each other to see who would start first, but Pa was not waiting. Swing em. I am you see. As the switch came across our backs. I made a swing at the hay the best I could while Alf tried to follow my action's. Cut it lower you block heads. Let the blade ride the ground he said with another cut of the whip. And here's another one that I owe you for the other night, I could stand no more. I dropped the scythe and ran into the hay with Alf close at my heels, He told Len what to do and headed for home, come on out Len yelled. He's gone. And we went back to where we had dropped our scythes, Here's two whetstones. Pa

left so you can keep the blades sharpened up, We couldn't speak for crying so sticking the whetstone in our hip pocket. We picked up our scythes and started at our task, Come on Alf, I said. We'll get the swing of these's dam things yet, now that he's gone. The dirty skunk I said as we started to mow, The more we cut the better we got on with it. But the worst was not over with yet as we had to learn how to whet up the blades, I made a good effort in trying but I can tell you I cut my hands a good many times before I got the idea, I looked after Alf until he got the hang of it, He too had severe cuts. We had no bandages of any kind so we went to the near by creek to bathe them, We were mighty tired boys by chore time and goodness knows where I would find the cows that night, I started off at six o'clock while Alf and Len headed for the barn to do the chores. I went in the direction where I had heard the bells during the early morning and followed their tracks until dark. From then on I had to rely on catching the sound of the bells, But everything seemed to be

still and quite as I kept going and got far deeper into the heavy thick timber, sometimes I found myself first into a briar patch. Then stumble into a creek, fall over a rotten log. Or bump into a stump, my legs were badly scratched and bleeding. Even the skin were off my toes where I had stubbed them, I'd pull myself up onto a stump and call to the cows hoping to catch the tinkle of the bells, But to no good, I knew they had got there full and was laying down somewhere quite contented, I travelled on through the darkness of the night first coming out into a clearing and then into the dark and heavy timber when finally I sat down onto a log to rest, Cursing Pa and his blooming cows. Though I knew I dare not go home without them, I'd find them somewhere, I called to them again but only got the answers from an owl and the breaking of dried sticks under the flexing feet of a herd of deer. Or some wild animal. Wild cats and Bob cats were plenty full, I also had the sweet perfume of the skunk to keep me from resting too long, after climbing to the top of

a high hill I caught the faint tinkle of the bells below me in a deep ravine where they had bedded down for the night, Picking my way down to them I soon had the bell cows headed for home there was no use worrying about the rest of the herd as I knew they would follow once the bell cows were on the move, I had not ventured very far before I caught the faint bawl of a calf and its mother's warning wail, I scouted around in the dark the best I could until I found what I had heard. It was laying down with its mother standing guard over it, It had only been born a little while before I found them as it was trying to get up on all four's, Well, by golly, I said to myself how in hell am I going to get you home, I knew she would not follow the cows on account of her baby, so I took after the cows that was by this time well on the way, by now I was a mighty tired and hungry boy but still there's twenty one cows had to be milked and goodness knows what was to be done about the one I had left

behind, I hurried home with the herd, Alf and Len was waiting with the milk pails at the gap where we milked them, I asked them what time it was and nearly fell over when they said it was ten thirty, I'll have to go and see the old man before I start helping to milk, says Alf. Daisy's got her baby back where I found the cows, Daisy's headed for the house, I told Pa about the cow and calf I had left back yonder and how sore my feet and legs were not mentioning how hungry I was, but got no sympathy from him, I set down and got them cows milked he snarled or I'll give you something to make you a lot sorer, Come and see me after milking, with that I left the house and joined Alf and Len with the milking, that have we got to do now says Alf, I don't know, he told me to get and see him after the milking, Len put some milk from one cow he had milked into a cream can and carried it to the spring to cool so we could have a good cold drink to fill our emptiness, We knew I was hungry and that the old man could not see what was going on, after milking and the milk strained into cream cans and put into the cold water of the springs until

morning I made my way to the house and Len following me, Pa was in the kitchen waiting for us as we entered. Here is your supper he says to me as he handed me two pieces of dry bread and a small thin piece of meat, you three will go and bring that cow and calf home and put them in one of the box stalls until morning, how is it going and get out of my sight the three of you, we left the house as Pa closed the door behind us, I made for the barn and told Alf to keep watch on the house while Len and I went to our supply store in the hay and get more food to eat on the way. This done we filled some jam jars with milk and set off on our journey and to do the task that layed ahead of us, it was midnight by the time we set off, the night was mighty dark but I was not the least worried as I knew where to go for the cow and her baby. We came to one of the logs that I had sat on to rest previously, here we enjoyed our buttered biscuits and milk listening to the cries of some wild animal in the distant and close by, we left the empty jars in an old pine stump and went on our

journey, How much futher. says Len, just over this hill and down into the deep ravine below. says I, its going to be a tough job getting her baby over these creeks says Alf, that easy says I. Stumbling down into the ravine to where I had found the cow's, the cow was easy to find by her guarding sound to her baby. Alright, old girl its only us I said as I got to where her baby was laying. Now what do we do says Alf, you two stay behind and follow daisy. I'll walk ahead with the calf. She will follow alright, so picking up the calf in my arms I carried it to the old cow trail where I put it down and headed it up the trail for home, By this time its mother was already ahead of us leading the way stopping now and again to see if her baby was alright, everything was going along fine until we came to the first creek. see what I mean says Alf as its mother started to worry and bawl, I only laughed and said. Watch this as I picked her baby up and carried it across the creek to the other side. I put it safely on the bank as its mother came plunging out to see if all was well, four times I had to carry out this procedure. Each time getting soaked to the hide with

only the calf's feet dragging in the water, Pshaw good thing, its not very old or I would not have been able to have carried it. I said to the boys, darn good thing its a warm night says alf as we striped and rung the water out of our clothes while having a rest, I'd never have thought of that. Idea says alf, I'd pushed it into the creek and let it swim for it. That's cruel says Len as we started on the last lap of our journey, As we got closer to the barn alf ran ahead to light the lantern and open the stable door and I put some straw into the boy stall ready for its new arrival. Which by now was mighty tired like ourselves, We noticed the house was in darkness nothing worrying them. I said as I carried the calf into its new bed with its mother following, Still this little chore was by no means to an end yet as we had to light the fire in the big jewel range in the kitchen for boiling water. Carefull not to make any noise, After boiling two eight quart pails of water and carried them to the barn we had to mix up a luke warm sloppy bran mash for the cow, After which she had to be milked

and her milk given to the pigs, all this adventure over its now three o'clock in the morning, no use going to bed now says alf might just as well start the chores and if the old man thinks I'm cutting hay today after the chores and house work is done he can go and jump in the creek, I'm with you says I. as Len chimed in also, Tired. and sore as we were we got on with the chores, The herd did not roam very far that night which helped us to get along that much faster, We went to the house for our breakfast and wondered if Pa would tell us to cut hay that day. Nothing was said or asked about the night's proceedings as we carried on with the house hold duties, Only the whip in man's hand spoke across my back for nearly falling asleep, I was dead tired and ached all over, Poor alf and Len got the same as myself, Pa had gone to the barn to look the situation over there, I wondered if that job suited him, We did not have long to wait for we soon finished what we had to do and left the house of fear. We met Pa coming from the barn. Turn that cow out with the herd he said. And milk her morning, noon, and night. for three days. Feed the calf her milk what's over give

it to the pigs, I roused back at cutting the hay, that's all, and headed for the house, He walked away to the barn and turned the cow out as directed but knew she would not wander very far for a few days now she knew her baby was in the barn, Its bawling would take care of that until she forgot about it, This done, we headed for the hay field but not to cut hay, Oh, no. Just to have a darn good sleep that we missed the night previous, It was about noon when we awoke, We would have slept longer only for the hot sun burning our faces, We made our way home to attend to the cow and calf and for our dinner, Nothing was said to us as we left the house and headed for the hay field, We didn't do very much in the afternoon either owing to the hot sun as we still had plenty to do when it came chore time, I can see us getting another good hiding if Pa comes back to see how much hay we have cut says Alf, You bet we will says Len, As for myself I was not the least bit worried as I had so much of the whips and Elm switches that I seemed to be quite harden to it, So I just relieved there mind by saying, Let the old man

get somebody else to cut his blooming hay, Its too darn hard work for us to do anyhow, Though I was expecting to see Pa come back and see how much hay we had cut, then again I knew he didn't like walking that much so we never seen anything of him, Alf struck off from the hay field to hunt the cows as Len and I headed for the barn to start the chores, Pa seen us coming and was at the barn to meet us, Harness me a horse and hook him up to the buggy he says to me, I carried out his orders while he looked on, Len beat it to the hen house to feed the hens and to collect the eggs when he heard Pa tell me what to do, Pa drove off headed for the hay field, I knew the rest, I was tending to the horses when Len came in from taking the eggs to the house, He'll be awfull mad when he comes back says Len, Don't worry bud he won't touch you because you wasnt cutting hay, We had just finished attending to the horses and started for the pig pen as Pa pulled to a stop at the barn, You keep going den and feed the pigs, I'll see what he's got to say, Put this horse and buggy away you dam whelp, By them words and the ugly look on his face he was

far from being pleased, I got the horse put away alright, but not the buggy, he couldn't wait that long, it was one of the cowardest tricks that I had encountered from them all, I went to put the buggy away as Pa grabbed me by the arm turning me around and catching me a severe blow on the side of the jaw dropping me to the ground, then went at me with the Elm switch where I lay, that's the way I'm going to deal with you from now on, knock you down first and ask the questions afterwards you dirty young whelp, then I send you to cut hay I mean to cut hay, Alf will get the same when he gets home, and headed for the pig pen where Len was, surely he's not going to lick poor Len too I said to my self as I tried to get up and go to his aid, but I couldn't get up on my knees let alone on my feet or crawl to get to Len, I was too sore and dizzy to make any head way, then finally I heard Len cry out, that dirty skunk I said. I'll get even with that dirty sucker before this night's out as I pulled myself up onto my feet with my back against the

side of the barn for support and looked towards the pig pen as Pa came out and went to the house, I made my way to the pig pen to see if Len was alright, fortunately he was still carrying on feeding the pigs, what did he hit you for Len, I asked, because I didn't tell him that you and Alf did not eat any hay, he said, what does he think I am, anyhow. I only got a slap in the face. But he sure gave it to you and I sure pity Alf when he gets home, don't let that worry you Len, I said. I'll see that Alf don't get it, Oh. no. says Len. have n't you had enough, don't you interfere just let us put Alf on his guard so he can be prepared, Hope says I. Pa's licked us and I think I've paid for it, Well, he will only lick you instead says Len, maybe. But I don't think so says I as we finished our chore, we enjoyed our delicious supper of a few slices of fried potatoes and one slice of dry bread and a cup of milk, after which we washed the dishes and left the house carrying the milk pails to the gap where we sat down on a milk stool to wait for Alf and the cows, it was a beautiful clear and warm night as Len and I sat there listening to the frogs singing and a

bull frog joining in with its hoarse croak in its throat, even the wild cats were noisy with their baby like cry's, Rabbits were plenty full in the swamp where Len and I sat, but we soon forgot the wild life of the animals as we heard the cow bell, a coming in the distant, Come on Bill, says Len lets go and meet Alf and put him wise. We set off to the sound of the bell's though I would sooner have sat where I was until the herd had stopped at their milking place. I was too stiff and sore from my last hickering to do much of anything, he explained everything to Alf what we had encountered from Pa and how he was waiting for him, Len chipped in to say how I was going to save him from the licking, you stay out of it bill, leave him to me. You've had enough by what I can see of you. I'll play your game with him just so he can't say I'm afraid of him, though I know I will pay dearly for it, by the time we sat down to milk the herd its now nine thirty. We were half way through the milking when we noticed the back door open letting the light from the kitchen lantern shine out and seen Pa come out shutting the door behind him, He's headed this way

says Len, Keep milking and leave him to me says Alf, I know Pa wouldnt come through the gap to lick Alf on account of scaring the herd. So we done what Alf had suggested and wondered what was going to happen, when suddenly Pa's voice rang out through the bars of the gap, Alf. Come here, I want to teach you how to eat hay, Here I am Pa, Alf said getting up from the cow. he was milking and walked to the gap with the pail of milk still in his hand, Come in and get me then Pa, Alf said, You cheeky young whelp Pa says as he advanced closer to the gap as Alf let the bucket of milk go all over him. Come any closer and I'll throw the whole dam lot over you as he picked up another pail full. You ain't licking me tonight so git going, You'll pay dearly for this. I'll get you Pa said as he turned and walked away to the house, Len and I sure enjoyed the scene but we knew poor Alf was really for it, We had a good laugh over Pa's milk bath as we finished the milking and made our way to our bed in the hay, Alf didnt go to the house for his supper after that scene, but we had plenty feed in the hay, Next day I had to go five miles with a letter from Pa to a Mr Wood's to see if

he could hire one of his sons to come and help us finish cutting the hay. I was late getting back from this errand and believe me the switch again played an ugly tune. During my absence Pa had got his revenge on poor Alf. It is hard for me to describe what Alf looked like when I got back. But I guess you can nearly imagine it for yourself by some of the other incidences that I have mentioned in this story. Mr Wood's son arrived the next day to help us cut the hay he didn't seem to be very keen on the idea as he had no use for the old man, but his one advantage was to make Pa pay dearly for the work Pa wanted him to do. We were soon to learn all about it though on the fellows last day with us, when Pa paid him just before he drove off for home. I never heard how many dollars he charged Pa but the look on Pa's face was far from being pleased. The fellow didn't get very far on his homeward journey before Pa was telling us all about it with the switch. Hiring that fellow has cost me a pretty penny through your neglect he says to me, bringing the switch down across my back. Doing the same to Alf

and Len, that do you think I am feeding and clothing you three skunks for, Git them chores done or I'll cut the three of you so open, and don't forget there's no supper for either of you, that was the least of our worries as we had enough hid away to last us for that night, though I would have to refill our stores of food stuff the following day when the two of them set off to town with the butter and eggs, neither one of us had very long to sleep that night as it was very late by the time I had found the herd. They had strayed further than any other time, but we were up when our alarm clock rang on the old oak beam at four in the morning. All our chores and house work done Pa gave us our orders as usual of what we had to do for the rest of the day. Have the horse and buggy ready for us and load up the butter and eggs. Then git and draw in that hay he says, Can we put our shoes on, the hay is mighty thirsty says I, I took a chance in asking this question and through good luck I came out O.K. Yes, git em on and git out of my sight. We got our old hard dried wrinkled shoes out of the cupboard

and made for the barn and wait for their departure. Our day was a busy one, our baking of biscuits and some jars of fruit and butter put away in our stores in the hay, for emergency we got on with drawing in the hay. The day was mighty hot and our hard wrinkled shoes were blistering our feet, these we took off and stood the torture of the thistles instead. We wouldn't have dared to have done this if Pa had been home, we sure would have got it for asking to put them on in the first place, It was ten thirty when they arrived home from town we done the usual in tending to the horse and buggy and carried all the groceries to the house, It didn't take me long to find out that certain things were missing, which meant another good hiding and no supper for me, no matter how careful I was in cleaning up after my baking there was always some little thing to give me away, But they never knew of our supply store at the barn, next day found Pa inspecting the hay field to see how much of the hay we had drawn in, nothing was said about it so we guessed everything

suitet him, Everything was going along fine that day I had another load of hay in the barn, my feet were to sore to carry on any longer, the hard wrinkled shoes were blistering my bare feet, I sat down on the ground out of the barn to take them off in spite of Pa's watching what I was going to do, What's the matter with you roared getting the switch out of the buggy, My feet were sore and blistered I said crying with the pain, Per this will blister you more as the switch came down me where I sat, Sit up on your feet. I'll tell you to sit down, Let's have a look at your feet, I showed the big water blister on the inside of my right foot taking a long brass pin from the lapel of his coat he carried to clean his ears out with he opened the water blister and sent me to unload the hay we served slap across the face, A few days later the poison set in, Don't think for one minute I was to lose any time or lay up with it. Far from it, Pa a stretcher of wood so him and Alf could carry me from what ever work I had to do, the chores, milk and house hold duties I had to do the best I could

my hands and knees, the only thing I got away with was
hunting the ears stage of a geyser followed but I dare not
mention the ear for fear of getting a kicking, which one
might when I could not stand the pain no longer I got
off to tell a about it as by now my leg was black and
blue from my toe to above my knee, soon as I seen
the colour of my foot he had no time in getting busy
applying hot kindled javaltee one after the other
nearly all night with the old and den refusing, this I
believed saved my life or from losing my life, I
surely was acanted but I did not bring all through
the process, they never believed in having a doctor
for us in these days no matter the ailment, though
it was nothing to them I send us the seven miles per
the doctor for them during any time of the day or all
hours of the night, in fact, the people in this part of
the cold wild north country never believed much in
doctors, as there never was the medicine made from
the wild herbs and roots, ointments and ointments
was made from the wild winter green plants that
grew in abundance on the hill sides, the only other
hog gave the traps away, I must explain to you how
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it all happened, we had set our traps one night as usual to new burrows of the ground hog, then suddenly I found a hole in one of the old pine stumps for my last trap, the following night after all our traps had been tended to we inspected the last one in the old stump, we were three delighted boys at what we had caught. Ain't he pretty I said to Alf and Len as I jumped into the stump to free what we thought was some kind of a cat, we'll carry it home and show it to Ma and Pa and let them see what a pretty kitten we have caught, Don't it stink say Alf and Len as we started for home with the cat under my arm, we felt very sick by the time we arrived home with our find but still couldn't figure out where the sickly smell was coming from, but we soon found out when I carried it into the house where Ma and Pa was sitting, look at the pretty kitten we caught in one of our traps Pa I said feeling terribly sick and dizzy, Get that skunk out of here damn you see he yelled at us as I let it go out the back door, Go and take all your clothes off and bury them he told us. Then go and

have a good bath in the creek, This done we marched back to the house for other old clothes that we did not get until Pa found out where I had got the traps and who gave me the order to use them, after explaining why I used them, and that it was my idea, we three had a good taste of the switch on our bare hides, one licking for catching the skunk and using the traps without Pa's consent, and one licking for making our own mitts for winter, this is how we found out all about the skunk and what made the smell, after this ordeal and we had got into other old clothes, we had to go and collect all the traps and give them to Pa, these, he sold to a trapper the following day on his way to town with the butter and eggs, Pa shot the skunk we had caught that night as its kind was worth money in them days with its two white stripes running from its nose to its tail, one's with only one stripe was not worth very much, nevertheless I must get back to my recovery from a poison foot, and the haying all done, we are now getting ready to do the harvest, another toil of hard work that we had to get used to, which we soon found out

was far tedious and harder than that of doing the hay-
ing, The worst of the whole situation was getting
used to the swing of the cradle that cut the
grain, you may wonder what I mean by a cradle,
some people would think that I meant it was one
that you rocked a baby to sleep in, If this be so may-
be, we could have rocked our way to freedom, But
it's a far different story than that, so I will explain
it to you to the best of my ability, Its blade is
wider and thicker than that of the scythe its
length approximately twenty inches long and
two and a half inches wide. attached to a wood-
en frame with four wooden fingers the same length
above the blade all of which is slightly curved.
When in motion its swing is like the slow rocking
of a baby's cradle, As the keen sharp blade cuts the
grain it falls onto the fingers allowing you to
lay the grain in rows on the ground ready to be
raked up by hand into sheaves and tied and
stoked up ready to draw into the barn for
threshing, Our threshing machine consisted of a

poverty stick, which I will explain to you later on in the
story, As we will get back now to the first taste of the
harvest and more misery, We knew the time was not far
off for us to get started in cutting the grain when Pa
told us to have the cradle blades ready for sharpening
after all our chores were done, I turned the grind stone
that night while Pa did the sharpening, This done and
the keen edge blades put back onto their frames and
hung up out of harms way Pa roared out our orders,
You and Alf will start cutting this seven acres of grain
tomorrow pointing to the field between the house
and the barn, Len, you will rake the grain up into
sheaves, The same fellow I had to help you brats to
finish cutting the hay will be here tomorrow also,
That night before going to bed we talked and looked
the situation over and wondered how in tarnation
were we ever going to swing the heavy cradles we
would just have to get a glimpse of the fellow that Pa
hired to help us, As he would be started long before
us next morning started with everything alive and
happy with the beautiful birds singing as though there

little throats would break, as the sun by this time was high over the hill, shining its rays across the golden grain that we were soon to cut. Our morning though was not as happy and cheerful as that of the birds before we finished our house work, nothing seemed to satisfy me no matter what I done. Even Alf and Len got the taste of the switch like myself for not getting in enough wood or carrying up enough water. Even Pa lost no time in following us to the barn when we left the house. Alf and I got busy getting our cradles as Len got his wooden rake from the tool shed. We noticed Pa getting the switch from out of the buggy as we stood watching the swing of the fellow's cradle. He had four rounds cut around the field before we got started. We forgot all about Pa's presence as we looked on to get the idea. His presence was soon known as the switch came down across our backs. Let swinging them cradles. dam youise he snarled. What in hell are youise looking at it for, you won't get it cut that way, as the switch spoke again. I started the best I could with all following to get away from Pa and the switch. Every

swing and the weight of the cradle nearly throwing us until we got to the other end of the field where the fellow was waiting for us. He greeted us with the words 'Take your time pardner: I know how you poor devils feel. Its just the way the other poor chap's had to learn, He looked towards the house and noticed Pa sitting in the shade of an old apple tree so he could watch our every move. We soon got the idea of handling the cradle by following our kind friend. Every time he stopped to sharpen his blade he would do ours while we got our wind and to wipe the sweat from our faces. We made sure that this procedure could not be seen by Pa. The day was hot and sultry we were glad when it was chore time to get out of the hot sun and to rest our blistered hands and tired backs. I wondered how Alf and I were ever going to milk the cows that night as I started on my way to hunt them. I was tired and hungry as I sat on a log far into the heavy thick timbered bush to rest and to eat some of the hard dry biscuits that I had put in my pockets from our supply store at the barn before leaving. My dry lunch finished and washed down

with a nice cold drink from a clear running creek I started on my journey trying to catch the sound of the bells, I finally succeeded when I came to a clearing separating the bush to a heavily thick timbered swamp where the herd was feeding on swale grass, I arrived home at dusk with the herd a lot earlier than usual allowing us to have a longer nights rest after we finished the last feeding of the horses, Milking the herd that night was one of the worst we ever endured. Our hands being so badly blistered that the action of milking forced the blisters to break, Between the heat and the hot milk getting into them I can tell you it certainly made them sting, But we had to grin and bear it as we knew it would be no use telling ma or Pa about it as we knew what kind of sympathy they would give us, so we said nothing as we finished our light supper and went to the barn, I rubbed our hands with some of the ointment that we used on the sore shoulders of the horses, this must have been a bit of good luck for us than good judgement for it eased the pain in our hands allowing us to have a

good nights sleep, But next morning found a different light on the matter by the time we had finished the milking our hands were cracked opened and bleeding we cried with the pain. I told alf I would mention it to Pa after breakfast and take a chance on what might happen, But my question was never asked as ma spotted the trouble when we started the house work of washing the dishes and still crying, what's the matter with you two fools this morning as she caught alf and I a severe slap in the face for crying and being so careless and slow with the work, let's see them hands that you are making such a fuss over, she said to me as I held out my hands for her to see, after inspecting my hands and alf's she only laughed and sneered at us with another slap in the face and saying, Hands like them will make men of you. Hard and tough is what you see want, not soft ones around here, so now by golly get on with your work before your Pa comes down and gives you something far worse than what I have given you see, Our task was just about finished when Pa came down stairs, so we made a

hastily retreat up the stairs to his bed room to make the bed, clean and dust and to see that all was in order. Ma had told Pa all about our hands while we were busy upstairs, which we were soon to learn when we came down, thought you were getting out of cutting grain today Eh, Well, there is no such excuse around here, so it going and swing them dam cradles before I put blister: some where else on you. as he said as we made a fast exit from the house we so often hated to enter, Our friend had an early start ahead of us but we lost no time in trying to keep up with him though the soreness of our hands made us grit our teeth with every swing of the cradle as its blade cut into the thick heavily laden grain. We said nothing to our friend until we stopped to whet up our blades. Then we showed him our hands which by this time were mighty sore and bleeding. By Golly pardner's he said pulling a large white handkerchief from his pocket and tearing it into stripes and wrapping them around the handles of our cradles to make a softer grip for our hands.

You sure got mighty bad hands there but you'll sure find that much better as you go along, that if Pa comes and sees this lot. I said to him. We will sure get it if he does, Don't worry pardner. as he won't. As him and your ma are busy getting things ready for town this afternoon and with good luck we will have this field all cut and be back yonder into the fifty acres before dinner time he assured us, We were quite happy and felt more contented when we finally found ourselves back cutting the fifty acres long before dinner time, But we still had the fear that Pa would wander back to see how we were progressing. Luckily, as we headed home for dinner we sighed with relief that Pa did not come back, Our dinner consisted of the usual one small potato, a small piece of meat and a thin slice of dry bread, Our friend ate with ma and Pa in the dining room. While we had our's in the kitchen. Before Pa sat down to his dinner he gave me my orders as usual to load up the eggs and butter and have the horse and buggy ready for him and me right after dinner. Just as our friend had suggested to us early that morning about there going to town,

After dinner as I made my way to the barn to carry out his orders I again defied him and the ugly witch as I had figured out a certain way to keep and add some butter to our supply store, I mentioned none of this to Alf or Len until I had my plan completed. Our friend returned to the harvest field as Alf and Len got busy washing up the dinner things and as I got ready for town, I had everything ready for their departure as I noticed them leaving the house, I closed the gate behind them and watched them fade out of sight. Alf and Len were waiting at the barn for me so we could walk back to the harvest field together. Now was the time to tell them of what I had done, so sitting down on one of the big pine logs on the edge of the swamp I started to laugh. By golly, says Alf, that's so blooming funny, come, sit down and I'll tell you a little story. A few nights back while you and Len were snoring like a pair of them hogs there pointing to the pig run, I figured out an idea to keep and add some butter to our supply store. So while you were sound asleep I was working. You know that old cracked six gallon butter crock that was

laying along side the old barn. Well, it aint there any more. I dug a hole deep enough to bury the crock and in it right now is three pounds of butter that won't see town today. My work that I have done is not far from where we are now sitting. So, after showing Alf and Len my piece of work we headed for the harvest field. By golly, says Len, you will blooming well get it now when Pa gets home, cause he'll sure miss that butter when he gets to town. Maybe so, says I, but it's going to be nice to taste and have some butter from now on, sure, says Alf, let milk the blooming cows and help make the butter so why not enjoy some. The afternoon passed very quietly, without a word from our friend until it came time for his departure for home, he said, so long pardner, I will see you see tomorrow and was gone. We knew by his going that it was six o'clock and time for us to start the chores. After hiding our cradles under some of the sheaves I left struck off to hunt the cows and Len and I headed for the barn to do the work there and at the house. Perhaps you think when I mention about doing the chores that we had nothing much to do, If so, just follow

This routine after a hard days work every morning noon and night, First, we had to see that the wood box at the house was kept full of wood for the big wood range in the kitchen, and enough hard knotty chunks for the big box stove that stood in the front room, Twelve eight quart pails of drinking water carried from the spring a quarter of a mile away. Washing water carried from a slow running creek back of the house. If this went dry during the hot summer all water had to be carried from the spring. Now we go to the barn where we had to lead fourteen head of horses to the spring to drink, There stables cleaned out and bedded down with dry straw. Currys comb and brushed down, There mangers kept full of hay and ~~two~~ two quarts of oats for each head twice a day when not working, Fifty hogs to be fed, kept clean with plenty of dry straw. Five hundred chickens kept the same way as the hogs, with plenty of clean water twice a day. All eggs collected and taken to the house packed ready for town, Cream cans full of milk lifted from the

cold water of the springs. Milk run off into pail, and fed to the veal calves, All the cream carried to the house and dumped into twelve gallon crocks to sour ready for churning. Two quarts of cream left for Ma and Pa, one each day besides one eight quart pail of skim milk or more when ever told to do so, So you see what I mean when I say its time to do the chores, So as Len and I done everything that night we sat down to rest and wait the arrival of the herd. We knew Ma and Pa would not be home very early on account of leaving late, So we had nothing to worry about. Things would happen aplenty when they did return, Len interrupted my thoughts and drew my attention to one of the old sows that had just broken out of its run, We soon had the situation under control and the damaged hole mended with new lumber and resumed our rest on the milk stool's at our milking spot at the gap, We waited and watched the sun go down behind the hills leaving its beautiful rays of colour shining across the sky and fading into the deep ravines around where we sat, The moon was soon up making the

night as bright as the day. Alf must have trouble in finding the herd. Say den, Breaking our silence of trying to catch the faintest sound of the bell, e. Yes, say's I, I wonder who'll be home first. Pa. or the cows. After what seemed another long hour of waiting our ears caught the sound of horse's hoofs and buggy wheels striking against the stones on the rough road echoing into the swamp. We lost no time leaving our place of contentment to open the gate for trouble to enter, which I knew was sure to come. Closing the gate when Pa and Ma drove in I followed behind the buggy to the barn where den was waiting with the lighted lantern so we could see to attend to the horse. Clean and Polish the buggy and covered with a heavy white tarpaulin which was always the custom before putting away. There's. Alf Pa roared alighting to the ground as I started to unhook the horse, Hunting the cow's say's I leading the horse to its stall in the stable as Pa followed, Just tie the horse up and git them groceries carried up to the house. Pa watched my every move until I had carried the last

of the groceries to the house, Then the trouble started, just a minute you dam little whelp, There's a small matter of three pounds of butter missing that I want to get cleared up, I know you are the thief he say's to me, You were the only one who loaded the butter and eggs into the buggy before we left for town, So where's the butter Pa said, Standing ready with the ugly switch clutched in his hand, I'd be very foolish to tell you, I said. But got no futher with all that I wanted to tell him. I was caught with a severe blow across the jaw that sent me spinning. I guess I would have been going yet only for the wood pile being close to where I stood, Dazed and striking my head against the pile of wood I sank to the ground as I felt the first sting of the switch, I was out, I awoke by den bathing my face with cold water he had carried from the spring, Helping me to my feet we made our way down to our milking spot to await the arrival of the herd. Though sore and still groggy my bare legs full of red ridges. I did not care if the herd ever came. But our wait was short lived as our ears caught

the sound of the bells on the bright warm moonlit night, I was glad to see the end of milking that night and get to bed, Alf and Len went for their supper after milking as I made my way to the barn and to bed, I just couldn't bare to enter the house of fear or to see the ones I so hated, anyhow, food didn't appeal to me, for all we got it was not worth going for, I had plenty hid in our store at the barn if I should need any, never-the-less as the days rolled by we came to the end of harvest, and found ourselves busy with the thrashing that by now was in full swing, once again it meant another job of hard work that we had to learn and do with thrashing out the grain with a poverty stick that I mentioned to you further back in this story, this contraption consists of two pieces of wood, one piece the size and length of a broom handle, the other about two feet long and the same size as the first, made of ash or hard maple. Each had a hole bored through one end and fastened together with a short piece of thick leather allowing the shorter piece to whirl around in the air like a fan from the motion by holding tightly the longer

piece in both hands allowing the shorter piece to descend down onto the heads of the sheaves knocking out the grain. After this process, the grain had to be cleaned by a fanning mill turned by hand and stored into grainery's that held more than a thousand bushels of wheat, oats and barley, the oats and barley was the winter feeding for the stock, the wheat Pa traded for flour to make their own bread, I do not think it was all as easy as this, far from it, much we had to endure from the cruel switch across our backs before we got the idea of handling the poverty stick and the cleaning of the grain, the switch problem, I must admit had me beat, for as fast as I chopped them up, there was others to take their place, this, was one job that I kept Alf and Len busy in doing, anyhow, Alf and I used the poverty stick to knock out the grain as Len kept us in sheaves as we knocked them out and pitched the straw into an empty mow in the barn, this took days of toil and sweat during this procedure, going to bed at nights, tired, hungry, and mighty sore and hurt legs for not doing enough to suit Pa, on one occasion for instance we

were caught one day while sitting down for a rest and to wipe the sweat from our faces. When Pa entered the barn without our knowing the switch that day sang cruelly on the three of us, we would have endured more if I hadn't made Alf and Len make a hasty retreat for the swamp with me close at their heels. This I hated to do, but it was more to save poor Len as we knew he couldn't endure much, we stayed hid in the swamp until we seen Pa go back to the house, then we returned to the barn to resume our work until supper time. I had only just entered the house when Pa again struck me a stunning blow in the face dropping me in a far corner of the kitchen, That's for learning the other two to run away from me this afternoon you dirty young whelp. he said, as he entered the dining room and closing the door behind him, Alf and Len helped me to my feet as I felt the warm blood running into my mouth from my bleeding nose, hot waiting for my supper I staggered from the house and headed for the cool water of the spring to wash and bathe my nose and swollen face, Alf managed to smuggle

out what supper had been laid out for me making Pa believe that I had eaten it before leaving the house, This, I ate while on my way to hunt the cows that night, stopping to rest on an old pine log close by a fast running creek far into the heavy, thick timbered bush, heart-broken and crying with the pain in my swollen face. I thought of many things of how to get my revenge, some day! I said to myself. I'd be a man. If so, I'd make sure that Pa would pay dearly for every licking that I encountered from his wicked hands, His age would make no difference to me, because, mine made no difference to him, It was quite late by the time I arrived home with the herd, and our bed meant nothing to us that night. We had other work to do soon as milking was over, my long journey had to be done all over again with the company of Alf and Len, two of the cows had their babies, & where I found the herd, these of course had to be taken care of the same way as I mentioned to you before. We were very thankful for the lovely beautiful moon-light night, it certainly made our task easier and faster, We got no thanks or any

appreciation from Pa when I explained the whole matter to him the following morning when we went for our breakfast. We lost no time going to the barn to inspect our work. Everything must have been to his satisfaction when he returned back to the house for he said nothing to us about it. Sit your work here at the house done mighty quick and make it snappy finish cleaning the grain. We left the house tired and nearly falling asleep as we walked to the barn. He is. I don't think coming if he thinks we are finishing cleaning this lot today. I said to ab and den, but it turned out for us to do some fast thinking. For Pa made sure we would finish the job that day as he made himself comfortable in one corner of the barn with the switch across his lap only leaving to go outside to smoke his pipe. We were happy to see the end of that day, anyhow. now that the harvest and the cleaning of the grain came to an end our only job now was to dig the ten acres of potatoes and store them in the root cellar under the house. After this job was completed we knew that our hunting the herd all hours of the

nights and mornings, would soon draw to an end for another summer, as winter here set in mighty early. So by the beginning of October with its chilly cold winds and long evenings, reminded us that winter was not far off. With all the stock now in there warm winter quarters it still reminded us that we too would soon be back into the heavy bush timber with axes and saws cutting logs for the lumber mill's and wood for the house and wood to sell in town, also, peeling bark in the swamp for the tannery at Duntville, which I have mentioned to you before never - the - less. I'm not going into all the formalities of what happened during the remaining year's, But I would like you to sit back and picture for yourself by taking the story that I have so far explained to you and add it all to the rest of the long weary nine years of torture that we had to endure from the ones we hated. And the house of fear we hated to enter, yes, ten long years of hell, which meant long hours of toil and sweat, living under the cruel blows of the switch, and stealing enough food to eat so we could

carry on with the work, oxygen feet caused by the
 old leather shoe and old socks that was wet?
 died of these wounds, my tent was blown down & me into
 the year of nineteen fourteen and my way of escape,
 I must draw your attention what happened during
 my days of planning & escape, he was taken away
 and taken to hospital for an operation for cancer of
 the breast, from this she died leaving a
 girl alone, which in return to add to his grief
 ing my plans of escape to town and back, I thought
 lines and made my way to the barn, but not to wait
 the chores, Oh no. them days of feeding the stock and
 milking and cleaning stables and what have you.
 were finished as far as I was concerned, so keeping
 in care of the swampy of the barn, I headed for the
 heavy brush timber looking behind me and there I
 see I was being followed, though, I being full
 thirty in the morning I had nothing to fear, I had
 travelled four miles before I ventured out and

the man need to finish the remaining three miles
 of my seven mile journey, he drew near to the
 small town of Okmulgee & kept to the outskirts
 of the town and headed toward the wharf where
 the old tub of a passenger boat was tied up after make
 ing it every other day you know what I mean to
 Okmulgee, here I stayed and to rest with
 the town came to life, I wondered what luck the day
 would bring to me as I sat huddled on the stairs
 beams under the old wooden wharf, though being
 cold and hungry & finally made my departure and
 headed for the recruiting office, upon entering I
 staff sergeants sitting at a desk, a bulky looking
 husky bush whacker of the far north greeted
 me, yep. Carter, what can I do for you, after telling
 him my story and answering a few of his questions
 I soon found myself before the medical doctor, so
 my surprise he happened to be a doctor and even
 at he saw me he knew who I was and why I wanted
 to join up, I had no trouble passing my medical
 test, there was nothing to it, from here I

was taken to the quarter master's store and was soon fitted into a uniform and taken to my private billett. where ~~five~~ other young fellows had been billeted just ahead of me, so far, so good. I said to myself as I was told to make myself comfortable from ~~the~~ kind young lady of the house. Once again I would like you to put yourself in my situation, Here I am a young fellow of sixteen, could neither read nor write only to put an x to everything I had to sign, Did not even know the meaning of kindness or kind words for ten long miserable years, so you might realize how deeply touched I was by the kind words from the lady of the house when she told me to make myself comfortable and at home while she finished getting me something to eat, Little did she know the place I had left and how happy I was to be away from it all, I was mighty proud and thankful for all the good luck that came down on that day, I couldn't pray for this good tidings as we were never taught any prayers. Or knew the meaning of the bible or

the church, But I was soon to learn the whole three from the Sunday service of the army, Still I was handicapped by not being able ~~to read~~ or write. Nevertheless you will see how I overcame this incidence further on in this story, Our Battalion was the one hundred and twenty second. The first Canadian Expeditionary Force. One that I was proud to be in, The day of my enlistment twenty two young boys had run away the same day as myself, Some more poor devils of Dr. Barnardo's getting away from cruelty and to freedom which I learned from them as days went by and as we got more acquainted, My first month in the army was a happy one. It was the beginning of my first days to enjoy the meaning of warm clothing and food wear, Even my first pay day to handle real money I looked in amazement, Everything seemed to good to be true. All was going along fine until one day I was told by my sergeant that the Colonel wanted to see me. I asked him what the trouble was as he escorted me to the Colonel's office, Oh nothing to worry about he said as he marched me in front of the Colonel, Private

"Hello sir," said the sergeant, "Oh yes said the Colonel looking up from his desk to where I stood. I have a letter here from the ~~man~~ you worked for and raised you. I understand you ran away and he wants you to return, what have you to say, I'll not go back sir. Even if you discharge me now, I'd do anything than go back there. I need not go any further into the details of my story as the Colonel seemed to understand, so I was dismissed with confidence and satisfaction. Our stay in Huntsville was short as we began our long route marches from day to day, passing through different towns and big cities, until we settled down in a place called Camp Borden for our military training. Here I seen our Battalion grow to twelve hundred strong with fellows that came from different parts of Ontario, like nowar. Huntsville. Gravenhurst. Sault Saint Marie. and different other places that I could mention, soon the camp became one big mass of white bell tents occupied by different Regiments. Until it formed one big brigade. One fine day a new recruit was assigned to our tent a fellow I

would judge to be in his fifties who took to me as though he had known me before. but one who turned out to be one of my best buddies. One afternoon after parade hours we both soon learned about the history of each others life and how we came to join up in the army. My Buddy had led a happy and comfortable life until a few weeks before his enlistment, he had lost the one he loved dearly. His wife. Having no children or relations he rented his furnished home that he owned to reliable people until his return from the war. Upon hearing my story he soon solved the problem of how to teach me to read and write. So after parade hours each day and the fellows had left the tent for there evening strolls. I began my school lessons. It was tough going and tedious for awhile with no let up from my teacher who kept me at it without missing any evenings or what ever spare time we could get. Sunday's. After church parade I was taught the prayers I should say each night. One that I still say until this day. So eventually I had mastered this problem and from that day write this I have only one to thank for it. My Buddie,

Not going into the details of the four years of war as we all know about it, but I am thankful to say I was one of the lucky ones, so I'm begining now from the year of nineteen. nineteen. After my return to Canada I am now heading back to Huntsville and to the place from which I had run away from and to settle a score that I had so long waited to do. Upon my arrival in Huntsville I had no time in making my way to the livery stable to hire a horse and buggy for the seven mile journey that I had so often travelled on foot in my younger days before the war, It all was still in my mind as I drove along the rough dusty road and drew nearer to the end of the trail. As I drew nearer to the gate that I had opened so often I stopped the horse and gazed in amazement. Once again he had beaten me. As the place was deserted and the buildings falling down. Fields high and thick with weeds. That once used to grow heavy crops of grain and hay. All of which was cut and harvested by our sore blistered hands and ridges on our backs and bare legs caused by the cruel switch

from the hands of the one I had come to ease my revenge. After driving back to town and paying the bill for the loan of the horse and buggy. I intended to do a little inquiring around the town to see what really did happen. But my curiosity was soon relieved as I strolled from the livery stable into the main dusty street and came face to face with the boy that I told you had burnt the fellow out. This same boy now a young man turned out to be a minister, I got all the information I needed from him. But it all still left me puzzled and beaten when I told him of my mission in Huntsville, when your regiment left here in nineteen fourteen your Pa sold everything to a certain Lumber Company and went to Toronto Ontario to live. So after having a short conversation about old times and thanking him for what he had told me I wished him so long and headed for the small station of Huntsville to catch a train for St Catharines Ontario that I heard so much about while serving in the army. There I would have to find work and a place to board. I gave up all hopes of

going to Toronto to try and locate the one I hated. As I might just as well try and look for a needle in a haystack, I cut out the city of Toronto being a mighty large city. I would only be wasting my time. So my journey ended and I found me in this strange city that my life ended. After returning some of the busy part of this beautiful city that was named the **City of the Golden** of Canada I made my way to the old city where I found a place to board for seven dollars and a half a week. Something seemed to guide me to this place as I searched on the door which was opened by an oldest man of Dutch nationality. I was showned my room and after being introduced to his wife and only daughter and I had had two weeks board I was told to sit down and enjoy their company. After learning that I was just discharged from the army and seeking work and that I was all alone in the world, my way was soon at ease when I was told where I could find work the following morning. But to make this new adventure more interesting with my new start in life. Let's start at the beginning.

Steve to begin with was a nice kind looking old couple who seemed to be always ready to help anyone if they could. There home was there own built by the owner himself. It consisted of six big rooms all on the ground floor. Three bed rooms, a kitchen, dining room, and kitchen, all of which was nicely furnished and kept spotlessly clean. A large barn stood at the end of the garden where he kept a cow for three cows milk and butter. Also a horse that he used for clearing odd jobs during his retirement. They were people of money made during these younger days by running a boarding house in the city. There daughter owned a small store that her father had built and stocked with a few groceries for her store which she made good. But being engaged and soon to marry the business was sold, I started my new situation in a good job and a very good place to board. I got a letter job in the city with more money and the house a shorter, now that I was boarding it was only a matter of a few weeks left to find I could get something closer to where I was ship canal. During that the job was for away only got the next morning as a line man a helper on the new railroad and soon to marry the business was sold, I started my new

was just beginning to enjoy life as by now I became one of their own, Here was the only home I had ever known. I was taught to hand over my weekly pay packet to the lady of the house. Here she would take my board money, Give me ample pocket money and bank the rest, I soon came to the conclusion that all people were not like the ones that I lived under for ten long years of my boy hood days which still linger in my mind and ones that I shall never forget, all through the days and months that followed living with these two loving old couple I was quite happy and contented. I had everything that any young fellow could wish for, Clothes for every day of the week money in the bank. Besides the run of the house and treated as though I was their own son, My one greater fear of all was when I helped to do the house work for the old lady, I still had the feeling that ma was still sitting in a chair behind me with the cruel whip across her lap ready to strike, But I was always given great praise for all what I did for them, the old lady would always say, You'll make a good husband for some lucky girl, though

this didn't appeal to me as being on the shy side and not being used to being in any company or getting into any conversations and brought up in the wilds all this I had to overcome. So at that time girls never entered my mind. So one beautiful summer evening after supper was over and I had done the washing up I joined the old folks sitting on the veranda where a very good and interesting conversation took place between us, Bill says the old fellow, I'd just buy that piece of land next to mine and build yourself a nice four room bungalow on it, Rent it and get your money back. I own that piece of land and I'll sell it to you cheap for two hundred dollars, What do I know about building a house. I told him One never knows what they can do, until they try. I'll help you all I can if you under take to do it. he said. I'll think it over and let you know tomorrow one way or the other I told him, He explained a few details on the subject. About having sufficient money in the bank to start proceedings and that I was only getting three per cent interest on my money from the bank, So the warm summer evening faded into the night leaving me

in deep thought about this new Idea, I had mastered many jobs that I had tackled to do, so why not this one. Who knows. I may want a home of my own some day, after work the following day, I had fully made up my mind to try my luck on this new achievement, if it proved successful. I would build more, Besides, I knew I would not go far wrong by taking advice from someone older than myself, so without thinking anymore about it we got on with the job. I meant long hours during the afternoons and evenings after my days work but it all proved worth while as the house was near its completion, I was a mighty proud young fellow a few evenings later as I stood looking at this new achievement that I had under took to do with the help of my new boss. I had no need to advertise the house for rent as there was lots of people looking for new dwellings outside of the city limits, so by the second day after the completion of my new house it was occupied by a young married couple and their young son, but as the year drew to an end I figured out that I was paying out more money a month for board than what I was getting for the rent of my house, so I decided on another

plan how to make and save money more quickly by giving up paying seven dollars and fifty cents a week board and try my luck in keeping house on my own, though I hated to leave the old folks and the home I loved. But after explaining the situation to them I soon had the house vacant, next, I furnished it through out with new furniture etc, and soon got interested in keeping house and enjoying my own cooking, I bought a cow for my own milk and butter. Also three hogs to fatten for market two for the butcher is and one for my own use, Here again I proved successful with the seven fifty a week from my weekly pay packet going into the bank along with what I made by selling a few pounds of butter and odd quarts of milk and what money I made in raising and selling hogs, I depended on no one, if I had only stayed at this one achievement I would have been far better off than ever thinking of marriage or settling down to married life, though I suppose if I had found a better wife than the one I did, we could have lived in comfort and happiness instead of leading to heart breaks and my down fall, though I

get. Why not come to supper and I'll introduce you to my daughter, she is something like yourself. quiet, keeps to herself and so on. But I'm sure you will get along O.K. I accept as often and after work I will come home to all eat my steak and to change for this occasion, I arrived in time for supper as suggested and after being made known to his wife and the young son, I certainly was astonished when I was introduced to his daughter. She was a very pretty girl about two years younger than myself with lovely long black hair and eyes to match. Her height about five feet four and a half built. I was soon to learn all about her history of life as we talk in a show that evening, she held a good job in one of the big silk mills in the city making eighteen dollars a week but could not save or buy the necessities she needed on account of her parents' demanding all she made every week, she also had to work hard and few with hardly enough to eat which I gathered was true from the poor supper that I was invited to that evening, before getting to the end of her story she reminded me that you was only her step father who was mean, cruel, and one of the lazy

suppose you will say there is always two sides to a story, but in this case I can assure you that this one only consists of one side, as I always believe in giving credit where credit is due, do before you have followed me very far into the misfortune of mine I think you will agree that my theory on the whole subject is not far wrong. It will give to show that I don't always say I have a soft spot in your heart for someone else that I had a tough and hard time in life the same as myself, but that I had this whole business started. And ended in the ruination of my career, but I suppose being young and fresh and not heeding the warning given to me by one older than myself I had to suffer the spinning days while at work that the whole situation changed and settled me of all the happiness that I had ever known, do the conversation that took place between myself and my fishmate for on that happy day led to the beginning of my downfall, there fore, to make a long story short here is how it all happened, you seem to be a good sort of a fellow Bill says

type, I had very little to say that night as I listened to her story but after seeing her safely home and made our arrangements for our next meeting. I said good night and headed for home pondering on the subject. Arriving home I put the picture of her story before me, and figured out a few answers to this affair. Here her stepfather was trying to find a way to have this girl off his hands and rely on the money from her two brothers who also were holding good jobs. I had less use for her after hearing his daughters story. And I felt very sorry for the girl not having sufficient clothes or allowed any money for any enjoyment and hardly enough to eat. All of this for instance still reminded me of my own experience of that ten long year's, I mentioned all this to the old folks the following day more to get a clear picture on the matter. But they did not seem to be very interested in the whole story. So unfortunately I carried out this romance affair until it led to marriage and after that my ruination, naturally one would never have believed that a

girl like this could have turned out to be a lover and wife to all men, the day of my wedding fell on a Saturday afternoon. During that week I had been busy arranging everything in the house ready for the great occasion, so after my work on that Saturday morning and as I was getting ready for the big event, the old lady came over to see how I was progressing and if there was anything that I wanted her to do. But after inspecting the house she assured me that I had everything done as good as any woman, but she said as she sat down in one of the soft parlour chairs, there is one thing that I must tell you. I do not want you to think for one minute that I am interfering for what you are undertaking to do this afternoon. But you have worked hard and have all this to show for it with our advice to start you off. There are lots of other girls far more worthy of all this than she. So I want to leave you with one thought, she is not the girl for you. So take an old fool's advice, wish that she was gone. I turned this thought over and over in my mind. Though I could only come to one conclusion, why shouldn't she be a good wife. Here was a good home for her to be proud of. Plenty

I had and lots of good respectable clothes to wear that I had bought for her during our engagement days. And that money was no object, as without any more thought about it I decided to go through with it and go again. The old lady's piece of advice for wedding days was quite without the much fuss or bother as we settled down in our comfortable home. I start our new life together, before the first week was from end taking the morning's making what a foolish thing I had let myself in for. As I returned home from work each day of even, I entered a empty house with no dinner ready or the house work done. Even my supplies that I had got for our summer use had nearly all vanished. Such as a hundred weight of sugar and the same in flour. And what butter I had made and saved from my own curries. I never looked forward for my wife to be up early in the morning to get my breakfast being that I had to be at work by five o'clock and sometimes a by four. In the time I got up to attend the clock and had a light breakfast of a dish quickly away from the house to work. I did not go forward a good dinner ready and a high price to get some instead of coming home to an empty home and cooking my own

dinner. After which I would have to do the house hold duties and wait at all hours of the night for her return from her mother's. Which I had found out that a while she was going every day, I intended to find out why she was acting so foolish and what was happening to our supplies. But it was always afraid of causing a scene, so on second thought I said nothing about it. I would wait and try and find out what really was behind it all, so a week later on a lovely Sunday morning I decided on a plan by making her believe that I had gone to attend the clock. instead of staying close to the house looking for any movements within. My uneasiness was soon fulfilled as I heard the quick foot steps going from room to room and to the pantry where the remaining of my supplies were stored. My idea was working according to what I had planned, and the evening any more time I entered the house by the front door. It was at the thought of seeing my wife all decked up in her Sunday best already to make her departure that made me stare in amazement. But the parcel on the table already for its disposal. She brought back the note in one of years gone by. She looked

quite surprised when I entered and asked where was she going and what was the parcel, I'm going to mother's. and the parcel is for her. she stormed. You might be going to mother's. But not this parcel. say, a S. as I started to unwrap the parcel and put the contents back into the pantry, so that's where our supplies are going. no wonder everything is mighty low, so now let me tell you something. as she stood with an aggravating smile on her face. From now on nothing leaves this house without my consent. And I want you to always bear in mind. that I only married you. and not the whole dam family. You'll be mighty sorry for this she said going out the door slamming same behind her, If I had only know what else laid in store for me before she left that morning I can assure you she might have seen, or experienced something far greater than seeing mother, anyhow. I attended the stock and returned to the house to cook my breakfast and get on in cleaning the house. Everything was going along fine until I opened the door to the bedroom to make the bed and polish the floor and so on, but was sick at heart and could have sat down and cried at what

confronted me. I thought I was entering a chicken house at these time of molting, the feather mattress and pillow's had been cut opened from top to bottom and the contents shaken out, you can imagine me as I went in and closed the door behind me trying to gather up the feathers so I could fix the damaged articles, I finally succeeded. but it still meant new ones, the days that followed put me back to my bachelor days and I often wondered why I ever got married. Why didn't I take the old lady's advice, I was begining to see it all now when it was too late. Ie only wanted his daughter to marry me so they could get all they could out of me, but I'd give them a run for there money, no use crying over spilt milk, I knew they had the idea that I would run after my wife. but this I would never do. Though. I was fondly in love with her, two months or more had elapsed before she returned from her mother's, I couldn't say very much when she did. For after hearing about her condition that there was a baby on the way I just put the past to one side for the time being and thought of the plans for the new arrival, so after explaining to the wife that she would have the best of

care and go to Hospital. I was shocked at her reply,
 Hospital be damned she stormed back at me. I'm having
 my baby at mother's whether you like it or not. I only came
 to see what you intend to do in the matter, according to
 your plans there's not much I can say about the situation,
 I'll see that you get everything you need for yourself and
 the baby, but never look for me to ever set foot anywhere
 near your mother's, with that she was gone, the days that
 followed I bought all the necessities that was needed and
 had them delivered to the wife's mother's address, everything
 must have been to their satisfaction as I heard nothing, but
 at the same time I was unhappy and very much worried of
 not being able to be near my wife during her confinement.
 I thought I knew she had a good doctor and a nurse, but the
 soft spot in my heart went out for her as I spent sleepless
 nights worrying about her, I don't suppose I would have
 cared so much for her only that I had seen animals suffer and
 die. Others would come through without much trouble on
 such an occasion, this one scene for instance brought
 back the picture to my mind of my hardship days
 on Ma and Pa's farm. There we learnt and saw the

meaning of newly borns, also from the wild beasts of the
 north, it was nothing for us to sit up night in and night out
 and give help to the cows that were in most trouble, but right
 now I prefer the ways of the wild and tame beasts, why,
 simply because they knew when they had a good home and
 a mate to care for them, let anything come to interfere
 and it meant a fight to the finish, but it did not seem to
 matter how much I spent or done for my wife to make her
 happy and contented it made no difference, so I took every-
 thing for granted that maybe when the baby arrived that
 she would settle down and forget the past, but it was not
 as easy as that when the baby did arrive and all was well.
 She still made no effort to return home but demanded me
 to pay her mother so much a week for her and the baby's
 keep, this I did. but I should have told her to go to hell in-
 stead, only I thought of the baby that I still had not seen,
 not being able to do much in the matter I settled down as
 usual caring for my stock and house hold duties after my
 day's work and try not to worry too much about anything,
 so one evening while working in my garden where I grew
 all my own vegetables for the winter use. I figured on

building another house in spite of what the wife was getting out of me, it would be adding a lot more work onto what I was already doing but this meant nothing to me knowing that I could bank fifteen dollars that I would get for the rental of the house each month, so with good prospects ahead of me by selling three good hogs and a two year old Heifer I started my new house, this completed and rented and more young hogs well on the way for the winter's use. Bad luck again fell like a ton of bricks at my feet, one evening while preparing my vegetables for the following day, I answered a knock at the door and stared in amazement as the wife with baby in arms, walked in and sat down in one of the soft parlour chairs saying, Mother as turned us out and baby is very sick, she said crying, as far as that was concerned I knew she was lying about her mother turning them out. But upon seeing my son for the first time and noticing its heavy breathing and laying so still and pale I lost no time going to phone a doctor and hurry back to wait for the results, how long has baby been like this, I asked, nearly two weeks she replied. And you done nothing about it until now. Why, I've kept you in enough money and plenty of clothes

so that's not the reason why the baby should be so sick, neglect on your part is all I could say to her, but the hate inside me that I still held back in the wild north country for ma and Pa swelled up inside me only to die away with the thought that here was a woman instead of a man, the doctor arrived and ordered baby to hospital, he had developed pneumonia, I left the house and phoned the hospital for an ambulance after giving the details and the address. I returned to the house, naturally I got the blame from the doctor for the child's condition for not calling him sooner, but after explaining the whole situation to him he quite understood who was fully to blame, I paid him his fee of five dollars and after he informed the wife that there was very little hope of the baby's recovery through her neglect he departed as the ambulance pulled up at the door, a few details was passed from the doctor to the nurse and the driver as baby was taken away, the following day I received the sad news that I had lost my son, I expected to see the wife break down when I told her, but it was very aggravating to any man what she replied, well, what do you want me to do about it. It's your hard luck not mine, you've got no heart or love

for anything I told her as I got busy preparing a meal that I had no room for as I was already filled up, I made all the necessary arrangements for my own funeral and burial after which we all settled and paid for, after this expense I remembered what I had said to her when I would know all my feet, naturally I thought she would settle down after the loss of our son, but she returned to her mother in that day I knew she had had bed. So I was left to give alone, once again I was left to do for myself, only to be resisted by her returning home whenever she seemed, I dare not mention anything about it as I knew she would call me anything but a gentleman which we often happened to say of her. Let her think that I was not the least bit worried by her hatred, as I never had feared when suddenly and early Sunday morning another pang of business the wife had thought out by bringing her mother to help her in her sickness. I had thought that I was one time that I would show them that they had gone far enough of I had destroyed the bed in this way I would have said nothing but if now came to have a short return either one way or the other, they entered the house without knocking or bidding

good morning, only the wife another breaking the silence by saying, I've come to collect the rest of my daughter's clothes etc. Being you cannot treat her better than that you are, you'll touch or take nothing from this house I assured her as I entered on with washing up my breakfast dishes and putting the same away in the pantry you two have gone far enough in the way of getting anything else out of me, until she can settle down and act like a wife should do, being busy and taken off my guard and not fearing how quick she advanced from where she stood, there I was washing drying the knives and forks. She caught me a terrible look across the face and made for the door, I seized and unsteadily on my feet from the bed. I seized the knife by its blade that I was drying and left it, good thing made a fast spit out the door as the knife embedded itself in the side of the dirt where she had stood, shaken, and afraid of what I had done in the spur of the moment I could only say that there is but women who would abuse any man to do any thing, I watched the knife as I tried to shut the door but not until they had insulted me that they would make it do some more than what I was worth, which

At this moment it would not take very much to see myself
 right down to the foot of the ladder from where I had
 started, as I had given nearly all that the wife had demanded,
 They had no time in starting police court proceedings as the
 third day of the following week I was issued a summons
 to appear in court for abuse to the wife, I contacted a good
 lawyer and after explaining the whole situation to him he
 agreed to fight my case, after paying him his fee of twenty
 five dollars I bid him good day and made for home, not pay-
 ing much attention how busy the streets were with people
 and heavy traffic hurrying on their way I strolled home-
 ward with one thought in mind, Give a calf enough rope
 and it will hang itself, No doubt you will think that
 this is just another saying, as for myself I don't think so.
 So just let me inform you, why, how, and where this
 old saying was originated from, It so happened back
 in my early boyhood days on Pa's farm where cattle or
 young steers had to be led or driven to market. As
 transportation was never thought of in them days.
 Hogs were killed and dressed and taken to town
 in the butcher's buck-board wagan. Real the same.

The butcher who had been an old cow hand on one of the
 big cattle ranches in Texas gave up this career and
 started into the butcher's business on his own, He be-
 came Pa's butcher and buyer, Upon seeing us lads ad-
 justing a twenty foot rope around one of the big steers
 horns and a half hitch around its nose that he
 had bought from Pa ready for its seven mile jour-
 ney, he roared with laughter, saying, Don't ever
 lead any animal like that hard ner's, with a shed
 rope like that. If it should be mean or turn nasty and
 take it into its head to run, you'd never hold it.
 The longer the rope the better, carry the coil in one
 hand and the end of it in the other, if it should
 start to run drop the coil and wrap your end ar-
 ound a tree or anything that is handy and hold
 fast. Some will stop running before they get to the end
 of a two hundred foot rope, Other's will keep going
 to the end, resulting in a broken neck at the
 result of its speed. This for instance was just what
 the wife and her mother was doing to themselves
 only in another way. They'd come to no good. They'd

be useless. Anyone, I wondered how I would succeed in this court proceedings being that there were ten points in the law and the women having nine of them according to the laws of Canada. This for instance was the cause of so many good homes being broken up, but the day of my case was short and sweet, I sat by my lawyer as the wife occupied the seat next to the magistrate's desk, Her mother was also present looking quite at ease and full of confidence, but her attitude soon changed to one of hate when she heard the few questions the magistrate put forth to the wife. Can you show any marks, scars, or bruises, no sir, she replied, this your husband a good provider, yes sir, what have you got this man here for, he replied, looking down at me and telling me to stand up. I was asked one question, you only intend for your wife to act like any other respectable wife should do, yes sir, case dismissed, with them words the wife's mother bellowed out, I wish to say something, but was cut short of her sentence when the magistrate told her to keep quite as there was too much mother in

law in the case, you pay the cost of the court, at the same time telling the wife to go on home with me, I waited outside the court house to take the wife home, but upon there coming out I was just ignored as they went off arm in arm in the opposite direction, with this little drama to an end trouble and worry still laid heavy at my feet, it happened about two weeks after I had forgotten to have the deeds registered on my second new home, but buying the land from the old fellow the same as I did my first home little did it worry me about being in any hurry for its registration, here again I learnt that it did not pay to put all ones faith and trust in the ones that seemed to be doing all they could to help me, though, I can honestly assure you that this misfortune would never have happened only for the loss of the old fellow's wife, had she lived she would never have allowed him to carry out such an ordeal, by taking my house owing to its unregistration, this being the law of the country there was little that I could do in the matter so I just had to be the loser at this the money and my long hours of hard work good bye, this of course put me right back to the foot of the ladder with only my weeks wages to rely

upon, still. I'd show them that I still wasn't beaten, I would try again being the wife remained away from her home and myself, So before the week had passed luck had come before I had come to the end of my planning to build another new house, It so happened one evening while reading the news paper that I had a caller, Good evening chum. You the boss here, yes sir says I. What can I do for you, Wondering if he came with more trouble about the wife, You the owner of this property, I am, Well I'm in the market for buying, what are you asking, a thousand chum. I told him, Knowing he would do me down if too much, kinda steep. Harder he says, But I'll tell you what I will do, Take eight hundred and fifty bucks cash right now and I'll buy, Without any hesitation I accepted his offer, I knew this was a good price for such a small house. As houses were selling mighty cheap at that time, I would like to take possession soon as possible. how soon could you vacate, Two days, I told him, This being to his satisfaction and making the arrangements to settle all accounts the next day he bid me good evening and started on his way, It found me mighty busy the next day after my days work and tending to the settlement of

my home. and buying a small three room cottage for two hundred bucks cash in the same locality, This would provide ample room for the storage of my furniture and for myself, It was not very cheerful or looked very comfortable as I settled down in this new abode but it answered the purpose until my new home was built and completed, without going into all the details of my new home, I am now settled very comfortable in my new and up to date five room California Bungalow, Also selling the three roomed cottage for three hundred and fifty dollars cash. I a retired bachelor, This achievement of mine made a certain rogue look mighty small for the low down dirty trick he had done towards me. But I was given great encouragement from all my neighbours and friends for all that I had achieved throughout the ordeals I had gone through, My life now was a happy one, taking great pride in my new home and caring for my garden. Besides my stock after my days work and money again in the bank. I now had a lot to be thankful for, still. I had that dreadful dark picture before me, (the wife), still it was not all sunshine and flowers for very long. As the tables turned for the worst again, the wife had returned home from

her mother's. My opinion and the old saying that I mentioned further back in my story are beginning to ring true, I knew all what the wife explained to me that evening about her mother was true as I had read all about what happened in the papers, from the start of this incidence the wife was made to believe that her mother was employed doing house work every week in the next big city of Hamilton Ontario about thirty five miles away, incidentally it turned out to be a different kind of house work by serving three months in jail by making her money in one of the disorderly houses, naturally the disgrace of all this caused there home to be broken up, that's why the wife returned to me and my new home, I said nothing to her until she finished her story but I was greatly worried about what might happen in the future, had she come to settle down. Or destroy. I intended to find out before things went too far, Well, what do you intend to do, what have you in mind. I asked, nothing. she replied. This is just as much my home as it is yours. You'll feed and clothe me, and I'll think about doing your house work, and getting your meals, So... what are you going to do about it, just this. I said. If you have come back here

at this home to destroy me again, I'm going to hunt you like the hounds do the wild beasts of the cold north country from whence I came, Either more. I have no room for any arguments in this house, during the on coming weeks things were just the same as before. I still my own meals to get and the house hold duties to do after my days work, everything was very aggravating and unpleasant for any man to come home too, though. I said nothing for fear of starting trouble, I kept to the usual routine of duties each day after work, such as wash days. Ironing. Polishing. and so on, I had no time for any pleasure or enjoyments. besides tending to my stock and the garden, you will wonder how the wife spent her time. mostly reading, shopping for herself, going to shows, or laze around in the parks during the summer months, Her clothes she bought were of the expensive kind, which caused a terrible and wicked tongue lashing that I had ever heard from any woman, though. I had heard many from men. But this one broke all record, when I approached her about the matter, and the situation of the money proposition, I left the house as she raved on, disgusting. I said to myself if that had been a. or any other man swear like that to me he would have bit the dust

hard and fast, Then I'd ask all the questions afterwards, that evening I had not the heart to do much of anything. Why should she act like this towards me. What had I done. Everything she wanted she got. A good home with all conveniences for making the house work easy. Plenty to eat and wear and all that could make any wife be proud to own, I never interfered of her going out or coming in. Or mentioned anything about the meals or house work, I never could figure out her attitude towards me from that day until this, I often asked myself was this what one called love. If so, I would not want to achieve anything like this again, I'd think twice next time, This to my knowledge was a different kind of love, one that laid so deep down in this woman's heart that no man could ever bring to the top unless he had a heart of stone and filled her other end with old boots and put her brains up where they should be, So deep down was this love in the wife's heart that there laid a little love by bearing two children a girl and a boy for us in the two years of her mother's misconduct, But here again it wanted some thinking, as I was left with my two children to carry on alone, now the time had come for me to turn the hard way, never again would I allow her to

enter my home or see my children, I still was not beaten how to care for my two children for I soon relieved my mind of the problem how to manage and care for them while at work, I knew of a lady who I could get to help me out of this situation, so after paying her a visit and explaining the whole story to her she immediately offered her services by caring for the children getting my meals and tending to the household duties during the days, naturally I would have to be nurse maid during the evenings and nights, Her fee was eighteen dollars a week and she proved that she was worth every cent of it, How lovely it was to come home to a nice clean home and hot meals on the table, not one thing out of place or anything dirty, the children kept like wax dolls, I left her with ample money for what ever necessities the children might need and groceries for the house, Only one discomfort laid in her way, and that was, what shall I do if ever your wife returns. she said one evening at supper time, I soon relieved her mind of the question, never let her enter this house or interfere with my children until I return at anytime, I informed her, that seemed to relieve her mind as she sighed with relief, Fortunately she never was or had to encounter the return of the wife that happened a year later, I

happened one evening after the children was put to bed and
 the nurse maid had left for home that the first episode of
 this drama took place, I gazed in amazement at her approach
 towards the house, but stopped short when I told her she had
 ventured close enough, what do you want. And why are you here,
 I asked, I'm tired and hungry and no place to go, she said,
 trying to look so sad and forlorn, sit going you dirty like there's
 nothing here for the like of you anymore. So it is all I said going
 in and shutting the door, I hated to do this, but after seeing her
 condition I was not going to be taken for a sucker again, Besides my
 home was no dumping ground for other people's kids, I watched this
 dirty figure disappear up the street, her plan did not work. Here
 was the second one being paid for all her misdeeds. I had
 given her many chances to settle down but I could not take the
 chance of anymore, if that was the kind of life she wanted to lead
 it certainly did not appeal to me, Do not think that I myself
 am pretending to be a good Christian. Oh. no. far from it, but I
 did learn the sufferings, the rights and wrongs of life, the hard
 way, and I did not intend to ruin my life in this filthy way,
 In my belief one could be just as good at home as by going to church
 providing, he or she kept to the ten commandments, all that I

asked and prayed for was a comfortable home, a good wife, and
 happiness. And live like other folks, But where did all this good
 fortune lay, certainly not here in Canada. If it did, I missed it as
 it still leaves me to be one of the unlucky ones, Like the home that
 I was sent to, Never-the-less. Hardness, you read on and you
 will see how all these three good things in life that I prayed for
 came into my life as you get further into the story, Right now I
 must continue about the children, The woman I had hired to care for
 the children stayed through out the years until there school days,
 This of course meant that I only required her services during each
 morning, It was her suggestion one evening before leaving for
 home that she pointed out the possibility, I will come each morn-
 ing at eight and see the children off to school, They can come to my
 place for there dinner's. Anything else you require I'm willing
 to do it, Thanking her for the offer and explaining that I could
 manage everything else, She said good evening and departed,
 this of course cut down on some of my expenses as her fee was
 nine-fifty a week. instead of eighteen, I intended for my children
 to have a good education so that they could start there life far
 better than I, not being able to pay for them to enter high
 school or anything like that. I would keep them in public

school until they came to the school leaving age. Which was sixteen for boys. And eighteen for girls, unless there services were required at home. During these 15 years that passed I was still hounded by the wife but I always sent her on her way with the same remarks as before, though being beaten by the out come of all this she still thought of other schemes to get even, but each time she failed, two children already left in strange homes and a third on the way, all of this was brought to my notice one evening while myself and my two children were at supper. Answering a knock on the door and noticing the caller to be a young lady from the Children's Aid Society. I invited her in and asked her to have a chair, sorry to bother you at a time like this but there are a couple of details I'd like to get cleared up, she informed me, it concerns two baby girls that your wife has left in two different homes. And its brought to our notice for there adoption, providing I have your consent on the matter, my consent. I said in amazement, pardon me for what I'm about to tell you. The two children you speak of have nothing to do with me as my wife does not live with me, the only two children I have that belong to me are the ones you see eating there supper, the wife

made her appearance here this afternoon and it looks as though some one else will have another one for adoption, each time she gets into this condition she still thinks I'll take pity on her and let her in, but nothing doing, I'll tolerate with no such wickedness, therefore its entirely up to you, I have nothing more to say on the matter, but these two children have your name, I'm sorry, but I cannot be responsible for that. Or the wrongs that this woman is doing, Not pressing me any further into the matter, she finished the cup of tea I had placed before her and bidding me good night, she departed, I never did reveal the out come of this drama, so I presume they had been adopted, by the people where they were left, Another episode took place in a different manner of another baby girl left the same as the other's, this came to my notice by a letter I received one day when I called for my mail at the post office, the post mark itself drew my attention as I seen it was from Alberta Ontario twenty two hundred miles away, after reading its contents I lost no time in returning home to send a reply informing them of the situation that the child had nothing to do with me as time went by I heard nothing more about it, his time went by I was deeply worried of what next this woman would do.

I had notified the Police about this while I was in the hospital but didn't seem to pan any satisfaction, I wondered why a woman like this be allowed to roam from place to place and scare her babies by other men what ever she seemed like. making people be - sure that they were mine, I finally decided to sell out and sell the down in another town about one hundred and fifty miles away and get away from it all. Stealing my plans a secret and telling all that I had to do to get out of there and necessarily a into our car. The first of us drove off to work for a local of the end of the trail, with this idea I thought I would be well away from trouble and live happy with my two children in my garage and I would be in a small town called Lake Hill Ontario. Steve I located a couple of rooms from a hotel baker who made his money in first logging and by renting what rooms he had vacant. This of course was not to my liking but I did not intend to rent the rooms for long, though my only worry now was to locate a job which was not at all easy to get in such a small town, every one knew that I was a stranger and all that I spoke for about it was willing to help, so I managed to locate a job in one of the big cities fields a few miles away. Steve I kept until the end of

The reason I don't find me on a farm helping with the sugar beet crop, thinking the world only had for a few weeks I kept on the look out for something permanent. I got the end of this job. I had the good fortune of getting into one of the egg and poultry stations, owned by farmers. Another is, knowing this to be permanent, I decided one again to build another home of our own and settle down in the small town, I had one trouble buying a small piece of land cheap, providing I took it off the fellow's hands right away for cash, this done, I soon set to work in building our own home once again. I without further details on the matter. I soon had this task completed and the three of us having quite comfortable in our four roomed cottage which consisted of two bedrooms, a dining room, and kitchen also a small room for storing our winter food supplies. After building our home and buying new furniture etc, I am now down to my last nickel and only have my weekly earnings to rely on, but we were quite happy and got along very well as time went by. Until our fortune struck once again, I no happened one day, Wednesday during the evening winter while doing our work and shopping. That all I possessed was bound to the

ground, The mystery of all this was never solved. The only clue I ever revealed from this was that a young man and woman was seen leaving the premises, I knew I had left everything safe the same as any other week end, making sure no fires in the stores were left burning and the doors and windows securely locked, Had some one let out my whereabouts, Your Idea is and opinion is as good as my own. My own theory on the whole situation if it be true. That there was a woman who would stop at nothing to keep me down and make life very miserable for myself and two children, So as the three of us stood together that unfortunate Saturday night with only our weeks supply of groceries still clutched in our hands. I still assured the children that we still was not beaten, many of the kind people of the town offered us accommodation until I got situated again, Luckily, I had the house insured, not much, but just enough to keep us off the street until I got going again, I had no intension of ever trying to make a go of it or to settle down in this small town, So we decided to hit the trail once again soon as everything was settled with the insurance company. So before a week was to an end everything was settled and we

said good bye to another misfortune, Luckily, I had our car in one of the Garages in the town stored until I had my own built, By this we still had our own transportation, the day we said good bye to this small town and its misfortune it was a cold and bitter October day snow was just around the corner. I knew as we drove along that I would have to try my luck here and there for a job and a place for us to live before the winter set in, We stopped at a town called Leamington Ontario to have a hot meal and stroll around the town, Here I managed to locate three unfurnished rooms for five dollars and a half a week, After buying what furniture I needed for the night from one of the most reliable stores for quick service. We soon settled down the best we could for the night, I was glad we decided not to travel any further that day while eating our hot meal, Next day luck still held good as I went in search for work, I was hired to start work the following day at the grain elevator. During my months of employment trouble struck again, I was beginning to think that my name knew nothing else but trouble. Anyhow, one day while at work I was visited by a policeman, Your name is Holten I presume. Yes sir. I said. I have

a summons here for you to appear at Milton Police court on Monday morning at ten o'clock. There is ten dollars for your return fare and what ever meals you ~~may~~ need. The provincial Police will drive you to the railway station and will meet you there when you arrive back, do not fail, Or spend the money for other means, Its government money, Good day, I stared in amazement at his going. I worried to make any reply to his last words, At least I knew I was coming back, Arriving at the station some ten miles distant in company with the two provincial Policemen I boarded the train and was soon on my way to Milton Ontario a place I had never seen or visited before, Upon entering the Police Station I was met by a plain clothe Detective who escorted me down a long corridor into one of the small rooms where two more constables were busy at their type-writers, As I entered I was given a chair as my escort seated himself on the other side of a highly polished desk. Sorry to trouble you like this. But it concerns your wife and her twins, Twins, I said aloud, Yes, we found the three of them stranded in an old Lumber-man's shack a few miles from here, We were informed to have you here as her case comes up today, you

have nothing to worry about, With that we left the room and entered the court room, Here I seen the young girl that I met a few years ago with long lovely black hair and eyes to match, But now all that had changed, It is hard for me to describe her looks and figure to you, but she put me in mind of something that some one had dragged through a knot hole. She had her back again and left her lying in the mire, Her twins sat on the lap of a woman from some children's institution according to the clothes and badge she wore, Finally the court came to order, I was called to answer a few questions, After satisfying the lawyer with my answers to his questions. I was told to return to my seat as the wife's name was called, I never knew that a woman could lie as bad as she did that morning, But it done her no good. She was trapped in every way. They knew her kind, Anyhow. It all ended that the home would take custody of the twins, And she was to be admitted to an institution, I was excused from court in order to catch my train back to where my two escorts would be waiting to drive me back home to Bramington, Arriving home I sighed in relief to the end of another drama, But as the days went by I still could not seem to con-

I tent myself of living, or staying in this small town as
 everyone seemed to know all about my misfortune & better than
 what I did myself. So I decided to pull stake & head for
 the city before the winter set in too severe, not delaying too
 long on the idea, I soon sold everything to a young married
 couple and the following day found us driving towards
 the city that we left not so long ago, I was not worried about
 getting a job at this time of the year, Oh, no. that was the least
 of my worries for I knew the farmer's would be looking for
 a expert pruner's to prune the acres of apple orchards.
 Cherry orchards. Vineyards. Etc. This trade being in my line
 I knew I was driving along the right trail, arriving back to
 this big city of St. Catharines Ontario without any trouble
 during our journey. I drove in to one of the old farmer's
 places that I knew long before I had left to inquire about
 a job. My arrival at this place was more than welcome.
 and after a short conversation I was hired to start
 work the following morning to prune his two hundred
 and fifty acres of Vineyard, after hiring his truck to
 drive the two miles to the city to buy once again new
 furniture, we soon got settled snug and comfortable

in one of his four room bungalows that he owned for
 his own hired help, during my months of employment it
 seemed peaceful to know that we could settle down and
 live without fear of ever the wife bothering us again. As
 time went by my daughter had passed out of school. This
 meant a great deal to me if she would accept my offer that
 I had in mind, so on one Saturday evening after returning
 home from town with our weekly supply of groceries I told
 her of my proposition, I knew I would not have to say
 very much on the subject as she thought too much of her
 dad not to accept, I'll allow you eighteen dollars a week,
 your meals, a good bed to sleep on. If you will only stay and
 work for me, do the house hold duties and have my meals
 ready and see that your brother goes to school clean and
 tidy, I do not intend to stay here on the farm working all
 hours making this farmer rich and keeping myself poor,
 my mind has made up to build our own home once
 again and start out on my own and be my own boss,
 there is money to be made a far easier way than this,
 I said no more as she interrupted my proposition. By
 saying, you know dad. I'll not leave you. I think too much

a of you, I had the same Idea in mind unless you wanted me
 to find a job and help along, saying no more about the
 matter. We called it a deal, once again I set about in getting
 my plans ready to rebuild our new home, so has the time
 went by I had the opportunity of buying a good size piece
 of land suitable for the size of house I wanted to build.
 Allowing ample room for a good size garden to grow our
 own vegetables for the coming winter, after buying the
 land it took nearly all the money I had all but a few
 bucks to get started on our bungalow, it meant for us to
 cut down on our living cost and enjoyments and make
 every nickel count during the remaining cold winter mo-
 nths that still laid ahead of us, but after seeing the last of
 the snow and ice disappear with the warm winds and
 sun of spring I soon got started to build our new home, with
 this completed I decided to call these a long hours and
 hard work quits so after getting settled and comfortable
 in our new five room californian bungalow my next move
 was to start out on my own, so quitting the job on the
 farm at the end of the pruning season though I am
 only left with a few nickels in my pocket I took

the chance which in so doing it all proved satisfactory, not
 saying anything to anyone I drove off one morning early
 after putting a few tools into the car I made for the
 country and drove into one of the farmer's places and got
 the job of repairing his five chimneys on his house for five
 bucks a piece, this being to his liking I was directed to
 other jobs further up the trail, arriving home that evening
 I knew this job would be a good paying proposition I had
 made more money on that day than what I would have
 made in a month on the farm, so keeping to this usual
 routine, driving to small towns, city, and the country's,
 Once again I had gained success, In fact this trade grew so
 fast that I myself could not compete with it, I had to hire
 more help. Knowing a good neighbour and his young son
 to be out of work and after making them a good offer
 they started work for me the following day, during this
 episode I had repaid back all to the children and myself
 for what we had to forget during the winter that had just
 passed, for two years I kept to this trade, being my own
 boss and keeping plenty of work in hand for the three
 of us, I was not rich, but quite independent. My home paid

for, Everything in it up to date, Plenty of clothes for myself and
 two children, A good vegetable garden to supply us with
 ample potatoes, carrots, Etc. for the winter, My car kept in
 good condition and over hauled once a month by one of
 the garages in the city, Even all this it seemed that I
 was not supposed to enjoy for at the end of my two years
 of being my own boss it brings us now to the year of
 nineteen thirty eight where the cry of war was once again
 drawing near, I often said that I'd never go again, as I
 had enough of the first one, But, as time went by some-
 thing changed all that, My daughter got married, What
 had I left now to keep me from going, Only my son, But
 I soon solved out a solution to it all, now that Canada
 was preparing for war once again, the trade I had built
 up I turned over to the fellow and his son that I had hired.
 And after leaving my home and all that I processed
 to my daughter for a wedding present providing they
 would take good care of my son until my return, I
 find me now enlisted with the first Canadian Division,
 Your own opinion and imagination will give you some
 idea how heart breaking it was for me to part from

the two children that I had been both mother and father to
 both, Not forgetting how heart breaking it was for them to see me
 leave, I shall never forget the scene, Would I ever see them again,
 Never - the - less my story starts now on a different kind of
 life, One: if you remember, where was I to find the love and
 happiness and enjoy life like many other folks and friends
 that I knew, So, just follow me into my story as I start
 from the beginning and I'm sure you will agree that no matter
 how dark the way, There's always a bright light at the end.
 To repay and replace all the cruel hardships in the be-
 ginning of ones life, Its now well into the year of nineteen
 thirty nine, I'm on board the ship, S.S. Andes, a large convoy
 of troops left the shores of Canada from Montreal for
 England, Our Christmas of that year was spent on board
 ship three days before we landed in the river Clyde
 From here we arrived at Aikling to settle down for
 more training, Our outfit was the first Canadian Divisional
 Petrol Company, The first Canadian's Band in England,
 No doubt many of you will remember us by the red patches
 on both shoulders with the letters R.C.A.S.C. inscribed,
 The boys lost no time in making friends with the

British girls, and I can assure you they certainly made them feel at home, as for me. I kept to myself, as I was a bit dubious of every getting into the company of any girl or woman to get bitten the second time, I'd had enough of the first one, but, when I received the news from our Head quarters that the wife had died of gull-stones at the institution to where she was sent, this of course changed my theory about the whole situation. Here was the end to another dark picture of my life, but I still held the picture containing the three most important things that I prayed for in my life, to hold, some day, some where, or some place, by keeping it in front of me it would reveal to me my reward, our head quarters was at Inkerman Barracks, situated between Knaphill and St John's, the year nineteen forty, here we witnessed one of our own Canadian winters, I believe I was one of the worst winters that this country had endured for twenty years, I was soon to learn of the good hospitality and kind friendship of the British people how different they seemed from our own back home, we were not looked upon as strangers that had travel

over three thousand miles from home, but taken into there confidence as though they had known us all there life, for instance, here is an abbreviation of what I mean, most of us were broke when we landed in England we had to wait two weeks before pay day came around, I wondered how the boys were enjoying themselves with the girls knowing them to be broke, but during my evenings stroll, I soon seen the solution to the problem, the girls hand bags were soon opened and a note or silver would soon change hands, and then to enjoy a show, returning back to Barrack's I could hear a good many conversations going on amongst the boys about there girlfriends as I lay on my bed pretending in reading a book, I knew from there conversations and what I had already seen that surely there was something not far off for my luck to change, then again I did not think my picture and the story would ring true for awhile yet, as the war still interfered of ever trying to make any plans, so as June drew near it changed the whole situation as we prepared for overseas, we left England and sailed for France on

June the tenth nineteen forty, there we landed at
 Brest, but owing to lack of equipment and poor
 judgement on someones parts, there was nothing
 that we could do to stop the mad rush of the Heines.
 So unfortunately we found ourselves returning to Britain.
 Our arrival found us in our new headquarters at Crawley
 Sussex, naturally this suited many of the boys as there
 girl friends lived there. Other seemed to be in high
 spirits in being closer to Brighton, to see their's, as for
 myself, I just sat back and tried to fathom out the
 whole situation of what was going on about me, watching
 the boys getting late passes, and weekend passes to be
 with their girl friends, or spending the week end with some
 kind people who offered them a home or place to visit, I won-
 dered if they ever realized that there was a war on, and
 how long it would last. Apparently, I don't think the thought
 of it ever dawned into their minds, as for myself, I had
 it all figured out, and believe me I was not far out, not
 many of my friends back home believed me when I told
 them the war would last six year's, you may think
 I odd why I knew the hard year's that laid ahead of

us, if we were fortunately enough to see the end of it, here
 is a shed version of my own opinion, how long the war
 would last. Start first from the year that the British
 American broke out which lasted one year, multiply the one
 with the year, and it will bring you down to the year that
 the next war started, that lasted two year's. Multiply the
 two with the year and it brings you down to the next war
 that lasted three year's, and so on until it brings you
 down to World war one, and world war two, they say figures
 don't lie, so by doing this, they prove themselves right, any-
 how, the year nineteen forty, seen many of our boys getting
 married to the British girls in spite of what laid ahead,
 Even my best Pal that came from the same home town
 as myself informed me one night that he had got per-
 mission to get hitched up, and that he was having a
 guard of honour in which I was included, The day of his
 wedding changed my whole life about women and
 keeping to myself, I now realized its time I woke up and
 got myself out of this rut and enjoy myself like all
 my buddies around me, after all, life is sweet, after
 being introduced to all who attended the great

occasion and every one enjoying a round of drinks I was asked by one young married lady if I had a girl friend. Assuring her that I had none she soon informed me that she could introduce me to one of her very good friends, and that she would write and let me know the results, As the party drew to an end and we prepared to leave for camp I reminded the young lady that I would be looking forward for her letter, Arriving back to camp I wondered if she would write and keep her promise, But as time and the days rolled by my thoughts on the matter was soon relieved when I received the letter she had promised to write, Upon reading its contents I was surprised to know that she had visited the lady she had informed me about and that I would be receiving a letter from her in the near future, Before the second week had drawn to an end I was reading the letter from the lady informing me that she was a widow and that her only son was a prisoner of war in Germany and that her married daughter was living at Rosham Vents. Our correspondence seemed to draw us closer to each

other and I fully made up my mind to meet the lady in person providing I could get my former friend to escort me to the lady's address and introduce me, This in time she agreed to do, Applying for a week end pass I was soon bound for Brighton with my Pal who's wedding I had been a guest and to stop there for the night, This allowing me a good opportunity for my friend to escort me to the home of the lady for an introduction, thus fulfilling her promise to me on my Pal's wedding day, After dinner on Sunday it finds us on our way to the visit that I had been looking forward to, While we waited for a bus I decided we should enjoy a pint, more to buck up my nerves than any thing else, This of course was one of the things I should never had done, Had my friend disapproved of my suggestion I would have quite understood the reason, As the lady I was to meet was a bit dubious of any one who smelt of beer, I was reminded about it as we got more acquainted, Nevertheless we arrived at our destination and as the lady opened the door to our knock I was greatly surprised to see my escort do a quick disappearing act into her sister's place next door, After saying "Well, there she is

It's up to you too now, I was invited in and shown into the sitting room, after a short conversation I was informed by the lady that she had two lady visitors but were now ready to leave for home, Excusing herself to see them off, I sat alone thinking of my cruel life that I had left so far behind me and the loneliness that had followed me through the year up till now, It was while I was sitting here alone that my story and the picture before me at last revealed to me the three hidden secrets that I prayed for, There was a woman I could love and make happy. If only I had the chance. But I had the feeling time would tell. From my point of view. I can honestly assure you that it was love at first sight, my sentiment of my thoughts were soon interrupted by the lady's entering the room after bidding her friends good bye, I was invited down to the dining room and invited to stay for tea which I gladly accepted, from this I learned that her son's wife and little girl were living with her, and after being introduced to them we finished tea and after washing up the dishes we made ready to go to the pictures, after seeing the lady safely home and made our arrangements for

our next meeting and thanking her for a most enjoyable time we said good night and I made my departure to the station where I was to meet my Pal for our return journey back to camp, I was in high spirits as we left Brighton far behind, Even my Pal noticed the change in me, and he knew by my actions that my visit had been worth while. Here so when I informed him that I would be seeing more of Brighton as long as we could apply for our week end passes and our holidays, But, a war was on, and one could not be certain how soon we would be leaving for Overseas to help finish the job that we had come so far to do, For the moment though. We will continue to look on the bright side of everything instead of the dark side, while at camp my letters of correspondence to the lady were quite frequent. And I received many enjoyable ones from the lady to answer, you may bet that I applied for all the week end passes that I could get when not on guard duty, It found my self and my Pal accompanying each other quite often to Brighton, One week end I was shown around the town by the lady who had suggested it to me in one of her letters, and I can assure you we had a most enjoyable

time, All these good meetings made it very heart break-
 ing for me to return back to camp it was like leaving
 a good home, Right now I seem to be one of the family
 instead of the lonesome stranger far from home, Even-
 tually I had been made know to all the lady's sisters
 and relations also spending a lovely holiday at her
 daughter's, My stay in England was a long one until
 the Normandy landing, moving from place to place
 not mentioning the hard work during the days and nights
 hauling petrol through your blackouts and helping
 during the bombing raids, Still, like everyone else we
 had our good times as well as the bad ones, We still looked
 forward to our passes, It mattered not how far we drifted
 from Eighton or how often we moved, none of this inter-
 fered with our good companionship as long as we rem-
 ained in England, But, one move from England to Scotland
 and the rumours amongst the lads got me worried and
 I thinking more seriously about my courtin' day's, Was
 this the end, Had my picture before me revealed to me that
 I had lost all that I had loved and enjoyed the passed
 four months, My nervousness was soon relieved one

morning while reading Order's, Anyone could apply for a
 short leave providing they paid half the fair, The Canadian
 Government paying the rest, This being to my liking and right
 up my alley, I lost no time in applying for same, I had no
 way of sending any message to inform my lady friend of
 this visit, As all mail was cancelled, So I just had to rely
 on good luck in finding her at home and that I was not
 intruding, Arriving at my destination on Saturday
 afternoon I found that my lady friend had gone away,
 But after sending a few telegrams to where she might
 be visiting we were soon together and enjoying each other's
 company, After explaining why she had not received any
 mail from me she seemed quite surprised that we had
 moved so far away, This visit of mine meant a great deal
 to me if I could only gather up enough courage and
 nerve to lay my question before the lady before returning
 back to camp on Sunday evening, Would I lose all that
 I had found. Loved, and enjoyed, If so, I'd give up of
 ever trying again, Sunday altered my nervousness and
 shyness about the whole situation as our walk on
 that lovely Sunday afternoon managed to help me

force out the words to the lady about becoming engaged, which made the day more beautiful when she accepted. Our parting that Sunday evening was a happy one. Knowing that we two would still be enjoying our good times together, providing God above spared us to see the end of the war that now laid ahead of us. Though my journey back to camp I pondered over a bargain told to me after the lady had accepted my engagement. Actually, if you follow me it's a bargain that hits both ways. I have the lady's side of the story. Now it's up to me to decide either one way or the other and let her know the answer to it all before the proposal of marriage was mentioned. I was given to understand on our engagement day that under no circumstances would she be going back to Canada with me after the war if we should be married before that time. She made it all quite clear to me why she would not be leaving England, first, leaving her two married children, her sisters, friends, and relations so far behind. Also the parting of her home that she loved for thirteen

years on her own. Up to the time of our acquaintanceship, furthermore, that I would not like the ways and laws of the British people, so taking all this into consideration I had been thinking constantly of what to decide upon, I was given ample time to think the situation over very carefully before giving my answer to the lady, naturally. I would have to forfeit all that was dear to me back home in Canada, my two children, and the land I loved. Then again, during the whole of my army career I never received as much as one line in answer to all my letters that I sent constantly to my children, therefore, I decided that they had forgotten all about their dad who had fought so hard to keep them. Fortunately, my mind was made up no matter what the consequences meant to me of ever seeing them or the land I loved again. Because right now my picture before me had revealed to me at last the two most important things that I had hoped for during my boyhood days and my previous marriage. I couldn't afford to throw it all away now, so as time went by I gave the lady my answer and before we entered the month of November the lady had accepted my proposal of marriage. At first we decided

To wait until the end of the war for her son's return then again neither of us knew how long that would be or the consequences that laid ahead, so we set the date for November the Eighth, what would you have done, Chum. Perhaps your decision and opinion would have been the same as my own as you finish reading the rest of the story, The picture begins in the year nineteen forty one after our acquaintance ship, Our Engagement of a little over four months were the most happy and enjoyable ones that I had ever know, Our wedding day and reception was a happy event, In fact. I cannot express to you in words great enough of the great occasion, As the guests made their departure for home we were pleased to be alone, and for myself to settle down in our new home, During the rest of my wedding leave it had proved to me that here at last I had found all the love and happiness that I had been deprived of, Now I could rest assured that I ~~was~~ could prove that I was worthy of it all, Not going into the details of the war years or what I had done during my six and a half year's of service. Only that

I had done my bit the same as anyone else, So I'll just get you to follow me from the day of my discharge at Black-stown England in the year nineteen forty five, It was a great day of excitement and everyone looking forward to going home now that the war was over, After bidding a lot of my pals from my own home town a long and good luck. I myself made a sad exit to the railway station for home and to start a new life, Do not think it was easy for me to secure my discharge to stay in this country, Oh. No far from it, I never thought one had to go through so much red tape to stay in a country that we helped to save during two wars, First, I had to show a letter of employment. Then I was warned by the Canadian Government that I only had two year's to make up my mind to return to Canada without paying my fair, After that time I would have to pay my own passage, This and a few more details only meant that they were making sure that all the Canadian's that stayed here was not going to be a burden on the country, All this bosh and a lot more made me laugh, As certain other things

made me mad, like, paying income tax on the money you work for, not being able to buy your own piece of ground to build your own home, etc, I could tell you plenty more but none of this must interfere with my good fortune, As I want to carry on with my new home and all that's dear to me, After settling down and getting acquainted to the ways of how the British people worked, I still had a lot to learn in their sayings, their ways, and what it all meant, The same applied to my wife until I tried to explain the real meaning of what I meant, but through her explanation's, and teachings we soon began to understand each other, The days that followed were glorious ones, How beautiful it is to return home from work and to find a lovely clean home, A good hot meal already on the table, Slippers nice and warm by the fire, Not forgetting the lovely smile and good kisses waiting for me at the open door from the wife that I adore, and to know that all this I have found so many miles away, During our thir-

teen years of married life. I can honestly assure you that I have never for one moment had the cause to complain. Or to regret my ever staying, Our love and happiness for each other is too great to think otherwise, Arguments, we have no time for, and we hold no secrets from each other, We give and take in everything you may think its buoyant of me when I explain to you that I still stick to some of the ways and laws of Canada in the way of money matters. And the showing of respects towards one's wife, To me these is two paragraphs means a great deal to me, If the same applied here I can assure you that there would be far more happier homes, providing your wives understood the handling of money and the right way to run a home like mine, So my one law is for instance my weekly pay packet. Of which is never opened until its in the hands of my wife, By this method I have nothing to worry about, and we owe no one, Second, what's good for me is also good for my wife, I could not have a contented mind to

go out and enjoy myself knowing my wife was still stuck in the home. Therefore, we enjoy everything together, so before closing my story of my life let me assure you that I have ~~nothing~~ everything to be thankful for, I want for nothing, my wife is one of Brittain's best, if we had millions. It could not take the place of our love and happiness that we hold so dear to each other, I have travelled far. and seen much, but I never would have realized that I find the love so great as ours and all the happiness to bind it together forever here in England. Therefore, take the whole of my true life story and you will see that the scripture in the Bible is right,

Thou shalt be repaid, a thousand fold,

Now that you have read my story kindly let me draw your attention to a few more details that I have seen during my travels, Its about the one most important word of all. Mother, In my opinion a great many young men and girls do not appreciate the meaning of it or the love that it stands for until they have lost it, the ones like myself would give a great deal to really know what the love of a mother meant, if my mother had lived she would have come first in all my doings, I'd make sure soon as I was old enough to start work my mother would slave no more, I myself believe that this is only one small item to repay back to her for all her sufferings she gave for me, during my travels I've seen a few young people doing the same for there mother's as I would have done myself, Others, the opposite, for instance let me give you one of the scenes that I have witnessed myself. One that I would say was one of the most cowardly tricks that anyone

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could do towards his own Mother, I was working for a farmer of high standard, one who could take the magistrates place on the bench during his holidays or absence of any far away business. Living in this vicinity not far from my place of employment was a very happy loving old couple who during there life together had made good on a farm of there own, owing to there old age they decided to sell out and live closer to the city. So buying a small cottage they settled down to enjoy the remaining days of there old age, During there years on the farm they raised one son who by now had growned to be a fine healthy young man, one who never knew the meaning of hard work. Tough times. Or what it meant to go cold and hungry. He was given a good Education and held the top hand of being one of the best carpenters for miles around. This meant nothing to him for he did not believe in work, why, simply because he was spoiled from the start,

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In other words one would say he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, His father kept him looking his best, allowed him ample pocket money and seen no harm or wrongs in all his doings no matter what it cost him to keep him out of trouble, His mother's teachings would only go in one ear and out the other with only a sneer from him to her questions or teachings, The loss of his father meant nothing to him for he could see far ahead how he could reap a richer harvest by robbing his poor old mother, He had to have more money than what his father allowed him in order to attend the gambling halls, Pool parlours. Beer gardens. And dance halls, Etc, How did he get the money to fulfill his days and nights of pleasure, Only by beating his mother whenever she refused to give him the money that he demanded, But he had overlooked one thing. The neighbours, who had come in aid of her mournfull screams. Of which had found himself behind bars for a year, The

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was the first to go to his aid, certainly not his friends, but the love of his mother who could not bare the thought of her son being behind bars, so she bailed him out, to freedom and another chance, did this learn him the great love of a mother for her son, certainly not, for it was long before he found himself behind bars once again for a longer stretch without the love of a mother to bail him out the second time, my hatred for this fellow was aroused more deeply when my employer explained to me one evening while in conversation about the new chicken house that we were building and how he had been thinking of paying the fine to get him out, not for his sake but more for his mother's who had come over to see him about it one evening, I can use him here he says to me, plenty of work as for carpentry work is concern to keep him busy for a while, I'll drive into town tomorrow and see what arrangements I can make, any man who beats or abuse his own mother deserves

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to stay where he is, that's too good for him, No, anything but a man I have no use for anyone such as he, I wish that he went to the house, I knew that I would be busy on the land with the tractor to bother much about him if my boss did succeed in getting him out, which according to his high ability he would, towards evening the following day I was to learn that my boss had got him his release under the circumstances that he was going to give him employment and take all responsibility, I wondered how it would end, though I'm happy to say that he never let my boss down during his months of employment, do you see a mother's love had won once again for the son she loved, You could be so cowardly to the one greatest love of his life. (Mother,} Something seemed to have changed this fellow's whole being, Was it the wrinkles and grey hairs of the little frail old lady who was always the first to go to his assistance, No, certainly not, He had lost the one most precious love in this world
His Mother,

The becoming of a great City now called St. Catharines Ontario, The Garden City of Canada, Its my home town and I know it inside out like a book, where this great City now stands its territory can tell of many things that happened during its days and years of wild life, Its cow trails, Heavily wooded timbered land and its wild beasts, Its odd settlers that made there riches from there rich farming land and there thousands of head of cattle that they sold during round up ~~time~~, Not mentioning what they made from the heavy timber during the winter months, Along these trails led to four corners called the black horse corners, Facing these corners over looking the trails was built a two storey building called the black horse tavern a half way house for all to rest and to wash down the dust with the very best of whisky that was sold in them days for twenty five cents a gallon, This place was owned and run by one of the toughest and most crooked

Nombre of this Territory with his six hired hands to help him carry out his crooked deals, Robbing the cow hands of there pay rolls with his crooked gambling dens. And stealing cattle where ever he seen fit by night, Many a cow poke bit the dust at these four corners for playing a crooked game at cards, Even a good gambler that played an honest game never got very far with his winnings unless he was fast on the draw, The six hired men seen that there boss es money never got very far away, The only ones who ever beat them at there own crooked game was the ones who out drawed them, The law in them days was a good pair of forty fours or a good twin pair of pearl handle forty fives carried at the hips, It wasnt long before this nest of skunks was cleaned out and buried where they fell at the four corners, The tavern facing they four corners was soon in full swing again owned and run by one of the old time settlers who was well liked for miles around, This old settler and his

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wife lived and owned a small ranch in the centre of this big City where it stands today. Some of the old big timber can still be seen today that marked the size of these ranch, During there running of the black horse tavern they managed to obtain peace and order. But in spite of it all they couldnt stop the shootings for they wanted. These 4 corners was the end of the trail for a good many rustlers and robbers. But as the years rolled by this territory soon began to grow into a City. The few old timers that was left moved further west to finish out there remaining life, leaving behind them many a story that no one ever knew. The only place that held all the secrets was the black horse tavern and its four corners. Today, as you drive along from far off Citys and pass through this Great City of St Catharines Ont you will be driving along the great wide cement highway leading to these 4 corners that once used to

1890

be the old dusty wagon and cow trails, you will not see the old tavern but erected in its place facing these 4 corners is a lovely fine hotel. To accomodate tourists, Caroline station. Garages etc. As you stroll around these buildings and venture into the bush you will see many a tell-tale sign of what this country was like before it came into civilization. Even today while working on any farms ploughing up this rich land you will find many an arrow head made out of flint used by the Indians of long ago. The one remaining point of this Episode is how this City got its name. It so happens it got its name from the old settler's wife who's name was Catharine. So they decided to name this city after them by calling it St Catharines Ont.

Glossary

ENGLISH,	CANADIAN,	ENGLISH,	CANADIAN
Lavement,	Side-walk,	Sweet pudding,	Dessert,
Petrol,	Gasoline,	Lard,	Lie,
Plate,	Silverware,	Teats,	Apples,
Plum cake,	Fruit-cake,	Tin. -	Can.
Pillar box,	Mail Box,		
Post,	Mail.		
Reel of cotton,	Spool of thread,		
Rubber,	Eraser,		
Scent	Perfume,		
Shopwalker,	Floorwalker,		
Silencer,	Muffler,		
Sledge,	Sled,		
Snow boots,	Overshoes or Galoshes,	Torch,	Flash-light,
Spanner,	Wrench,	Tram. tramway,	Street car,
Spirits,	Liquor,	Treacle,	Syrup or molasses,
Stalls,	Orchestra seats,	Waist coat,	Vest,
Steadings,	Farm buildings,	Washing,	Laundry,
Suspenders,	Garters,	Wireless,	Radio,
Sweets,	Randy,	Van,	Truck,
Tea,	Supper.	Vest.	Undershirt,



Died on April 2nd, 1969 in Hamilton
Ontario.

Went to Lillies (Holtz)

Was a war hero

Died at the age of 71

Glossary,

ENGLISH	CANADIAN	ENGLISH	CANADIAN
Bank note,	Bill,	Language theatre	Aisle,
Boiled sweet	Candy,	Geyser,	Water heater,
Booking office,	Ticket office,	Goods wagon,	Freight car,
Braces,	Suspenders,	Guard (railway)	Conductor,
Boarding,	Bill Board,	Abberdashers,	Men's Wear,
Car taker,	Janitor,	Air purchase	Instalment Pl.
Chemist	Druggist,	Ice,	Ice cream,
Chemist shop,	Drug store,	Ironmongery	Hardware,
Corn,	Wheat,	Joint,	Roast,
Cotton wool,	Absorbent cotton.	Larder,	Lantern,
Curtains,	Drapes,	Lift,	Elevator,
Dicky,	Rumble seat,	Lounge suit,	Business suit,
Drapery shop,	Dry Goods store,	Lorry,	Truck,
Dust bin,	Garbage can,	Luggage,	Baggage,
Dust man,	Garbage man,	Spacintosh,	Raincoat,
Fishmonger,	Fish dealers,	Spize,	Corn,
Flannel,	Face cloth,	Motor car,	Automobile,
Flat,	Apartment,	Multiple shop,	Chain stores,
Galoshes,	Rubbers,	Paraffin,	Coal oil.