

No

CAPE BRETON YARNS

PIOUS JAMES

The priest of a west Cape Breton parish was visiting his flock one day. Some of them were miners and a bit rough in their language. As the good father approached the door of James ----- he heard an outburst of bad language, and he entered, saying reproachfully, " James ! James ! That's no way to talk ! "

Said James in a howl of anguish, " Yes, yes, I know, Father. But some goddam son of a bitch stole me crucifix and I can't say me prayers. "

ALL FOR THE FAITH BAR ONE

Dugald Campbell and his wife of Margaree were very proud of their three daughters, pious and clever ##### girls who went to the nuns' school at Inverness. When the Mother Superior came to Dugald to ask permission for the oldest daughter to take the veil, he gave his consent very readily. When, a year later, the Mother Superior came to ask for the second daughter, he was a bit dubious, but his wife talked him into a favorable mood and he gave his consent. But when, still another year later, the Mother Superior came for the third daughter, Dugald flew into a rage and would have none of it. There was a long argument. The Mother Superior persisted with the sweet determination of a saint, the parish priest added his good word, Dugald's wife joined in. Finally Dugald burst out, " All right ! All right ! Take her then. But for God's sake leave me the old woman ! "

THE STRICTLY FALLIBLE CHILD

Father MacPherson of Port Hood was making his rounds, and took occasion to chide one mother for not sending her boy to school every day. Said the mother indignantly, " But it's five miles to school, and how can we send the boy that far on a rainy day ? "

Said the good father, " My dear lady, don't you know that His Holiness, as a boy, used to walk seven miles to school in all sorts of weather ? "

" Oh my God, Father, but we weren't thinking of making a Pope out of our Hughie ! "

HOLY TURPENTINE

A farmer at Margaree had bought a cow of his neighbor down the road, a pious Presbyterian. The farmer and his wife were equally pious Catholics, and when the cow a few weeks later suffered a bad attack of the warble flies they sent their young son to fetch the bottle of holy water, blessed and carried home from Mass last Sunday. The boy, by mistake, caught up the bottle of turpentine, and when the good man began to dollop the fiery liquid over the sores on her back, the cow uttered a bellow, kicked up her heels and charged madly off down the road. The farmer's wife watched her disappearing in a small cloud of dust in the distance. " My ! " she said, awed. " Isn't she the strong Protestant, Angus ! "

PROUD RORY

Many sons of Cape Breton have made good in the educational field in the States. One of them, his parents long dead, and the old home sold, used to spend his summer vacations in the familiar village as a boarder in the home of Rory MacD. He liked the simple comfort of Rory's house, but the professor had grown used to modern plumbing and it irked him that Rory and his wife -- and boarder -- had to use the edge of the woods for the demands of nature. The village was a small one in a back district, and the descendants of the pioneers still clung to the ancient customs.

At the end of a summer the professor handed Rory \$15 and said, " Now, Rory, I want you to take that money and buy some boards and tar-paper and build yours~~elf~~ a backhouse this winter. You know the idea -- dig a hole, put up a small building over it to shelter a person from the weather, and rig a seat inside with a hole in it to sit upon." And away he went.

When he returned the following July he was astonished and pained to see no little building at the back -- nothing but the vegetable patch and the well worn path to the edge of the woods. The greetings over, he pressed Rory on the matter of the backhouse. Rory promptly forked the \$15 out of his jeans and handed it back.

"I~~##~~ couldn't build that thing," he announced indignantly. " I got thinking it over, and the more I thought of it, the more I could hear the people saying to one another, ' There he goes -- proud Rory -- shits in a box ! ' "

SINFUL HAM

(Anecdote of Rev. J.W.A.Nicholson)

Old Doctor Pollock, who was head of Pine Hill College years ago, would never eat a ham sandwich, which proved an awkward matter for hostesses at tea parties and such-like festivities. He would say in a loud voice, " I never touch that Cadarene stuff. We are told on the best authority that devils went into the swine, and there is no evidence whatever that they ever came out."

A PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND STORY

(Told by Rev. J.W.A.Nicholson)

A preacher of a small holy-roller sect was driving along one cold winter day with a horse and sleigh. The horse was a starved and decrepit thing, and the sleigh was old and rickety. The preacher was well muffled in an old buffalo coat; there was nothing to indicate the divinity of his calling. He paused to pass the time of day with a man on the road. There was some conversation about the weather, and the roads, and the prospects for next year's potato prices, and finally the local man asked, " You're not a farmer hereabouts ? "

PREACHER (with dignity) " No, my good friend, I'm a follower of Jesus Christ."

LOCAL MAN (with a look at the horse and sleigh). " Well, I doubt you'll ever overtake him with a rig like that ! "

SHUTTING UP DONALD BAN

(Anecdote of Rev. J.W.A.Nicholson)

Donald Ban was one of the unco guid and rather a thorn in my side. He was very much down on the drink, and one night he came to me with an air of immense importance and demanded that I refuse the communion to any man who had been drinking. This was in a day and age when strong drink was a very common form of nourishment in all parts of Cape Breton. I knew such a measure would create a storm. Still, Donald was a pillar of the church, indeed the chief pillar of mine.

So I said with enthusiasm, " Good ! Good ! It shall be done. But I can't stop there, Donald Ban. There are other deadly sins. I shall refuse the communion to any man given to swearing, to bad temper, to pride, and a number of other things. It will be glorious -- but, Donald Ban, I don't know what ~~the~~ will become of ~~the~~ our fine little congregation, for there will be no minister to preside, and no elder to pass the sacrament ! "

I heard no more of Donald Ban's proposal.

THE GREAT NEW GAME

A dear old Cape Breton lady who had spent a blameless life in the seclusion of a village in the hills returned from a visit to Sydney full of enthusiasm. She described the street cars, the fine buildings, the shops and crowds, and finally she ~~the~~ said, " And there's a new game everybody is playing and it's such fun. You go into a building and you sit on a bench that runs around a little platform. You have a card of numbers and some little round wooden things to cover them, and when the man on the platform calls out a number you look to see if it's on your card. If it is, you cover it with one of the little wooden things. That goes on till somebody has his card full. He calls out " Bingo ! " Then everybody else says, " Shit ! " And ~~the~~ the man who said Bingo gets a box of chocolates."
