



THE NEW BEARCAT

EXERCISE BOOK
BIGGER AND BETTER

NAME LEGENDS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

CLASS and ANECDOTES

SCHOOL _____

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1. The Highland Fling
(For 1 or more persons)

2. Sword Dance
(For 1 person)

3. Four Hand Reel
(for 4 people.) Starts with a slow tune, then a faster one, finally a really fast tune.

4. Schottische

The first Mac Isaac to settle at Reas Judique Interval, was John Mac Isaac who came in 1820 from the island of Uigg, Scotland, with his wife, two daughters and four sons. Here is the receipt for their passage money -

"Tobermory Aug 10, 1820

Have received from John Mac Isaac, Island of Uigg, and family consisting of eight, the sum of 52 pounds and 10 shillings, being their freight to Pictou."

The ship put into Ship Harbour (now Port Hawkesbury) leaking, & the passengers were put ashore. They walked to Judique and took up 800 acres there.

Anecdote from John MacIsaac, pipe-fitter at Murray Paper mill, 1938. 3.

"I heard this story long ago in the Gaelic. My grandmother spoke Gaelic only, had no English. It was back in her time there were a few niggers down River Denys way that had the Gaelic. It seems that one or two nigger families had drifted there from somewhere back in the old, old, time; and their children, brought up amongst people that had nothing but Gaelic, grew up to speak it as their own tongue. One of these niggers grew up to be a real witty fellow. I don't know his name. Anyway, a priest, a Father Mac Gillivray I think was sent down amongst the people, and he was travelling the road looking up the Catholics of his new parish. He stopped this nigger with a question in English, asking where so-and-so lived, and so-and-so. The nigger answered in Gaelic & they struck up a conversation. Finally the good father asked "Are you a Catholic?" And the nigger said quickly, "O no, father, far from it. I am FEAR DHU!"

"Fear dhu" means literally "the black fellow"; an epithet commonly applied to Satan by Gaelic-speaking folk of Cape Breton.

4/
Witch beliefs of Lunenburg County

Told me at various times between 1934 and 1940 by Mrs. Alma Joudrey, housekeeper for an aged man at Eagle Head. She was a tall strong woman of 45 or 50, who ran the little shore farm with the vigour of a man. She could neither read nor write but she was a woman of strong convictions and once started was a voluble and even violent talker. Her life had been hard. Born in a little backwoods settlement somewhere between Bridgewater and Dublin Shore, several miles west of the Rahave River, she was one of a large family, and at 12 was "adopted" by a dairy-farming family just outside Bridgewater. She was the family drudge, later graduating through a post as chambermaid in a Bridgewater hotel, to ~~the~~ marriage with a near-do-well, to a wandering life in domestic service. She was full of the old "Sutch" superstitions heard at the knees of her parents and grand parents, and a hard life had convinced her that witches existed and made things difficult for the hard-working and virtuous.

WITCHES

These were ordinary people, well-known in each district, who possessed the power to transform themselves by night and "go about witching". Usually they took the form of a cat or a bird, if they were seen at all; but a witch might assume any form. Thus Mrs Joudrey's grandmother had once seen a piece of wool fluff come into a room through the keyhole, float all about the room, & then vanish through the keyhole again. This was a witch. Witches could enter a locked and fastened house through a key-hole, a knot-hole, or even the crack under a door. However they entered, they always left by the same means and at the same place, like the ball of fluff above. People who suffered sudden and unusual ill health usually

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found themselves bewitched. There were various defensive measures. One, often used, was to withdraw into the house, locking all doors and windows, fitting corks into all knot-holes and key-holes, ~~still~~ keeping a roaring fire to prevent descent of the chimney, and living thus in a state of siege until the "witch" wearied of the affair and health came back.


(Note: This is still done in parts of Lunenburg County. In 1931 one Naaman Smith, of Simpson's Corner, was tried for murder in the Bridgewater court house. I saw part of the trial. It was a famous case because for years a "witch doctor" - so called by the people of the district - had flourished at Simpson's Corner, giving "prescriptions" on witchcraft problems for fat cash fees. Smith, finding himself bewitched, had gone to the "doctor". He was informed that his uncle was "witching" him and he and his family must shut themselves up in the house fastening everything, even sealing the window cracks with brown paper. Smith did all these things, and finding them exceedingly uncomfortable, decided it was easier to kill the witch. This he did, with a rifle, as the unfortunate uncle was busy in his wood-chopping. Everybody expected to see the "witch doctor" hailed into court as a material witness, but such was his power over the district that nobody would breathe a word against him and the Crown had to drop the most interesting angle of the case. Naaman Smith was found guilty but insane & I think he was sent to Dartmouth Insane Asylum. W. G. Ernst prosecuted for the Crown, I believe.)

Other preventive measures. To keep a Bible under one's pillow. To nail a horse shoe to the door step thus: -



i.e. with the open end facing the doorway

6/ No witch could pass over a horse shoe thus installed.
If you feared an attack by a witch while out of the house
you could ward it off by swearing your coat inside out.

But the chief talisman against witches was a small
cross, made Saint Andrew's fashion —  thus.

It was made of dogwood twigs each about 3 inches long,
fastened together with a new pin (i.e. a pin never used for
anything else). These little crosses were fastened by their
pins over every door and window. The crosses could be
made at any time, but they had to be installed before
sunrise, preferably on Easter Morning.

While witches operate on the human person, they
prefer to harm a man by "witching" his cattle.

A sudden illness of a cow or pig or steer is almost
certain to be the work of a witch. The worst part is
that the witch is generally one of your neighbours, and
often one you did not suspect. If you can strike
or in some other way hurt the beast-form of the
witch (in a cab, for instance) the marks are sure to show
the next morning in the human form of that same witch.

I quote from Mrs. Judson a few typical cases: —

(A) "Hirtle, a yoke-maker, went to make a double yoke
for Smeltzer's oxen. Smeltzer was to have a piece of
birch-wood ready. Hirtle arrived about daylight and
found Smeltzer still abed and the house locked, so
he went out into the ~~stable~~ ^{stall} and sat on a milking
stool to wait for Smeltzer to get up. The stall was
pitch dark. Suddenly a small blue light appeared
in the doorway, ran along the wall and came to

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a halt on the boards above the partition between the ox-stalls. There it widened & took the form of a square, like a little door opening, and there Hurtle saw a little female face, very evil, which he recognized. The witch saw him then, and withdrew, and the little blue light ran along the wall and out doors the way it came. Hurtle ran to the house then, and beat on the door crying "Smeltzer! Smeltzer! Old Tillie Joe is trying to witch the oxen!"

So she was too. That was Mrs. Joe Haugler. We called her Tillie Joe. Everybody knew she was a witch.

(B) "Sarty's cow was sick and wouldn't give milk. He decided somebody was witching her. He took a heavy logging chain and beat the cow with it several times at night. In the morning he hurried over to Tillie Joe's, and, sure enough, she had the marks of chain links in the skin of her forehead."

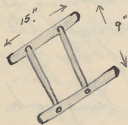
(C) "I remember, as a child, being sent to Tillie Joe's on an errand one morning, and seeing her fall down in her kitchen and break a leg. Old Mrs. Nebb was there and she said "Ah, Tillie, so you was away witchin' somewheres last night."

(D) "Something got the matter with Sterie Cookum's oxen, they wouldn't eat or drink, hoof nor haw. He tried to get them out of the barn to the brook to drink but they wouldn't go, so Sterie knew somebody was witching them. He went to a witch doctor, who told Sterie to take off his vest, fill the pockets with new

8 / nails, and then beat the oxen with it like a flail. If he did that, the witch was sure to appear in his human form. So Steve got the nails and beat the cattle with his vest and after a few strokes, there was a voice at his elbow, and there stood Marvin Reh fuss wanting to buy the old pine tops left from Steve's logging the past winter. That was how Steve found out Marvin Reh fuss was a witch."

NOTE The "dog-wood" mentioned above holds a prominent place in Lunenburg County superstition. Old Erlin Gelp, a retired sea-cook aged 73, told me in 1940 the following:

"In my day, in the Lunenburg County fishing vessels, we did a lot of hand-lining (i.e. catching fish with single lines, held in the hand, instead of trawls) and every man made his own reel,



to wind his line on. Those reels had to be made of dog-wood else they were "unlucky". When you brought a new reel on board some of the old hands were sure to say, "Is it dog-wood? If it aint, it's no good boy."

We used to go to a lot of trouble to get good pieces of dog-wood and then shape it, carve it, sandpaper it - some of our reels were a work of art, I tell you.

NOTE:- This "dogwood" - so called by some of the country people - is mountain ash or rowan-tree. There is no true dog-wood in Nova Scotia.

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Like other people in the world, Lunenburg folk hold the number 13 unlucky. They make one curious exception. When they "set" a hen, they make sure she has thirteen eggs under her. This is commonly an old custom in Nova Scotia, on the theory that 13 is the largest number of eggs a hen can cover.

(From old Bernard Wharton, Beach Meadows) — "The best thing for a sore back is a piece of sennit — that's 3 strands of marline plaited together) — worn about your middle like a belt, near the skin. It's an old remedy I first heard of in fishing schooners out of Gloucester, and I've seen it cure men that the doctors had give up."

Doctor Murray told me of a house-maid in Liverpool suffering from periodic hemorrhage of the nose. He found her wearing a nub-meg on a red yarn about her neck; she said it was an old remedy for nose-bleed in her family. She was a Queens County girl; but Murray encountered the same thing in Pictou County.

Some years before 1939 lightning struck a pasture near Beach Meadows. A man digging post-holes near the spot later unearthed an Indian axe or celt of polished stone. He did not know what it was, but all the old people thereabouts (mostly of German descent via Lunenburg) told him it was a thunderbolt. (See CELT in Encyclopaedia Britannica for a similar belief in Europe & other countries)

Information from Everett Wentzell, Beach Meadows.

Doctor W. H. Leim, of the Marine Biological Station, St. Andrews, told me (1943) that in Lunenburg a few years ago he was told by the head of a big fishery-supply firm "A vessel must always tie up to the south side of a wharf while outfitting. To outfit at the north side of a wharf is bad luck. I don't believe it myself, of course — but a "north-side" vessel just wouldn't be able to get a crew."

(Given me by Mike Mo-ko-ne "McCooney", aged 69, at Broad River
August 4, 1940)

After the English drove the French away (i.e. the Acadian expulsion) some of the French people took refuge with the Indians at Port Medway. They were all camped together on an island near Fogler's Cove. I do not know the name of the island; it was the one nearest Fogler's Cove. There were no English at Port Medway then. The Indians called Port Medway "UL-GWE-DOOK" meaning "mushroom".

These French people had run away from the Annapolis Valley. In the Fall when the cold weather began, they began to wonder if the English had gone away from the Valley, and if any French people were left there. Two Indians volunteered to go. I think they must have gone on foot, because that is the way the story goes.

The two Indians had each a long military coat with brass buttons that the French had given them. When they were getting near the Valley they saw a rustle in the bushes. One Indian put up his gun. The other said "Those are WENJOO"

(WENJOO = FRENCH) The Indians waited a while and crept up on the place, and found two young French women almost naked. The women were afraid and clung together. The Indians did not know what to do. At first they decided to go on to the Valley on their errand, because they did not want to be burdened with two women who had no clothes and would not know how to look after themselves. The women called them back, and said they had run away from the Valley and had torn their clothes to pieces on the bushes. They wept. The Indians did not like to look at the white women because they had no clothes and because they wept.

But after talking together for a while they took off their coats " and threw them to the women. They would not go near the women until their nakedness was covered. MicMacos did not like to look at naked women, not even their own women.

When the women put the coats on, the Indians started back for Vogler's Cove and took the women with them. The French people on the island were very glad to see them.

I don't know what became of the French and Indians after that. They went away. I heard this story from the old people when I was a boy.

NOTE: The MicMacos could not pronounce the letter R always rendered it as an L sound when speaking French or English. This gave rise to some queer twists in names, hence the following anecdotes supplied by Mike Mo-Ko-ne in giving me the origin of certain place names.

Fifty or a hundred years ago there was an Indian family that went by the name of GABRIEL, a French name which they pronounced COB-LE-EL. One of them lived to be very old and there are several places named after him in Queens County. He lived with a number of other MicMacos at Greenfield, but he roamed about a good deal. For many years he had a hunting camp in a big patch of green woods in the hardwood country west of Bon Nature Lake. This patch of softwood timber is still (1940) known to the lumbermen of Milton as "COBLEE'S BUNCH."

There is a lake named after COB-LE-EL in North Queens somewhere, or maybe it is on the Annapolis side.

When COB-LE-EL was a very old man, he and his squaw were overtaken by a storm while crossing Lake Rossignol in a bark canoe. They had almost reached the shelter of The Flopper (which the Micmacs called NE-GA-JA-GO-A-GO-OOM) when the canoe struck a rock which they had not seen in the big waves. They jumped out on the rock, and COB-LE-EL hung on to the canoe. There was barely room for two people to stand on the rock, and it was under water, and the waves were high, and the wind was blowing a storm. There was nothing to hold on to. It was cold and they were old. There was only one chance for them and that was to repair the hole in the canoe.

That was what COB-LE-EL did, with a piece of bark, nobody knows how. It took a long time. The canoe was half full of water and the waves kept washing it about. The squaw held him while he worked.

After that, all the Indians called that rock COB-LE-EL'S Rock, and one of his sons cut a mark in it, his father's mark (TOTEM?) to show the fact.

In the old days in Queens County there was an Indian named BER-NALD (from the French BERNARD) This came to be known amongst the English as PENAUL. BER-NALD was a famous Micmac warrior who had fought all over the province for the French in the war against the English. Once they had him cornered somewhere on the seaward slope of the North Mountain. BER-NALD cut down a pine tree, worked six days with fire and tomahawk to get it hollowed into a canoe, and paddled it across the Bay of Fundy to escape. He lived to be a very old man and is said to have had 22 children, most of them sons. He lived at Port Mouton (called WO-LO-GOM-KOOK by the Micmacs) many years. There was an Indian hunting trail

that came across to Broad River from the Port Mouton river. BER-NAUD (or PE-NAUL as the English have it) used to rest his loads of moose-meat on a big rock near Broad River.

The lumbermen still call it PE-NAUL'S ROCK. You can see it where the tote road forks on the west side of Broad River. Just where the branch runs off to Campbell's Dam is PENAUL'S ROCK.

(See note on Penall in Murdoch's History of N.S. Vol. 2. P. 372)

There was a French settlement at Port Mouton long before the English. They used to come and dry fish in summer, and they built a big house with a cellar, on the first point past Wobamkek as you go towards South West Port Mouton. You can still see where the cellar was.

There was a tribe of Micmacs at Port Mouton then and they got in a row with the French fishermen and there was a fight. The Frenchmen shut themselves in the wooden building. It was a hot dry summer. The Micmacs shot arrows into the building, with bits of burning birchbark and pitch, and set the place on fire. The Frenchmen surrendered. The Indians took them out on an island just off the shore and tortured them to death. The island is still called Massacre Island. The Indians burned the French vessel. She was built of some very hard kind of oak and did not burn very well but she sank at last; in my time you still could see the shape of her amongst the weeds on the bottom when the water was clear.

NOTE On August 11th 1940 Mike Mo-ko-ne went with me to South West Port Mouton and showed me where the French of the massacre had their buildings. It was on a knoll overlooking the beach, on the point just east of

NOTE

When I went to see Mike Mo-Ko-ne on Aug 4, 1940, I noticed a tent pitched in the woods not far from his little shack, and met in the road an Indian woman with a club foot. I had not seen her for years. Her name is FLORENT (Florence) FRANCIS, & she is of Old Katie Francis' tribe at Milton, Queens Co. She is a tall slender woman, rather pasty-faced for an Indian (betraying the ancient drop of white blood in all the Francis veins) with intense black eyes and hair. She wore a fairly good hat and dress, a bit on the shabby side, and woollen stockings. On her "good" foot was a shoe. On the other a sort of moccasin, very neatly made. The club foot is turned inward, at a right angle to the other; she walks with a pronounced limp. She must be 40 years old.

Twelve years ago, when construction of the Mercury power development was in progress, there drifted into the base camp at Rapid Falls a man named Jack Carrier. He was a tall, rather good looking fellow of about 35 (this was 1928) with a long, smiling face, blue eyes and very good teeth. An intelligent fellow with some education. He got a job as cook in the base camp's mess hall. I talked to him sometimes. He had served in France with a Canadian Battalion and had a good fighting record. It was said that he ~~was~~ came of a good Montreal family.

The Indian settlement at Two Mile Hill was quite near the base camp, and one or two of the men took up with Indian women. One was Jack Carrier, and his astounding choice was the one known to everybody in Milton as "Club Foot". She was younger than, of course, but she had no beauty of body or soul that one could detect, and the hideous deformity had been too much even for the Indian men. He all put it down to a temporary madness; "just one of those things"; and said he would go back to Montreal at the job's end and that would be the end also of this grotesque affair.

I left the base camp in 1929 & saw no more of Club Foot

until this hot Sunday, the anniversary of the first German war. I said "Good Day" politely and passed on. Later, while I was engaged in talk with old Mike Mo-ko-ne, a man came with a bucket to Mike's well. It was Jack Carrier. He had been working, usually as a cook, in various lumber camps since 1929, and was now employed at the little steam saw-mill at Broad River Bridge, just below.

After he had gone, old Mike confirmed my suspicion. Jack Carrier was still living with Club Foot, had journeyed about the province with her ever since 1929, living this hand-to-mouth existence! They were not married, Mike said. But in some queer way they were deeply attached, and the tent in the woods below the spring was one more station on what had every appearance of being a life journey.

They finally got married in 1942

WEDDING BELLS

JULY 7, 1942
CARRIER - FRANCIS
SHEPPARD - FRANCIS

A quiet but pretty double wedding took place at Trinity Church Parsonage, July 7th, when the oldest daughter and the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Francis of Milton were united in marriage. The Rev. J. M. C. Wilson performed the ceremony.

Miss Florence Francis became the bride of John Carrier of England. The bride looked lovely in a floor-length dress of sand colored crepe with hat and accessories to match. Her corsage was of roses, sweet william and maiden hair fern. The bride was given in marriage by her father.

Miss Grace Francis became the bride of Harry Sheppard of England. The bride looked lovely in a floor-length dress powder blue silk with a sweetheart hat of powder blue and accessories to match. Her corsage was of roses, sweet williams and maiden hair fern. The bride was given in marriage by her mother.

Later a reception was held at the home of the brides' parents. They have the best wishes of their many friends. The happy couples will reside in Milton.

From Mike Mo-ko-ne — "The Indian he-dog is NA-BE-SUM. For a she-dog When an Indian woman is bad with her SKWESUM, just as white people call a woman a bitch. Florent Club-foot, she

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

east of Wobamkek Beach. It is immediately opposite Spectacle Island. The knoll is litened with big grass appears to be a big dune of sand; but Mike says (Corner of Wobamkek) that not many years ago it was turf, with foundation of the old French barrack or quarters, made of buried in sand, but we found several pebbled stones here in places the shallow pit of what may have been cellars supported by aligned boulders, and I picked up pieces of crudely-made brick, impregnated with coarse quartz gravel, just like the Mac Mac pottery. This all has something to do with the strange heaps of stones, mixed with broken brick, which are to be seen scattered amongst the trees on the hillside behind. Willis says they are remains of French fire-places.

(From Mike Mo-ko-ne and William Paul)

The Eskimo in N.S.?
See Harry Kuro.

The Micmac people came long ago from the south. In this country (Nova Scotia) they found a small people called BONE-YA (Micmac for magician = BOO-EEN) who had come there long ago from the north. The BONE-YA had magic and could make themselves invisible. They lived in caves (or huts of earth and stone) and held ceremonies in which they lit fires on the hilltops and beat drums. They lived along the coast and never ventured far inland. They were great hunters, and hunted a good deal with spears, which they threw. They also had bows and arrows. They were very strong. They were not a friendly people; they would not make friends with the Micmacs, and after a time they went away to Labrador, where they came from.

I have heard old tales of the first meeting between Micmacs and Boneya. It happened somewhere up Broad River. (Queens County) not far from the sea. A hunting party of Micmacs saw two small men carrying caribou meat across a bog. The Micmacs were standing in the edge of the woods. Each of the Boneya was carrying a whole quarter of meat. They were on snowshoes. They carried the meat easily. As they drew near to the Micmacs they saw them. The Micmacs had their bows and arrows ready to shoot. The Boneya dropped their loads and were afraid. They said words that the Micmacs could not understand. Finally they made signs for the Micmac men to come and take the meat. The Micmacs came and cut off some of the meat. The little men picked up the rest and ran away over the snow crust.

I have heard in the old tales that a tribe of Boneya lived beside the lake that flows into the head of Port Joli. That is the lake that lies to the left of the highway as you come from Liverpool over the high hill. It flows into Port Joli through a very short brook. (i.e. Robertson's Lake - JHR)

FRENCH NAMES ADOPTED AS FAMILY NAMES BY THE MICMACS

<u>FRENCH</u>		<u>MicMac VERSION</u>
JEAN	-	SAN
PIERRE	-	PE-AL
BERNARD	-	PE-NAUL
MARTIN	-	MAL-TI
FRANCOIS	-	FRANCIS
PAUL	-	PAUL
CLAUDE	-	GLODE
ALEXANDRE	-	ALEXI, ALEK, ALAN
(BENEDICT) BENOIT	-	BENOIT ALSO BENEDICT
GABRIEL	-	COBLEAL
DOMINIQUE	-	DOMINIC
ANTOINE	-	TONY
JEREMIE	-	JEREMY
LUCIEN	-	LUXI, LUXION
MATHIEU	-	MATTEO
Moise (MOSES)	-	MUISE
NOEL	-	NOWELL, NEWELL, CHRISTMAS
MARY	-	MOLLY
FLORENCE	-	FLORENT (FLOLENT)
CHARLES	-	CHARLES

(Patrick Campbell, "Travels in North America" 1791, 1792.)
 "The Indian (Malicite) name for the aspen tree is Woman's Tongue, for they say if one leaf be set in motion all the rest begin, & there is no such thing as stopping them."

THE "MOUNT TEMPLE"

A large British cargo steamer, the "Mount Temple," with a big general cargo for the U. S. A., went ashore on one of the Lahave Islands about the year 1910.

The underwriters took her cargo off and refloated her, but during the time that the ship lay unguarded on the reef, she was pillaged by a swarm of fishermen. The loot was scattered over Queens and Lunenburg, and sold for ridiculous prices.

Sam Freeman told me the following:

"Old Captain Sam Kempton of Milton ran an aerated water works and used to sell his product all over Western Nova Scotia. One day I was driving with a horse and buggy down by Lahave. I was selling life insurance then; it was a hot dusty day & I was dry, so I went into a little store and asked if they sold Kempton's ginger ale. The woman behind the counter answered in a broad "Dutch" accent, "Yess, ve got dat, and ve got diss champagne vine." I raised my eyebrows. "How much is the champagne?"

"De same as dat Kempton's stuff, five cents a glass." I took a glass of champagne of course. I got a look at the bottle — it was Piper Heidsieck 1890. The good woman didn't know what that meant; as far as she was concerned it was just some kind of foreign "aerated water" — she could see the bubbles.

She admitted with a giggle that it had come "off dat wreck" down to Lahave.

"Madame," said I, "This stuff has rather a pleasant taste. How much of it have you got?"

"A whole case"

"How much for the case?"

"Oh, I dunno. Would you t'ink five dollars was too much?"

I forked over the \$5 like lightning & went on my way rejoicing. That evening at a Bridgewater hotel, in the company of several congenial drummers, one of whom was found to have a toothache, I helped to kill that case of Piper Heidsieck, with blessings on "Mount Temple".

Bill Sheppard told me this: -

"When the 'Mount Temple' went ashore at Lahave she had on board a valuable consignment of Dutch bulbs for florists in the States. The wreckers, hastily pulling the cargo out of the holds and sampling it on deck, opened a box of bulbs. One took a bite. 'Onions!' he cried, and into the sea went the lot.

Some Bridgewater people heard about it and went out in a launch and salvaged some of the bulbs. Stuff thrown overboard was afterwards found all along the shore of Queens & Lunenburg.

A few years later I was working in my garden amongst the daffodils when a farmer from Beach Meadows halted his ox wagon in the street outside. He leaned over the fence and announced, "Them's

20, purty flowers, ain't they? But I'm surprised to find a town man botherin' to grow wild flowers in his garden."

I said "Where'd you ever see daffodils growing wild?"

He answered airily "Down home. They grow in the woods by the shore."

I thought he was pulling my leg, so I said "If I come down to Beach Meadows next Sunday, will you show these things growing wild?"

"Sure thing," he said. And he did, when I went there by car on the following Sunday. There was a strip of swamp running back from the sea into the woods, and that swamp was ablaze with daffodils. It was far from any habitation. Nobody seemed to know anything about the flowers. They had been blooming there "several years". The only possible solution was that the bulbs had drifted to Beach Meadows from the "Mount Temple" and washed up over the swamp on a storm tide; or perhaps were buried in the swamp by children who had found them on the beach. Anyway, I dug up a lot of them for my garden & I call them my "Mount Temple daffodils."

Tale of Scabby Lou

(Heard at various times in Liverpool, Milton, Caledonia & Port Morton, where Scabby had lived at various times).

Scabby Lou's real name was Louis Labrador. He was very dark and hairy & his face was pitted by small-pox, hence the name. He was a great character in his day, an authority on woods lore - and the weather. One day a Milton merchant John Morton, asked Scabby Lou when it was going to rain. There had been a drought, and the crops were parched. Scabby consulted the sky and said, "Tomorrow afternoon."

Morton looked at the sky. It was clear and hot.

"I don't believe it."

"Bet you fi' cents she is rain tomorrow" snapped Lou.

"Done!" said Morton.

The following afternoon the sky clouded up & there was a shower - no more. Lou appeared in Morton's store for his money.

"But that was only a sprinkle!" Morton objected.

"How much rain you want for fi' cents?" retorted Lou.

He got his money.

Scabby Lou, born about 1840, died in 1908.

Tale of Len Seaman

(Told in Milton in the 1920's, & never denied by Doctor Smith)

Len was a tall roaring grey-whiskered old fellow who lived at Two Mile Hill in the angle between the Annapolis Road and the old river road. He was a character, and so was his wife Betsy, an Amazon who paddled about the house in bare feet and smoked a pipe. They lived in a very uncleanly fashion, but were happy and comfortable in that fashion.

One day Len's ~~ox~~ ^{ox} trod on his right foot and crushed it painfully. Len didn't do anything about it for a day or two, and then Betsy spied Doctor J. W. Smith of Liverpool, driving by, and ran out and hailed him. In he came.

"Take off your boot & sock & let's have a look at it."

Len took off boot & sock, exposing an extremely filthy foot.

"Len Seaman," snorted the stout doctor, "I'll bet a dollar that's the dirtiest foot in Queens County."

"You lose your money," roared Len — and pulled boot and sock off the other foot. The hurt right foot Betsy had daubed with a rag, the day of the accident. The left foot hadn't been washed in Len's life.

Doctor Smith laughed — and paid the dollar, knowing full well he would never be paid for his visit.

Tale of Bill Foster

(Personal knowledge)

Bill Foster was a little old whining loafer who lived mostly by begging and the aid of the overseers of the poor. He had married and raised a brood of ~~scabious~~ ^{scabious} children, who left the parental shack one by one to loaf and beg on their own. When Bill wanted cash very badly he would come to the old Macleod pulp mill at Milton and work for a few days. Then he would quit on the plea of his health. The rest of his time was spent fishing for salmon & trout, or (in winter) sitting over a stove, or loafing on Milton corner.

When the paper mill was building, and there was a great demand for labour on the power developments up-river, (1928-29) life became very awkward for the corner loafers. Somebody was always driving up in a car and offering a job.

And the overseers of the poor became hard-hearted, declaring that much work had made poor-relief needless.

It was too much for Bill. For the first time in his life he left the village and went off somewhere (nobody ever knew where) to parts where work was scarce and loafing a recognised occupation. He stayed a couple of years.

The boom on the Mersey was over then, & since things had blown over, Bill came back and established himself very happily on the relief rolls once more. When he reached the age of 70 and qualified for the old age pension he was in seventh heaven. He got himself a respectable hat, and begged a fairly good suit of clothes and wore a pair of pince-nez glasses on a black ribbon, which gave him the look of a deacon in need of a shave.

Let was wearing this costume on a day in May 1941, when I saw him on one of the piers of the lower bridge at Milton, wielding a dip-net on a long pole. It was the

24 time of the Kiack run, and Bill had arrived at the river too late to occupy one of the better dipping stands. Up further, in the best places, a number of youngsters were flinging out fish after glittering fish. Bill had nothing, though he stooped and dipped hopefully. In one of these fruitless scoops his glasses fell off and dropped to the end of the ribbon. Bill straightened up to put them on again, and saw me and Cecil Brown looking over the bridge rail. There were tears in his eyes. "Here I am," he whined, "a tax-payer all me life — and can't get a place to dip Kiacks!"

KIACK TIME :

The latter half of May, & the first few days of June, is the period of the Kiack run, in Queens County at any rate. The Indians used to watch for the blossoming of the wild pear (Indian pear) as the fish always came out that time.

SALMON TIME

Salmon runs come in the Nova Scotia streams at various times from January to September. In most of the south shore streams there is a good run in July just when the wild strawberries are ripening, and this run was commonly known in an older day as the "strawberry run".

WOODCOCK

"Abandon the alder coverts & gather on fairly high land about the full moon in October, and then after a single hard frost, will vanish south in a single night" — Veitch .P.245.

Locust trees predominate among the shade trees along the streets of Milton, & to a lesser extent in Liverpool.

There was a row of big locusts 100 feet high, 3 feet or more through the butt, on the street edge of a property I formerly owned in Milton (now the Baptist parsonage). Old "Jimmie"

Nickerson, then aged about 95, told me in 1928 that he remembered lame William Ford, ~~the~~^a former owner, hiring Scabby Lou, the Indian, to plant these trees about 1860.

As all the locusts in South Queens, of mature size, seem to be about the same age (they are all beginning to die now, 1941) it seems there must have been a great planting of them in the 1850's & 60's.

Sam & Lester Huskins, lumbermen of Milton, referring to the durability of locust wood, state that a corner fence post on their home property, of locust wood, is known to have been there at least a century.

Hemlock wood

Mice & rats won't gnaw hemlock because it is too splintery. Old-time farmers used to make their oat-bins of hemlock for this reason.

Indian (Malecite) prayer

(From "Travels in North America" by Patrick Campbell, 1791-92)

"I pray to the Great Spirit to protect me in my travels, to give me a bright sun, a blue sky, and clear untroubled waters."

Sam (born about 1876) lives (1941) alone in a little shack on the "back road" on the west side of Mersey River just below Milton. He has lived in a state of semi-starvation as long as anyone can remember. He looked 60 when he was 35, and now that he is 65 no one can notice any difference. He has a peculiar trade, self-chosen, which employs him only a week or ten days each spring & fall; and he will work at nothing else.

From pioneer times it has been the Milton custom to turn oxen and steers loose in the wild meadows up the Mersey River every spring, and bring them down in the fall for the winter's work — or the winter's beef. In a lumbering district where cattle are employed in fall, winter & spring, but little farming is done, this relieved the owners of the cost & care of feeding their cattle through the summer.

For 40 years Sam has been Milton's herdsman for these bi-annual migrations. The spring job is fairly simple: he gathers the cattle and drives them up the "river road" — which runs about 15 miles up the east bank of the Mersey — and distributes them in groups in the wild pastures.

But rounding them up in Fall is a tough job. The cattle have wandered and scattered all through the woods along the east bank. Some even ford the river in places like the shallows at the foot of Big Falls, tempted by the green grass on the other side, & then wander through the woods along the dim old logging trails. (West of the

27
river is a wooded wilderness, broken by patches of bog
and wild meadow, stretching nearly to Garmouth.)

Sam starts off from Mullon on foot with a crust of
bread in his ragged jacket & a few matches. With
that equipment he will keep going till he finds enough
cattle to warrant a journey down the river. Then, back
again to the bush, till the last lone "creetur" is safe
in its owner's barn-yard. When night comes, Sam lights
a small fire & curls up in the lee of a fallen log, rain
or shine. I remember a frosty night in November, 1923,
when I was moose-hunting with Harry and "Gusty"
Manthorn at Third Still-water Falls. We looked out of
the door of the Manthorn hunting shack & saw a little
prick of fire in the darkness up-stream on the east
bank of the river. We went over in the canoe and
found Sam, curled up for the night, with a fire just
big enough to fill a hat. He came over with us. We
filled him with grub & he slept on the floor next to me.
He confessed he hadn't eaten a thing for "I dunno, two
- three days, maybe." In the morning he was off
again.

He gets #2 a head for taking the cattle up-
river, and another #2 for bringing them back —
his own price, set back in the early 1900's and
never changed. The number of cattle is much less
than it used to be when Mullon was a busy sawmill
town. Nowadays 50 cattle would be a lot.

Sam is a little pale-eyed man with a shambling
gait and expressionless face. When you speak to him he
lets his mouth fall open and it stays open — a very
large toothless mouth — until you let him go. This

28 / gives you the impression of a gaping idiot but
Sam is intelligent in his animal way. He does not
like talking and will say nothing unless you ask
questions and demand answers. He keeps his scanty
sandy hair cropped close to his skull - to discourage lice,
I suppose. He wears the cast-off male rags of the village
— usually too large for his wizened body - & has never
been known to bathe except by accident - as wading
the river in pursuit of cattle.

29

"Through the Mill"

In January 1942 I walked with Parson Nicholson, of the United Church, Liverpool, to call on young George Brand at his lumber camp on Beech Hill. There was some snow & ice in the woods but the weather had been mild & the tote-road was a running stream. The camp was in a big clearing about 2½ miles from the last farm on the road from Hunts Point, a roomy place of good-sized logs, the chinks stuffed with moss and bits of sacking, the interior very dim, lighted only by a couple of little old window frames that had doubtless seen service in a Beech Hill hen-house. We had a good supper of baked beans, potatoes, brown bread etc., & afterwards had a yarn with the cook. He was a small bright-eyed lean man of about 50, in shirt sleeves & wearing a flour bag apron. His sleeves were rolled & I noticed that his right arm was crooked at the elbow & again at the wrist, & that two fingers of his right hand were missing & the others mis-shapen. Also he walked with an odd limp.

"How did that happen?" I asked, pointing to his arm.

He grinned, "I got that goin' through the mill."

"Yes, yes," said the parson, "that is how we all suffer - going through the mill. But how did this happen, precisely?"

"I told you," said the cook mildly. "I got it goin' through the mill. It's the truth. I went slam-bang through the mill from one end to the other in one flip. I was like this. I'm a Selig from Port Medway, though I live now at New Albany on the South Mountain for my wife's lungs. All us Port Medway young fellows used to go to sea, & I went in the flashin' vessels as a

30) cook's flunkiey & then as a cook. Went to the banks
for years. Got tired o' spendin' so much o' my life on the
water & made up my mind to get a job ashore & settle
down. I was tired o' cookin', too. So I got meself a job
with a sawmill back in the Lune'burg County woods.
It was one o' them portable mills, with a steam boiler that's
fired with slabs & the machinery under a low shed, open
both ends, made o' roughage lumber. The fore end was
towards the lake, where the logs floated & come up to the
saw on a chain. At the back end o' the shed was a
planet. They put me to work on the planet.

'Twas cold weather and I wore a mackinaw & mittens.
After I'd been at it two hours I felt like an old hand.
Jist about then I stooped over the belt to pick up
somethin' & my mitten caught in the belt lacin' somehow.
I ~~to~~ was drug off my feet in a second, and pulled along
to the shaft. The shaft caught in my mackinaw & whirled
me around & around like sixty, fetchin' me a thump
agin' one o' the roof joists each revolution. I didn't
have time nor breath to yell. The others was all up
at the fore end, hoistin' up some more logs.

The 7 spin o' the shaft bored through the mackinaw
& took hold o' my other clo's, even my underwear, &
finally all my clo's tore loose at once. Yes, I was
shucked out o' my clo's like a skun rabbit, and
went flyin' westin' partly on the big belt, until
it reached the pulley up for'ard. It chucked me

over the pulley & through the opening, right into the midst
 o' the fellers at the log haul-up. There I laid, with
 nothin' on my but me hat and socks and boots; me right
 arm broke in three places, two fingers a' most tore off,
 me right hip broke, & me right leg broke below the knee,
 & some ribs cracked. Besides which, I was cut & tore
 up somethin' scandalous.

They gathered me up in a blanket and rushed me
 off to a doctor. He ~~fixed me up~~, amputated the two
 hangin' fingers and so on, and set me arm and leg,
 though me arm never set straight again, nor me leg.
 But anyhow, after he got through he said to me,
 "What happened?" - just like you ask me now.

And I give him the same answer. "Doc, I went
 through the mill, slam-bang, from one end to the
 other, in sixty seconds flat."

Well, they say a man's got to go through the
 mill afore he knows what's his callin' in life.
 I knowed what mine was - cookin'. I couldn't go
 back to sea again - lame like this - so I went to
 cookin' in lumber camps. Bin at it ever since.
 Like it fine. You know your stove aint goin to dance
 up and down every time the wind blows, nor it aint
 goin to grab you by the suspenders and sling you out
 the door. Sometimes the boys come in from the choppin' and say
 'Ah, cook you sure got it soft indoors in the warm all the time!
 And I tell 'em "Ah, yes, boys. But I ~~is~~ been through the
 mill in me time, I been through the mill."

THE TIPPLER'S HORSE

(Sam Campbell's story)

Father B. — was a native of Cheticamp, where the old Acadian settlements border on the Scotch, & he was parish priest of Margaree & in need of a driving horse.

So he bought a horse of A —, an Acadian living on the road to Cheticamp. One day he was driving to Cheticamp for a call on Father LeBlanc, & he decided to stop at A's to pass the time of day. A — was a good fellow, but a notorious tippler.

Said A. — in French, "How do you like the horse, father?"

Said Father B. — "Very well. But he has one very bad fault, A —; he stops at all the bootlegger's houses!"

Quick as a flash, with a twinkle in his eye, A. — replied "Ah! Be sure to beat him well as you approach your brother Simeon's!"

The priest's brother Simeon, a hustling merchant, dealt in anything marketable, including (it was whispered) liquor.

A Presbyterian parson in Cape Breton went calling on one of his flock, a man in fairly comfortable circumstances who nevertheless lived in Spartan fashion, having married a wife of frugal habit. The parson had announced his coming, beforehand, & rather expected a good dinner. Great was his surprise to be confronted with the Cape Breton staple, boiled salt herring and potatoes. He looked at it severely. "Will you say grace, sir, please" said the house-wife smugly. "O Lord" intoned the parson in a loud voice, "who hath ransacked land and sea to provide us with this feast, we give thee thanks."

(Story from Rev. John Nicholson)

SCOTCH NEW YEAR

(from Rev. John Nicholson).

"My father was a rigid pious abstemious Scot from Skye, nevertheless he always kept a bottle of whiskey in the house for guests and special occasions. Ours was a frugal household & like most of the Presbyterian Scots we made no celebration at Christmas. But New Year's Day was a great day, with much visiting back & forth. On New Year's morning father would put out a glass for each boy in the family, even to the wee toddler, & pour about half an inch of whiskey into it. This we all drank together, neat, though it made some of us sputter. He continued the practice many years."

"Up on the Bay of Chaleur in New Brunswick, many Scots settled in the early days. One of their descendants told me of a queer New Year practice amongst the Scots who settled at Jaguet River. Late in the summer they cut a certain amount of

34 grain while still lush and green. Barley probably, or oats.
This they kept for New Year's morn, when it was fed to
the cattle as a tid-bit a treat for the great occasion"
(See Frazer's "The Golden Bough" page 407)

ON MINDING YOUR OWN BUSINESS

"At Hartland, New Brunswick, where I once had a church,
the St. John river is crossed by the longest covered bridge in
America & perhaps the world. I loved to walk across there
early on summer mornings & look at the town across the stream.

One dewy morn I came upon a tall elderly fellow mowing
hay, and as my habit is, I struck up a conversation by asking
questions, mostly about himself. At last I said,

"And what's your name?"

"Seeley," he said, & leaned on his scythe. He had a whimsical
look in his eye; he was what you'd call a character.

"A good name," said I, "though I've not met it often."

"Ah!" said he. "At one time the world was full of Seeleys."

"Well, well! And what became of them all?"

He ran his tongue around his cheek. "I was long afore Moses
and his commandments. When the world ^{was} full of Seeleys there was
only one commandment — Mind your own business.

Every time a Seeley broke the law he lost his name, and
had to take another. I've still got mine."

He fixed me with a humorous, quizzical eye, — and I took the hint.

The Retort Pious

The train was drawing near to Port Hawkesbury and Point Tupper, where the ferry steamer runs across Canso Strait to Mulgrave, and the noisy boor from Sydney, who had been roaming up & down the cars, asking all manner of questions & making himself a thorough nuisance, now approached the quiet old Highlander from Strathlorne.

"Hey, Mac!" he demanded, "does this train stop at Point Tupper?"

The old gentleman did not deign to turn his head. Addressing the air in front of him in a voice full of feeling, he declared, "If she doesna, may the guid God Almic'ty help us!"

The New Wife

Old ~~Joe~~ Joe Jeremy the Indian who lived in sole possession of the old Micmac reservation at Molega, in 1942 married a second wife after some years as a widower. Vic Lacy of Caledonia met him one day soon after & paused to congratulate him.

"Joe, I hear you've got a new wife."

"Not new," granted Joe. "She bin used a little."

On Fishing Flies

Old John Francis, an Indian of Mutton, Queens County, was a famous guide to hunters & fishermen. He made his own flies. Some he copied after the standard types used by sportsmen - Montreal, Parmachene Belle, Silver Doctor & so on, but his most successful flies were of his own design.

Thus he used to make a crude-looking fly consisting chiefly of deer hair & a hook which was sometimes a sure killer to salmon and trout.

For another, which proved singularly successful for trout, he used the hair clippings of an old negro at Port Medway named "Honey" T aylor. This hair was very white and kinky and a tuft of it over a barbed hook had a certain appearance and movement in the water which trout could not resist. John used to pay the negro 25¢ a batch, & he sold quite a number of these flies to local sportsmen. He had a great faith in hair - and particularly human hair - for trout flies.

One summer in the late 1930's John got a fine catch of trout in the Mersey River with a new fly. Those who saw the fly said it was simply a couple of ordinary hackles and a hook, with a tuft of kinky red hair on the body. When he was quizzed about it John simply grinned and refuse to name the ingredients. He was a bad old man, drunk whenever he had the price of firewater, and a fornicator with peculiar tastes. Before long someone saw John "back o' town" where the negroes lived, and in Liverpool, making advances (that is putting it mildly)

to a remarkable mulatto girl named Georgina Johnson.

Georgina's face was as black as the ace of spades and her features were pure negro, but she gloried in a head of kinky red hair. Believe it or not, there was a whole family of them with such hair, & people from the States used to stop & stare & say "I don't believe it" just as you do.

John's secret was out. Here was the only source in the world of red hair with a kink. Harry Madden, Merrill Rawding & other Liverpool sportsmen used to call the flies "Georginas". Then it was rumoured that the hair which proved so seductive to trout (and to John) did not come from Georgina's head but a much more intimate part of her anatomy.

Now, the MicMac word for that part of a woman is MISWEE; so the boys dubbed the famous new fly the "Georgina Miswee". John made and sold many of these "Georgina Miswee" flies. They became more popular than his "Niggerheads", though each fly had its exponents. And one day in all innocence Bowes, sports editor of the Halifax Chronicle, reported solemnly that anglers on Queens County rivers were taking very good catches of trout on locally-made flies, notably the "Honey Naylor" and "Georgina Miswee", products of an Indian guide in those parts.

(Lou's appearance & history are given in the tale on page 21)

It was a hot day in the early 1900's and the water bucket and dipper in Bello's blacksmith shop at Milton were in constant demand, not only by the smith & his partner, but by the teamsters and farmers and others who had business there or chanced to pass on the dusty road. At one part of the afternoon a group of men came into the forge & made straight for the water bucket. Old Scabby Lou was sitting by the bucket, resting in the cool semi-gloom, an unlovely figure with his old rags, his mane of black hair, straggle of black chin-hairs & pockmarked cheeks. One by one the men drank, taking care not to drink from the obviously ~~into~~ "public" sides of the dipper. When they were done, old Lou spoke up in his husky thin monotone.

"That's right, men, drink by de handle. Good place drink by handle. I always drink there, me!"

There was a guilty silence for a moment but the teamsters burst into laughter at last and "told the tale around" for years.

Charlie Clark was a native of Windsor, N.Y., a short, slight hatchet faced man with a pair of piercing blue eyes, born about 1880 or 1885. He learned the trade of sailmaking, then a dyeing business, & came to Liverpool to make sails for fishing vessels about the year 1914. Submarine warfare created a demand for ships of all kinds including sailing vessels. Liverpool, like every other south shore port, began to build schooners. Charlie Clark suddenly found himself in great demand. Shrewdly, he bought a great quantity of canvas soon after war broke out, at pre-war prices, & stored it in his sail loft in Liverpool. From 1916 to the end of the war in 1918 he made fantastic profits, for the price of canvas had gone to the skies and so had the price of his services. When peace came he had about \$50,000 in the bank. Then the shipbuilding era flopped — and never came back. Nobody wanted sails any more. Charlie loafed about the Liverpool streets. He boarded somewhere uptown. His expenses were small. He talked politics a lot. He did odd jobs to keep his hand in — awnings for shops etc. About 1925 he began to drink & by 1930 he was never sober. He always managed to walk very

40
straight, talking slowly & thickly & carefully, with his blue eyes always bloodshot & his face like a boiled lobster. He was always neatly dressed, usually in a blue serge suit & grey cap which grew shabby as the years went by. He never smiled. He said another war would come and he would show 'em! — meaning those who now looked down upon him as a drunkard and — after the loss of his money went in 1932 — a bum. Another war! Sure to come! Wooden ships again — and sails! Prices would be higher than ever, for nearly all the old sail-makers were dead. Money! Make a fortune! So he talked, year in, year out, all through the hard times of the 30's, getting thinner & more shrunken, & sharper in the features and redder in the face, & shabbier in his clothes, until the war actually came — in 1939. He had waited 20 years.

One thing was wrong. There was no rush to build sailing vessels this time. Sail was dead. But Charlie's trade was in great demand in other lines & before long he went off to ^{Halifax} ~~London~~ & was offered a fat salary to superintend certain things like tent repairs for the army, and hatch covers, gun covers, dodgers & dozens of other canvas items used aboard a modern warship or merchant steamer. He never returned to Liverpool. His new income enabled him to drink deeper.

than ever & his knowledge of ~~this~~ trade compelled 41
his employers to overlook his weakness. But
one dark night in the winter of 1940 Charlie
Clark left some obscure drinking den in Water
Street, ^{HAVERHAWK} took a wrong turning, walked straight down
a wharf & over the end into the harbour.

He didn't make much splash in the water or in
the newspapers. We noted a line or two to the
effect that Charles Clark was missing, his
whereabouts a mystery. The police made a few
perfunctory inquiries. In a busy wartime port
men disappeared every day. After a month or
two the bloated corpse of Charlie came to
the surface & the mystery was solved. He was
buried from an undertaker's parlour. No one
who knew him was there to follow him to the
grave. The long & eagerly awaited war
had been too much for him.

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Tale of Scabby Lou

(Told by Edgar Wright, Liverpool, N.S.)

One time Scabby Lou came into the store of Robert Smith, who sold meat in a building (since removed) between the Patch House and what is now Herman Winters' barber shop. Lou wanted a piece of fresh beef, and Smith cut him off a piece that was mostly bone, wrapped it up, and declared the price. Lou paid, and walked off to Milton with the meat.

In the spring Lou appeared in the store again, this time with something to sell -- a box of maple sugar, cut in large square slabs. Smith used to sell a few groceries in addition to his main stock-in-trade, so he beat Lou down to a pretty tight price and bought the maple sugar. Off went Lou with the money.

People came into Smith's store for a piece of meat, spotted the maple sugar and promptly bought a slab. And -- promptly -- brought it back with loud complaints. When broken, each slab of sugar proved to be full of meat bones, broken up small and dropped into the pan when the sugar was still in a molten state.

Scabby Lou kept out of Smith's way for a long time after that, but one day in the summer Bob saw the old Indian shuffling along Main Street.

"Lou! You old scoundrel! What d'you mean by selling me maple sugar full of bones. It was full of bones, I tell you!"

Lou fixed him with a beady eye. "They's bones in meat, ain't it? So! H'all right! Bones in sugar, too!"

Tale of Katie Francis

When the Halifax & South Western Railway was built along the South Shore it reached Liverpool about the summer of 1904. Trains began to run right away, although there was no station, nothing but a freight shed. You just paid the conductor.

In those first days, everybody for miles around came to stare at the engine and cars, and amongst them were the Indians from Two Mile Hill. Before long old Katie Francis got on the train to try it. She had some money in her hand and the assistant conductor asked her where she wanted to go. She demanded the names of some of the places where the train went, but none satisfied her. Finally he went along to Jerry Foster, who was then chief conductor.

"There's an old Indian squaw on the train, and she doesn't know where she wants to go, except she'd like to visit the Indian people at some place called, as far as I can make out, Shin-up-an-apple-

(Tale of Katie Francis, continued)

-tree ! "

Jerry, who knew something about Indians, thought for a minute. " Ah ! I know -- she's saying Se-gub-un-acadie, that's the Indian word we call Shubenacadie. Sell her a ticket to Shubenacadie."

Nobody knows to this day what old Katie was really saying, but she went to Shubenacadie, stayed for a while with the Micmacs there, and finally came home on the train in triumph. She was the first Indian to travel on the cars, from these parts anyhow.

The Indians had a special rate on the old Intercolonial railway between Halifax and Levis of 1 cent a mile, and I fancy the H. & S.W. gave ~~###~~ Katie the benefit of it all the way. She could have gone a very long way for a few dollars, and everybody's wondered since what would have happened if she'd said something like Vancouver.

"You see, Bob, I've been a long time away
 boat, but the day in the summer Bob saw the old Indian shuffling
 along Main Street.
 "You! You old rascal! What'd you come by selling me
 sugar full of bones. It was full of bones, I tell you!"
 Lou fixed him with a steady eye. "Whee's bones to you,
 ain't it? So I'll right? Bones is sugar, too!"

Tale of Katie Francis

When the Halifax & South Western Railway was built along the
 South Shore it reached Liverpool about the summer of 1870. Trains
 began to run right away, although there was no station, neither was
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 her where she wanted to go. She mentioned the names of some of the
 places where the train went, but none satisfied her. Finally he
 went along to Jerry Foster, who was then chief conductor.
 "There's an old Indian square on the train, and she doesn't know
 where she wants to go, except she'd like to visit the Indian people
 at some place called, as Bob as I can make out, Ship-sugar-shed."

Add. -

Clark Hall

Francis Lupton

Israel Cole

Jennie Mackay

Robt Coops

ADDITION TABLE

1 and 2 are3	2 and 1 are3	3 and 1 are4	4 and 1 are5	5 and 1 are6	6 and 1 are7	7 and 1 are8	8 and 1 are9	9 and 1 are10	10 and 1 are11	11 and 1 are12	12 and 1 are13
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3 - 4	3 - 5	3 - 6	3 - 7	3 - 8	3 - 9	3 - 10	3 - 11	3 - 12	3 - 13	3 - 14	3 - 15
4 - 5	4 - 6	4 - 7	4 - 8	4 - 9	4 - 10	4 - 11	4 - 12	4 - 13	4 - 14	4 - 15	4 - 16
5 - 6	5 - 7	5 - 8	5 - 9	5 - 10	5 - 11	5 - 12	5 - 13	5 - 14	5 - 15	5 - 16	5 - 17
6 - 7	6 - 8	6 - 9	6 - 10	6 - 11	6 - 12	6 - 13	6 - 14	6 - 15	6 - 16	6 - 17	6 - 18
7 - 8	7 - 9	7 - 10	7 - 11	7 - 12	7 - 13	7 - 14	7 - 15	7 - 16	7 - 17	7 - 18	7 - 19
8 - 9	8 - 10	8 - 11	8 - 12	8 - 13	8 - 14	8 - 15	8 - 16	8 - 17	8 - 18	8 - 19	8 - 20
9 - 10	9 - 11	9 - 12	9 - 13	9 - 14	9 - 15	9 - 16	9 - 17	9 - 18	9 - 19	9 - 20	9 - 21
10 - 11	10 - 12	10 - 13	10 - 14	10 - 15	10 - 16	10 - 17	10 - 18	10 - 19	10 - 20	10 - 21	10 - 22
11 - 12	11 - 13	11 - 14	11 - 15	11 - 16	11 - 17	11 - 18	11 - 19	11 - 20	11 - 21	11 - 22	11 - 23
12 - 13	12 - 14	12 - 15	12 - 16	12 - 17	12 - 18	12 - 19	12 - 20	12 - 21	12 - 22	12 - 23	12 - 24

SUBTRACTION.—By reversing the above Table Subtraction is learnt, thus: instead of saying 1 and 1 are 2, say 1 from 2 and 1 remains; 1 from 3 and 2 remains.

MULTIPLICATION TABLE

2 times 1 are 2	3 times 1 are 3	4 times 1 are 4	5 times 1 are 5	6 times 1 are 6	7 times 1 are 7	8 times 1 are 8	9 times 1 are 9	10 times 1 are 10	11 times 1 are 11	12 times 1 are 12
2 - 4	2 - 6	2 - 8	2 - 10	2 - 12	2 - 14	2 - 16	2 - 18	2 - 20	2 - 22	2 - 24
3 - 6	3 - 9	3 - 12	3 - 15	3 - 18	3 - 21	3 - 24	3 - 27	3 - 30	3 - 33	3 - 36
4 - 8	4 - 12	4 - 16	4 - 20	4 - 24	4 - 28	4 - 32	4 - 36	4 - 40	4 - 44	4 - 48
5 - 10	5 - 15	5 - 20	5 - 25	5 - 30	5 - 35	5 - 40	5 - 45	5 - 50	5 - 55	5 - 60
6 - 12	6 - 18	6 - 24	6 - 30	6 - 36	6 - 42	6 - 48	6 - 54	6 - 60	6 - 66	6 - 72
7 - 14	7 - 21	7 - 28	7 - 35	7 - 42	7 - 49	7 - 56	7 - 63	7 - 70	7 - 77	7 - 84
8 - 16	8 - 24	8 - 32	8 - 40	8 - 48	8 - 56	8 - 64	8 - 72	8 - 80	8 - 88	8 - 96
9 - 18	9 - 27	9 - 36	9 - 45	9 - 54	9 - 63	9 - 72	9 - 81	9 - 90	9 - 99	9 - 108
10 - 20	10 - 30	10 - 40	10 - 50	10 - 60	10 - 70	10 - 80	10 - 90	10 - 100	10 - 110	10 - 120
11 - 22	11 - 33	11 - 44	11 - 55	11 - 66	11 - 77	11 - 88	11 - 99	11 - 110	11 - 121	11 - 132
12 - 24	12 - 36	12 - 48	12 - 60	12 - 72	12 - 84	12 - 96	12 - 108	12 - 120	12 - 132	12 - 144

DIVISION.—To apply this Table to Division reverse it, thus: instead of saying 3 times 1 are 3, say 3's in 3 are 1, or go once; 3's in 6 are 2, or go twice.

<p style="text-align: center;">Numeration.</p> <p>Units.....1 Tens.....12 Hundreds.....123 Thousands.....1234 Tens of Thousands 12,345 C. of Thousands 123,456 Millions.....1,234,567 T. of Millions 12,345,678 C. of Millions 123,456,789</p> <p>The number represented in the last line is read: One hundred and twenty-three million, four hundred and fifty-six thousand, seven hundred and eighty-nine.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Numerals.</p> <table style="width: 100%; border: none;"> <tr><td style="width: 50%;">ARABIC.</td><td style="width: 50%;">ROMAN.</td></tr> <tr><td>1.....I</td><td>1.....I</td></tr> <tr><td>2.....II</td><td>2.....II</td></tr> <tr><td>3.....III</td><td>3.....III</td></tr> <tr><td>4.....IV</td><td>4.....IV</td></tr> <tr><td>5.....V</td><td>5.....V</td></tr> <tr><td>6.....VI</td><td>6.....VI</td></tr> <tr><td>7.....VII</td><td>7.....VII</td></tr> <tr><td>8.....VIII</td><td>8.....VIII</td></tr> <tr><td>9.....IX</td><td>9.....IX</td></tr> <tr><td>10.....X</td><td>10.....X</td></tr> <tr><td>20.....XX</td><td>20.....XX</td></tr> <tr><td>50.....L</td><td>50.....L</td></tr> <tr><td>100.....C</td><td>100.....C</td></tr> <tr><td>500.....D</td><td>500.....D</td></tr> <tr><td>1000.....M</td><td>1000.....M</td></tr> </table> <p style="text-align: center;">Cubic, or Solid Measure.</p> <p>1728 Inches. 1 Solid Foot 27 Feet. 1 Solid Yard 42 Feet. 1 Ton Shipping 128 Feet. 1 Cord Wood</p>	ARABIC.	ROMAN.	1.....I	1.....I	2.....II	2.....II	3.....III	3.....III	4.....IV	4.....IV	5.....V	5.....V	6.....VI	6.....VI	7.....VII	7.....VII	8.....VIII	8.....VIII	9.....IX	9.....IX	10.....X	10.....X	20.....XX	20.....XX	50.....L	50.....L	100.....C	100.....C	500.....D	500.....D	1000.....M	1000.....M	<h2 style="margin: 0;">ARITHMETICAL TABLES</h2> <table style="width: 100%; border: none;"> <tr> <td style="width: 33%; vertical-align: top;"> <p style="text-align: center;">Long Measure.</p> <p>12 Lines.....1 Inch 4 Inches.....1 Hand 12 Inches.....1 Foot 6 Feet.....1 Fathom 5 1/2 Yards. 1 Rod or Pole 4 Rods.....1 Furlong 8 Furlongs.....1 Mile 3 Miles.....1 League 694 Miles.....1 Degree 1760 yds. or 5280 ft. 1 Mile 6375 1/2 ft. 1 Nautical Mile</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dry Measure.</p> <p>2 Pints.....1 Quart 4 Quarts.....1 Gallon 2 Gallons.....1 Peck 4 Pecks.....1 Bushel 36 Bushels.....1 Chaldron</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Avoirdupois Weight.</p> <p>16 Grains.....1 Ounce 16 Ounces.....1 Pound 14 Pounds.....1 Stone C. 25 Pounds. 1 Quarter, C. 28 Pounds. 1 Quarter, E. 4 Quarters. 1 Hund'wt. 20 Hund'weight</p> <p>2000 lbs. 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Chains.....1 Acre</p> <p style="text-align: center;">English Money Table.</p> <p>4 Farthings.....1 Penny 12 Pence.....1 Shilling 20 Shillings.....1 Pound</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Alloquet Parts of a Pound.</p> <table style="width: 100%; border: none;"> <tr><td style="width: 20%;">s.</td><td style="width: 20%;">d.</td><td style="width: 20%;">c.</td><td style="width: 20%;">q.</td><td style="width: 20%;">i.</td></tr> <tr><td>10</td><td>0</td><td>is</td><td>1</td><td>half.</td></tr> <tr><td>9</td><td>8</td><td>..</td><td>1</td><td>third.</td></tr> <tr><td>5</td><td>0</td><td>..</td><td>1</td><td>fourth.</td></tr> <tr><td>4</td><td>0</td><td>..</td><td>1</td><td>fifth.</td></tr> <tr><td>3</td><td>4</td><td>..</td><td>1</td><td>sixth.</td></tr> <tr><td>2</td><td>6</td><td>..</td><td>1</td><td>eighth.</td></tr> <tr><td>2</td><td>0</td><td>..</td><td>1</td><td>tenth.</td></tr> <tr><td>1</td><td>8</td><td>..</td><td>1</td><td>twelfth.</td></tr> <tr><td>1</td><td>3</td><td>..</td><td>1</td><td>sixteenth.</td></tr> </table> <p style="text-align: center;">Of a Shilling.</p> <table style="width: 100%; border: none;"> <tr><td style="width: 20%;">d.</td><td style="width: 20%;">c.</td><td style="width: 20%;">q.</td><td style="width: 20%;">i.</td></tr> <tr><td>12</td><td>is</td><td>1</td><td>half.</td></tr> <tr><td>4</td><td>..</td><td>1</td><td>third.</td></tr> <tr><td>3</td><td>..</td><td>1</td><td>fourth.</td></tr> <tr><td>2</td><td>..</td><td>1</td><td>fifth.</td></tr> <tr><td>1</td><td>..</td><td>1</td><td>sixteenth.</td></tr> </table> <p style="text-align: center;">Of a Ton.</p> <table style="width: 100%; border: none;"> <tr><td style="width: 20%;">700</td><td style="width: 20%;">Cwt.</td><td style="width: 20%;">700</td><td style="width: 20%;">Ton.</td></tr> <tr><td>1</td><td>..</td><td>1</td><td>half.</td></tr> <tr><td>1</td><td>..</td><td>1</td><td>third.</td></tr> <tr><td>1</td><td>..</td><td>1</td><td>fourth.</td></tr> <tr><td>1</td><td>..</td><td>1</td><td>half.</td></tr> <tr><td>1</td><td>..</td><td>1</td><td>third.</td></tr> <tr><td>1</td><td>..</td><td>1</td><td>fourth.</td></tr> </table>	s.	d.	c.	q.	i.	10	0	is	1	half.	9	8	..	1	third.	5	0	..	1	fourth.	4	0	..	1	fifth.	3	4	..	1	sixth.	2	6	..	1	eighth.	2	0	..	1	tenth.	1	8	..	1	twelfth.	1	3	..	1	sixteenth.	d.	c.	q.	i.	12	is	1	half.	4	..	1	third.	3	..	1	fourth.	2	..	1	fifth.	1	..	1	sixteenth.	700	Cwt.	700	Ton.	1	..	1	half.	1	..	1	third.	1	..	1	fourth.	1	..	1	half.	1	..	1	third.	1	..	1	fourth.																																		
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