

“Many years ago I was standing in front of the bank at the corner of Kent and William streets, it was a bright sunny day and I was looking for work,” said a Senior Citizen a few days ago. “When a man was out of work that was the place to go and farmers knew all about that.

“There was very little dickering, especially when I had a wife and four kids to look after. There was no welfare then. In fact few men looked for a hand out—different today when the welfare money is more than we used to get for working all week.

“But what I started out to say is that I will never forget

those days on the farm. Up in the morning at the first sight of dawn, out to the barn to feed the stock and clean manure from the stall, do the milking by hand and not by a machine and we had only a smoking lantern to see what we were doing. The call to meals was the best sound we heard all day, especially the ringing of a large bell to summon us from the harvest field for the noon meal.

“Begrimed with sweat, it was good to wash our hands and face at the wooden pump and, boy oh boy it was really something to sit with the family at that long dinner table.

“There was no style but the farmer always said Grace and he said it as if he really meant what he was saying — right from the heart. It was not the racy recitation often heard to-day. Then we dug in to the heap of potatoes, the big slice of pork, the steaming turnips and the gravey and what good gravey it was. A great treat was the home-made bread and there was no lack of butter. Ever dip your nose and lips into a heavy cup filled to the brim with hot green or black tea? Do you remember how the tea was so hot you had to sip and sip and sometimes blow your breath on the tea to make it cooler? Sure mother reminded you that you were not polite but when the preacher came to tea on Sunday or pa and ma had company, then you showed your manners.

"I almost forgot about desert and the large pieces of good old apple and pumpkin pie. Some times the pieces were an inch thick and when there was no whipped cream, cream not whipped was just as good. What an extra treat when we feasted on raspberry and strawberry pie and there was also the cherry and prune pie. What

"Back to the fields and the job of stooking the sheaves by hand and how those stooks stood up to keep off the sun and to keep out the rain. What a mad rush some days to beat the weatherman when dark ominous clouds hovered above.

"Only darkness stopped work in the fields. Remember unhitching the horses and how they jogged back to the long water trough and how at times the farmer moved the horses away from the trough for fear they would drink too much. Back in the stalls the horses were generously fed and bedded down for the night.

"If the Farmer's beloved Advocate or the Montreal Herald was handy, it was carefully perused. If the Lindsay Post had arrived it was read from front to back. If they were not too tired the checker board and the crokinole board were brought under the lamp and games were "hot." Card games were not encouraged but a game with cards called Lost Heir was popular.

"When the farmer looked at the kitchen clock and saw the hands at the hour of nine or later, up he got and with a kind good night to everyone he shut the bedroom door and was soon in the land of nod. The farmer's wife was the last to retire after seeing that everyone else was safely in bed.