



# The Adventures of Meg

By M. M. McCallum

## Chipper and the masked bandit

The sound of Grandma and Grandpa talking just under the window woke Meg.

She snuggled deeper under the patchwork quilt. It was cool at night on the farm and Grandma always gave Meg the "history quilt" when she came to visit.

Meg's fingers traced Great-Grandmother's wedding satin, Aunt Maybelle's paisley piece and a square of brother Marty's christening gown, as the conversation seeped through her.

"Ben," said Grandma, "Just look at that corn. The coons are going to get it all, if we can't find an answer to their midnight thieving."

"Yes Molly," answered Grandpa. "It's not a promising year so far. Did you count your hens this morning?"

"I did Ben, and that's peculiar too. Another one gone! and I've not heard a word about any foxes in the neighborhood. I think it's time to let Chipper hunt after dark. Goodness knows he's a real good tracker and he's the

bravest Aredale I've ever seen."

"Yes," laughed Grandpa, "and very well mannered. Why, he never makes a fuss when Meg brings Rex along on her holidays."

Hearing his name, Rex lept up from his place beside the bed and soon he and Meg appeared in the big summer kitchen for breakfast."

As the delicious cereal floating in thick cream and smothered in raspberries slid down her throat. Meg asked Grandpa if it could be rabies that made the raccoons and foxes steal green corn and poultry.

"Oh no Meg", said Grandma. "It's quite normal for this time of year on a farm but we think it's worse than usual. We've tried all our old tricks to discourage our midnight marauders but we haven't had much luck so far."

"I could use your help Meg," said Grandpa. "I hear that a foot-wide circle of old oil around the garden corn patch will stop

the raccoons. And, by the way Molly, they tell me that the young lads from town has a chicken roast down at the quarry last week. I wonder if they could be our foxy fox?"

It had been a long and busy day and a fine, steady rain has set in. It was badly needed and the sound of it drumming on the tin roof of the porch sent everyone sleepily to bed just after dark.

But now a dog barked — not loudly, but insistently. It was Chipper. As he roused the household, the hackles rose on the back of Rex's neck.

Meg could feel the excitement. The rain has stopped. Moonlight reflected from the puddles in the yard and cast huge shadows from the buildings and machinery.

"Come Meg," whispered Grandpa. "Pull on your rubber boots and raincoat. Here, carry this broom and I'll take this iron stove poker. Rex can come too." "Oh, hear the hens fussing,"

said Meg. "Look, the hen house door is moving. Oh, catch that white hen coming through."

Grandma stooped to pull the hen to her. It didn't come, she pulled again; something pulled back.

"Boy or fox, let go of my hen", said Grandma. But the hen was pulled back more strongly still.

Chipper and Rex growled. Suddenly the hen was in Grandma's hand. The hen-house door banged open wildly. Rex and Chipper lept and missed as a full grown raccoon ran under an old car.

"Ah ha, you beautiful bandit", exclaimed Grandma, "we have you now. Meg, stay on this side. Keep Chipper with you. I'll go around the other side with Rex. When I say now, pound on the car with your broom handle and I'll get him with my poker as he comes out my side."

"OK, Grandma. Come Chipper."

"Now, Meg!" cried Grandma. Crack! Boom! Bang! went

Meg's broom. A dark shape exploded from under the car.

Grandma swung and connected. A dog yelped, and a second, smaller shape darted across the yard.

"Oh, what have I done?", cried Grandma. "I've brained poor Chipper. Oh, my."

Meg, Rex, and Grandpa appeared at her side. Chipper got up, shook his head a couple of times, and woofed softly. Putting his head to one side, he seemed to say: "Didn't I do well? Am I not a fine dog?"

Everyone laughed in sheer relief.

"Well," said Grandpa. "Let's put this poor hen back in the coop and go to bed ourselves. I don't think Mr. Coon will visit us again tonight."

Chipper and Rex were rewarded with a big bowl of warm milk, then all climbed the stairs to bed.

The stars twinkled in the sky and the old farmhouse sighed and settled itself for yet another while.

## Morrow Family Reunion

On July 9, the family of the late Alfred and Ethel Morrow held a reunion at the Russel Legion Hall, the first time the family has gathered in 40 years. At the noon hour, about fifty members sat down for a family dinner. In the afternoon, cousins joined in for a get-together and reminisced over all the good times they enjoyed in the past. The reunion wound up with a pot luck supper for the 80 relatives in attendance. In addition, a get-acquainted evening

was held at the home of Jennie and George Walsh in Ottawa, Saturday, July 8. Those attending from a distance were Gordon and Neil Morrow, Botha, Alberta; Max and family, Hamilton; Jim and family, Windsor; Mabel of Scarborough; Jennie of Ottawa and Hazel of Russell were there along with friends from St. Andrews and Dromocto, New Brunswick, Sudbury, Ottawa, Brockville, Manotick, Winchester, and Vernon.

### GREELY GRIST MILL —

(Continued from Page 6) trading post, they returned to the Ontario side and paused for a few minutes at the base of the giant dam. A final break in the trip was made near Renfrew, where a restaurant was invaded by forty-five hungry customers.

Frequent use of the microphone was made by the organizer of the tour during the whole trip. He drew the attention of the group to many points of interest such as the Land of Goshen, the eight-sided house near Snake River, the monument to the discovery of Champlains Astrolabe near Cobden, several places of interest in Pembroke, Petawawa Military Camp, Constr-

uction for the new Pembroke by-pass, Landry Crossing prison camp and the rail yards at Chalk River. Beyond Chalk River he pointed out a few things of personal interest to him such as the homes of some of his late wife's relatives. He also drew attention to the building in which he first taught school, and mentioned the fact that the present owner Guy DuManoir,

known as Big Guy, reeve of the Municipality cannot sit on a chair without considerably overhang.

The Friendship Club appreciates the help of Frank Finley who guided them through the plant, of Gary Lance, who help make the arrangements of brothers George and Spiros Papanicolaou of Deep River Restaurant and of a skillful and courteous driver Lloyd Moffatt.

## Flower Queen to be chosen

Flower Power will be on display at the Kinnaird Arena when the Russell Horticultural Society shows its wares on August 19.

The occasion will mark the crowning of the Flower Queen based on highest points in the garden and arrangement competition. The competition is for the junior and teenage group.

The Society has issued rules governing the display as follows:

Exhibits must be in arena between 8 and 10 p.m. Friday or before 9:30 Saturday, August 19.

Exhibitors must be paid up members. One entry in each class is permitted.

Exhibits must be grown by the exhibitor unless otherwise stated.

The display will be open to public view at 2 p.m. with presentation of awards at 4 p.m.

The horticultural queen will also get a special \$10.00 prize.

# Gerry Leroux



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