



The Adventures of Meg

By M. M. McCallum

A touch of green, a thankful queen

Meg tightened the last lace of her freshly polished shoes. The shiny surface reflected the extra glint in her eyes. She wiggled her toes happily. Today was special. Today her Girl Guide pack was to act as escort to the Queen.

Never before had Meg considered it thrilling to live near the nation's capital; in fact, it got rather boring escorting various aunts, uncles and cousins round the stately buildings.

The weather was holding very nicely this year, and Meg was glad that uniforms could be worn without coats. Her biggest worry would be standing at attention for such a long period of time.

At last, the brisk walk to their station, crushing the Autumn leaves underfoot. Rust and gold and scarlet, they gleamed in the sun. From her place at the end of the line Meg saw a bright green leaf. "No!, that can't be a leaf," thought Meg. Bending quickly she picked up the green thing. It crackled like a leaf but it was

paper, "Money, eh!," said Meg, "this really is my lucky day."

Meg felt the flutter of butterflies in her tummy. The warm sun, the hum of the dense crowd, the music of the Governor General's band, the beautiful horses of the mounted guard and her country's flag waving so bravely were almost more than she could bear.

"She's coming, she's coming," swelled from a hundred throats. The Guides heads all faced forward but their eyes glanced slantingly up the Avenue. Meg heard a different murmur. Her eyes were attracted to a moving object near a mounted policeman. It was a small child trailing a body harness. Evidently her mother had loosened her hold on the leash, and the toddler had slipped away.

"Oh!," screamed a lady in a red hat.

"Look at the baby! The horses will tramp on her!!!"

"My goodness," said another,

"the Queen is nearly here; somebody do something" -- and Meg did.

Walking quickly but quietly she crossed the road and swept the child into her arms. The frantic mother appeared with tears of remorse on her cheeks and a wan smile of thanks to Meg as she held her arms out for the now crying child. The magic moment was here. The Queen was looking straight at her. If her Majesty wondered why a Girl Guide was standing alone between two horses, while her companions on the other side of the road moved to fill her vacant space; she never let on, but then Queens hardly ever let their thoughts show. Queens, like Guides, are well trained.

It was over. They were on their way home. Meg's chums crowded around. "Oh Meg," said Julia, "how brave you are! Weren't you scared? How could you go right into those horses? Weren't you scared they would step on you?"

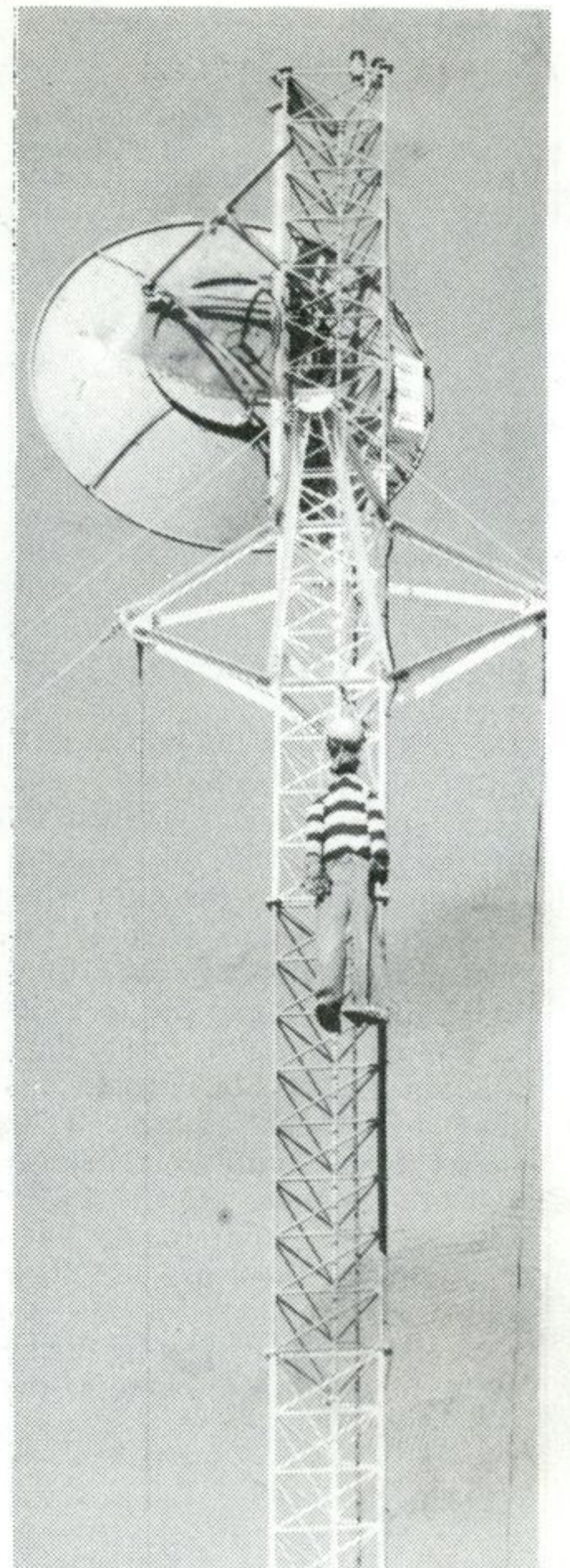
"No," said Meg, "I have often visited the training centre with our guests. I know that the horses are trained in crowd control. We were perfectly safe."

"Never the less Meg," broke in her leader Joan, "your sensible actions will go a long way toward a merit badge."

Two weeks later Meg sat with Rex on the sofa and read 'for the twentieth time', a very special letter. It was from the Queen. Her special paper, her special stamp. She had indeed noticed the pert little girl guide and now knew the whole story. Her letter commended Meg for her thoughtfulness and bravery.

"Come on Rex," said Meg, "let's go buy some ice cream. I am allowed to keep the money I found."

Before she left the room, Meg folded her letter and put it carefully in the desk. She planned to keep it forever . . . and ever and ever.



Towering Dummy

Persons unknown strung this fellow up on the communications tower at the Kinnaird arena in salute to the annual trick-or-treat ritual.

Hallowe'en Thanks

We would like to take this opportunity to thank all the people who helped to make the Halloween Party, the big success that it was.

There were several donations made by people and organizations of the community.

The R. A. Centre donated the drinks and the hall for the night.

Mr. Ruest made the Flyers for advertising the party.

The money for the prizes was donated by the following people: Russell Lions Club, Old Time Fiddlers, Tyo's Red & White Store, Country Kitchen Caterers, Mr. Rejean Paquette, Mr. Hugh Latimer, Mrs. Ruest, (U.C.I.O.) Union Cuturelle Franco Ontarienne, Mrs. Achtereekte.

A special thanks to all the people who came out and helped. Everyone enjoyed themselves, and I hope we can do it again next year.

Nancy Mead and Sandra Conway

Russell W.I. offers needlepoint

This excellent course in needlepoint is being offered over four evenings at 8 p.m.: Nov. 15, United Church Hall; Nov. 17, Mrs. Twiname's residence; Nov. 22, United Church Hall; Nov. 24, United Church Hall.

Cost of four evening course is \$2. Everyone welcome.

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