



# The Adventures of Meg

By M. M. McCallum

## An old Mare's last job

Rex and Meg were happy, drifted over with snow; Rex bright eyed and sharp eared, Meg red cheeked and out of breath.

They were helping to clear the rink. In fact, the whole gang was there. Shirley and Peg, Mary and Clair, and the BOYS Johnny, Warren, Shag, Jerry and Joe.

The girls were mostly throwing the snow and slush over the rink boards while the boys were showing off just a bit on the double-frame scoop.

Watching them reminded Meg of the bolts and spikes Dad had asked her to bring to Mr. Wilson. Repairing the benches in the warming shack, as well as the wooden scrapers, certainly keep the caretaker busy, and he was glad of the strong fasteners. Meg had made a package of them and tied them to Rex's collar.

Rex seemed relieved to be rid of the package and barking softly, he bounced over the snow to rejoin the half dozen six-year olds waiting for him to give them a tow. The youngsters were always happy to see Rex; he let them hold to his fur as they glided over the ice, and he was just the right height to steady a fella getting to his feet after a fall.

Of course Rex enjoyed the pieces of cookie and bits of apple that came his way.

Leaving Mr. Wilson and the older boys to their rink flooding, the gang headed for home.

Waving good-bye at her street corner, Meg snuggled deeper into her new baby blue snowsuit. Suddenly she saw a flashing light. An ambulance? A Firetruck? No,

it was a tow truck and it was stopping just up the street. Oh!, there was a dump truck, and a sleigh, and a horse-powered sidewalk snow plow.

She could see all this, but, where was the horse that pulled the snowplow?

Oh no! Meg could hardly believe her eyes. That's what the tow truck was doing. It's hoist was winching the horse on to the low, flat sleigh. It's glossy black coat was flecked with foam.

"Dropped right in her tracks", said one man to another. "Probably a heart attack".

Yes, it's the bone pile for her I guess", answered the second man.

No one noticed the little red haired girl in the blue snowsuit standing there with tears in her eyes, or the big collie pressed protectively against her.

The tow truck left. The dump truck driver climbed into his cab muttering something about losing three hours of work, and the sleigh with the dead horse pulled by a big bay roan moved slowly ahead.

Meg could hardly believe her eyes. The head of the beast was hanging from the end of the sleigh rack and dragging on the ground.

"Oh!", cried Meg. Acting impulsively as she often did, Meg jumped on the sleigh and pulled the mare's head onto her lap.

Blinded by her tears she didn't see the blood gushing over her pretty blue suit. Nor did she see Rex dash to the door of her house as the sleigh proceeded slowly along.

"Aruff, gruff," barked Rex in alarm.

Mum opened the door and seeing Rex alone and upset looked for Meg. No Meg to be seen.

Throwing on a coat and calling to Dad and Marty to come quickly, Mum dashed to the street.

Nothing to be seen but a team of bay horses pulling a sleigh; - but then as the sleigh drew up to the corner they saw the forlorn little figure, with the still head cradled in her arms.

Dad called to the driver to stop. Never was a driver more surprised than that man at seeing his extra cargo.

"Her head was dragging Dad, her head was dragging", sobbed Meg.

Marty and Mum led Meg into the house, and Dad and the driver adjusted the beast as best they could.

Meg was quite surprised to find her suit soiled but Mum thought she could clean it good as new.

Later that evening when Meg was all calmed down and Rex had received lavish praise and a special treat for his dash for help, Marty explained to Meg that the mare (they found out her name was Queen), was probably satisfied to have died as she had lived - in harness.

"And", finished Marty, "Some people may say bone yard or glue factory but, I like to think that in a beautiful china cup, or on the back of a well designed stamp of our country, the gentle beasts of the fields serve us still."

## Wedding Announcement

Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Parry, of Ottawa, wish to announce the forthcoming marriage of their daughter Edna Maureen to David Earl Stanley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Stanley, on Saturday, Feb. 3, 4 p.m., at St. Mary's Anglican Church, Russell. Open reception commencing at 8:30 p.m. in the Dr. F. A. Kinnaird Community Centre. Everyone welcome.



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