

Druella Acantha Malvina's Column

Gem for the month: Share your burden with a friend; two can carry a pail easier than one.

A preacher went to call on a member of his flock, a bachelor farmer, and found him milking a cow. "Be with you in a moment," the farmer said. When he finished milking, he lifted the pail to his mouth, drank from it deeply, gave the rest to the dog and cats and hung up the pail.

Turning to the preacher with a sigh of accomplishment, the bachelor farmer said, "Milking's over, supper's over, chores are done and the dishes put away. What can I do for you?"

An old farmer's advice:

- ◆ Don't interfere with something that isn't bothering you.
- ◆ Timing has a lot to do with the outcome of a rain dance.
- ◆ If you find yourself in a hole, the first thing to do is stop digging.
- ◆ Letting the cat out of the bag is a whole lot easier than putting it back in.
- ◆ Most of the stuff people worry about aren't ever going to happen anyway.
- ◆ The best sermons are lived, not preached.
- ◆ Speak kindly, care deeply, leave the rest to God.

Did you hear about the new supermarket? It has an automatic water mister to keep the produce fresh. Before it goes on you hear distant thunder and smell fresh rain. When you approach the milk case, you hear cows mooing and smell the scent of fresh hay. When you approach the egg case, you hear hens cluck and cackle. The veggie department features the smell of buttered corn. Needless to say, I don't buy toilet paper there anymore.

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A group of seniors were sitting around talking about all their ailments.

"My arms have gotten so weak I can hardly lift this cup of coffee," said one

"Yes, I know", said another. "My cataracts are so bad, I can't even see my coffee."

"I couldn't even mark an X at election time, my hands are so crippled," volunteered a third.

"What? Speak up! What? I can't hear you."

"I can't turn my head because of the arthritis in my neck," said a fourth to which several nodded weakly in agreement.

"My blood pressure pills make me so dizzy!" exclaimed another.

"I forget where I am and where I'm going," said another.

"I guess that's the price we pay for getting old," winced an old man as he slowly shook his head.

The others nodded in agreement.

"Well, count your blessings," said a woman cheerfully. "Thank God we can all still drive."

"Hello, Mrs. Miller," said the bearded guy behind the counter at the bagel shop.

The lady and her husband looked at him but drew complete blanks. "I'm sorry, do we know each other?" she asked.

"Yeah, you was my English teacher."

Leaning over, her husband whispered, "Good job, Honey, good job."

Exit lines:

Q. What does a liar do after he's dead?

A. He lies still.

Q. Why did the coffee file a police report?

A. Because it was mugged.



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The *South Marysburgh* Mirror

May 2018 Volume 32 Number 4

Published monthly by Steve Ferguson, 3032 County Road 10, PO Box 64, Milford, ON K0K 2P0

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ISSN Number 1181-6333 (Print Edition) ISSN Number 2292-5708 (Online Edition)