

serious; my father was badly hurt. After a while we started for home, and before we reached it, the old scamp got frightened at a log and set off full tilt; again father was thrown out and I tipped over on the bottom of the waggon. Fortunately, the shafts gave way and let him loose when he stopped: father was carried home and did not leave the house for a long time. I used to ride him to school in the winter and had great sport sometimes by getting boys on behind me, and when they were not thinking I would touch 'Old Gray' under the flank with my heel, which would make him spring as though he were shot, and off the boys would tumble in the snow; when I reached school I tied up the reins and let him go home. I do not think he ever had an equal for mischief, and for the last years we had him we could do nothing with him. He was perpetually getting into the fields of grain or barn and leading all the other cattle with him. We used to hobble him in all sorts of ways, but he would manage to push or rub down the fence at some weak point, and unless his nose was fastened down almost to the ground by a chain from his head to the hind leg, he would let down the bars or open all the gates in the place. There was not a door about the barn, if he could get at the latch, but he would open, and if the key was left in the granary door he would unlock that. If left standing he was sure to get his head-stall off, and we had to get a halter made specially for him. He finally became such a perpetual torment that we sold him, and we all had a good cry when the old horse went away.

As soon as the sun was well up, and our tasks about the house over, our part of this new play in the hayfield began, and with a fork or long stick we followed up the swathes and spread them out nicely, so that the grass would dry. In the afternoon it had to be raked up into winnows, work in which the girls often joined us, and after tea one or two of the men cocked

it up, while we raked the ground clean after them. If the weather was clear and dry it would be left out for several days before it was drawn into the barn or stacked, but often it was housed as soon as dry.

Another important matter which claimed the farmer's attention at this time was the preparation of his summer fallow for fall wheat. The ground was first broken up after the spring sowing was over, and about hay time the second ploughing had to be done, to destroy weeds, and get the land in proper order, and in August the last ploughing came, and about the first of September the wheat was sown. It almost always happened, too, that there were some acres of wood-land that had been chopped over for fire wood and timber, to be cleaned up. Logs and bush had to be collected into piles and burnt. On new farms this was heavy work. Then the timber was cut down and ruthlessly given over to the fire. Logging bees were of frequent occurrence, when the neighbours turned out with their oxen and logging chains, and amid the ring of the axe, the shouting of drivers and men with their handspikes, the great logs were rolled up one upon another into huge heaps, and left for the fire to eat them out of the way. When the work was done, all hands proceeded to the house, grim and black as a band of sweeps, where, with copious use of soap and water, they brought themselves back to their normal condition, and went in and did justice to the supper prepared for them.

In August the wheat fields were ready for the reapers. This was the great crop of the year. Other grain was grown, such as rye, oats, peas, barley, and corn, but principally for feeding. Wheat was the farmer's main dependence, it was his staff of life, and his current coin. A good cradler would cut about five acres a day, and an expert with the rake would follow and bind up what he cut. There were men who would literally walk through the