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A great stir was made in the community when the first threshing machine came into the district. This was brought from Rochester by my father. From Toronto it was transported by team to our farm. It was a stationary machine and kept in a building erected for that purpose. It was a great novelty and farmers from far and near came to see it working. Our threshing days were usually rainy ones, as the machine was under cover where we could work independent of weather.

Our well was at first of the ancient style—the pole and bucket; then as new ideas began to spread in the settlement, we exchanged these for the modern pump. These circumstances caused a considerable amount of jealousy. A threshing machine and a pump were too much for one family and the Jarvises were flying their kite a little too high!

One Sunday just as we were starting for church we heard the howling of wolves from the direction of the woods, and looking in that direction we saw a beautiful antlered deer, pursued by two wolves, making for the lake. On reaching the clearing the wolves turned back, but the deer kept straight on to the lake, plunged in, swam out. Father and a neighbor launched our fishing-boat and paddled toward the deer. On coming up with it father watched his opportunity and cut its throat with his jackknife. The deer was then towed back to