

# Harvesting Has Spotlight; Dairy Queen is Awaited

The P.E.I. Fluid Milk Association for Sept. 25 at Birch Court plans its third annual meet. This comparatively new association across the island.

## Readers Recall Ghosts of Past

By NEIL A. MATHESON  
 "There are 'true' ghost stories and others that owe something to the imagination of minds that are skilful in weaving weird and sometimes unbelievable yarns. I have some of both today and I'll give you the latter first."

Vancouver's Dan McLean—remember his old fashioned remedies I told you about recently—sends a really fearsome tale across the continent. Jimmie Dougal Donald Sandy—the name is a play on some of the family names of years ago—was a honky covey leader. "For true ghost stories he was out of this world...he could keep our youngies tingling for weeks at a time."

"Ghosts of terror," riding horses into a purple dawn, their hooves of fire lit the island shores in his day," but here's the story as Dan McLean wrote it to me a few days ago:

"It was late in the night. While passing graveyard Jimmie Dougal felt something urging him to stop and peer through the iron fence. There before his very eyes a grave opened up and out tumbled a skeleton, and from each eye flashed a wee flame of fire. There in its own light it danced bones rattled as arms and legs swung as if it was preparing for a race."

And then, Mr. McLean recalls, the old story teller would say "Oh God forgive me for telling you this true story that has haunted me for years and years. I've told you enough. It's too gruesome, to tell you boys that haven't 'world experience'."

But Jimmie Dougal was persistent to continue and "with a big chaw of twill he continued tracing our veins of life." Dan recalls.

## Eye-socket Flames Are Terrifying

"OH WHAT A ghost. I can still see it as it rushed the cemetery fence," Jimmie Dougal continued. "Over it came a shadowy form before me, with its eye-socket flames increasing in intensity, my legs wanted to take me back to my room. 'The soul is here, the spirit is here.' 'Can you run?'"

"In a flash I was off. I called on my mind and legs for speed and more speed. Yet the shadowy form was catching up to the back of my neck. My mind was failing, so I flopped on a log by the side of the road. I looked, and there on the other side of the log sat the Ghost, who said with a wicked grin, 'Well, young fellow, that was quite a run we had.'"

"YES. It was, I said, and we are going to have another when I get my wind back."

"On the next hitch I tacked back to the cemetery. My only chance for survival was to get the most of the story I belonged. My fear faded as the light from the skull dimmed. At the gate of its resting place, it fell in a heap. I picked it up and laid it in the coffin as close as possible to the wall. Some of the boys reached out and took it back to rest," and Jimmie Dougal's head nodded in sleep as old lids slowly shut. And then, the boy who tells me he let his imagination have the bit in the above yarn.

The Vancouver man who was born in St. Marzarette's in this province, had another good yarn in his letter, but that I must leave for another time.

## Screaming Girl And Murderers

SHIFTING TO a man who assures me his ghost story is completely true - and it's a dandy - I give you Jim Clarkin, formerly of Ennville but now of Charlottetown.

About 37 years ago Jim was working in the woods at Grand Pond, Maine about 40 miles from Bangor, with his nephew, Bill Timmer, who now lives in Grand Falls. They were hiking some 20 miles on their way to Presque Isle where they were going to pick potatoes, and had taken refuge in an abandoned school house when the worst lightning storm he had ever seen struck up.

SOME TIME after they had laid down to sleep with their knapsacks by pillows, Jim was awakened by his rest running over his face. He tried to get back to sleep and had nearly succeeded when he was startled by the most terrifying screams he had ever heard. This came from a young woman who was being chased by two men. The girl burst into the school house and the two men after her. With that Clarkin and Judmore ran out and the terrible screams continued from within.

A mile or so down the road they went into a barn and slept in the hay. In the morning the farmer came to feed the stock and when they had explained their presence, and told what they had seen and heard, the Maine farmer explained that two men had murdered a girl in an old school house some years before, and the ghosts of the trio and the frightening screams were still seen and heard at times. The murderers had never been found.

## Three Coffins Go Through Window

LESTER KEIZER, Charlottetown told me about the dance that was held long ago at Tracadie Cross in a home close to the church. The fiddler used to carry his violin in an old sack. Suddenly in the middle of the night, the musician stopped playing. Reached for the floor sack and started out the door.

Everyone was startled by the unusual performance, for the man had not spoken a word. The owner of the house ran to the door and asked the reason. The fiddler was reluctant to tell at first, then exclaimed "I just saw three coffins go out through that window (the window of the room where he was playing) and that caused his sudden departure. I believe Lester told that the man never played for a dance again."

Sometimes afterwards three members of the household sickened and died. The vision the fiddler had seen, had come to pass, for the three coffins were handed out through the window. Apparently the passageway from the room through the hall and to the door would not permit the passing of the coffins.

## Dead Wife Appears, Gives Message

MRS. PEARL Rice is the smiling lady who greets you at the office of the Rita Way cleaners here. She told me a most unusual story. Her grandmother Mrs. George Lambert died many years ago in Newfoundland while her sailor husband was at sea. The woman died, apparently with a year's desire to give her husband a message advising what should be done with their two-year-old girl, the baby of the family, Roseanna who was later to become Mrs. Rice's mother.

Shortly afterwards people who lived along the shore—Mrs. Rice thinks the location was Chesapeake Bay—saw a woman who looked like the late Mrs. Lambert climbing each night the stairs of a house that looked out to sea. When Mr. Lambert arrived home shortly afterwards he was told about the occurrence, went to the spot and, sure enough, his late wife came down the stairs and out to meet him.

After warning him not to come too close to her, she told her widower where to put their baby girl so she would be brought up, and this advice was followed. The ghostly woman also gave her former husband another message. But he would never tell what it was, and the secret died with him when he was lost at sea some time later.

The story has become a part of the traditional family folk lore of the Lambert family and is one of the better ones I have heard in my travels, although there have been many good ones.

Stories From Stanchel Area

FRED DIXON who farmed in Mermaid for many years and now lives in Charlottetown, was born in Stanchel close to my old Rose Valley home. He told me some interesting yarns recently. Here's one of them.

Donald Macintosh, Springfield and John Stewart, Stanchel saw George Dixon of Stanchel on the road one dark night about the time his father, Robert Dixon was buried. George who had been home all the time, died some days later. An eerie light appeared in his bed room, and circled the bed once. When the light had completed the circle George was dead.

THE DIXON family lived at Dixon's Mill. The old home has since been burned, and the mill and dam have long since disappeared. It was nestled in a hollow close to a small bridge, and there was an eerie atmosphere there at times by the old dam. It was natural, perhaps, that a Stanchel farmer whom I shall not name, was startled one night by a small white form appearing outside. He started one night by the spot, as he passed the spot, after circling the rig they vanished into the darkness. The man, I have been told, was fairly suspicious of what he had seen, but the explanation is simple. Fred and his four brothers had been lying quietly in the house, heard the noise and slipped out to the road without a stitch of sleep on them. They were the Ghosts of that occasion.

There have other yarns that were told me by various people, but I've just about run out of space, and will have to leave them for another column.

tion has been strongly supported by plant operators and fluid milk producers and is proving to be a valuable ally to both the Dairyman's Association and the Federation of Agriculture.

Further publicity and notice will appear in due course. Members are asked to plan their efforts in order to keep that date clear. While the number of fluid milk producers is not large in this province, yet their total production is quite substantial and is expanding gradually from year to year.

**CHARGER**  
 The heart of the tractor, truck, automobile and other power units is a storage battery. If it is weak the machine's performance is impaired if it starts at all. Through the summer months batteries of indifferent strength will do the job, but when the first frost morning comes battery mortality is high.

A very useful item of farm equipment is a small charger using electricity. Over night these chargers built a battery up and ensure much prompter starting. In very cold weather which can not battery power it is hard to get of great assistance in getting a machine started.

**CURRENT OPERATIONS**  
 Under the heading of farm operation grain and tobacco are items of urgency with potatoes starting to move into the harvesting picture. For the grain there is no real concern as given reasonable weather the crop will be good. For the tobacco man the case is a little bit different as one good night's frost will put him out of business.

For the most part potato vines appear to be holding up very well without very much evidence of active blight although it is present on close examination. Grain harvesting has been moving slowly as the weather has been broken without any long spells of good weather.

**BUTLER**  
 Relative to butler the news coming out of Ottawa indicates that there is some relief for the worried civil servant and gov-

ernments which have seen the stock pile grow from year to year. Production and disappearance are getting in much better balance and it may well be that the worst of the nightmare is over. This, of course, does not do much to solve the problem of moving the surplus accumulated during the past. In its own small way this province is helping out as our production during the summer has been down approximately 20,000 pounds per week and this in spite of favourable conditions for production.

**JOINT MEETINGS**  
 Earlier this week the directors of the Dairyman's Association and the Fluid Milk Association met jointly and among other matters discussed the use of which "set-aside" funds can best be put in regional advertising and promotion. In the beginning it was agreed that there would be increased advertising on a regional basis with a reasonable percentage of the funds collected being earmarked for this purpose. The ideas brought forward will be discussed tomorrow in the latter part of September with the other Maritime members and after that considered by the Canadian Dairy Foods Service Bureau in planning its budget for 1964.

**LIVESTOCK INCREASE**  
 The farmer needs more dollars and the province needs more income, that is fact one fact two is that there is a market at our gate for more live stock and livestock products. Putting these two facts together appears to justify the belief that something should be done about it particularly when we add the first two statements the third fact that we can really produce more raw material for conversion into livestock products. The question arises to whether their own these will come together and produce what appears to be the desired result or where there is a place for a really active campaign based on an established and sound policy of livestock expansion. All this may bear the hallmark of planning, but the time has arrived when even poor planning is superior to good drifting.

**STILL IMPORTANT**  
 With the growth of industry in Canada there has been a tendency for the opinion to develop that farming is no longer of importance in the economy. This is a week's speaker at the Rotary luncheon did a very good job in setting the record straight in this connection. What there are

fewer farm people, yet they are producing more and what is important to the economy they are using far more of the products of other industries. Farm production power is an important item in the economy and the position of the man in the overalls in keeping the economy moving should not be lost sight of.

**THE QUEEN IS HERE**  
 This weekend the province entertains and welcomes the Dairy Queen of England and Wales Miss Rosemary Manister and her companion Mrs. Valerie Boyd of the National Dairy Council. The royal tour has been from Toronto eastward to the Island. They leave Monday at 1 p.m. for Nova Scotia.

Those in charge of the arrangements have tried to provide a varied program keeping in mind the entertainment of the guests and at the same time projecting a favourable image of the dairy industry in the province.

In addition, to meeting the leaders of the dairy industry an opportunity has been made to socialize with some of our younger people who have been active in 4-H work.

**BURTON**  
 Miss Ellen Doyle, Campbellton, recently left for Toronto, Ontario where she has accepted employment of teaching school. She was accompanied by her 12 year old niece Miss Marcia Doyle, of Toronto who was spending holidays with her grandmother, Mrs. Myrtle Doyle, Campbellton and Mrs. Thomas Howard, C.A.P.C. Wolf.

Recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dalton, Burton were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tover of Grand Falls, N.B., and their daughter Sister Gertrude Francis of the Sisters of Charity, of Saint John, N.B. They also visited Patrick O'Connor, Burton, who is a cousin of Mrs. Tover's.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Springham of Newton, Mass., were recent visitors to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Butler, Glangarry. The Springhams were also guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rogers, Forest View who spent holidays on the Island each year for the past 12 years and note with interest the improvements in this community.

A Glasgow shipyard has been awarded the contract to build a new 24,000 ton passenger ship for the Swedish American Line.

# FARMERS' MARKET

There's a smart practical way for farmers to stretch their family budget to have more of the things that make life more enjoyable. Here's how you can do it! Shop THIS WEEK and EVERY WEEK at the merchants listed on this page. You will find bargains for every member of your family - bargains in machinery, machinery repairs, and automobile buys . . . these merchants invite you to drop in when you are in town.

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