

**Maddened Steer Attacks Farmers Has To Be Shot**

There was great excitement last week at the farm of Bruce MacDougall of Unionvale, one mile from the village of O'Leary. About two p.m. March 27th, a large steer, weighing between 1100 and 1200 lbs., belonging to Mr. Bruce MacDougall, was being loaded on Milford Ellis' truck and sold to Mr. Ralph Adams of O'Leary. The big animal however had other plans and he was determined to see some of the world and to be his own boss.

He broke loose and started away from the farm. He would break no opposition. He jumped many fences and headed for Howlan and he landed up on the farm of Joe Arsenault, and after a pleasant time fraternizing with the cattle there, started back toward the MacDougall farm. Meanwhile Bill Bryan and Warner Buchanan started in pursuit of the steer and followed it back from Howlan to the MacDougall farm.

By this time the large steer was very hot and exceedingly bothered. He attacked Mr. MacDougall who only escaped within an inch of his life. This correspondent was told by Mr. MacDougall that he was never so near death before. When within a very few feet of his intended victim, the steer swerved slightly and so he was able to avoid his sharp horns and hoofs. Beyond the MacDougall brook the maddened roaring beast forced Bill Bryan and Warner Buchanan up into one tree and Kennedy McCormick up into another.

For fully two hours the steer matched up and down around the trees, getting more angry all the time and giving vocal expression as to his thoughts about the whole situation. The boys in the trees were very cold, especially Bill Bryan who had no coat on, as he was very warm when chasing the steer to Howlan and back. There was now no doubt whatsoever that the beast was insane and was exceedingly dangerous. He had plenty of time. He would wait until the farmers came down from the trees. By this time it was nearly six o'clock and as there seemed no way out of the deadlock, it was decided to shoot the animal, and a firing squad made up of Elmer MacDonald of Unionvale, who was a Provost in World War Two, and Mr. Marne Kennedy of O'Leary, well known sportsman and merchant, arrived with shot-guns and "finis" was written to the shot but exciting career of Mr. Steer in his campaign of obstinacy, violence, ferocity and insanity.

Putting his faith in his bolsterousness, his might, and thinking that his rage and exasperation gave him the license to run amuck, and ride rough-shod over his human owners, he found that the end of a tyrant's life is punishment and death, and that goes for human despots as well as the animal ones. The boys in the trees, although chilled to the bone, did not contract any colds and suffered no ill effects. —O

**Phillips-MacGregor Wedding**

A quiet but pretty wedding was solemnized at Trinity United Church Parsonage, Summerside, on Saturday afternoon March 25 when Dorothy Edna daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Phillips, Arlington Lot 14 became the bride of Archibald MacGregor only son of Mr. and Mrs. Colin MacGregor, East Bideford. The double ring ceremony was performed by Rev. K. G. Sullivan in the presence of immediate relatives.

The bride was charming in a street length dress of navy accessories and a corsage of Better Time Roses. Miss Alice Harris, cousin of the groom was bridesmaid and was attired in a street length dress of navy taffeta with matching accessories and a corsage of Pink Delight roses. The groomsmen was Carlyle Phillips, brother of the bride.

Following the wedding ceremony a reception was held at the bride's parents for the immediate relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. MacGregor left on a honeymoon trip touring the Island. On their return they will reside in East Bideford where the groom is a successful farmer.

**Tryon Girl Weds At Montreal**

Married recently in St. James United Church, Montreal by Rev. T. E. McLennan, Ethel Noreen daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Crossman, Tryon, to Mr. Osborne Harris Boliver, Bridgewater, N. S.

The bride was attractively attired in a floor-length gown of white crepe cut in princess lines with floor length tulle veil and carried a bouquet of two dozen pink roses. Her ornaments were pearls with matching earrings and bracelet, gift of the groom.

The bride was attended by her sister Mrs. John Agnew as matron of honor who wore a floor length gown of peach sheer with gold accessories and corsage of pink and white carnations. The groom was supported by Mr. Derek Marsh, Montreal. Following the service a wedding dinner was served at the Queen Hotel, at which intimate friends of the bridal pair were guests. The toast to the bride was proposed by Mr. Derek Marsh responded to by the groom. The evening was spent in music and singing, the happy couple received many useful and valuable gifts. Previous to her wedding the bride was guest of honor at a delightful shower at the home of her sister, Mrs. John Agnew R. N. The bride's gift to matron of honor was earrings with matching clasp. The groom's gift to best man was Ronson pencil lighter. They will reside at 1436 St. Matthew St., Montreal, age 102.

**HOLMAN'S Says ... Look Your Best For Easter!**

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**Pioneer Days**

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only one dress to her back, a corduroy slip, patched with the skins of rabbits. Mary went one day, so the story goes, to visit a Mrs. Kellow whom she found washing beside a little creek that passed quite close to the house.

"I see that you boil your clothes with soap," observed Miss Frazer. She had never seen this done before but she felt sure it would work wonders on her old dress — make it come from the suds sparkling clean and the "whites ever seen" as our radio soap-crooners babble between the plays, when they sing about the many products they are paid to advertise.

One week later, when Mr. and Mrs. Frazer had gone to Charlottetown on important business, Mary bolted the door and put her only dress in the old iron pot to boil with some lye. What do you think happened to the patchwork garment? At least you can imagine

what happened to the parts that were pieced out with rabbit skins. Poor Mary! When she put it on the line to dry, it resembled a mass of pulp wood in a paper mill.

At that moment, her parents were coming into view, and their darling daughter, as nude as Mother Eve before she had donned her fig leaf, fled to the shelter of the potato hole. The parents were at first alarmed, calling and searching all over the house. Then Mary answered, but no amount of coaxing could draw her from her place of concealment. Here was a \$64 question, what was to be done?

Finally a clever idea popped into Mrs. Frazer's fertile brain. Her husband was despatched to the stable to get the oxen and an empty barrel. When he drew up to the potato hole, Mary, with many bushes covering her lovely face, lowered herself into the barrel and was driven to a Mrs. Smith's place who lent her some of her own daughter's clothing till the Frazers could come by a piece of material to make their Mary a new garment.

A rather amusing incident occurred at Mallet's Tavern, located on Bell's Hill near the Queens Arms. In those days, it was a common practice for farmers to carry home a supply of rum to last them through the week. Tavern keepers had to be shrewd fellows for there always was a few characters in the district who would put across a smart trick whenever the opportunity to do so arose.

One of these, whom we shall

call Percy Arthur, arrived at the Tavern one night and ordered a half gallon of rum to be put up without delay as he was having some kind of a shindy at his home. The innkeeper filled the jar and, still holding fast to it, demanded his money.

"Pay you next week," said Percy. "Next week for sure." "Nothing doing," said the innkeeper. "Pay up or I'll run out the liquor."

"Only a half-gallon," warned Percy. "That's what you put into it."

When about two hundred yards from the inn, Percy crutched his arm, took a good swig and chuckled to himself. "That's mighty nice drinkin' — even though half of it be water!"

**IN MEMORIAM**

In loving memory of Mrs. James H. Grady, who passed away April 2nd, 1947.

When all is still and silent And sleep forsakes my eyes My thoughts are in the silent grave Where my dear Mother lies.

**IN MEMORIAM**

In loving memory of JOHN HORTON who passed peacefully away March 26th, 1946.

Sadly Missed by His Wife and Family.

**IN MEMORIAM**

In loving memory of REV. J. W. HAYTER Who died April 3rd, 1948.

Loving and kind in all his ways Upright and just to the end of his days Sincere and true in heart and mind A beautiful memory left behind.

**IN MEMORIAM**

In loving memory of our Mother Mrs. Maria Buchanan, South Grandville, who passed away April 3rd, 1948.

Away in the beautiful hills of God, In the valley of rest so fair, Some day, some time, we know not when We shall meet our loved ones there.

**IN MEMORIAM**

In loving memory of PTE. JAMES W. FOLLAND who died April 3rd, 1948.

Sadly Missed and Fondly Remembered. Lovingly Remembered by Father, Mother, Sisters and Brothers.

**OUR BOARDING HOUSE**

