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Oh, there were so many of them. There was the story about the young man that hired-- he was to get twenty pounds sterling when the horns would grow on the horse.... I told (another) one (to John Shaw for the book. Tales until Dawn). I think "Jack Fu? ry" was what he called that one. But I don't know if I call it that name in Gael- Ifour Favourite in on Paper, in Full and Glorious Colour from 5,000 feet Up. Housing and Municipal Affairs Land Information Centres Sydney 500 George Place Tei: (902) 563-2281 New Glasgow Tel: (902) 752-1331 Halifax Tel: (902) 424-2735 Fax: (902) 563-0503 Lawrencetown Tel: (902) 584-2266 Amherst Tel: (902) 667-7231 ic or not. Anyway, the story is about the man that killed the ox, when he fired the stone at the birds that he thought was somebody making a mockery of him or some? thing. And he struck the ox, and he killed the ox, and they had to skin the ox and go and sell the hide. (He) got some money for that. And then when (people he worked for) heard all the money he got, they killed the other ox and went to sell the hide. And (the villagers) turned the dogs on them in town, in the village. And then they were go? ing to do away with him, but he overheard .-them making the plan. I f l l And he got out of that I ri lone. And of course (in- Ill l instead) they killed one ' ' ' of the old women that was in the house with him. And they had to send him away to bury the old woman. And he made money out of that deal. It kept on until he finally did away with them, got them in the river and drowned them. That was one of the stories that (John MacIsaac) used to tell. (But the first story was about a man who'd get silver....) A man would get twenty pounds ster? ling when the horns would grow on the horse. He went to work for a minister. The minister had such a bad memory, he couldn't remember anything. He couldn't even remember the num? ber of days. He had a duck that would lay an egg every day, and they went by the count. When the duck laid so many eggs, well, that was the days of the week. When the duck laid the 7th egg, why that was Satur? day. The following day was Sunday, and so forth. And he finally got him away, got him on the bull's back at night, and told him that the horns had grown on the horse, told him to feel. And he felt-- there was the horns--of course it was the bull. He got him on the saddle

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