

He was already down the path when Teresa ran down to him. She handed him her basket of fish. He said, "Thank you" and she replied, "You're welcome. We had enough anyway." Then she rushed back into the house. That night she was filled with happiness for helping someone else.



THE END

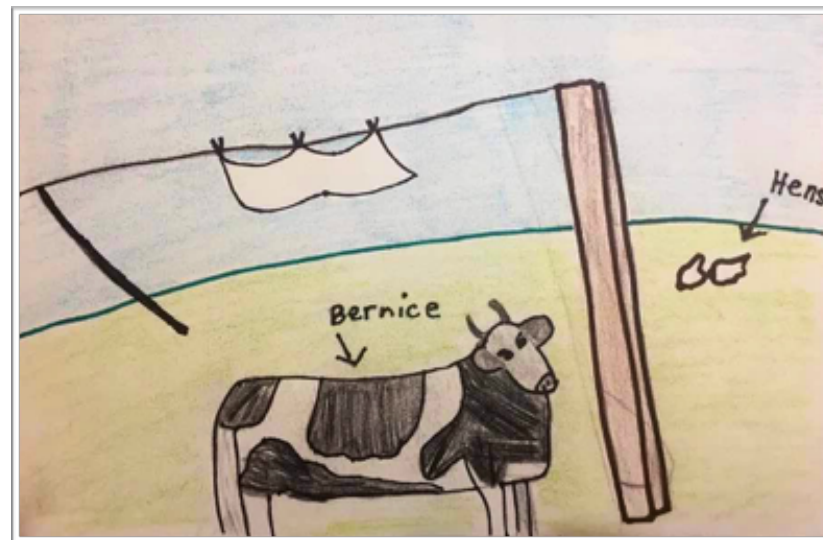


One day, Theresa woke up to the hens clucking and the smell of bacon frying. There was a wonderful sunrise outside.

For a minute she just looked as the sun rose.  
Then her mother yelled from downstairs,  
"Theresa, could you please milk the cow?"  
Theresa slipped her clothes on and ran  
downstairs. She named the cow Bernice after  
the daughter of the man they bought the cow  
from. She loved Bernice the cow. Her family also  
had a few hens.

On the way back to her house Theresa and her  
family met a hobo walking by. Her father  
stopped to say hello. They had a little  
conversation. Her father invited him to have a  
bite to eat at their house. The hobo agreed and  
came home with them. Her parents spoke with  
the hobo for a while and then he said he had to  
leave. On his way out Theresa felt like she had to  
give him something.

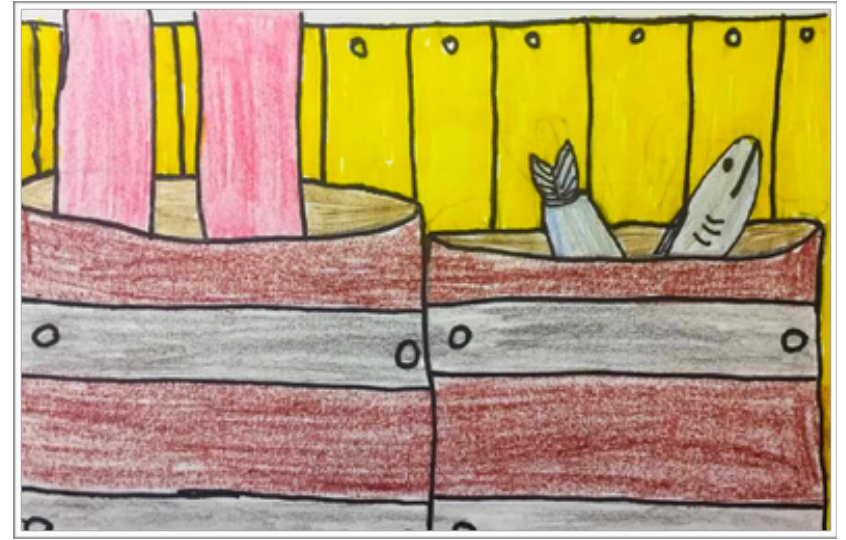
A dory would pull up with loads of fish for them to sort into baskets. At the end of the day each family member had a basket of fish to take home. Families who lived in fishing villages always had lots of fish to eat.



After milking Bernice she walked to her house to have breakfast. She had bacon, eggs and toast.

This was probably in the 1930s in L'Ardoise, Nova Scotia. Back then people say communities were very tight-knit. Everyone helped out their neighbours. A lot of people went to church. Most people did not have a lot of money but many of the people who lived in small Cape Breton communities worked hard together.

After breakfast Theresa and her family went to the shore. Her family, as well as others who lived on her road, would sort out fish there. They did that for most of the day. Of course, they had a lunch break. She didn't do a lot of the work but she did some.



The women used half barrels for boots. They stood in barrels along the shoreline that had the tops cut off so when the tide came up they didn't get their feet wet. But, they had water under them most of the time anyway.