

THAT MANLY LADY

*There were strange things done 'neath the Boundary sun
by those pioneer folks of old.*

*The Granby trails have their secret tales
that would make your blood run cold.*

*There's a story worth reading of a lady with breeding,
the sweetest you ever would meet.*

*'pon hearing the gossip that flowed like a faucet,
did horse-whip a man in the street.*

Now the rumours thus go, (I'm not saying they're so),
and somehow they seem out of place,
'bout the wife so fair of our city's first mayor,
a lady with charm and sweet grace.

That whole summer long, John Manly was gone
on business affairs of the town.
With a big empty house and neglected by spouse,
she wandered alone up and down.

It began one day with His Honor away,
she stopped by the new city hall.
On seeing the clerk her head gave a jerk,
she thought him most fetching of all.

As the summer wore on, with her husband still gone,
she spent many days at his work.
She'd make an excuse, (but 'twas simply a ruse),
her aim was to see the young clerk.

They sometimes would walk, (which fueled more talk),
alongside each other so sweet.
From Golden Heights ridge to the North Fork's new bridge,
the rumour mills picked up their beat.

It was gossiped with glee and discussed over tea,
her shameless unladylike tryst.
But of all the folks local, one voice was more vocal
in feeding that rumour-mill grist.

Now was he a cad, or was it he had
an insiders fine point of view,
of what our sweet lady, behaving so shady,
was up to and what she did do?

As the Townsite's new boss was he grieving the loss
of longings he held in his heart?
For clearly 'twas known, she never had shown
to him but a smile on her part.

But that didn't cause to give him much pause
in spreading those stories unfair.
When Manly returned, his ears fairly burned,
with rumours of his wife's affair.

She swore it was lies and hotly denies,
that anything ever took place.
She vowed to her spouse she'd challenge that louse
and promised she'd save family face.

She thought up a plan for facing this man
that wanted to ruin her name.
A revenge so striking, (and not to his liking),
he'd never see whence from it came.

His habit each day when making his way
to work at his township employ,
was to walk down the road right past her abode,
which helped form a plan she'd enjoy.

She waited at home 'till he passed by alone,
then set out to follow behind.
She was dressed oh so grand, paper sack in her hand,
revenge playing scenes in her mind.

With a smile on her face she hastened her pace,
and strode swiftly up on his track.
She chewed on her lip and smartly did slip
her hand quickly into the sack.

With a talon-like grip she pulled out a whip
and struck him a blow to his back.
Three times, maybe four, she struck him once more,
before he could dodge her attack.

“Mr. Cummings sir you’re a worthless cur,
so I’ll whip you like a hound.
But I’ll shoot you dead with an ounce of lead
if another false story goes ‘round.”

She let go the whip and with hands on her hip
marched off with a glare to the crowd.
Mr. Cummings alas, looked a right proper ass,
proclaiming his innocence loud.

*Now, I’m not as wise as them newspaper guys
but I’m guessing this story is true.
Go have a good look in our old history book,
you’ll read this and more legends too.*