

A Cake Walk in Muskoka.

The hotel was terribly dull, notwithstanding that it was in the height of the season, so we boys decided to get up some excitement to relieve the monotony. Various things were proposed, and one after another were rejected as being beyond the limited resources of the hotel. Then, when we were almost giving up in despair, a Southern lady proposed that we get up an old-fashioned negro cake-walk.

The suggestion was immediately adopted and we all set to work to prepare costumes. Of course some of us had to be "wenches" and some "colored gents." Enough boys consented to join us to make five couples. I was elected, along with four others, to be a colored lady.

This point decided, we all set to work overhauling our sisters' wardrobes for suitable articles of apparel for the "walk." Many other ladies gave us kind assistance in this respect, so we had everything necessary for a good make-up. I borrowed a colored petticoat of my sister's, also a plaid shirt-waist and various other articles. When I tried on the things I found that the petticoat was somewhat short, and the shirt-waist fitted me so soon around the belt-line that I had to have a small shawl pinned over the front where the things were too shy to meet.

My partner took a clean white duck suit and checkered it with charcoal into alternate blocks of black and white. He also wore a necktie that would certainly have proved to be his death warrant if either a gobbler or bull set eyes on it. It was alternate red and yellow stripes, about two inches wide each, and the bow stuck out fully two feet on either side of his neck. An eight-inch pasteboard collar with voluminous flaps and an old-fashioned dicer completed his magnificent apparel. I forgot to mention his jewelry, which consisted of a cow chain with a horse shoe and padlock for fobs, also a hanging lamp pendant solitaire stud. The black for our faces gave us some trouble, but at last we got it on all right and went down to the room where we were to meet before we made our grand *debut* in the ball room.

When we got to the meeting room it was a series of surprises all around. Although we had an inkling of the other fellows' costumes, we were unprepared for what we beheld then. One fellow had borrowed a stout old lady's wrapper and let out all the tucks around the waist. Then he buckled six pillows around himself with a trunk strap and finally worked himself into the wrapper. His partner looked like a skewer beside him. The others had equally ludicrous get-ups, but I will not wait to describe them. After having had a good laugh and

passed comments on each other's make-up, we adjourned to the ball room, where all the guests were assembled.

We entered the hall by a side door in couples and were greeted with shouts of laughter and applause from the 300 guests who were lined up around the room, two and three deep. The piano now struck up "Rastus on Parade," and we commenced the "grand march" around the hall.

After the grand march, each couple were given a chance to show their paces by walking around the hall twice. Then each "colored lady" had an opportunity to show how gracefully she could trip the light fantastic. The judges, who were prominent Americans sojourning there, gave points for the most graceful as well as for the most ludicrous walk and for swinging partners around the corners, etc.

All this time the spectators were howling with merriment, and trying to identify us, which, we flattered ourselves, was rather hard to do. Everybody was commenting on our appearance and dress, and some of the remarks were very funny indeed. But what were we doing all this time? A remark of my partner's will give a pretty clear idea. He whispered to me and said, "Say, I've never been so well thawed out before." He certainly looked it, too, for near the end of the performance his color, which was not warranted fast black, began to run and leave white streaks down his face. The rest of us were hardly any better off than he was. However, we were amply repaid for this when the judges called my partner up and presented him with the cake for the best couple. Our stout friend captured the second prize cake as the funniest wench, while another fellow got a smaller cake for the most comical gent.

This concluded the walk, and, after receiving a vote of thanks from all present for enlivening them, we all adjourned to my room, where, after getting some of the burnt cork off our faces, we made a record in cake eating as well as cake walking.

R. M. McLEOD (IV).

This Accounts For It.

Lately it has been noticed that many boys are suddenly taken with serious pains, etc., on Literature days. So far no satisfactory proof has been rendered.

It is hoped that the following explanation may be sufficient:

Literature is learning.
Learning is wisdom.
Wisdom is cleverness.
Cleverness is sharpness.
Sharpness is pain.
Pain is harmful.

Therefore literature is harmful and should be done away with.

A. C. BLACK (III.)