

Foreword

You will have some all right — I'm going over myself. There would have been a big crowd in if it had n't been for the wind. You see, you've never been here before and that all helps."

Then the President of the Red Cross Society came and conducted me to the house quite near the station where I was to be entertained. My hostess, who came to the door herself in answer to our ring, was a sweet-faced, little Southern woman transplanted here in northern Canada, who with true Southern hospitality and thoughtfulness asked me if I would not like to step right upstairs and "handsome up a bit" before I went to the meeting, — "not but what you're looking right peart," she added quickly.

When I was shown upstairs to the spare room and was well into the business of "handsoming up," I heard a small voice at the door speaking my name. I opened the door and found there a small girl of about seven years of age, who timidly asked if she might come in. I told her that I was just dressing and would be glad to have her at some other time. But she quickly assured me that it was right now that she wished