

Along The Front.

to the dance hall, pleased with his choice of a partner and happy in the simplicity of his surroundings. To-day, the name on the sign-board over the entrance is no longer readable. The plank steps, once strong and unbending, have rotted away at the ends and the centre, until now, for the use of the laborer's family who occupy the old shell as their living apartments, broken pieces of plank for steps are held up by stones placed one upon the other. The dance hall in the extension presents the sorriest appearance

to the visitor approaching from the water's side. A woodyard with jagged, uncut logs and little heaps of chips picked up here and there from the chopper's axe, fills the yard and what was once the stabling-shed for the chafing steeds of the Glengarry lads. The gable end of the hall is all awry; the archways beneath and the supporting posts have leaned over, tired as it were, of the long, weary wait against the time when they will be no longer asked to support their useless burden. Doves, unmolested, fly in and out through the broken panes of the windows, and strut and coo along