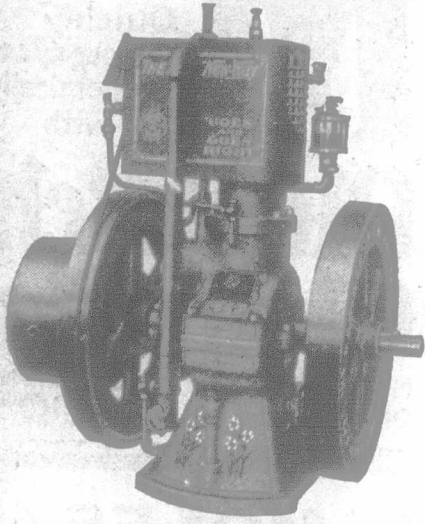


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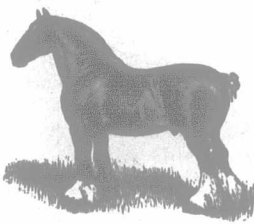
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looked forward to eagerly. The men who live far way, of course, cannot go home to "rig up" as they call it, so the "women folk" have to come alone to the dance, and it is no uncommon thing for even girls to walk six or seven miles to attend one of these festive gatherings.

We all had an invitation to the dance, so went about half past eight. "Dances" was about the only pleasure these people had for there were no lectures (except among their own families and they were plentiful), no concerts, no church, nor, in fact, anything, and, as it was not safe to stay in the house alone, I was compelled to accompany the family. The fact was that I wanted to see what they were like anyway, having heard of them at home from our pioneers. When I discovered, however, that, as a rule, about midnight all the men became intoxicated, I begged the family not to go and they eventually kindly gave them up for my sake.

The house where this particular dance was held was divided into two rooms downstairs. It was a log house, of course, with the walls unpapered, and rough beams on the ceiling which made the room very dark in appearance, and it was lighted by several lanterns on the walls and ceiling, as some neighbors were asked to lend their lanterns for the occasion. (We never thought of going out after nightfall without a lantern, especially as it is necessary to pass the woods). Along the sides of the room were huge blocks of wood with rough boards, placed on them for the guests to sit upon. It was at one of these parties that the board broke in the centre, and deposited the young and old people in a heap on the floor. It was great fun for the rest of us, but not so much for the others.

Despite the lanterns it was almost impossible to recognize people especially your partner, and to add to the confusion of your senses there is such an amount of swinging (somewhat similar to the English waltz) that you hardly knew whether you were standing on your head or your heels, until you were roughly seized and thus prevented from falling backwards from dizziness. The only dance was a "square" one, a sort of quadrille, and it became so monotonous to watch the swings and twirls of the excited dancers as they went in and out, with the dust fairly flying.

The room was decorated with beautiful colored maple leaves, sunflowers and tomatoes (the only ones I saw during my sojourn in the north.)

About eleven o'clock we had a very nice supper of sandwiches, cake and coffee. After that some of the guests sang songs, for the most part "more expressive than elegant." For many a long day we used the choruses as bye words, and had a good deal of fun over it. When anybody would find a thing, and asked us if we owned it we used to reply, "You'll have to enquire of somebody higher, it don't belong to me." When sleigh-riding through the woods, bumpy-bump over the logs, we would say, "As we went bobbing up and down, up and down, up and down, as we went bobbing up and down," of course, singing the air as well.

The Frenchman was soon urged to produce his "fiddle" again, as the young people were anxious to be on their feet again to take advantage of every moment of precious time, as if their lives depended upon it.

I noticed the men, one at a time, going out the front door, but was not at first aware that they went out to take a glass of whiskey; it would be too noticeable if more than one went at a time. We always left about 1.30 a.m., so did not see the worst of it or as they think,—the best of it when men all get "jolly." I had all I wanted and more. The men who do not care to dance sit around on the table or benches, with their hats on one side and enjoy a good smoke. It certainly is a great contrast to the innocent little dancing evenings at home, although they have their courtesies, too, as far as they know.

The upstairs in this house consisted of one room divided by one or two sheets for curtains, and contained nothing but beds and clothes hung on nails on the wall. Considering the fact that there were eleven members belonging to the family, you can imagine that there

would be little room for anything but beds.

About a month afterwards we had our own bee and dance, but this time it was a "ploughing bee." There were about thirteen teams which managed to plough about twelve acres, and altogether the event proved a great success. It was such fun watching the men ploughing—some with horses, some with oxen, and some with an ox and a horse. They always raced along the furrows, but the races were rather unfair as the oxen, no matter how good, are like snails, although a great number of the horses were not much better. They say a horse that is hardly able to work at all costs about \$100.00, so, of course, there are few good ones. One old horse used to draw a coal wagon on the streets of Toronto so was painfully slow, and, when standing still, used to go to sleep and suddenly go flop on the ground and often break its harness. It gave me such a start one day in the woods at the dump when it dropped beside me. In all parts of the country it would be had enough, but in such a cold part it would be better to walk than drive behind it in the big square homemade box-wagon which his owners had.

Upon my arrival from school I found the men at tea. The supports were put up at either end of the room, upon which were placed boards with a sheet spread over them for a table cloth. When they had finished we had our tea. Two neighbors had come to assist Mrs. McDonald with the cooking, etc., so they, two of the scholars and myself sat down and had quite a merry time, as they dearly love a joke. What a comfort to me it was that they always saw the funny side of everything! How much pleasure a person loses who has not this faculty! Even our troubles were able to laugh at after they were over.

When the dishes were cleared away the guests began to arrive. This dance kept up until after four in the morning, and we thought the people would never go. It was the first dance they had had in this new house, and they were loath to leave. People who are used to going to bed about eight o'clock will sympathize with us if, some day, they cannot get to bed until about 5 a.m. after such excitement. Mr. McDonald bought no spirits for the men, and they did not like it very well. Some had brought a supply, but not so much as is usual, so altogether it was more quiet and respectable. At this party I positively refused to dance, but enjoyed watching the others and reading a book at intervals, though at last could scarcely keep my eyes open.

Three of the girls had walked several miles to it, but were so tired with such excitement that one young man walked home about a mile to get his oxen to drive them home. Such a comical picture, we presented—altogether six girls sound asleep on different chairs! Although sometimes we would wake up for a moment or so, only to doze off again almost immediately. Our attitudes were ludicrous, although I had the advantage of having a table to rest upon. The girls had a long tedious drive, but slept a good part of the way home.

(To be continued.)

### Women Men Like.

Men like all kinds of women. There are ugly men who adore beautiful women, but there are also handsome men who worship at the shrines of women who are quite unlike Helen of Troy. Many good men have loved, and will love, bad women. Who has not seen bad men devoted to saintly women? On the other hand, the dwarf is often captivated by the large-framed woman whose head approaches the ceiling. I have known deaf women beloved by talkative men; lame women cherished by men who are agile; stupid women thought sensible, or even clever, by men who were brilliant; affected women solemnly admired by the most natural of men; girls who turned the heads of grandfathers, and old women who lured mere boys to their feet. . . . All kinds of women are liked—nay, more, are loved by men. Why not? For where is the man who cannot find one woman—if not two—to think him what he probably thinks himself, the most perfect man in the world—until the honeymoon is waning?—Robert Hitchens, in the "Strand."