

noon, at the house where the fulling was to be done. The web of cloth, after being damped with water, was laid out on a rough board table in a big loop or coil, and for several hours the girls, seated around the table, would rub the cloth in a very dexterous way on the rough surface of the boards, to give a nap or finish to it. They always sang appropriate Gaelic songs as a sort of marching music to the motion of their arms. When nearly done, a mad freak would seize the girls and the web would be lifted clean off the table and pounded down again at a great rate, the singing quickened to keep time. In the evening the young men of the neighbourhood would come to the dance that took place after the fulling bee in most houses, and to see the girls home.

Simple and Hospitable.

I do not know how it may be now, but in my boyhood days the people of Nova Scotia were extremely hospitable in their own homes, and even the way-faring stranger would meet with a cordial welcome at almost every door. The country people in Cape Breton were mostly poor, but there was no want. They were simple-hearted, contented with what they had, and, with few exceptions, every man's word was as good as his bond.

Neither locks had they on their doors, nor bars on their windows, But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

In one family near us there were several fine strapping young men, but they only had one jacket fit to