

ice,
was
ent
ole
one
nd
up
f a
off
igs

wooden leg, but they were excellent hard-working people, and managed in spite of their physical disabilities to get along on their farms very well. A little farther up the valley there was a queer specimen of the human race. He was very small in every way, and all wind and gab. Then he was a regular tobacco eater, and as the home supply often gave out he was a borrowing pest to those around him. Long afterwards, in the county of Huron, Ontario, where he and his family had migrated to, one of his neighbours, who, like many of the Cape Breton men, was a natural-born wag, objected to his taking a plot beside him when laying out a new burying ground, and for the novel reason,—“You would be borrowing tobacco forever from me!” That settled it.

rs
of
s.
so
e,
ig
ry
e,
n
w
o
s
l,
l,
l
e

The Fulling Bee.

There were no woollen mills nor cloth factories in our part of Cape Breton at that time. The women of the family sheared the sheep, washed and carded the wool, spun and dyed the yarn, and often did the weaving as well. My mother and aunt were specially expert at such work. They made fine beautiful fabrics for gowns, soft flannels for shirts and underwear of all kinds, heavy cloths for suits for the men and boys, and the best blankets in the world. They also did their own dressmaking and most of the tailoring for the family, too. Just think of it, ye city dames, who complain of your servant girls.

Except a wedding now and again, the fulling bee was the greatest frolic of the year. About a dozen of the farmers' girls would gather, usually in the after-