

from the well, chopping wood, lighting the fire, washing up, and cooking.

For cooking, the whole "out-fit," as he would have called it, is very simple. The deal table, covered with a white American cloth, served as his pastry-board, a glass bottle as a rolling-pin, and an empty tin as his pastry cutter, but the results were excellent, and his butter-milk cakes would have done credit to a finished cook.

We were told at the Congress that practical work done with your own hands is what earns respect out in Canada, and any woman who is thinking of emigrating would do well to remember this, for there will certainly be no lack of work for her hands to do!

I must not forget to mention the mosquitoes, indeed, I do not think I ever can forget them; for the first few days they left me only one eye with which to view the beauties of the prairie. You can always tell a man from the "old country," they say, because he works with his shirt sleeves turned up, while the Canadians keep theirs turned down, as a slight, though very insufficient, protection against the mosquitoes. The mosquito-hawk, an insect like a dragon-fly, only bright red, makes short work of them. It is in the evening that they are most persistent, and, before milking, Willy often made a "smudge," which is a bonfire, damped down until it makes clouds of smoke, to which the mosquitoes strongly object, and it was strange to watch the poor fly-tormented beasts coming from all parts of the field to stand in the smoke.

The kindness and hospitality I received from the farmers all around was just as great as that which we received in the beautiful Eastern towns of Canada, and only those who were with us can in the least appreciate how much that means. I was made to feel quite at home, and treated as one of the family at once, and I could not help contrasting the prairie in this respect with the London suburbs, where often for years you may not exchange so much as a word with your next door neighbour. Even out on the prairie there seemed always to be something going on, and we really had to "hustle" in order to visit all the friends within a radius of 18 miles, who were eager to welcome us. Time does not allow me to tell you of the Kola Church Picnic in the Pipeston Creek, admission 25 cents, where we sat down to a sumptuous spread under the trees, provided by the women of the party, each of whom brought a well-furnished basket, and afterwards watched the people dancing in broad daylight, a square dance, on boards laid down under the trees, to the sound of a fiddle played by a fiddler sitting on a tree stump, while one of the dancers "called" directions for each figure; of the Divinity student whom I met there, and who told me that his round on Sunday took in not only Kola Church but two others, and covered 34 miles; or of the Japanese Tea in Elkhorn, arranged by the Junior Branch of the Women's Auxiliary, the great Missionary Society of Canada, to collect money for a chair for a cripple child; or of the Elkhorn Industrial School for Indians, with its 380 acres of ground and 80 boy and girl boarders from the Indian reservations, which the Principal, Mr. Wilson,

very kindly showed me over, and which is the thing to see in Elkhorn; or of how I picked wild strawberries with the baby girl, at whose advent my brother rode nine miles at midnight for the doctor, only to find him out, and had finally to telephone for one to the next town still further off; but I must tell you how he and I got lost one night on the prairie when returning from a practice for a "Lawn Social," which was to be given in my honour by a neighbouring farmer's wife. There was a terrible storm, and the night was so dark that when we started at 11 o'clock to drive 30 miles over the prairie I heartily wished I had accepted our friends' kind invitation to stay there for the night. We soon felt that Jack was right off the track, and my brother got down to strike a match, which of course proved to be his last. Instead of finding the track, however, he lost me and the buggy, and I had to call out to direct him back. Soon we found ourselves on a ploughed field (one does not need to see to know that), and the next thing was that we were both thrown out on to the wet ground. Luckily, Jack did not bolt, and while I held his head, my brother freed the buggy from the harrow on which he found it had stuck. He then led Jack by the bridle, while I sat inside and held "the lines," and the rain poured down in torrents, and the lightning lit up the darkness for a moment, only to make it seem blacker than before. I besought him to make for the only thing we could see, a small glimmering light, but before we had gone far, it went out. Then he came to a barbed wire fence, and remarked that it was fortunate he was leading Jack, as otherwise we should have gone straight into it. By feeling our way round this we finally got to the gate, and found ourselves back at the house we had left, where they welcomed us most kindly, and put us up for the night, only reproaching themselves for having ever allowed us to start.

I slept with the shy young village school-mistress (my brother tells me shyness is not an affliction which many Canadian girls suffer from!) and when I remarked on the heat, she amused me by exclaiming "It's just fierce."

The Englishmen in Canada were, I found, always glad to talk of the "old country," but as Robert W. Service, the Canadian Kipling, says in his "Songs of a Sourdough," most of them seemed quite contented," and I will, therefore, conclude with one of his verses, which to me seems strangely appropriate. He says:—

"If you leave the gloom of London and you seek a glowing land,

Where all except the flag is strange and new,
There's a bronzed and stalwart fellow who will grip you by the hand,

And greet you with a welcome warm and true;
For he's your younger brother, the one you sent away,

Because there wasn't room for him at home,
And now he's quite contented, and he's glad he didn't stay,

And he's building Britain's greatness o'er the foam."

NORAH E. GREEN.

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