ER
" ATTACKED

ecessary and Archaic

Homesteading at Fort Vermilion

The Atlantic Monthly Has Discovered a New Canadian Chronicler of Heart Interesting Story.

PIONEERING TO-DAY

The Atlantic Monthly brought Miss Roche to light, they are intermittently running a series letters from Mrs. Hilda Rose who is homesteading in the Peace River Country near Fort Vermilion. Their editorial comment is as follows:

On our office map a blue star on the white waste area of northwestern Canada marks the frontier home of Hilda Rose. From her Peace River claim have come letters enlisting our warm sympathy in a struggle which, through it seems almost unparalleled, doubtless has its counterpart in many an unchronicled life. Readers will remember Mrs. Rose's letters written from her American Stump Farm which we published in February, March, and April, 1927. This later correspondence comes to us through the kindness of Dr. Mary Hobart of Massachusetts.

In the earlier series Mrs. Rose and her seventy year old husband and nine year old son were camping in a tent in latitude 50 degrees. A few of the letters are as follows:—

...Fort Vermilion, Alberta,
July 10, 1926

Dear Doctor-Lady:—

I am now on the steamer going north and will land very soon, so this will be a short letter so I can get it ready and leave it here on the steamer to take back to civilization. We will land at L Point, which is ten miles before we come to the trading post. There is only one white settler there and he is on the boat. He has fifteen children—is a very large, fine-looking, jovial man. His father was a missionary and the first white man here. He has taken a great fancy to Daddy, and as he is a very rich man his word is law on the river. The boat was crowded and we had no berths and night was coming on. He called the purser and told him to give us a good stateroom and look after Mr. Rose, as he looked tired and needed rest. Say! I never saw a man jump around so swiftly. The best stateroom was given to us and we had every attention as if we were rich. Daddy was eight days in the freight car and was in a dreadful state when he arrived. I took him to a hotel and gave a woman a dollar to carry me four pails of water from the creek and heat two cans of it and then I bathed the poor dear and put him to bed. He couldn't even eat for exhaustion. He was just a helpless baby.

I'm so glad Mr. L has taken charge of us. Now everything will be all right and I've quit worrying. Boy is the only child on the boat and is very happy. Everybod wants him, and from the captain, who coaxes him up into his tower and lets him use his telescopes, to the engineer and deck hands, he surely has a good time.

Leaving Edmonton, the freight that Daddy was on lost twelve cars just behind him. They turned turtle and piled up on the track so that my train was delayed eleven hours. Finally we got going again and we had a wreck, but our car was left standing on the track. This was in a swamp and we were there six hours at night, and the mosquitoes descended on us and Boy almost lost his mind, though I wrapped his legs in my jacket and fanned him constantly. Finally they hustled up an old locomotive and a freight car and took us to Peace River Town. It was very crowded and the first-class passengers were horrified when they had to ride with us emigrants. Three in a seat and on the floor, just as tight as could be. No lights, and they sang songs as we rode along, for most of us were happy to be going again through the dark hills to safety.

I have no time to write more. The land looks green, lovely, and lonesome. I am a little homesick. Just a tearful feeling.

February 9, 1927

There are just 131 civilized in here. By "civilized" I mean speaking English and wearing clothes. Of these, thirty one are white, and I can count the white women on my fingers. The Preacher is a mine of information and our newspaper. He likes us and is delighted to think we are really settling here. We sometimes talk about the "Bonny Lassie" left in England and the aged mother who won't sell her antique and cherished old furniture and silver because she's keeping it to move right into the "Vicarage" when he becomes "the Vicar" of the little village church. He loves the freedom here and says he can't go back to the narrow life of the English vicar. The Bonny Lassie is planning on coming here this summer. Won't that be fine? Pretty rough on this gentle English girl to live amongst Indians and trappers, but I know she and I will be the best of friends and she's a brick if she comes. It's a self-imposed exile for me and will be for her, too. Love for your mate makes you daring, but, it has its compensations.

February 11, 1927

These civilized people are scattered over a couple of thousand square miles. Many live in teepees and the rest in log cabins, except two or three who have board cabins. Mr. L.'s house was built by his father forty years ago of boards sawed with a handsaw. Some labor.

He gives a party once a year after Xmas. The Preacher was so afraid we wouldn't go that he came after us. It's hard to find the trail in the snow and it's a perfect maze to me, but we arrived at 7 p.m. and after a hot supper the L. children gave their school program of music, recitations, songs, and dances. They have a big schoolhouse in the back yard and the eldest daughter teaches them. After the program the dining room and big kitchen were cleared for dancing. Everybody was there except five and the Catholic Mission.

The white women were elderly—wives who had followed their husbands in here. Old-fashioned, unbobbed, and with long skirts. But it was like coming home, so warm was the welcome I received from this lonesome sisterhood. They held my hands so long; they didn't want to let them go. They were nearly all from the States. One had gone insane—not very bad; you could see her mind was shattered. You know it takes some mental calibre to come in here and live alone and not see a white woman more than once or twice a year. If you haven't much in your head the lonesomeness will get you. This woman is poor white trash from the cotton fields of Texas. She knows nothing but work. I questioned her about her life here in order to learn what I could of the loneliness that makes insanity among sheep herders and farm women.

I see by one of your letters that you have no conception of how far north I am. Calgary is a large city crowded with cars. Farther north is Edmonton, also a big city. Next comes Peace River, a small town at the end of the railroad. It has some autos and two wooden hotels. Each hotel has a bathroom in it, but you have to carry your water up from the creek and heat it on the kitchen range if you want to take a bath. Then I went on a steamer that holds thirty carloads of freight in the bottom. We went north all the way until we came o the Great Slave Lake Region. We got off just this side of it in the wilderness. There are no autos in here. There are nine white people at Fort Vermilion, the Governor, doctor, Mounted Police, Hudson Bay man, and so forth. Get a map and find the Great Slave Lake. A little south of it—that's here. Boy has already had two invitations from Indians to go trapping with them there when he gets a bit older.

The Calgary, Edmonton, and Peace River Town districts are settled with farms till it looks like a checkerboard. Here is the primal wilderness. Unless I have the dog with me I never dare go out of sight of the house, as I get lost so easily. The white settler's wife and children have to climb a tree quite frequently when picking berries to see in what direction to go home. As there are no roads in the sea, so there are none here.

May 31, 1927

Boy and I went hunting yesterday together for the first time this year. He got four ducks, each time he shot getting his bird. The fifth time he shot he killed his duck, but she floated out of reach and the water was too deep for him to wade in after her. He can't swim yet very well, and I can't either. Of those he brought home, two were mig mallards, one was an Indian duck, and the other was a spoonbill. It's all the meat we have and it's very good. He is really getting to be a very good shot.

Meat is very scarce here some years and has been so for quite a few years now, the Indians say. It's too far north and the country is so large, and wolves keep it down, too. But ducks are good as long as they last. After a while there will be prairie chickens. There are small deer here, but they are very scarce. I have never seen one. In the muskegs there are moose, but except in winter they are impassable. Bands of large wolves feed on them. It's such a big, wild country—big lakes, rivers, and muskegs; no trails and no people. Less than two human beings to each thousand square miles, and that means Indians, too. I won't admit out loud that I'm lonesome, but it's a Robinson Crusoe existence. Like being alive yet buried. Books will save my reason, and letters. Trappers tell me no white woman from the outside can stand it longer than six years. I'll have to show them.

Sincerely yours,
Hilda Rose.

So runs this epic of our Frontier. Can not some of our readers mail a few books or some magazines to Mrs. Rose, Fort Vermilion, N.W.T., to help her in her task of making a home in the far west. Surely it is not much to do and would be everlastingly appreciated.

Be sure there is sufficient postage on anything you send. Do it now.

THIS GREAT TONIC RENEWS STRENGTH

Simply Because it Enriches and Builds Up the Blood.

In no trouble is delay or neglect more dangerous than in anaemia, which means poverty of the blood. It is very common in young girls and in persons who are overworked or confined within doors. It makes its approach in so stealthy a manner that it is often well developed before its presence is recognized. But taken in time there is a tonic that so enriches and purifies the blood that good health and strength soon comes to the former weak, anaemic sufferer. This tonic is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which for years have been the most successful blood-builder known, and has credit for restoring to good health thousands and thousands of people who have suffered from some of the many ailments that come through weak, watery blood.

The correction of anaemic conditions by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is as certain as anything can be. As proof of this Miss Margaret A. Smith, Burgoyne, Ont., says:—"After having a severe attack of jaundice I was left in a very weak and run-down condition. I was pale and my nerves on edge. I could not sleep at night and would toss and turn for hours at a time. I finally decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and soon began to feel better, and after taking a few more boxes of the pills I felt as strong as ever, and could thoroughly enjoy my rest at night. Now, I always recommend these pills to any friends who may be ailing."

Better sleep, steady nerves, improved appetite, increased vigor—all these can be yours by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Begin them today. Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail post paid at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Tendencies in Farming

Hamilton Spectator (Ind. Cons.)—It is interesting to observe that two-thirds of the total revenue of the English farmer is from his live stock, meat animals, dairy products, poultry, eggs and wool. With the Canadian farmer the value of this source of income is rising and now amounts to one-third of the total, which mean that for many eastern farmers it constitutes the main source of revenue. Canadian dairy products now amount to $250,000,000 a year, while live stock valued at over $100,000,000 is annually sold, with poultry, eggs and wool running to approximately $70,000,000 a year. Grain crops overtop in value all other sources for farmers in Canada, the prairie provinces particularly holding a strong position in this respect.

Over the Wall.

"Well, well, if it ain't Mike himself. How did you git out so soon? Were you pardoned?"

"Naw! Yuh see I had charge of the athletics in the Pen so I jes organized a pyramid team."

Tit For Tat.

A country couple went to a manse to get married. After the ceremony the bridegroom called the minister aside and whispered confidentially in his ear: "I'm awfu' sorry I canna pay ye as muckle as I would like to, sir, but if ye take me doon to your cellar I'll show ye hoo to fix up your gas-meter so that it winna register!"

We are so sure you will appreciate perfect tea in perfect condition that we make this offer. If you buy Red Rose Tea in the new aluminum package and you are not thoroughly satisfied, we have authorized your grocer to return your money on receipt of the container, no matter how much of the tea you have used. 4T

Employee (who has been detected shirking)—"But, sir, you don't think I'm a machine, do you? You don't expect me to go for ever?" Employer—"Oh, yes; I do. I expect you to go for ever on Saturday."

The novel of to-day may not be brilliant, but it's not the fault of its scandal power.

Minard's Liniment for Asthma.

Baby's Own Soap

Best for You and Baby too

The Saving Flour!

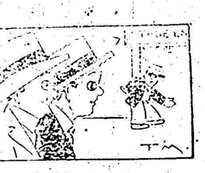
It's superior strength makes Purity go farther than ordinary flours. It is perfect for all your baking—cakes, pies, buns and bread—so the one flour sack only, is necessary. Try Purity Flour to-day—it is certain to please you.

PURITY FLOUR

Send 30c in stamps for our 700-recipe Purity Flour Cook Book. 262

Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited. Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Saint John.

FLIT



Not Another Drop.

...es that stage hand has sworn ...r so."

...eard him say he intended never ...ch a drop again."

...illis—"I'll give Reginald credit ...getting me a nice engagement." Dora—"I understand that's ... the jeweller did, too."

ASTONISHING MISINFORMATION OFTEN GIVEN U.S. READERS

The American Press Often Carries Articles—Supposedly Authentic—But Misleading and Detrimental to Canada

SO BAD ITS FUNNY

The New York Sun carried the following article in a recent issue and the editor of this page derived a lot of amusement from its perusal. We hand it on. We also give a letter we sent on to the N.Y. Sun giving our views of the matter.

The Article

French Canadians Gain Power Allied Politically With Western Farmers—Hold 101 of 245 Seats in Commons

By Charles Lynch.

Special Correspondence to The Sun
Copyright, 1927. All Rights Reserved.

Ottawa, Ont. — Canada is slowly but surely drifting away from imperial ties as evidenced by the growing popularity of "O Canada!" as the national anthem instead of "God Save the King." Certain imperialists have become alarmed and have besought the people to leave their hats on when "O Canada"s is being played.

The origin of "O Canada!" is French Canadian, and the French Canadian is to-day ruling the dominion. More than that, the French Canadian race may be the dominant one in Canada in another fifty years by virtue of their great natural increase.

At present the French Canadian people control 101 seats out of 245 in the Federal House of Commons. In Quebec, which is their province, they control 62 out of 65. In the great English province of Ontario the French are creeping in. To-day they control 16 seats out of 82.

Amazing Growth

The French Canadian laughs at race suicide. A recent census shows that the average French Canadian family numbers ten. The French Canadian colony in the dominion in 1758 numbered 60,000. To-day that band has increased to about 2,500,000 in Canada and 1,500,000 in the New England States.

Canada's population is hovering around 9,000,000. Despite the fact that they are in the minority, the French Canadians control the country which was taken from their ancestors centuries ago by the English. The reason is simple: The French Canadian and the farmer of western canada are allied politically, and despite all pleas stick to their union, with the result that they dominate. Incidentally, it may be pointed out that 55 per cent. of the farmers of western Canada are foreign born.

The main feature of the French Canadian race is their ability to survive. A striking example is that of "The Miracle of the Acadian Race" immortalized by Longfellow in "Evangeline." In 1752 the little French settlement of Acadia in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick was dispersed by the English.

Still Retain Language

Years afterward their descendants returned and settled on the same farms from which their ancestors had been driven. To-day they control 40 per cent. of the total population and they have elected Peter J. Veilot, one of their compatriots, as prime minister of New Brunswick.

The French Canadian has managed to retain his language and his school, where religious instruction is given. Religious instruction is not permitted by the law of the country, but there is no politician who would dare imperil his political life by attacking this with the excepton of leaders of the Orange order.

The French Canadian is not only a pioneer, but a great settler, with an undying love of the land. They pioneered in Manitoba long before the Canadian Pacific railway was built. They have blazed new trails, and by virtue of their atavistic disposition they have followed the path of the old "coureurs-des-bois."

Question of Loyalty Answered

The force of the French Canadian is mainly the ownership of the land. It is estimated that more than 90 per cent. of the French farmers own their own properties. In the cities the small French wage earners by weekly saving strive to be property owners.

As to the loyalty of the French Canadian to the British crown, when its sincerity is challenged a ready answer is made by quoting the now famous statement of J. C. Tache, great French patriot: "The last shot for the maintenance of the British allegiance in Canada will be fired by a French Canadian."

To Editor, New York Sun.

You have two boys on your paper who are competing as to who is the funniest funnyman—Charlie Lynch and the boy who writes the "Sun Dial". Charlie's unconscious humour caused a bigger laugh in Canada than the "Sun Dial" ever got, when he wrote the article "French Canadians Gain Power," in your Sunday edition of the 17th.

We haven't two kinds of Canadians in Canada. The Canadians of to-day may have different origins, but they are Canadians First, and their origin is Ancient History. Figures can't lie, but Charlie is using his own figures, and you know Charlie better than we do. His view of the political situation is unique in conception, but faulty in fact. We have two and a fraction political parties in Canada, Tories, Grits, and the other fellows (usually called Progressives) but to introduce a French party is to laugh. The French-Canadians are strongly Grit, and the Tories are busy now looking for a Moses to lead them, who can attract a following in Quebec. But Charlie, more or less, lumps a few of the Grits in Ontario, and the Progressives of the West, together with the French-Canadians, to make his 101. We Canadians wouldn't line them up just that way, but let Charlie have his smile.

Perhaps Charlie doesn't know that Canada has two official languages—French and English, and has had since 1791. Bilingual Schools, (where French and English are both taught) are usual, and always have been in Canada, where the interests of education can be best so served. But the educational matters are handled by the provinces, not by the Federal Government, so you will understand that there can not be a Canadian law, governing whether or not religious teaching is carried on therein or not. Charlie can't know that the Premier of Orange Ontario, Hon. G. Howard Ferguson, (he an Orangeman) sent this year, over 100 Ontario school teachers to Quebec to learn French and acquire local color. Because of this British idea of government, without coersion, we can, French or British, heartily join in singing "God Save the King," and all take our hats off (and by the way, we don't know who composed "God Save the King").

Our Canadian statistics show the average French-Canadian family to be 5.34, not 10, as Charlies says, and the French element must look to natural increase in population, because France cannot spare immigrants, worse luck, while Britain sends us thousands yearly. The French in Canada comprise about 28 per cent. of net population, not 40 per cent., as Charlie says. The British, 55.4 per cent. The foreign element in the West is about 32 per cent., not 55 per cent., as stated by Charlie, and part of the 32 per cent. came from your country, the U.S. Charlie does not know that all Canadians will agree that one of our greatest statesmen, and Imperialist was a French-Canadian, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and his period of government (fifteen years) did nothing to weaken the ties with the mother land, but rather strengthened them. You won't find British-Canadians disagreeing with the nice things he said about our French-Canadians brothers and their characteristics of thrift and ability to survive and settle our new country. We wish we had more of them.

Did you hear our Canadian anthem, "O Canada" broadcast so often at the time of our National Birthday celebration a while ago? We think that's a mighty fine song. Makes the shivers run up and down your back when you hear it well sung. We all like singing it. But there is a different spirit behind "God Save the King." A real lasting reverence, and Mr. Tache will find a lot of British Canadians helping fire that "last shot" Charlies mentions.

Charlie will find that Mr. Veniot is our Post-Master General, not Premier of New Brunswick. The latter position being filled by the Honorable John Baxter, K.C. (this means King's Council, not Knight of Columbus). Just another one of Charlie's little jokes.

If we thought Charlie meant what he implies in his article, we would feel that his surname suggested a good way of dealing with him. But we know he was "only foolin." He should say so too, for a lot of us are Scotch, and object to jokes or anything else—at our expense.

Yours truly.

Would Do It Anyhow.

"Will you keep an eye on me if I go in?"

"I sure will!"

Is the Public Always Wrong?

London Morning Post (Cons.): The chief count in the indictment of the critic against the public is that it is irresponsive to the highest art. Is that true? Allowance must be made for limitations. It would be unfair, for instance, to reproach the public for not appreciating a Greek tragedy performed in the original Greek and according to the conventions of the Greek theatre. It is the unfamiliarity of the form that is more often than not responsible for what seems to be public insensibility; or it is the failure of the good to attain the truly great. Be it remembered it is only genius that knows how to speak in accents that touch the universal heart.

Lights Out!

"Heavens, how hard it is to leave you!" he sighed. "Oh, light of my days, light of my thought, light of my very existence, light—"

"Lucy," interrupted a bored voice, from the stair-head, "put that confounded light out at once and come to bed."

Auto-Suggestion

"Safety First" was the subject of the lesson. After the teacher had spoken of the imagination needed by the motor driver, he asked: "Now, can you suggest something else he requires beside foresight?"

"Please, sir, four-wheel brakes," came the reply from one bright youth.

Father—"Don't you want to grow up a good man?"

Willie—"I don't mind being a good man after I'm grown up, but I want some fun while I am growing up."

Life is a game of giving and taking and loving and losing.

Minard's Liniment for Lumbago.

ISSUE No. 40—'27

Now packed in *Aluminum*, the same as years ago.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE is extra good.

The Hard-Boiled Egg.

"He thinks he's tough—calls himself a hard-boiled egg."

"And, as you might expect, he's yellow 1 nthe middle."

FOR MOTHERS OF YOUNG CHILDREN

Mothers are quick to praise anything which brings health and comfort to their little ones—any medicine that will make the baby well and keep him well will always receive hearty recommendation from the mother. That is why Baby's Own Tablets are so popular. Thousands of mothers, throughout the country, not only use them for their own little ones but are always delighted to be able to recommend them to other mothers. Thousands of mothers have proved Baby's Own Tablets to be without an equal in relieving their little ones of any of the many minor ailments which arise out of a derangement of the stomach and bowels. Baby's Own Tablets are the ideal laxative—easy to take but thorough in action. They banish constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers; expel worms and make the teething period easy. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Six and Half-a-Dozen.

The bride was asked what she thought of married life. "Oh, there's not much difference," she replied. "I used to wait up half the night for Tom to go, and now I wait up half the night for him to come home."

A New Complaint.

Poor Smith was taken ill and hurried to hospital by his wife.

"Has he got pyjamas" said the matron.

"Pyjamas?" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, puzzled. "I dunno what it is, but he's a dreadful pain in his stummick."

For all pains—Minard's Liniment.

Waitress (to customer troubled about his salad)—"Is the salad gritty, sir?" Customer—"Gritty? It's a gravel path with a few weeds in it."

In the Woods

Hunters find Minard's an excellent remedy for sprains, cuts and wounds. Pack a bottle in your kit.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

The lazy man is of no more use than a dead one, and he takes up a whole lot more room.

Minard's Liniment for Toothache.

Classified Advertisements

AGENTS WANTED.

WANTED LADY OR GENTLEMAN IN EVERY CITY, TOWN AND VILLAGE IN CANADA as agent for THE BIBLE PRAYER. Position of importance. No experience necessary. Pleasant and profitable occupation. Apply by letter, BIBLE PRAYER ASSOCIATION OF CANADA, 613 ONTARIO STREET, TORONTO.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

ULTRAPHONIC GRAMOPHONE, 38 selections $165.00 for $55.00. Guaranteed. Polsson, 340 Mount-Royal East, Montreal.

FEEDER CATTLE WE CAN furnish the choicest selection of stocker and feeder steers of all weights, stock heifers of all weights, stock cows, also heavy calves for baby beef production. Write for quotations. McMILLAN & RUTHERFORD, Union Stockyards, Winnipeg, Man.

BOYS & GIRLS $2.00 Given NO WORK JUST FUN

Simply sell 50 Sets of Our Famous Christmas Seals for 10c a set. When sold send us $3.00 and keep $2.00. We trust you till Xmas. St. Nicholas Seal Co., Dept. 804WL, Brooklyn, N.Y., U.S.A.

PATENTS

List of "Wanted Inventions" and Full Information Sent Free on Request.
THE RAMSAY CO., Dept. W.
273 Bank St., Ottawa, Ont.

Try the New Cuticura Shaving Stick

Freely Lathering Medicinal and Emollient

AVOIDED AN OPERATION

Mrs. Dayman Gives Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable. Compound the Credit

Colborne, Ontario.—"When I was first married I was very ill and weak. The doctor said I was weak and would never be able to have a child, but I did, and from the time my baby came I suffered all the time and nearly died and took medicine. Life became a burden, and doctors said no operation could help me, but my husband was opposed to that. I had seen Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine advertised, so I told my husband that I thought I would try it, that I might get some relief. I had not taken one bottle when I could feel it helping me. I took five bottles and had better health. Now I have three girls and a boy and have done my work up to confinement. I am now at the Change of Life and owe my good health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I take a bottle when I think I need it."—Mrs. SUSAN DAYMAN, R. R. No. 3, Colborne, Ontario.

Sold by druggists everywhere. C

FOR Colds

ASPIRIN

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds	Neuritis
Pain	Toothache
Headache	Lumbago
Neuralgia	Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

WARNING! Beware of Counterfeits

There is only one genuine "ASPIRIN" tablet. If a tablet is offered as "ASPIRIN" and is not stamped with the "Bayer Cross"—refuse it with contempt—it is not "ASPIRIN" at all! Don't take chances!

Safe

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid (Acetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."