

The White Father Pays His Indians

"Treaty Day" Means a Cash Bonus, Rejoicing and a Pow-wow for the Braves, and Their Families up at Lost Lake.

KINDLY TREATMENT

By JOHN FRANCIS ARIZA
In the New York Times Magazine

It took two men to pay the treaty money at Frenchman's Head, on an arm of Lost Lake, Northern Ontario, this year. And when it was over—story-telling by the old men, the visiting, the courting, the feasting that kept up day and night, and the games the youths played—the various bands gathered up their belongings, pulled down their tents, and paddled away in their canoes or "motored" in gasoline boats to the far reaches of the waters that form the sole highway of this pleasant land of the Ojibways.

All Indians are picturesque and colorful, the Ojibway most of all. And whether at Grassy Narrows, down on the Lake-of-the-Woods, up in the Peace River country, far down the majestic Mackenzie, or among the peaks of the Rockies, there is no more romantic, beautiful spot for Treaty Day than Frenchman's Head. Once, long ago, tradition has it, Indians put a French courtesan de bois to death there after intolerable persecution at his hands and left his head hanging on a pole as a warning.

The site is a meadow, or meadow, covering perhaps four acres at the tip of a point extending into Lost Lake. In the background begins the dark forest, and up the lake, half a mile, which resembles a wide river at this point, a tiny wooded island stands like a sentinel guarding the way to the north, where the voyageurs and "black robes" of old traveled toward Hudson Bay and the modern voyageurs and argonauts speed in airplanes or power boats to the Red Lake gold fields.

An ancient, narrow trail—a foot wide and in many places a foot deep—extends across the Frenchman's Head treaty grounds, the pathway of Indians to the shore of Lost Lake for untold generations. On the north end of the tent-covered meadow, a few feet from this ancient trail on a high embankment back from the lake twenty yards, the Indian agent for the Dominion Government, Captain Frank Edwards, and his assistants pitched their tent. With the British flag flown to the breeze, Treaty Day payments officially began.

No bank ever need fear a run from Ojibway Indian depositors. If whites, negroes or any of the other races with white man's ways were to be given money for the mere asking, they would have been lined up like fans at a world's series ticket window. But not the Ojibway. He is proud, unburied and retiring.

"Come on, your treaty money is ready!" announces a full-blooded Indian policeman in dark blue uniform and brass buttons. He speaks in the Ojibway tongue, and his words are soft and musical. A few of the several hundred Indians leave their campfires, babbling among themselves, and saunter up the trail to the treaty tent. It is a contest, really, to see who will be last. They gather in front of the tent—perhaps half a dozen of them—and stand silently, except for a monosyllabic in undertone now and then.

The Indian policeman selects one of them, and he steps up to the Captain's table and presents a square red card. It bears his name, his band and other data. "Peter Dawn the Day," says the interpreter. But Peter can speak English, and the interpreter rests for the moment. Peter has a wife who cannot speak English, he tells the agent after a pause.

"And how many children?" asks the agent pleasantly, as unburiedly as any Indian. He has acquired the Indian's ways after years among them, though with white men he is alert, brisk and energetic.

Peter hesitates. "Five," he smiles, revealing firm, large teeth. He waits for more than a minute as he tries to remember their names. There is no "let me think" or "let's see, now," from him. He has no little tricks of the speech. He stands silently. There is profound mystery in an Indian's black eyes that a white man never can penetrate.

"Lucy—Billy—Johnny—David—and—Mary." Peter finally announces. With his hand he measures each child's height in the graphic manner peculiar to the red man.

There were no deaths since last treaty day and no sickness of any account. David Dawn of Day had measles last September and Billy was sick, too. But Peter, the father, doesn't know what ailed him. Peter owns his home. Likewise a canoe and a gas engine, two guns, a fish net, sixty-seven traps and two tents. Last year he raised fifteen bushels of potatoes, but no other roots, such as turnips or carrots. Three of his children speak English. They attend the Anglican school.

"Good for you, Peter; give your children an education," says the agent warmly.

The clerk counts out twelve crisp two-dollar bills and eleven ones, and hands them to Peter—\$5 treaty money for each member of his family. The Ojibway takes it gravely and walks away. He does not intend to count it until he gets down among

the tents. It would be bad manners, he thinks, though the agent's clerk, who is also a constable who is never called upon to make an arrest, says: "Count it, Peter."

Comes an aged woman, Nancy Petawawa. She has braided hair, a magenta-colored shawl, a light blue dress and wears moosekin moccasins. Oosotum the terrible (tuberculous), carried off seven members of her family and she is all alone in the world. Nancy has attended forty-eight of the fifty-six treaty days since that first one in the Northwest Angle, Lake-of-the-Woods, in 1873.

Except for ten traps, Nancy answers "co-wain" (no) to all the questions as to possessions.

"How does she live?" one asks. "Does she work for white people?" The agent answers: "Oh, she fishes, picks blueberries in season, makes moccasins, catches a few muskrats and muskrats and snares a rabbit now and then. An Indian is seldom too infirm to trap a little. And if the old ones are destitute in the fall we give them flour, pork and tea. We send them to their chief and he gives them to them as required, to guard against waste or improvidence. Also, we furnish them free medicine and a doctor's services if there are no band funds."

There is some irregularity in Jim Two Foxes's marriage to the widow of a Cree from "up North." It takes an hour and a half to straighten it out and determine where the children of two different faiths shall attend school. The Anglican Canon, himself half Ojibway, there to watch after the interests of his people, is called into consultation. Over and over and again the agent, through his interpreter, a breed, explains the nature of an oath to the Indian.

"Why does this white man want to kiss a book?" is written on the red man's impassive features. "I don't lie. Only bad white men tell lies."

The agent never loses his patience. The picture of the mother trying to induce the ailing child to take the spoonful of medicine comes to mind. Finally, Jim Two Foxes yields. He raises his right hand, puts the book to his lips and gives it a moist, resounding smack.

"A white man always believes another one when he makes an oath," the agent says in a relieved way. "It isn't true the man is put in jail. Only thus indirectly does he imply that the same rule would apply in the case of an Indian."

"How are you, Joseph?" the agent greets Joseph Sapay. Many of the Indians in the Frenchman's Head district worked for the Indian agent at one time or another when he managed a trading post on Lac Seul, and Treaty Day is a joyful occasion for the tribesmen. "Where is your white brother Tom?" he continues.

"Tom got job with Hudson's Bay Company 'up North,'" the Indian replies. Tom has missed four treaties, "give him my regards when you see him," says the agent, as Joseph walks away smiling and happy. He is proud to have this white man so friendly.

If Tom Sapay misses another treaty he will have some difficulty collecting the five annuities. "We always let them have it," the agent remarks, "but it takes a little time."

Under the heading "Religion" in the agent's book there are a surprising number marked "pagan." In some of the districts the Indians are mostly Roman Catholics, while in others they belong to the Anglican faith. But whether they belong to one or the other or none at all, the Canadian Government is scrupulously careful to respect the Indians' belief.

"Canada" translates the mother country," says the Canon. "Britain never blunders when it comes to a man's faith, and she has a thousand races and religions under her flag." There is pride and love of country in the Canon's tone and manner. "British fairness!" he adds, with emphasis.

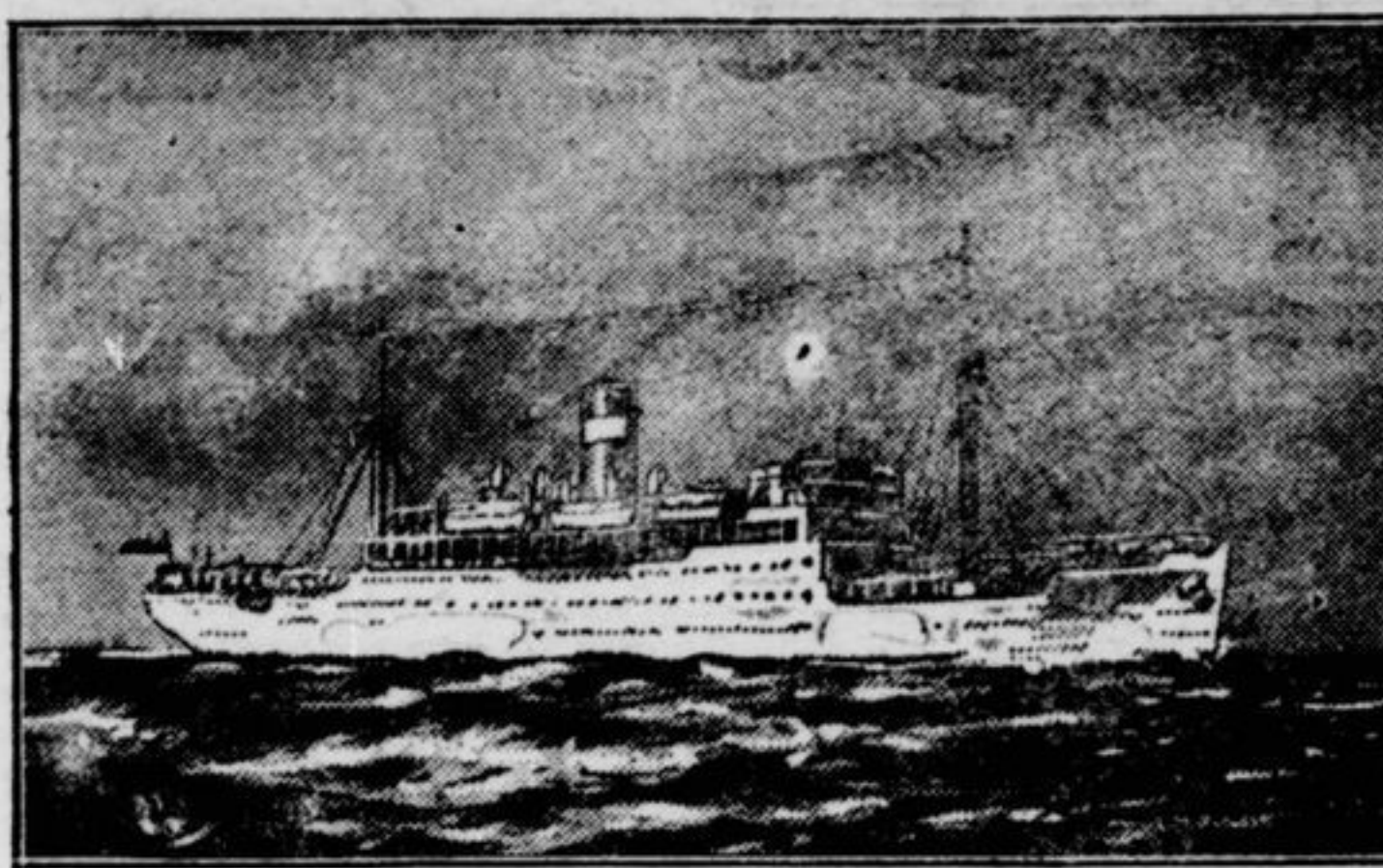
Suddenly there is a hubbub and a murmuring among the Indians and the first quick move of the day occurs as swift-footed Indian youths race for the shore of the lake. One of the only two white men attending the treaty, a young trapper from Ogoki River country, has fallen into the water while testing a motor he has repaired for an Indian friend. The interpreter and the policeman rush down to help also, and treaty payments stop until they return.

A dozen canoes are out on the lake in half a minute. But they may as well try to save an otter or a beaver. The trapper swims ashore and there is much rejoicing.

"Not 10 per cent. of these Indians up here can swim," says a member of the staff, as the excitement dies down. "That's why they are such dependable canoe men. They won't go where there is real danger. An Indian will shove off into roaring waters where a white man would hesitate; though the latter is an expert swimmer, while the Indian can't swim a stroke. But he knows what he can do in his canoe and he invariably does it."

A strange Indian from the Cree country presents his card at the agent's table. None of the chiefs or councillors know him. But his card is regular. He is given only \$4 because of treaty regulations in effect in his district. He came down with furs after "the break-up" in May and is going back to his band. He traveled 400 miles and made fifty-two portages, several of them two miles long. Some of the tribesmen spent \$16

LADY NELSON FIRST OF NEW FLEET



Five well-designed, well-conditioned steamers are under construction for the Canadian National Steamships for services between Canadian Atlantic ports, the West Indies and British Guiana, and Bermuda, the Bahamas and Jamaica. The first of these vessels will be known as the "Lady Nelson" and will be ready to inaugurate the service at the close of this year. These steamers will engage in the passenger, cargo and mail service, offering superior accommodation for tourists and travelers and ample provision for the carriage of general freight and refrigerator goods.

The steamers will be 438 feet over all, 59 feet 3 inches extreme breadth, maximum draught 24 feet, gross tonnage 7550 tons and a service speed of 14 knots. They will be operated by the Canadian National Steamships in connection with the trade agreement made by the Canadian Government and the Governments of the Islands. The hulls will be painted white, with red boot topping, and the funnel in three bands of red, white and blue.

or more to reach Frenchman's Head for their treaty money. Few Indians are willing to miss this greatest of all days in the Indian calendar. It is Christmas, Thanksgiving, Fourth of July and Mardi Gras all in one to them. You cannot get coconuts, bananas, baker's bread, chewing gum, candy, ketchup, ready-made cigarettes and fancy cakes in the forests. Be- cause bad white men had smuggled whisky into other treaty grounds, no soft drink of any description can be purchased. It would be easy to disguise whisky as soft drink, the Government has found.

But there are other good things for sale and plenty of money to pay for them. And old man Billy Sky Maker can tell wonderful stories. He is more than a hundred, they say. A story of the old days that always amuses the children is the one about the young brave that scalped a bald-headed man and of how the other Indians twitted him ever afterward about it. It was a great "joke" on the young brave.

Toward sundown an approaching thunderstorm ends treaty ceremonies for the day. The Union Jack is lowered and the Indians scurry to their respective tents. The storm breaks suddenly, furiously, with wind, lightning and a torrent of rain. While the squaws and children, unafraid, recline on blankets inside, Indian men and youths hurriedly the loose ropes, set tent pegs and make things safe and comfortable for their families before they themselves seek shelter.

The warlike Sioux used to call the Ojibways "rabbits," and taunted them, saying, "go home and put on your squaw's dresses." But they are chivalrous and gentle, and stealing among Canada's 20,000 Ojibways is almost unknown. A part of an Ojibway's treaty money always is given to his children.

After the shower and before the darkness settled, campfires were lighted and feasting resumed. Old men walked about from fire to fire visiting. And a few young men "had talk" with fathers of pretty squaws. If the father was satisfied, the young couple married then and there without further ceremony than "I will follow you, my husband."

It is recognized as legal by the Government, and sometimes at the next treaty day a Christian marriage ceremony is performed along with a christening. The Government is trying, tactfully, to break up this custom. It wants all marriages performed by priests or ministers. The formality of a marriage ceremony is good for the Indian, who loves ritual and the solemnity of religious service. Be-

sides, it creates reverence and respect for the Christian faith.

With but a few more Indians to receive treaty money, the great day ends before the passing of another sun. Then comes a "big talk" by the agent. He lectures the Indians on any shortcomings, derelictions or tendencies that might lead to violation of their treaty agreements. They must not waste any of the game the Government allows them to trap and shoot the year round. Even as he speaks, though it is midsummer, moose and deer meat are cooking over campfires on the treaty grounds, for moose is a staple article of diet among the Indians of Northern Ontario.

The agent encourages the Indians in their efforts to become loyal, useful subjects of their King. He discusses farming methods, sanitation, education and what the Government is doing at its Indian schools for their betterment, and how the tribesmen are improving. They are reminded of the respect and regard the white man holds for them, praised for their increasing thrift and the growing number that have savings bank accounts.

Then the Indian agent bids them farewell until next year, and expresses the wish that all those present will be on hand and many more purposes besides. The Indians smile and murmur approval. The flag is hauled down and Treaty Day is over.



"Sitting tight and standing Pat are two different propositions."

"They separated on account of incompatibility didn't they?" "Yes; he never would get angry when she was."

Furnishing Garden for Comfort

A garden, no matter how beautiful it may be, cannot be fully appreciated or enjoyed unless one can sit there in comfort and actually live in it. If the garden is situated close to the rear of the house, as it should be, and with a door opening directly into it from the living or dining room, it may be made to serve as a summer living room, a charming place for breakfast or luncheon, and a cool place in which the housewife may perform numerous small tasks in such comfort as to make their doing something akin to pleasure.

If one is planning to use the garden as an added summer room, one must consider carefully the subject of furnishing it properly. The needs will be, of course, comfortable chairs, a table or two, and in way of ornament, there might be a sundial or gazing-globe.

The garden furniture must be sturdy, weatherproof and essentially comfortable and decorative. Furniture of rustic cedar or white birch construction is inexpensive and may be made comfortable by the use of cushions covered, of course, with oil cloth or some other waterproof material. Deck chairs, with painted wood frames and seats of colorful canvas make excellent garden chairs.

The garden furniture should not be scattered aimlessly about the garden, but rather placed in groups in a secluded, shaded spot.

The sundial will add greatly to the interest of the garden. In the small, semi-formal gardens so popular today, the sundial is not infrequently used as the central figure. There are great varieties of sundials to be had, and some are easily made at home of wood or sheet tin mounted on upturned logs, marked with paint. English ivy or low-growing deciduous vines are often planted about the base of the pedestal of the sundial, and have a softening effect. The gazing-globe affords beautiful pictures, providing the globe is situated in a garden overflowing with bloom.

Not the least important of the garden accessories is the bird-bath. To have birds about the garden is desirable, not only for their song, but also for their freely given help through their eating insects. Bird-baths may be bought in various designs, ranging in price from less than \$5 to many hundreds of dollars. A very simple but effective bird-bath may be made at home. It consists merely of a shapely log, about 10 inches in diameter, topped by an old-fashioned earthenware pie dish, 10 to 12 inches in diameter and four to five inches deep. No other dish than an earthenware one should be used. The heat of a metal pan would keep the water tepid, which is not at all refreshing to the users of the bath.

A word might be said as to the situation of the bath. For the safety of the birds, it should be placed near a small tree. It is best to have no tall plants within five feet of the bath. Dense foliage at the base of the bath would serve only too well as an ambush for cats.

Very fine reproductions of the old bird-bath found in famous Italian and French gardens may be had in white cement at a reasonable price. These are, however, hardly in keeping with a small, informal garden.

The professor was lecturing upon the internal arrangements of reptiles, and, looking round his class, he said: "If we dissect any small creature, we can see how wonderful and beautiful are the ways of nature, and how perfect are her designs. I have, therefore, brought the body of a frog, and we will proceed to examine it together." He drew a neat package from his pocket, removed the string, and produced—a couple of sandwiches. "Dear me! This is very strange—very strange indeed!" he said, ruffling up his hair in his perplexity. "I am sure I had my lunch some time ago."

Homes and Cradles Chimney Sweep Gives Way to Modern Science

"Not one drawing, Grace, for a fortnight!" said Maurice, as he was showing her a portfolio of old Italian line-engravings that evening. Mr. Leigh was reading aloud at the other end of the room to Lady Katharine and Mrs. O'Brien, while Winnie and Harry were deep in a game of draughts.

"Please, Mr. Bertram, I don't think I could help it," said Grace, apologetically. "I have been getting to know the things."

"What things, Grace?" "The homes and cradles of all the creatures," said Grace. "I have seen where the lambs live, and the fish. I have seen them browsing on the seaweed on the rocks, and glancing in and out of the tiny forests under the sea, just as the birds do in the woods on the land. Some of the tiny trees in the pools have little crimson branches, as if it was fairyland, and they were cut out of precious stones; and little creatures with heads like stars come and sit among them, and stay their little starry crowns about, and look so at home and happy. If you keep still, and look down, you find out in those clear pools. Being in another world. I suppose the creatures do not mind us, and so are not frightened, but let us look into the middle of their homes, and see them at work and at play. . . ."

"And what other cradles and homes have you found?" he said. "Those of the flowers," she said, "the kind of green banks that the primroses love, and the violets, by roadsides and in deep lanes, and in all the hedges, and on the edges of woods, and in all kinds of sweet, homely, every-day places. And then the ferns; and the large-leaved water-plants breathing the brooks, bathing in them and enjoying the delicious wet, always flowing round them, and over them, and through them."

"And what else, Grace?" "I have seen the cradles of the rivers themselves," she said. "I know one which bubbles out of the hill-side, in a very tiny cave with a roof of lovely mosses, and has a little floor of sand and pebbles, and then trickles down and begins to sing at once. And I know another more like a baby river, scarcely able to speak at all. You only see it by the green of everything about it, and you only hear it, if you listen very quietly, making a very little soft purring around the roots of the grasses. So now I know what I have always wished to know, what kind of a cradle the river at home comes from, and what kind of a world it is going to in the great sea. And those will be such delightful things to think of always. Indeed I have had no time yet to draw, Mr. Bertram. Painting, even beautiful painting, seems only to give such a little bit of the outside of things, just the beautiful color and shape. And there are such hundreds of other beautiful things about everything, besides color and shape. All the rustling in the leaves, and the coolness of the rain and dew, and then all the delicious smells and tastes of the air, the salt sea tastes, and the smell of the old fir trees like incense in the sunshine, and of the grass just mown, and of the earth when it has been raining, to say nothing of the flowers, so sweet, and every one of them different. . . ."

"I see," said Maurice at length, "you do not mean to draw any more, until you can find some kind of brush or pencil that will paint wetness and coolness, and salt sea tastes, and the smell of roses, or of new-mown hay. When you are at home again then, Grace, will you care no more to see the landscapes in the academy?"

"Oh, ten times more than ever, Mr. Bertram," she said. "I shall feel the fresh air, and the sweet smells, and everything now, whenever I look at those pictures of the sea, and the rivers, and the birds' nests."

"But you will despair of painting yourself?" "I do not think I shall," she said. "I think I shall enjoy more every leaf and flower I sketch, now I know about their homes in the woods. It will be like painting portraits of people you love."—From "Winifred Bertram and the World She Lived In," by Elizabeth Charles.

The Old Chimney Sweep

Romantic writers, especially those on the Continent and in England, have made frequent references to the chimney sweep. From some of the descriptions and caricatures he must have been a picturesque fellow—face streaked with soot, chimney pot hat on his head, and carrying brooms, brushes and ropes, together with a ladder.

The English sweep was usually accompanied by a small boy who, in fact, did the work. Down the chimney the boy was lowered by a rope around his waist to loosen the dirt from the sides. Invariably these boys were small, underfed creatures, a slim waist being considered necessary to allow sheer passage through some very narrow openings. The practice of using these underpaid boys, detrimental to their health and leading to many other abuses, was stopped by the Government about the middle of the nineteenth century, through the bill sponsored by the Earl of Shaftesbury.

The thing that made the chimney sweep costume appear clownish was that it was designed to protect his body as far as possible from soot. A black hood extended down the back of the neck to protect the head and ears; sleeve cuffs were turned in, trouser legs were strapped and a huge black cravat was wound around his neck.

The "sweep" who migrated to America added to the system a detail not known in Europe. He found that a live duck was a great asset to him in his work, the flapping wings of the creature loosening soot from the walls of the chimney as it was let down on a rope. This method was once popular in Canada and in the Southern States.

"And what do you propose to do now?" asked the millionaire of his son who had just completed his education. The son was born with wide ideas. "Oh," he answered, with a shrug, "I think I'll go up to town and get a job of some sort at five hundred pounds per year. You understand me, father? At five hundred per!" His father grinned rudely. "Oh, yes," he replied, "I understand. You mean at five hundred per—haps."

Cornell University searchers for the firefly's secret of cold light probably will not admit the poet's explanation that they are "fragments of a star dancing in the meadow."

Vacuum Machine Replaces Picturesque and Sooty Figure of Old Romantic Days

In spring, when the house is made epic and span from attic to cellar, the chimney and furnace are not to be left coated with soot by the careful house owner. In other days the romantic figure of the chimney sweep, grotesquely clad, appeared at this season to remind him of the need for preparing the heating system against another winter. The sweep, with his broom and house to house, blowing his bugle and calling "Sweep? Sweep?" But now in his place science presents a mechanical chimney sweep—a veritable dusting robot.

The modern chimney sweep, like any other workman or mechanic, has a truck with various pipes of flexible material which lead from the mouth of the furnace to the huge vacuum cleaner on the truck. He makes the necessary connections and turns on his motor. With a whirring sound the bag fills out with its forty feet of air and rises like a miniature blimp to six feet in height. After the chimney is cleaned the ash pit and the registers have their turn and the motor is turned off. The bags sag, the pipes are disconnected, and the truck is driven off to clean more chimneys.

SOOT AND SALVAGE.
No dirt got out anywhere, either in the house or around the truck. It is all stored in the bag and carried off. Since it has been found that many people still cling to the idea that the chimney is an excellent place for storing valuables and odds and ends, one furnace company has decided that it were to sift the contents of each bag before disposing of it permanently.

The list of articles which have been salvaged from the bags after the "sweep" include money, razors, nails, tacks, pencils, erasers, needles, shoe buttons, watches, and on one occasion a live kitten whose hearthside slumbers were rudely interrupted by the sudden suction of the 40-horsepower engine.

The air suction reaches many crevices human hands could never clean—an added advantage of the new methods. Defective flues have long been a fire hazard, and the ease with which flues are cleaned by the vacuum method is said to have reduced fire losses.

It is said that three-quarters of the dirt in the modern home comes from outside and one-quarter from the heating system if it is in good condition. When the chimney becomes clogged with soot the amount of dirt in the house is, of course, greatly increased. The soot from a chimney, moreover, is considered by housewives the worst kind of dirt, as it smudges everything it touches. A coat of soot on the walls of a chimney also reduces the efficiency of furnace or stove.

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The Wonder

His name is "Black" is a little black stallion half years old, owned by Barrett of Briarcliff, N. He was five months of the constant companion of the master. Such remarks have been said about this ability to answer questions, time ago, having to open we were given the opportunity and test his mind. Two racks, each with the alphabet, and each holding the first letter before him. The owner did was to call out a word and he would give the name of the pre-societies. Then, "G" state from which he by one the letters of the rack which he picked word "Ma-a-a-chu-a-er" several other answers to lar questions the wry slate by Mr. Barrett down five or six rows five or six in a line up. The total was Black. Barrett said the figures or the rack give the total? The pony, Nodding. Bear went to the rack took off first 2, the son on to a 4, another \$2,441.

Here we stop with many other things, which we could find. There were discovered the part of the own pony could be guided.

The reason we were what we witnessed is just received the rug High Bond and Art American Society's search in a study of save space and time of the tests to which subjected particularly.

"I drew on the box about four inches wide this to the pony, who attentively. I said what this is?" The said, "What is it?" rack and at once pick "S-Q-U-A-R-E."

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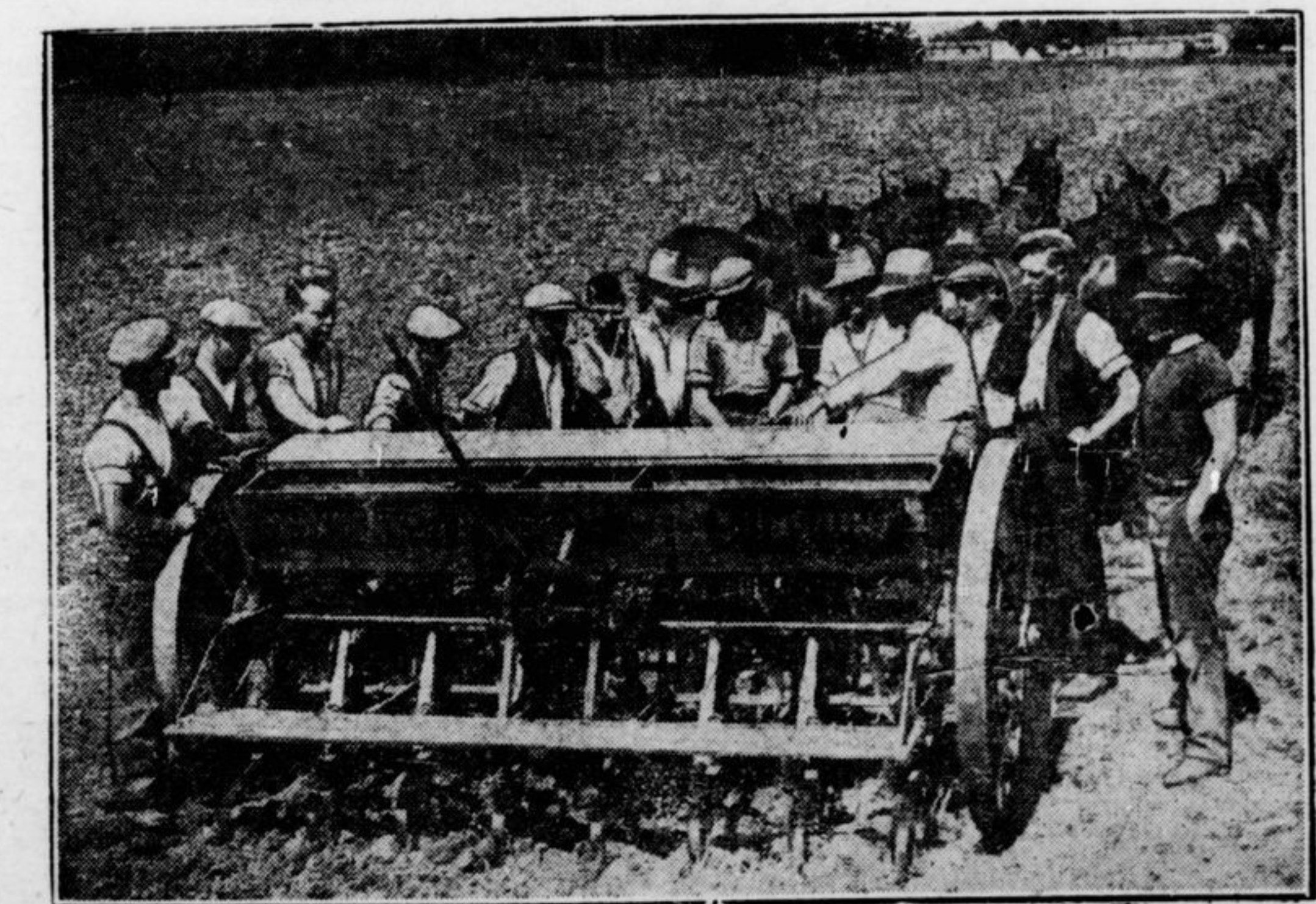
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These Are the Boys We Welcome With Open Arms



GETTING VALUABLE POINTERS ON FARMING BEFORE COMING TO CANADA
Under the auspices of the British Ministry of Labor, these men, from all parts of the country, are given an insight into what sort of labor is required in farming and how to do it, free of cost to themselves. God Speed the good work. We need them.