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THE INDIAN MOTHER

THE LATE AGNES DEANS CAMERON WRITES

About the Women of the West—The Heavy End of the Burden Falls Upon Them.

Guileless of Kindergarten, Mother Meetings, or Women's Clubs, with no household column in the Daily press, or "Votes for Women" in the market-place, without having heard a single sermon on the "duty of the homemaker," the Indian woman of the Canadian West and North is a faithful wife and ideal mother. Her children are taught to reverence and respect their parents, to be kindly to one another, to earn their own living by the work of their hands. They worship a just Spirit, and look forward to a future state, sharing the belief with the rest of us that "there the good shall be happy."

In the adjustment of white burdens to red backs, the respective duties of man and wife are clearly defined, to the woman falling the heavy end of the burden. A man claims his life when he can prove himself a mighty hunter, with skill of gun and trap sufficient to provide food for two. This is his part of the bargain, and he resolutely does no more. When he has succeeded in bringing down a bear, a moose, or caribou, indicating the scene of the kill with broken twigs or a blazed tree, the man gradually walks back to camp empty handed. Burdened as she may be by two or three children clinging to her skirt, as well as by the papoose upon her back, it is the duty of the woman to set out from camp, find the spoil and drag the quarry back to the tepee. Arrived at camp, it is she who skins the animals and dresses the fish for food. Hers, too, is the task to scrape the skin, cure it, tan it, and work it up into garments for her household.

Splendid eulogy of Mrs. Owl-plucked-out-his-eye or Mrs. Red-sky-of-the-morning, adjusted to the latitude of 70 degrees North would read: "She seeketh fish and the flesh of the moose and worketh diligently with her hands; she riseth while it is yet night and scrapeth the skins for garments."

In the building of empire on this frontier, the woman red or white, plays her part. During the course of a six weeks' journey up the Peace River in an open boat, the weary end of one evening at dusk we put into the bank where the Little Red River makes into the Peace, and there in the silent wilderness, 500 miles north of the railroad discovered the home of Tom Kerr, of the Hudson Bay Co., his Scottish wife and their two children. The picture stumbled upon was a little bit of empire in the making.

Tom had been off all day cutting meadow grass, and was now wending his way home with a load of it in a little cart, drawn by a well-trained mule. At her side rode a fine, well-trained mule, and two sturdy dogs ran back and forth between the master and his pack. The children bounded out to greet their father. "Oh, daddy, daddy, the red cow broke awa' from the byre and is far awa' on the other side of the burn!" Around us were cows, chickens, trustworthy old nags, porridge for breakfast, and we heard "the tongue that Shakespeare spake," rendered in an accent born far ayeont the Tweed.

Across the mouth of the Little Red River Tom Kerr has a fine fishing net, and they were of five different species—trout, ling, suck, blackfish, and something else that Tom calls a "Maria." For 365 days every year this net furnishes food for the family, in summer in the flowing water, and in winter under the ice.

This is one of the most beautiful spots in the whole North Country. Long after Tom and Mrs. Tom are under the gowans, and the little Kerrs possess the land, some capitalist will see his summer villa on the site of this home, and the pioneers, and there will be populous cities along the Peace.

One may not hope to write the shortest chapter in the history of empire and keep from the records the deed of a Scot. It was over a hundred years ago that Alexander Mackenzie started across the map from the Peace River pushing his questing canoe through interior waterways to discover, if he might, an unknown route to the Pacific Ocean.

His persevering fortitude allowed him ultimately to attain the wide Pacific sweep, to dip his boat in the vanguard and write there with red letters on a black board, "Alexander Mackenzie from Canada, by land, 1793." Mackenzie was the first man to cross the continent of America from ocean to ocean north of the latitude of Mexico.

To-day every nation and every tongue has its part in the growing history of Western Canada. Canada recognizes no established religion. Her proud boast is that on her fertile prairies the expatriated outcast and the religious refugee of every creed, tenet, caste, or color, can find unhampered opportunity to worship as the dictates of his conscience prompt, the God of his fathers. Among the Galicians, Ruthenians, and Doukhobors, until successive harvests have furnished funds for the erection of churches, God is supplicated in open sunlight under the incomparable blue of Canadian skies. These folk justify their open-air meetings with the argument, "God is not glorified if our people build a church, and present Him with the mortgage."—Agnes Deans Cameron in Graphic.

ARMY ARISTOCRATS.

When Blue Blood in Adversity Takes to the Khaki Uniform.

"Private Sir George Adolphus" "Parade for coal fatigue in canvas clothes at once!"

And the aristocrat, brought into the ranks through fallen fortunes, or disputation, or need of temporary sanctuary, briskly obeys the peremptory commands of an "unfledged lance-jack" of a questionable twenty summers.

Of course, the eminent person disguised in the King's scarlet may not reveal his real name and ancestry; but nowhere is it harder to keep a secret than in a barrack-room. Letters that arrive bearing seals; cold indifference in respect to pay day; an exaggerated deference to superiors; a polite request for that unnecessary luxury, a teaspoon—such hints of lofty origin are not lost on plain Tommy.

For instance, when a paragraph in a newspaper caught the eye of a sergeant in the Shropshires some four years ago, he went promptly to a bandman distinguished for his love of literature in French.

"I will not require you to scrub tables to-day, after all," said the sergeant. The bandman stared. "Ever heard of a Count de F— of France, the one who died a short time ago?" continued the sergeant.

The bandman blanched. The sequel was an application to the London magistrate by the bandman in question for advice as to how he might recover an immense fortune left him by his father, a French nobleman.

Quintus propensities sent the son of an earl into the ranks of a crack cavalry regiment prior to the South African War; and an Irish peer who fought with distinction in the Burmese War was forced by his chronic dissipation and resultant debts to resign his commission. After touring with a theatrical company, love of the army returned, and he enlisted—as a common private.

One of the Earls of Lindsay, who died in the nineteenth century, had been a sergeant in the army, and was the son of a private soldier. One of the Earls of Stirling, overwhelmed with debt, enlisted in the American Army as a private, and rose to be a brigadier-general; and not very long ago it was discovered that the brother of a baronet had been forced by the pressure of circumstances to join the Royal Irish Constabulary as a common trooper.

Doctors, and even one clergyman, have served in the ranks; and aristocratic "feminities" have very often found their way into the ranks of colonial corps. One of the latter, having charitably adopted a deserted Zulu babe and trained him as a scout, learned years later that his dusky protégé had "royal" blood in his veins, owing to a chain of circumstances, had succeeded to the chieftaincy of a very troublesome tribe.

But the ambitious if humble Tommy, in despair at the limited opportunities of advancement in our army, has often attained something akin to aristocratic eminence in other countries' armies. The recent appointment of Sergt. Balding to the post of cavalry instructor to the Emperor of Morocco at a salary of something like \$400 a year, is proof of this. Then there was Trooper Ward of the Yorkshire Yeomanry, who, being deputed to take some horses to the Prince of Parma, so impressed the latter that he was retained as groom at a high salary, and rose to be a baron and commander-in-chief of the army of Parma.

But perhaps a more amazing record, in its way, was that achieved by Thomas Castine. He rose to the rank of sergeant in "The King's Own Regiment," and then, coveting his pay, escaped on board a smuggling lugger to Dunkirk to avoid being arrested as a deserter. Never was a misdeed more fruitful of good, for he was made much of in the democratic French army, became a colonel of infantry, and was eventually promoted as a general division—and yet was not clever enough to escape the guillotine for political mistakes! On the other hand, a French Tommy succeeded in becoming a major-general in the British army. This was Claid Martin, who left the French for the British army's ranks in India, became inspector-general of the artillery of the Nawab of Oude at a salary of \$15,000 a year, amassed a vast fortune by other means, and endowed the Martiniers in Lucknow and other towns.

GOVERNORS OF CANADA

(Continued from page 9.)

high Columbia, investing largely in lands there, upon which he established stock and fruit farms and hop yards. He came, too, with a previous vice-regal experience—in Ireland.

Lord Aberdeen's constitutional issue came after the election of 1896, and proved that a governor-general must be able to do with Canada a political affairs. Sir Charles Tupper, after his defeat, made numerous important appointments, which Lord Aberdeen refused to sanction. Lord Aberdeen held that after a ministry had met defeat, and until its retirement of a meeting of parliament, the government is in the hands of the sovereign's representative rather than a ministry representing a minority. This action, which made it necessary for Sir Charles to resign without waiting to call parliament, was a practical dismissal of the cabinet.

The settlement of the seal fisheries troubles, and of the Manitoba school question, and the diamond jubilee, took place during this regime. Lord Aberdeen gave hearty support to every movement to promote social moral, and intellectual welfare, ably assisted by his wife, a woman of rare executive ability, great capacity for work, and the broadest sympathies.

Earl of Minto.

No stranger either was Gilbert John, fourth Earl of Minto (1838-1904), who, as Lord Melgund, had been military secretary to Lord Lansdowne, and chief-of-staff to General Middleton during the north-west rebellion of 1855. During his administration occurred the South African war, the death of Queen Victoria, the royal tour, and the establishment in Canada of a royal mint.

Lord and Lady Minto were great travellers, visiting the north as far as Dawson City, and making friends in every part of the dominion. More conservative than his predecessor, and his successor, Lord Minto's practical mind and good judgment, made his term so harmonious that it received a year's extension, and at its close he was appointed Viceroy of India.

Grey and Connaught.

Earl Grey and his successor and brother-in-law (1904-1911), has left Canada so recently that his administration is fresh in every mind. He entered deeply into the various phases of Canadian life, and was active in the promotion of imperial unity. He studied social problems, and devoted earnest attention to matters of public health. He visited every part of Canada and made an arduous exploratory trip to Hudson Bay. The death of King Edward, and the formation of the new provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta were the outstanding events of his extended term.

Now Canada is baking in the light of royal favor, under the administration of His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught. With characteristic energy the duke had plunged headlong into Canadian life, visiting hockey matches and lumber camp, gracing ball-rooms, inspecting boy scouts, and paying international visits—all with the zest of a schoolboy on holidays. His democratic ways, genial manners, and practical sense have taken Canadians by storm, and are bound to leave their impress, and strengthen the imperial tie.

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Safety—in its complete sense—is absolutely guaranteed, but you must ask for **EDDY'S** new

Your Dealer Has Them

"Ses-qui Matches"

SPECIAL.

I have just bought all the sample Ladies' Waists from the National Waist Co., Montreal at 50c on the dollar and will sell them at the same price. Come early and get first choice. We have also received a large quantity of corsets and will sell these at reduced prices.

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Men's boots and shoes in box calf, patent colt and tan Russian calf. Goodyear welted soles. Latest American styles.

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UNWRITTEN LAW INVOKED

Acquitted on the Charge of Murdering Husband.

Memphis, Tenn., June 30.—Mrs. Margaret Schieber was acquitted of the charge of murdering her husband Augustus Schieber, millionaire lumberman, when she found him in an apartment with Mrs. Lillian A. Howell. She will inherit the estate of her husband.

Mrs. Schieber was acquitted on a real plea of the unwritten law, under the ostensible disguise of emotional insanity.

Most Satisfactory.

The Grand Trunk railway officials have received a communication from the Barnum and Bailey circus in connection with the handling of their four trains over the lines in Canada, which reads as follows: "We take pleasure in stating that your service in handling our shows has been most satisfactory; we also speak a word for your employees with whom we came in contact. They all seemed to do their utmost to make it pleasant for us, and I assure you it was greatly appreciated by our people."

Workmen Buried in Debris.

Cleveland, Ohio, June 30.—A portion of the wall and a scaffolding being used in adding a second story to the Euclid Square garage on Thirteenth street, near Euclid avenue, collapsed shortly before noon Saturday, burying fifteen workmen in the debris. Five were immediately taken out, badly injured, and rushed to an hospital.

That Fatal Wreck Near Ottawa.

When two cars of the C.P.R. in migrant special left the rails and rolled down the embankment into the Ottawa river, causing the death of eight persons, mostly Scotch immigrants bound for western points.

MOTT'S "Elite" Chocolate

10c Cakes 10c Cakes

For Cooking and Drinking, also for Cake Icing and Making Fudge.

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In warm, pleasant weather, when much time is spent out-of-doors, the porch becomes your living room.

It can be made unusually attractive and comfortable like any room, with CREX wire-grass mats and runners. They cover the bare boards—are inexpensive and save wear and tear on paint.

CREX is not affected by rain or dampness—lies flat—never curls—is reversible and heavy enough not to be blown about.

The numerous patterns and color combinations make possible a selection that will greatly add to the appearance and attractiveness of any porch.

Best dealers carry a varied assortment of sizes and colors.

Refuse substitutes. Insist on CREX the original and genuine. Look for the name woven (almost invisibly) in the side binding on rounded edge, as shown in illustration.

Write for "The Story of CREX" and catalogue of numerous patterns in life-like colors.

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Dept. 336 377 Broadway, New York City
Originators of Wire-Grass Floor Coverings



Kuntz's OLD GERMAN LAGER



HURRY up with a bottle of Kuntz's Old German, said the man from New York. "It's worth a trip to Canada to get a drink of this corking brew. There's nothing like the "Old German" flavor in the United States, you know. Perhaps because the "Old German" process of brewing is so very costly. Anyway, you Canadians ought to feel proud of Kuntz's for brewing such a superb beverage. And I guess you are from the number I see drinking Kuntz's Old German."