

True Style is only Cut and Color

Mrs. H. T. De Wolfe writes:

"Dark colors are most becoming to me, and are far more serviceable. I send you a photograph of a Bedford Cloth Suit which I dyed in a most becoming shade with DIAMOND DYES. The suit was given to me by a friend who went in mourning. It was too light for me so I changed it to a beautiful plum color with DIAMOND DYES. I think it looks very well, don't you? The cut was always good and now the color is fine too."

Bedford Cloth Suit
Dyed Plum Color.

Diamond Dyes

"A child can use them"

Simply dissolve the dye in water and
boil material in the solution.

MISS JOSEPHINE CAMPBELL writes:

"The enclosed photograph will serve to show you a gown of pink silk poplin which I dyed a dark grey with DIAMOND DYES. I used the DIAMOND DYES for wool or silk, and the result was beautiful."

"DIAMOND DYES certainly are little wonder workers and surely have been Fashion's helpers for me. When I re-colored the gown I took some waterproof machine and dyed it the same color. I used it to trim a hat to match the gown. All my friends think the combination is stunning. I am so happy about it that I thought I would write you and send you a photograph. You may use it for advertising if you wish."

Pink Silk Poplin
Dyed Dark Grey.

Truth About Dyes for Home Use

There are two classes of fabrics—Animal Fibre Fabrics and Vegetable Fibre Fabrics. Wool and Silk are animal fibre fabrics. Cotton and Linen are vegetable fibre fabrics. "Union" or "Mixed" goods are usually 60% to 80% Cotton or must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics equally well in one bath.

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[Rules for correspondence in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in a stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this department for answers to questions to appear.]

Pauline Johnson.

Dear Editor,—Will you please publish in this interesting magazine "the history of Pauline Johnson" next week if possible? I have been an interested reader of your paper for many years. Thanking you in advance.
Halton Co., Ont.

"APPLE JELLY."

I am very sorry that it was impossible to print the reply to your request at the date mentioned. The Home Department matter for that week was all set in type before your letter arrived. However, it is not too late to give a little information in regard to Pauline Johnson, Tekahionwake, the quite remarkable Indian woman who for so many years was undoubtedly the most romantic figure in the Canadian literary world.



Pauline Johnson.
(Tekahionwake.)

Indian woman indeed was she,—in appearance, in passions, in sympathies a true scion of the long line of Six Nation Indians, of whom in later days her father was chief,—yet she was half English, too, for her mother was Emily Howells, of Bristol, England, a relative of William Dean Howells, the noted American writer, and it was probably due to this strain in her blood that Pauline Johnson became a writer of verse.

She herself was born at "Chiefswood" on the Brant Reserve, near Brantford, Ont., and so it was that her earliest associations were Indian. Little wonder was it that engrained with them grew up the passion for winds and streams and forests that inspired the best of her poetry, and made her more expert with a canoe than any other woman in the world.

At an early age she began to contribute short poems to the magazines, the mere fact that they had been written by a chief's daughter adding to their lustre and bringing to her a ready eminence. In 1891 she began her public career as a reciter, making her first appearance before the Canadian Society of Authors in Toronto. Immediately in this role she was a success. Gifted with a thrilling voice, graceful gestures, and a striking personality, she found no trouble in holding her audiences, while the fact that she recited only from her own compositions lent the last touch of romance and interest. Such engagements, too, pay better than does the publication of poetry in this most material age, and for a number of years fortune led the clever Indian girl along a rosy, if somewhat strenuous, path. Indeed during 1893-94 she gave as many as one hundred and twenty-five recitals, in fifty different places. A

trip to England, too, gave her much pleasure and profit. In London she was received as an Indian princess, and more than ever before was everywhere lionized.

During the year of her visit to England, 1894, her first volume of poems, "White Wampum," was published. Nine years later appeared "Canadian Born," a collection, and in 1912 "Fruit and Feather."

But the last-named volume, with a companion, "Legends of Vancouver," her only prose work, emerged from troubled days. Consumption, the scourge of the Indian peoples, had fallen upon Tekahionwake, and with it had come poverty, a poverty so proud that it would scarce accept assistance. The closing years were passed in Vancouver, and there on March 7th, 1913, the proud, passionate spirit slipped quietly away.

According to her wish the body of Pauline Johnson was cremated, and the ashes were deposited on Siwash Rock, where the winds and waves, glad free spirits of the Nature which she loved, sing a ceaseless requiem over all material that is left of Tekahionwake.

Perhaps her poems, separated from her living personality, do not impress as when they fell from her lips, yet undoubtedly Pauline Johnson had the spirit of a poet, and often that spirit expressed itself in verse of strength, and beauty and sweetness. Among the more popular are "As Red Men Die," "In the Shadows," "In April," "The Song My Paddle Sings."

After her death her unpublished poems were collected and taken in hand for publication in two volumes entitled, "The Shaghnappi," and "The Moccasin Makers." I have not seen either of these as yet, but probably in one of them is to be found the last poem she wrote, "The Story of Yaada," one of the sweetest that ever left her pen. It tells the tale of "Yaada, lovely Yaada," the "winsome basket-maker," who first "taught the stream its sighing," so that "throughout the great forever it will sing the song undying. That the lips of lovers sing for evermore;" of how she conquered by her winsomeness the "chief of all the Squamish," so that instead of again making war upon her people in the far-away Charlotte Islands he followed her to the "canyon where the Capilano rolls." . . . But her kinsfolk followed and took her away from him, far from the inlet and the canyon where hangs like a scarf the smoke from the "fires from Lulu Island." She pines, she dies, as does he, and then she escapes once more to her chief of all the Squamish.

"For her little lonely spirit sought the Capilano canyon,
When she died among the Haidas in the land of Totem-poles.
And you yet may hear her singing to her lover-like companion
If you listen to the river as it rolls."

By the way, did you not read the article on Pauline Johnson, by Clayton Duff, in December 25th issue of this paper? I have much pleasure in referring you to it.

THE COWBIRD.

May I ask you to publish in the near future a description of the cowbird and its habits, in order that the boys and girls may recognize it and do their part towards its extermination? They are very plentiful in this locality; several eggs were found in smaller birds' nests last season. Thanking you in advance for the favor, I am,

Yours truly,
Lambton Co., Ont.

M. M.

The cowbird is somewhat smaller than the robin, and the male is of iridescent black, with head, neck and breast a glistening brown. The female is of a dull grayish-brown above, somewhat lighter below, and streaked with paler shades of brown. We quote you from Neltje Blanchan: "The cowbird takes its name from its habit of walking about among the cattle in pasture, picking up the small insects which the cattle disturb in their grazing. The bird may often be seen within a foot or two of the nose of a cow, walking briskly about like a miniature hen, intently watching for its insect prey."

Its marital and domestic character is thoroughly bad. Polygamous and utterly irresponsible for its offspring this

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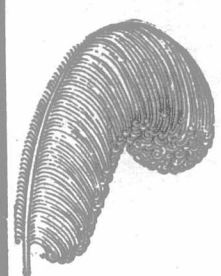
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