

AUTUMNETTES

September cameras spy out interesting little pastoral comedies in three provinces and four languages

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AND
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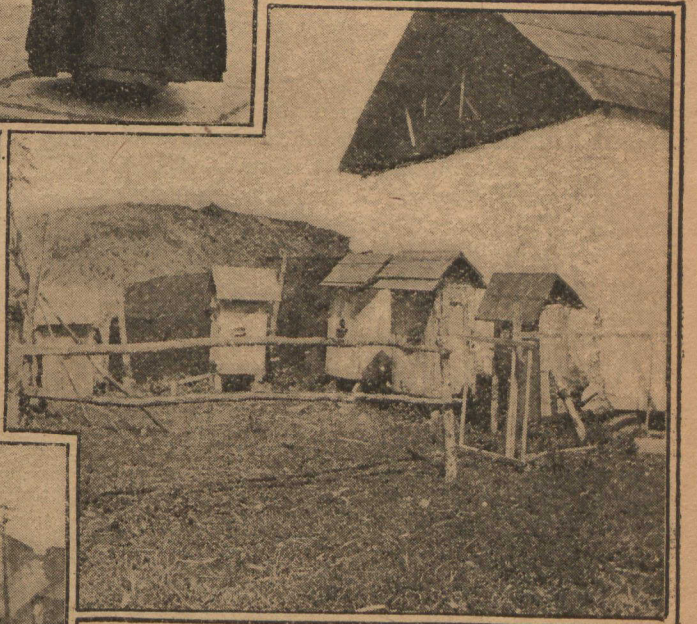
BE sure it's never the so-called foreigner who neglects to raise garden truck in Canada. These diligent women in Manitoba know how to make a prairie field look like a patch of populated Europe—thanking their stars that they got away from the outskirts of Kaiser's Empire before he began to make Europe a desert.



THIS diligent Galician lady with her arms full of rhubarb doesn't know what all this pow-wow is about, letting the wives of soldiers vote and taking away the vote from her husband. Stefan Stefano voted last time of big elections—in 1911. 'For Laurier and free wheat,' she recollects. "But he is not to vote for Borden. I will ask Mistare Norris. He knows."



MRS. BUYLOW (Toronto Globe) has a market-basket big enough to bankrupt her hubby. But Pietro explains: "Apples. No, no. I sella you two and a half for ten cen'. But I keep de worm."



1917 goes on the provender book as a mighty year for onions. These back-acheless Russian women smell a small fortune in this field of seedlings. Seven times before they have been over this field, harrowing, seeding, scuffling, hoeing. This is the last. One of these clean-swept nights a nice little frost will come chuckling into that onionery and then if there comes another nip—the ladies may whistle for their onions.

She carries no purse. That basket-load and more like it were hers for the convent over the hill before the seed went in last May. And the habitant gave it gladly.

OBSERVE the sagacious thrift of the good lady with the bonnet and the long basket. She has been to market in Quebec, of a bright September morning, and comes away with it "complete." The price? Ah, what is that to her?



RIGHT at the end of Ivan Ivanovitch's plaster-cast house he keeps his beehives; and may the good bees sting through the clothes any thief that comes prowling for honey! Ivan keeps flowers, for decoration and other things. And there's money in honey in 1917, when sugar goes up into backwoods prices and wet days keep the good bees from working. Ask Ivan where he learned the architecture of these hives, and he will tell you—not in Manitoba.

WHEN you marvel why the making of domestic wines was not abolished by the Ontario Legislature a long with whiskey and lager, glance at one of these grape plan-



tations of Niagara way. Grapes don't grow just to be eaten raw. Nobody likes canned grapes. And if we are to be allowed to drink native wine—why not imported light wines—sh!