

whose huge gateway your wondering feet may lead.

Such sights as these meet the eye! The flax wheel revolving in a mist as the kerchiefed spinner works. The dust flying as the flax-pounders beat out the flax-seed on the tarpaulin spread in the deep shade of the great Russian circle to be seen nowhere else outside of Russia but here in Canada! The children with gathered skirts in arm, treading out the plaster—the Russian plaster made of manure and sifted earth, with which the inside of the houses are plastered before being whitewashed so spotless and fresh. All around the houses are flowers that, besides beautifying serve a practical purpose in yielding honey to the bees of the apiary. In a special kitchen-garden cucumbers—aplenty kept fresh and succulent by a system of irrigation by means of the giant pump down by the river—the pride of Peter Veregin's heart and said to be the largest of its kind in Canada. Strawberry beds and a thousand other small fruits supply the great centrally-located jam-factory down by the river opposite the railroad station, the jam factory that enabled the Doukhobours to make their gift of several hundred pounds of their delicious jam to the boys in "khaki" not so long ago.

If you have the time to spend a night or two with these hospitable people you may do so free of charge in "the Church"—a name they give to their town hall.

The Church is also the school—a fine, big building with a neat and clean suite of living-rooms above. Old Alick Cherinoff and wife, caretakers, will in the absence of the school-teacher from New York act as hostess, cook for you and say "Grace" at meal-time over the delicious cauliflower baked with potato sliced in olive oil, the sliced tomato, the vegetable soup, the great cups of Russian tea, with jam in it, and the *artuitsi*, without which no meal at this season

of year is complete, and the great slices of Russian bread that the enormous loaf affords.

In the centre of the valley beside the public highway, trailing away to the east, one happens on an old-world "threshing-floor". Perhaps the only one of its kind this side the Atlantic, where the farmers bring their wheat and assemble from all directions with their horses to lend a hand with the threshing. This threshing-floor with the horses, driven by boys standing on drags, treading in spirited circles over the wheat, when seen through a haze of flying dust, looks more like a scene from old Testament lands than anything Canadian!

After the tired horses are driven off, the tawny chaff is taken in hand by men armed with home-made wooden forks with which they toss the straw in air where the wind blows off the chaff and the wheat falls to earth in a heap.

Words are altogether inadequate to describe this wheat-threshing scene. It needs the painter's brush to bring out the tawny colours and the figures of the moujeks with the light striking on the hand-made wooden forks, the long prongs flashing in air like the sabres of an advancing troop. After a time the air becomes so thick with straw-dust the outlines of the working figures lose their sharpness and the sun itself is almost toned off into the yellow haze.

When the wheat is all nicely cleaned it is stored in bins in a store-room in "The Church"—and is thence taken to mill. Everybody having a share in the flour as in everything else produced on the great farm.

It is difficult to realize that these people will receive no pay, as we understand it, for all this hard work; but on the other hand neither do they have to pay out money for wages or food or house rent or clothes or furniture as we have to do. And having no necessity for "force" to uphold the law, they have no "taxes".