



Dyeing wool, rural Quebec

# BUBBLE, BUBBLE, BUBBLE

BY VIRGINIA HAYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDITH S. WATSON



FROM early spring until late in the fall, by every highway and by-path of rural Quebec, and almost as generally in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, the visitor happens upon many a housewife turning into multitudinous service a great iron pot or cauldron, neatly suspended from a log or perched skilfully between two heaps of field-stones.

These wayside cauldrons of eastern Canada, with their constant fires, and their contents always "a-bubble, bubble, bubble", unlike the witches' pot

on the heath of auld Scotia with its song of "trouble", are to our countryside emblematical not of disaster but of a wonderful domestic prowess that is far-reaching indeed in its scope and effect upon our national life.

For although many of these wayside pots are common-place-looking affairs in themselves, the crudest and least artistic of them represents the individuality and the effort of some man or woman who stands behind it, who fathers the thought of it and the work it is intended to aid in accomplishing.