

QUAINT QUEBEC

Photographs in 1917

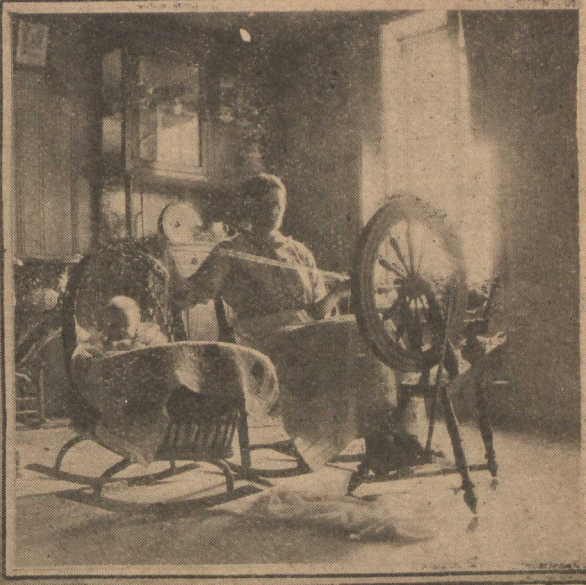
By EDITH WATSON



WHEN studying thrift consider this French woman on the St. Lawrence, who made all her own clothes, and some of them from the wool as it came from the sheep's back. High Cost of Living was never invented to worry her. All it means is that the things she makes from the wool would be more valuable if she sold them—but she doesn't. She gets enough extra for a small part of what she does sell to balance up the extra cost of the print she has to buy at the store. But she gets precious little of that. She has even made her own shoes.



ON the walls of this cottage hangs a saw. And the saw of the Frenchman was as far as could be made at home. Of course the steel blade had to be bought. But the bent hickory frame was made by old Pierre.



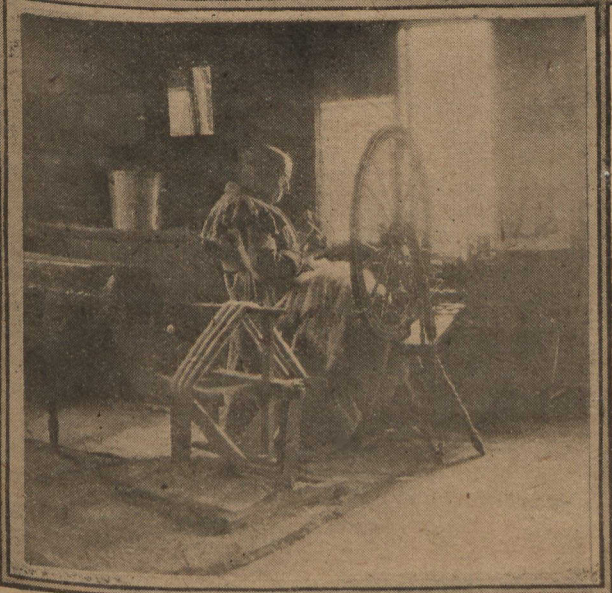
ANY stage manager wanting properties for a rustic play would be charmed at once by this picture of the French mother and her dainty cradle beside her and the little spinning wheel before, and the light of the great valley streaming in with a benediction of perfect, pastoral peace. Maybe she sings as she spins, the song of the spinning wheel that came with her mother's forbears from some quaint village of France. And the baby sleeps well. There is nothing to disturb it but the whirr of the little wheel and the murmur of the breeze from the hills by the river.



QUEBEC mammas do not believe in costly toys that kill the imaginations of children. This little girl's wooden doll was carved by a doll-man down the street.



PHILIPPE is a brawny young man, and the father of some children. Standing at his cottage door he enjoys loafing a while as he looks at his wife. Soon he will go to work like a demon; and presently stop to palaver again.



ANTIQUARIANS could tell you how many years older in history this big spinning-wheel is than the little one at the top of the page. Ontario women have had such wheels. But the Ontario wheels are all up in the attics. This one is down by the window and it spins an hour or two every day.

LOOK well at the picture above; the haunted little miracle church of St. Anne de Beaupre. The people are going to church. It is a procession. The bell has been tolling above the curious indoor pyramid of crutches and reliques of all sorts of infirmities. The miracle is still there to those who believe in it. And so it is intended to remain. No rude German shell comes within 3,000 miles of St. Anne de Beaupre. And so long as it does not, what need for the fuss and fury of war?

There are brave men in Quebec. Their fathers were brave before them. History tells anybody in full what here and there the monuments and tablets and old grim walls of Quebec cities tell in fragments; the heroic story of how French people fought against fierce enemies, savages and others, to keep that part of Canada safe for the generations to come under the flag of Great Britain.

We do not need to be told that the men and women of Quebec now are no less brave than those who fought and suffered in the days of old. But there is no war on Cana-



HORATIO WALKER, Canadian artist, down on the Isle of Orleans, never painted a finer picture of pigs than this feeding-time scene would make if put on a canvas. These pigs are big money, and what they eat sometimes seems to cost very little more than the light on their backs.