

This sign which appeared in large letters of blue and gold over one of the stairways at the International Live Stock Show in Chicago; and it seemed to be a very attractive sign, for the stairs were always crowded with people going up or coming down. At the head of the stairs

**The
"Weaver's
Loom"**

was a large room, lighted from over-head, and in the centre on a raised platform were very primitive looms, and these were operated by women of a type wholly new, to Western Canadians at least. They were women from the remote mountain homes of Georgia and Tennessee, and until they started on this journey, one of them at least, had never seen a railway and to all three electricity was a wholly new experience. They were weaving rag carpets, blankets and wool hangings, which correspond very closely to those which are woven by the habitants of Quebec.

The oldest woman of the three plied her shuttle and her corn-cob pipe with equal vigor. She was taciturn and seemed in no way disturbed by the novelty of her surroundings. It was a picture which might have been taken bodily from "The Great Smoky Mountain," "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" or "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Somehow, with all their beauty and vividness, these books never came home to me with real force until I saw these women.

The dame of the corn-cob pipe was, I imagine, pretty close to eighty. She had no cap on her thick grey hair. When she stood for a moment to adjust something about her loom, she seemed to be nearly six feet high, spare, tanned to an almost Indian brownness, but with an air of alertness and vigor that many a woman half her age would be very glad to possess.