



A large French-Canadian Family—Mr. Joseph Beaudet, his Wife and their Sixteen Children.

Photographing Families in French Canada

By FRANK CARREL

ONE evening on returning to my hotel, on the brink of a lofty elevation overlooking the St. Lawrence River, after a beautiful afternoon drive through the back ranges of French Canada, I became so impressed with all I had seen, the simple life, the contented families, the



The central figure in this scene is a pathetic old man, who has become both blind and deaf.

recover from the shock of the operation, being done so quickly, as their only knowledge of photography was experienced with a tin-type likeness in a primitive studio, which generally took a half to a minute exposure.

As we drove away, we generally left the group in silent wonderment over our folding-up camera, which we replaced in our pockets and, climbing into our caleche, we were soon on our way to the next promising house. We usually detected large families by a careless look about the houses. Doors and windows were open, and through them we could see that there was an animated scene inside as well as outside.

After the first or second photograph, my youthful cabman got interested in the work, and when we stopped in front of a house he would generally call out for somebody to come out. It might be a man or a woman, but when the standing vehicle was seen, the head of the household generally appeared and we carried on our conversation with him. My first question was, "How many have you in your family,

strict observance of the Sabbath, that I sat down to chronicle my observations and reflections. To make the article more interesting, I decided to go over the same ground again on the following Sunday with a kodak and reproduce some of the family groups with whom I had become so deeply impressed.

The locality is well supplied with the old-time caleche and buckboard; so I engaged one of the former, with a youth for a cabby, thinking it the best in which to make my quest. The first house we stopped at, I had to do all the talking in French. I alighted from the high two-wheeled rig, doffed my hat to the presumed head and father of the household, and asked permission to photograph his house. The request was always readily granted. Then incidentally I mentioned that the view would be improved if all the members of the family were in it; and, if it turned out good, I would send them a copy. Then came the interesting part. The men would brush their coats, stand erect to see that their vests were hanging well, brush out the creases and straighten the watch chain, remove their pipes from view by putting them in a vest pocket, in spite of my saying that I wanted them to look natural, and not as though they were posing. The women were as nervous about their looks as the men, with this difference, that while the latter looked after their own attire, the women never failed to notice that the tie of Ferdinand or Jacques was crooked, or to suggest putting on a hat. They scrutinised thus each one of the many children, saying, "Marie, pull down your dress; Henri, take your hand off Marie Louise's chair; Mathilde, your hair ribbon is untidy," until everything was ready.

Then my pleasure arrived as I put the finishing touches to the respective groups, all the while observing the interesting expressions on every face. Invariably the women wore the most pleased and satisfied smile, while the husbands stood or sat, as though something fearful was going to happen, while it was all intensely novel to the children. If there were a loving couple, they generally got together, with a few jocular remarks. They were the only persons who took the performance with any degree of light heart or mind. When I had squeezed the bulb, I said "Merci," in my most profound and polite French, and they all took a few seconds to



An imposing and happy family group.

sir?" to which no very off-hand reply followed. It would take a little time to think and count them all. In one instance the man made a mistake and withdrew his first statement of "fourteen" by saying "fifteen." He had forgotten one, in the suddenness of the query. If the family was large, and most of the members present, we took a picture; if not, we took the trouble to tell them our object and pass on to another house.

There were a number of singularly funny experiences as well as sad ones in that afternoon drive. In one house, it took nearly fifteen minutes to get a twin baby to turn its face towards the camera, although I danced and sang to attract its attention, but all to no purpose. Then I remained quiet and the result was more successful. The baby turned round to see why the noise had ceased and I got my picture. In another house I saw an old man with a fine-looking face, and requested to have him in the picture. It turned out that he was eighty years of age, blind and deaf. He had been that way for seven years, and was certainly a very distressing sight, in a very poor-looking home, where all the members lived in one room, and there were over nine-

children. But, after driving over twenty-one miles, over some very rough roads to obtain these photographs, we felt rewarded by our camera spoils among the French-Canadian peasants.

The Voting Competition

ON Monday noon, the leaders in the voting competition were: Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Lord Strathcona, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Sir William Van Horne, and Mr. William Mackenzie. The complete list now includes 57 names. Most of the ballots have come from Ontario, the other provinces being somewhat behind with their opinions.

We reproduce herewith two sample ballots, one from Lindsay and one from North Bay:

Lord Strathcona—the Greatest Pioneer.
William Mackenzie—the Greatest Financier.
Goldwin Smith—the Greatest Thinker.
Sir Wilfrid Laurier—the Greatest Leader.
Sir Charles Tupper—the Greatest Statesman.
Sir William C. Van Horne—the Greatest Builder.
J. R. Booth—the Greatest Lumberman.
Hon. W. S. Fielding—the Greatest Economist.
Hon. A. B. Aylesworth—the Greatest Lawyer.
Sir W. C. MacDonald—the Greatest Philanthropist.

Laurier, Fielding, Sir Charles Tupper—Statesmen.

Goldwin Smith, Charles Gordon—Literature.
Donald Smith, Van Horne, William Mackenzie, Sandford Fleming—Pioneers.

J. A. Macdonald—Editor, Preacher, and all-round man.

A Curious Petition

An earnest young preacher in a remote country village concluded a long and comprehensive supplication by saying: "And now let us pray for those who are dwelling in the uninhabited portions of the earth."



An historic "rig," often seen near Murray Bay.