



AFTER HARVEST, BACHELORS TAKE TO A LUMBER CAMP



CLEARING AN ALBERTA HOMESTEAD



LOOKING FOR A HOMESTEAD

her, she would consider herself your equal in every respect. She wouldn't look up to you or respect you the way a wife should."

"Just the kind of woman for a pioneer country," I interpolated.

"Oh, that's right enough. They work hard, keep their houses clean, and so on. You would understand if you visited them what I mean. They haven't got the little ways that make a woman womanly, that make a man like them."

"If it's blandishments you are after," I assented, "no doubt you will find what you want most in England. Our women here have dropped the arts and wiles, along with the idea that it is of paramount importance that they should marry some man, any man. Such things are only the resources of the weak."

Some point was given to this conversation by a visit we paid in company to a neighbor. He had been married nine years, and he and his wife eight years ago moved to their present place, together putting up the little shack in which they live at present. The wife is a slight, frail woman from Ontario, with large, lustrous eyes, a winning smile, and a manner at once modest and enthusiastic. Her house was a model of neatness, the swarms of flies that back in our own shack found ample asylum, were here conspicuous mainly by their absence, and the few rooms were arranged prettily and with a great effect of cheery home comfort. She herself was dressed very neatly, and, as my companions said, no one ever found her any other way. After dinner—for she would have us stay—the conversation drifted the way I hoped it would, and we learned much about their early struggles. They were both, evidently, devoted to each other, and all the more for the experiences they had shared in common. Their first winter they lived entirely on the proceeds of wood he drew into Edmonton, and sold at \$1.85 a cord. Every year she had worked with him at harvest time, and often had been his sole help. They would rise at five o'clock, she would milk twelve cows and prepare the breakfast while he did the chores and they would be in the field before the whistles at Edmonton announced seven o'clock. They would both pitch on to the load until it was too high for her, when she got on top and he pitched to her. Then she pitched from the load while he stacked. They would stop work at eleven, drive to the house where she would prepare dinner while he fed the horses. Back again at one, they worked hard till five, when they returned, milked the cows, did the chores, had supper, an hour or two of leisure and then retired. They used to build three stacks and a half with 1800 sheaves in each stack, in two days, they claimed, and their evident pride and delight in these reminiscences was good to see. It was almost unbelievable to me that this little woman could possibly have gone through toils like these that would try the strength of a strong man.

Then she took us out and showed us over their new house, a large, brick, three-storeyed house standing out aggressively behind and a little above the old house, as if for purposes of comparison. That house, the furnace in the basement, the triple trick lock on the front door, the graining on the panels, the wallpaper in the different rooms, the arrangement of pantry, kitchen and dining-room for convenience, the telephone, the bath room, the ventilating system, the roomy bed chambers, the fine views from the garret windows, the balconies; with what pride and almost fondling delight did she show them all to us! There wasn't a point overlooked, not a detail of the architecture which escaped her. She knew it all and loved it all, for the eight years of patient toil she and her husband had invested were bound up in that house. And that is not all. There will be more toil, and hard toil, but delightful toil, too, for there are more palaces in the air to be realized in the years to come, and the most immediate of these is a trip to Europe. When we were leaving, my companion asked Mr.—if he would lend him 100 sacks to help them in their threshing. He said, "Yes, certainly I will, but there is a lot of wild oats on your place, and I want you to turn everyone inside out and pick it clean of every wild oat and weed seed before you return them. I am bound to keep them off my place." It is easy to see why he has been a successful farmer.

To my surprise my friend was enthusiastic over Mrs.—and yet given a fair chance he will always repeat the sentiments I have credited him with earlier. What is one to believe?

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The work of the women on a Western farm generally covers the house, the chickens, the dairy, and, where they have them, the pigs. Their departments generally prove profitable in themselves, besides saving the men an immense amount of work. In the harvest time this allows the men longer in the fields, gives them satisfactory meals, well-prepared and free from unsightly accessories, and makes them satisfied with their condition. Apart from aesthetic

and sentimental considerations, apart from the refining and softening influence of women on men, this is woman's place in Western Canada—in helping bring in the harvest. When there is insufficient help, or funds are running low, quite often they also render valuable assistance in the field. But this will be their part less and less in the days that are to come, and the other will be their part more and more. In the meantime, men and women—pioneers together—will lay the foundation of the prosperous days to be.

Editor's Note

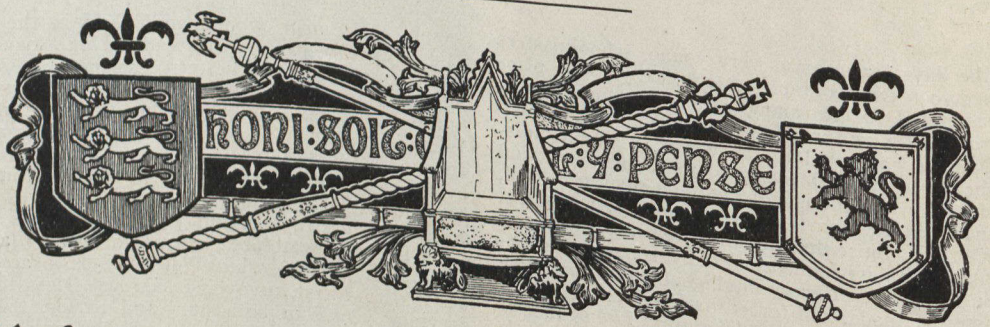
THE above article will be of special importance to our readers at this season when the western harvest is the great centre of Canadian speculation and interest. The Premier's western tour has been taken at a time when agricultural conditions may be observed to greatest advantage, and the following items relating to his progress may be quoted:

Speaking from his car at Ponoka, Sir Wilfrid briefly reiterated his welcome to the new-comers, of whom there are many in that district, and urged them to contribute by energy and effort to the future of their Canadian homeland.

At Lacombe, where a stop was made to enable the party to visit Alberta's experimental farm, the Premier addressed himself especially to the women. He found no agitation for women suffrage, but he

had been proud to notice the important part the women of the west were performing in creating a country of happy and contented homesteads. He appealed to them to keep the standard of Canadian life high and to inspire their husbands and brothers to take an active and intelligent interest in civic and national affairs. Superintendent Hutton conducted the ministerial party in an auto trip of inspection over the experimental farm, covering a half section and three years old, rejoining the train west of the town. The farm is modelled on the lines of the older eastern institutions and is situated in the Lacombe Valley, the richest portion of Alberta. The Provincial Government is enthusiastic over the results being attained.

A reference to climatic conditions in winter elicited from the Premier a sparkling eulogy. "For my part," said he, "I have no fault to find with the Canadian climate. Some few years ago Rudyard Kipling, the Imperial poet, referring to Canada as 'Our Lady of the Snows,' caused some critics to find fault with the title. I approve the appellation. The climate of Canada is the glory of Canada. It is the climate of Canada which puts the bloom upon the cheeks of the better half of the audience before me. When I rise on a winter morning and see the smoke rising in the atmosphere one hundred feet above the chimneys, perpendicularly in the clear, cold, still air, I know what it is that makes our men strong and our women beautiful."



Afternoon Tea with the Queen

MOST of us, even those who never expect to enter Buckingham Palace, have more or less curiosity concerning royal teas and receptions. This account, by M. A. P. refers to the entertainment offered by Queen Alexandra, but is nevertheless of interest to the feminine world, which always desires to know how the hostess entertained.

Of all royal entertainments, afternoon tea at Buckingham Palace is quite the most informal and least ceremonious. It is served, on ordinary occasions, in the Queen's boudoir in Her Majesty's personal apartments, unless the party is exceptionally large, when it is served in the beautiful apartment known as the writing-room, but which is really a drawing-room.

The Queen, during the London season, invites at regular intervals a few favored friends to afternoon tea; the invitations are written by Her Majesty, and guests are "asked" to come and not "commanded," as is usual in an ordinary invitation from royalty; though, of course, a lady honored with an invitation from Her Majesty regards it in the light of a command.

Guests are asked to come at half-past four, and are expected to arrive punctually. If the Queen is present when a guest arrives, the latter curtsies to Her Majesty, and is then asked to sit down by one of the ladies-in-waiting. But, as a general rule, the Queen does not come into the room until her guests have assembled. All rise and curtsy when Her Majesty enters the apartment, but beyond this necessary mark of respect to the Sovereign's Consort, there is no ceremony.

If the guests are few, the Queen shakes hands with each, but, if there are more than three or four, Her Majesty simply bows before she sits down.

Tea is served by two grooms of the chambers. The service generally used is of Sevres china that belongs to the King's Sevres collection, the bulk of which is at Windsor Castle. The teapot, sugar-basins, and cream jugs are of old Georgian silver, and are very massive in design. When only two or three friends of Her Majesty are present, the Queen sometimes pours out tea herself, but more commonly this office is performed by a lady-in-waiting, and the tea and cakes are handed to the guests by two other of Her Majesty's ladies.

Servants are not called upon to wait when tea is served in the Queen's personal apartments. In the summer months Her Majesty sometimes has tea in the gardens at Buckingham Palace, in the afternoon. On such occasions the guests are rather more numerous and the meal more elaborate, ices, strawberries and cream and champagne cup being served with it, and the royal servants are, of course, in attendance.

When other members of the royal family are asked to afternoon tea, the guests are always limited to members of the household and the wives of ambassadors. His Majesty occasionally joins the Queen's guests, but the Sovereign's presence makes no difference in the informal character of the gathering; the guests rise and curtsy when the King enters, but do not remain standing.

Of course, Her Majesty's guests at afternoon tea are all in the immediate entourage of royalty and thoroughly familiar with the atmosphere of the court, and there is no more awkwardness or restraint among them than there would be at a small gathering of intimate friends in any degree of society. At these exclusive little entertainments Her Majesty talks quite freely about the doings of the court and her plans for the immediate future, and she likes to hear from her friends any news of the doings of the general society.

Sometimes the Queen's guests will learn from Her Majesty of a coming royal visit, or possibly a royal engagement, long before the news is officially announced to the public. Naturally, all such information is imparted in confidence, to violate which would be as grave a breach of honor as it would be for a member of the government to divulge a cabinet secret. The secrets of the cabinet are, indeed, not more jealously guarded than the secrets of the court; both are known to several people, but they practically never leak out before the proper time.

Her Majesty is occasionally entertained to afternoon tea by some of her intimate friends. On such occasions the Queen's hostess must deny herself to all other callers, with the exception of members of the royal family, whilst the Queen is with her. If other callers happen to be in the room when the Queen arrives, it is etiquette for them at once to take leave of their hostess.