



A Doukhobour woman in British Columbia

since Catharine's time and which she either brought with her on the long voyage from Kief to Canada or made with her own hands here out of a seasoned British Columbia log she herself cut down in clearing the western wilderness to farm lands.

I know of no woman who has so well in hand the gift of self-expression or who has more that is really worth while in her life to express than this same peasant woman who, standing or sitting out-of-doors, in the field, or at home in the great yard, or within doors in the great living-room or in the wonderfully clean little bed-

room among her spotless appointments and her pots of flowers, in every movement so unconsciously betrays the attributes of the born lady.

Yet, personally, this Doukhobour woman has none of the accessories of dress which the average woman deems necessary if she is to feel and act at ease. Even the gifts of nature which are generally conceded as crowning gifts of beauty have been taken away from her. She graciously welcomes you with closely cropped head and bare feet; over her head a simple kerchief. If she is at work in the field when you appear she talks about