
The People of the Land

THE stranger from old Ontario does not find himself in a strange land. With the rocks, the rivers, the timber, the soil, he may not be familiar although this may only be due merely to the lack of opportunity of knowing thoroughly his old vicinity; but the people he recognizes at once. They are Anglo-Saxons, Canadians, just the men and women who have made old Ontario what it is; thrifty, wholesome citizens with the same ideals and the same mother tongue. There are Indians to be found, and half-breeds, and French Canadians; but they are rare, and in the assayer's analysis would be put down as "traces," compared with the hundred parts. New Liskeard's fall fair had just such an attendance as the annual show at Woodbridge, West York, or any similar institution. Bronzed farmers with rosy-cheeked wives and daughters came in by the wagon load; and their equipages showed that they had brought the ideals and comforts of Old Ontario along with them. The solid-wheeled ox-cart, with which the imagination delights to people the new land, was not in evidence. There was an occasional lumber wagon, cosily padded with straw, fir boughs, or blankets; but a great majority of the turnouts were the shining, new-varnished buggies, single or double seated,—the joy of the farmer and the farmer's son in Old Ontario; and the occupants wore, not homespun or blanket suits, but the regulation "store clothes" of no ancient date, which constitute the gala attire of the landward dwellers of the older parts of the province.

CHARLES H. SNIDER.

The People

FROM the time we left North Bay on our way north, the writer was particularly impressed with the superior class of settlers that were taking up holdings in this new country. The strong healthy, intelligent and well dressed appearance of the settlers everywhere, male and female, was in marked contrast to what one expects to find in a country that, until recently, did not have a