

Katherine Leslie's Chat.
Interesting Topics for All
of Our Women Readers.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW

The Nomad Writes Sketch
of Late Pauline Johnson,
Famous Indian Poetess.

LONDON LADY PERSONAL FRIEND OF THE LATE PAULINE JOHNSON

Mrs. A. T. Edwards Attended School
With Famous Indian Poetess—Sketch
of Tekahionwake's Life.

In the death of Emily Pauline Johnson, the talented Indian poetess, at Vancouver City some weeks ago, Canada has lost one of her most representative daughters and pioneers in the literary field for the exploit of things typically Canadian.

Mrs. Edwards a Seat-Mate.
It is interesting to know that a London lady, Mrs. A. T. Edwards, of Oxford street, has some very personal reminiscences connected with Miss Johnson, having attended school with the poetess in the city of Brandon. They were "seat-mates" at the Central School, where were laid the foundations of a warm friendship, which lasted until Miss Johnson's death on March 8.

Mrs. Edwards has many intimate recollections of the Indian princess, of her vivacity, and love for her own race, a characteristic which may readily be discerned in her verse. Towards the Indians upon the reservation along the Grand River (her birthplace), Miss Johnson entertained a special tenderness, and was always ready to lend them any aid in her power, sympathizing with their grievances, and exerting her influence for their welfare whenever possible.

Helped Her Race.

An instance of her interest in the tribes, of which her father was chief, is recalled by Mrs. Edwards, at whose home in London the poetess visited some years ago. While in this city she received a letter from the reserve, stating that an Indian woman had died because of lack of medical attendance on the part of the reservation doctor. Although appointed by the Government to reside upon the reserve, sympathetic of the needs of the Indians, it tended to the doctor lived instead in Brandon, 12 miles away. Consequently, the Indians suffered frequently from neglect. Miss Johnson was so indignant at the thought of a woman being allowed to die just because she was a "squaw," that she at once informed the department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa, and her protest resulted in remedial measures being taken at once.

Miss Johnson, or Tekahionwake, as she loved to call herself, was born at "Chiefswood," the family home school reservation, being the youngest of four children. Her father, G. H. M. Johnson, belonged to the Mohawk tribe, and was of "Royal Blood," a scion of one of the 50 noble families which composed the confederation founded by Hiawatha over 400 years ago. Miss Johnson's mother was an Englishwoman, a Miss Rowells, of Bristol, England. The early years of Pauline's life were spent on the reserve, where she received her first lessons from a nursery governess, afterwards attending the Indian day school about half a mile from her home. In addition to this, the two years at the Central School, Brandon, completed Miss Johnson's education, and it was without doubt her love of reading that gave her the wide knowledge of the world and literature, which she possessed. Scott's poems, Longfellow, Byron, Shakespeare, Addison's "Spectator," Foster's Essays were all familiar to her when she had reached the age of twelve, and long before this the little Indian girl had composed childish jingles about her pets and incidents on the reservation.

An Interesting Sketch.

A picturesque scene from the life of Pauline Johnson is recalled in an old number of the Boston Herald: "It was some years ago, when pretty Pauline Johnson, the black-haired, gray-eyed, swarthy little daughter of the chief of the Mohawks, was held up to the window of her father's house by the tender Indian nurse, and clapped her little hands and cried out with delight at the sight of the sun. For the Mohawks were making a chief of the day, Prince Arthur, and the village of Onawake, in the Indian reservation, on the banks of the Grand River in Ontario, echoed with the war whoops and glared with the light of the yellow fires."

Pauline's eyes sparkled as she looked out of the window of Chiefswood, the family estate. The proudest blood of the old Mohawk tribe flowed in her veins, and she struggled to be free from her nurse's arms as she saw her father, Onawake, and the village of Onawake, in the Indian reservation, on the banks of the Grand River in Ontario, echoed with the war whoops and glared with the light of the yellow fires.

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LATE PAULINE JOHNSON,
In Native Costume.

unique experiences, among them being an 850-mile drive up the Cariboo trail to the gold fields; a drive up the old Battleford trail before the railroad was built; visits to the Newfoundland coast fishers, and many miles canoe travel on unfamiliar waters in the wilds of Canada.

Her poetry, space does not permit the description, one would wish. It possesses beauty, sweetness and strength, sometimes echoing the wall of the Red Man for his lost freedom, and again throbbing with the pulse of the live, out-door world which the poetess knew and loved so well. A number of beautiful Indian legends were also collected by Miss Johnson, and several friends in Vancouver published these, with other short stories, for the financial benefit of the poetess, as unfortunately the generosity which had always characterized Miss Johnson, together with her lengthy illness, placing her in rather straitened circumstances.

Members of several of the Women's Canadian Clubs throughout Canada pursued to Mrs. Edwards, "for old time's sake," probably the last words she ever penned.

Early Successes.

While still in her teens, Miss Johnson's poetry began to attract attention, and she became a regular contributor to a number of the best magazines on this continent. It was about this time, too, that she made her first appearance on the public platform as a reader of her own verse. In the city of Toronto she was tendered an enthusiastic reception by an audience composed of the Queen's City's most cultured and literary people, and from that time on her success was assured. After conducting a series of recitals through Canada, Miss Johnson went to London, England, where she was received into some of the most select homes, being entertained by diplomats, literary critics, and members of the nobility, and it was in this year that her book of poems, "The White Wampum," was accepted by John Lane, an English publisher.

Several recital tours through Canada, visiting practically every city and town from Halifax to Vancouver, a second trip to England in 1906, and Miss Johnson withdrew from public life, and settled down in Vancouver where she pursued her literary labors until within a year of her death. During the 16 years spent in travelling, Miss Johnson had many

PROBLEMS OF THE FAIR SEX SOLVED BY CYNTHIA GREY

[Correspondents are requested to make their inquiries as brief as possible, and to write on one side of the paper only. It is impossible to give replies within a stated time, as all letters have to be answered in turn as they are received. No letters can be answered privately.]

Flatters Miss Grey.
Dear Miss Grey: I enjoy your column very much, and think your corner a great inducement to people to take the dear old Advertiser, which is a real old friend of mine. I think your answers at all times very interesting and clever, indeed, but what pleases me most of all is the way you generally "hit the nail on the head," so to speak. I have a few questions which I would be very much pleased to have your opinion on, viz:

1. Do you think a young man really cares for a young lady as he should when he holds a good position and still favors a say "four or five year" engagement on the grounds that he is not situated financially to marry? It seems to me to be a young man with a similar position who loved a girl well enough to ask her to be his wife, why I certainly could not nor would not wait any such length of time.

2. What is the surname of the British royal family?

3. What do you think of my writing? 4. And last but not least, are you male or female? When speaking of my dear friend, Miss Grey, to many people, they are very much surprised at my believing you to be a woman. Now, one strong reason for my doing so is that clever as men sometimes and in fact often are, still I don't hardly believe any clever enough to answer some questions put to you.

Hoping to receive an early reply, and wishing you all kinds of happiness and prosperity, I remain, your admirer,

FOXEY.

Help For Rosebud.
Dear Miss Grey—I will trouble you once more to answer a few questions for me. I want to ask you if I can wear tan or burnt. My eyes are a dark brown and my hair is a light brown, and rosy cheeks. Do you think I would look well in those two colors? I hope I haven't taken up too much of your time. I shall watch for your answer. BROWN EYES.

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tion, my dear, I can't understand why some folks insist that I'm a man, when I should think by the very femininity of my answers they'd know me to be a woman. So keep on talking and believing me to be a member of your own sex—and you and I can have the laugh on the others. But really, my friend, don't praise me so much before all the readers of this column. I'm blushing so much at your remarks that this'll probably come out in red type. No, the printer says not, but anyway, I'm sure you've been kissing the blarney stone.

Regarding Dental Charges.

Dear Miss Grey: Kindly advise me through your paper if a dentist, can collect full payment for teeth if same are unsatisfactory, and if it was understood before the teeth were made that payment should not be made unless the teeth were entirely satisfactory. Hoping that your answer will appear very soon and thanking you in advance.

A—Upon the facts stated, the dentist has not completed his contract, and therefore cannot collect payment.

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Break the Having drank Red Rose Tea at

a friend's house or having seen it advertised, you believe it is "good tea" and have been intending to try it for some time, but from force of habit you have just kept on using another tea. Why not Break the Habit and order RED ROSE next time.

RED ROSE TEA IS NEVER SOLD IN BULK.

308

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