



Doukhobour woman beating mustard seed

as the model of life and adhering to it whatever the result for themselves is proof enough of their courage and also of their ability. Illiterate as far as education gleaned from schools, books and newspapers goes, they think and reason as clearly and to the point on matters of daily living and religion as any of our specialists along those given lines.

The Doukhobour woman could give points to us on the economic cooking and use and preservation of foods. Everything that she eats she has taken a hand in growing. She has but to glance at a vegetable to know its age. Perhaps even the soil it grew

in and whether it will keep to most advantage covered or uncovered, cooked or raw.

The Doukhobour woman is skilled in making fine linen cloth, Eastern embroidery and "drawn" work. But those same big, strong, graceful hands that make the shuttle fly back and forth on the loom, the needle in and out working to her own design on fine cambric, can also plough and dig and weed and prepare the land and sow the flax-seed, reap and soak and pound the grown flax in the shade of the great "Arch" and pin the floss to thread on the primitive Russian wheel that has been in vogue ever