

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE HOLDS FIRST MEET- ING OF NEW YEAR

The Women's Institute is starting another year's work and the 1st meeting of the year held on June 30 was wide-awake and full of interest.

After business discussion all present enjoyed a vocal solo by Leonard Johnston, and a piano selection rendered by Miss Chatham, of Ottawa. Mrs. (Dr.) Bright gave a talk on the making and serving of fruit juices etc. A few salad hints were given by members.

Letters of appreciation and thanks written by Ptes. A. Berney, A. Thornhill, Frank Covey and Reg. F. Sauvey were read and made all present feel thankful that they are privileged to encourage and help our boys who are undergoing hardships for our sake. Every letter, while earnest, was full of good spirit. A letter expressing thanks for a barrel of field comforts sent to Moore Barracks was read also.

A full number of members have already enrolled for the new year and plans for many lines of work are being made. A call from a military hospital was responded to by the voting of \$20 to be expended in material which will be made up at once and shipped. \$5 was voted as a contribution to the soup fund.

Booths are to be held at the school fairs.

Plans are being made for a unique garden party to be held on the lawn at Cedar Park, Charleston, the later part of July. Proceeds for Patriotic work.

Arrangements have been made through the Ontario Government Public Employment Bureau by which women, especially farmer's wives who may require help in their homes, may secure assistance by applying to the secretary, Mrs. Ettie Eaton, by letter or telephone. All engagements subject to two weeks trial with wages.

During July all school fair gardens as well as Institute contest gardens will be inspected. They will be judged on following points:

1. General appearance.
2. Vigor of growth.
3. Care in laying out plot.
4. Freedom from weeds.
5. Freedom from diseases.
6. General care and cultivation.

Proceeds received from last paper shipment amounted to \$32.88. The Institute thanks all citizens for assistance given with paper and for the good condition in which most of it was handed to the collectors. When the bundles are neatly and securely tied it does away with a great deal of work at the station.

Any women who is not a member of the Women's Institute is asked to join as your help is needed. Educational and entertaining program each month.

BEE-KEEPERS' FIELD DAY

The Leeds and Granville Bee-keepers' association held their seventh annual field-day demonstration picnic and conversation on Saturday, June 30, at the home of Morley Horton, one mile east of Glen Buell, in the Township of Elizabethtown.

The day was ideal for such an event, and arrivals from Escott, Kitley, Crosby, Bastard, and other places were early at the meeting place.

The spacious grounds surrounding this fine farm residence, were decorated with flags and bunting for the occasion. A banner with the words "Welcome" at the entrance serving as a passport, and another large painted banner at the apiary with the words, "Keep Bees Better," "Keep Better Bees," (the slogan of the association) indicated the nature and purpose of the meeting.

At high noon the call for dinner and the long tables on the lawn, laden with good things and under management of a competent committee of ladies, was now the center of attraction.

The Program
Following the dinner, the president of the association in a few words, outlined the work in hand, and invited the visitors to the beeyard, where James Armstrong, the of Guelph, the lecturer of the day, gave a demonstration of the mysterious inner work of a colony of bees; after which Mr. Armstrong lecture was continued in a text on the lawn.

Literary numbers contributed by Mrs. W. G. Towriss, Athens, and Mr. H. L. Eyre, of Harlow, were very much enjoyed.

Question Drawer
The question-drawer brought out discussions in which Messrs. Franklin, Halliday, Coon, Livingston, and Eyre, and others took a lively part. Mr. W. H. Smith, District Representative of the Department of Agriculture, outlined in a brief address, the

The Legend of and the Stars

By L. Glenn Earl

Many, many moons ago, The world was a beautiful garden below
A clear deep sky of wonderful blue
Tinged at night to a glorious hue
But never a star was seen at night
To twinkle its tiny welcome light.

The gods above watched the world they'd made,
The quiet land, the wild cascade,
The vales of flowers and ferns and trees,
That whispered in the evening breeze,

And the god of Love made a visit here
On a night when the sky was bright and clear,
The heavens a dome of unbroken hue
For not a star showed through the blue.

And he returned from whence he came
To light the heavens with starry flame.

The Pueblo Indians tell the tale
That the coyote, and especially the male
When the world was young and animals came,
Had a wonderful voice that won it fame.

To-day its howl is dismal and drear
At night a dreadful sound to hear,
That the god of Love called a coyote to him
A graceful brute, speedy and slim
And entrusted to it a tight closed bag,
Made from the soft tanned skin of the stag.

And told it to carry with greatest haste
Cross hills and valley and desert waste
To the edge of the world and there untie
The stars it contained for this clear blue sky,
But not to open on the way.

The coyote took the bag and ran
According to the god's great plan
For many days and many nights
Until he reached the distant heights
That marked but half his journey's run,
That half his tiresome trail is done.

Now the god of Hunger, a hideous thing,
With cruel intention sought to bring
Failure to the scheme of the god of Love
Who would place the stars in the sky above.

And the god of Hunger called the coyote to tarry,
Eat, my friend, from the bag—you carry,
There is meat and fish, I am sure within,
Eat and be on your way again."

So the coyote stopped and the bag untied
And he saw the wily god had lied
For the beautiful stars with dazzling light
Flew straight to the sky and every night
They twinkle their message of long ago
To the little children here below.

But the god of Love was much displeased
That thus the stars should be released,
So he willed the coyote should ever roam
Hated by all and without a home,
And that the thought of its terrible plight
Should ever be with it day and night,
And its dismal cry o'er hill and glade
Should signal the brute that disobeyed.

When this long drawn howl next you hear,
And know the coyote is lurking near,
Curse not the brute that is destined to roam,
Forever on without a home,
But think of the stars as they sparkle above,
They're a present to us from the god of Love.

attitude of his department to the bee-keeping industry.

Meeting Closes.
Refreshments were again served at five o'clock, after which votes of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Horton and Prof. Armstrong brought to a close one of the most successful midsummer meetings of the association. Supplementary meetings will probably be held at Junetown and Elgin some time in August.

**Reporter Advertisements
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JOHN EATON IN THE FAR WEST

To the Editor:

The trip north, made by my brother and myself, was not exceptionally long, neither as regards its duration nor the distance covered; but it was exceptional in many other ways. On this journey we saw a land that was new to us at least, we had intercourse mostly with men of other nations and the Indians, and we came in contact with conditions that were new to us, as regards living in a sparsely settled country, where only wood, water and great marshy reaches abound, large game of all kinds of the Canadian varieties included.

The object of our trip north was to take the Word of God to the Indians living on the Peguis reserve at treaty time, (June 19), the reserve being about one hundred miles due north of Winnipeg; but being ready a few days too soon, we decided to fill in the intervening time by going out on another rail line which runs north but more west, the same skirting Lake Manitoba, passing through the Sotah Indian reserve at Fairford, and terminating at Gypsumville.

Continuing, it may be said, that we arrived safely at Gypsumville, a point one hundred and sixty miles north of Winnipeg, where gypsum is mined, and held two quite well-attended services, distributing tracts, booklets, mottoes, the Word of God etc. In these services, people of at least four nationalities were present. Our next stop south was at the Indian reserve at Fairford. At this place there are only two white families, an Icelandic and an old Hudson Bay trader, by whom we were entertained mostly. In religion, the Indians at Fairford are mostly Anglicans and Pentecostals, and while there we had one service with the dusky sons of the forest. At Fairford we came in contact with a second Billy Bray, a Frenchman married to an Indian woman, a man who has built three chapels, and preached all his life. It was here that we had our first taste of Indian food, while dining with an Indian lay reader of the Anglican persuasion. The Indians here chop wood in the summer but in winter they subsist by fishing and hunting. Mulvihill was our next stop, a point in the same latitude with the Peguis reserve, and about thirty miles from it. We stayed over Sabbath at Mulvihill, and while there we had three services, quite well attended by people of at least four or five nationalities. They were glad to hear the gospel, and as an outward evidence of the same gave a voluntary contribution of nearly four dollars to the lone preachers. This came as a surprise, we assure you dear reader, for we once held well-attended meetings in Ontario all one winter with out receiving a cent.

Now treaty-time at the Peguis reserve being come we betook ourselves thereto, arriving at Hodgson on Monday evening, a village bordering on the reserve, and the terminal of the line that we first referred to. The next morning after a walk of two hours, we arrived at the treaty ground. Here a never-to-be-forgotten scene met our gaze. We were in the midst of our Indian village. On either side of the wagon-road which kept close to the Fisher river that ran the entire length of the reserve, were the tepees of the tribe scattered promiscuously about, their dark inhabitants either reclining, walking about, or engaged in making things comfortable for their two-day stay. Close to the road in the village was the Indian agent tent, the habitual mealhouse, stores etc; while on the outskirts of the village might be seen the teams, horses, wagons, etc. the Indian means of locomotion.

At this stage the reader might be inclined to ask "what were your feelings as you intermingled with these sons of the roving timbered tribes that we have so often read about?" We answer the above question by saying that "we were not among a fierce, war-like tribe of the dark past, but among friends, for in that tribe nearly every one is a church member." They were of the Anglican and Pentecostal persuasion. In that tribe were men who had embraced the gospel, and the fruit thereof was plainly evident. On the evening of the first day we held a gospel service, and our hearers were entirely Indians, with the single exception of a Syrian, who was born in Nazareth, our Saviour's birth place. It was a remarkable thing to see these redmen of the north, singing the songs of Zion, both in Indian and in English, and raising their hearts in prayer and praise to the one God in three Persons. While here we were entertained by an Indian brother, who showed us every respect. For the edification of the reader, we might add that our brother's bill of fare was plain but healthy consisting of an Indian bread called bannock, dried fish and pemmican. This may surprise some of our

friends, but I hope to have the privilege of seeing our brother again, and partaking of his hospitality. We might observe that our Indian brothers of these two tribes no longer use the bow and arrow, the tomahawk, the stone instruments for removing pelts, but they invariably use the white man's most effective weapons of the chase etc.

If anyone is desirous of making their home where we were, it may be said, that there is much good land, well wooded in some instances, while the lakes abound with fish. The land is nearly all taken now but there are many chances of obtaining a claim by cancellation, and other portions of land will doubtless be opened up in the near future. Thanking you kindly for the space in our much-valued home paper, believe me to be

Your respectfully
John O. Eaton

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I.P.M., Mor. Bro. Fred H. Bolte; W.M., Wor. Bro. Frank F. Stafford; S.W. Bro. J. C. McCready; J.W. Bro. A. Sherman, Chap. T. Pottam; Treas. J. Pergau; Sec'y., M. Brown; S. D., Bro. E. B. Mott; J. D. Bro. H. Pettem; I. G., rBo. M. M. C. Connell and Tyler, Bro. E. Clow.

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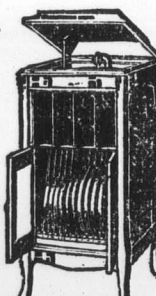
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