

in recognition of their loyal services to the Imperial Government, are still known as the "Six Nations' Indian reserve of the Grand River."

That the women of this Iroquois race are superior in many ways to their less fortunate sisters throughout Canada, is hardly necessary to state. Women who have had in the yesterdays a noble and pure-blooded ancestry, who look out on the to-morrows with minds open to educational acquirements; women whose grandmothers were the mothers of fighting men, whose daughters will be the mothers of men elbowing their way to the front ranks in the great professional and political arena in Canada; women whose thrift and care and morality will count for their nation, when that nation is just at its turn of tide toward civilization and advancement, are not the women to sit with idle hands and brains, caring not for the glories of yesterday, nor the conquests of to-morrow.

The Iroquois woman of to-day is one who recognizes the responsibilities of her position, and who makes serious and earnest efforts to possess and master whatever advantages may drift her way. She has already acquired the arts of cookery, of needlework, of housewifeliness, and one has but to attend the annual Industrial exhibition on the Indian reserve, an institution that is open to all Indians in Canada, who desire to compete for prizes, to convince themselves by very material arguments that the Iroquois woman is behind her white sister in nothing pertaining to the larder, the dairy or the linen press. She bakes the loveliest, lightest wheaten bread, of which, by the way, her men folk complain loudly, declaring that she forces them to eat this new-fangled food to the absolute exclusion of their time-honored corn bread, to which the national palate ever clings; her rolls of yellow butter are faultlessly sweet and firm, her sealed fruits are a pleasure to see as well as taste, in fact, in this latter industry she excels herself, outdoing frequently her white competitors at the neighboring city of Brantford, where the "southern fair" of Ontario is held annually. Her patch-work quilts, her baby garments, her underwear, her knitted mittens and stockings, her embroidery and fancy work are features of the exhibition that call for even much masculine attention, and yet while you gaze, and admire, and marvel at her accomplishments, she is probably standing beside you, her placid, brown face apparently quite unintelligent, her brown, deft hands devoid of gloves, her slight but sturdy figure clad in the regulation Iroquois fashion, a