

The Micmacs In Early Times

Excerpts from a work by Nicholas Denys, first Governor of Acadia, published in France in 1672 and translated by Dr. William F. Ganong for the Champlain Society. Continued from last Tuesday:

The hunting of the Beaver took place in summer with arrows, when they were taken in the woods, or else in the lakes or ponds, where the Indians placed themselves in canoes at a proper spot to watch until they came to the surface of the water to take air. But the commonest and most certain way was to break their dam, and make them lose the water. Then the Beavers found themselves without water, and did not know any more where to go; their houses showed everywhere. The Indians took them with blows of arrows and of spears; and having a sufficiency, they left all the rest. The Beavers, hearing no more noise, reassembled and set about repairing their dam.

In winter the hunting of them was done differently, the dams and the lakes being all frozen. Then the Indians have their Dogs, which are a kind of Mastiff, but more lightly built. They have the head of a Dog, but do not yelp, having only a howl which is not of great sound. As for their teeth, they are longer and sharper than those of Mastiffs. These Dogs serve for hunting the Moose, as I have related. In the spring, summer, and autumn, and in the winter when the snows will bear them. There is no hunter who has not got from seven to eight of them. They cherish them greatly. If they have little ones which the mother cannot nourish, the women suckle them; when they are large they are given soup. When they are in condition to be serviceable, they are given nothing but the offal of the beasts which are killed. If eight days pass without any animals being killed, they starve to death without eating.

As to the bones, they are not given any, for fear of damaging their teeth, not even those of the Beaver. If they should eat of that, it would keep the Indians from killing any, and the same if one were to burn them. For it is well to remark here that the Indians had many superstitions about such things, of which it has been much trouble to disabuse them. If they had roasted an Eel, they also believed that this would prevent them from catching one another time. They had in old times many beliefs of this kind, which we have disabused them.

Their wealth was in proportion to their Dogs, and as a testimony to a friend of the esteem in which they held him, they gave him that Dog to eat which they valued the most. They say that it is very good eating. They still do this, and the French eat it when they are present at their feasts, of which they tell great stories. They like it better than mutton. But that, nevertheless, has never given them any desire to eat it.

When they took their Dogs to hunt the Moose in spring, summer, and autumn, the Dogs would run about for some time in one direction and some in another. The one which first met some track followed it without giving tongue. If he overtook the beast, he got in front of it, jumping for the nose. Then he howled. The Moose amused himself, and wished to kick the Dog in front. All the other Dogs which heard it came running up and attacked it from all sides. It de-

fended itself with its feet in front; the Dogs tried to seize its nose or ears.

In the meantime the Indian arrives, and tries without being seen to approach within shot below the wind. For if the animal perceives him or his smell, the Moose takes to flight and scorns the Dogs, unless the hunter gives it an arrow-shot. Being injured, it has difficulty in saving itself from the Dogs, which follow it incessantly, as does also the Indian, who overtakes it and shoots again.

But sometimes the Dogs, which have seized the ears or the muzzle, drag it to earth before the Indian has come up. They are not inclined to abandon it, for very often they have had nothing to eat for seven or eight days. The Indian arrives, completes the kill, splits open the belly, and gives the entrails to his Dogs, which have a great junket. It is this which makes the Dogs keen in the chase.

As for the winter, when it has rained upon the snow, which can thus carry the Dogs, they made use of them as I have already described, because they have not at that time so much trouble to catch the Moose. For these cannot then run so fast, being much heavier than the Dogs, they sink into the snow, and are unable to advance farther except by leaps.

(To Be Continued)

How Can I!!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I care for palms?
A. The palms should not be watered too often. Let the earth get dry, then soak it well. To keep the palms in good condition, sponge the leaves carefully each week.
Q. How can I freshen a soured sponge?
A. Rub a fresh lemon thoroughly into the sponge, and then rinse several times in lukewarm water. The sponge will become as sweet as when new.
Q. How many drops of water does a teaspoonful hold?
A. Approximately sixty drops of water, or similar liquid.

ST. PAUL'S W. A.

The opening meeting of the four Senior Branches of St. Paul's W. A. was held in the Parish Hall on Monday, Oct. 1, at 7.30 P. M. Mrs. J. T. Rodd, President of Branch "A", presided. Mrs. Leith MacLeod, Vice-President of Branch "B", Mrs. Gordon Koper, President of the Evening Branch, and Mrs. Stewart, President of the Belvedere Branch, also assisted in the service. An illustrated address "Our Mother Church" was given by the Rector. The pictures shown were very beautiful and of particular interest to all Anglicans. After singing "The King," Mr. Ibbott pronounced the Benediction. Delicious refreshments were then served in the W. A. room.

SPRINGHILL SCHOOL

The following pupils have attained 75 per cent or over in the tests for August and September.
Grade X — Ethel Frost.
Grade VIII — Alfred Frost, Robert Dymant.
Grade V — Ernestine Williams, Sidney Frost, Elwell Grigg, Marilyn MacArthur.
Grade IV — Ruth Enman, Ernest Faith, Ivers Grigg.
Grade III — Catherine Ford.
Grade II — Roger Williams, Sharon Cotton, Bobby Frost, Elwin MacArthur.
Grade I — Margaret Dymant, Joan Enman, Joanne Williams, Bloice Enman.
Perfect Attendance — Gwen Grigg, Sidney Frost, Elwell Grigg, Ruth Enman, Elwin MacArthur, Margaret Dymant.
Teacher — Mildred Stewart.

Anne Adams Patterns

CLASSIC! TERRIFIC!

THIS IS A TWO-PIECE! You can wear these handsome separates together as the smartest casual you ever had, or with other separates to give them the brand new Fall '51 look! The blouse has the two sleeve versions shown, or a tiny cap sleeve!

Pattern 4630 in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16 blouse 1 7/8 yards 36-inch, skirt 2 1/2 yards 39-inch.

This pattern easy to use, simple to sew, is tested for fit. Has complete illustrated instructions.

Send Thirty-five Cents (35c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern. Print plainly Size, Name, Address, Style Number.

Send order to ANNE ADAMS, care of The Guardian, 60 Front St. West, Toronto, Ontario.

Honore de Balzac, the French novelist who died in 1850, started life as a printer and type-founder.

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Get relief from constipation—indigestion. Positive results from FRUIT-A-TIVES proven by tens of thousands. FRUIT-A-TIVES contains extracts of fruits and herbs.



August Wedding At St. Dunstan's Basilica



Shown above are the principals in the Mitchell-Tulle wedding which took place at St. Dunstan's Basilica on Wednesday, August 22. Left to right are Messrs. Kenneth Tulle and David Mitchell, ushers; Mr. Michael Mitchell, groomsmen; the groom, Peter Vincent Mitchell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Mitchell of Newcastle, N. B., and the bride, formerly Miss Bernice Selma Tulle, daughter of Mr. George Tulle and the late Mrs. Tulle of Charlottetown; the maid of honour, Miss Freda Tulle, and the bridesmaids, Misses Phyllis Tulle and Isabella MacDonald.

ELLEN'S DIARY

By an Island Farmers' Wife

And all the time one of the two was busy ordering her weekly supply of groceries at the counter: "Sugar — for the berries... salmon — nice as a stand-by and with so many vacationists about," she laughed, "you never know when you'll have to play hostess to one, or a number! Coffee, and tea... and how the tea has gone up!"

Inquiring too, about the price of eggs and chickens and whether or not there had been an advance in the price of chick-feed. The other, though not a farm-wife, shared her friend's interests with obvious enthusiasm, as the both have known each other's affairs ever since they were children together. Now that it comes to mind, one only is a maid-of-the-farm, her companion of the old years being the daughter of a village store-keeper of lasting and affectionate memory. She came to a farm as a bride.

Bright, happy girls these were enjoying similar advantages of birth and training, though it is likely the farm-child found her responsibilities earlier in life. As children they attended the same school and church, enjoyed the odd social event — a concert or picnic or suchlike. "And don't forget, Ellen, we more or less just grew up, and we loved it when any aged one of the community passed away, because that automatically gave us a half-holiday from classes!" one laughed.

But much as other children of their day and age, and within a stone's throw of each other, they lived out the young days, snatching time from their studies as they climbed to the higher grades, to keep thrilling and mysterious engagements with what one of their parents was wont to term "Some callow youth" and finding his face come between them and the Latin or French exercise in the textbook the next day, we suspect!

One was fairer than the other, we remember, and neither was fat nor lean, and quite pretty in their flowered muslins and Sunday hats, when the day or occasion required these. And all too soon schooldays with their concerns and delights ended and time led on to the first parting of the ways.

One must remain at home to assist in the store, while the other, her education presently enriched by odd college terms, set out to see for herself what lay beyond the blue-green of the Strait.

And what did she find? Many a trying day we are sure, but at length the fulfilment of a girl's dream — much success in her chosen profession, the result of her initiative and industry, her conscientious devotion to duty. She found romance too, and a nice life which seems to grow more interesting in these, her more leisurely years.

Marriage came earlier to the stay-at-home and never world-over had a woman had a fuller or busier life than this girl who came to the farm as a young bride. She has been a worthy partner of an enterprising husband, who has developed his farm and his herds to hold an enviable place among the best in the County. At the curb, a lengthy, shining car was resting — the same which bears her to her W. I. to the Aid meetings, and her social goings and comings... and which of the two had had the better life it would be difficult to say, both being so worth-while and good.

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Repentant Father

Man Who Erred Hopes His Letter Will Help Others

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I am writing in hope of helping some other father who may face what I have just been through. I am a man in my fifties. I have just seen my son leave for foreign service with the armed forces and in his eyes I saw hate and disrespect for me where I should have seen love and honor. At one time he was proud to be called my son, but I forfeited that right when I became involved with another woman in what I thought was happiness. He saw me crush his mother and ruin our home. This woman meant so much to me that nothing else in the world mattered—or so I thought until today when I saw the look in my boy's eyes. I wish to God I had never put it there! I know now, when it is too late, that the happiness I thought I had can never make up to me for what I've done to my son. I let him down and killed something fine and good in him. An old man's last fling isn't worth the price of a son.

ANSWER: These words from a man who learned his bitter lesson too late preach more eloquently than I ever could of the wages of sin. Punishment is not always saved for the hereafter; it is meted out on earth, too. Losing the devotion and respect of loved ones is a heavy price to pay for the fleeting joys of a passing romance, yet how few count the cost when they lightly break up one—sometimes two—homes to satisfy an aging passion masking as true love.

LOVE NEEDS HONOR

Love is a wonderful motivation; after all, as the poet tells us, it makes the world go round. In itself, however, it is neither the strongest nor the purest emotion. For completeness, it needs coupling with honor and loyalty. To call upon a poet again, "I could not love thee dear so much, loved I not honor more."

To give up all for love may be a marvelous theme for a book, movie or soap opera; in real life it can be a sordid, selfish affair with tragic consequences.

The saddest letters—and their number is legion—that come to my desk are from men and women with devoted mates, happy families, pleasant homes, who urgently seek my approval of breaking up that happy home and riding down the moonlit trail with a sweetheart or lover. Never do they get the approval and seldom, I am sure, do they follow the advice to give up the illicit affair and stay home. The call of romance is too alluring. Within a few months, or perhaps years, the thrill is gone, and nothing remains of the so-called undying love save several broken hearts. Is it worth it? Here's one man, at least, not afraid to say it wasn't!

DEAR MISS DIX: I like to cook and am considered a good cook, but on the money my husband gives me I have little chance to show my skill. He will not give me a budget for food; every day I must ask for what I need, then I get a portion of it, plus a lecture on what I did with yesterday's money. No matter how careful I am he's never pleased and he simply doesn't realize that food costs are going up. I even hate to have guests for a meal because it means a scene about the extra money. He makes a wonderful salary, so it isn't lack of money. He just seems to enjoy getting me worked up every day about the food question.

ANSWER: On hubby's day off, give him a shopping list and (Continued on Page 9)

Morning Smile

Ecglotist
A woman of recently-acquired wealth was discussing with an artist the portrait of herself which she had asked him to paint. "Shall I paint you in evening dress?" the artist inquired. "Oh, no," replied the woman, "don't make any fuss at all—just wear your overalls."

Nutty

A young Irish couple had had a daughter born to them. On returning from the christening they met a friend. "An' phwat did ye call the little darlint?" asked the friend. "Hazel," explained the friend. "Glory be! There are thirteen saints in the calendar, and ye have to go and call her after a bally nut!"

On The Quiet

1st wife: "Does your husband still find you entertaining?"
2nd wife: "Not if I can help it!"

The Stars Say --

By Genevieve Kemble
For Tomorrow
THE desire to change professional, social or romantic relationships is dominant, but there is need to assimilate all factors under consideration before taking any decisive step. Quick action or

Better English

By V. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence, "He took his secondhand car to the garage to be fixed."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "impious"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Accomplish, promise, treatise, premise.
4. What does the word "grotesque" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with ch that means "confused, or without order"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "He took his secondhand car to the garage to be repaired." 2. Pronounce im-pi-us, both i's as in it, accent first syllable, not the second. 3. Accomplish. 4. Characterized by fantastic exaggeration, especially of human and animal figures. "His Halloween costume will be a grotesque one." 5. Chaotic.

For the Birthday

Those whose birthday this is may find dreams of the future filling their mind with affection or romantic aspirations. Reason and logic, rather than emotional reactions, should govern all marital plans. A child born on this day may be affectionate and demonstrative, yet be a paradox in reality, for it may be a sensitive soul, seeking perfection in its associates, yet never quite finding what it seeks, or forgiving what it finds.

To Be Married in Montreal



Mr. and Mrs. William Matheson of Rose Valley wish to announce the engagement of their daughter, Helen to George Belanger, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Belanger of Montreal, wedding to take place October 8th at Montreal. Photos by Larose

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

How should the acceptance of a formal invitation to a wedding reception or breakfast be worded?

A "Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Gidding accept with pleasure Mr. and Mrs. William Otis Brown's kind invitation for Thursday, the first of November."

Q. When a man is dining in some public place with a girl, and a woman friend of this girl stops at the table to chat for a few minutes, what should the man do?

A. He should rise and remain standing as long as the woman remains.

Q. May a divorced woman continue to wear her engagement and wedding rings?

A. She may if she wishes. Usually, however, she will discard at least the wedding ring.

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Safety Matches

When placing a box of safety matches in the upright section of the ash tray open the box upside down, so that the heads are at the bottom and just the plain sticks at the top. There will be no danger of igniting the entire box in careless striking on the sandpaper.

Bluing

If troubled by the clothes being streaked with color from the bluing, add a little salt to the bluing on next laundry day and it will not happen.

Hand Cleanser

A paste made of vinegar and cornmeal is excellent for removing stains from the hands and keeping them in good condition.

Cook's Corner

PRUNE-APPLE SPONGE

Whilst it is not alone, the prune flavor dominates in this delicious jelly — which may be served either with chilled custard sauce or pouring cream.

It is better to turn the mixture into a pretty dessert bowl rather than into a mould — it only sets softly and could not be expected to hold its shape if turned out.

Yield—6 or 7 servings.
1 tablespoon plain gelatine
1/4 cup cold water
1 1/2 cups sieved sweetened apple sauce

1/4 cup (plus 2 tablespoons) fine granulated sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/3 cup syrup from stewed prunes

2 eggs, separated
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup cut-up drained sweetened stewed prunes

Combine the gelatine and cold water.

Measure the applesauce into upper pan of double boiler; stir in the 1/4 cup granulated sugar, salt and syrup from stewed prunes. Heat just to boiling point.

Beat the egg yolks slightly; gradually stir in the hot applesauce mixture. Return to upper pan of double boiler and cook over boiling water, stirring constantly until no raw egg flavor remains—about 3 minutes. Remove from heat.

Add gelatine to hot mixture and stir until gelatine is dissolved. Stir in the lemon juice and prunes. Chill the mixture, stirring occasionally, until beginning to thicken.

Beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry; gradually beat in the 2 tablespoons sugar.

Add meringue to thickening prune mixture and fold lightly to combine.

Turn into individual dessert glasses or a large pudding bowl and chill until set before serving.

Tests Prove New Kind of Nylons Best Possible Buy

"Wear Longer, Look Much Better..." Says a U.S. Testing Bureau

The simple twist of a nylon thread now makes all the difference between just plain nylons and a completely new kind of stocking. Instead of knitting their nylons from old-fashioned wavy-straight nylon thread, the makers of Chatelaine hosiery use a completely new kind of nylon thread that's twisted before it's knitted.

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We've listed them below in non-technical talk.

Frankly we think that after reading about the new Chatelaine Nylotwist* Nylons, you'll agree that these stockings are well worth trying.

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Well, search no more, my lady! New Chatelaine Nylotwist* Nylons actually "live". They "give" just enough to cling neatly all your leg over, even at such hard-to-fit places as your knee and ankle. Tests have shown that new Chatelaine Nylotwist* Nylons stretch and snap back fully an inch and a half more than ordinary stockings!

NO MORE WRINKLES AT THE ANKLE
Beautifully sheer Chatelaine Nylotwist* Nylons will never, never wrinkle the way other nylons do. It's that marvellous twisted nylon thread again, keeping your Chatelaine hosiery trim-fitting, even after countless washings.

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