

IN LOUISIANA THE ACADIANS STILL FOLLOW THEIR ANCIENT HANDICRAFTS

Monsieur Dronet Grows the Soft Nankeen Cotton—Madam Dronet Weaves It—And They Will Tell You of Evangeline and Her Nearby Grave.

(By Vera Morel)

In the lowlands of Louisiana, criss-crossed by tree-shaded bayous, still live the Acadians. For nearly two centuries these people have preserved their integrity, retaining the language and customs of their forefathers, with their fervent love for France. Longfellow, in "Evangeline," has made immortal the strange beauty of this country and told of that pathetic exodus of the French exiles who joined their blood in Louisiana when, in 1775, they were driven from their homes in Nova Scotia by the British.

A visitor comes under the spell of this simple, unpretentious folk whose life and outlook on life is that of French peasantry and who are distinctly French in appearance, accent and manner. In the little town of Erath lives Mme. J. B. Dronet, expert weaver of homespun. The Acadian women are wonderful weavers and Mme. Dronet is a leader. The timid sign upon her tiny home directs you to "Homespun of French Canadians." She will welcome the stranger as "cher amie," perhaps serve delectable Cajun coffee, and make one know her land and understand her great love for the craft of her ancestors.

Will Tell the Story

In an inimitable patois, she will inform one that the term "cajun" is a corruption of Acadia, and refers to those descendants of the exiles from "the meadows of Grand Pre". She will speak of Evangeline, whose real name was Emmeline Labiche, whose ashes lie under the old church in St. Martinville, nearby. She will relate the struggles of the Acadians as they journeyed across the country to this fertile land, and she will explain the intricacies of her own work.

The cotton, corn and reed used in the process of weaving is grown in her modest garden. Her home holds the ancient looms, spinning wheels and antiquated equipment. The cotton is of Chinese origin, imported long ago from the Orient.

Tends the Cotton

Monsieur Dronet tends the growing of this Nankeen cotton while madame does the carding, spinning, weaving and dyeing of the product. Primitive indeed is her process. First there is the careful carding and combing of the cotton fibers, which are one inch in length into foot long pieces which are soft as down. This is rolled twisted a bit and stretched out to be run over the wheel in continuous and strong cotton thread.

The thread is rolled onto eight or ten cornucops in a frame and on reed canes. Then it is received by a paddle-like contraption with holes for thread to prevent them tangling in the loom. Threading is most intricate. And then the weaving. Rough handwoven frames of wood are operated by a foot pedal, somewhat like that of a spinning wheel, which shifts the hundreds of threads that run through the loom. Mrs. Dronet can keep two or three rugs going at one time, the shuttles responding to her swift fingers as the colored thread goes back and forth across the double rows of white thread in the loom.

Small Reward

Madame must be assisted at times in this work, and then, her daughters and daughter-in-law lend their aid and their skilled fingers. But like all good craft, it brings small financial reward. Coverlets, table cloths, bags, mats, rugs and material for garments are fashioned of both cotton and wool, or a mixture of both. The Nankeen cotton is a soft buff in color, particularly effective in homespun, and grown first with success in America by the Acadians of Louisiana. There is also "Attakapas cottonade", dark blue and white checked used for men's suits, and "wearing like iron," which is spun by these French people.

Carrying on this traditional craft and also most skillful in their work are Mme. Alphe Benoit and Mme. Baltazar Alleman of Lafayette parish. Age has touched these women gently as they continue industrially to spin Acadian homespun and "dreams of the long, long ago."

**Athletic Girls—**

After a hard game it is not only the delicate fragrance of Baby's Own Soap which pleases, but also the wonderful restfulness imparted by its refreshing lather.

**BABY'S OWN SOAP**

Best for you & Baby too

ALBERT SOAPS LIMITED MONTREAL

TAKE THE HEAT ON HIGH (or Keep In High Gear This Summer)

WHEN the heat comes, some people, like old cars, can't make the grade—they have to slip into "second" or into "low". The heat slows them, saps their "horsepower". Why can't a youngster of almost 80, who, judged by conventional standards, should be on the scrap heap, drive in high through the hottest summer, defying Mr. Sol, just as in winter I scorn Mr. Zero? The answer is foods. People give no thought at all to the foods they ought to eat, only the foods they like. They follow the herd. Herd intelligence is notably no intelligence at all.

If people would really think, they would realize that bodily health depends upon the blood that feeds the body cells. The blood depends upon the kind of foods which build the blood. Therefore the kind of blood that flows through our bodies can make us shrivel and shiver on cold days and wilt and wither on hot days. The cause of both is viscid, ropy, toxic blood, derived from denatured, dead, demineralized, constipating foods.

Here is how to prove me right or wrong. During the hot spell, make your breakfast of Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy or Lishus, all you can enjoy with milk or cream, raisins or chopped dates, not body-heating sugar. Make thick enough to chew thoroughly. If hot cereal is not liked, cook any of them the previous night, allow to cool, place in refrigerator and serve for breakfast, with sliced or canned peaches, ripe bananas, fruit jelly, preserve, or honey with cream or milk. Drink iced Kofy-Sub or sweetened with brown sugar, or preferably honey, added while hot, a very delightful and healthful beverage. For noon meal a salad of fresh fruit or raw vegetables, iced Kofy-Sub. For evening meal, a large fruit or vegetable salad, sprinkled with grated nuts, grated cheese or cottage cheese, or lightly steamed vegetables if salads are not liked, as second choice. Any kind of juicy fruit for dessert. Iced Kofy-Sub or hot Kofy-Sub if hot drink is preferred.

Train the intestines to eliminate after each meal. It is of utmost importance to exercise all groups of muscles briskly, fifteen or twenty minutes daily, to the point of deep breathing, to burn up internal poisonous waste. If you do not know how, send fifty cents for my book "SYSTEMATIZED

*The above is from a photograph of Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., taken in his 77th year.*

*Robt. G. Jackson, M.D.*

**MUSCLE EXERCISES**, illustrated.

Rub the body down with rough towel wrung out of hot water in hot weather; cold water in cold weather. Relax muscles, nerves and mind. Do not fret or worry and—well, I stake my reputation on this assertion:—follow this program for one month, or at most two, and so remarkable will be your improvement, you will always follow it. Write for University proof that Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy, Lishus and Kofy-Sub are wonderfully rich in blood-forming minerals, also other important health literature free. Address: Robt. G. Jackson, M.D. Vine Ave., Toronto.



Queen Mary receiving a bouquet from a little girl on behalf of the citizens of Ledbury as she drove through that place on her way to a stone-laying ceremony at Hereford.

YE PERFECT CAMPER

A seasoned camper is as unmistakable as a sunburn.

He doesn't rely on anybody for anything.

He brings his own matches, his own shaving equipment, his own jackets and sweaters.

If the seasoned camper is a she, she brings her own makeup, suntan lotion and bathing cap.

He insists on taking his turn at preparing ' grub' and cleaning up afterwards—and does not get under everybody else's feet.

Nothing is so much in demand at camp as water. It's needed from the time the masculine population begins to shave in the morning until after the fires are put out at night.

So your seasoned camper is always willing to carry a pailful or two or three.

Canoes and rowboats—especially the former—require a certain amount of care. So he is careful to lift the canoe ashore at night—and turn it over so the rain won't get in it. He also sees to it that paddles, back rests, pillows and other equipment are put in their places.

He makes his own bed the first thing in the morning—because he knows it will take just that much edge off the general wear and tear.

He is careful to put phonograph records in piles where they can't be sat on.

And he never leaves his bathing suit on the floor for somebody else to wring out and hang up.

He joins in the general fun at all times and under nearly all conditions.

If he can't swim he goes in anyway—and sticks close to shore so as not to cause any undue anxiety.

He arranges to bring his share of the food—and then quits worrying about it except at meal times.

He keeps his own belongings together—so they don't get entangled with anyone else's.

And he never burns cigarettes. He knows they are doubly valuable at camp—where there's no outside source of supply.

BURDEN NOTES

BURDEN, Sept. 13—Mrs. Robert Currie and two children of Cedars, Quebec, have returned home, after spending some time with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Murray Long.

Mrs. Alfred MacCabe of Bath, Me., is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Murray Long.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Moore and son Harold and granddaughter Lillian spent Monday last with Mr. Moore's sister, Mrs. H. J. Smith.

Miss Maud MacKenzie is visiting her father Dr. MacKenzie and Mrs. MacKenzie.

Mrs. David Burden, Mrs. Eldon Smith and son Elmer spent Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Lewis Jewett.

Mrs. Lewis Jewett has returned home after visiting relatives at Milbrook, Maine.

Mrs. John Kelly spent Wednesday with Mrs. H. J. Smith.

Mrs. H. J. Smith spent Friday afternoon with her brother Samuel Moore and Mrs. Moore.

Mrs. David Burden spent Friday with Mrs. Marion Kitchen.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johnson and son Edmund of Nashua, N.H., are visiting Mrs. Johnson's mother Mrs. Luke Kelly.

William Walker spent the week end at his home here.

Dow Moore and son Archie are engaged cutting hay for Harry Hoyt.

A number of young men of this place went to Magundy Friday night to help fight the fire which was raging out there.

Miss Glenda MacQuarrie is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Bliss MacQuarrie at Clarendon Station.

GIANTS OUTRANK

(Continued from Page Six)

Cubs are at the bottom of the list at first, left field and center field.

Pittsburgh has the best left and right fielder of all the four contenders, but Jimmy Brown's heavier hitting pushes Mandley to fourth rating at second along with Brubaker at third. St. Louis ranks last in pitching, catching, right field and shortstop and first at first base and left field.

The difference in ability of one player over another is so little in some cases and outstanding in others that the value of these comparisons amounts to little.

Most of the ball players believe the flag will be decided in the pitching box. If Lee, French, Carleton, Davis and Parmelee could swing into the stride they've shown in past years, along with Root, the Cubs have the power to win, but the Bruins' staff has been unsteady.

**How They Rate**

Here's how the teams compare in order, man for man, taking into consideration physical condition at the moment.

First Base—Mize, Suhr, Leslie (and McCarthy), Cavaretta (and Collins).

Second Base—Herman, Whitehead, Brown, Handley.

Third Base—Ott, Hack, Gutteridge (and Bordagaray), Brubaker.

Shortstop—Jarges (and Frey), Bartell (and Ryan), Young, Durocher.

Left Field—Medwick, Vaughan, Joe Moore, Galan.

Center Field—L. Waner, Leiber (and Berger), T. Moore, Stalback (and Marty).

Right Field—P. Waner, Demaree, Ripple, Padgett.

Catching—Hartnett (and O'Dea), Todd, Danning (and Mancuso, Owen (and Ogdowski).

Pitching—New York, Pittsburgh, Chicago, St. Louis.

AS SEEN FROM PARIS

How France Makes Its Tobacco Monopoly Pay More and More

PARIS, Sept. 13—The most profitable business in France belongs to the government. It is the Regie des Tabacs, the national tobacco monopoly. Nobody but the Regie can deal in tobacco in any form, whether cigarettes, pipe mixture or snuff. Even nicotine for spraying greenhouse plants must be obtained through the Regie. And if the greenhouse contains a potted tobacco plant, it must be declared and a permit obtained.

The monopoly was created under Napoleon the Great, who is reported to have got the idea by seeing a woman at a court ball wearing handsome diamonds than those of the Empress herself. "Who is she?" he asked. "Sir, she is the wife of a tobacco manufacturer." The next day the Emperor called in his Finance Minister and directed him to draft a decree making the manufacture and sale of tobacco an exclusive State privilege.

Throughout the dozen decades since then tobacco has supplied the largest single item of government revenue. Last year the net profits of the Regie were 3,500,000,000 francs or more than \$150,000,000. That is very close to \$4 per capita of the French population, including women and children. It is approximately equal to the whole amount which the State spent on schools in the same period.

The way the government makes money out of tobacco is very simple. It buys cheap and sells dear. It pays for the ordinary grades about sixteen cents a pound, and then sells cigarettes for about \$1.60 a pound. The black caporal tobacco which most Frenchmen smoke and which sends American visitors into violent coughing fits is the monopoly's chief stock in trade, but for the fastidious minority the Regie makes many kinds of "de luxe" cigarettes and cigars, besides buying the product of foreign manufacturers. The popular American brands can be had almost everywhere at approximately 30 cents a pack—the Regie making a profit of something like 25 cents on each package. American manufacturers sell their cigarettes to the Regie below cost because they want American tourists to be able to get their favorite brand at as low a price as possible. They don't want their customers to get used to smoking some other brand during their European travels.

The Regie has in recent years discovered that even when you have a monopoly "it pays to advertise," and the profits have risen enormously as the result of judicious publicity. The advertising is not designed to make people smoke more, but to induce them to buy a slightly more expensive cigarette. For example, the ordinary caporal cigarette is now put out in five or six different styles, with differences in the size of the cigarette and in the packing. You can get the slim 'elegant' in a plain paper package for as little as ten cents, but the Regie tells you in its ads that by paying 2 cents more for 'gauleuses' you get a larger cigarette in a stouter container. And after you have been converted you learn that the same cigarette can be had under the name of 'celtiques' for just a few sous more and wrapped in tinfoil. And so you go up by easy stages until you find that you are paying about double the old price for virtually the same smoke.

Thanks to advertising, the cheap 'elegant', which used to make up 65 per cent of the total sales, now account for only 15 per cent. The great majority of smokers have been won to the idea of paying a little more for a slightly better article. It means in a year many millions of dollars in extra revenue for the tobacco monopoly.

A constitutional amendment voted in 1926 under Poincare turned the management of the Regie over to the Autonomous Sinking Fund. The intention was that the profits of the monopoly should be used to reduce the public debt. Unfortunately in the long succession of lean years and budget deficits that have followed, the public debt, instead of being reduced, has been increased by many billions of francs.

The sale of tobacco to the consumer is effected through 48,000 official tobacco shops, and it is illegal to sell tobacco elsewhere, although a certain tolerance is allowed to restaurants. There is a tobacco shop in every village and hamlet, and one about every two blocks in the towns and cities. The license, usually given as a political favor, is a very valuable asset, particularly to cafe keepers. The tobacco shops are obliged also to sell postage stamps and stamped paper for legal documents.

On every tobacconist's counter is a delicate pair of scales with a scoop made of horn, and occasionally you will see it used to weigh out, usually for an elderly customer, a few grams of fine black powder. This is snuff, which is still consumed in France to a surprising degree. Sales of snuff last year amounted to just under 5,000,000 pounds, enough to keep the whole population of the United States sneezing for a week.

The monopoly operates 22 factories, of which the largest is in Paris, and employs 12,000 workers. Management is in the hands of specially trained and elected Treasury officials and for some obscure reason it is reputed to be entirely free from corruption.

The only competition the monopoly gets is from smugglers, and, to a lesser degree, from peddlers of second-hand tobacco, made from butts picked up in the streets. The Regie does not worry much about the latter, realizing that the product is sold chiefly to people who otherwise could not afford to smoke at all. But smuggling, especially from Belgium, where prices are much lower than in France, is a big source of loss. Certain towns straddling the Franco-Belgian frontier appear to have on other industry than running tobacco, many tons of which manage to slip over the border every week.

CANADIAN LEADERSHIP FAULTY

Sir Edward Beatty, in his address to the Canadian Chamber of Commerce at Vancouver yesterday, covered a wide field of observation and criticism. He sounded a note of definite optimism regarding the future of the Prairie Provinces, in striking contrast to the pessimistic views that have been so widely expressed following the disastrous effects of the drought. He also reminded his audience that Canada is a land where wealth can only be won by the intelligent lot of men who are prepared to labour steadily and to accumulate slowly—a very timely warning.

Sir Edward's most important comments, however, dealt with problems of Canadian leadership. He asked "Why is it that we can find so little agreement concerning what we must do for our own material advancement?" His answer is that there is far too much disagreement over our internal and external policies—for instance that we are forever treating our external economic relations as the subject of bitter partisan debate and of electoral campaigns; that we lack a definite national policy on the questions of unemployment and relief of distress by the State, and so on.

"We find ourselves hampered by the burdens of the past. Those burdens cannot be shaken off by ingenious measures of legislation or by economic devices of any kind. What is urgent today is that we should cease to increase them, and that we should, in the future, do better than we have in the past.

"Our ability to do this depends on the leadership which our people receive from those who hold more than average influence, and, therefore responsibility in the life of the community. . . . Why is it that we have not succeeded better than we have?

"Once again it seems clear that this must be due to failure of the better elements in our community to give the nation the leadership which it should have. We have frittered away too much of our national wealth in rash attempts to do things which our own common sense should teach us were impossible."

This is the considered conviction of a man who has opportunities very few Canadians enjoy of seeing beneath the surface and of observing the broad results of national discord. His advice is entitled to the serious consideration of all thinking Canadians.



S.S. SAINT JOHN SAILS TO BOSTON

S. S. Saint John sails from Reed's Point Wharf, Saint John, at 7.30 p.m. (A.T.) Mondays, Thursdays, Saturdays. Due Boston following morning. Fare from Saint John, \$10 one way; from Fredericton to Boston, \$12.40. Rail connection to Saint John from all interior points. Staterooms, \$1.50 up, good for two people. Excellent meals at reasonable prices.

Apply any Canadian National Railways Company or Canadian Pacific Railway ticket office, or Reed's Point Wharf, Saint John.

EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES

In our own home towns and villages, hosts of satisfied friends buy RED ROSE TEA today, as they did 28 years ago—because it is still the same good Tea.



Buy a can of RED ROSE COFFEE—it's flavour will surely please you.