

moccasins and a shawl. The garments differ from those of the parents only in size. Fancy dress garments are made of deerskin, decorated with beadwork.

The child is named in many ways—after one of the near relatives, or because of something in the child's appearance or actions, or after some animal or natural event at the time of his birth. Pet names are also quite common.

For games, the child plays at the things the parents do. The boy acts the hunter, the warrior, the medicine man, the big chief. He snares game, fishes and goes long tramps with his father. The girls build wee tents, care for rag babies, make mud pies, sew dolls' clothes, build bonfires and cook what the boys find. In the winter time, they will sit around the fire and listen to the men tell wonderful stories about hunting and fighting, and fairy stories about Nonabush, the Indian fairy man, who is always playing tricks on his friends. These stories are never told in the summer.

Birtle, Man.

Betty's Wishes

By Mary Isobel Houston

"I wish—" began Betty.

Allan's hands went up over his ears. "That's the twentieth time you've wished this morning, Betty Hayes, and I won't listen. You wished for a ride until mother made me take the sand out of my cart and give you one; you wished some one would help find your doll's hat until I had to stop playing soldier and look for it. And I'm not going to do anything more, no matter how hard you wish." And Allan walked off to the croquet lawn alone, leaving a very dejected little figure on the front verandah steps.

"I only wished some one would come with me to spend the ten cents Uncle Ralph gave me", sobbed Betty, when her brother was quite out of sight. "I'm—I'm 'fraid to pass Mr. Marsden's big dog, and I was going to give Allan half if—" Just at that minute Punch, the big St. Bernard belonging to Mr. Marsden, trotted past in the opposite direction, and

hastily wiping away the tears, Betty ran to the gate.

"I can go by myself now", she said, as Punch disappeared round the corner. "I'll run all the way."

Betty did not remember exactly how long "the way" was that led to the big confectionery store, so when she had passed three corners, she began to be afraid she would never reach it. Just as she was "quite sure" some one had moved the big store away, something wonderful happened. There at the edge of the sidewalk was Uncle Ralph's big motor car—Betty knew it because she and mother had had a long, delightful ride in it only the day before.

"I'll get in the back seat, and not let him know I'm there", laughed the little girl, as she stepped in and cuddled down in the soft, springy seat. "I—I wish Allan had come too."

Many times during the afternoon did Allan echo the same wish, when house and garden were being searched for his little sister. It was quite dark when the big red motor car rolled up to the gate and Uncle Ralph learned of the trouble.

"We've searched everywhere, and sent messages to all the police stations", said mother, trying to be brave, "but there's no trace of her yet."

"Jump in and we'll go across the city again", said Uncle Ralph. "We *must* find her. Here, get in behind and—" he got no further, for there, hidden under the rug that he pushed aside for them, was the lost Betty, still sound asleep!

"Are we home, Uncle Ralph?" she asked, sleepily, as she opened her eyes.

"Betty Hayes!" exclaimed Allan in surprise.

"Oh, Allan", said Betty, feeling about for the ten cents in the rug at her feet. "I'm sorry I didn't get a chance to spend it, 'cause I meant to give you half. I wish—."

"Wish anything in the world you'd like, Betty Hayes, and I'll do it this minute."

"I only wish you'd come too", laughed the happy Betty. "I know you love motor rides." And she wondered why Allan hung his head, instead of laughing too.

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