

FASHIONS AND FANCIES

LATE last winter appeared the voluminous, all-enveloping cloak or mantle, and the style was accepted by a few women who saw in it the latest fashion, as opposed to the tight fitting Directoire gown. It was in curious contrast to the gown for to turn the mantle out properly meant that quantities of material had to be used, while in the gown of last winter there was apparently every effort made to use just as few yards as was possible. Now the fashion is definitely settled, and the evening wrap of this season, albeit



Flowered Velvet Evening Coat

a trifle cumbersome, is a wonderful example of what clever and graceful manipulation of cloth, velvet, satin or brocade can evolve.

This is an age of curious contradictions as regards clothes, and never was there a time when in order to be smartly gowned must a woman have so many different garments, gowns, wraps, etc.; yet in the case of the long wrap, if there is one absolutely smart and effective garment, it is worn both for afternoon and evening, and a cloth trimmed with fur, or an all-fur coat, is on this account an excellent investment.

Dark cloth and light cloth both are fashionable, and besides the plain effects there are many figured and novel designs in brocade patterns. There are also many different shapes fashionable—the long, loose-fitting coat, the full cape cloak with invisible sleeves, and the half cloak, half loose coat so wide and long as to entirely cover the figure. In a striped cloth and velvet an extremely odd and most popular style is in the half-fitting coat that reaches nearly to the hem of the skirt and is finished around the hem with a broad band of bear or skunk fur; there are wide cuffs of the same fur, but no collar or revers, and were it not that a separate piece of fur could be worn in really cold weather the coat would be absurdly inappropriate for winter, excepting for a carriage wrap. Brocade velvet coats in dark colors and black are smart for day or evening wear, and they are so long as to just clear the ground, and are quite full and loose, unless intended solely for day wear, in which case they fit closely enough to outline the figure. If intended only as an evening wrap the coat is on the same lines, but much wider around the lower part; and while it does not follow the lines of the figure closely, it does not completely conceal them as do the looser coats and cloaks made on the mantle order.

Extremely graceful and effective are the looser cloaks in cloth, velvet or satin, and it is really extraordinary how so many yards of material can be disposed of in such fashion as not to look too heavy and clumsy, and it does not require the wearer shall be tall, slender and graceful, although, of course, a tall, slender figure can carry such a garment far better than a short, stout one. To the design of the garment does all responsibility belong, for everything depends upon how the material is cut and draped from the shoulders, and if there be too much or too little fullness across the shoulders the cloak is a most evident failure. A perfection of cut and draping has been attained, however, that permits of few, if any, failures, and the draped opera wrap is a most graceful and becoming garment whether the panels hang loose or whether one side is crossed over and draped high on the shoulder, sometimes with one end of the material thrown completely over the shoulder and left to hang, Spanish fashion, down the back. All the cloths used for these models, and indeed all materials, are of the finest, softest description; anything harshly woven or of coarse weave could not be utilized to any advantage, but there are plenty of charming colors and textures to choose from, so there is no excuse for having a failure.

The evening coats and wraps are, if such a thing were possible, more superb and costly this winter than ever, and even the most inexpensive of furs have been treated in such a manner that they can be dealt with in most marvellous fashion, draped and hung as though instead of furs they were made of cloth or satin. The loose coat is decidedly the most practical of the opera wraps. If there ever was a time when a fur garment was of service it is when a woman is wearing a low cut gown and needs a warm outer garment. The coat should be large enough to cover the gown without injuring the most delicate of fabrics; it should be double breasted, and the most practical have a high fur collar that can be turned up about the face to protect the neck and throat. Fur and lace about the face are always extremely becoming, and a woman looks her best when in winter weather she is warmly and becomingly wrapped up in fur. The greatest beauty in the world cannot stand the test of a nose blue from the cold

or the pinched features that come from being too lightly clad. The white fur coats come trimmed with white fox or lynx. Ermine with or without the tails is fashionable again this winter for evening coats, and a new fashion advocates the dark fur lapels, collars and cuffs. The dark fur is the more becoming and effective contrast, but when the white is the more becoming it should be chosen for trimming in preference.

Velvet and satin evening wraps are this season most attractive in color and design. They are sometimes trimmed with fur and sometimes plain and lined with fur. The color that is the most becoming is chosen, and there are colors and shades in such infinite variety that there would seem to be no excuse for any woman not choosing a color in which she will look her very best. There are blues, pinks, and yellows several shades of white, and also black, and the fur can be of the most becoming color also. An all black coat is a practical investment and it can be enlivened by white fur if sable is not becoming; but the cost of such a coat carried out to perfection would be as much as two others, one of light brocade or satin suitable for merely an opera wrap and a cloth or velvet of dark color on a more practical and useful order. So it is as well to stop and count the cost most carefully before giving the unlimited order for the one and only garment that is so alluring in its beauty.

Fur lined evening wraps are most luxurious, but sometimes complaints are made that the fur worn over velvet or even satin is not satisfactory. There are now most satisfactory plushes in different weights and colors that make satisfactory linings and which are in constant demand. An inner lining of wool wadding with a plush lining will make a coat of the thinnest material practical in midwinter weather, so that it is not necessary to use fur for not desired, and it is one of the favorite styles of the season to use the thinnest of materials for evening coats. Lace and the thin embroidered fabrics are made up trimmed with fur and lined with fur—this to carry out the note of eccentricity which is so dominant at the moment—but for midwinter the costly brocade, satin and velvet will unquestionably be chosen in preference to the thinner materials. A most practical coat or cloak of cerise cloth is lined with plush of a much lighter shade and trimmed with a wide band of fur around the hem. A wide shawl collar and deep cuffs of bear fur make the coat warm and becoming, and the entire garment is most distinctive in appearance while extremely simple in line.

The ornaments of cords and tassels and the wide collars of velvet or satin that are so noticeable on the wide, full cloaks are to be worn all winter, although they are in reality much more suitable for the summer and autumn wraps. Fur substituted for the velvet or satin makes a great difference in the effect of the cloak, changing it to a more suitable winter fashion, but be it remembered there are many climates in America and Europe where a lighter weight evening wrap is just as essential to comfort as a fur lined one. The woman who buys what she likes, without having to be hampered in her choice by any sordid money question, purchases one of these cloaks realizing that it is a possession worth having and most useful, while the woman forced to be practical chooses instead the loose, warmer coat that can be worn only during the cold weather of midwinter. Heavy ribbed silks, all sorts of brocade, silk and satin, as well as velvets, will be seen during this season, and the coloring and designs of the broadcloths are most beautiful and original. The one color as well as the varicolored broadcloths are most effective, and although the reiteration of the statement is tiresome, it is the requisite to choose carefully the color that is the most becoming to the individual wearer.

An attractive evening bodice of a very simple sort is developed in crepe de chine, satin, silk, cashmere, etc. The



Green Satin Cloak With Fur Collar

bodice is of the sort which may be interchanged with a high necked one to make two gowns from one. The skirt worn with this is of the same material, and the bodice is so draped that it gives rather the impression of being in one piece with it. The skirt is made with a slight train and is trimmed with bands of black velvet and with a made trimming of the material.

The bodice has a chemisette and sleeves of lace, or these may be of gold embroidered net, tulle or chiffon or of any of these materials trimmed with crystal beads, applique silver or gold braid, etc. A lace with scalloped edges may be used for the chemisette and pieced together for the sleeves.

Current Verse

GOSSAMER

Look now beneath the flickering autumn light
That thread of gossamer a moment shows—
A darted javelin in glancing flight . . .
And now, 'tis lost to view, yet onward goes.
Set loose on the soft, yearning autumn air,
It wanders—lit or unlit of the sun.
Life is that gossamer—here, and other where,
Lit or unlit it wanders, subtly spun.
—Edith M. Thomas, in Century Magazine.

OF THOSE WHO WALK ALONE

Women there are on earth, most sweet and high,
Who lose their own, and walk bereft and lonely,
Loving that one lost heart until they die,
Loving it only.
And so they never see beside them grow
Children, whose coming is like breath of flowers;
Consoled by subtler loves the angels know
Through childish hours.
Good deeds they do: They comfort and they bless
In duties others put off till the morrow;
Their look is balm, their touch is tenderness
To all in sorrow.

Times the world smiles at them, as twere shame,
This maiden guise, long after youth's departed;
But in God's Book they bear another name—
"The faithful-hearted."
Faithful in life, and faithful unto death,
Such souls, in sooth, illumine with lustre splendid
That glimpsed, glad land wherein, the Vision saith,
Earth's wrongs are ended.
—Richard Burton, in Literary Digest.

THE OWL

I come from the darkened halls,
From the crypts and the vaults of night,
And wing my way at the close of day
By the moonbeams' feathery light.
I come when the tree-toad mourns
And the reeds sigh soft and low
To the frogs' deep bass from the marshy place
Where the water-lilies grow.
I visit the paths of men,
But their cities and towns I shun,
For they flame and flare with the restless glare
Which they strip from the burning sun.
I flit by their camps in the North
When their fires of birch are bright,
And the marshalled lines of the sombre plumes
Keep step to the wavering light.
I perch on the ponderous stones
Which they lay on their voiceless dead,
By the crumbling walls and the roofless halls
Where the slithered echoes tread.
I know not the hate of life,
The fever, the throb, the thrill,
For when I come the fife and drum
And warriors all are still.
My world is the gentle world,
The world where the shadows reign,
And repose and sleep their vigil keep
At the tent of the dreaming plain.
For I come from the darkened halls,
From the crypts and the vaults of night,
And wing my way at the close of day
By the moonbeams' feathery light.
—Robert R. Logan, in the Forum.

THE WOMAN'S THANKS

There is so much strong men are thankful for—
A nation's progress, or a slow strife's end;
And though I join my praise with theirs today
Grave things are these I scarce can comprehend
So vast are they;
And so apart, dear God, I pray Thee take
My thanks for these Thy little blessings' sake.
The little, common joys of every day,
My garden blooming in an April wind,
A linnet's greeting and the morning fall
Of happy sunshine through the opened blind,
The poplars tall
That guard my threshold, and the peace that falls
Like Sabbath stillness from my humble walls.
The little, simple joys that we forget
Until we lose them; for the lamp that lights
The pages of the books I love the best,
The hearth's red welcoming on winter nights,
The kindly jest
That moves within its circle, and the near
Companionship of those the heart holds dear.

The dear, accustomed joys we lightly take
Too much for granted sometimes, as a child
His father's gifts; and, so remembering,
For these my thanks, for these my treasures piled,
Each simple thing
Those wiser may forget, dear Father, take
My thanks for these Thy little blessings' sake.
—Theodosia Garrison, in Harper's Bazar

THE LATEST BABY PIANIST

MUSICAL prodigies are as plentiful as cures for a bad cold, but it is seldom one hears of such a precocious marvel as Pilar Isorio, Spain's child pianist, who, although only three years of age, can play the most difficult passages on the piano from musical com-

posers with the ease of a master. It is an amazing sight to see the tiny hands running up and down the keys with lightning-like rapidity and absolute precision. The strange part of it all is that little Pilar Isorio "discovered" herself. She took to playing naturally and has developed her unusual gift alone. She has never had a music lesson in her life. Of course, she plays entirely by ear, for she cannot read a single note.

Her repertoire does not seem to be limited to any particular class of music. She can play Hadyn's "Gipsy Rondo," or Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." Pilar's technique is remarkable. Rapid passages she plays at lightning speed, the whole being in correct proportion. No keys are missed or slurred. Each note receives its proper accent. Her slow movements are performed with such dignity and solemnity as to make an indelible impression upon the hearer. The infantile artist has her own "baby grand" piano, made especially for her. Although it is low and the keys are narrower than those of the ordinary instrument, it seems impossible for her tiny little hands to run over the keyboard with such speed and precision. The child's mother says that the little one will spend whole days at the piano, but her enthusiasm varies. Some days she will not even look at the instrument. On others she can scarcely be prevailed upon to leave it. Apart from her abnormal facility for music, the child seems to be just as any other bright, healthy child. She sleeps and eats well. Her head is not larger than would be expected at her age, her body being well proportioned. She does not seem to have any eccentric fancies.

Pilar is half-sister to Pepito Isorio, the ten-year-old prodigy, who, under the guidance of the famous conductor, H. R. Nikisch, has already made a big name for himself on the Continent. The manner in which the baby pianist first showed signs of her wonderful musical gifts forms an interesting story. One day, when she was just two years of age, she was sitting on the carpet playing with her toys while a German maid sat near by singing a song. Suddenly the child dropped her playthings, toddled over to the piano, and, climbing up on to the stool, began to strike the keys in search of the combination that would produce the melody she had heard. At last, after much fumbling, the child stumped the maid by playing the tune correctly. That was the beginning of Pilar's musical career, and since that day the child's progress at the piano has astonished everyone who has had the pleasure of hearing her play.

MR. Swainson is a powerful preacher, but is never above leaving his sermons with rare gems of humor. A good story he tells concerns a visit he once paid to the cottage of one of his poorer parishioners. It was early spring, and for a long time he sat by the window with the woman's little girl. "In looking out," he remarked to the child, "do you notice how bright is the green of the leaves and grass?" The little girl nodded. "Now tell me why does it appear so much brighter at this time," Mr. Swainson asked. "Cos," was the unexpected reply, "ma's just washed the window and you can see out better."

THE house committee of a New York club recently received this unique complaint: "I have the honor to inform you that I lunched at the club this afternoon and had as my guests three gentlemen, all well-known gourmets. Among other things an omelet was served. It contained only three

flies. As an old member of the club, jealous of its reputation, I naturally found this very embarrassing, as, in order to make an equitable division of the omelet, it was necessary either to divide a fly—a nice bit of carving, as you must concede—or forego a fly myself. I beg to suggest that in the future, when an omelet is served four persons, it should be either with (a) four flies, or (b) no flies at all."

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