

fate. Each must hold the "draw" up until it has been described by the witch. A beet indicates a tradesman; a cucumber a lazy man; a squash, a widower; a turnip a traveller; a carrot, a red-haired person; an onion, a druggist; a potato, an Irishman; a pea, a rich man; a bean, a scholar, and so on—short, fat, tall, thin, fair, dark, ugly, handsome, as the case may be.

#### MANNIKIN GAME.

Give each guest a plate of small vegetables, a knife, a piece of paper, and some toothpicks, out of which he or she is to construct a mannikin. Let a time limit be given, and at the end of it have a vote taken to determine the best production, a prize and a booby prize being then awarded. Each competitor must, of course, "name" the figure—preacher, teacher, cook, policeman, lawyer, Indian chief, lady with hoop skirt, girl with sunbonnet, etc.

#### HALLOWE'EN SUGGESTIONS.

For the Halloween party, the decorations of the rooms should be lavish. Have as many mirrors as possible about, with festoons of red apples strung on strings, barberries, husks of corn with the husks turned back to show the kernels, etc. Red apples, of course, should be much in evidence, piled about on plates; also nuts, cracked ready for eating. Keep the lights dim, shaded with red, green or yellow tissue-paper, and here or there place Jack-o'-lanterns, made of pumpkins, with candles inside.

If supper is served at a table, candles only should be used for lighting, if possible. Pumpkin or squash shells may be used for dishes to hold apples, grapes and nuts, while salads may be served in red apples from which the hearts have been scooped. The menu should, of course, include bannocks, scones, and oat-cookies.

#### Told by Tea Leaves.

First, the one whose fortune is to be told should drink a little of the tea while it is hot, and then turn out the rest, being careful not to turn out the grounds in doing so. Also, not to look at them, as it is bad luck.

Then she must turn the cup over so that no water remains, for drops of water in the grounds signify tears.

Next, she must turn the cup over slowly towards her, three times wishing the wish of her heart as she turns it.

After this she must rest it a minute against the edge of a saucer—to court luck.

Then the fortune-teller takes it and reads the fortune.

Three small dots in a row stand for the wish. If near the top it will soon be realized, if at the bottom, some time will elapse.

If the grounds are bunched together it signifies that all will be well with the fortune-seekers, but if they are scattered it means much the reverse.

A small speck near the top means a letter. What it is depends on the shape of the speck.

The sticks are people—light or dark, short or tall, according to their color and length. A small one means a child, a thick one a woman.

If they lie crosswise, they are enemies. If straight up, intimate friends or pleasant acquaintances.

If a larger speck is near them, it means they are coming for a visit, bringing a valise or trunk.

If there is a bottle shape near a stick, it means a physician. If a book shape, a minister or lawyer. If many fine specks, a married man.

The sticks with a bunch of grounds on their backs are bearers of bad news, or they say things about you.

A long line of grounds with no openings between foretells a journey by water. If openings, by rail.

A large ring closed means an offer of marriage to an unmarried woman.

To a married woman, it means a fortunate undertaking. To a man, success in business.

A small ring means an invitation. Dust-like grounds bunched together at the bottom or side is a sum of money.

A triangle signifies good luck, so does an anchor or a horseshoe.

A half-moon or star to married people means a paying investment.

A pyramid is extremely lucky.

A square or oblong, new land.

A story of villages bounteously blessed With all of the riches of East and of West."

Perhaps if we could only read the riddle to which some of these Indian names and legends might give clue, we should be less surprised at the phenomenal growth of the vast territory over which roamed, in unrestrained freedom, the red Indians of the past. From them the treasures

an enormous body of water could be found alone in what are known to us as the Sault Rapids; and then, there are its tidal waves, which also give color to the theory. But whatever surmises may be afloat, there is no doubt that the big lake is making history for Canada from day to day.

Although Fort William was only incorporated as a town in 1892, it has a special story of its own, dating as far back as 1669, from which time, under the name of Fort Kamistiquia, it was used as a base of supplies for exploration and discovery purposes. "The fort was rebuilt in 1805, and named Fort William, which, together with Port Arthur, have reached a height of prosperity that the wildest dreams of the prophecy of man could not have predicted. To-day, the steamers and freighters of enormous tonnage which pass through those golden gates can be counted by thousands, and the tally of the shipments of grain reads almost like a fairy tale."

#### THE LEGEND OF THE NEPIGON.

Perhaps, for wild beauty, there is no part of Algoma to compare with Nepigon; and to reach Nepigon, the sportsman, whether after birds, beasts or fish, must also pass through the golden gates to the big Northwest. In Nepigon, too, it seems that the fabled Nanna-Bijou has left his traces, and this is how the story is told in verse:

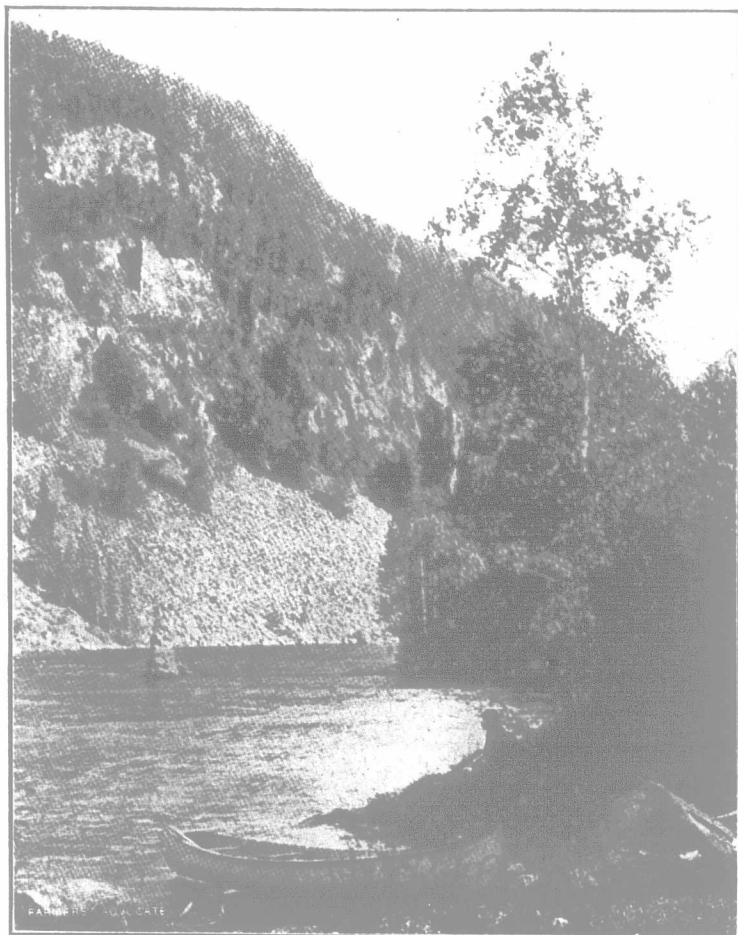
NANNA-BIJOU'S BLANKET.  
"The day was golden and the age was new,  
And the earth's pace young when  
Nanna-Bijou  
Canoeed the Nepigon, calm and fair,  
And found a mountainous barrier there.

In Indian rage and with might and main  
He cut this mountainous ridge in twain,  
And it shows to this day a monument to  
The terrible rage of Nanna-Bijou.

He swam the Nepigon o'er and o'er,  
And his blanket shows where it fell on the floor;  
And there remains, where it dropped down,  
Though multiplied ages have come around.

The action of ages and ages unknown  
Has turned this blanket to whitest stone;  
But Indians trodding the snowy mat  
Believe it the skin of the Rabbit Cat."

By the kind indulgence of our editor, room has been made for some illustrations of the busy docks of the Twin Cities, as well as some rural scenes within reach of both. When I began filling my allotted space, I had thought of telling somewhat of the pleasant happenings during our National Council visit, and of what we had gleaned of women's work and methods on philanthropic and educational lines, but, fascinated by the legendary stories of the past, I have left much unsaid. From one little reference, however, I cannot refrain, and that is to the loyalty to their King and country of the people of the Twin Cities. When the resolution was under discussion asking for the co-operation of all Canadian women in obtaining, throughout the Dominion, the authority necessary for the flying of the Union Jack daily, instead of under exceptional conditions, over the school-houses of our land, the President of the West Algoma branch of the N. C. W., announced that, without further legislation than that enacted by their own school trustees, the Union Jack was already run up daily at nine o'clock in the morning, and taken down at the closing of the school in the afternoon, thus familiarizing their children with it as an object-lesson of love and loyalty to the Empire of which the Dominion of Canada forms so important a part.

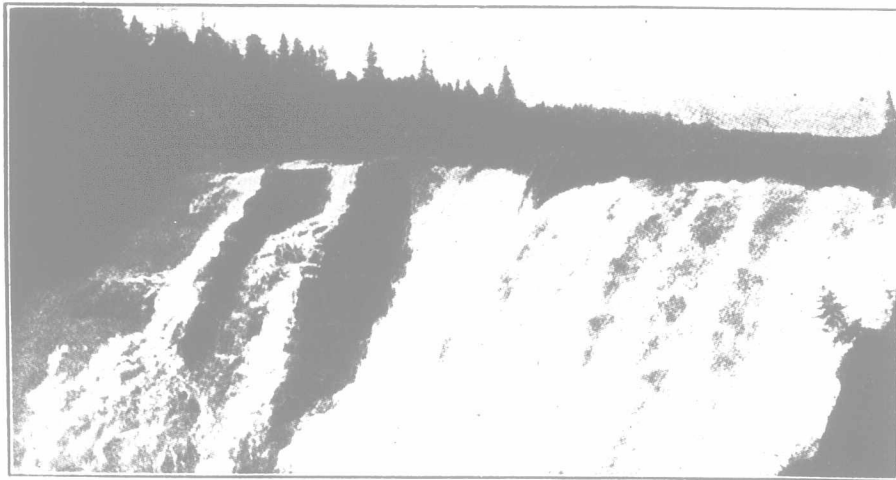


Nepigon River.

Flowers, a present, what it is depending on the shape, or the present may be flowers.  
Leaves, sickness and death.  
Fruit of any kind, health.

#### Where Western Canada Begins. — II.

The story of the whole Northwest is full of imagery. Each river, each hill and valley, each trickling stream, as well as each roaring rapid, has its legend, a "reason why" for its Indian name.



Kakabeka Falls, Near Port Arthur, Ont.

"There's great Kakabeka, like a strand of the dawn,  
Meaning: More waters are following on.  
And River Mokomon, a beautiful name,  
Tells, indeed, to that river of fame.  
"I am this we go on to the end of the land,  
Each name sings a song, and tells us a tale,

have been as a silken clue guiding the better-instructed peoples of a later generation to fame and fortune. Truly, Canada owes a debt of gratitude to the so-called "savage" of the past.

There seems to be some foundation for the Indian name for Lake Superior of "The Hidden Sea," for it is somewhat difficult to understand how that so small an outlet for such