

Fashion Notes.

Stripes in hair lines, or in narrow lines at broad intervals, are quite fashionable in spring and summer goods. On cottons, linens and silks, lace or drawn-work stripes in varying widths are much shown. Spots and polka dots also promise to be popular.

Something new in neckwear has been introduced in the form of velvet ribbon, an inch and a half or two inches wide, in all shades, to match the waist. It is brought around the collar and fastened in front with a steel clasp, while long ends are allowed to fall. Small steel beads are scattered over all of the ribbon.

Buttons are particularly fashionable at the present time. All sizes are being worn, some as large as 25-cent pieces, and even larger, while others are as tiny as possible. They really serve for ornamental instead of practical purposes. Passementerie buttons in various colors are being made in all sizes up to that of a 50-cent piece.

Collar-and-cuff sets are a prominent feature in the spring fashions. Deep collars and cuffs, made of scrim and embroidered very elaborately, or trimmed with gay-colored velvets, are being worn. Several sets may be made to wear with the one suit, each one being trimmed differently. A pretty idea is to have collar and cuffs made of lace. The collar is wide, and in the front, at each side, a little piece in the shape of a "V" is cut out, forming a sort of lapel, and this is bridged over with narrow velvet ribbon. The end of each strap of ribbon is fastened to the lace with a tiny gold button. The velvet may be black, pink, blue, or any color that will harmonize with the color of the dress upon which the collar is worn. The cuffs are also made with a "V"-shaped piece, strapped across with ribbon in a similar manner to the collar.

The hats this season are very much the same shape as those worn last spring and summer. Notwithstanding the prophecy that high crowns would this season take the place of the low ones that have been worn so long, not a high crown is shown in the new models. In all cases where the rim is rolling, the crown is lower than the top of the flare. The poke shape, another of the 1830 styles which is being revived, is quite prominent in the newest styles, and promises to be a favorite. It may be worn with or without the strings. Laces of all kinds are being used in profusion on the hats, also draperies of chiffon and soft silk. Instead of the stiff rosette of former seasons, rosettes are now made of soft materials, so as to resemble a rose as nearly as possible. Fine flowers and foliage will be much in evidence, and small fruits in connection with the blossoms. On the ready-to-wears straw forms most of the ornaments worn, even quills being made of it, as shown last season. Ostrich feathers are seen occasionally on turban shapes.

Humorous.

It is often remarked that an unaccustomed traveller can get on pretty well if he will keep his eyes and ears open. A native of Ireland landed at Greenock, and wanted to take the train to Glasgow.

Never having been in a railroad station, he did not know how to get his ticket; but he saw a lady going in and determined to follow her lead.

The lady went to the ticket-box and, putting down her money, said:

"Maryhill, single."

Her ticket was duly handed to her, and she walked away.

But promptly plunked down his money and said:

"Patrick Murphy, married."



The following essays were sent in for recent competitions. Although they did not take first place, still they are well worth printing, as showing what our children in Manitoba can do in the way of authorship.

C. D.

Indian Treaty Day.

By Jessie Kerr, Larivière, Man.
(Aged 13.)

Among the many pleasures in Manitoba are the Indian treaties, which are held annually on every Reserve. The nearest one to us is the Swan Lake Reserve, which is about fifteen miles distant. Last year (1903), the treaty was held on the 6th and 7th of July. As my brother and I wanted to go very much, my father said he would take us; so we left home on the morning of the 6th, and as the day turned out to be very warm and not knowing the road very well we did not drive quickly, and had to go up to the town first to be directed, thus making about twenty miles in all.

It took a good deal longer, but we soon came to the place where my uncle (who is a merchant) had his tentful of goods. We were very tired and hot after the drive, but were soon refreshed by our dinner.

The sale of goods began after dinner, and as there were a great many Indians and each one getting five dollars made a good deal of money; and they spent a good deal of it in goods and fruits.

Toward evening the heat began to decrease, and quite a number of people came out. The Indians also turned out better, and trade was brisker for a while. It was so comical to hear the Indians talking in a language we did not understand. But, of course, the men who deal with them understand their language well.

As night began to come on, the Indians brought out their football and had a good long game, which was interesting to watch. Some of them had their ponies out racing up and down the road. But the best of all was when they brought out their drum, which is a tub covered with deerskin, and when beaten makes a hollow sound. Three or four got round it and soon they were dancing their native dances, which seemed to be the greatest fun. They had a great many rockets and firecrackers, which they kept putting off, until they had every horse so frightened it was ready to run away.

They kept this and their dancing up till about midnight, when all the crowd was gone; so we folk decided to go to bed. We girls slept in one of the tents, and the men and boys in the other. The night was cool and we slept pretty well, but the next morning was very wet, so we were up early and had our breakfast, after which we went to visit the Indians' tents.

It soon began to clear off, and Uncle got his tent opened up; soon the Indians, squaws and papooses began to file out again. We had a better time that morning than the day before, as we went to visit the Indian school, which is a very nice little building with an upstairs to it.

When we went to get our meals we had to build a fire and hang a little pail over it, filled with water to make our tea. We had all kinds of good eatables, and we had to go up to the school to get good water.

About four o'clock a man came out from Swan Lake with his wagon and team to bring back the unsold goods. This was the most fun of all—packing the goods. It took quite a while, and then we let down the tents and got everything in the wagon.

We all climbed on the load and were soon on the road to town. It was a long, tiresome journey of six rough miles. We were tired, but felt quite refreshed after a good wash and our supper.

This was one of the most exciting times I ever experienced, and I don't think any of us will forget it for a good many years. I would like very much to go this year again, and, in fact, every year, if I had as good a time.

The Prairie Fire.

By Annie Macpherson, Beulah Farm.
(Aged 12 years.)

The fire came sweeping o'er the plain, And our cheeks were blanched with fear, For what could save our prairie home, The home that we held so dear.

The men-folk all had gone to town, Full twenty miles away, Leaving mother, little Belle and me To guard the house and hay.

And here the fire came roaring on; Oh, dear! what could we do; Only one side of us was safe, 'Twas guarded by a slough.

But presently there came a man, Who lives not far away, Who plowed a furrow round the house, The stable and the hay.

And started in to plow again, When his wife came running down, Saying, "Come quickly home again, The fire is spreading round."

The fire came like a raging beast, With many a rush and roar, Until it reached that narrow strip So near our cottage door.

It leaped that barrier many times— We fought it back with brooms And lifted up our hearts to God To save our place from ruins.

Our neighbor came and plowed some more; The fire passed us by, And then we all sat down to rest With such a tired sigh.

Belle said Bob must an angel be, Though it must be unawares, Because God sent him, don't you see, In answer to our prayers.

Playfellows.

"Der butterfly," said little May, "I wish you'd play with me, My daddy's gone away to town And mother's getting tea. Poor dolly's broken all to bits, I don't love her no more, I told my daddy he must bring A new one from the store. Oh, do come down and play with me! I wouldn't broke you, dear, I want to stroke your pretty wings And kiss you—do you hear?"

The butterfly enjoys the fun, But keeps a yard away, He will not trust himself within The grasp of eager May. He knows she'd crush his pretty wings, His beauty soon would fade, So wisely flutters out of reach Of this dear little maid.

COUSIN DOROTHY.



Playfellows.

Notes from Some Old-time Chronicles.

A VOYAGE TO HUDSON'S BAY IN 1851.

The entry in the journal from which I now quote gives the date 25th July, 1851. The writer says: "I find it quite an impossibility to convey even the faintest idea of the beauty of the scene which surrounds us. Sailing, as in the center of a most perfect circle of water, the sky and clouds appear as a roof above us, which might at any moment descend and cover us in. . . . And then that wondrous sunset, with clouds of every varying tint of loveliness. No artist could do it justice, no pen could describe it! Try to picture for yourselves, you who may read my journal, that monster iceberg upon which at this moment the setting sun is casting its brightest beams, and that flotilla of ice-islands in the distance, now fading into fainter shades of blue-gray whiteness, which dot our horizon. We have counted twenty-one in all to-day, no two alike. Some appeared as immense white mountains, with 'cloud-topped towers'; some indented, with sides flat and blackened, maybe from shadow-lines only; some resembled tents, singly or picturesquely grouped, and some magnificent cathedrals, or diamond-encrusted mosques or palaces. One of these our captain estimated as being probably 400 feet above the water, with many times that number below it."

Amongst the notes I find the following mention of the terms used on board as descriptive of the varieties of salt-water ice. A wide expanse of it is "a field," a smaller is "a floe." When a field is broken up by ground swell into smaller but innumerable pieces it is termed "a pack"; this pack, when of a broader shape is called "a patch," and when much elongated "a stream." If a ship can sail freely through the floating pieces of "drift ice" it is said to be "loose or open," and when from abrasion the larger blocks become fragments, it is called "brash ice." Then there are "hummocks," and "sludge," and "pancake ice," and when sailors discover an immense quantity at a great distance, they call it "an ice blink"; but to the enraptured gaze of the handful of passengers who, as the vessel slowly moves onwards or remains wedged and fixed immovably for hours at a time, stand awed into silence—a silence which can be felt—these streams and floes and packs, call them by what name we may, are but as one long, long procession of natural bridges, Corinthian pillars, stately, trees, rocks, thatched cottages, palaces, animals singly or in groups; or, indeed, anything God made or man made, which the human mind can imagine. To this day I can recall the awe of that death-like silence when once under the silver moon of that Arctic sky, there stood out in ghostly but clear outline what my sister whisperingly called "Our own old St. Cross." "Look, Hetty," she said, "there are the old Cloister walls, the church tower, the houses of the brothers, the dear old trees upon the branches of which the rooks used to caw to us their noisy good-night. See that silver thread below them, that might be the Itchen where we used to net the minnows and throw them back into the stream not a scrap the worse. It is just as if it were our old home caught up into the skies and then let down again, that we might see it all once more."

Perhaps that sounds like an exaggeration, but I would challenge anyone gifted with the very smallest spark of imagination, who may have passed through those northern waters, to say that it was an impossible optical illusion, or to assert that, as they in their turn had watched the beautiful formations produced by atmospheric conditions, they had not been able to give familiar names to the fairylike objects in the new white world upon