Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Weekly Chat

Dearest Chums:—

Here we are to the "spooky" time again and I expect many of you are preparing to try many tricks and play many jokes tonight. It would be too bad indeed to let Hallow'een pass by without some celebration. Coming on Sunday this year we can feel quite sure that the witches, fairies, goblins and others of their kind will come out of their dwelling places one night earlier or may be one night later, whichever suits our fancies best.

This make-believe time can be fun for all young or old if they just enter into its mystic observances with the proper spirit. Those having real parties must plan a lot of games and tricks to carry out a suitable program, so perhaps a few suggestions will help out for those gatherings as well as for those, who are having their own fun in their own homes.

The bobbing for apples is known to everyone I am sure, so no details for that are necessary. Then you remember last year I told you of paring the apples, having the skin in one long piece and throwing it over your shoulder. When it falls to the floor it resembles some letter which must belong to your future life partner.

Here is a trick which is real mussy of course, but may be new to you and worth trying. Make a cake of flour by packing it closely in a pan, then press into the flour somewhere a few bright pieces of silver. The cake of flour is then turned out on a platter and each one must cut their piece of the cake. Whoever gets the portions with the money is sure to be rich. But the money must be taken from the flour by the teeth alone. That is the trick and the mussy part.

Then another one which I have not told you of before is the test with saucers. Take three, fill one with a cereal, put water in another and leave one empty. Blindfold each one in turn and lead to the table, request a finger to be dipped in a saucer. The cereal signifies riches the water poverty and the empty one means an old maid or bachelor. This trick really makes lots of fun and is one the very youngest little tots may thoroughly enjoy. Another simple prank which the kiddies can easily do, is to hang a horse shoe in a doorway. Each one takes three chances to throw an apple through it, standing a little distance away. Those who succeed will have good luck. Of course the smallest who try do not stand as far away from the horse shoe as the older ones do. Dropping melted lard or any kind of dripping into cold water when strange fantastic shapes are formed enables greatly in telling fortunes.

Then you could all make little paper boats each one having their own name on their boat. Put them on the top of the tub of water and blow hither and thither for all you are worth and the one whose boat stays afloat the longest is the one who will have a real sweetheart the quickest.

A simple little trick may add to the fun by taking ten pins. Eight of them must be bent or crooked ones and the other two perfectly straight, better a white and a black or a long and short. Name the two for two people, imaginary sweethearts of course. Shake all the pins up in a tumbler or cup and then throw on the table. By the positions they are found in, a nice little fortune may be woven. The bent ones adding to the troubles or misfortunes of each one according as they fall or may be dividing the two straight pins showing quarrels, disagreements and so forth. This may be repeated three times and the last shown position of the two straight pins determines the final fate of the two named persons whether they are to be separated or forever walk side by side.

I don't need to warn you kiddies that the results of these tricks and fortunes must not be taken seriously. They must cause no worry or anxiety or indeed too high expectations. Just forget realities on Hallow'een night and take the best fun possible out of all the tricks and games. The Jack O' Lanterns about instead of the usual lights add very much to the spooky imagination and if you can get the squash or pumpkins at all be sure and have some about. Just in case any of you do not know how to make them I shall give you a few tips. First, of all cut thick slices right off the end where the stem of the vegetable was attached. Then scoop out all the inside with a strong heavy kitchen spoon. Next take a small knife and cut the two holes out nearer the top for the eyes. Make a longer slit for the nose and a good long wide one for the mouth. Matches can be broken into short pieces and placed in the latter slit to serve for the teeth. Now comes the most important part of all the candle which must have a flat spot to rest upon inside and must not be too high or the top slice may not rest in place. These Jack O' Lanterns placed about a dark room can help one to imagine all the witches and gnomes have arrived and so the fun begins. May you have lots of it and a real jolly time too. Don't let the celebration pass without the old fashioned molasses candy—the kind you pull and each tries to get their own piece the lightest color. Even though mother may object to the mess, tell her it is just for one night in the whole year. Besides, prove to her how grateful you are for any hallow'een privileges by being very careful not to make any unnecessary dirt or upset and at least do your part in the clearing up. These thoughtful acts all help kiddies in procuring another good time next year. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Wishing you a jolly spooky lark,

UNCLE DICK.

Miggs: "Do you try your jokes on your friends before you publish them?"

Higgs: "I used to; but I gave it up for lack of material."

"Jokes?"

"Oh no! friends."

"Pat," said the manager to an Irish youth who was working for him, "you must be an early riser. I always find you at work the first thing in the morning."

"Indade, and Oi am sor. It's a family trait, Oim thinking."

"Then, from what you say, I suppose your father is an early riser, too?"

"No father, is it? He robbed that early trait when I went to bed a little la[illegible]

Answers To Letters

ROBERT R.—Your letter was very interesting and you are a very good writer. How splendid to earn all that money for yourself and I hope you read my chat to you all last Saturday, so you will be wise with your earnings. You are evidently looking forward with a good deal of pleasure to the coming of winter, perhaps you want to see how your dog will behave when the sled is following him. You will need to work hard in school to make up for the time you missed. Good luck in all your plans.

MARION T.—You sent me a very neat little letter and I was so pleased to hear from you again. What nice times all you little girls must have living so near each other.

ESTHER M.—Too bad about missing your school but cheer up your duty being well done is just as necessary. Perhaps you can surprise even yourself by catching up and if the teacher is so nice she will likely give you some help. Hope so anyway. Thanks for your nice remarks about our page.

RICHARD B.—You are quite a hunting sport, aren't you? And you must have enjoyed the outing by your account of it. This has been an ideal season for living in the woods and you could be very comfortable I should think. Yes, you will need to settle down to hard school work.

IRMA M.—Your letter containing the signs of autumn received and it proves you have your bright eyes open for the things to be seen in the outdoor world. Sorry to know your school has not yet opened, I suppose for the need of a teacher. You will all need to use your books and study as well as you can yourselves, so the valuable time in your school life will not be entirely wasted.

AMY G.—You seem much interested in your music lessons and consequently must be doing well. How fortunate you are in having such a good teacher. Even though your school lessons do not appeal to you as the music does, still they are very essential too in fitting you to be a musician. An all round education is best for everyone. Hope you and the new kitten are having lots of fun together.

SAMUEL R.—So pleased to know you too and if you send along the necessary birth date and age you may be enrolled as a member of the C. C. Hope your interest continues and that you will enjoy our page more than ever. Good luck and write soon again.

JACK S.—Very sorry indeed to hear of your illness and my sincere wishes for your speedy recovery. Glad to know you are able to enjoy working out our puzzles. This week's should interest you too.

Birthday Greetings

Many happy returns of the day is the wish of the C. C. to all the members having a birthday during the coming week:

Ida McCutcheon, Springfield.
Edna M. Brown, Chipman.
Cecil Fownes, Hopewell.
Audrey Vaughan, St. Martins.
Blanche Vanwart, Union St., City.
Helen McGowan, Hampton.
Florence Luella Moore, Waterside.
Bella Johnston, Sheba P. O.
Annie Tatton, St. George.
Mildred M. Hazen, Kingston.
Irene Cassidy, Newcastle.
Gertrude Isabel McGibbon, Moore's Mills.
Harold Matthews, Sydney St.
Harold Stultz, Steeves Sett.
Marion McCullough, Union St., City
Alfreda Britton, Woodstock.
Leona McCormick, Brittain St.
Alberta Jenkins, Reed's Pt.
Wilbur Carson, Green Road.
Muriel Baker, Upper Loch Lomond.
Everett A. Steeves, Germantown.
Florence Gale, Young's Cove.
Dorothy Hawes, Parrsboro, N. S.

For Winter Months

In the autumn (a naturalist recently said) the birds and beasts of the countryside occupy themselves in preparing their supplies of winter clothes and bedding just as human beings would do.

And by their winter clothes (he continued) I do not mean merely the extra thick suits of fur or feather, but all kinds of artificial rugs and blankets, which they manufacture themselves.

Take, first, the water rats, which are famous blanket makers. They fill their lairs in autumn with sheets of the grey vegetable down that grows on various plants in the marshes and by the banks of rivers and brooks. Their beds are often composed of the soft heads of reeds that have been dried and ripened by the autumn sun, with rushes and vegetable down for bedclothes.

Then there are the field mice, which make their winter beds with layers of dried grass and dead leaves. They are also fond of a few stray feathers and moss, but most of all they prize the white fluff of a kind of grass which makes for them a luxurious mattress. Curiously enough, they do not care for sheep's wool or the hair of any animal, warm as it would be.

Weasels, on the other hand, despise feathers, and are partial to hay and also dried thistles (a prickly sort of bed one would suppose). They hunt for wool or hair, and, when they have collected sufficient, weave it up with the hay into a very snug bed.

"Practically, then," said the examiner, "you do not know anything about Samoa?"

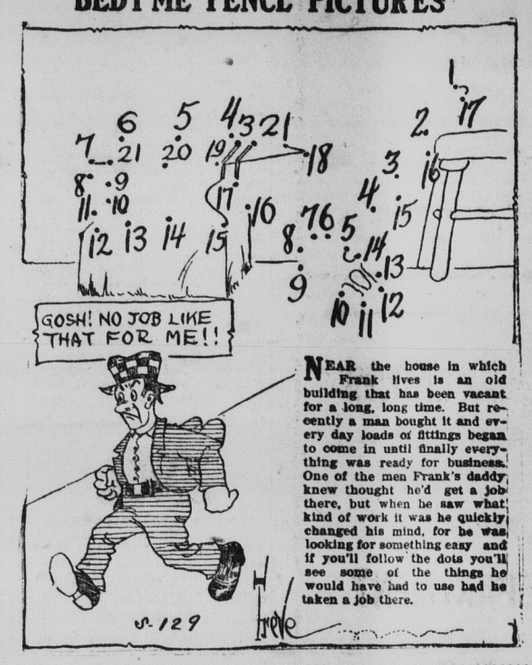
"I do not," admitted the youth, who was competing for a situation in a Government office, "except that it is one of those places inhabited chiefly by natives."

Farmer: "Well, of all idiots that artist feller is the biggest."

Son: "What's he doing?"

Farmer: "He's down yonder painting a picture of that old tumble-down barn, and there's a fine new barn right be[illegible]

BEDTIME PENCIL PICTURES



NEAR the house in which Frank lives is an old building that has been vacant for a long, long time. But recently a man bought it and every day loads of fittings began to come in until finally everything was ready for business. One of the men Frank's daddy knew thought he'd get a job there, but when he saw what kind of work it was he quickly changed his mind, for he was looking for something easy and if you'll follow the dots you'll see some of the things he would have had to use had he taken a job there.

A HALLOW'EEN SURPRISE

In a little home in a small town lived a very happy family—the Grants. Besides father and mother there were two children a boy, Jeff, aged twelve and a girl they called Gretchen, ten years of age. Lots of good times they all had together and all the celebrations which come each year were regularly honored by the Grant family.

During the early part of one October Mother Grant took ill and after some home nursing the doctor finally decided that the patient would be much better in the hospital, where she might receive every care and be saved any home responsibilities. So she went, and the children's aunty came to care for them and manage the little home. After the middle of teh month had passed all the little chums were talking of Hallow'een and all its mysteries, so that Jeff and Gretchen began to realize that their usual celebrations for the night might not be carried out. Home was very lonely without mother even though aunty was so good and did everything she could to take mother's place. She was always busy at something though, and had little time to spare, the father spent all the time he could at the Hospital to keep mother company so that the home to the kiddies was very much changed. It didn't seem as if they could even suggest such a thing as Jack O' Lanterns or molasses candy. No one was interested this year and after talking things over they both decided not to mention their longings in regard to Hallow'een.

Mother might be home by that time but if so she would need to be very quiet and besides aunty was not used to little folk messing things up about the kitchen and no doubt she wouldn't understand as mother did.

The only little plans thought of a[illegible] the quiet little tricks with apples or nuts or strings or anything which they might be able to do in their own quiet way.

While all these thoughts were taking root in the children's minds, mother and father each evening were planning what might be done for their kiddies enjoyment. Mother was determined that even though she could not be there, the Hallow'een fun was not to be omitted from the Grant home even for one year. With many conferences with aunty and father a scheme was all worked out by Mrs. Grant and fortunately she was able to make all the plans. It helped her to get well too, having something so cheerful to think over and each visit father made she had more perfected arrangements completed. One thing she insisted upon and that was that no mention of Hallow'een was to be made to the children. Whatever she planned was to be a genuine surprise to them. So father and aunty had to be very careful not to give out any hints or appear at all conscious of the great secret. Of course Jeff and Gretchen often went to see mother too, but no mention was ever made of the approaching thirty-first.

Finally the day came and many of the little chums spoke of expecting to go somewhere for fun, but didn't know just where mother hadn't told them yet. Others intended to "dress up" and go out some place. These intentions all sounded like old times to the Grant children, so at dinner time Gretchen said, "Father will you be late at the hospital tonight?"

"Oh no, I think not," father replied, "why do you ask, dear?"

"Just 'cause," said Gretchen with a little bit of a sigh.

Then Jeff thought he better show some interest, so he said, "We can have some fun by ourselves, sister and father may get home in time."

"Oh, sure enough," said the surprised voice of father. "This is hallow'een of course I will be here in time. Now, right after supper suppose we a while, then we will come home and if not too late, we will see what can be done to have a little bit of fun anyway. How does that idea strike you?"

"Oh splendid," said both voices.

And each hurried off to school feeling quite relieved that at least father knew what night it was to be.

They didn't discuss any further plans for the evening, each child feeling that the ice had been broken anyway, and father would surely not forget their custom completely. Still they had no great anticipation but hurried away after supper to visit mother. All three did their best to be cheerful and happy and the children tried very hard to show no disappointment over the supposed lack of interest in their much loved Hallow'een celebrations. Finally father suggested going home and they all bid farewell to mother, who was to return home in a few days. Jeff whistled as they marched along and Gretchen just wondered if father would forget or not.

Then they came to the house and noticed it only had one light which was in the hall. "Perhaps aunty was tired and went to bed," said Jeff.

"She may have gone out," suggested father.

"In either case," thought Gretchen, "there won't be much fun home tonight." So the key was put in the door and in they went. All of a sudden the light went out, and the parlor door opened very slowly. One by one the Jack O' Lanterns could be seen everywhere about the room and upon going to the door Jeff and Gretchen saw a sight they never shall forget. There were fifteen little folks all dressed up—a real masquerade—black cats and witches on broomsticks made of paper were strung everywhere about the house and of course the Jack O' Lantern funny faces were on every place they could rest, each with a light inside. Neither child could speak, they just couldn't get their breath, it was such a wonderful sight and such a huge surprise. Suddenly the piano sent forth a weird sound, all the funny dressed little folks about the room began to dance about. This caused Gretchen and Jeff to laugh and laugh so hard that all the party began to laugh and the music could hardly be heard at all. Just then Aunty appeared from the end of the hall and whispered to Gretchen and Jeff to hurry up to their rooms and put on the costumes they found spread out on their beds. They were so excited of course, they stumbled all the way, but soon hustled out of their own clothes and into the new rigs. Father and aunty arriving in time to put on the finishing touches. Down they went to join the party and then the fun continued. All sorts of tricks and games were played. Candy cooking could be sniffed and finally produced. The bath tub was full of water for the water tricks, and to the arrangements had been so perfectly made and carried out that every moment was a jolly one. Then the supper table was a picture, it extended its full length and was covered with such quantities of suitable decorations to say nothing of all the good things to eat.

It was a wonderful party and after all the guests had gone, Gretchen and Jeff couldn't find words enough to thank father and aunty for what they had done. Another surprise was in store for them for after all the excitement was over the children were told that mother had planned everything. She had sent notes to all the mothers warning them to tell their children where the party was until it was time to start. Then she had cut out all the decorations from large sheets of black paper. She even planned how the house was to be darkened and how the children were to visit her while the house was being made ready. Her many friends were on hand to aid Grant's plans. The costumes for Gretchen and Jeff were even made at her order and best of all such happy thoughts for the pleasure of others helped instead of hindering her recovery. We leave you to imagine the sincere thank yous her two children poured into her ears from their very grateful little hearts for the loveliest Hallow'een they had ever known.

—E. L. M.

A Story of a Wood-Pecker who was Selfish

A little Lady Woodpecker lived in a hole in a big pine tree. Her house was very cosy, lined with moss and wool, and protected by a little bark door which kept it warm in winter and cool in summer. She was a selfish bird and never asked anyone to come and see her.

Next door lived little Fluffy Sparrow. His nest was loosely built and rested in the forks of the tree. This was not his fault. It was because Sparrows are not good nest builders. One day there was a great storm which blew Fluffy Sparrow's nest to the ground, so that he had no home. He flew to the little bark door of Lady Woodpecker, and said:

"Oh, little Lady Woodpecker, have pity on me and let me come into your warm house. The rain is falling and I am very, very cold."

But little Lady Woodpecker answered, "No, I cannot let you in today Fluffy Sparrow. I am very busy cooking Juniper berries for a batch of pies Come some other day and perhaps I shall let you in." So little Fluffy Sparrow hopped away and the rain made him very cold.

The next day he came again to the little bark door of the Lady Woodpecker and said, "Oh, little Lady Woodpecker, have pity on me today and let me come into your warm house. The cruel and cold winds ruffle my feathers."

But Lady Woodpecker only answered, "No, I cannot let you in today Fluffy Sparrow. I am washing the pot in which I cooked my Juniper berries for a batch of pies. Come again some other day and perhaps I shall let you in."

So Fluffy Sparrow hopped away and the cruel cold winds came and ruffled his feathers.

The next day he came as before and said, "Oh, little Lady Woodpecker please have pity on me today and take me into your warm house. The biting frost nips my feet."

But Lady Woodpecker answered, "I cannot let you in today. Fluffy Sparrow, I am very busy making the crust for my batch of Juniper pies. Come again some other day and perhaps I shall let you in."

So little Fluffy Sparrow hopped away and the biting frost nipped his feet.

The fourth day he came again to the little bark door of Lady Woodpecker and said, "Oh, little Lady Woodpecker, please let me come into your warm house today. The snow blinds me."

But Lady Woodpecker answer, "I cannot let you in today, Fluffy Sparrow, I am cleaning my floor before I sit down all by myself to eat my Juniper berry pies. Come again some other day and perhaps I shall let you in

So the snow blinded Fluffy Sparrow's eyes.

The last day Fluffy Sparrow came to the door of Lady Woodpecker's house and said, "Oh please have pity on me today and take me into your warm house. I do not like the rain, the frost, the wind and the snow."

But this time nobody answered. Fluffy Sparrow pushed open the little bark door and peeked inside. Lady Woodpecker was not there. She had gone out to find a key to lock her door before she sat down all by herself to eat her Juniper berry pies. How good it felt to Fluffy Sparrow to go inside and be protected from the rain, the wind, the frost and the snow!

Day after day passed and Lady Woodpecker did not return and Flippy Sparrow was able to stay there all winter with the beautiful Juniper berry pies to eat.

When the Spring came, and the warm sun began to melt the snow Fluffy Sparrow went out for a walk. There, under the melting snow he found the little frozen body of Lady Woodpecker. She had become lost while hunting for the key to lock her door, and the rain had come and made her very cold, the cruel cold winds had ruffled her feathers, the frost had nipped her feet, the snow had blinded her eyes, and she had died out in the snow drifts of the cold forest. And this was all because Lady Woodpecker was so selfish that she would not share her home with little Fluffy Sparrow, who was so cold and hungry.

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

How the Princess Was Cured

About Hallow'een time, there was once a little Princess who was sick, and not all the King's horses and all the King's men, nor all the King's doctors and their medicines, could make her well again.

"What she wants," said the wisest of the King's wise men, tugging at his beard, "is something to make her laugh." He had a red and shiny beard, that wisest man, and it was such a long one that when he went out walking he had to fasten it up with a safety-pin, in case he stepped upon it. "Yes, that is what she wants," he said again, "something to make her laugh."

The little Princess sat upright among her pillows. She was very thin and pale, and she wore a frilly nightcap, and in the great big royal bedstead she looked very small.

"What I want," she said, "is to play with fairies."

"Fairies!" said the wisest man.

"Are there such things?" the King asked.

The wise man shook his head; he didn't know.

Well, the latest wish of the sick Princess was talked about in the royal apartments, and then news of it trickled to the servants' hall, and everybody talked about it there, and then the gardeners and the ostlers and the odd job men all heard of it as well, and at last everybody knew about it, right down to the second under-gardener's youngest son.

Now teh second under-gardener had very little money and a lot of children, so that the children mostly went barefoot, and wore patched clothes. The youngest of them all was Billy, and Billy could play beautifully upon a whistle he had made himself from a stout willow wand, and when he heard about the wish of the Princess he thought very hard.

"It's not as if any one was even sure that there are fairies," said the second under-gardener, when he told his wife the news.

"But there are 'specially on Hallow'een," said Billy, who was sitting on the cottage doorstep eating his supper. His supper was dry bread and some gooseberries from the bush which grew beside the path.

"I wonder," said his father, looking at him, thoughtfully.

"Is the Princess very ill?" asked Billy.

"They say she looks like a little white ghost," said the gardener.

"Oh!" said Billy, and he finished up his bread and gooseberries and stole away out to the common, and he took his whistle with him.

It was getting dark fast then, and as the moon began to rise Billy sat down by a little tree, and he played and played upon his whistle, and he played so softly and so beautifully, that first of all the little frogs and lizards, and the dormice, and the rabbits who lived upon the common crept around him, and then the fairies, and the gnomes, and the pixies, and the sprites came and peeped and listened, and drew nearer, and by the time the moon was fully out Billy had fairy folk all round him. Then he stood up, whistling still, and he turned his face towards the palace, and the fairies and their friends edged nearer, for they were afraid he would stop playing, but he didn't. No! he danced to the palace, playing as he went, and all the fairies, and the gnomes, and the sprites, and the pixies, and the little frogs and lizards, and the dormice and the rabbits danced along behind him—such a long line of them.

Right to the palace they danced and jigged, and then Billy looked up and saw that there was a light in one room, and the window was open. There was thick ivy on the palace walls, and the room was not high up.

"Follow me," said Billy, "and I'll play to you," and he scrambled up the ivy, and slipped into the room of the Princess, and he stood behind the curtains, and played and played so softly and so beautifully that all the fairies climbed the ivy too; and the little Princess heard him, and she sat up in her bed and saw the fairies dancing through her window, and she laughed for joy, and at once she began to get better.

Now the Nurse who was watching by the Princess's bed fallen fast asleep in her chair. She did not see the fairies enter, but presently the Princess clapped her hands and then she woke. There were the fairies and Billy with apples, pumpkins and nuts doing all sorts of funny Hallow'een tricks. How the Princess did laugh at the Jack O' Lanterns.

"Why!" said the Nurse, rubbing her eyes, "why—what——"

And all the fairies skipped out of the window, more quickly than they had come in.

"The fairies have been here," the Princess cried, "and I am better. Who played for the fairies to dance?"

And Billy, because he could not get out of the window without being seen, stepped from behind the curtains, and he said, "Please, Miss, I did," and he looked very funny, with his patched clothes and bare feet, there in the royal bedroom.

"Then play again," the Princess said.

So Billy played, and the Nurse went and told the King and Queen what had happened. They came into their daughter's bedroom in their royal dressing-gowns, and after listening to the music, they kissed the Princess, and kissed each other, and almost kissed Billy too. They talked about making him chief of all the Court musicians, but, much to their surprise, Billy said that he would rather go back to his father and mother, and learn to be a gardener. The King was vexed, and forgot to thank him for curing the Princess; but the fairies made it up to Billy afterwards.

—Alice Massie.

Puzzles

1—Numerical Enigma.

My first is in heat but not in cold;
My second is in carry, though not in hold;
My third is in love but not in hate;
My fourth is in early and also in late;
My fifth is in old, but not in new;
My sixth is in owe, but not in due;
My seventh is in once and also in twice;
My eighth's not in rats but found in the mice;
My ninth is the last and is found twice in noon;
My all is a day you celebrate soon.

2—Nuts to Crack.

1. What animal would you like to be on a cold day?
2. Why are hay and straw like spectacles?
3. What is that which is full of holes and yet holds water?
4. When is the soup likely to run out of the sauce pan?
5. What is that from which the whole may be taken and yet some will remain?
6. Which is easier to spell fiddle de-dee, or fiddle-de-dum?
7. What is that which is black and white and red all over, which shows some to be green, and makes others look blue?

Diamond Acrostic.

1. A beverage.
2. A point of time.
3. What you must do on Hallow'een.
4. A unit.
5. A consonant.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

1—Word Square.

L O V E
O V E N
V E N D
E N D S

2—Number Two.

First word "path," second word "lest," third "ices." Taking one letter out of each you leave "athletics" as the form of sport.

3—Riddles.

1. Leaves; 2. Wind; 3. Cherry; 4. Nest.

A RAINY DAY.

Sing a song of sunshine
On a rainy day,
When the skies are clouded
And we cannot play.
If today be stormy,
Soon tomorrow's here,
That may bring us sunshine,
Skies all blue and clear.

—Lucy Diamond.

Mary Ellen, "oop foo' the country," got into an omnibus. Presently the conductor said affably: "Your fare, miss." The girl blushed. The conductor repeated, "Your fare, miss," and the girl blushed more deeply. By this time the conductor began to look foolish. After a pause, he again repeated: "Miss, your fare." "Well," said the girl, "they do say I'm good-looking at home, but I don't see why you want to say it out loud."—Japan Advertiser.

Moving Picture Funnies

Cut out the picture on all four sides. Then carefully fold dotted line 1 its entire length. Then dotted line 2, and so on. Fold each section underneath accurately. When completed turn over and you'll find a surprising result. Save the pictures.

All Free! "IMA WALKER" the Famous Walking Doll and Grand 42-piece Set of Doll's Furniture

MY NAME IS IMA WALKER

lovely walking doll across the floor just as if she were alive and she is so pretty every girl loves her. She's full 21 inches high and a real beauty. With her you get this wonderful 42-piece set of doll's furniture—3 rooms complete—kitchen, dining room and bedroom. Just look at them—stove, kitchen cabinet, bake table, refrigerator, and everything necessary to the kitchen; bed, dressing table, chiffonier, writing desk, chairs and many other pieces for the bedroom; china cabinet, wash-stand, table, phonograph, mantel clock and other fine pieces for the living room, and two fine hooked rugs besides. This splendid outfit will bring joy to the heart of every girl who sees it.

Girls — You can walk this most delightful confection, and with it just 36 handsome packages to introduce among your friends at only 10c a package. Open your sample box and satisfy your friends to try a "FAIRY BERRY." They'll like them so much that everybody will buy a package or two at once. Just one or two little "FAIRY BERRIES" will sweeten the breath, soothe the throat and ease the throat. They are so delicious they just sell like hot cakes. Return our money, only $3.50, when they are all sold and we will immediately send you the grand complete doll's furniture outfit and walking doll just as you see them above (over 42 pieces). We pay all delivery charges right to your door. You take no risk as you may return any you can't sell. Don't wait—send today for a box to-day. THE FAIRY BERRY CO., Dept. F. 18 Toronto, Ont.

SMUGGLERS USE ARMORED CARS ON THE FRENCH BORDER

Use "Tanks" to Get Across from Belgium Nightly Battles.

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Paris, Oct. 29. — Desperate [illegible]glers in armoured motor-cars armed with automatic pistols, [illegible] and hand grenades are making [illegible] work of the Customs guards on [illegible] Franco-Belgian frontier very [illegible]ous. These cars are laden [illegible] bacco, spirits, lace, saccharin [illegible] other highly dutiable articles [illegible] can be obtained cheaply in [illegible] and have ready sale in the po[illegible] regions in the north of France.

Reorganized since the war, the [illegible]toms guards have captured so[illegible] the cars, but have not arreste[illegible] leading members of the gangs [illegible] smugglers first send scouts on [illegible]cycles ahead of the expedition, [illegible] see if the way is clear, and, if [illegible] are no awkward barriers to [illegible] send back the signal and the [illegible] cars dash over.

At Baillieul the Customs men [illegible] running fight with the crew o[illegible] of these cars. The smugglers [illegible] burning cans of petrol into the [illegible] behind them to try to stop the [illegible]suers. The frontier guards, ho[illegible] shot and killed the smugglers [illegible] driving seat. The other membe[illegible] the gang escaped across the co[illegible] The car contained three tons [illegible] bacco.

Another car, in which were si[illegible] armed with rifles, broke acros[illegible] frontier at Valenciennes throug[illegible] guards amid a hail of bullet[illegible] short distance along the road a[illegible] detachment of Customs men had [illegible] warned by telephone and set [illegible] barrier of barbed wire. Th[illegible] dashed into this, but owing t[illegible] fact that its front axle carried [illegible]erful wire-cutting blades, it got [illegible] A chance shot from one of the g[illegible] however, penetrated its petrol [illegible] and it was found abandoned [illegible] burning a couple of miles away [illegible] smugglers escaped.

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Montreal, Ottawa, Win

Lv. Sydney	8.30	p.m.	A
Lv. Halifax	8.10	a.m.	A
Lv. St. John	7.10	a.m.	A
Lv. Charlottet'n	6.25	a.m.	A
Lv. Moncton	2.25	p.m.	E
Ar. Montreal	9.20	a.m.	E
Lv. Montreal	5.00	p.m.	E
Ar. Ottawa	8.00	p.m.	E
Lv. Ottawa	8.20	p.m.	E
Lv. North Bay	5.20	a.m.	E
Ar. Port Arthur	6.05	a.m.	C
Lv. Port Arthur	5.35	a.m.	C
Lv. Fort William	5.55	a.m.	C
Ar. Winnipeg	8.45	p.m.	C
Lv. Winnipeg	9.40	p.m.	M
Ar. Saskatoon	11.25	a.m.	M
Lv. Saskatoon	11.45	a.m.	M
Ar. Edmonton	11.25	p.m.	M
Lv. Edmonton	12.01	a.m.	M
Ar. Jasper	9.10	a.m.	P
Ar. Pr. Rupert	7.45	p.m.	P
Ar. Mt. Robson	12.14	p.m.	P
Ar. N. Westm'tr	8.25	a.m.	P
Ar. Vancouver	9.00	a.m.	P

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