

THE WITCHERIES OF HALLOWE'EN

(Written for the Monitor-Sentinel.)
Hallow-E'en—that eve of mystery! who has not some pleasant memories of the mysterious tricks and pranks enjoyed on that evening?

As the last of October draws near, my thoughts naturally revert to gay Hallow Eves of the past—especially to a party held in the old Academy by the students.

We were a jolly, happy crowd—always ready for fun, always planning some. So as October drew to a close a few kindred spirits were seized with a burning desire to celebrate Hallow-E'en in a striking and appropriate manner, and during intermission endless discussions took place, as in secret conclave we talked over ways and means.

The result was, we (about eight girls) formed ourselves into "The Secret Society," commonly called "T. S. S.," to the mystification of our curious school-mates, and sent out invitations for a Hallow-E'en Party to the entire school, said party to be held in the Academy library.

The little slips conveying the coveted invitations read as follows:
"Come at the witching hour of seven
And all go home before eleven;
Reveal to none this secret plot,
Or woe—not bliss—shall be your lot."
Needless to say, our fellow students became keyed up to a high pitch of excitement. The very air seemed charged with mystery, and first one, then another, tried "pumpkin" members of the magic T. S. S., but did not discover much, as it was our delight to evade their enquiries and mystify them as much as possible.

As for the T. S. S., the proverbial busy bee was far out-stripped by that energetic body. Of all the journals, periodicals, etc., that were searched for novel ideas and tricks for Hallow E'en!

Behind locked doors we decorated the pleasant library till even the most critical must have admitted that we certainly had transformed it into a fitting setting for our fête. Autumn leaves and berries, Jack-o-lanterns, and clever brains and fingers work wonders in a short time.

In one corner aloof was "The Witch's Den," where past, present and future were revealed. Let me describe this dread corner. In a low seat by the side of her cauldron sat a little, old, witch, wearing black flowing draperies with scarlet trimming, and a peaked, red cap. Bright eyes gleamed from cavernous sockets as she stirred the contents of her cauldron, muttering incantations like white. By the dim light of the recess could be seen a grinning skull and cross-bones and in one corner the teeth and eyes of a wolf glowed ominously. (It was only a skin.) Of course, this tent was the great attraction of the evening—all were anxious to have their fortunes told—and such fortunes. No wonder hilarity prevailed as to their future lot, revealed to as one and another compared notes them by the wizened old cross-bent over her cauldron.

The grinning, golden Jack-o-lanterns from many points cast a mellow light upon walls resplendent in their garlands of brilliant autumn leaves glowing with crimson and orange, scarlet berries and draped flags. They seemed to look with longing eyes upon the table heaped high with pump, juicy apples of every size and variety and the tempting home-made candies, especially fudge, which every school-girl understands the art of making, and which the merry crowd quickly despatched.

Of the various tricks and games enjoyed I shall make only brief mention, for every one knows the magical signs and portents of that season. Suffice it to say, that amid ray banter we discovered that A— would not marry for a year; T— would meet her fate within the year; S— would never marry; that the initials of X—s bribe were E. V. W., etc.

As a matter of course our Principal and the Academy staff of teachers had received invitations and were present in a body, entering thoroughly into the spirit of the evening and contributing much to the general enjoyment.

I can see our President now, as, during one of our games, in endeavoring to elude the grasp of some zealous pursuer, he slipped on the polished floor and suddenly sat down, amid the laughter of the students in which he heartily joined.

I think I can safely say it was an enjoyable evening for all—even though several nearly broke their teeth in trying to seize the swarming apple, or burned their fingers in their efforts to make their candle burn longest.

The time flew with winged feet and as eleven drew near, the lights, with the exception of one or two Jack-o-lanterns, were extinguished and we all sat around them in a circle and

told ghost stories. Ah, me, the thrills that ran up and down our spines, the drawing closer together, as some "creepy" tale was told, making our hair stand on end.

And then the final closing, with a good, hearty chorus—lastly, gay good-nights and the old Academy was left in darkness, as shadowy forms hurried homewards casting wary eyes to right and left, for the memory of those ghost stories was still very fresh. I confess to looking under the bed that night. I don't know what I expected to see, I'm sure—but look I did. And the dreams of that night! Well, I will leave them to the reader's imagination.

MORE THAN ENOUGH IS TOO MUCH.

To maintain health, a mature man or woman needs just enough food to repair the waste and supply energy and body heat. The habitual consumption of more food than is necessary for these purposes is the prime cause of stomach troubles, rheumatism and disorders of the kidneys. It troubles with indigestion, revise your diet, let reason and not appetite control and take a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and you will soon be all right again.

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A BIG COUNTRY.

Newfoundland is a big country, a third larger than Ireland and twenty-one times the size of Prince Edward Island, and when one considers the smallness of the population—only about 225,000, and nearly all fishermen—the returns from agriculture are considerable. Over a million and a half dollars' worth of farm produce is raised annually on a fraction of cultivated land, which bears no appreciable relation whatever to its tributary soil uncultivated as yet, but which can and will be cultivated in the years to come. Instead of importing \$600,000 worth of farm produce each year from Canada, Newfoundland ought to aim at raising it at home, and the present depression will not be without some benefit if it helps the people to see more clearly the logic and the wisdom of the Governor's motto "Back to the land."

During an extended visit to the colony last summer, the writer saw enough to convince him that, although Newfoundland does not compare with England or Manitoba as an agricultural country, it has, nevertheless, large tracts of the very finest farming lands, in its many river valleys and by the margins of its innumerable lakes. In the Humber Kaley there is an interval twelve miles long and six miles wide, with a deep fertile soil, capable of raising large crops of hay, vegetables and grain and which is still waiting the hand of the husbandman. It is the Annapolis Valley over again, only in scenery richer and more luxuriant. And what is true of the Humber is true to a greater extent of the Codroy, Exploits, Terra Nova, Gander, and many smaller rivers.—Edwin Smith, in The Canadian Magazine.

HOW TO CURE A COLD.

Be as careful as you can, you will occasionally take cold, and when you do, get a medicine of known reliability, one that has an established reputation and that is certain to effect a quick cure. Such a medicine is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It has earned a world wide reputation by its remarkable cures of this most common ailment, and can always be depended upon. It acts on nature's plan, relieves the lungs, aids expectoration, opens the secretions and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. For sale by

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Farmers are notoriously poor caretakers of horses. As a general rule the country boy cannot get a job in a city stable for the reason that he does not understand how to care properly for horses. It is all simple enough. Look at the horses tied to the village racks on a Saturday afternoon, and then compare them with the horses seen on the streets of Toronto, for instance. The village outfit will make a sorry showing, both as regards flesh, grooming and value. It is a mistake to believe that the city horse has, on the average, a hard time of it. Instead, as a general rule, he gets more to eat and of better quality; he gets better grooming, and he works fewer hours per diem. He is therefore better off.—Toronto paper.

Just you learn to say no.
Young man, and then
You won't always be saying
"Never again."
—Pittsburg Post.

Danger Attends the Sealing Business

In Harper's Magazine, George Harding, the author, writes dramatically of the sinking of the ship on which he sailed with the Newfoundland sealing fleet. His experience was untoldy perilous. The ship was crushed like an egg, in the ice.

"On the bridge were the captain and watch anxiously awaiting the chance to head the ship out of the moving ice into the stationary pack of which the big sheet was part. The bowline lay on the barricade ready for heaving, when the crew should be ordered on the foe to haul the ship's head around. Aloft the spyman searched the gloom for signs of a hull in the confused and tremendous waste.

"Then there came a terrific crash. The vessel caught in the trench between the rafting sheets, was powerless to escape. The smash of breaking timbers rose above the gale as a great corner of ice crushed the vessel's side amidships. The captain and watch rushed to the engine room. It was filled with steam, the inflowing water having already reached the fires. A glance showed that nothing could stop the rush of water. The firemen were retreating. The first of them, like a creature from another world, coal begrimed, undershirt clad reached the ice sheathed deck, spreading panic in his path. Above the hail of questions and shouts that no one man could understand, came the voice of the skipper; he knew the situation as no other man.

"Men," he shouted, "the ship'll go. Pack your clothes—save the grub."
"Then it was confusion everywhere. The crew poured up the hatchway hauling clothes boxes and bags, crowding over the side, colliding in mid-air, as they half tumbled and half slid down the ropes, then back for food. Laboriously the heavy pork barrels were hauled by hand from the after-hold, where men bravely toiled. Others fought their way aloft where the sails were stowed. The canvas cut loose, bellying out in the face of the gale, was dropped to the deck. Punks were slipped from the davits. Some hitting the ice with a crash, were stowed in. Throughout it all the captain shouted:

"Haul them punts and grab farther off! Farther yet! Farther!"
"The water rapidly rising drove the men from the lower hold. They retreated to the deck. Then the inflow level with the ocean, ceased. The ice for the time held the ship in its grip. Second by second passed, bringing no change. In that brief interval each man suddenly thought to save the thing he most desired. A wild rush was made to wheelhouse, to cabin, to the ship's storeroom—every man for himself, a scuffle to get the thing most coveted and escape to the ice. With one it was a rifle from the ship's armory to replace the antiquated muzzle loader at home; with another, the ship's compass or barometer; with the after galley cook it was the cabin dishes. In the cabin a crowd surged to the medicine chest, scrambling for liniment and pills, smashing anything that was an obstacle in their way. Such was the scene when the cry arose on deck, repeated by fifty men and echoed throughout the vessel. "This time to take to the ice!" Then a great rush to clear of the doomed ship as the mass of men, some empty handed, others laden, defending their spoil from the unsuccessful, plunged on to the ice.

"The ship was sinking fast. It was but a short leap for the last man from her deck to the loosening ice. The men stood on the foe looking the ship over from the bow, lifted high to the stern, now below the water. "A pity to lose the vessel," they said. "Wonderful hard to lose the trip o' fat."
"Then came the final plunge. The mainmast, reaching over the foe, broke as the weight of the vessel pulled it under. The great anchors sliding from the bow added to the tumult as everything not frozen solid to the deck crashed into the house and galley. For a second a flash of flame shot from the overturned stoves then nothing save a few seal pelts and broken oars lay on the surface of the troubled hole in the foe where the Grand Lake had disappeared."

WELL KNOWN HOTEL KEEPER USES AND RECOMMENDS CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC, CHOLERA AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY.

"I take pleasure in saying that I have kept Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in my family medicine chest for about fifteen years, and have always had satisfactory results from its use. I have administered it to a great many traveling men who were suffering from troubles for which it is recommended, and have never failed to relieve them," says J. C. Jenkins, of Glasgow, Ky. This remedy is for sale by

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Wherever there is suffering from piles, Zam-Buk should be applied! There are lots of reasons for this, but one of the best is that in practically all cases of piles where the use of Zam-Buk is persevered with, complete cure—not merely relief—is the result.

Mrs. Wm. Hughes, of 253, Hochelaga Street, Hochelaga, Montreal, says:—"I suffered from blind, itching, and protruding piles for years. Sometimes they were so bad that I could hardly bear to move about. The inflammation, the burning smarting pain, the throbbing, the aching, the overpowering feelings of dullness and dark despair which this ailment brings, the shooting spasms of agony—all were so terrible that only sufferers from this awful ailment can understand!"

Bad as this case was, Zam-Buk triumphed, and Mrs. Hughes suffers no longer. It only needed a little perseverance with Zam-Buk, and in the end complete cure resulted.

Mrs. E. Boxall, of Scott Street, St. Thomas, says:—"For months without cessation I endured great pain from bleeding piles. For so many months I tried everything which I thought would give me ease but in the end, dispirited and still suffering, I gave up."

Then it was she heard of Zam-Buk, and she said:—"Although I feared Zam-Buk would be like the ordinary remedies—useless—I am glad it was not. It soon proved itself to be very different. It rapidly gave me relief, and after a time cured me completely. I would like to let all sufferers from piles know what a grand thing Zam-Buk is."

Mr. F. Astridge, 3, St. Paul Street, St. Catherine's, says:—"For five years I suffered untold agony from piles. At times the pain was so bad I could have screamed aloud. On a friend's advice I tried a box of Zam-Buk. It gave me considerable ease, and I persevered with the treatment until I was cured. I wish I could convince every sufferer from piles of the value of this great herbal balm."

So one could go on quoting case after case, and it is by working such cures that Zam-Buk has earned for itself its great reputation.

Now if you suffer from this terribly painful ailment just be guided by the foregoing cases!

For internal piles melt a little Zam-Buk and thoroughly soak a wad, made of clean but old linen. Then apply to the parts if the piles are external, application of Zam-Buk is still more simple. Do it upon retiring. Next morning you will be well satisfied!

Zam-Buk is a cure, also, for cold-sores, and chapped cracked hands, ulcers, festering sores, blood-poisoning, eczema, bad leg ring-worm, scald sores, burns, scalds, and all skin diseases and injuries.

All druggists and stores sell Zam-Buk at 50c. a box, or may be obtained post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price, 3 boxes for \$1.25. You are warned, however, against cheap and dangerous imitations sometimes offered as being "just as good."

It is needless to point out that the introduction of agriculture into rural public schools corresponds closely to the introduction of manual training into urban public schools. The one is just as properly a department of technical education as the other, and each of them may be so conducted as to be cultural as well as vocational in motive and result. There is no other subject that lends itself so well as agriculture does to the application of the expert and informed teacher of scientific method to the pupil. This pre-supposes, however, school grounds of adequate extent and suitable soil for the carrying on of biological experiments. If this new departure is to get a fair chance, then proper conditions are a necessity and a large and well-prepared lot is one of them.—Toronto Globe.

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