

tomatoe, or pease, and may be accompanied by little croûtons or fried bread. These should be cut very small to be served with a soup in cups. If oysters are not obtainable, any kind of fish, filleted and twisted into little round shapes, caught with a tiny wooden toothpick and dipped in flour and fried in hot fat, may be substituted. Or, where no fresh fish is possible, use canned salmon, picked up and creamed in little ramekins or made in croquettes and served with a sauce tartare. As in planning all suppers or dinners, it is often a case of "first catch your hare and then roast it," these suggestions as to substitute dishes are offered.

The burning tangerines having been disposed of, and the coffee and cigars being a thing of the past, the company again assembles in the drawing-room, and here the ingenuity of the hostess may again come into play. The room may be lighted with jack o'-lanterns only, and a delightfully ghostly effect will be thus produced. These big lanterns should be made of pumpkins—nice big yellow ones—with the inside scooped out and eyes, nose and mouth cut in one side. The stem end is cut out in a circle about six inches in diameter, and is lifted off and put back when the lantern has been lighted. Candles are used, as a general rule in these lanterns, but a more ghostly effect may be produced by using small alcohol-lamps. If the weather permit, a fire of drift wood on the hearth is a fine addition to the effect, and after or before the usual Halloween games a fagot story-telling contest is a good plan. Each guest is given a little bunch of twigs, and while these twigs burn the guest must tell a ghost-story, the length depending on how swiftly he throws his twigs on the fire.

A pleasant and amusing diversity in the game of story-telling may be to select partners by the presentation of a little card to each guest. Romeo naturally takes Juliet for a partner, and Gabriel takes Evangeline. The cards may be tiny witch broomsticks, red for the girls and black for the men, with the name attached or written on the back. When Romeo has reached the end of his fagot, leaving his story, so to speak, hanging in air, Juliet must immediately take up the thread and finish it while her twigs are being consumed.

The usual Halloween games are always made as ghostly and thrilling as possible. While there is no element of the supernatural about paring apples and burning nuts side by side, and blowing out candles, and bobbing for apples in a tub of water, the preceding tales of weird happenings are supposed to have prepared the nerves of the company to jump at anything, and in a party of young persons where there are incipient romances and plenty of good-fellowship, there will always be felt a keen interest in these trials. If new romances are not started the match-making hostess will be disappointed.

Harper's Bazar.

A Unique Food,

A new kind of food is being served on the tables of the palatial hotel in Southern California—to wit, the eggs of the gigantic ostrich. Ostrich egg omelet is not a common dish, at this writing, on these tables or elsewhere in America, but every now and then an egg is sent up from the Pasadena ostrich farm, to variegiate the sumptuous menu that invariably appears for the delectation of the luxurious guest. While a great novelty in California, still the eating of ostrich eggs is a practice as old as the hills in Africa. Many a weary Arab, wanderer

over the barren, sun scorched desert, has been solaced by the discovery of an ostrich nest containing, among a number of eggs, one or two that were fresh.

An ostrich egg weighs three and a half pounds, and is somewhat larger than a cocoonut. It contains thirty ounces of albumen, and is equal to about thirty eggs of the ordinary hen. One ostrich egg would be sufficient for a breakfast dish at a large and fashionable boarding house. If a boiled egg be desired, half an hour must be allowed to boil it. The common method of cooking the ostrich egg in California is as an omelet. Thus prepared, it tastes like an omelet made of hens' eggs, and nobody would know, unless so informed, that it was aught else.

Ostrich eggs in California and Arizona are worth seventy-two dollars a dozen. There are not many telephone orders from the hotels to the farms for fresh eggs, at the market price. Indeed, such as are used are generally forwarded by the courtesy of the manager of some ostrich farm, the proprietor of which wishes to advertise the existence of his curious institution to the throng of tourists who frequent the magnificent hotels of southern California. The shells even of the ostrich eggs are worth \$12 a dozen.

The Sleepy Song.

As soon as the fire burns red and low  
And the house upstairs is still,  
She sings me a queer little sleepy song,  
Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run swift and soft,  
Their colors are gray and white;  
They follow their leader nose to tail,  
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over and one comes next,  
And one runs after behind,  
The gray one's nose at the white one's tail,  
The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the hill  
They quietly slip away,  
But one runs over and one comes next—  
Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go, and over they go,  
And over the top of the hill,  
The good little sheep run thick and fast,  
And the house upstairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes next,  
The good little, gray little sheep!  
I watch how the fire burns red and low,  
And she says that I fall asleep.  
—Josephine Dodge Daskam, in McClure's Magazine.

An Intimate View of Lord Salisbury.

Mr. Brooks had some interesting things to say of the late Lord Salisbury in a recent issue of Harper's Weekly. "He never was," wrote Mr. Brooks, "and never tried to be a popular favorite. All his days he led a lonely, self-sufficing life, apart from society, apart from his colleagues. He held as little intercourse as might be with his parliamentary supporters; he was often brusque and inconsiderate in his treatment of them. He mixed still less in the world of London. While Lady Salisbury was alive Arlington House could not help being a great social center, and Lord Salisbury played his part as host to perfection. No man had a better command of the 'grand manner'; it sat on him naturally, and it was free from the slightest trace of pomposity. I remember hearing a clever French woman declare that, in an experience that embraced the best that was to be met with in four capitals, she had found no one whose hospitality was so easy and at the same time so dignified and stately as Lord Salisbury's. But though he went through his social duties, as he went through everything, with supreme competency, his heart was not

Wind Colic.

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All mothers who have used Baby's Own Tablets speak just as highly of them as does Mrs. Collins. The Tablets cure all the little ills from which infants and children suffer, and the mother has a solemn assurance that this medicine contains neither opiate nor any harmful drug. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25c a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

in his work, and it was one of the most difficult things in the world to get him to accept invitations. Society always seemed rather to bore him, as he regarded the receptions at Arlington House and the Foreign Office simply as part of the regular, unavoidable routine. He cut their numbers down as much as he decently could, or rather as much as Lady Salisbury would let him, and he dined out as little as possible. For a man in his position not to be a diner-out is almost unparalleled in the history of English politics. It was one of the things that helped to separate Lord Salisbury from the rank and file of his party... That of course is not the kind of personality to which the masses, even the English masses, who rather like to be occasionally kicked by their leaders, will warm; and England never really warmed to Lord Salisbury. But if there was no affection in the ordinary sense for Lord Salisbury there was an immense confidence. Based on what? Partly on the fact that he was a Cecil, a member of the greatest governing family in England, a descendant of Elizabeth's Bismarckian minister, and so under the heaviest bonds to live up to and, if possible, improve on the splendid traditions of his house. He was a natural aristocrat, a man in whom Toryism was an instinct and an intellectual passion, and to whose career it lent an extraordinary cohesion and consistency. He could not have been the great premier and the great foreign minister he was, had he not also been a great conservative."

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