

A London Holiday Which is Kept in Memory of a Great Crime's Failure

Istrat Crime Server this a queer-looking picture? What do you suppose it is? Fan-tratics? you say. Well, not quite; the a Procession of a Guy. What that the a Procession of a Guy. What that the a Procession of a Guy. What that the server of a Guy. What the server the server server a go to-day there was to have been a terrible crime committed in hondon, England. The King, James I; her been a terrible crime committed in hondon, England. The King, James I; her been a terrible crime of Commons were to be blown up. For months wicked ment assembled on November 5, the fuse was already laid to great barrels of thouse of Commons. Tou can imagine what an excitement was aroused, especially among the Frot

been called Guy Fawkes Day. Parlia-ment set it apart as a time of thanks-siving, and ever since the boys and girls of England keep it as one of the most of England keep it as one of the most of England keep it as one of the most of England keep it as one of the most of England keep it as one of the most of England keep it as one of the most and keep in the year. They dress up a schere the other, to represent Guy Fawkes, parade it on a chair through the streets, and at nightime burn it use bonfilt. The procession goes from house to as a sking for money, and repeating.

"Remember, remember! The fifth of November, The gunpowder treason and plot; There is no reason, Why the gunpowder treason Should ever be forgot."



THE PROCESSION OF THE GUY

A Fine Sail

estants, who thought the Catholics were trying to destroy their religion. In those days people were rather cruel, and the conspirators were first tortured, then hanged and finally drawn and quartered; at least all those who were caught, for many escaped. The man who was to light the gun-powder was called Guy, or Guido, Fawkes. He was the son of a Prot-estant churchman, but when he became a Catholic he grew very fanatical, and thought he wold serve his Church by a crime of which most Catholics even then disapproved. Though there were many others in the plot, the 5th of November has always

Once the burning of Guy Fawkes was a very important ceremony in London. A big' bonfire, often 206 cartloads of wood, would be lighted on Lincoln Inn Fields, and sometifices as many as thirty "Guys" were burned. The butchers of hondon, the same evening, after pa-rading the streets, making a great din with their knives and cleavers, would light another great pile, in Clare Mar-ket, while the people all shouted and the church bells rang. More that the children forgot" and, except that the children have lots of fun with their scarecrows, the celebrations would have ceased long ago.



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So Polly Evans ate it, ad-um! it was good! After that we had fresh figs with sugar and cream nearly every night for

So Polly Evans ate it, and-umi it was good! After that we had fresh figs with sugar and cream nearly every night for dessert. Breadfruit, pineapples and cocoaniuts were among the other fruits that Jacky had found. But not until we said down to dinner did we see the native vegetable "taro." which was served in cakes some-thing like biscuits. It tasted fine, and we did not wonder when our friends told us that taro is the staple food of the "Kanakas" (or native Hawaians). Not only were we enjoying our dinner, but we were delighted with the idea of eating it out of doors. (For almost everybody in these islands follows the custom of eating all the meals all the year round on the piazza. Going to bed that first night, Jacky breathed a sigh of relief when he saw that his bed was covered with a canopy of mosquito netting. "For I am beginning to feel bites now, auntie," be admitted. Too bad it was, too, for he had not feit a single fie in California nor scarcely a mos-cuito in Honolulu. Native morning. After a night of re-fishing sleep almost out in the open (sloce our bedrooms connected by wide doors with the piazza and every door and every window was wide open), Jacky and his auntie feit in prime con-dition for their first horseback ride on the island. Jacky rode a pony named Jacky, while his auntie rode one called Faldulis, or "Hurry up." Uncle Charley took us by a bridle path off the main road down into a deep guich the sides of which were so steep that it seemed as if no creaking his neck. "One day, child that had come heres with bruises, not a single tone was betidle while, took a tumble and down into it dead; but although it was cov-ered with bruises, not a single tone was itast?" We came to a place where a huge rock reaking his neck. "Here," said Uncle Charley, "was where something happened to a nother. "Thank you, very much," said Polly vans, "and blessings on the tele-

If you like, you can

Some Hints for the Young Folks Who Are Looking

Foward to the Great Day

G IRLS, if you want to be perfectly certain to give a present that will be appreciated, make turn-overs and cuffs. Oh! you say, those are so old. Yes, but they are just as pop-ular as ever; more so, now that dark silks and cloth shirt waists are worn again.

You can buy them ready made? Per-haps you can, but the hand-made ones are very expensive, and the others do not wear half so well as those Polly Evans will tell you how to make. Dotted Swiss Cuffs and Collars.

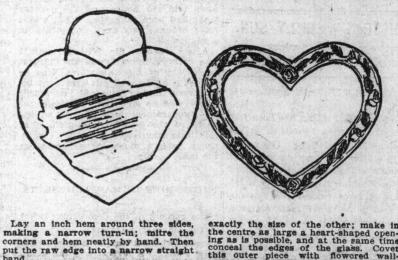
Another Set. This set is made very much like the last, except that the inside is of sheer white nainsook or Persian lawn, while the inch hem is made of colored dotted swiss-pink, blue, green, lavender or yellow. The hem can be doubled and neatly hemined on, or if you can fagot it to the white, it will be still prettier. Of course, in cutting your strips for the hem; that is, for an inch hem take a piece 2% inches wide. Be sure to al-low in the length for the mitre. You may have pieces of dotted Swiss left over from last summer's dresses; Next time Polly Evans will tell you

if so, all the better, for a quarter of a yard will make several sets. The rather fine, sheer Swiss is the prettiest to use. Cut off straight strips across the ma-terial, allowing 1% inches more at each end and at the bottom than the desired length of the collar and cuffs. For instance, if your collar is to be 12 inches long and 2 inches deep, it will require a strip of Swiss 14% inches long and 3% inches deep; while a cuff, 7 inches long by 3 inches deep, requires a strip 5% inches by 4%.

how to fagot. If you once learn that, you can make all sorts of pretty things. A Pretty Mirror.

Another Set.

A Pretty Mirror. This is something the boys can make; that is, if they can use a paste pot. The materials required for this gift are a broken piece of looking-glass, some heavy cardboard and old flowered wall-paper. Cut a heart-shaped piece of cardboard, in accordance with the size of the glass, as in figure 1. Paste the looking glass to it with a strong glue, Then take another piece of cardboard



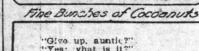
exactly the size of the other; make in the centre as large a heart-shaped open-ing as is possible, and at the same time conceal the edges of the glass. Cover this outer place with flowered wallconceal the edges this outer piece paper or cretonn edge and turning Then glue the f

You have no idea how pretty these Swiss collar sets are, though they are so simple to make. these sets by embroidering in solid colors over all the dots, or over just those in the hems. This embroidery is very easy to do, only be sure to keep your stitches even. Blue, pink or black dots in the hem look very well. These mirrors can be made small, so as to slip in a pocket, or big enough to hang on a wall, as you desire. For hangers, paste ribbon to the inside of the back piece before the frame is fas-tened to it.

Typical Hawaiian Woman.

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Evans, "and blessings on it phone." "You're right," said the King



"Give up, auntic?". "Yes; vhat is it?" "A fig. Eat it. I've had one."

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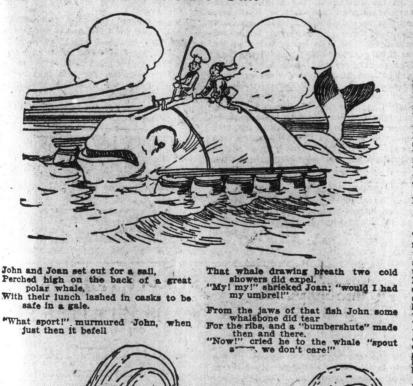
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Jack Horner's Pie

R ECENTLY you heard of the ancients and their dreams of aerial naviga-tion; to-day Polly Evans will tell you something of the first balloons. An English chemist-Henry Cavendish-back in 1766, discovered how very light was hydrogen gas, or inflammable air, as it was then called. Soon a Scotch-man-Professor Black, of Edinburgh-

Transpacino tickets and their tooth brushes-was missing. "Mercy on us!" groaned Polly Evans. "Did it fall overboard, do you suppose?" "Or maybe pirates stole it." suggested Jacky, whose mind was full of all the blood and murder stowies of the sea that he had ever read. The "King of Maui" looked grave, but he spoke honefully.

The "King of Mau" looked grave, but he spoke hopefully. "The man who looks after things at this landing works on our plantation. I'll tell him to see the captain of the steamer when she stops on her return trip, and meanwhile I'll try to find out if the valise is safe on deck. I think very likely it was left behind by mis-take. If so, I'll send word to the cap-tain to let it off here when he returns." "When will that be?" asked Polly Evans.

A SHORT RAILROAD

"Not before next Saturday," said the "King," and Polly Evans' heart sank, for this was only Tuesday night. So, it would be four whole days before she and Jacky could even hope to see their tooth brushes again! But every cloud has its silver lining. A rapid six-mile drive through the darkness took them coross the island to the village of Wallu-ku (clear water, the Indian equivalent of cross the island to the village of Wallu-ku (clear water, the Indian equivalent of which-Minnehaha-you are all familiar with), and there at the neat little hotel, with its bright little landlady, they were delighted to hear that the stores were open very early, and they could buy good tooth brushes, which they did, bright and early next morning, you may be sure.

bright and early next morning, you may be sure. After breakfast the carriage took them through the village to the station, which was a freight station, full of the sweet, heavy oder of sugar. Fresently, from around a bend in the hills over-looking the nearby sea, came a tiny train consisting of a small but handsome narrow-gauge locomotive pushing two or three flat cars before it and pulling a combination baggage and passenger coach behind it. We all clambered aboard, and were delighted with our coach, which was a new one, fitted up with cane seats. In a few moments we were off; and this time we were at the head of the procession, which made our car as good as an observation car. In-deed, it was difficult to realize that we

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Numerical Enigma.

My whole is composed of thirty-two letters and is a familiar quotation from Pope. My 22 23 81.4 11 25 26 17 is liberal. My 2 10 27 4 30 21 15 is permanent. My 24 1 5 8 6 3 is a child's toy. My 19 3 14 is a noise. My 29 13 28 is a head covering. My 29 16 19 is help. My 20 16 19 is help.

Six States.

The following pictures tepresent the ficti-tious names of six of the United States. What are the names, and what States do they stand for?

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MANY TELEPHONES THERE

"Thank you, very much," said Polly Evans, "and blessings on the tele-phone." "You're right," said the King. "I don't know what we would do without our tel-ephones. Your Uncle Charley introduced them here the very first thing after they were invented, about twenty-five years ago. And every house is connected. We have a central exchange for the whole island. Think of that! "Indeed! Everybody has a long-dis-tance telephone, then?" asked Jacky. "Yes, but the distance is limited, you understand. We cannot telephone be-yond the island. When we want to communicate quickly with the other islands we have to use the wireless tele-graph. Well, good-bye again. I hope you will have a good time." "Nice man, isn't he?" commented Jacky, as he and his auntie got into the carriage that was awaiting them, and started off for the last stage of their journey to Centipede Cottage, where they were to visit. "And not a bit haughty, even though he is 'King of Maul. Why do they call him that, auntier" "Because," explained Polly Evans, "he either owns of controls practically all the sugar plantations alone. Figure how many pounds that means, and at only 1 cent a pound, even, see how much money it means!" Jacky did some rapid mental calcu-lating, then exclaimed: "Gee! He must have barrels of money!" Our five-mile drive took us for the most part along the shore. Then we turned and went inland for a mile or so, and at last our driver said: "There, at the top of this hill, where you see those Royal palms, is the place where you will stop."

Royal palms, is the place where you will stop." Such a warm welcome as our island friends gave us! It made Jacky feel so at home that he asked right away for permission to get into his old clothes and take a run over the place. In less than an hour he was back with his hands full of fruit and his head full of information. "See, auxite," he oried, "here is some-thing they call papaia. Looks a little like muskmeion, doesn't it? Uncle Char-ley says it is fine eating. And here is an alligator pear-natural salad, 'he calls it. We're going to have some of it for dinner. And here is a mango. Looks good, doesn't it? And here-ohl guess what this is, auxite!" "A persimmon?" ventured Polly Evans. "No."

'A date?" "No."

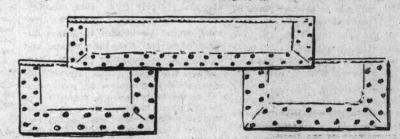
A pause.

We came to a place where a huge rock rested on the very edge of a deep and recipitous part of the guich. "Here," said Uncle Charley, "was where something happened to another man. A Chinese laborer that I once had had been gambling with my Japa-nese cook, and lost about \$25, which he promised to pay the following week. Meanwhile, he left my employ and went to work somewhere on the other side of this guich. One day he sent word to the jap to meet him that night on the other side and get the \$25 that was due him. "So, at the appointed hour, my Jap set out to meet the Chinese fellow. Down this path he made his way in the dark, never suspecting that on yonder rock the Chinese was lying in wait for him. dagger in hand, until suddenly he re-ceived a fierce thrust in the shoulder. Then, quick as a wink, he threw him-self on guard, grappled with the other struggle with him that finally brought the the very edge of the rock; and biod, fell over it into the guich below, or so his antagonist thought. And off he went, leaving the poor Jap to his the. **HOW A JAP WAS SAVED**

HOW A JAP WAS SAVED

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A LIFTING TRICK

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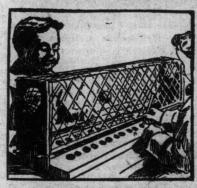
put the raw edge band.

Who can lift a carafe with a straw? Impossible, you say. Just try it, and you will believe nothing is as hard to do as it first seems. Take a very strong, firm straw, fold it back about four inches and put the broken part into the carafe. If you then proceed with great care, you will be surprised at being able to carry the carafe with the straw. G IRLS, did you ever have a secret wish to play football? If you did, you can begin right off with-out any fear of broken arms and legs and other discomforts that boys do not eem to mind.

seem to mind. Your athletic field can be a dining room table, and you need have no bother with going in training under severe coaches. Moreover, you'll have lots of arctiting most accurate that the hour exciting sport, so much that the boys will be glad to join you in a game after their short season of real football is

PARLOR FOOTBALL

This new game of parlor football is played by driving a light ball inside a netted space toward the goals, or touch-



downs, at each end. The driving is done by snapping a wire under the ball with a pointed stick. As the other player is trying to do the

ame thing at the same time, you can see what a lively contest follows, the quickest winning every time. There are "kick-offs," "touchdowns" and "kicking the goal" and regular fixed rules, just as in real football, and thirty points is a same.

Points is a game. Parlor football is one of the most pop-ular of the new games this fall, and Polly Evans is sure her girls and boys would enjoy playing it.

VAIT! WAIT!



truck a galt,"

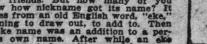
sheep, a cock and a duck. They were put in a basket attached to a Montgol-fier balloon, and came to land again all right, though bleating, crowing and quacking with fear. Their ascension was made from Versailles, and the poor un-fortunate King and Queen, Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, and the little dauphin and his sisters were much in-terested in the whole affair, which they watched from the palace.

When even now a balloon-raising at-tracts a crowd, you can imagine what a sensation such an event created. The people of Paris heard of it and sent for the two brothers, who, on August 27, 1783, gave an ascension from the Champ de Mars, the largest open space of the city. More than 300,000 people gathered to see this strange and wonderful sight. Boys and girls, how many of you have a nickname. Probably every one of you, for even if parents decide to call you James or Henry or Saraf, you are very apt to be Jim and Harry and Sally to your friends. But how many of you know how nickname got its name? It comes from an old English word, "eke," meaning to draw out, to add to. Then an eke name was an addition to a per-son's own name. After while an eke name came to be written as nickname.

What do you think were the first liv-

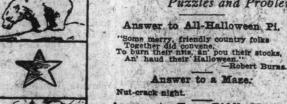
The first men to go up in a balloon were Pilatre de Rozier and the French Marquis d'Arlandes, in November, 1783. They were in the air twenty-five min-utes, sailing across the River Seine and half of Paris. These first fire-balloons were much more dangerous than those of to-day and are now never used. About three years later this venturesome aeronaut, Pilatre de Rozier, was killed by his balloon falling to earth with fear-ful rapidity.

thought that a light envelope containing this gas would rise of itself; but the first real experiments were made by a man named Cavallo, who filled swine's bladders and paper bags with hydrogen gas. These experiments did not turn out very well, and he only succeeded in raising soap bubbles inflated with gas.









Halloween.

On It?