

and knolls are the numerous barrows or tumuli which rise from all parts of the coast wherever the Romans made entrenchments and camps. Many of them are so large as to give the appearance of natural hills. Some have thought that they mark the place of sepulchre of the officers and men killed in defensive warfare against the wild barbarians of the north. Others have conjectured that they form the burial-place of the slaves once engaged in the extensive works in this region. Several of the smaller ones in the vicinity of Kostendji on being opened were found to contain sarcophagi, rings, ornaments and arms.

It is interesting to note that tradition in the Dobrudja ascribes its generally uncultivated, desolate condition to the Russians during the war with Turkey, terminating in the Treaty of Adrianople, 1827. The Russian army when it withdrew not only reduced the few towns to a state of chaos, but, according to tradition, also let in the Danube, flooding the more northerly and westerly parts of the Dobrudja and rendering them fit only for the vultures and wild-fowl that are still so numerous there.

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondence in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this Department for answers to questions to appear.]

Dear Ingle Nook Friends,—We are so busy these days making arrangements for the Christmas Number that I can scarcely concentrate enough to write a letter for the Ingle Nook, so if I have unusually little to say you will know the reason why.

Making arrangements for the Christmas Number!—It hardly seems possible. It seems such a short time since we were at the same work last year, and yet how very many things have happened since then!

But there is a nip in the air this morning, the leaves are nearly all down, and the days are shortening fast. Soon will be upon us the long, long evenings with firelight, and lamps, and many opportunities. With the garden stuff all in and safely stored away for the winter, house-cleaning done, preserving-time over, the cattle all in the stalls and no going to the pasture for the cows, it seems that a rest-time has come, but the wisest know that it is really a chance for doing things that could not be thought of in the summer. A good thing to do right now, therefore, is to map out some sort of programme for the winter, a rough outline of things to be accomplished. If you do this you are likely to make some attempt to carry out your resolution; if you do not, the chances are that the fall will drift into winter, the winter into spring—and nothing done. It is so easy to fritter away the "edges of time," as someone has called them, and yet, if used wisely, they give the opportunity for so incalculably much.

Of course, there will still be the "grey knitting," but why not have a boy of the family, or the father of the house, read aloud for half an hour each night?—something about the countries of Europe, for instance, or bits of biography. I never think of biography without connecting with it Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë," Salt's "Life of Thoreau," Stopford Brooke's biographies, and the "Life of John Burroughs"—of which a review was given this past summer in the Home Magazine department of our paper. All of these books are very interesting.

Another suggestion would be to make knitting parties, with conversation as the background, but with one short reading on something educational to form the pivot. If you want to know something about our Canadian Poets may I recommend "Canadian Poets," chosen and edited by John W. Garvin, of Toronto. The book is just coming off the press, and is very attractive, containing, besides selections from the poets, a portrait of each, a biographical sketch, and a short critique. The price is \$2.00,—

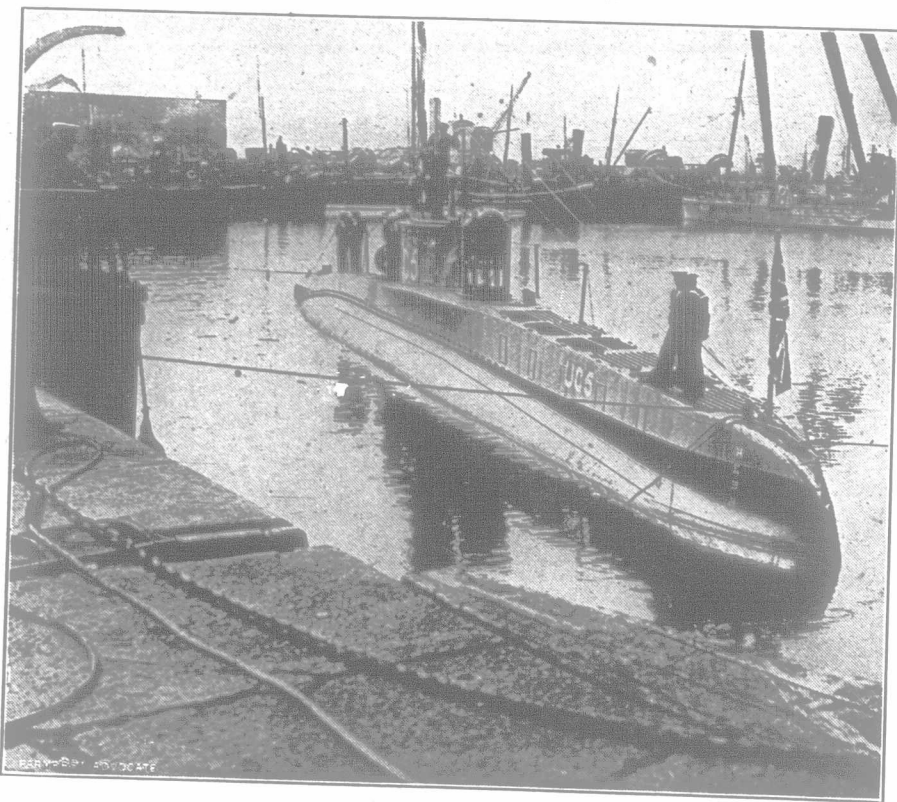
publishers, McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto.

But to-day I see you in "the country." Leafless trees, dun tawny fields, purple grapes and golden pumpkins! Surely looking out upon these things, you are all poets yourselves.

Do you know James Thomson, the Scottish poet, born in September, 1700? Having read his "Seasons" one thinks of them as the year turns. May I quote a bit from "Autumn"?

"But see, the fading, many-colored woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every line, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strewn walks,
And give the season in its latest view.

"Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current; while, illumined wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the Sun,
And through their lucid veil his softened force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time
For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet;
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace,
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.



Mine-laying German "U" Boat Captured by the British.
International Film Service.

"Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the saddened grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse;
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robbed of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull, despondent flock,
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
O let not, aimed from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,

In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!

"The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.

But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
Till, choked and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the withered waste, and whistle bleak.

Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields:
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. Even what remained
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The desolate prospect thrills the soul.

"The western sun withdraws the shortened day,
And humid Evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condensed
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky mantled lawn. Meanwhile the Moon,
Full-orbed, and breaking through the scattered cloud,
Shows her broad visage in the crimsoned east.

Turned to the Sun direct, her spotted disk—
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,

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A close observer of Nature wrote that one who knew her and loved her in all her moods. Not a line of it but must be felt by those of you who really live in the country, and not merely exist in it for the sake of making a living. There is such a vast difference between "living" and "making a living" (or more). Of course, the living must be made, but, after all, the real art should be learning how to live, shouldn't it?—I'm afraid all this looks like aping Shakespeare's little trick of playing on words.—But no, I haven't aspired to being a Shakespeare yet!!! My most humble apologies to his ghost. To return—we can't have too much joy and gladness as we muddle along, doing our best and hoping for better. Being happy helps us to work better, doesn't it?—And surely love of Nature is one of the helps to being happy, when one lives and works so close to her heart as rural-dwellers must live.

Hallowe'en.

Dear Junia,—Another inquirer coming to the "Ingle Nook" for help. Can you tell me what is the origin of Hallowe'en, and some interesting facts regarding it, also Hallowe'en games, suggestions for decorations, all to be used in a church social on All Hallow's Eve. Thanking you in advance.

WEE WIFIE.

Hallowe'en or All Hallow's Eve, is the name given to the 31st of October as the vigil of Hallowmas or All Saints' Day. It really grew out of a Pagan festival held about the same time, when the Druids held their great autumn celebration and lighted fires in honor of the Sun-god who had made their harvest possible. The Druids also believed that at this time Saman, lord of death, called together the wicked souls that for the past year had been condemned to inhabit the bodies of animals. It is easy to see how this developed into the Christian festival with its bon-fires and early belief that during this night all ghosts and witches were liberated and likely to prowling about. From the old Roman festival in honor of Pomona, held about the first of November, in which nuts and apples played a prominent part, came the practice of roasting nuts and ducking for apples, still kept up at Hallowe'en hilarities.

Hallowe'en decorations may be very similar to those for Thanksgiving, with sheaves of grain, corn-ears with the husks drawn back, grapes and rowan berries, but to give the true Hallowe'en there must be added to these strings of red apples, witches, black paper cats, pumpkins, and Jack o'lanterns in plenty made with the pumpkins. Usually during the first part of a Hallowe'en festival the lighting is carried out almost wholly with these Jack o'lanterns, and as ghostly an appearance as possible is given to the rooms. I cannot suggest anything better than a masquerade as a feature of the evening, everyone dressing in costume and wearing a short, black masque covering the upper part of the face until the time for serving luncheon. Guessing who the characters are will take up a goodly share of the time, while a fortune-teller's booth or two, and the reading aloud of a ghost-story may fill in the rest. The reader should be someone who has a strong musical voice, and may read in a green light while low weird music is played, so low that it sounds like a far-away refrain.

If it is desired to have a more hilarious festival, here are a few hints. Booths may be arranged about the hall in which the "social" is held—it is presumed it is to be a money-making affair. Booth 1.—At a grape booth a girl, on paying 5 cents is permitted to throw grapes into the open mouth of her attendant cavalier. The distance is 10 feet, and if she "holes" 15 out of 20 throws she is awarded a bunch of grapes for herself. Booth 2.—This booth has a row of cotton gloves dyed red, and stuffed, above it, with the sign "Palms Read." For 5 cents one's fortune is told by a witch. Booth 3.—Here an Eastern fortune-teller serves tea at 5 cents a cup and reads a fortune afterwards from the leaves. Booth 4.—"Witches Brew" is the sign over this alcove, and three witches dispense excellent soup or lemonade from pots for the price of 5 cents per brew. The "fire" may be made with a light under red paper. Booth 6—Here gingerbread and nut cakes made in the form of witches, Jack o'lanterns and cats are sold, also

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