

TONIGHT IS HALLOWE'EN.

Quaint Old Customs By Which the Night is Celebrated in Various Countries.

Halloween comes on Saturday night and, as is customary, the usual parties and other entertainments will be given by the young people. The small boy is getting his cabbages and other ammunition ready for the fatal day to arrive, and this Halloween will probably be as lively as any previous ones.

Halloween has had many different meanings to the men and women who for centuries have celebrated it with varying rites. Before the Christian era the Druids, with whom it originated, observed it as a religious festival, interpreting its meaning in so somber and weird a spirit that it was probably more dreaded than welcomed by them.

On Halloween the primeval forests of Britain were aglow with huge fires, lit to ward off the spirits of evil, which were supposed on that night to be able to set at liberty the full power of their malignity against men and women. Many were the incantations and ceremonies performed to nullify these spells. It was a night of ominous dreams and strange prophecies of love tests and all other things pertaining to mystic lore.

With the Christian era these beliefs were tardily forgotten—although the progress of more liberal thought was slow. Superstition always dies hard. None of the boys who light the bonfires which usually blaze in the streets on the 31st day of October will stop to think how, centuries ago, similar fires were lighted—though with religious solemnity—by other primeval prototypes. As the olden fear of Halloween died out, medieval Europe considered it as a last bit of funmaking and merrymaking before All Saints' Day ushered in the feast of Advent. The pagan customs were retained, but their meaning was forgotten.

IN ENGLAND.

The ringing of a bell to frighten the spirits of the air was a superstitious observance of the Middle Ages. Queen Elizabeth was compelled to enact laws prohibiting all bell ringing on Halloween. All Saints' Day and the two days before and after, in order to maintain some measure of quiet throughout her dominions. It is probably owing to this legislation that few, if any, of the charms of Halloween popular to-day require a loud fanfare on a bell to increase their potency. But against this, beggars had special rights in England on the evening of Halloween, and must have been quite as importunate and annoying as were the famous old "bells of London town" that were silenced by the threat of the imperious queen. On Halloween, beggars generally went "raving," or demanding toll of the passer-by, while children visited from house to house, gleefully requesting a portion of the "soul-cake" which every good housewife baked on that day. In default of the cake, they asked for "a good big" apple, and we have no record that these modest demands ever went unheeded by the kindly women of old England.

Young people, in search of a good time might attempt the older glories of The Oracle of Apollo and place it beside the brilliant Mischianza, as another present day revival of olden pageants. During the reign of Charles I, the members of the Middle Temple chose from their number a "Master of Revels" to lead them in their laudable ambition to celebrate Halloween as merrily as possible. They met in a large room called the Oracle Temple, chose from their number a "Master of Revels" to lead them in their laudable ambition to celebrate Halloween as merrily as possible. They met in a large room called the Oracle Temple, chose from their number a "Master of Revels" to lead them in their laudable ambition to celebrate Halloween as merrily as possible.

UNSOCIAL.

(N. Y. Tribune.)

"V. C." is responsible for the following anecdote: An Englishman and a German were travelling together in a diligence, and both were smoking. The German did all in his power to draw his companion into conversation, but all to no purpose. At one moment he

ARE SOLEMN IN SCOTLAND.

Under the gray skies of Scotland the Halloween revels partake more largely of the solemnity of the Druidical ceremonies, although the former are devoted almost exclusively to tender and sentimental subjects. Robert Burns describes the old charm of Burning the Nuts in the following words:

"They name the lad and the lass to each particular nut as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be."

The well known attempt to catch an apple hanging to a string without touching it with the hands is another game popular today, and yet claiming a great antiquity.

Scotch girls used to foretell what manner of man they would marry after a ceremony with cabbages, that has been related as follows:

"The first ceremony of Halloween is pulling each a stock or plant of krait. They must go out hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with. It being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any yard of earth stick to the root, that is token, or fortune; and the taste of the custock (that is the heart of the stem) is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems . . . are placed somewhere above the head of the doon, and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house are, according to priority, of placing the runts, the names in question."

MARK UPON STONES.

Another gruesome superstition of Halloween is found in the Welsh custom of marking upon a white stone the name of some loved one, and then throwing the stone into a bonfire—the latter being the most universal of all Halloween customs. After the fire has burned out the stone is again sought, and if it cannot be found, or if recovered and the name is erased, the person represented by it will die before the year has passed. Some people believed so firmly in this rite that it was a general custom for them to kneel before the fire and pray, after having thrown the stone into it. It is not likely that this latter portion of the rite will find supporters in this self-conscious age. Another attempt to foretell the length of life was made by forming the ashes from the bonfire into a circle. Stones named for the persons most interested were placed within this circle, but if, when morning dawned, one of these stones had been moved from its place the person it represented was doomed to an early demise.

In Ireland the maidens sow hempseed on Halloween, and believe that if they look back while thus occupied they will see a vision of their future husband. They have many other charms—all with this same end in view. There are other rites and games easily utilized by hostesses for the entertainment of Halloween parties. If there be a high wind on Oct. 31, light three candles and place before a window or open door. Three people stand before them and each whispers, in rhyme specially prepared by them, the wish nearest their hearts. If the candles, or any of them, remain lighted, the wish will be granted, no matter how hopeless the desire; in which the fortunate winner has phrased it.

A game provocative of much amusement of a grotesque sort is made by hiding a gold ring in a large pan of flour. The victim may first locate the ring by hand. It must then be lifted from its location between his teeth. A warning to him not to breathe while trying to accomplish this operation will not be amiss. The man who succeeds in lifting it wins the gold ring, and no one that watches the attempt will deny that he has fully earned it.

With a superabundance of politeness, apologize for drawing his attention to the fact that the ash of his cigar had fallen on his waistcoat or a spark was endangering his neckerchief. At length the English gentleman exclaimed: "Why the deuce can't you leave me alone? Your coat-tail has been burning for the last ten minutes, but I didn't bother you about it."

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Black Venetian, 48 in.\$1.25

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Sporting.

The Ring.

JOE GRIM THE BOXER WITH THE "IRON" JAW.

(By Robert Edgren.)

The latest prodigy of the ring, an Italian, has been developed in Philadelphia. Joe Grim is his name, and just now he is the hero of the town. Grim is a fighter and popular, yet in the fighting line his performances are unique. He is one of the few sons of Italy ever to have won success in the roped arena.

Grim never knocks out an opponent, but he has fought many of the hardest hitters and fighters of the profession, and never has been knocked out himself. He is an iron man. His ribs and his sturdy jaw seem able to withstand blows that would dent a piece of armor plate.

When Grim fought Robert Fitzsimmons in the ring of the Southern A. C. Wednesday night every man in the place thought that at last the Italian would go to the canvas to stay. Fitzsimmons hammered and punched away at every spot on the Italian's anatomy from his belt up, knocking him down seventeen times, yet Joe Grim came up smiling and ready to continue. His features were covered with his own blood. He was spattered from head to foot, and the crimson fluid was smeared over Fitz in the mix-up. Now, and then the Italian staggered as he rose, for an instant the strength seemed to have left his limbs, but he recovered in a second. His recuperative powers were wonderful.

There is a story about Joe Grim that illustrates the toughness of his body. A few weeks ago, while Grim was training, a visitor at his quarters said that Bob Fitzsimmons' solar plexus punch would soon "do up" the Italian. Grim went away and in a few minutes returned with a heavy hickory pickaxe handle. He passed it to the visitor, then holding his arms above his head invited the scoffing stranger to swing the club and hit him across the stomach. The stranger complied with a will. Grim was knocked to the floor, but jumped up laughing.

"That doesn't hurt!" he said. After the fight with Fitzsimmons the club physician visited Grim in the dressing room, expecting to find the Italian suffering from the terrible punches delivered by Fitz. Grim was standing erect, taking a sponge bath. "Are you hurt?" asked the doctor. "Haven't a sore spot on me, except my nose," replied Grim and to prove his statement he hammered his own fist viciously against the stomach and

sides that Fitz had just been battering. Grim is a hard man to hurt. Half an hour after the fight he was riding down Broad street in an open barouche, preceded by a brass band, and followed by a thousand cheering Philadelphians. He was smiling and happy. Almost any other man after taking such a punishing, would be in bed or a hammock berth as soon as he could get away from the clubhouse.

Some fighter may come along and take the Italian's measure, but when that happens sporting Philadelphia will go into bankruptcy. Only a few months ago Grim was a bootblack. One night he was given a chance to box in a preliminary. He could not put up a very scientific bout, but he stayed. He tried again, and soon the people began to wonder who would whip the game Italian. They are still wondering. Philadelphia's other idol, Jack O'Brien, faded like all the rest. He plugged away six rounds but in the fourth he announced that he might as well hammer a stone wall and practically gave up.

Bob Fitzsimmons knocked out James J. Corbett and Gus Ruhlin with short left hooks that landed in the pit of the stomach. A right inside uppercut knocked out Peter Maher. A right hook on the jaw finished Tom Sharkey, the fighting sailor. A short arm hook in the body settled Ed. Dunkhorst, the "human freight car."

Every one of these blows, and a few variations, Fitzsimmons used last Wednesday night on Joe Grim. The Italian champion of Philadelphia. Seventeen times Grim was knocked down, yet every time he jumped up quickly, and full of strength. I never have seen another fighter in the ring who could take the beating he did and be on his feet at the end of six rounds, unless I except James J. Jeffries. Even Jeffries did not take the punishment that Grim did in his fight for he was fighting back hard all the time, and never gave Fitzsimmons the chance to punch away deliberately without fear of a return.

The Italian is not a hard hitter, although he is aggressive enough. He does not know how to hit hard and that is a knock that must be born in a man. His blows did not worry Fitz in the least, and the Cornishman could smash away at Grim with the same deliberation that he would use in practicing on a punching bag or mattress. Once, in the fourth round, when Grim was drawn into a knot, with his head covered with his gloves and his

elbows protecting his body, Fitzsimmons stepped quickly around beside him and carefully drawing back his right hand, drove his glove into the Italian's side, directly over the kidneys. Every man in the house rose in his seat and gasped as that blow went home. I myself expected to see the plucky Italian tumble to the floor, but Grim never moved. Fitz stepped away with an expression of amazement on his face.

In the next round Fitz used the same blow again three times in quick succession. Finding that Grim still stood steadily, Fitz stopped back again, saw an opening, and suddenly drove in a terrific uppercut on the Italian's jaw. Then Grim went down, and for a moment it looked as if he could not get up, but within the time limit he was on his feet, fighting hard.

WANTS TO MEET JEFFRIES. It is a remarkable thing that this Joe Grim, weighing only 155 pounds, can fight such men as Fitzsimmons and last the six rounds. He took the same blows with which Fitzsimmons knocked out the best of the heavyweights, and not only endured them, but jumped up from each of the 11 knock-downs strong and full of fight. Apparently he was not hurt. During the whole fight he never showed a sign of fear or respect for his opponent, going at him with the same good will that he has shown in fighting smaller men in the Philadelphia rings. He is absolutely fearless and is as anxious to fight Jeffries as he was to fight Fitzsimmons.

Could anything be more absurd than the idea of Jeffries, the giant, in the ring with little Joe Grim? Yet as a hitter Jeffries is not a whit more to be feared than Fitz. If anything, the Cornishman's short, snappy, tearing blows are more dangerous than the forceful smashes given out by the champion himself.

Such beatings as Grim takes from the best fighters in the game must come time have their effect. Not even a man of iron could endure them. But Joe Grim does not think that he will ever be knocked out.

"I am Joe Grim," he said to Fitzsimmons on one occasion as he was rising from a knockdown. "You can't knock me out. Nobody can knock me out."

As long as the charm lasts Grim will be the best drawing card in Philadelphia.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

"Yes," he said. "I get my looks from my mother and my brains from my father."

"I'm sorry you told me this," she said.

"Why?"

"Because it gives me the impression that your parents were painfully lacking in generosity to their only child."

MISS ADAIR GIVES SOME VALUABLE TIPS ON GOLF.

Real Excellence Impossible Without the Proper Swing—The Approach Shot the Most Important One.

NEW YORK, Oct. 23.—"To achieve success in golf," said Miss Rhoda Adair, "one must first of all acquire the proper swing. Without that real excellence is impossible, and the fact should never be lost sight of. After that the most important point to remember is to keep your eye on the ball."

"The most important, the most useful shot in the game of golf," she continued, "is in my opinion, the approach shot. It is in approaching that superiority at once tells, and it is here that the close matches are won and lost. "By approaching I do not mean merely the shots of from thirty to ninety yards off the green, which are usually designated approach shots, but include in this category anything from that distance down to the length to put which one should be reasonably expected to hole."

DRIVING COUNTS LITTLE. "Long driving, while it is perhaps the most pleasurable stroke in the game, and is, of course, the most spectacular, really plays little part in determining the outcome of a match between two first-class players, for there is hardly one hole in thirty-six where it matters whether one has driven ten yards or less, as long as the directions are equally good.

"Ten yards, more or less, however, when one is playing on the green usually means one put, and the player who saves a stroke a hole is pretty apt

to be returned the winner. "There are too many women whose average is high for a player to hope for many victories through marked superiority in any one department of the game if it is counterbalanced by indifference in others. I think that is one of the reasons I have been as successful in tournaments as I have been, for while I think that approaching is my long suit, I play the other shots of the game with nearly the same degree of skill, and so maintain a good average all the time."

MUST AVERAGE WELL. "Ability to average well is particularly necessary, I should think, in America, where medal play is so much in vogue, for there a single bad hole will put one completely out of the running, while on our side, where our tournaments are conducted entirely at match play, one bad hole simply means the loss of that one in particular.

"I was very glad to have an opportunity last week to observe the working out of a tournament conducted with a qualifying, or, as we would term it, wedding out round of medal play. In England we have decided that all match play is the better way to conduct tournaments, but we play two rounds of eighteen holes each a day and think nothing of it. Over here women could not stand so much play, not that our women are any stronger than American ones, but because the climatic conditions here are such that I find it takes more out of me to play eighteen holes here than thirty-six at home."

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