

people, is the interest in armor plate, battleships and ammunition on the part of those persons and corporations whose business it is to build these battleships and make the necessary armor plate, and invent powerful projectiles to destroy. . . . The point is, after all, to convince one another that we desire to substitute reason for force in the settlement of dispute, for 'where there's a will there's a way.'—William Jennings Bryan, in *The Independent*.

In the little French village of Froissy, in the department of l'Oise, on the borders of l'Isle de France and Picardy, which has a population of between 500 and 600, all public positions are held by women.

The station-master, The London Graphic states, is Mme. Taillefer. Her husband is a guard. It does not trouble him that he has to take occasional official instructions from his wife. He knows that if she were a guard and he the station-master the home would suffer.

Froissy gets its daily mail delivered by a woman postman, while it is the business of another employe des postes to see the outward mail aboard the train.

In Froissy there is no such person as a male barber. All the men's heads are placed at the mercy of Mme. Jeanne Marchandin, who, with skilful hands, shaves or cuts the hair of all her friends.

The most striking and interesting figure in the community, however, is Mme. Druhon Marchandin. Hers is the task of heralding all important public events with drum music—weddings, for instance. She has an erect martial figure, strongly marked and humorous features, and bears proudly the weight of her eighty years.

There is also in this little town a woman road mender, and, lastly, a young woman telegraphist, who keeps Froissy in touch with the outside world.—*Toronto World*.

Quite apart from their use in various games, playing cards are an interesting study from historical and pictorial points of view. Take first their numerical arrangement. Fifty-two cards, 365 pips or dots, and 13 tricks, representing the weeks and days in the year and the lunar months. There are four suits, representing four classes of people as they were divided at the time the pack of cards we now use was devised by the French. The "spades" stood for pikemen or soldiers, the "clubs" for clover, typifying farmers, the "diamonds" for building tiles, representing artisans, and the "hearts" for choirmen or ecclesiastics. The "kings" and "queens" at that time were more or less correct likenesses of certain royal and noble personages. Even in our modern packs it is said that one of the "queens" is a conventionalized portrait of Elizabeth of York, who was engaged to the Dauphin of France. The "knaves" were then the King's jesters, and even these cards may be portraits. All the court cards, in fact, retain their 16th-century characteristics. Cards are amongst the few things that have not changed with the centuries.

Love.

By George Matthew Adams.

Love is the greatest word in any language—because it means more than any other word. It is elemental. It is something felt, though undefined—something known though unseen. Love is always journeying.

Love is Cumulative.

The greatest argument ever presented for belief in God is the one written briefly that "God is Love."

Love is Universal.

Love a man and he at once becomes your Friend and would likely lay down his life for you; Love a worthy Cause and at once the Cause becomes your life and you would sacrifice your fondest dreams in its favor; Love your Work and the sordid in life disappears and is gone as the dew disappears under the heat of the early Sun.

Love is Unselfish.

If there is Love left, somewhere, then Hope is there and no matter what the disaster, the vital germs of Joy and

Success remain. If someone still Loves you or you still Love someone, hopelessness for you must die. For the light of Love is the light of Life, because—

Love is Life.

Love your Friends, Love your Work, Love your lot in life, Love Nature Love everything that is, for back of everything that is, is a divine Purpose—

itself reflecting Love.

Love is All.

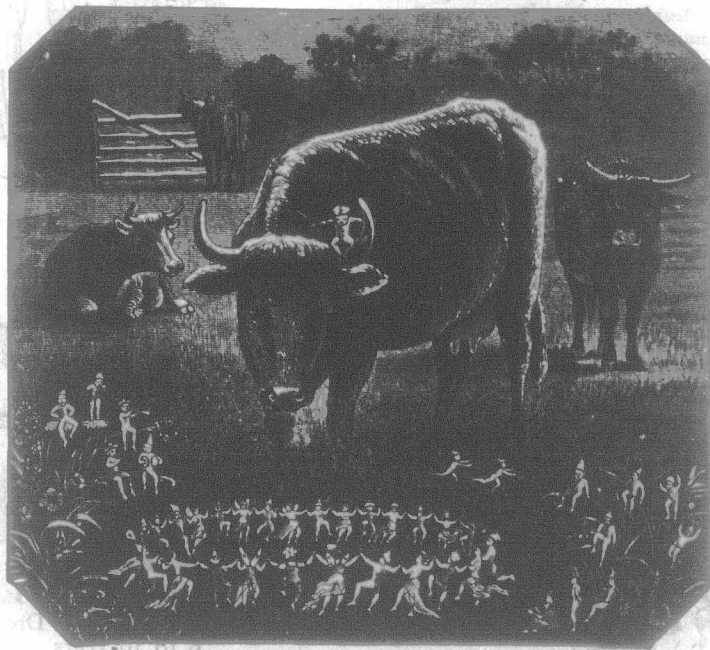
In a green, grassy field, for our candle a star.

And when the moon rose, we might see, don't you think?

The fairies a-dancing. Wouldn't that make us blink?

I fancy poor booby would not feel at home

With plates, pumpkin pies, nor sweet cider in foam.



The Fairy Ring.

[Fairies are supposed to come out and dance on Hallowe'en, most of all. The cows can see them, the fairy-tales tell us, but you cannot.]

The Beaver Circle

If We Were the Cows.

If we were the cows, and the cows were we,

What wonderful things we might each of us see!

The cows would sit down to eat at the table,

With knives, cups and plates, never seen in a stable.

You and I, then, you know, would be roaming afar

But—for us—what we'd give even once to have seen
The fairies a-dancing far out on the green!

A Hallowe'en Story.

Hal Sims, Earl Carter and Ned Thornley were in "The Cave" down by the cornfield. To be sure "The Cave" was nothing more than a nook among some big boulders, but the river flowed along on one side and all summer long there had been a green wall on the other, so "The Cave" it had been called, and there the boys had met many many

a time to read, to talk, or to make kites and miniature airships.

Now the high green wall had disappeared, for the corn had all been cut and put into the silo, but the place was very cozy and secluded still, and so it was yet "The Cave." As the lads looked out of the door they could see great globes of orange and yellow all over the field, for the pumpkins that had grown among the corn had not all been gathered in as yet.

"Just looks as though a lot of harvest moons had tumbled down, doesn't it?" said Hal.

"You bet. Say your father was a dandy to let us have whole six of them!" exclaimed Earl. "Now, let's get to work."

From a crevice under one of the rocks, six big golden pumpkins, placed there earlier in the day, for the lads liked sweetness-long-drawn-out and a bit of mystery, were now slowly rolled into the center of the enclosure, and soon three boys with three knives were busily gouging out Jack o' lanterns.

Now you will know that the day was the thirty-first of October.

As they worked, a round red face suddenly appeared at "the door," and Tim Sanders, a larger boy edged through.

"Whew! Isn't this jolly!" he whooped. "Six of 'em! Say what are you going to do with 'em?"

"Why, put them on gate-posts, of course, with candles in them," explained Ned Saunders.

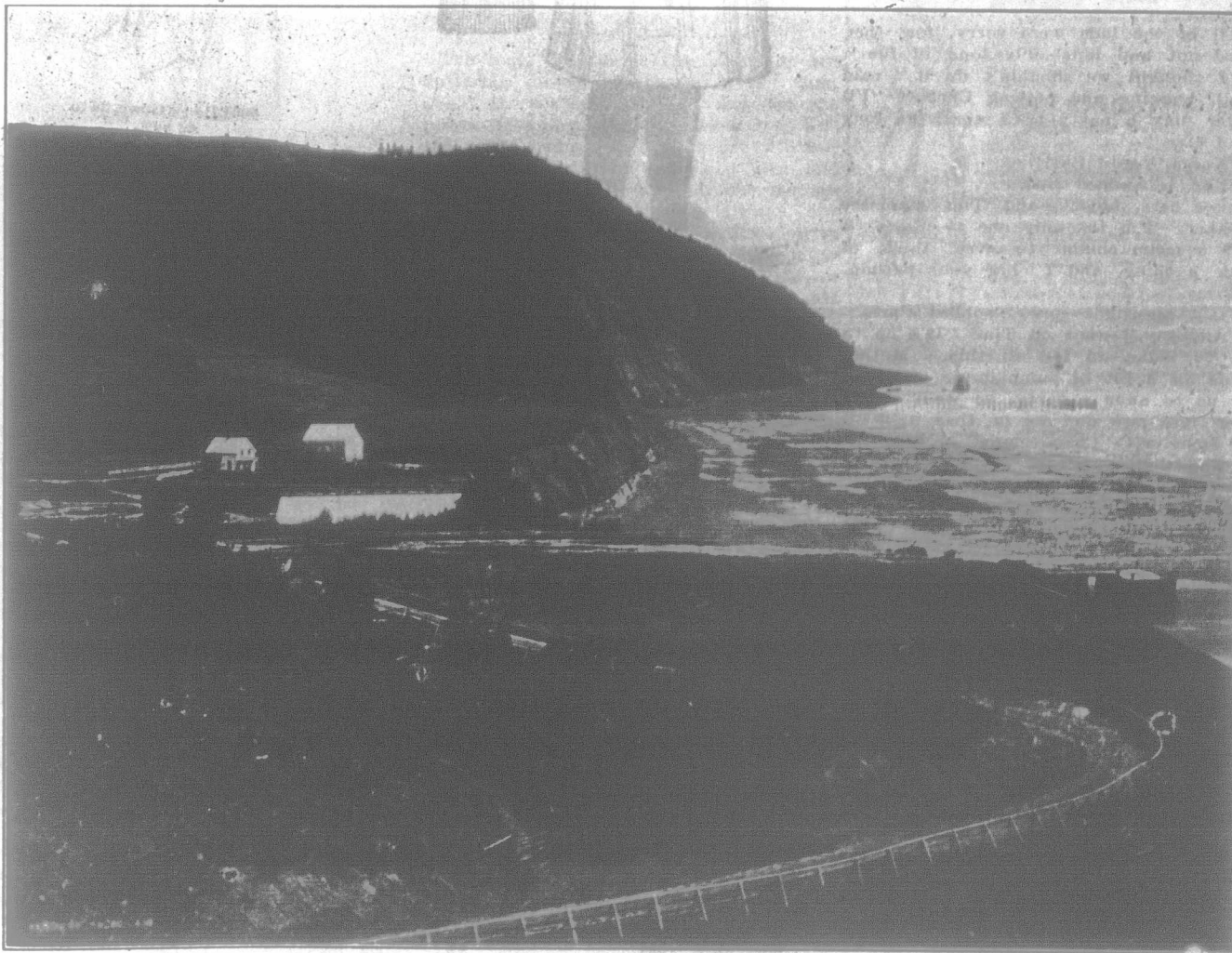
And little Earl nodded. "Yes, Brown's, and Smith's, and Green's, and Hal's and Ned's and ours—so folks won't know, you know," with still a leaning towards mystery.

"Huh!" said Tim, "I know a trick worth ten of that."

Three knives stopped working, three pairs of eyes looked up, and three mouths uttered together one word,

"What?"

"Well," said Tim, sticking his hands in his pockets and looking important, "There's little Chris Hawkins over at Smith's, just out from London, and doesn't know a thing about the country. You can stuff him full, right to the neck, and I stuffed him last night about Hallowe'en, and about goblins with glaring eyes, until his hair fairly stood up. Now I'll get Chris and bring him down to the bridge, then I'll cut and run; it's going to be pretty dark to-night, so I can get away and duck down. Then when I've gone I'll whistle like a killdeer, and you fellows bob up and march towards him carrying the Jack o' lantern's on your heads."



Cape Blomidon, N. S.