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Our booklet, "Inside Information" will prove of great value to anyone interested, directly or indirectly, in the purchase of any piano. A copy will be mailed free to any address on request.

The Mason & Risch Piano Co., Ltd.
32 King Street West, Toronto

"THE PIANO WITH A SOUL"

played or by playing it yourself can you fully realize the utmost of which the modern high-grade piano is capable.

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—When you buy biscuits
buy Christie's—because
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Grocers, like doctors, differ. But all reputable grocers believe that Christie Biscuits are the best baked. Some grocers—a very few, but still some—ignore their knowledge of Christie superiority and sell inferior biscuits, calling them "Just as good as Christie's".

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CHRISTIE BISCUITS

When a grocer calls another brand of biscuits "Just as good as Christie's", he is trading on Christie reputation—without giving you what that reputation stands for.

Our big factory—the biggest, cleanest, and most modern in all Canada—is always open to visitors. Thousands of particular women have carried the story of *Christie Cleanliness and Quality* all over the continent. If you want the best biscuits insist on *Christie Biscuits* and ignore the "Just as good brand".

N.B.—"There's a Christie Biscuit for every taste and they all taste delicious".

CHRISTIE, BROWN & CO., Limited

BISCUITS

JOYS OF HALLOW E'EN

One of the Merry Nights of the Year



HE name Hallow E'en has a double suggestiveness. It gives to the youthful mind anticipation of all manner of autumnal pranks and frolic, while it recalls to the grown-up folk the night of be-lanterned pumpkins and ghostly forms which went gliding about, alarming a whole neighborhood, and showing false faces which were a terror to all timid citizens. The celebration of the Eve of All Saints, as it is observed in this country, is hardly suggestive of church or a sacred anniversary. The first of November—All Saints' Day—is itself a "holy day" of special significance, commemorating, as the poet, Lowell, has taught us—

"The unknown good who rest
In God's still memory, folded deep."
But Hallow E'en is a roistering, boisterous time, with traditions which come from the Old Land—from Scotland itself—and is kept with more or less disregard for law and order.

In Canadian cities, where there are universities, Hallow E'en used to be regarded with dread by peaceable and industrious tradesmen, since those irrepressible young students invariably amused themselves by carrying off gates, pulling down fences and signs, and otherwise making free with the property of others. However, the times have improved and it is no longer regarded as tolerable that even young men who are taking an "arts" course shall seriously disturb the peace. We are, in fact, becoming more civilized and see to it that our merriment takes the form of simple and harmless fun, with no damage to the neighbors' gates or feelings.

Hallow E'en parties are quite the fashion in these days and afford an excellent opportunity for picturesque and original entertainment. They come at a very happy moment—just between summer sports and Christmas games and can be made a typical autumn enjoyment.

A party of this nature, given by a Canadian hostess, was such a success that we shall try to give some idea of the way in which it was made attractive. It was made a "brown and yellow" party in color scheme. Autumn leaves of brown and amber shades had been collected, and were scattered so carelessly and naturally on curtains and portieres that it almost seemed as if there were a woodland scene. Vases of big, fluffy chrysanthemums, with their yellow richness, and candles with gold-colored shades added to the general effect of the harvest tints of the year. The entertainment consisted in telling ghost stories, and the guests had been warned beforehand of the kind of entertainment expected from them. Each told a story, in keeping with the occasion, and marvellous and awesome were the tales revealed of the doings and sayings of "spooks." There was a splendid fire blazing away in a brick fireplace, in order to keep the assembled friends from becoming too "a-scared" by the chronicles of the spirit world.

There were two prizes offered—one to the girl who told the best story contributed by a feminine guest—and one to the man who summoned the most effective spirit. The girl's prize was a pretty and quaint silver owl, the man's an owl scarf pin. The stories proved so enthralling that it was time for supper before they were concluded. Supper proved a most satisfactory scene of autumn refreshment, served beneath amber-shaded lights. Fruit was its most attractive feature and a pyramid of grapes, apples and oranges was daintily bestrewn with bright-colored leaves. Sandwiches, cut as hearts and triangles, with a filling of nut salad were an appetizing item, followed by ices in the mould of a witch's tall hat. Then there were cakes—such melting caramel and chocolate "creations"—and even the coffee and ginger ale carried out the color scheme of brown. There

was a dainty Hallow E'en favor at each plate with an appropriate verse inscribed, and a witch of the most gaunt type bedecking each name card. The favors consisted of airy trifles such as a paper of needles elaborately wrapped, a stick of chocolate, a box of hairpins, etc.

But the crowning feature of the entertainment was the entrance of an elderly witch in the conventional seeress' garb, who, leaning on her staff and fixing her keen, dark eyes on the assembled guests, offered "to tell your future, kind ladies and gentlemen—all for a penny." Wonderful and weird were the stories told by the witch, who proved to be very well acquainted with the history of her various "customers," who went home at midnight, thoroughly mystified as to the occult ways of the witch. It was voted by all a most successful Hallow E'en entertainment.

A SUGGESTION which is made by a "minister's social helper," in the columns of a United States magazine, may be of service to Canadians as well.

Of course you will want the Hallow E'en "atmosphere," as authors call it, and there are many ways to get it. One is to plan a "Witches' Encampment," having, say, half a dozen tents wherein are tried the various Hallow E'en tricks of divination; for instance, a large tub of pink water in one tent is presided over by one of the witches. Three candles float, lighted, in candlesticks upon the water, a pink one named for the girl whose fortune is to be told, and two white ones named secretly by her. The witch tells the fortune by the course each white candle takes. Another witch has a cake containing the usual ring, thimble and piece of money. You will want a row of grinning goblins at the entrance, with pumpkin heads mounted on seven-foot poles draped in cheesecloth and provided with crosspieces to represent skeleton arms. At the door have two witches who give out cards, "Redeem at the caldron," and these may be presented any time during the evening, but instead of the witches' "brew" they are more up to date, and offer you fruit punch.

To arrange for a seemingly impromptu programme it is very amusing to have a witch preside over a "Stunt Ball." Inflate a punching bag, then wind over it three skeins of wool; in the last skein tie at intervals slips of paper on which you have written "stunts," as a boy ties scraps of newspaper on twine for the tail of his kite. The ball will arouse the curiosity of the guests. After the guests are assembled the witch announces: "This is the ball of fate or stunts." It is unwound quickly and the first "stunt" is that the president of your society shall act as Stunt-Master for the evening. Second, the president's wife will wind the yarn with care, so that her mother can use it for knitting a scarf for an Alaskan Indian. Third, all of the company please rise and join in singing the first stanza of "Home, Sweet Home." Fourth, "Our own artist on the spot." Miss B. will now make a sketch. Fifth, Miss A. will show her skill by adorning a hat with the national colors—red, white and blue. Sixth, Mr. W. please sing us a song, like a good fellow! Seventh, Miss V. will show her benevolence by giving that young bachelor, Mr. A. a lesson in darning socks. Eighth, Miss W. will kindly favor us with a violin solo. Ninth, Miss C. please give an illustration of your favorite method of getting rid of agents. Tenth, Mr. J. W. will be kind enough to draw his "castle in the air." Eleventh, a whistling solo from Mr. B. the wonderful Bullfinch, is now in order. Or strictly Hallow E'en tricks may be called for, like blowing out candles blindfolded, biting an apple suspended by a string, etc.

"A Shadowy Wise Man" is a novelty. He should be enveloped in white and remain out of sight until the conductor of this part of the programme has