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Richards QUICK NAPTHA THE WOMAN'S SOAP, MADE IN CANADA

When the guests arrived they found two grinning sentinels, in the shape of two large pumpkins with grotesque faces on every side of them, and candles inside, on each gate-post, a white streamer stretched from one post to the other. On it was printed in red: "Pay your tribute to the King, before you dare to enter in," and a ghostly figure in white held a half-pumpkin to have the admission fee dropped in. Many people put in more than the ten cents, and quite a large crowd gathered just for curiosity's sake, and some just to have a look, as they termed it, at Ruthven Harper, who, in his naval uniform, received them, and opened the curtain back to allow them to pass onto the lawn, which was lighted alternately with jack o' lanterns and Chinese lanterns. A large table stood in the center draped with flags and festooned with maple leaves. In the center was a huge pumpkin hollowed out and filled with thimbles, pencils, tiny dolls, and all sorts of odds and ends. Mabel Harper, dressed as a witch, stood by, and asked people to dip their hand in the pot of fate and see what fortune had in store for them. Everybody who gave her five cents was allowed to try, and much fun was caused by some of the ladies drawing out clay pipes, and some of the gentlemen drawing out thimbles, each article having a comic verse attached to it. At one corner of the table Mildred Jones sold ice cream in cones, around which yellow tissue paper had been wrapped to resemble pumpkin blossoms. At the other end, Lillian Kemp sold homemade candy. Some of it was in tiny pumpkins hollowed out, and some in yellow-pasteboard boxes, made in the shape of pumpkins. Both girls were dressed as elves.

Each guest was given a menu card, which Mabel and Miss Webb had prepared. The first article on the menu was:

Witches wands (long, thin, Vienna rolls).
Nerve-makers (sticks of celery).

Hobgoblin cakes (cold-turkey sandwiches).

Lucky food (cookies cut to resemble horse-shoes, four-leafed clover, stars).

Jack o' lanterns (salad served in orange skins, with faces drawn with ink).

Witches bombs (hot biscuits).

Ghostly fingers (cheese cut in the shape of fingers).

Fortune's Brew (tea served in cups decorated with witches pasted on, and tiny yellow pumpkins).

The children acted several dialogues, and each had a recitation. Uncle Ruthven made a speech, and Captain Ben Leamont sang some old sea songs. Then came dinking for apples, and roasting apples and nuts by a bonfire. After all the fun was over, Miss Webb went to the piano and played "Rule Britannia," "O, Canada," and "God Save the King," all of the crowd joining in the singing. Quite a sum of money was realized, besides all the fun; and all voted Uncle Ruthven's Halloween entertainment a great success.

Senior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—Since I saw my last letter in print I thought I would try again. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a number of years, and could not do without it. I enjoy reading books very much. Some of my favorites are: "Freddie's Dream," "Little Nellie," "Beautiful Joe," "Three Little Bears," "The King of the Golden River," and a lot more. I live on a farm about five miles from the town of Seaford. I have an uncle at London training to go to the war. I hope he will not be needed to go. He was home for Christmas, and we were very glad to see him. I go to school every day. I have about a quarter of a mile to go. Our teacher's name is Mr. Shillinglaw. He has been teaching at the same school for about twenty-four years, and we all like him fine. Well, I will close. If my letter is too long just throw it into the w.p. h. Wishing your charming Circle every success.

EVA M. STRONG.

R. R. No. 2, Kippin, Ont.

Riddles.

Ruby Miller (age 14), Lachute, who sends us all kind New Year's greetings, sends the following riddle: Two o's and two n's, an l and a d; put that together and spell it to me. Ans.—London.

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,—Just a pot-pourri this time,—or a hodge-podge, as you choose to call it.

The talk had turned, somehow, upon "accomplishments," taking the word in its rather foolish sense of those little acquirements that are supposed to add to strictly feminine charm. A certain young woman was under discussion. One had spoken of her proficiency as a pianist and singer; another had extolled her small successes in painting; and yet another had added a word in commendation of the fluency with which she could speak French. The verdict was that she was "very highly accomplished."

Only the thinker sat silent, pulling his moustache, but when the others had come to the "finis," he had his innings.

"After all," he remarked, "there's no accomplishment like being a good conversationalist." "Conversationalist," I say, not "talker," for the conversationalist knows when to listen."

He had thrown the stone into the pool, and immediately the circles began to radiate. . . .—After all, what would the world be without its conversationalists?—those people who have the faculty of setting you at your ease at once: now talking, now listening; always interested, sometimes sympathetic, sometimes stimulating, sometimes merely amusing; seldom strenuous; often restful, almost invariably bright and encouraging.

"It's a large order," muttered the wag.

"But not an impossible one," returned the thinker, rather ambiguously in regard to his pronouns, "I've met them."

And the circling ripples went on. . . .—Can the art of being a good conversationalist be cultivated or acquired?—

Assuredly. . . . How?—By seeing to it that one is well informed and, above all things, interested. By recognizing that there are others in the world beside oneself. By getting the vision that everyone, no matter how apparently commonplace, has a story to tell, and is "worth while."

By being, in short, what one ought to be, unselfish, not conceited, ready to expand towards others, not unduly shy and reserved—

"And by avoiding gossip as you would the devil himself," interjected the thinker, evidently thinking "devil" a more respectable word than—

"But when you are shy?" queried the shy one, in distraction.

"Cut it out," advised the wag.

"There's a place for violets, too," said the thinker, kindly. "The shyness will disappear as the years go on, and the violets will become roses."

So the ripples went on, and one of them has reached the Ingle Nook. Perhaps you will agree that "there is no accomplishment like being a good conversationalist."

This thought has just occurred to me: During this winter period of "parties," why not try a few depending altogether on conversation for entertainment, or, at least, conversation interspersed with a little "stunt," and that of the best available?

Every year at this season such distracted letters come: "Please give me some new way of entertaining. We have worn everything to a frazzle." . . . "Please give directions for some new games." . . . "How would you entertain the crowd at a silver wedding?—PLEASE!"—etc., etc., ad infinitum, exactly as though twenty or thirty people met together were absolutely lacking in resources and quite dependent upon being amused—like so many babies.

Well, sometimes they are. Our system of bringing an something to do has made them so. They know that some programme will be introduced presently, and so scarcely think it worth while to begin to talk with right good will. It's cards in the city, and something else in the country, and so people meet and

part, again and again, without becoming really acquainted.

Of course, outside diversions are all very well in case conversation lags. The point is, is a winter-full of "evenings" spent solely upon cards, even with the mental gymnastics which they require, as satisfactory as one in which a fair proportion of the time is spent in conversation? Is it not rather unflattering to the intellect of grown-ups to require them to devote evening after evening to doing "stunts,"—picking up potatoes on spoons, throwing bean-bags, and all the rest of it, without ever giving them a chance to interchange ideas at all? . . . And yet this is precisely what some hostesses compel. They start out with a fully planned evening, set ball after ball rolling, and keep their hapless guests, busy as nailers from start to finish, precisely as though they were children in a kindergarten.

"From the ordinary evening-party, good Lord deliver us!" said a man the other day. A chance to chat, a song to listen to, and a good supper to finish up with might revise his litany.

Are we becoming too restless and too hurried to talk? Are we losing the art of real conversation as we are of the old-time letter writing? Where now do we hear of men famed for their conversational powers,—Dr. Johnson's of the Twentieth Century? Even the old school-books, intended to carry information, were often set in the form of dialogue—lamentable failures so far as literary quality was concerned, but a great compliment to conversation.

Yet our conversationalists are not all dead. Here and there you may come upon them, two or three people who do not gossip, but who love to come together and thresh out great issues, repartee and merest nonsense just cutting in from time to time like saucy glints of sunshine into a quietly or stimulatingly gray day. You cannot readily find a greater pleasure than just to cuddle down in a big chair somewhere near and listen to them.

Is it not possible, with encouragement, to make the art more general?

I do not know how you think about it, but to me the dearest, brightest spot in all the horrible war—for there are a few bright spots—is found in the scattered incidents that come filtering to us through the smoke of cannon and welter of blood, to show us that away out there, at the front, Englishmen and Frenchmen and Germans, from time to time, find opportunity to call across from trench to trench, "Hello, there! I don't hate you. I may have to kill you to-morrow, but you are a jolly good fellow for all that, and I wish I didn't have to."

Didn't it warm your heart to read that in one place on Christmas Day French and English soldiers met, exchanged souvenirs, and had their photos taken together?—And the occurrence was not unique. In the Woevre, we are told, earlier in the war, a regiment had to be moved because the French and Germans became so friendly that they insisted on going swimming together on off-hours. Englishmen and Germans elsewhere have scrambled out of their burrows to kick football together. Even the missiles thrown from trench to trench differ in quality. The soldiers, we are told, "dutifully toss hand grenades into the opposing trenches when told to do so, but they also throw over less dangerous missiles, such as canned beef, soup, beans, and pudding, when told not to do so." They even give concerts—gramophone—for each other's benefit, and not infrequently, when the roar of war temporarily ceases, sing together—the English "God Save the King," the Germans "Heil dir im Siegerkranz," the Americans of the Foreign Legion, "My Country 'Tis of Thee."—What odds?—All go to the same tune, and all spell brotherhood, no matter what else the strapped may shriek.

At another point where the trenches were only fifty yards apart," so runs one account, "a ruined house stood between which still retained a practicable fireplace. This being so obvious a convenience to both sides, it was made by mutual consent a neutral ground where both sides could make their tea, and care