

badly withered by tomorrow to be made into a pie."

"Farewell," returned kind Platter-face, and the tears fairly streamed from his square, bleary eyes, while his sad neighbor grew vindictive and called wrathfully, "Isn't there anything you can do to protect yourself? Think quick!"

But Curlstem was already in the hands of the tyrant and could only answer feebly: "No, brother: nothing—for might is right with giants. But I will be revenged. I will give him a pain in his stomach that he'll not soon forget," and he disappeared under the red moustache of his tormentor.—Ex.

Baby's Mission.

BY M. H.

So still in its cot, lies the baby to-day,
Hushed is its voice, and its toys put away;
Its dear little hands on its bosom crossed,
And our hearts are sore for the baby we've lost.

We prayed in our anguish the dear life to spare,
Though our prayer is unanswered, we know
that He cares,
And sate in his arms, its mission fulfilled;
Our dear one is sleeping, because He has willed.

Ah! little we thought of His kindness and care,
By the pleasures of earth so easily ensnared;
We see it all now in the darkness and gloom,
On our knees, by the cot in the darkened room.

It is thus that He teaches to trust all to Him,
By taking our dear ones, our hearts He would win,
He knows we will follow where baby has led;
To the Saviour, who oft for our love has pled.

Our dear one has lived and died not in vain,
Its work on earth done, what need to remain?
Though short was its life, its mission how great,
And safe home in Heaven our coming will wait.
—Cannington, Ont.

Fun for Hallowe'en.

Surely the "maddest, merriest of all the gray old year," to paraphrase Tennyson, is All-Hallow Eve, or "Nut-Crack Night," as it was known in old England. To the very young it means such licence in the matter of fun and frolic as would scarcely be permitted on any other night in the year. Older and more sentimentally inclined youths and maidens tempt fate by peering into the future according to quaint devices and time honored customs.

A very original idea is to give a "ground floor party," the name being an indication not of the hard times, but of the fact that the party will be held in the basement. Tapestry the walls from floor to ceiling with tall cornstalks, which with their dried leaves and ripe corn, form a charming decoration. These may be kept in position by two or three lateral crossings of twine as nearly the color of the stalks as may be, so that it will seem an outdoor growth. If the stalks are not tall enough, make a frieze of grapevines the dark branches, bronze and red leaves and purple, flame-colored or green-golden fruit of which gives a splendid bacchanalian effect. Twine the chandeliers with the same and suspend yellow pumpkins transformed into grotesque and weird faces, from the ceiling. When the candles within these are lighted the scene is appallingly unearthly.

As each girl leaves the dressing-room, she will be given a cabbage stalk on which her name has been carved, and these will be collected by the hostess as she welcomes her guests, and slipped into a bag which she carries on her arm. When supper is announced, each gentleman draws from the bag a stalk, the name on it deciding his partner at supper. After supper the board

is quickly cleared and the real fun of the evening begins, ushered in in true English country house style by the huge "wassail" bowl, sometimes fantastically decorated. The "wassail" itself is a luscious mixture of sweet cream, sugar and spices with sections of baked apples and pears lurking in its depths and bits of orange and lemon-peel floating on its surface. By means of a great ladle each helps himself or herself to a portion of the creamy mixture, dipping it out into shallow saucers; to capture a portion of the fruit brings good luck, but a clove or an allspice alone is an evil omen, indeed.

Before any further ceremonies, all lights are banished except that from the ghostly pumpkin jack-o'-lanterns, and the log fire which flames and flickers in the fireplace. And now you may tempt your fate by hanging in front of the fire boughs of chestnut trees, the nuts still enclosed in their prickly burrs, but alas for the owner of the burr that shall refuse to give up its prize before the roaring blaze! Just such a tenacious grasp will the future keep on the prize he vainly would wring from it whether that be coveted wealth or the hand of some fair one. And woe to the apple which, put to roast before the fire, shall scorch and dry instead of bursting into snowy beauty! Dead Sca fruit will life be for the one who placed it there. It may be whispered here that you can in a measure control fate by hanging the omen at just the proper distance from the fire; if too close it will scorch; if too far away it withers and dries.

If you shall succeed in paring an apple in one long sinuous stretch, affairs will go smoothly; now cast it over the left shoulder and in its mysterious windings read the magic initial.

The witch's boat may be depended on to give thrilling and decisive points as to the future. Prepare beforehand a boat, consisting of the empty half of an English walnut shell, for each person. Insert in this frail bark an inch length of a small wax candle, pointed on one end so that it will burn, and fastened at the other end to the boat by slightly melting it and pressing it down to the bottom. If there are not enough different colored candles to go around, so that each may distinguish his own, affix a small strip of paper bearing a name or initials to the inside of the shell by means of a little mucilage. Let the company retire to the dressing-room for a few moments, issuing in couples at a given signal and returning to find the hostess dressed in true witch's costume, with flowing mantle and high-pointed hat, presiding at a table on which stands a large tub half filled with water. In silence each guest receives from her hands his boat. lighting his candle at her larger one, and at the tap of a bell each sets his crash afloat on this mimic sea of life. When all are launched the witch's wand sets the water in motion, and the course of your boat decides your fate. If it staunchly crosses the water and closely hugs port, health and wealth and long life are yours. If it cross but half way, remaining there or circling round in an aimless fashion, you may look for defeat or failure. If it clings to the edge of the tub and refuses to take its chances, you lack ambition and enterprise; but if your own and your partner's boat sail side by side across the water, it predicts lifelong friendship. If they jostle each other, look out for storms ahead and the love which does not run smooth. The candle which burns the longest points out in its owner the first bride or bridegroom.

Dipping for partners is a sure way of deciding your fate. Blindfold each person

SAVE THE BABY.

A Mother Tells How Many a Threatened Life May Be Preserved.

To the loving mother no expense is too great, no labor too severe, if it will preserve the health of her little ones. Childish ills are generally simple, but so light is baby's hold on life that it is often a knowledge of the right thing to do that turns the tide at a crisis. And in baby's illness every crisis is a critical one. "I think the timely use of Baby's Own Tablets would save many a dear little life," writes Mrs. P. B. Bickford, of Glen Sutton, Que. "I take pleasure in certifying to the merits of these Tablets, as I have found them a sure and reliable remedy. My baby was troubled with indigestion at teething time, and was cross and restless. The use of Baby's Own Tablets made a wonderful change, and I am glad to recommend them to others." Mothers who use these Tablets never afterward resort to harsh purgatives that gripe and torture baby, nor to the so called "soothing" preparations that often contain poisonous opiates. Baby's Own Tablets are pleasant to take, guaranteed to be harmless. Send 25 cents for a full-sized box to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., if your druggist does not sell them.

and arrange three saucers on the table, one filled with vinegar, one with milk and a third with water; lead each one in turn before these saucers, when they must dip a finger in the first one touched. If this be milk, a sweet-tempered partner will be theirs; if vinegar, look out for squalls; if water, they remain single.

Hallowe'en is just the night for a ghost party, when guests dressed in long white robes and black dominoes assemble around the dying embers of a fire in a darkened room and make each other's blood run cold with tales of witches and hob-goblins, ghosts and spirits of the other world. Each must bear a letter or number on his gown, and the first prize is carried off by the one who can rightly guess from the voices the greatest number of names.

Careful property owners must look out for their gates, nor must they be demoralized by tappings at the windows from sundry unknown causes, or by frequent ringing of door-bells, for the children, too, must have their fun and frolic on All-Hallow Eve.—Cultivator and Country Gentleman.

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