

"Ah, yes," said the Frenchman, "I know ze proverbe, you know ze proverbe; but ze dog—does he know ze proverbe?"

Wasn't She Right?—The lesson in natural history had been about the rhinoceros, and the teacher wanted to know how well the lesson had been learned. "Now, name something," she said, "that is very dangerous to get near to, and that has horns."

"I know, teacher, I know!" called little Annie Jones.
"Well, Annie, what is it?"
"An automobile."

Dear Puck and Beaver.—Well it is kind of long since I wrote to your Circle. I suppose all of you are glad summer is here and that we are at the harvest. We are on a very big farm called Meadowside Stock Farm. It contains two hundred and twenty-five acres; there is quite a lot of work on it. We often go out hunting in the bush which is not far from our place. There are a lot of big birds in our bush. I made a collection of birds' eggs, wood, seeds, weeds, and insects. I got sixty-five kinds of eggs, fifty kinds of wood, twenty of seeds, and fifty kinds of weeds. They were hard to get. Well I think I will close with a riddle:

If the Kaiser and his son went up a tree what kind of fruit would they be?
Ans.—A rotten pair.

I remain,
FRANK RALEIGH.
R. R. No. 3, Mitchell, Ont.
Hoping some Beaver will write me.

Junior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my first letter to your Circle. I am a little girl nine years old. I go to School Section No. 4, Saugeen. Our school is situated on the Goderich road two and one-half miles from Port Elgin.

I have four sisters but no brothers. I live on a farm and one day we found a nest of six little rabbits. A few days later we found the mother lying dead. Later we went to the nest we found four dead from starvation. The other two we took to the house and fed with a spoon until they would drink milk from a saucer. Later we fed them on tender alfalfa and other green food, but there was nothing they liked better than a piece of sweet cake which they would eat from our hands. We named them Betty and Billy. One day one of the horses stepped on Betty and killed it. When the warm days came and we were allowed to run on our bare feet Billy used to surprise us by putting his cold nose on our bare legs. He would not let us touch him but would eat out of our hand any time. He lived to be two years old and weighed 5 1/4 lbs. The next year we had another little one for a pet but it was bigger when we found it and was never such a pet as the other one. Well I guess it is time to say good-bye to the Circle until another time.

Your sincere friend,
NELLIE MUIR.

R. No. 3, Port Elgin, Bruce Co., Ont.
This is a very nice letter for a little nine-year-old girlie.—P.

Honor Roll: Mildred Holden, Beulah Atkins, Harold Hoover, Mary Rae, Glen Forster, Alma Colborne, Rosanna Lucas, Gregory Rawlings, Carl Lancaster.

Beaver Circle Notes.

Mildred Holden—a Junior Beaver—Paquette, Ont., wishes Beavers to write to her.

Riddles.

Why is a tin can tied to a dog's tail like the end of the world? Ans.—Because it is bound to a cur (bound to occur).—Gregory Rawlings, Petrolia, Ont.

Why is the letter B like fire? Ans.—Because it makes oil boil.

What are girls hired in watch factories for? Ans.—To make faces.—Alma Colborne, Bridgen, Ont.

If a man has sixty patches on his trousers what is the time? Ans.—Time to get a new pair.

What would a window say if a tree broke through it?—Ans.—Tree mend us

(Tremendous!)—Rosanna Lucas, Lefroy, Ont.

When I was crossing London bridge, whom did I meet but old rusticue, with pins and needles in his back. What was his name? Ans.—A porcupine. (wouldn't it be better "through a wood"?—P.)
—Carl Lancaster, R. 1, Bronson, Ont.



A Brave Doggie.

This little French dog "Poupouille", during his two years at the front, has been wounded twice. He wears a little coat banded like that of a regular French soldier, showing the length of his service in the army.
International Film Service.

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.]

Hallowe'en.

M. B., Oxford Co., Ont., writes as follows:

"Would you be so kind as to tell me through your valuable column how to spend the evening at a Hallowe'en party as we would like to get up one to raise money for our boys at the front."

Delighted to do anything in the world to help make money for "our boys at the front."
Why not try a Bats, Cats and Hats Party. It is managed somewhat as follows, although you may introduce any original idea that strikes you.

Send out invitation cards, with a small black cat or a pumpkin painted or pasted on the corner of each. On the afternoon of the party have a committee of girls assemble to make a collection of materials for a hat-trimming contest—black glazed cambric, orange cambric or crinkle paper, green crinkle paper, light feathers or batting for stuffing, old hats to be trimmed, also real carrots, beets, onions corn-cobs, grain, etc., which are to be used, the vegetables whole, if small, or to be sliced if large.

As the guests arrive at the gate someone who is concealed hoots like an owl. Half-way up the walk a sheeted ghost appears, and points in ghostly fashion to the house, which appears quite unlighted save for two grinning jack o' lanterns, made of pumpkins, each side of the door.

As the guests reach the door, and before they have time to knock, the door slowly opens, where the whole house is seen to be very dimly lighted with candles with green shades and more pumpkin jack o' lanterns. Inside another sheeted ghost takes the money and points up the stairway or towards the room elsewhere in which wraps are to be left, and upstairs a third ghost directs the women and girls to their room and the men to theirs.

Downstairs the whole receiving committee, in the rooms where the fun is to go on, may be ghosts or witches with

tall pointed caps and brooms or staves—perhaps it is better to have them witches, as then they can talk.

All the old-fashioned Hallowe'en games, and any new ones preferred may now be brought on, and last of all, just before lunch is served, the hat-trimming contest. All must compete, boys and girls, men and women. Leave each to his or her ingenuity in trimming, and the result will be hats ludicrous, or pretty, or becoming. Some may be made to represent pumpkins, another may have a stuffed black cat on top, yet another may represent a large bat, while others may be trimmed with grain or fruit or vegetables in any way liked. Needless to say, very large needles and coarse thread must be supplied, also some old hat-wire, and several pairs of stout scissors. A prize may be given for the prettiest hat, and another for the most ludicrous. The hats must be worn during luncheon.

The rooms for such a party as this should be prettily decorated with festoons of grain, grapes and autumn leaves, with red apples, mountain ash berries and small pumpkins and red apples to give color. Also in one corner, made into a mysterious looking booth, there should be the inevitable fortune-telling witch or gypsy, who charges five or ten cents for telling fortunes from the hand or tea-leaves.

In the dining-room a witch made of a large bottle dressed in full skirt shawl and peaked cap, may be used as a centerpiece. All the things for the luncheon may be placed, ready, on the table, and at a smaller table, someone may pour tea. Much confusion will be saved, in such a large assemblage as this is hoped to be, if plates are not used. Simply

taking a "box for two" is resorted to, but the men instead of bidding on the boxes, are required to bid on the "lady's shade." They are taken into a darkened room which has a sheet suspended across it. Behind the sheet is a lamp. The ladies go in turn between the sheet and the lamp, and the men bid on the shadows, a part of the evening which is likely to be productive of fast and furious fun, besides being especially appropriate for Hallowe'en.

Some Hallowe'en Games.

1. Ask the guests to write a "poem" from 2 to 12 lines long on something connected with Hallowe'en. Read the poems aloud, and take votes for the best, giving a prize which may be a box of crisp doughnuts or a pumpkin pie.

2. Have a ghost dance, sheeted ghosts being required to execute a step-dance for a prize.

3. Fill a clothes-basket with ears of corn, and let the guests be blindfolded in turn and take a cob. A fine large full ear denotes prosperity for a twelvemonth; a thin one, no luck at all; a short one, a gift; a tasseled ear, great joy; a red one, love.

4. Have an immense pumpkin made of yellow cambric put around a barrel and stuffed, between the cotton and the barrel, with straw, to make it bulge. Fill the pumpkin with tiny packages, each containing a gift, tied so as to have some loops of string. Have a short rod with line and hook, and let the guests "fish" for the packages, which may contain all sorts of things, sensible or ridiculous—an all-day-sucker candy, a package of safety pins, 2 spoons of thread, a pair of suspenders, a tiny scissors, a doughnut, a walnut-shell glued together with a piece of sage advice written on a paper tucked inside. But one's own ingenuity will suggest many others. This may be made a money-making affair by charging ten cents a "fish".

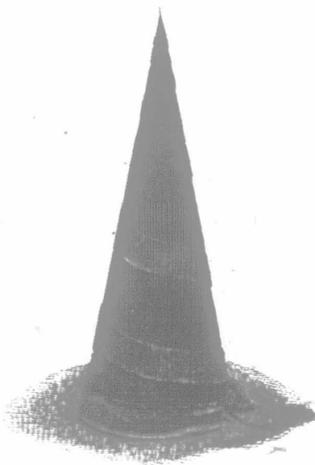
Plant Queries.

Dear Junia.—Will some kind reader answer the following questions:

Have taken several slips from Gloxinias which seem to be growing all right. Do they require rest the same as old plants, or should they be kept growing through this winter?

Have a large Hydrangea hortensis which I cut down in September. Which is the better plan: to keep it growing or set away in a cellar during the winter? Thanking you for all the helpful hints we get through the Farmer's Advocate.
Shell Co., N. S. SUBSCRIBER'S WIFE.

Prof. Bailey says of Gloxinias: "After flowering the leaves begin to mature, when water should be gradually withheld. As soon as the leaves have all ripened off,



have the waiters carry the cups of tea to the guests, then the plates of cake, etc., from which pieces are taken and placed on the saucer beside the cup. This is the method invariably adopted in cities now, and it has much to recommend it. Of course the sandwiches, cake, etc., must be cut small enough to rest on the edge of the saucer. If preferred small plates may be used instead of the saucer, the cup being put on the plate.

Instead of having the lunch served this way, one room may be made into a sort of cafeteria, with counters made with tables or large packing boxes, all prettily decorated with autumn things. Here people may choose what they want to eat, but must buy everything separately—a very good way to make money.

In this case the fee at the door should be very small, not over ten cents. In the first case it may be 25 cents. If the cafeteria plan is adopted many things may be sold—cider, baked beans, pumpkin pie, peanut sandwiches, meat sandwiches, apple pie, ice-cream, cheese, doughnuts, cake—but people, unless the very old, must eat standing, unless the place is very large and seats and small tables with chairs can be provided in other parts of the room or hall.

In this case it is well to have plenty of trays upon which each may carry what he or she chooses to a table. This room, of course, must be well lighted, and very prettily decorated. Signs, in glaring black and white which may be as foolish as desired, may be placed above the counters. For example:
"Do not eat the hole in the doughnut."
"No flirting with the salesgirls allowed."
"Have you had your fortune told?"

Another idea for the luncheon party is to make a sort of box social of it. In this case the usual way of each girl

the pots should be stored away for the winter, in a temperature of about 45 degrees, giving just enough water to keep the tubes from shrivelling. Towards the middle of February they will show signs of starting new growth, and a batch of those which seem most active should be started at this time. The remainder should be held back another month; this will give a much longer period of blossoming." You do not need to "rest" the slips.

He says also of the Hydrangea hortensis that, after the leaves have fallen after frost the plants should be removed to a frost-proof cellar and kept rather dry until spring, when they should be repotted in new soil and the growth of the last year cut back to 1 or 2 pairs of buds.

The Worn Doorstep.

M. B. P., Que., writes me that since my screed on "scrap-books", she has three on the way. She concludes: "Have you read The Worn Doorstep, by Margaret Sherwood? It is a beautiful story."

No, that is a pleasure to come. The book was recommended from the pulpit



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