



## For The Children

Fallen leaves—frost in the breeze—meadows brown and sear,  
Plump Turkeys in the barnyard—Thanksgiving Day draws near.



### False Faces and Ghosts.

A STORY OF HALLOWE'EN.



EVERELYN and Mary had a secret all their own. They had had it now for two days, and not a single other person knew it. True enough, Evelyn could not help whispering it to the old tabby cat because she looked so very much as if she wanted to know, but of course a cat doesn't count. So

you see it was a very great secret indeed.

Every morning on their way to kindergarten, Evelyn and Mary passed the dearest little stationer's shop on the corner of the street, and every day they would stop and press their pudgy little noses against the window pane to see the pretty things inside. One day as they came in sight of the window they gave a little cry of delight, for it was more beautifully decorated than they had ever seen it before. The floor was covered with lovely gold and green and red maple leaves. A great pumpkin head filled the centre of the window. It was lighted from the inside and had stary eyes that wobbled from side to side and a terrible flat nose and grinning teeth. Set around it were so many baby pumpkins and the sides of the window were hung with every kind and colour of false face in the world that you could think of.

Evelyn said: "Wouldn't you love a false face for Hallowe'en? I wonder how much they cost? I think I should like to have a Chinaman's face, one just like Sammy Lucs that brings the laundry."

And Mary said: "Let's have a secret. Let's save up and buy two false faces, and when Hallowe'en comes we will put them on and frighten everybody in the family."

And that was how the secret came to be thought of.

Now on feast days the two little girls were always allowed to have dinner with the grown-ups of the family. So on Monday evening, which was the day Hallowe'en and Thanksgiving both fell on, their mother put on their good frocks and sent them off to the playroom to await the dinner bell.

But when dinner was ready and everybody else was at the table Evelyn and Mary had not appeared.

"Where are the children?" asked the father. "If they knew what jolly Hallowe'en favours I have for each of them to-night, and the thrilling ghost story I am going to tell afterwards, they wouldn't keep their old dad waiting dinner for them."

At that very moment two piercing screams were heard from the direction of the upper hall and the next instant the dining room door flew open and two of the queerest figures you ever saw came tumbling into the room. At first glance you would have thought they were just two ordinary little girls, in pink and blue dresses, pink and blue legs, and black slippers. But when you looked at their faces—good gracious! one certainly had a Chinaman's face and the other an Indian's, with high cheek bones, a big nose, and very brown and sunburned. And over these terrible faces fluttered huge pink and blue butterfly bows.

They flung themselves sobbing into their daddie's arms, for they were really Evelyn and Mary.

"Dear me," said their mother, "what on earth can be the matter?"

"W-w-we were so frightened," sobbed Evelyn.

"W-w-we saw ghosts," cried Mary.

"There, there," said their father, "don't cry and tell us all about it. In the meantime I'll take off these masks, because I like my little girls' faces much better. Now Evie, what happened?"

"We had a secret and we were going to frighten you," said Evelyn, her sobs growing fainter, "and up in the playroom I tied on Mary's false face and she tied on mine, and we were just tip-toeing down to the dining room to bounce in at you when we saw two awful ghosts, plain as day. They had dreadful ugly heads, didn't they, Mary?" And they both shivered at the thought.

Brother Bob shouted with laughter, the two big

sisters giggled, and even their mother and father smiled.

"You great gooses," cried Bob, "it was your own two selves you saw in the mirror in the hall. Now own up, didn't one ghost have a Chinaman's face and the other an Indian's?"

"Y-Yes," said Evelyn, "I believe they did."

"But they were ghosts," said Mary.

"Here," said Bob, "let me show you, "and he clapped the Indian mask over his own rosy face and fell to dancing an Indian war-dance in such a silly way that Evelyn's and Mary's tears were soon dried and they were holding their sides from laughter.

"Well," said their father, "the tables were turned on that trick, sure enough, and now everybody come to dinner, the turkey is getting cold."

It was the jolliest feast night the children ever had.

### A CHILDREN'S SUPPLEMENT

Our readers will note that the Children's Department in this issue is larger than usual. For some time we have realised that the younger folk were taking a large interest in the Canadian Courier, and that this department was too small to enable us to get into it enough stories, articles and illustrations to please all ages. We have, therefore, decided to enlarge it so that we may give a greater variety.

With this in view, we have made arrangements with a number of writers and artists to supply stories and pictures. These will be the best stories and pictures ever prepared for the entertainment of Canadian Children.

This new and enlarged Children's Department or Supplement will be published regularly once a month.

We would like every boy and girl who reads the Canadian Courier to send us stories, photographs, drawings and suggestions for this department. To start with, we offer a prize of \$5 for the best Christmas Story sent us by any young writer fifteen years of age or under. There will be a second prize of a year's subscription to the Canadian Courier (\$3), and a third prize of a half-year's subscription (\$1.50). These stories must reach this office not later than November 28th. No story should contain more than fifteen hundred words.

Editor Children's Department.

### When Two Feasts Meet.

BILL sat in the old, red rocking chair, And gazed in the fire with a thoughtful stare.

"What makes you so quiet, Billie, my lad?"

It doesn't seem natural-like," said dad.

"Hope you're not sickening for something queer, With Thanksgiving and Hallowe'en almost here?"

"That's just my trouble," said Bill with a sigh, "When I think of the turkey and pumpkin pie,

And cranb-ry sauce, and the whole array Of pasties that go with Thanksgiving Day.

Not to mention the good things of Hallowe'en Like cider, and chestnuts, and maple cream,

And toffy, and apples, so juicy and sweet, And the dishes of popcorn a fellow will eat.

It seems to me gluttony can't be a sin When two days like those come crowding in."

### How Mr. Turkey Came to Grief.

A FINE, fat turkey strolled into a corn field where he met a great, golden pumpkin smiling up at the sun.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Pumpkin," said the turkey, "you are looking remarkably cheerful considering that it is getting so near to Hallowe'en time.

Don't you feel at all nervous at to what will become of you?"

"Not at all," replied Mr. Pumpkin. "I would not care to live to an old age, and when I think of all the beautiful pies that can be made out of me, and how the children smack their lips and pass up their plates for another help, I feel that I have done some good in the world, and am not sorry to die." But how about yourself? Thanksgiving is not far off, and I believe fine birds like you are very popular on that day."

"Thank you for the compliment," said Mr. Turkey with a toss of his head, "but you need have no fear on my account. Do you imagine that the pride of the barnyard, as I heard someone call me the other day, could possibly come to so undignified an end as to be eaten at a Thanksgiving dinner."

Now it happened that year that Hallowe'en and Thanksgiving fell on the same day. As Mr. Pumpkin expected, he was taken from his bed in the corn field into the big kitchen of the farmhouse to be made into pumpkin pies. When the children saw him they cried out in delight, "O! what a lovely, round, smiling pumpkin. Do let us have him for our Hallowe'en table." So, after he was hollowed out they carved him eyes, a nose and a mouth, lighted a candle inside him.

And when the turkey came, who do you think it was but proud Mr. Turkey of the cornfield, looking very brown and sad, and altogether as if he had had a good roasting.

"Well, my fine fellow," said Farmer John as he carved off a leg, "you'll strut no more, and I'm not sorry, for you were a bold fellow. But boys, where did you get that cheerful looking pumpkin? He looks to me as if he were just bursting with smiles, and his eyes actually seem to twinkle. The finest we had in the field, I should say."

And sure enough, Mr. Pumpkin was smiling to himself. "When I was a little pumpkin," he whispered softly, "I once heard someone say 'Pride cometh before a fall.' Poor Mr. Turkey, I guess nobody ever taught you that in your youth."

### A Hallowe'en Adventure.

NANCY was sitting at the fire burning nuts, and the Kitchen Kettle and the Copper Kettle were singing merrily on the hobs. She had burnt nuts for everyone she knew. Then she thought of the Cream-jug and the Kettle, and she popped two more nuts into the fire. They blazed up quickly, and she was watching eagerly to see if they would quarrel, when the door opened, and who should walk in but the Coffee-pot, with a hat on his head and a stick in his hand!

"You are to come to the wedding," he said.

"What wedding?" asked Nancy.

"The wedding of my daughter Creamy and Mr. Kettle," he replied.

So Nancy took Pussy up in one arm and went away with Mr. Coffee-pot. And when they turned the corner there they saw the strangest sight in the world. The fat old Teapot was waving an umbrella in the air, and scolding the Cream-jug, who was weeping great streams of milky tears all over the ground. And the Kitchen Kettle and the Copper Kettle were jumping about furiously with swords in their hands, and spouting great clouds of steam, while all the Tea Cups and Plates were standing round with their mouths very wide open.

"Tut, tut!" said Mr. Coffee-pot, becoming very groundy. "What are you crying for, Creamy?"

"I don't know," said she; "but Mother has been saying—"

"Tut, tut," said Mr. Coffee-pot, becoming more groundy than ever. "Dry your eyes quickly, for the wedding is to take place at once."

"The wedding!" shouted everyone. "What wedding?"

"Creamy is going to marry the Kettle," said Mr. Coffee-pot. "Which Kettle did you say, Nancy?"

"I don't know," said Nancy.

"Then that must be what we are wanting to fight about," burst in both Kettles together, jumping more wildly than ever.

At this Pussy got such a fright that she sprang out of Nancy's arm and bounded away. And Nancy ran after her. Round the corner and down the road she fled as hard as ever she could and helter-skelter after her came Mr. Coffee-pot and the Cups, and Mrs. Teapot, and Creamy and the Plates, and the two Kettles. On and on she sped, faster and faster, but though she ran with all her might, Mr. Coffee-pot came nearer and nearer, till at last he caught her by the foot. Down she fell with a bump, and then there was a dreadful yell and a great crash, and Nancy woke to find that the Kettles had boiled over and scalded the cat, who, in her fright, had sprung at the table and pulled all the things on to the floor.