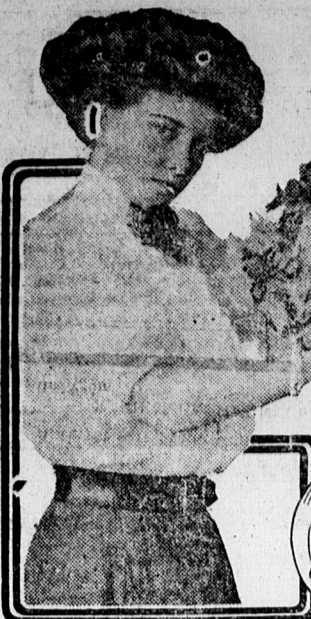


# HALLOWEEN FUN

By A. R. Parkhurst, Jr.



The Halloween Pie

The auld guidwife's well horded nits,  
Are round and round divided;  
An' monie lads' an' lassies' fates  
Are then that night decided.

Some kindly conthie side by side,  
An' burn the gither trimly;  
Some start awa' wi' saucy pride,  
An' jump out ower the chimney  
Fu high that night."

To be of Irish or Scotch extraction is to feel the keen delight in all Celtic customs and adds certain zest to the spells and incantations of that truly Celtic tradition which sets aside the 31st of October as the night of doom, when ill or sunny fortune links in like root or candle light. Unquestionably All Hallow' Even, or Hallow'e'en, is a relic of pagan times, dating back to the days when the Druids were accustomed to kindle sacred fires on the eve of November 1st that they might ward off evil spirits as, in the popular imagination of those and later times, this has always been considered the high carnival season for witches, fairies and the immaterial principle in humanity to wander broad. Supernatural influences prevail and divination by means of mystic ceremonies is at its highest power then.

In some parts of England and Ireland they still call it "Nutcrack Night" and many pastimes are indulged in by gossamer-hd co'ts whereby their fates are decided. In games played that night nuts are brought into play and by these little stunts many a match is decided then and there. For instance—desiring to ascertain one's sweetheart is faithful, let each one place a nut upon the grate, naming it for lover. If the nut jumps or cracks the maiden or swain is proved false, but if it stays and burns merrily he or she loves. Nuts named for a boy and a girl burn together they will be married.  
This bit of verse may be recited when his game is in progress:

These glowing nuts are emblems true,  
What in human life we view,  
If ill-matched couple fret and fume,  
And thus in strife themselves consume,  
From each other milly start,  
And with a noise forever part.



The Magic Waste Candles

Of genuine love and truth sincere,  
With natural fondness while they burn,  
Still to each other kindly turn,  
And as the vital sparks decay  
Together gently sink away,  
Their mingled ashes rest at last.

A custom still prevalent in Scotland is "pulling kale stalks." Couples journey to the fields hand in hand, blindfolded; each person must pull the stalk that first comes to hand. The future partner is bound to be stout or slender, short or tall, according to the size of the stalk selected. The quantity of earth or turf clinging to the roots of the stalk decides the size of the dowry or fortune, while the taste of the soil determines the temper of the mate selected. Finally, the stalks are placed in a row over the door, and it is believed that the Christian names of all those who enter during the evening will be identical with those of the future life partners.

"Three Dishes," or "Loggies," is another Scottish observance still in favor in the Highlands. Two of these are filled, respectively, with clean and dirty water; the third is left empty. They are arranged in a row and placed upon the hearth. Each of the three, blindfolded, advances in turn and tremblingly dips his hand into a bowl. If it is in the clean water he will marry the maiden of his choice; if in the dirty water he will fall to his lot; but

if, sad fate, he strikes the empty bowl, single blessedness will be his fate for evermore.

There are hundreds of old customs, equally primitive, still indulged in in England, Scotland and Ireland, and many of the Halloween games that have found their way to this side of the water are modifications of these. Halloween is generally observed in the United States, but it is the New Englander, perhaps, that grim and unimaginative Puritan—who lays more store by the omens of the night, yewen witches stalk abroad, gnomes gambol and Jack-o'-lanterns flit hither and thither over hill and dale, and through graveyards than any other type of American.

In later years the preparations for Halloween have been far more elaborate than in the days of our grandfathers. Nowadays the parlor and dining-room are liberally and tastefully decorated and, as on other autumn festivals, the flowers and vegetables of this season play an important part in the color and decorative scheme. Of course, the pumpkin is the vegetable which has more possibilities along these lines than any other, and it is everywhere to be seen. Soup plates and platters are fashioned from them, and then, too, gossamer and world masks can be cut from this vegetable after a skilled carver wields the knife.  
Autumn leaves in the first flush of their frost-tinted glory are always brought into use and no decoration where Dame Nature

wields the brush is so delicate in tint or tone that boughs of gum or oak. There is no need for an expensive outlay on flowers at this time. Cabbages draped with crepe paper make pretty fruit or flower baskets, and nothing is more beautiful at this time of the year than goldenrod. Salad dishes fashioned out of cabbages are pretty, effective and useful and add a spice of autumn to the festal board which gives it just the proper tang. Of course, every body knows that the pumpkin can be so carved as to make an ideal Jack-o'-lantern, with eyes covered with a bit of red silk through which the rays from the lighted candle within can gleam. Bunches of cranberries, popcorn and scarlet and green peppers add tremendously to the general effect, and then, too, sheaves of wheat, ears of unshuck corn, golden carrots, crimson beets and many hued apples and pears can be utilized in many ways.

Of course, the Halloween feast must be partaken of just before or just after midnight, as there are so many games that can only be indulged in at the very stroke of 12, if tradition is adhered to, and these must not be shattered if the true spirit of Halloween is to prevail. Every girl with one whit of romance in her makeup loves to be in her boudoir at 12. There, with mirror in hand, she peers over her shoulder to see if her lover can see her face reflected in her glass or if she in turn can see him. Then, too, the apple-bobbing contest and the



Jumping the Candles

candle-leaping game must all be gone through with as near to the witching hour of 12 as possible.

In bobbing for apples each apple is named. Then, when set afloat in a tub, those who are to learn their fate gather around. With their teeth they try to catch the stem of the apple, and if they succeed in bringing it from the tub they are to marry the person for whom that particular apple is named. The candle game is played with a number of little wax tapers lighted and set in a row. The candles are named and each contestant endeavors to hop over one, and on one foot. If they should sniff the light on any candle without turning it over that person for whom the candle is named will wed him or her within the year.

A game of our earliest childhood is that of paring the apple. Due care should be taken not to break the peeling and when pared off intact it should be tossed over the left shoulder while the omen-seeker chants:

"I pare this pippin round and round again,  
My lover's name to flourish on the plain,  
I fling unbroken parings o'er my head,  
Upon the floor my lover's name to read."

This paring, then, in obedience to this incantation, forms the initial of the lover. Apple seeds named by some obliging friend to designate the various matrimonial possibilities are stuck on the cheeks. The one remaining there at the longest is the successful and constant lover. The counting of apple seeds which have been "named" is another favorite diversion. "One I love; two I love; three I love I say," chants the person who thus seeks her fate. "Four I love with cooling All Saints' Day."  
But when good-night is said below stairs the night's fun is not ended by any means, for many of the customs of my lady's



A Pumpkin Jack-o'-Lantern

twelve he marries," the chant continues. No apple is supposed to have less than 12 seeds.

Another charming diversion is to go into the garden and walk about, sowing hemp seed, the while chanting: "Hemp seed, I sow thee; hemp seed, I sow thee; hemp seed, I sow thee and him that is to be my true love come after me and show thee." Then, by looking over her left shoulder, she will see her future husband.

If a dumb cake is desired for a charm the girls must meet in the kitchen between 11 and 12 o'clock. Each girl must place a handful of wheat flour upon a sheet of white paper and sprinkle it over with as much salt as she can hold between finger and thumb. Then one of the party must make them into dough, being careful to use spring water. Then each girl must roll her dough out into a thin, flat cake and mark her initials upon it with a new pin. The cakes having been placed before the fire, each must take a seat before her respective cake. This must all be done before 11 o'clock, and between that hour and midnight the cake can be turned over. When the clock strikes 12 the husband of her who is to be married first will enter the kitchen and approaching the row of cakes he will place his hand upon that part of the cake upon which her name is scratched. Throughout the whole ceremony not a word must be spoken, hence the name "dumb cake."

It requires a person of courage to visit a graveyard at midnight. But if anyone cares to tread among the graves "at the witching hour of night, when churchyards yawn," he may note the words—scare all the ghosts—scanning from stone to stone, each trying to find his individual grave, in order to be at home on the succeeding All Saints' Day.  
But when good-night is said below stairs the night's fun is not ended by any means, for many of the customs of my lady's

chamber are quite as attractive as those in which the sterner sex were permitted to take part earlier in the evening. Each girl upon arriving in her boudoir should pluck two roses with long stems, naming one for herself and the other for her lover. She must then retire to her sleeping-room without speaking to anyone and kneeling beside her bed repeat the following lines, gaining, meanwhile, intently at her lover's rose:

"Twine, twine and intertwine;  
Let my love be wholly thine,  
If his heart be deep and true,  
Deeper grow his rose's hue."

If her swain be faithful the color of the rose will at once grow darker and its blush more intense.  
The last rite of all for the Maid of Hallow'e'en, and to many this has proved the most satisfactory and convincing test of all, is that with the glass of water. The identity of the maid's lover cannot long remain in doubt with this test carefully and well executed. A glass of water containing a small siver of wood is placed on a little stand at the bedside. In the night she will dream of falling from a bridge into a river; but scarcely will she touch the water when her future husband, whose face she can plainly see, will leap after her and rescue her.  
This done can any of us fail to believe in the Little God of Love?

WORSE.  
Jings—You look very physician. Why don't you consult a physician?  
Bings—I did—and I'm more despondent than ever.  
Jings—Why?  
Bings—Thinking about how I'm going to pay his bill.  
When duty calls on a man he is apt to be out.

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Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Colds, and many other ordinary troubles are quickly relieved and the patient made well by internal use of this 99-year-old remedy.  
For Sprains, Scalds, Bruises, Cuts, Neuralgia, etc., Johnson's Anodyne Liniment gives quick relief when affected parts are thoroughly bathed with it.  
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Sold in 25c and 50c Bottles.  
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Send for our new 1109 Customers List on fish,  
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**Important Telegraphic News of the week for Saturday Subscribers**

Special to The Guardian.  
NORTH SYDNEY, October 28—The schooner *Canadienne*, Capt Theriault, which left here Monday with coal for the lighthouse of St Paul's Island, has been wrecked at that place. The vessel was caught in a heavy gale on Monday night.  
The crew of four men are reported safe.  
The *Canadienne* was built at Magdalen Islands in 1883 and owned by Arseneault of that place.

Special to The Guardian.  
HAIKIN, October 25—Prince Hirobumi Ito, a former Japanese President General, Korea and Japan's foremost statesman, was assassinated here Tuesday afternoon by a Korean who had followed him here for the express purpose of killing him.  
The motive of the assassin was revenge. The assassin was arrested. Almost immediately on his arrival here, and just as Prince Ito left the car at the station the attack was made.  
The venerable statesman was accompanied by the Russian Minister of Finance, Kokovoff, and was starting to inspect the Guard of Honor drawn up along the platform when a pistol shot was heard.  
Several more shots were fired in quick succession, the bullets striking the Prince in the neck.  
The former President General fell mortally wounded. Three of the Prince's companions were also wounded, bullets striking the Japanese Consul General Kawakan, General Manager Tanaka, of the South Manchurian Railway and Prince Ito's private secretary.  
Council Kawakan is badly, but not fatally, injured.  
The assassin was promptly seized, and on being questioned, he said he was a Korean.  
"I came to Harbin for the purpose of assassinating Prince Ito to avenge my country," the slayer told his captors. He also said he had a personal account to settle with the Japanese statesman, who during his stay in Korea had ordered the execution of several persons closely connected with the assassin.  
The assassination appears to be the outcome of an organized plot.  
The body of the slain man has already been removed homeward, the casket before being placed upon the train was covered with flowers sent by Russian and Japanese officials. The Russian Ambassador is accompanying the body to Kwan China Tsu. All along the railway line honors are being shown to the dead states-

Special to The Guardian.  
ST. JOHN, October 25—One of the most awful disasters in years on the Canadian coast, occurred early this morning on Old Proprietor Ledges off Grand Manan, at the entrance to the Bay of Fundy.  
The Donaldson Liner *Hestia*, from Glasgow inward to St John, drove ashore on the rocks during the violent storm.

There were thirty four men in the crew under the command of Captain Newman, and four passengers.  
Six members of the crew were brought ashore tonight by life savers. Thirty-two were drowned.  
When the morning broke the life savers discerned the funnel and masts of the steamer rising above the water near the treacherous ledges.  
Such a heavy sea was running that it was impossible for the lifeboat to venture to the submerged steamer until the afternoon.  
Then at the bid tide a crew went out and found the second and third mates, with four seamen, huddled together on the vessel's bow.  
When the steamer ran ashore Capt. Newman ordered the boats launched and thirty-two men boarded them.  
One boat with twelve aboard was swamped immediately, the others pulled away from the steamer but have undoubtedly foundered as no traces of them have since been seen.  
The *Hestia* was endeavoring to pick up bearings on approaching the New Brunswick coast, and in the blinding storm went ashore on the fatal rocks.  
Tugs from St John, Eastport and other coast points are now on the way to the scene and reports say that portions of the cargo will be saved as the steamer appears to be firmly wedged on the ledges.  
Captain Newman and the first mate were among those lost.  
The *Hestia* carried a general cargo including large consignments of liquor for Charlottetown.

Special to The Guardian.  
HALIFAX, October 25—Dr H. D. Johnson, Charlottetown, was elected President of the M.P.A.A.  
L. B. McMillan, Charlottetown, is the new Secretary.  
Other nominations for officers were C. G. Kent and F. B. Schurman, Truro.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children,  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

BORN.  
HARDY—At York, Oct 26, 1909, to Capt W. E. and Mrs Hardy, a son. RQSS—At Bridgetown, on Oct 14th 1909, to Geo. W. and Mrs Ross, a son. Congratulations.  
BAKER—At New Amman, Oct 25, 1909, to J. H. and Mrs Baker, twin daughters. Congratulations.  
STOCK NOTES.

Yesterday Philip Wood, Hazelbrook, brought to the city two dressed Berkshire Hogs, that were admired and pronounced by the buyers, to be the finest pair of hogs seen on the Market Square, this fall.

**A WIFE'S MESSAGE**  
Cured Her Husband of Drinking.  
Write Her Today and She Will Gladly Tell You How She Did It.



MRS. MARGARET ANDERSON,  
115 Home Avenue, Hillburn, N. Y.  
Please tell me about the remedy you used to cure your husband, as I am personally interested in one who drinks.  
Name.....  
Address.....

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J. H. BOND, Manager  
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McLEAN & McKINNON  
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Prepared from the grease of the Canadian Bear. Delicately perfumed.  
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FOR WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, CATARRH, DIPHTHERIA  
Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is used. It acts directly on nose and throat, making breathing easy in the case of colds, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough. It is a boon to sufferers of Asthma.  
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