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THANKSGIVING NUMBER.

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God's car of plenty overflows
With gracious gifts for men;
His loving bounty He bestows
In ways beyond our ken.

And so, beyond cerulean skies,
To His great throne above
The thanks of grateful millions rise
For His unchanging love.
—BARCLAY.

The Heart of Things.

By Derck Vane, in "Black and White."

She had just returned from the crowded concert hall, where she had enjoyed a veritable triumph. Her face was flushed and smiling, and she still held in her hands the great bouquet of roses—her favorite flower—which had been given her as she left the platform. She was recalled to her surroundings by the voice of her maid, Fanchon.

"There is a telegram for madame on the table," she said. Denise picked it up; it was addressed to "Mrs. Fielden," which was unusual. She was known to the London world and her friends as "Madame Elena." She opened it sharply. It was brief and to the point.

"I think it right to let you know that the boy is seriously ill.—Michael." Unconsciously she crushed the message in her hand, and her thoughts flew to the Lincolnshire village where it had been written. She saw again the flat fen-land, the long stretches of empty wastes, which she had grown to loathe, almost to fear; all the grayness and barrenness which were so antagonistic to her gay, beauty-loving nature. Then the scent of the roses smote her sharply, she saw the luxury of her own surroundings, the signs of taste and maid, she cried:

"Bring me an 'A.B.C.' and pack a bag. I am going into the country."

"Shall I attend, madame?" "No; I don't know how long I shall be away. I will write." Her lips twitched as she thought of the fashionable French maid in the bare manor-house with old Hannah for company.

"I wonder if he is really very ill?" she pondered, as she sat in the train. "I think Michael would scarcely have sent for me unless he were. The meeting will be as awkward and uncomfortable for him as for me. Poor little Michael—what a name to give a child!—I wonder what he is like now? He was not a pretty or interesting child. I remember he was always crying."

There was no one to meet her when she arrived, but that she did not expect, though the village fly had been sent to the station on the chance of her coming.

After a drive of nearly an hour she recognized a familiar gateway; she remembered the old coat-of-arms cut in the stonework, though she could not see it now, with the motto, "I live! I die!" Yes, that was all the Fieldens had been doing for generations. It was a decaying race, and they had not had the energy, or perhaps the power, to stop the ruin that was creeping on them, and the man who lived there now had grown sour and bitter with his baulked life.

"Master is upstairs," old Hannah said distantly, in reply to Denise's greeting. "He hoped you would excuse him coming down, but the child is very restless to-night, and can't well be left. If you will please to sit down and take something I will tell him you are here." And she opened the door of a room where a frugal meal was laid.

"I don't want anything, thank you," Denise said, hastily. "I will go up at once if I may," and before Hannah could raise any objection she was half way up the stairs.

She heard a murmur from the oak bedroom, where the head of the house was always born and where most of them had died, and tapping lightly on the door she went in. No one had heard her, and for an instant she stood as though arrested on the threshold. What a great room it was! And how solitary those two figures looked in it! "I am sorry to trouble you," the man said, getting up as she moved. "I am

afraid you have had a long, tiring journey; but I thought you ought to know."

"You did quite right," she said, thickly. What a pitiful, little shrunken form it was, looking almost lost in the vast oak bedstead, of which it was a tradition that each successive Fielden should carve a panel, so that it had always seemed to Denise a weird resting-place, belonging to the dead rather than to the living. She had woke up more than once on a moonlight night fancying ghostly fingers had come back to finish what here and there had been left incomplete.

"O, you poor little soul!" she cried, a sob in her voice, and the next moment her arms were over the bed, and the little figure was gathered to her breast, where she crooned over it, calling him her baby, her little Michael, whom she had treated so badly, reproaching her-

A Thanksgiving Prayer.

We praise Thee, O God, who hast opened to us Thy good treasure, and given us rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness. Blessed be God for the plenty wherewith he hath loaded the earth. He watcheth over all the earth, and causeth it to bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater. Let all the world rejoice and be glad in Him who prepareth a table for us, and satisfieth our mouths with good things, and maketh our cup to run over. Oh that our hearts may overflow with love and thankfulness to Thee, O God; that we may never forget or abuse Thy goodness, but by a sober, charitable, and devout use of Thy blessings, may be made fit for the continual increase of them, till they be perfected in eternal life.

AMEN.

self and showering soft kisses on the wan face in the same breath.

"He is very weak; you must not excite him," a warning voice said. She had forgotten that anyone was there, and the calm, measured tones were like a rebuff. The old feeling of restraint and fear held her for a moment, but the mother-love, which had woke up for the first time at sight of the forlorn, suffering child, rose stronger than anything else.

"I shall not hurt him," she said, holding the boy closer to her breast. "See, he is already more content." The little face certainly looked less tired and troubled, and one wasted arm had gone up round her neck, while he made himself at home as a matter of course in those unknown arms.

"Has he been long like this?" she asked. "You ought to have told me before."

"He was never strong, as you may remember," he answered coldly. "He does not take after my family; he pines for warmth and sunshine, as you did. I must remind you that you have never given me reason to think you took any particular interest in him. I was not at all certain that you would come now."

"Not come?" she exclaimed. Then she remembered. "I beg your pardon," she said humbly. "You are quite right. It is I who am to blame—I who am in the wrong. But—but," her voice growing husky, "I did not know he wanted me so badly. I was so young when I went away—I am not very old now—and I did not understand many things. Perhaps if you had reasoned with me—if you had pointed out—"

"Do you think I wanted a captive instead of a wife?" he asked, harshly. "I saw how you fretted and pined like a caged creature, I saw the hunted look in your eyes; I knew you would wear your life out in a little if it went on."

"It was so dull—so dreary," she murmured, "and nobody wanted me, not even you, I think, after a little while. I interrupted your studies, I was restless and disturbed your routine, so when my legacy came it seemed to open a way of escape. I thought it was better for us to go our own road before we learnt to hate each other. I had a gift, only one, but it would not let me rest until I had tried what it was worth. I ought not to have married."

"No doubt it was a mistake, but in justice I must say that was more my fault than yours. I was years older and I took advantage of your youth and ignorance to fasten a bond on you of which you did not understand the import. No doubt you knew yourself best. You have the life that suits you; you were free to go your own way."

"As you yours."

"As I mine." Something in the voice made Denise move uneasily. For six years the man and the child had lived here together; her husband, her child. For six years she had nearly forgotten them both; not quite, though she had tried to do so. The man and the child had been growing old together—without love or happiness—while she had laughed and sung. There was nothing young in the house—not even the little form she held in her arms.

A week had passed, and little Michael, thanks (as the doctor plainly said) to his mother's devoted nursing and the interest she created in the child's mind, was picking up his frail life again. He was never tired of looking at her, of admiring all the pretty things that gathered about her as a matter of course; he had never seen so many flowers, so much dainty luxury in his brief existence.

"You use these every day?" he asked in an awed voice, as he amused himself with the silver pots and bottles on her dressing-table.

"Yes, every day," she said with a gay little laugh. "Do you think I am very extravagant?"

"Father hasn't anything pretty in his room. I like to be here best," he said, lying back luxuriously among the bright cushions which his mother had ordered from the neighboring town. She opened her lips to speak, but closed them again without a word.

Denise was sitting alone one evening in the faded drawing-room when her husband came in. As a rule she saw very little of him; they seemed to avoid each other by tacit consent.

"There is something I wish to say to you if you are at leisure," he began.

Germes, Germes.

We hear a great deal about them these days, and rightly too; for they are the direct cause of whooping-cough, diphtheria, scarlet fever and other diseases of childhood.

When any of these are in the neighborhood, you should use Vapo-Cresolene. Every evening purify their sleeping rooms with this perfectly safe remedy. It is so easy to prevent the disease in this way. For whooping cough and croup, the doctors say it is a perfect specific.

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. A Vapo-Cresolene outfit, including the Vaporizer and Lamp, which shall last a life-time, and a bottle of Cresolene, complete, \$1.50; extra supplies of Cresolene 25 cents and 50 cents. Illustrated booklet containing physicians' testimonials free upon request. Vapo-Cresolene Co., 120 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.

She thought how worn and gray he looked, though he was a man in the prime of life, as he stood before her, the hard light from the setting sun showing up the lines on his cold, stern face, as it showed up the patches of damp on the wall-paper and the unloveliness of the beautifully designed room. He and it both seemed thrown away under their present circumstances.

"I am quite at your service," she answered. "Little Michael is in bed and asleep, and I have nothing to do."

"It is about him I wish to speak," he said, as he sat down. "He is almost well again now."

"He is very delicate still," she said.

hands under her cheek. "What do you think has happened? You are to come with me to mother's home. How will you like that?"

A wiser and more prudent mother would have hesitated to excite the child at that hour, but Denise was a creature of impulse.

"Go away with you and see all the beautiful things you have told me about? Do you really mean it, mother? How lovely!" springing up in bed with shining eyes. "And is father coming too?"

"Father does not want to come, darling." The childish face grew grave.

"It will be dull for father all alone

little Michael?" The child nodded, watching her intently. Denise thought of how she was going to make the desolate home more desolate, and the tears rushed to her eyes.

"I'll try, my sonny—I'll try for your sake," she cried, and she went from the room. Her heart was beating fast with fear and excitement as she hurried down the stairs before her courage failed her. What if he should be angry—what if he should repulse her? She shivered at the thought.

She softly opened the library door, where he was in the habit of sitting at night. A lamp was burning dimly on the table in the centre of the room, and its light fell on the bowed head of a man; some books and papers had been overturned as he threw out his arms and mutely emphasized that aspect of despair. Denise forgot her fears.

"Michael!" she cried, in a sobbing voice, her arm round his neck, her cheek to him—"Michael, I've been a bad wife, but I want to be a better one. Will you take me back?"

He looked up, and she saw that his eyes were wet.

"Is that you?" he said, heavily.

"What is it?—what has happened?" "Nothing," softly, "except that I have found out that I want you. We both want you, little Michael and I. You won't send us away—or you will come too?"

"Want me—you?" he said in a husky whisper. "Is it really true, Denise?" He held her in his arms as one holds something very precious that one is half afraid to touch. "I had almost given up praying and hoping."

CRAMPS ARE LIKE BURGLARS.

They come unexpected and when least welcome. Be armed with a one-minute cure in a bottle of Nerviline, which relieves cramp and stomach pains in five minutes. In Colic, Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, Indigestion and Nausea, Nerviline is a remedy of remarkable potency, and acts promptly and satisfactorily at all times. The composition of Polson's Nerviline expresses the highest medical progress of the age, which accounts for its superior merit. Price 25c.

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THE PRINCESS OF WALES IN HER CORONATION ROBES.

From a photograph taken on the morning of the day of the Coronation by the Hon. A. Nelson Hood. This was the only photograph taken, and no other will be taken.

quickly. "He needs a great deal of care—he could not stand much." Could he mean that they wanted her no longer? she asked herself, with a thrill of fear.

"As you say, he needs a great deal of care," he answered slowly. "He also needs more comfort and different surroundings to what I can give him. I have wondered—I have wondered," he repeated, "if you would like to take him with you when you go?"

"Like to take him?" she echoed, her face lighting up with joy. "Need you ask me?"

"No, perhaps not. I have thought that you seemed attached to him."

"Attached?" she repeated again with a laugh. "I love him with all my heart. I couldn't bear to be parted from him now. But don't you mind?" looking at him with inward resentment at his indifference. "Won't you be very lonely without him?"

"It will be best for the child to be with you for a time at least, I think, as you are willing to have him. As you say, he is not strong enough to stand any shock, and he would miss you. I suppose your engagements will necessitate your returning to town soon?"

"Yes, I ought to have gone before," flushing at his evident anxiety to get rid of her. "We will go as soon as the doctor says he can travel." Then as he was leaving the room, "I—I should like to thank you very much for trusting me—for letting me have him."

"There is no need. I have been thinking it over and it seems best for the boy," he answered, as he closed the door.

"Of course there would be no thought of me in it," she said to herself bitterly. "I wonder why he hates me so much now? Once upon a time," the rose color in her cheeks growing deeper, "I am sure he cared for me more than a little in his curious restrained way."

It was still early when she went upstairs to bed, but she was tired of her own company. As she lit the candles the boy opened his eyes—he slept in a little bed in her room now—and called to her.

"I'm not a bit sleepy. Come and talk to me, mother," he said. She sat down in the low chair and laid her head on his pillow, as he liked to have her.

"I've got something to tell you, sweetheart," she said, tucking one of his

here," he said seriously. "You ask him to come, mother; he'll come for you."

"Not for me, for me perhaps least of all," she murmured, forgetting that she was talking to a child; but little Michael was wiser than his years.

"Go now, mother," he said coaxingly.

"Try . . . Wait, I'll tell you a secret; it can't be wrong to tell you. Father keeps a picture of you locked up, and I saw him looking at it one night, and—and," in an awed whisper, "he kissed it before he put it away. People must love a person very much mother?" Kisses had been rare luxuries in his life.

"Kissed my picture? Are you sure?"

"You bet"





"Is Good."

Turkeys Are Scarce This Thanksgiving

The celebration of Thanksgiving will be very uneventful this year. In fact it may truly be said that in the words of the small boy, there will be "nothin' doin'."

There will be, of course, the usual Thanksgiving and Harvest Home services in the churches, which are, as a matter of fact, the primary feature of the day historically anyway. The Anglican congregations will hold service at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, each in its own place of worship, and the Presbyterians will do likewise. The Congregationalists will hold a union service in Emmanuel Church at 11 o'clock, at which Rev. J. D. Jones, of Bowenmouth, Engand, one of the delegates from the Congregationalist Union of England and Wales, and generally recognized as one of the ablest preachers of the younger generation in that body, will preach; while the Baptists are also arranging a union service in connection with the convention which gathers in the city tonight, and is to hold its sessions in First Baptist Church.

Then comes what must be unanimously conceded to be the chief event of the day, the Thanksgiving dinner, turkey and "fixings" and pumpkin pie. But, alas! there is a heart-breaking possibility that in many stricken homes there may be no turkey this year. The terrible truth is that the turkey crop has been a failure this year. For some time past dealers have been quoting them at 15 cents a pound, but as with the coal, few of them have really had any to sell to their customers at any price. A few little ones were picked up in the market yesterday morning at \$1 each, and the representatives of local dealers have been scouring the surrounding country with but poor success. Their efforts have only served to reveal the horrible nakedness of the truth that the noble birds are scarce, and that what few there are have been very successful in making themselves still scarcer until the Thanksgiving axe has fallen.

As for the rest of the day, there will be matinee and evening performances in all the theatres, and at Windsor Hall in the evening Ossip Gabrilowitch, the youthful but much heralded Russian pianist, will be prepared to enchant the musical set.

Of outdoor attractions, however, there is a singular lack. There is not a solitary football match scheduled, and in fact, besides a few shooting matches in various parts of the island, there will be absolutely no sporting events whatsoever, and the lovers of "the great outdoors" will have to content themselves with the ordinary diversions of walking, driving and golfing.

Thanksgiving Day

Thanksgiving Day is the only day on which the nation, as a nation, gives official expression to its faith in the Supreme Being. None of the functions connected with our Federal and Provincial Governments partake of the distinctively religious character which belongs to Thanksgiving Day. The administration of an oath of office, or the opening of a representative public assembly by prayer, may be, and often is, a purely perfunctory exercise, but no one can read the Thanksgiving Proclamation without seeing that very much more is meant than the mere official recognition by the nation of the existence of God. The words convey a solemn invitation to men of all creeds and parties, at home and abroad, to come together in their several places of worship for a service of praise and thanks to Almighty God for all the blessings of the past year, to which is added, most properly, the further call to prayer that the divine guidance, which has brought us heretofore to safety and honor, may be graciously continued in the years to come.

We should reckon, therefore, as among the very greatest of our blessings the setting apart of a day of national thanksgiving which bears its perennial witness to the fact that we are a God-fearing and God-serving people.

The words of the proclamation are worthy of study for the conception which they give us of the nature of God, to whom the nation is asked to render praise and thanksgiving. Our thanks are not to be offered to a Being who "sits enthroned in solitary grandeur," apart from the world, and who has no personal concern in what is going on, which is the old Deistic conception; but we are asked to return thanks to a Divine Being who is very near every one of us, who is represented as watching over the nation and as planning its destiny.

In a word, the proclamation means nothing if it does not mean the nation's recognition of the Fatherhood of God. We lay stress upon this caution lest in our thanksgiving we be lifted up

with something of the pride of fatness and boastfulness of achievement. The exhortation of Moses to his people Israel sounds almost like a prophecy de-



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN HIS CORONATION ROBES.

From a photograph taken by the Hon. A. Nelson Hood, just before leaving York House for Westminster Abbey. This photograph was the only one taken, and it will remain the only one.

livered to the men of our own generation: "Then, beware lest thou forget the Lord, which brought thee forth out of the land of Egypt and out of the house of bondage."

Rudyard Kipling's "Jubilee Hymn" struck a responsive chord in the hearts of all Englishmen, when, in the midst of that magnificent pageant and display of world empire and world power, he reminded his countrymen of the one true source of national greatness and of the one ground of future prosperity. The lesson is none the less needed on this side the water. Pride of person and pride of position are both contemptible, but pride of power is more subtle and dangerous. The words of the Bishops' Pastoral come to us in this connection as a note of timely warning; when they bid us remember that "the perpetual temptation of success is to forget the simple axioms on which rest integrity of character and righteousness of conduct." Let rejoicings, therefore, be without boastfulness; thanksgivings without the taint of Pharisaism.

Modern Fables by George Ade

THE SKILLIGAN-WINKLE DEAD HEAT.

Once there grew up alongside of a Railroad Track an overgrown Village that refused to be called a Town, so it was known as a City. It had a Water Tower, a Court House Park and Steam Laundry. On the Main Street was a Business College where the Yoke's learned in nine weeks how to be Merchant Princes. Also a Trolley Line that ran as far out as the Cemetery and then threw up both Hands. The Particular Pride of the Place was a \$2.50 Hotel with a Tiled Floor and a Ladies' Parlor so magnificent that no one had been known to use it.

All the Residents of this Progressive Community took their Cues from two Families that controlled more or less Bank Stock and had Fountains playing in the Front Yard, to say nothing of Senegambians to look after the Horses and keep them from being Lonesome. Those two Tribes were the real, Three-X-Gonzabaz. Anyone on calling Terms with the aristocratic Skilligans or the exclusive Winkles had a perpetual License to throw on right

Smart of Dog and kick about the Lack of Good Society.

One of the many Diversions planned by the high-collared Residents, so that they might temporarily forget where they were living, was Amateur Theatricals. The Dramatic Club was carefully selected from the Inner Circle of the Finger-Bowl Set, and whether they could Act or not it was always a Satisfaction to know that they could rub up against the toney Skilligans and the highfaluting Winkles.

Two or three times every Season the Club gave a show at the local Temple of Art. After all Expenses had been paid, the Net Proceeds, which sometimes ran as high as \$18, went to Charity. This was

One, and some were mean enough to say that she voted for Herself. As for Mamma Skilligan, she was not Put Out a Particle. Not on your Facial Expression! A good many Competent Judges had told her that Shakespeare must have had her in Mind when he wrote the Part, but if the Club preferred a large, coarse, Creature to tackle that beautiful Stuff, let it go at that!

Just to prove that she wasn't Millfed, she bought all of the lower Boxes and on the Night of the Performance she gave a Dinner Party, at which the Gentlemen proceeded to tea up and roast the Large Party, in spite of anything she could say to choke them off. Along about nine o'clock she said it was about time to go down and watch the Balloon go up.

The Push landed in at the Opera House just in time to break up the Scene in which the Child Sweetheart sighs and wonders where Romeo is. The whole Outfit came into the Boxes and upset Chairs and begged everybody else to take the Front Seats, and called for Programmes. By the time they settled down and got ready to kid the Performance, the large White Mass up on the Shelf didn't know whether she was playing Juliet or Bridge Whist. She got twisted on her Lines, so that Romeo, with the Red Moustaches, skipped a couple of Speeches. Then the Moon shifted a few Feet and the Balcony squeaked and promised to give way, and someone in the Skilligan Party made a low Crack that started a Giggle. Juliet lasted, but she was too Pink for Words.

Then Mrs. Skilligan said she was sorry for the Poor Thing, for it really wasn't her Fault, as she had been bunkoed into thinking she was Good.

Juliet had eight Curtain Calls, or two more than Melba's Record, and before the Night was over she received so many Flowers, and was Complimented so often by those who came up to her little Supper Party, that she had a good Notion to leave Winkle and go and work for Charlie Frohman.

Next Day the Paper said that she was Great and she took 200 Extra Copies and head them all herself and then sent a few to the Skilligans.

About a month after that Mrs. Skilligan gave a Fancy Dress Ball, with Costumes all the Way from Saint Louis, and three kinds of Punch on the Dining Room Table. Lady Skilligan did Queen Elizabeth with \$80,000 worth of Rock Crystals hanging to her. Mrs. Winkle came for fear People might think that she cherished some Animosity against her crushed and fallen Rival, and when she sized up against the Hostess she fell backward and took the Count, for she was only a Dresden Shepherdess.

She went home and began to whet her Ax, and the First Thing anyone knew she had the United States Senator right up at her House and a few Friends in to see him Eat, and no Skilligans in the List.

Then the Carpenters were at Work, enlarging the Skilligan House, and there was a Grand Reception with Imported Music and no Winkles there to hear it.

After which came a Quiet Evening at the Winkles, and the souvenirs, costing 18 per. In due time a private Vaudeville at the Skilligans and Expense cutting no Figure, the same as at Newport.

Then two Men meeting at the Court House, where the Bankruptcy Papers are fixed up. They silently shook Hands, and the Skilligan said to Winkle, "It's a Dead Heat."

MORAL: The Men are always the first to Quit.

SKIN DISEASES

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IT LEAVES THE SKIN CLEAR, WHITE AND HEALTHY.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN." LINIMENT

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co. Gentlemen,—My daughter, 13 years old, was thrown from a sleigh and injured her elbow so badly it remained stiff and very painful for three years. Four bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT completely cured her and she has not been troubled for two years.

Yours truly,

J. B. LEVESQUE.

St. Joseph, P.Q., Aug. 18, 1900.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN." LINIMENT

Early Thanksgiving Dinners.

What the Pilgrims Had for Their Feasts.

Two hundred and eighty-two years ago Mary Chilton leaped ashore on the bleak coast of New England. So tradition says, but unfortunately tradition does not tell us whether it was her left or her right foot that first struck Plymouth Rock, nor what became of the shoe she wore on that foot when it took the most important step of her life.

During the winter of 1620-21 many of the Pilgrims put aside their earthly shoes forever. Mary probably wore hers out, never once thinking of the money value the first shoe to touch Plymouth Rock would possess to the relic hunters of this age.

However, when we consider what was in store for these adventurous Pilgrims, we can forgive them for not preserving relics for us, especially as it was relics and the worship of relics that drove them so far from home.

New England had a primitive but effective civil service examination ready for all emigrants to her shores, and only those who passed were allowed to live in this new country. It was a hard, cruel trial, but weeded out all the weaklings and left as hardy and sturdy a set of people as ever bade defiance to nature in her most savage moods and undertook to transform a howling wilderness into a dwelling place for Christian people.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

About half of the Pilgrims, the record tells us, failed in their examination—in other words, they departed from this world and emigrated to a land where it is always summer. Whole families together on this last pilgrimage all must sooner or later take. The fifty-odd Pilgrims who celebrated the first American Thanksgiving had been terrified by the roar of "lions" (pumas), and the impudence of the great shaggy timber wolves had shocked their nervous systems. When they met the animals in the forests, in place of showing fear and fleeing from the intruders, these fierce beasts "sat on their tails and grinned." All who have seen a dog lift up his lips and show his sharp white teeth can form some idea of what this grin looked like and appreciate the feelings of the lone traveller in the primeval woods, greeted upon all sides with such smiles of welcome.

Ignorance, after all, is the cause of hardship. There was no need of famine in this new country, for the woods abounded in deer, moose and wild turkeys. Innumerable flocks of ruffed grouse fattened upon their dainty diet of wintergreen berries and other clean wild food found among the rustling brown leaves; thousands of waterfowl covered every stretch of water; trout, salmon and myriads of other fish were ready and eager to swallow any sort of crude hook.

A PLENTIFUL FEAST.

So plentiful were the birds that when the Pilgrims decided to take a well-earned rest—a week off—the Governor sent four men out fowling and the four men killed enough turkeys to last for a week's feasting for themselves and stray Indians, besides the great chief, Massasoit, with ninety braves, who spent three days with them and donated five deer to the pot.

What a picnic that must have been! Trials at arms, contests between bowmen and marksmen with funny old firearms, leaping, running and jumping!

Did the old Puritans drink strong liquor? Well, listen to what Preacher Higgins says: "My stomach could digest and did require such drink as was both strong and stale." Roger Clap writes that it was "not accounted a strange thing to drink water," and by that very record proves the contrary. Soon the settlers sang:

"Oh, we can make liquors to sweeten our lips,
Of pumpkins, of parsnips and walnut chips."

They drank sack, beer and other

stronger drinks, and firewater was not lacking in their houses, but do not judge them harshly. Stimulants were then believed to be necessary and beneficial.

In what is now the town of Wells, in the State of Maine, Eleazer Kimble and his men consumed thirty gallons of rum and a lot of wine during the short time required to erect the frame of the first meeting house.

Between 1629 and 1639 twenty thousand Puritans came over to America. For "conscience sake" they objected to the celebration of Christmas in the English fashion of the times, and on that day engaged in their ordinary work, but the family gatherings and the home dinners—in other words, the good points of the old-fashioned Christmas—were transferred to Thanksgiving Day.

Joseph Plaistow was punished for stealing from the Indians by not being allowed the prefix of "Mister" or

would want to be rid of them. Nine times out of ten we would not.

Roses have their thorns, but we would not put roses out of the world on that account. Fault-finding is an attitude of the mind towards its surroundings, which is as unfortunate as the habit of stooping or bending the body, and should be vigorously and heroically combated before it becomes a chronic "crook." We do not live amid perfect conditions of any kind; we are not perfect ourselves; yet the rest of the world has to stand us, and we are glad when it accepts us and makes the best of us; this suggests the principle which it is wisest for us to act upon, and apply to every one and every thing.

Life comes to us in such fragments that we forget the divine law that underlies and works through it all; above all, we forget the perpetual, incessant and universal law of reproduction, that like breeds like; that one little bit of

can we avoid the strong currents of life and death, which strive for the mastery over us. Let us therefore put ourselves in rapport with the life of the universe. Let us cultivate the sources of life for our bodies, for our souls, for all that is within and without us, by every instrumentality within our hands, good, bad, or indifferent; never minding what the rest of the world may do, simply keeping fast hold of our own end of the line, accepting the conditions in which we find ourselves placed, doing the best we can with them, asking only for courage and willingness, and we shall find a power that will take care of all the rest.

THANKSGIVING DAY DINNER

BY MRS. GESINE LEMCKE.

It is a far cry from the old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner with its roast turkey, done in delicate browns, garnished with the abundance of the farm, and for dessert the illimitable pie, to the "swell" Thanksgiving dinner of today, where the good dishes of yore are replaced with pert young things flaunting French names and international complications, and where the turkey, once the proud possessor of the centre of the stage, now comes in for only a small share of attention, if he comes in at all. However, it may be that in selecting the Thanksgiving feast there are many who will take care to show some regard to the inevitable coming of the next morning.

TWO THANKSGIVING MENUS.

Here are two menus, at the extremes of simplicity and luxury.

The first menu, for six persons, may be provided at an approximate cost of three dollars. This includes a plain soup, vegetable, tomato, or some other inexpensive kind; a fish; turkey, with two or three vegetables; and, for dessert, the inevitable pie, pumpkin, or apple, with cheese. Not a bad dinner for the price, and it is safe to assume that thousands of just such dinners will be served throughout the land.

The second menu is also for six, and its approximate cost thirty dollars—this, of course, exclusive of the wines, the expense of which could not be generally estimated. Instead of oysters, grape-fruit, iced and flavored with sloe gin, or a canape of caviar, should be served; then soup, a rich consommé, with sherry or Madeira flavor; the hors d'oeuvres should consist of game or chicken timbales, radishes, olives and celery; for fish, salmon, with sauce Hollandaise, served with sliced cucumbers or tomatoes and potato balls; then filet of beef garnished with mushroom croquettes, ball-shaped, and tiny stuffed tomatoes; an entre, sweetbreads with peas; then punch or sherbet, the Imperial punch being generally preferred; then game, grouse or partridge, with jelly and a salad. The dessert should be of the usual Thanksgiving variety—mince, apple, and pumpkin pie—with a meringue, fruits, nuts, raisins, etc.

DRESSING THE PARLOR MAID.

How to dress the parlor maid is a subject that requires no little thought and consideration, for when it is possible the maid herself should be consulted. Many unpleasant changes and the inconvenience caused thereby could be avoided if, when engaging a maid, the lady would ask if she objected to wearing a cap and apron, for there are some maids who are perfect gems as far as attending to their duties is concerned, but who are very averse to wearing this so-called badge of servitude.

The majority of women when engaging a maid are apt to think that a girl has very little education or intelligence, and this is a mistaken idea, for the servant girl of today is far superior to the servant of a decade ago and is sometimes a very bright, intelligent girl, and the lady who employs her loses nothing and gains much by having a little consideration for her.

If a lady wishes good service she should always treat her servants kindly and give them good quarters. Nothing is so discouraging to the intelligent servant girl as the bad quarters that some women are so apt to assign them to.

The parlor maid should always be dressed in black. Her dress should be neat and plain, and if any trimming is used at all it should be nothing more than white buttons or a white linen collar.

Then there is the apron. A thrifty parlor maid will always take pride in keeping her apron as spic and span as possible. This apron is long and wide, covering the entire front and sides of the skirt.

An exceedingly pretty dress has a deep hem headed with three wide tucks; the bib, which is square, has an insertion of embroidery just inside of the edge, and the back is a small pointed rever trimmed with embroidery.

Another pretty apron for the parlor maid is of white lawn, made in the same manner, having a narrow hemstitching at the top of the deep hem; the bib is hemstitched in a like manner and the tie on the outside of the straps that cross in strings at the back are also hemstitched.

Notice to Advertisers

THE HERALD business office is open Friday nights for the convenience of Advertisers who wish to use space in Saturday's issue.

Thanksgiving Day Texts.

Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord;

Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

—Ephesians, 5: 19, 20.

Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the Most High.

—Psalm 50: 14.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord: and to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most High.

To show forth Thy loving kindness in the morning: and Thy faithfulness every night.

Upon an instrument of ten strings; and upon the psaltery: upon the harp with a solemn sound.

For Thou Lord hast made us glad through Thy work: I will triumph in the works of Thy hands.

O, Lord, how great are Thy works: and Thy thoughts are very deep.

—Psalm 92.

Praise ye the Lord. O give thanks unto the Lord: for He is good: for His mercy endureth for ever.

Who can utter the mighty acts of the Lord: who can show forth all His praise?

—Psalm 106: 1, 2.

"Goodman" or of any other sort to his name. He was called Josiah, or probably Josh, which indeed must have been a severe penalty.

We have no record of just how the Puritans' Thanksgiving tables were set, but from contemporaneous pictures we can judge that there were few if any forks, but each guest was supplied with a knife, and ate off pewter platters. They sat on benches and chests, and the table was, in most cases, literally a board placed on wooden horses. They had few chairs or tables, but were plentifully supplied with chests containing linen and wardrobes, and these served in the place of chairs.

In later colonial times chairs and tables became more common, and forks were in vogue, but all preferred to eat with their knives, on account of the dangerous sharp steel points to their two pronged forks. The table and dishes were arranged as follows:

THANKSGIVING DINNER OF 1750.

First Course.

At the upper end of your table a pike, roasted, with a pudding in its belly, which you must afterward remove—not the pudding, but the fish—for your grave soup (a brown soup).

Under that a venison patty, and Under that a Gilet Pye.

On the further side of which place a fine Balled Pudding (a roly poly or suet pudding).

On the nearer side of the gilet pye place some Scotch Collops. (Croquettes of larded veal, fried in butter, and served with spiced oyster sauce, flavored with white wine.)

At the bottom of table place a dish of Roast Beef, with horse radish and pickles round.

Second Course.

At the upper end of the table, a turkey, roasted, with an oyster pudding in belly.

Under that a Tansy (a sort of baked custard), garnished with orange.

On the further side place a Hare, with savory pudding.

On the nearer side woodcocks, with toast.

And at the bottom of the table place a pumpkin pye.

"THINK O' YOUR MARCIES"

This was a favorite quotation of President Eliot's to the grumblers and the dissatisfied, but it would be quite as useful to us all, when we are in a dissatisfied state of mind, to think of our troubles, and consider whether we

dissatisfaction creates an evil force, capable of infinite mischief.

Let us be thankful. There is nothing we shall regret at the last so much as the grumbling we have done, the opportunities for trust and thankfulness we have slighted. It is good for every one to cultivate trust and thankfulness. The most self-assertive and self-opinionated have to do so whether they will to do it or not. They have to trust the coming and going of seasons, the ebb and flow in human affairs, and if they learn to do it in a spirit of acceptance and readiness to make the best of untoward events, they find in time great help—a building up of a condition of mind and body, which, like a sea wall, protects them from the ravages of storms.

Whatever the nature of our own difficulties, we are apt to consider them unique, quite different from and much worse than others of our sex, race, age or period have encountered, until we begin to talk about them; and then we find them common—common to all the world in one form or another. The difference is mainly in the mode of treatment—of using these conditions and instrumentalities. Put to their right use, as discipline for ourselves, they reach their best results; neglected, ill-treated, grumbled at, they make mischief for us and the rest of the world.

It is in this way that what becomes one man's or woman's meat becomes another's poison. One man or woman builds home, friends and fortune out of poverty and hard work, while another squanders that which industry and care had gathered for him in ways that destroy body and soul; for the soul has no chance for growth unless we cultivate that upon which it feeds.

It is not now the fashion to think seriously, and it is the habit of a large public, and those who cater to its tastes, to make a mockery of all serious thought upon serious subjects. But we cannot get away from the eternal logic of our own acts; they always face us, like writing upon the wall. Nor

SURE CURE FOR SICK STOMACH.

Such maladies as Nausea, Sick Stomach, Cramps and Colic, yield instantly to Polson's Nerviline, and if you suffer periodically from any of these complaints just keep Nerviline handy and take a few drops in water for quick relief. A large 25c bottle of Nerviline is a comfort and safeguard in any household, and will save great suffering and big doctors' bills every year. Do you use Nerviline? Try it. Hamilton's Pills don't Grip.

In every town and village may be had, the



Mica Axle Grease

that makes your horses glad.

Made by Imperial Oil Co.

COST OF LIVING SOARS HIGH--- INCREASE IN MANY VALUES

Coal Not the Only Necessary That Will Pinch the Consuming Public.

The strike of the anthracite miners began on May 12. Since then the price of living has increased greatly, fuel going up to such figures that only those in comfortable circumstances are able to touch it at all. Canned goods have increased in price owing to the combine of the canners, which decided last spring to shut up many of the factories and agreed on a general advance. Nearly everything a man uses has gone up, and the milk dealers, it is said, may be the next to demand their share of the public's money that is being paid out in huge blocks for the necessities of life. Some of the laundries have notified their customers that the rates will be given a stiff advance in a week or two. While they have previously given one rate for all flat goods, over a certain number of pieces, the rate slip has been graded to suit the various articles found in "the wash." The list is a long one, and the frugal housekeeper has only to consult her expense account to learn how much more she is paying for everything than she did six months ago.

Meats, however, show a decline. When the strike was begun sirloin steak brought 20 cents a pound; now it retails for 16 cents, and other meats have been lowered in price, the reductions being about as follows: Porterhouse steak, was 20c, is now 16c to 18c; pork, was 14c, is now 13c; lamb, was 20c, is now 12c to 14c;

COST OF LIVING.

	Price in May.	Price Now.
Anthracite	\$6.50	\$25.00
Bituminous	5.50	10.00
Cannel	6.50	15.00
Run of mines	4.50	10.00
Slack	3.25	4.50
Coke, bushel	.06	.12
Wood, first class, hard	6.50	11.00
Wood, second do.	5.50	8.00
Wood, soft	5.50	8.00
Wood, pine	5.50	8.00
Wood, pine slabs	5.00	6.00
Charcoal, bag, 3	25	.80
Canned tomatoes, 3 for 25c, 2 for 25c		
Canned corn, 3 for 25c; can, 10 cents		
Canned peas, per can, 10c; 2 for 25c		
Canned salmon, 2 for 25c; per can, 15c		
All other canned vegetables, meat and fish in proportion.		

veal was 20c, is now 15c to 20c; mutton, was 15c, is now 12 to 14c.

The continuance of the coal strike may see bread advanced. Even now some of the bakers are being pinched for a fuel supply, and may have to shut down if they do not get hard coal. Biscuit factories are dependent on the supply of anthracite. They are working yet, but the bins are nearly empty, and what they will do when the last of the coal is gone is quite evident.

MR. DOOLEY ON THE COAL STRIKE

It'll be a hard Winter if we don't get coal," said Mr. Hennessy.

"What d'ye want with coal?" said Mr. Dooley. "Ye're a mos' unreasonable man. D'ye think ye can have all th' comforts iv life an' that ye mus' make no sacrifice to uphold th' rights iv property? Irvybody will have plenty iv fuel for this Winter. The rich can burn with indignation, thinkin' iv th' wrongs inflicted on capital, th' middle or middlin' class will be marchin' with th' millishy, an' th' poor can fight among thimselves an' burn th' babies. I niver thought iv babies before as combustible, but they ar-re. At wan stroke ye can keep th' baby war-rum an' the rest iv th' family comfortable. Before th' Winter is over I expect to hear ye callin' 'Packy, go out to th' woodshed and bring in a southerly of little Robert Inmitt. Th' fire is burnin' low.' They'll be nawthin else to burn."

"Th' Bible, the mantelpiece, th' plumb-in, th' bills fr'm th' butcher, th' photty-graft album, mother's switch an' th' dog will all go into th' furnace. If ye say a man has money to burn, it'll mean he's too poor or too mean to get coal. As fr'me with nawther babies nor money, I can keep war-rum be just thinkin' iv th' situation. I can get up th' circulation iv me blood—principally in be neck—be readin' what me frind th' outspoken, oft-spoken, janial, tolerant, thruthful an' religious Presidin Baer has to say."

"There's a thruly great man, th' first Presidin we have had that come up to me idee iv what a Presidin ought to be. He's a gr-reat lithrachoor, a gr-reat dayfinder iv th' hearth agin hard coal, th' protictor iv chillblains an' croup, th' inimy iv prickly heat an' arnicky. Last, will ye, to what Baer th' gr-reat Baer, Ursa Major as Hogan cald him, has to say iv th' histiry iv th' wurruild an' th' ways iv Providence as revealed to him wan day as he was readin' th' Scriptures on th' ticker."

"Years ago," says Baer, "Nature decal-ed that some day, after she'd had a long peeryod iv practice an' got her hand in be makin' th' stars, th' moon, th' sun, th' stock exchange an' other divine wurruk, she'd compose me," he says. "It was no aisy task, an' she had to make a lot iv preparations fr'me arrival. There mus' be wurruk fr'me to do whin I come. At that peeryod th' State iv Pennsylvania, which was then no State at all, was covered over with high threes, an' though these primeval forests stalked strange animals and stranger men. Wan day Nature bumped all th' threes over, knocked thim down with her mighty hand."

"Why d'ye divastate th' land?" she was ast. "I'm layin' it bare fr Baer," says Nature with a pious smile. Thim she shot thunder and lightning down on th' population, an' mingled its bones with th' threes. "Gunnin' fr Baer," she says. An' she piled mud an' rock on th' timbers, an' washed thim with th' floods an' caked thim with fire an' left thim to cool, an' through long cinchies she wint fr'm time to time an' patted thim an' said: "After awhile a man with whiskers will come along an' claim ye. Don't laugh at him. That'll be Baer."

"Thim she mannyfactured a lot iv delicate people that had to keep wurruk or die, an' she taught thim how to burn hard coal, an' thim I come. I call it Nature," he says, "but ye know who I mean. I am th' agent iv Divine Providence in this matter. All this coal was entrusted to me be Hivn to look after. Some say 'twas Morgan, but I know better. I'm th' agent iv Providence—Providence."

Coal Company, Limited; Geo. Baer agent. It's thrue I haven't made anny account-in' to me principal, but that'll come later. In th' meantime I stand as th' ripsintative iv visited inthrests, th' champeen iv order an' th' frind iv th' rights iv property. Gr-reat inthrests are at stake, as th' Southern lyncher said at th' burnin', I'm a wonderfoul man. An' funny, too, he says.

"So what ar're ye goin' to do about it? If thim la-ads on'y got to own th' coal be the same way that I own th' part iv this house that aint got a morgedge on it, an' ye own yer hat an' shoe—because a lot iv fellows come together in th' ligalshoor an' decided 'twas a good thing that a man who had shoes an' a hat shud keep thim—'twud be different. But seem' that th' Lord fixed it, there's nawthin fr us to do but pray. Lave us pray that Hivn will go out iv th' coal business an' that it wont get into th' Beef Thrust. I hate to think iv walkin' over to th' stock yards to say me prayers."

"But I'm with th' rights iv property, d'ye mind. Th' sacred rights an' th' divine rights. A man is lucky to have five dollars; if it is ten, it is his jooty to keep it if he can; if it's a hunddred, his right to it is th' right iv self-dayfense; if it's a millyon, it's a sacred right; if it's more thim that it becomes ridiculous. In anny case it mus' be proticted. Nobody mus' interfere with it or down comes th' constichoochion, th' army, a lethther fr'm Baer an' th' wrath iv Hivn."

"If I own a house I can do what I

Ceylon Tea

GREEN OR BLACK

Owes its great success to its uniform quality. Thoughtful housekeepers insist on having it because it is all tea—not sticks and willow leaves. Having greater strength, it is more economical than other tea, as it goes twice as far.

It's All in the Framing!

We have framed pictures for Montreal's wealthiest and most exacting people. Let us please you. Our studies of paintings, engravings, plain pictures or imitations, fit us to please almost any high class taste. We do re-gilding, matting, mounting, easel finishing, glass work for small peculiar pictures. Visit our art gallery—a pleasure to show our place.

JOHNSON & COPPING, The Art Workers,
Cor. of Stanley St. 2430 St. Catherine St

Wedding Gifts.

The most unsatisfactory part of giving Wedding Presents is that unless you choose very wisely you are apt to learn afterwards that several other friends have duplicated your gift.

A WISE CHOICE is a good Dinner or Tea Set, or some Handsome Ornament of Fine China or Cut Crystal. These articles are almost impossible to duplicate in design or pattern when purchased from us.

It would give us great pleasure to have you call and inspect our stock.

The John L. Cassidy Co. Ltd.

2429 St. Catherine Street.

Wholesale, 339 to 343 St. Paul Street.

plaze with it. I can set fire to it anny time I want, can't I? Ye may have foolish simtimints about it. Ye may say: 'If ye set fire to yer house you'll burn mine.' But that don't mine anny coal with me. 'Tis my house, give me in thurst be th' Lord, an' here goes fr a bon fire. What's that fireman comin' down th' shreet fr? How dare he squirt wather on me. property? Down with th' fire department! I've some gun powder in me cellar. I'll touch a match to it. I'm uncomfortable in Summer. I'll take me clothes off an' go fr a walk. Th' sign above th' dure belongs to me. I'll loosen it so it will fall down on th' top iv yer head. Ye want to go to sleep at night. I'm goin' to have a brass band an' made me. I own a gun. I think I'll shoot me, property into ye. Get out iv th' way fr here comes property, thrunk an' raisin' Cain."

"An' if I'm an Eyetalian sthriker with a stick iv dinnymite I can explode it where an' whin I will. It happened to go off under an excursion thrain full iv woman an' childier. So much th' worse fr thim, but they must be no restriction on th' right iv a man to do what he will with his own. I owned th' dinnymite an' I wanted to hear a noise. Hurrah fr property rights! Property rights an' baby in th' base burner! It's a gr-reat issue to lay before th' American people whin th' coal gives out."

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Humane Swine V. Stock Marker and Cold Debtor. Stopswine of all ages from rooting. Makes 66 different marks, all sizes, with same blade. Extracts Worms. Testimonials free. Price \$1.50 or send \$1 for trial. (If it works, send balance. Pat. U.S. May 6, '02 for 17 yrs; Canada Dec. 17, '01, 16 yrs. FARMER BRIGHTON, Fiddes, Iowa, U.S.A.)

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\$10.00 Buys a Roll-top Desk worth \$15 this month.

Styles in Odd Divans, Gold Chairs, Ladies' Dressing Tables, Cheffoniers, Cheval Mirrors, Wardrobes, complete stock of Brass and Iron Bedsteads in all sizes.

258 St. James
1837 Notre Dame

WE GIVE CASH RECEIPTS

2415 St. Catherine
2080 Notre Dame

The Thanksgiving of Nancy Madeleine and Miss Mildred

"You ain't got no manners annyhow," said Nancy Madeleine wrathfully to the Maltese cat, as he vaulted upon the table to cool, and descended across two brown and flaky pies set to the hearth, from which vantage-ground came up presently a sonorous "purrrr" of deep content.

"Purrin', too," continued Nancy Madeleine, severely; "jes' ef them pies was m'rangue 'stead o' dried apple, an' that ar lil' roast stuffed with bra-ud 'n' onions 'n' thyme, was a tukkey. Hi! you gwine bile over? Guess I'll set you back an' let you simmer a lil', and the trim young girl, with rich mahogany tints showing above her hed neck-kerchief, pushed the dish of rosy cranberries to the back of the range, where the "simmering" process began.

"There's Miss Milly now," exclaimed Nancy, as a succession of trills, roulades, and general drifts of melody began to descend from the hall above. Miss Mildred often did sundry bits of practising there; she felt as if she had "more space" than in her little dove-cote of a parlor, and certainly, though the hall was narrow, one tones could ascend to the third story in it, and echo deliciously through the deserted rooms.

"Lor, Miss Milly, you is jes' like a joree," cried Nancy Madeleine, as the kitchen-door swung open and a graceful girl hurried in, trilling softly.

"The joree a mighty lively bird, an' sings beautiful—all time hoppin' from branch to branch; you's mighty like a joree."

"Nancy!" exclaimed the young lady, remonstratingly. "But I only wish I could sing like a bird," she continued; "I'd earn a lot of money then, and build us a lovely nest."

"Now, honey, I'm contented 'nuf wif dis nest, on'y les' worried sometimes studyin' whether the po'ke gwine hold out, an' I can 'ford to make you' coffee strong 'nuf to keep you up all day to teach those turrible chillen."

Miss Milly smiled affectionately upon the tall colored girl, took up an iron from the range, and beginning to press out some lace, said quietly: "It is two years to-night since you came here."

"Yes," said Nancy Madeleine, recalling her journey "from way down Alabama" to the great northern city, where the remnants of "Ole Missus' family" dwelt, the scanty principal remaining from the wreck of their fortunes in '65 vanished into thin air; gone to satisfy the rapacious demands of sickness; gone in generous loans to need compatriots; gone to transport, to the old family burial-ground the beloved dead, and lay them away with fitting ceremonial in distant southern soil.

Nancy Madeleine had come "up norf" in consequence of an appeal from her grandmother, whose loyal old heart was wrung at the thought of "Ole Missus' sufferings and poverty."

"Dear Missus," so the appeal ran,—"I hears dey's all gone to keep Mas'r Tom an' Ed. an' De Kernal company; dear Missus, I hears, too, you's sick an' sufferin', an' noboddy to take care o' you but Miss Annie's pickaninny; you know we's raised togedder, Missus, so don' refuse me dis one favor—let my granddaughter come an' nuss you; dey's plenty chillen to take care o' de house, an' she strong an' hearty, can lift you an' tote you, and make de bes' cohn pone in Alabama."

So the bright colored girl came North to the little house where old Madame's life was fast passing away, and Miss Milly, with her pretty face sadly drawn and anxious, was trying to nurse her grandmother, earn her living, and keep house as well. Like an angel of mercy did Nancy nurse the sick woman and cheer the despairing Mildred, and when "Ole Missus" closed her eyes in that mysterious sleep, it seemed most natural for Miss Milly and Nancy Madeleine to go on "home-making" together.

"You goin' to rehurse-ul to-night?" asked Nancy as her young mistress folded up the lace she left her pressing in the cozy kitchen while we burrowed into her family history.

"Yes," said Mildred; "to-morrow'll be Thanksgiving, you know; we expect to have a fine musical service."

"You'd ought t' be the head singer in the church, place o' being on'y in the chorus; it do beat all how lil' sense some w'ite folks has!"

"Nancy!"

"I knows wha' that gemmen say at me?"

"I got a treat fer you t'night," remarked the colored girl, uncovering a preserve dish, "some damsel jam! Made it myself out o' some lil' green ones I bought of 'n Eyetalian fruitman."

Miss Mildred sat down suddenly and bent her head over the "damsels"; one would have thought she was searching for gold among those little-olive-tinted plums. "O Nancy!" she said at last, triumphantly erasing the last vestiges of a smile, "what should I do without you to get up these little surprises for me?"



Mrs. Leslie Carter has begun her second season in "DuBarry" at the Belasco Theatre in New York. From indications satisfactory to the box office she will make as great a financial success in New York as last year.

the musical I fetch you from. 'You had the execution of Patty' (whoever she is); 'n' the voice of 'n' angel. 'Oh dear! I shall certainly have to go on a grand concert tour and take you as manager,' said the young girl, laughing.

She had a lovely voice, and it was being well trained. Miss Milly had her little boots "half-soled," and Nancy Madeleine "did over" her mistress's black gowns in "iv'ry soap and 'monia," and by dint of ceaseless economy was saved to pay for one lesson a week from the famous teacher.

"Come, now, honey, an' eat your supper," said Nancy, moving over to the "little table, quite pathetic in its reminiscences of better days; the fine, old, mended damask cloth, the remains of several sets of dainty china, and a few pieces of family silver, worn thin were all that were left now of the appointments of a princely board that "befo' the war" had gathered around it the flower of the country, and from whose abundance the poor and needy had been likewise ministered unto.

When at last the slight figure in deep mourning set off for rehurse-ul, the stately portals of the edifice, often called with gently irony "The Church of the Four Hundred," were beset by a throng of choir-members; the distinguished tenor of the quartette gave Mildred a friendly bow as they entered together, saying, "I saw the Signor yesterday, and he says you are getting on famously with your singing."

"How glad I am to hear it!" exclaimed the young girl; for the great man to say that to a "professional" was indeed high praise, from her teacher.

"Just keep on studying, and you'll be—ah—'Immense' one of these days; but no," looking amusedly at the slight figure, "you won't be likely to carry out that part of the programme, so I'll say I'm sure you will make a great success in the musical world one of these days."

The girl was smitten with remorse, remembering, in the face of his present kindness, how she had covertly ridiculed the singer's rotundity, and enjoyed the sarcastic picture her brain had evolved when he arose to sing "Angels ever bright and Fair."

"Sneed to 'our own courts my flight Clad in robes of virgin white," suggested a glimpse of the stout tenor decorated with a pair of wings, and careering clumsily in mid-air. But there was no time for self-reproach; the organist turned from running over the lovely voluntary for to-morrow, ready to begin the rehearsal.

"Has Miss B. come?"

The costly and celebrated soprano, whose name on Philharmonic and oratorio programmes was always such a "power," had failed, as yet, to appear.

"Well, we will take up the choruses," said the organist with a little display of the proverbial "musical temper." The magnificent waves of harmony swept, ebbed, and swelled through the church; half-past eight, three quarters past, and still no Miss B. Just then a blue-coated messenger boy came slowly into the building; after gazing awhile at the Thanksgiving decorations he dragged himself up-stairs, and in the course of time arrived in the gallery.

"Here, boy, this way," exclaimed the



No range is complete without a practical basting door—should be just large enough to baste a roast, shift a pan, etc., and yet not large enough to chill the oven.

Famous Active Ranges

are equipped with this and all other devices necessary for good cooking.

Has a rich nickel dress and a handsome design, which makes it an ornament in the neatest kitchen.

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McClary's

Makers of the "Sunshine" Furnace and "Cornwall" Steel Range.

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R. & W. KERR,
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Agents for Montreal.

organist; "truly we have a 'leisure class' in this country." He seized the message. "Is Miss B. going to disappoint us? Yes, she is! What shall I do?" and the unhappy organist threw the letter angrily on the floor.

"But the poor woman is down with diphtheria," said the tenor, rapidly perusing the message.

"Yes, but that doesn't help my being left here at the eleventh hour with no soprano, and a new Te Deum down on the printed programmes that no singer can do justice to, at sight."

The tenor looked sympathetic; well he knew that the Te Deum was the organist's last composition, dear as the apple of his eye.

Miss Mildred had flushed, paled, half-risen, and then sunk back again into her place; the organist saw her involuntary movements, and exclaimed almost unconsciously, "Why, Miss La—but no; it won't do, of course; but could you—ah—"

The good tenor cast eyes of entreaty and persuasion upon the organist. "But she doesn't know the music," said that gentleman, as if in response.

"Try her," whispered the tenor, under cover of his mousetrache.

"Well," spoke the leader, desperately, to the girl in black, "come up here, please." And Mildred went, as if impelled by some strange force.

The opening bars of the Te Deum trembled out from the organ. "We praise Thee, O God," burst forth from the chorus in grand harmony. The baritone solo arose, and then there

KEEP UP WITH THE PROCESSION

By using ST. JACOBS OIL for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lameness, Stiffness of the Muscles, Soreness, and all aches and pains.

ST. JACOBS OIL

Has cured hundreds, its effect is instantaneous and marvellous, it penetrates to the very foundation of pain and removes the cause. Price, 25c and 50c.

ACTS LIKE MAGIC!

Conquers Pain!

Thanksgiving Hymns

Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!

All this world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of Harvest grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come
And shall take His Harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away:
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

Even so Lord, quickly come;
Bring Thy final Harvest home!
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There forever purified,
In Thy garner to abide;
Come with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home!

Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

For the blessings of the field;
For the store the gardens yield;
For the joy which harvests bring,
Grateful praises now we sing.

Clouds that drop refreshing dews;
Suns that genial heat diffuse;
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain:

All that spring with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From its overflowing stores:

These, great God, to Thee we owe,
Source, whence all our blessings flow;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

CLOTHES FOR COLLEGE GIRLS

There is no need, unless one is very wealthy, for a girl to go to college with a wardrobe such as she would take with her on her summer outing or to spend the winter season at the city's round of social functions. There are a great many more who make the mistake of taking too elaborate and gorgeous supply of clothing than who take too few.

The average college girl comes from the middle class of society, and her stock of clothing should above all things else be sensible and in accordance with her means. "The well-dressed girl" is not always the one who at first glance appears to be so. A broad-cloth suit of fine quality and a great picture hat full of nodding plumes make a fine set-off for a girl, but if at the crossing she lifts that skirt and handsome silk petticoat so as to show a pair of rubbed, down at the heel shoes in need of a coat of polish, the shock to the observer is really painful.

On the other hand, the girl who is attentive to all the minor details of the toilet, and who has every stitch in place, skirt and shirt waist not "estranged" at the waist line in the back, always thinks she appears well dressed, though her whole costume may not be as expensive as one article of dress of the girl in the shabby shoes who promenaded down the avenue just ahead of her. Don't have the various articles of your attire "laugh at each other," in quality or in any other way.

In preparing the wardrobe of a college girl attention should be given to those details which change least in style, such as underwear, reserving for the last days the securing of what must have the latest touch of the modiste. Of underwear there ought to be a great abundance. There is no economy in trying to get along on a little stock and spending the money on outer garments.

A girl can't feel comfortable and self-respecting unless the foundation of her toilet is up to the mark. She must have four or five changes at least. If she wears white petticoats every day the laundry bill will be alarming. For ordinary wear the black or colored mercerized petticoats for sale in all the shops are good enough, with flannel for colder weather. A silk petticoat of dark color will pay for itself over and over again in the amount of laundry bills saved. In my first year at college I thought white skirts a necessity, but in my second year was wise enough to adopt dark ones as the more useful and durable.

Several pairs of shoes must be included, heavy walking and school boots,

"dressy" shoes, ties and patent leather slippers for evening wear, not forgetting a comfortable loose pair of slippers for the room in the evening "study hour."

In the matter of dresses there is great option, but it is better to have fewer at a time and get them occasionally through the year than it is to go with an overabundant supply just at first and wear them all the term, with nothing new for a change.

Girls who can have but one good costume by all means should have that a

A Song of Thanksgiving.

Now sing we a song for the harvest;
Thanksgiving and honor and praise;
For all that the bountiful Giver
Hath given to gladden our days;

For grasses of upland and lowland
For fruits of the garden and field,
For gold which the mine and the furrow
To deliver and husbandman yield.

And thanks for the harvest of beauty,
For that which the hands cannot hold,
The harvest eyes only can gather,
And only our hearts can enfold.

We reap it on mountain and moorland;
We glean it from meadow and lea;
We garner it in from the cloudland;
We bind it in sheaves from the sea.

Thou who art Lord of the harvest,
The Giver who gladdens our days,
Our hearts are forever repeating
Thanksgiving and honor and praise.

coat suit, and of the very best quality they can afford. You may turn and twist and save on other apparel if necessary. With this and its adjuncts you can always appear well dressed, which you cannot do if you come out in a skirt of one color and coat of entirely different hue.

Another walking skirt, a little shorter, will be serviceable, for besides its use for all athletic sports, it can be worn to advantage in the class room, with either woollen or cotton shirt waists.

At least six shirt waists of madras, percale or gingham, strong and durable for rough wear, must be provided, and two or three of dainty, lacy white or light colored lawns or dimities, as elaborate as you please, while those for the school room should be plain. A girl makes a mistake when she goes into the class room dressed up in fussy laces and ribbons. For winter three or four neatly made flannel shirt waists are indispensable, and a couple of pretty ones of silk complete that list.

At least one light costume, which does not need to be a very great item of expense, but which, on the other hand, may afford a chance for lavish expenditure, is needful for evening dances and other jollifications, and as they may be simply made, it is better to have several. With freshening up, a few of the dresses worn at the seashore or mountain resorts in the summer may be made to do double duty in this way.

Of ribbons, stocks, fancy collars and cuffs and other accessories of the toilet a college girl cannot have too many. The opportunities of making very radical changes at slight expense with these are innumerable.

Our college girl must be well provided for winter weather, with storm cloak, umbrella and waterproof shoes. Her gloves should be well fitting. She must have several pairs. Hats do not need to be numerous—one for best "dressy" wear, a plainer one for travelling, and some rough-and-ready sort for everyday wear. Of course she will have her college class or fraternity caps, too.

The golf cape, or coat, is a great convenience for travelling, for extra cold days, and in some sections it is almost a necessity.

If a college girl wants to be "popu-

SAFE, EFFECTUAL, NON-DRUGGISTS, 25¢ & 50¢ TRIAL.

DR. LAVIOLETTE'S SYRUP OF TURPENTINE FOR COUGHS & COLDS CURES WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, CROUP, LUNG TROUBLES, HOARSENESS, ASTHMA.

lar," there is no surer way than that of arming herself with a chafing dish. College girls are ever hungry, and they are sure to like the girl who knows how to cook little delightfully informal feasts and who invites them to be partakers of them. A little money spent on feasts goes further toward securing friends, as friendship goes in this world, than all else.

The girl who is amiable, lovable and ready to be friends with all the girls she meets will not have half the devoted followers that another does who will treat the crowd, give a few "Welsh rabbit" and "fudge" parties during the term or a midnight "spread."

TO SWEETEN BOXES.

A sachet of long lasting fragrance can be made to imitate the scent of verbenas by saving the peels of lemons that come into the household and mixing them with caraway seeds.

can get on in business as well as men because they can't get the home idea out of their heads. They always have little homes wherever they are. They buy pretty dishes, have plants and a cat, darn their own stockings, wash their own gloves, and make their own shirtwaists. It is only the most affluent, and there are mighty few of those, who reach a position where they can have a maid to look after them. Now you can't do business and care for cats and plants, make shirtwaists and cook nice little teas and wash the dishes afterward. Something suffers, and it is usually the woman after a few years. Then she realizes that she has an unhappy middle age before her, she can't get along without her cats and her dishes and her stocking darning, and she begins to meditate upon the crooked stick and wish she had taken the tall, straight one in the days when she indulged in such rash illusions about the beauties of feminine independence. Women may be marrying later in life nowadays, but they are marrying still. And mark my word for it, another generation of women will have a little more home sense."

SAW WHALE AND SWORDFISH FIGHT

Cloucester, Mass., Oct. 18.—A battle to the death between a swordfish and a whale off Boone Island was a marine spectacle witnessed by the crew of the mackerel dragger Susie B. and Captain Lorenzo Wotton gives a vivid description of the encounter.

"We were about three miles broad off Boone Island," said Captain Wotton, "when I heard a heavy splash perhaps half a mile away and looked around just in time to see the back of a whale disappear under water."

"At first I thought he was only playing, as whales have a playful way of coming up to the surface of the water nose first and seeming to jump almost clear out of water."

"We watched for him again, and sure enough he came up very soon after having disappeared. This time it was plain that something was the matter with the big fellow. I never saw a whale in such a hurry to get out of the water nor shake himself in the way this one did when he was in the air."

"We saw something else, too, but at first could hardly make out what it was. There was a big swordfish hanging to the whale like grim death. More likely, though, the swordfish was hanging on because he couldn't help himself, and would have been as glad to give up as his bigger opponent."

"The swordfish's sword, which was probably three and a half feet long, was driven to the swordfish's nose into the thick of the whale's body, and was apparently reaching a tender spot, for the big one seemed to be half crazy with pain and wild to shake off his little tormentor."

"No doubt he would have been glad to let go if he could, but he couldn't. A swordfish's sword wasn't made to kill whales with, but to cut cod and mackerel in two. Once he had driven it into the whale he had no way of backing out, and probably it would have taken a horse to haul it out, judging from the terrible blow with which they drive their swords through the oak planking of a vessel."

"Anyway, he didn't let go, and they both went down together. Probably the whale was tuckered out and dropped to the bottom to die."

A THANKSGIVING ARGUMENT.

The old wife sat in the chimney place
Talking of days gone by
To the small granddaughter close at her knee,
Eager and bright of eye.

"And, only think," she finished, "dear,
That sad Thanksgiving morn
All that the Pilgrims had to eat
Was, each one, five grains of corn!"

Out from his corner grandfather
Put in a quavering word:—
"You're wrong, Priscilla Ann, you're wrong,
'Twas six, I've always heard."

"Pshaw, father, you've forgotten it.
No, child, 'twas only five."
"Priscilla Ann, I say 'twas six,
As sure as you're alive!"

"'Twas six!" "Twas too!" "Why, father!"
"Well,
I ain't so old, I guess,
But what I know 'twas six!" "O land,
What silly foolishness!"

"Priscilla Ann!" "Yes, father!" "Six!"
The small granddaughter stared,
Then, crying, ran away. "There, now,
You've got the poor lamb scared!"

"I haint!" "You have!" Here was begun
A very pretty quarrel,
But that their daughter came in hasty
To hear and point a moral.

"Why, father! mother! quarrelling,
And on Thanksgiving Day!
And all about a grain of corn:
That's foolish, don't you say?"

The old folks looked abashed. "'Twas six!"
"'Twas five!" "Why, no, 'twas four!"
And then it really looked as though
'Twould all begin once more.

Till grandma, gulping down her wrath,
Said, "Well, they hadn't many;
But, sakes alive! if they hadn't five,
I'm thankful they had any!"

—Florence E. Pratt.

Western Canada is the Farmers'

WESTERN CAN- ADA'S FAME.

The fame of the agricultural resources of Western Canada is now known almost everywhere where bread is eaten. The facts and figures given above are not guesses. They were obtained from official records, and they illustrate better perhaps than anything else could, the remarkable interest that is being taken in this country by people who are anxious to better their condition. The figures show that the dormant period in the West is past, and that with a remarkable influx of new settlers, from the United States, Europe and Eastern Canada, a mighty region, whose possibilities even yet are only guessed at, has awakened.

People now realize as never before that Western Canada is well adapted

STEADY STREAM TO THE WEST.

The Federal and Local Governments are sparing no efforts to pour population into the vast unsettled districts of Western Canada. They have been aided freely by the co-operation of the railways and by big land companies, some of the largest of which latter were formed in the United States. The Dominion immigration service is now in operation in many of the American States, and in all the countries of Western Europe. Matter advertising the resources of Canada has been distributed broadcast in Great Britain, and the results are shown in the steady stream of English immigrants into this country. Four years ago very few Americans entered Western Canada, but in 1901 about 18,000 came in, and

The official record at the Dominion Immigration Office in Winnipeg shows that in the rush to Western Canada during the first eight months of 1902, 52,860 new settlers were received, of whom 20,000 were Americans.

Dominion Immigration Commissioner Smith says that between 35,000 and 40,000 Americans will settle in this country in 1902.

Eighty-five per cent. of the settlers from the other side of the line are men, and most of them are buying land.

Nearly every State in the Union has contributed to the rush to Western Canada this year.

An official estimate states that 100,000 new settlers will come to Western Canada next year. The number this year will be 65,000.

to settlement; that it can raise immense crops, and that its climate is not that of the Arctic Circle. The prevailing impression of this huge territory of fertile land was, only a few years ago, that it was a wilderness which would always remain sparsely settled on account of its rigorous climate and its remoteness. The crop of 1901 told a different story, however, and a steady stream of emigration from the United States commenced to pour in. In eight months of this year close on 30,000 strong, earnest American settlers, who will do much to further develop the wonderful riches of the soil of this country, came in. In the forests and prairies of Western Canada industry has found a congenial home. Nature has apparently marked the West for exalted destinies, and her people, and the new blood infused by the large influx of Americans, have awakened the country to the vast possibilities it contains for men who are willing to work. Thousands of new settlers are every month pouring into Manitoba, Alberta, Assinibola and Saskatchewan, and the region that stretches west from the Red River Valley to the Rocky Mountains, and away to the north, will in time be the home of millions.

Are You Deaf?

Hundreds of Perfect Recoveries from Impaired Hearing and Deafness Are Reported as a Result of the Use of

CATARRHOZONE

The result of actual experience proves that ninety cases in every hundred can be cured, and stay cured, of impaired hearing by the regular use of Catarrhozone.

Among the many prominent business men whose hearing has been restored by Catarrhozone might be mentioned Mr. Geo. W. Warner, of 353 Wellesley Street, Toronto, and Mr. William Jones, contractor, of Halifax, N.S. Both these gentlemen have testified to the merits of Catarrhozone as a valuable cure for deafness, and their statements prove beyond all question that Catarrhozone cures impaired hearing and even total deafness.

The efficiency of Catarrhozone is placed beyond dispute by its long list of successful cures, and on the highest authority we can recommend it to our readers. It is a very simple remedy to use, and never causes confusion or gets out of order.

Catarrhozone Inhaler is beautifully polished and made of hard rubber. It is suitable to carry in the vest pocket, and can be used in the church, theatre, street car, at any time, in any place. The complete outfit costs but \$1, and lasts two months. Trial size 25c. Sold by druggists or sent to any address if price is forwarded to N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

SETTLERS FROM THE STATES.

It is a noticeable fact that of the American settlers who are entering Canada now fully 85 per cent. are men. Most of them are family men, and you can readily understand how great the influx will be next spring, when they bring their families in.

August is only a fair month for settlers to come in, but the returns from the principal states that are pouring in land-seekers for that month will give some idea of the movement from the other side:—Minnesota, 589; Iowa, 382; North Dakota, 337; Nebraska, 153; South Dakota, 143; Illinois, 118; Montana, 198; Wisconsin, 91; Kansas, 80. During the year we have recorded settlers from the following states, in addition to those I have mentioned:—Michigan, Utah, Missouri, Ohio, New York, Indiana, Oklahoma, Wyoming, Maine, Idaho, Colorado, Arkansas, Oregon, Kentucky, Washington, Indian Territory, California, Vermont, Rock Island, Texas, Tennessee, New Hampshire, Maryland, and Virginia.

Of all the Americans who have come in as settlers from the United States, not one man in a thousand asks us for assistance. They all have money apparently, and, instead of homesteading, they make their own selection of land and buy it.

Mr. Smith says that few, if any, Americans take up land in Western Canada with their eyes shut. Before the settlers from the United States make any investments they satisfy themselves that the country is all right.

WHAT INSPECTION RETURNS SHOW.

The following facts were compiled by C. N. Bell, secretary of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange. The inspection returns of last year's

CASH RETURNS OF WESTERN CANADA FARMERS, 1902.

Wheat for export, 60,000,000 bushels, at 55c	\$33,000,000
Oats for export, 60,000,000 bushels, at 20c	12,000,000
Barley for export, 8,000,000 bushels, at 30c	2,400,000
Flax for export, 650,000 bushels, at \$1.00	650,000
Root crops	250,000
Dairy produce and cattle	2,000,000
Total.....	\$50,300,000

crop show that 90 per cent. of the whole wheat moved was No. 2 Northern or better. Over 50 per cent. of the crop was No. 1 hard or No. 1 Northern.

Our five million bushels of oats were inspected at Winnipeg. Last year was practically the first that any considerable quantity of oats was inspected from Manitoba.

The total wheat inspected was 45,657,800 bushels, of which quantity the Territories contributed 9,437,550 bushels.

Flax seed has not been raised to any extent in the Canadian West in the past. Last year only 131,400 bushels were offered for inspection. It is noticeable that the crop area for flax this year just about doubles that of last year, and it is certain that the Americans who are now settling in the country, most of whom have had wide experience in the growing of flax seed, will next year largely increase the area.

The Canadian farmers have been too busy in growing wheat to pay much attention to the growing of flax, but it is predicted that with the infusion of new ideas, they will speedily do so. The following figures show the vast quantity of wheat inspected last year:

No. C.P.R.	Cars.
Consignd Fort William	34,046
Consignd Winnipeg	9,406
All rail Eastern Canada	3,032
Consignd Duluth	585
Consignd Duluth via Soo	518
Consignd Minneapolis	55

Total C.P.R.	47,642
C.N.R.	
Consignd Port Arthur	1,768
Consignd Winnipeg	259
Consignd Duluth, per N.P.	7,735

Consignd Minneapolis

Total C.N.R. 9,858

This year, as the Canadian Northern is open to the lake ports, there will be very little sent to Duluth.

Nothing argues better for the grade of this year's wheat than the result of one day's inspection in Winnipeg. Of 69 cars inspected as soon as the new wheat began to move, 41 graded No. 1 hard; 22, No. 1 Northern, and six other grades. This is better grading than has ever been seen in the Canadian West.

THE ONE GREAT PROBLEM OF THE WEST.

"Your most serious problem is the labor question," said G. R. R. Cockburn, the Toronto financier, after having driven 600 miles through the wheat fields of Western Canada. "Just now your farmers are poor with the embarrassment of riches. They have

The Babies Cry

Because, in nine cases out of ten, their food is unsuited to their little stomachs.

PEPTONINE

Is the greatest modern discovery of Baby Food that cures and keeps well all babies.

Large Boxes 25c. Sold by all Leading Druggists and Grocers.

WHOLESALE—F. COURSOL, 782 City Hall Avenue, Montreal.

Yours for health



"There's Good Health in every drop of it"

Vin St Michel

An Ideal Drink that procures both
Pleasure and Health.

A delicious, old, fruity wine, containing all the necessary **Blood-Making and Strength-giving** properties to ensure
Health, Strength and Vigor
to the Palest, Weakest Sick People.

Bottled at the Chateau of Count Jean de St-Michel, Bordeaux, France.

BOIVIN, WILSON & CO., - MONTREAL.
SOLE AGENTS FOR AMERICA.

Eldorado and Granary of Empire

the wheat there, bushels on bushels of it, but they cannot get it in shape to be turned into money. The labor question of the West is the big question to be solved. Western Canada has received no better advertising the last two years than the announcement made all over Canada, and in many parts of the United States, that over 20,000 harvesters from outside points are necessary to gather in her crops. So great is the demand for laboring men that both the Federal and Provincial Governments have taken active steps early in the summer to secure the requisite number. Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of Government, railway and immigration officials, the immense crops proved too much for them. About 15,000 people took advantage of the excursions from Eastern Canada to the West, and fully 21,000 harvesters and men to work on the threshers are required.

Everything was made easy for men who were anxious to work in the wheat fields of the West. The excursions commenced on August 19, and continued until Sept. 8. By September 12 the officials recorded 12,134 men sent out with Canadian Pacific Railway and 1,328 over the Canadian Northern. There was no looking for work when the laborers arrived in Winnipeg. As soon as they got off their trains they were in demand, and in hundreds of instances they left the Prairie City for distant wheat fields an hour after their arrival.

It was a unique army of invasion—the harvesters. They came from as far east as Halifax and St. John, N.B. Several thousand were picked up in Quebec, and the greater part hailed from Ontario. Five provincial immigration agents spent weeks in Eastern Canada lecturing and drumming up harvesters for the western wheat fields. The railways offered a rate of \$10 to any point in the wheat belts, and the tickets of the harvesters are good for three months. With the first rush of laborers this year, farmers offered \$40 per month and board. When it was ascertained that the required

WHY IT HAS BEEN CALLED THE "WONDROUS WEST."

Canadian hard wheat is of the best quality produced in the world, and three-fourths of the hard wheat area lies north of the 49th parallel.

Twenty-seven thousand Americans who expressed their intention of becoming settlers, crossed the border into Western Canada during the first eight months of the present year. Immigration officials say the number entering Canada as bona fide settlers this year will be between 35,000 and 40,000.

The number of immigrants officially recorded as entering Western Canada during the first eight months of 1902 was 52,860. An official estimate of the total number who will come in during the year is 65,000.

Shrewd Americans have been the largest investors in land in Western Canada. One company alone purchased a million and a half acres, which is now being rapidly settled by experienced farmers.

It requires an army of over 20,000 harvesters from Eastern Canada to help gather in the crops of the Canadian West every year. Forty thousand men will not be able to cope with the Western harvests in a few years.

A conservative estimate of the income of the farmers of Western Canada this year places it at \$50,000,000. About 68,000,000 bushels of wheat will be threshed, and 60,000,000 will be exported.

number to gather in the crops could not be secured wages jumped up to \$2.25 and \$2.50 per day and board. At the present time it is impossible to get a man in Winnipeg to go to the wheat fields, so keen has been the demand for them.

WHAT THE FARMERS MADE THIS YEAR.

Western Canada, as has been truly said, was made by her record crops in 1901. The result was shown early this year in the train loads of home-seekers and investors who spread over the country, spying out the land, and seldom leaving without either purchasing or homesteading. "Can the remarkable performance of 1901 be repeated by the country in 1902?" was the question then asked. The latest returns to hand and the estimates of conservative, experienced men show that it has been more than repeated. It has been eclipsed.

Manitoba, with 2,039,940 acres devoted to raising wheat, will this year give a yield of about 54,000,000 bushels of that cereal. This estimate is made by an official from the latest returns, and is considered conservative. The average yield per acre is put at 27 bushels, or an increase of two bushels an acre over the yield of 1901. The September, 1902, crop bulletin issued by the Government of the Northwest Territories, which includes Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta, states that with a wheat area of 585,576 acres, the yield of that cereal this year will be 14,649,500 bushels. The yield of oats will amount to 10,725,500 bushels, and of barley 841,000 bushels.

The remarkable success that crowned the efforts of Western Canada farmers last year, and the influx of new settlers, resulted this year in a largely increased acreage in both Manitoba and the Territories. The following official figures are given for Manitoba: Increase in area under wheat, 28,105 acres; oats, 35,109 acres; barley, 138,781 acres; flax, 20,222 acres. In the Territories the wheat acreage increased 80,879 acres; oats, 50,374 acres, and barley, 6,320 acres. With the increased acreage the people of Western Canada were confident that the crops of last year would be repeated. Few thought, however, that they would be eclipsed, and the figures just compiled on the crop of 1902 are a surprise even to people who have lived in the country for many years. The crops of 1901 and 1902, and the resulting immigration, are to mark

an epoch in Canada's history. Western Canada has awakened to find the eyes of the world upon her. The crop this year is the greatest proportionate to acreage ever grown on unfertilized land.

The average yield of grain in Western Canada has, with the exception of 1900, when the crop conditions were disappointing, always been high. Most of the production of wheat in 1901 and 1902 came from Manitoba, but the official returns from the Territories just to hand show that the districts to the west, which are now being settled by thousands of Americans, are capable of the same results. The average yield of wheat per acre in these districts is given officially this year as a little over twenty-five bushels. This same soil has to its credit for a period of ten

years an average yield of 19.92 bushels of wheat. Not since 1895 has the yield of wheat in Manitoba created so much surprise as it has this year. In that year the average was twenty-eight bushels. Last year it was twenty-five and this year it will average twenty-seven. Reports of astonishing yields in certain sections of the west have been recently received by the Provincial Department of Agriculture. One farmer wrote that his yield was forty-eight bushels to the acre. Reports of yields ranging from twenty-eight to thirty-five bushels an acre were quite common in the most favored districts of Manitoba.

Piles

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Mrs. Moore, press superintendent of Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Ventura, California, writes: "I have tested Colonial Remedy on very obstinate drunkards, and the cures have been many. In many cases the Remedy was given secretly. I cheerfully recommend and indorse Colonial Remedy. Members of our Union are delighted to find an economical treatment to aid us in our temperance work."

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What Lies Behind the Coal Strike

John A. Ewan writes to the Toronto Globe from Harrisburg as follows on the real facts at issue between the operators and miners:

This strike, which is causing a fuel famine over a considerable part of the American continent, followed on a refusal of the mine owners to consent to the conditions proposed by the miners' meeting at Hazleton in April last. The demands of that meeting have been at no time put forward as those which must absolutely be granted, but as a basis for discussion and negotiation between the men and their employers. The latest statement of these conditions by Mr. Mitchell is as follows:

First—An increase of wages for men employed on piecework.

Second—A reduction in the hours of labor for men employed by the day.

Third—Payment for a legal ton of coal.

Fourth—That the coal we mine shall be honestly weighed and correctly recorded.

Fifth—We favor incorporating in the form of an agreement the wages that shall be paid and the conditions of employment that shall obtain for a specified period.

As to the reasonableness of these demands we have proposed to submit to and abide by the award of an impartial board of arbitration.

TERMS FOR ARBITRATION.

In the original terms "recognition of the union" was one of the clauses of the conditions, and the reduction in hours was stated at from ten to eight hours per day. As will be seen, the recognition of the union clause is not now in the list of conditions. It is especially worthy of note that from the beginning until now the men have not absolutely insisted on their terms, but have said that they are on terms on which they invite arbitration as to their reasonableness. The mine owners have steadily refused to even discuss these terms. They will not recognize Mr. Mitchell. I do not know whether any of the leading men among the mine owners have put it forward that Mr. Mitchell is not a citizen of Pennsylvania, and therefore has no right to interfere in the affairs of the State, but it is put forward by some of their advocates in the press. These forget surely that the majority of the railway presidents themselves are resident in another State, namely, the State of New York. They are likewise on somewhat weak ground in objecting to a combination of the men—they of all men in the world, for it is affirmed, and proof is offered, that they themselves are members of one of the largest combines in the country, namely, the anthracite coal trust. I will speak of this later. It should be remembered, too, that in their capacity as managers of railways they are familiar with the various organizations of railway employees.

The coal presidents, having refused to discuss the situation with Mr. Mitchell, or to agree to a reference to some species of tribunal, kept their own council with dour determination. The mines were closed, and they were apparently doing little or nothing to reopen them. As time went by, however, the coal consuming public began to grow anxious, and popular feeling, which for a long time remained indifferent, began to exhibit an interest in the situation. The politicians, too, grew sympathetic to this exhibition of interest on the part of the voters. The active result was that United States Senators Quay and Penrose had an interview with Mr. Baer and his associates. They represented to them that already fuel was becoming scarce and dear, and that the first cold snap would cause a demand which could not be met, and thereby cause intense resentment throughout the country. In response to these representations, Mr. Baer, who is president of the Philadelphia & Reading Railway, and also president of the Temple Iron Company, under the charter of which the anthracite coal combine as well as the railway pool works, returned a written reply. It was virtually the first public utterance of the employers, although they had been previously interviewed by the Civic Federation, with Senator Hanna as spokesman, and had made a statement to Mr. Carroll D. Wright, Labor Commissioner, who inquired into the matter on behalf of the President. The following is the text of Mr. Baer's reply:

THE MINE-OWNERS' VIEW.

"If we yield to the extravagant demands of the miners we will lose money. If we attempt to increase the price of coal we will destroy the industries depending upon the anthracite fuel. If we increase the price on the domestic sizes we will be called robber-barons, oppressors of the poor, monopolists, and enemies of mankind. We have concluded, therefore, that our duty to ourselves and to the public will best be served by standing firmly on these propositions:

(1) That the wages paid in the anthracite coal regions are, compared with the wages paid in the employ-

ment, fair and just, and that men willing to work honestly can earn more money on the present basis of wages than in any other industry engaged in producing common articles of necessity in the United States.

(2) That wages cannot be increased without increasing the price of coal, and then the price of coal will restrict the market and drive the public to use bituminous coal, a cheaper and more abundant fuel, and that a restricted market will curtail production and result in depriving the miners of regular employment.

(3) That we are not fighting labor organizations. We fully recognize the right of men to organize to protect themselves from oppression and to



BACK IN SOUTH AFRICA.
GENERAL CRONJE—From a Photograph taken in Simons Town.

benefit themselves in any legitimate way. But we do oppose their unreasonable interference with the discipline and ordinary management of our business. We will not permit them to select our employees. Neither politics, religion, nationality nor membership in labor organizations shall deprive any competent man from working for us. We are fighting the battle of freedom for the individual and his right to labor on his own terms.

UNIFORM WAGE IMPRACTICABLE.

"(4) That it is, by reason of varying conditions at each mine, impracticable to adopt a uniform scale of wages for the whole region. But that at each colliery every complaint and grievance will be taken up and investigated by the superintendents, and adjusted wherever it is just. I personally offered to Mitchell and his district presidents to go with them and investigate any grievance. You see, Senators, none of these things can be the subject of arbitration.

"Our final conclusion, gentlemen, is to repeat what has been said from the beginning, that when the men go back to work they will be paid the wages which were paid prior to the strike, and will be continued in accordance with the notice heretofore given; and if the men at each colliery go to work, every grievance or complaint which they have shall be honestly and fairly considered and decided. We will not discharge any of the men who have taken the places of the strikers, neither will we discriminate against the men who have been in the strike unless they have participated in the violence and crime which has prevailed since the strike began. To make any other terms would be to surrender the management to an organization which has been lawless, and would lead to continued persecution by them of the men who have stood faithfully by us."

CASE AGAINST THE UNION.

Allegations additional to these were contained in the statement made by Mr. Baer to Mr. Carroll D. Wright. He said that until Mr. Mitchell came into the region with his trade union propaganda there had been industrial peace there for twenty-five years. The sequence of Mr. Mitchell's agitation was the strike of 1900 for a 10 per cent. advance. The operators finally consented to concede this under pressure from the politicians, the Presidential election being then in sight. The winning of this strike, Mr. Baer said, only made the men harder to satisfy, and there were frequent local strikes over the most trivial matters. For example, the

officers of the union wanted to have the union dues stopped out of the men's wages. They also wanted authority to station a man at the mine mouth and compel each workman as he prepared to descend to produce his card, showing that he was in good standing with the union. At some collieries they refused to work with non-union men. The companies would not submit to these conditions, with the result that in one year there were 102 strikes. Mr. Baer also charged that after the 10 per cent. increase was granted the men actually reduced the output by about 12 1-2 per cent. The certificated miner did not work more than four or five hours a day. As soon as he had blasted down what he considered to be about \$2.50 worth of coal he ceased work. Mr. Baer went on to say:

THE WAGES ISSUE.

"Now, on the question of wages, I submit to you for use of the President a pay roll which I have taken at random. It is a November pay roll of last year, as that was before this controversy began, and it is at your service to see what we pay our men, and the number of men, the day's wages, the average per day and the classification of the men—a full statement of the cost of mining coal for the month of November. I also submit a statement, taken from that pay roll, to show the daily pay of the larger groups of workmen. For example, the lowest scale of wages is 85 cents, as you will see, for boy slate pickers; 3,000 of them get 85 cents a day; men slate pickers, who are too old to do any other kind of work, get \$1.20. Now, to show the business side of it, I have had a careful statement made of the actual cost of mining for the last four years. In 1899 the cost of labor entering into mining a ton of coal was \$1.067; the material used in the colliery, .314; general expenses, .208. The total cost of a ton of coal in 1899 at the mines was \$1.589. In 1900 the labor increased to \$1.121, the material to .35, general expenses decreased to .19, and the total cost of a ton was \$1.667. In 1901 the labor raised to \$1.263, the material to .365 and general expenses were .19. The total cost was \$1.823 per ton. For the ten months ending April 30, 1902, the labor was \$1.383, material .416 and general expenses .192, so that the total cost was \$1.991. It must be understood that the Reading Company mines the greater part of its outfit from its own land, held in fee, and there is no charge of royalty or for sinking fund in this whatever.

"I also submit a statement to show what the average daily wages of all the employees are, without regard to classification, including breaker boys and every one taken from our pay roll. In January, 1902, we had 15,972 inside laborers and 9,820 outside laborers, a total of 25,792 men. The average pay per day, which included the boys in the breakers and at the fans, was \$1.89. February, 1902, 26,270 men, and the average pay per day was \$1.898; March, 26,729 men, and the average pay per day \$1.896; April, 26,829, and the average was \$1.906."

THE SHARE OF CAPITAL.

Mr. Baer then took up the question as to the profits of mining and running railways. The effect of his statement is that neither one nor the other pays, and in view of the fact that Reading stock is considerably below par, he seems to be supported on the face of the matter. When it is considered, however, that the mines which these men operate yield a commodity which has virtually become a necessity of life and which is to be found nowhere else on the continent, and that the railways run through the busiest, most populous and most richly endowed part of America, we must think that Mr. Baer's pleas of poverty would hardly stand careful and aggressive examination. At all events, Mr. Baer's conclusion is that the companies could not afford to pay their men more than they were doing before the strike without losing money. The remedy of increasing the cost to the consumer to the extent of the increase of wages was impracticable, he said, because bituminous, a coal considerably cheaper to mine, became a competitor above a certain price. Hard coal was preferred for certain purposes, but if it went much higher than it had reached in 1901 soft coal would begin to displace it, with a consequence that the production of the former would be decreased and the numbers employed at the mines correspondingly diminished. Mr. Baer further stated that since the last strike the mine managers had been unable to preserve discipline in the mines. The men worked when they pleased, and they had no control over them. In 1900 the operators felt that the only substantial grievance the men had was that they were unable to run their collieries to their full capacity. For the past eighteen months, however, owing to the increased demand, the mines had been running steadily to their full strength. In reply to Mr. Wright, Mr. Baer said the product prior to 1900 was about six tons per man per day, but that since that it had only been about five tons. Mr. Wright also asked if the operators had thought of a system of arbitration of differences, work proceeding while the grievance complained of was being investigated. Mr. Baer said he had looked into the working of such plans, both in England and Australia, and they worked well so long as the arbitrations resulted in favor of the men, but no longer.

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stole in, most deliciously a treble strain that caused a decided sensation in the choir; again the splendid chorus, and then the tenor nodded encouragingly to Miss Mildred, and she began her solo. How her voice swept through the church! How sweet it was, how full and fresh and sympathetic! Why, the St. Cecilia in her painted window should have turned round and listened to it!

"You'll do," said the organist briefly, as the singer sat down.

The rehearsal was over and the substitute soprano met her escort, Nancy Madeleine, at the church door, murmuring to herself, like the little old woman in Mother Goose, "Can this be I?"

"Bress de Lor, honey," said Nancy, as Miss Milly told her story; "but it's no more 'n' I allers expected; didn't I use tell you it sounded like 'n' angel when you started your runs 'n' trills 'n' things?"

The young girl paused on the threshold of the little home, and throwing an arm about her kissed the dusky cheek of her lowly friend again and again.

The next day of bright blue skies and splendid sunshine was indeed a Thanksgiving Day to Nancy Madeleine and Miss Mildred; the new-made soprano neither flattered nor mumbled her words, nor "broke" on the high B flat, as the organist feared might be the case. Even the Anglo-manicured relaxed their carefully cultivated expression of vacancy and glanced upward to the organ-gallery to see who was singing so acceptably there, and the leader said at the close of service, "You may consider yourself engaged here until Miss B. recovers."

"It's jes' beautiful," cried Nancy as Miss Milly came in breathless with the good news, and sat down at the little table, whereon the diminutive roast, the fresh green "letters" for the dainty salad, some "damsel jam," and a dried-apple pie.

"I reckon the sopranner 'll be a smart spell gettin' over that diphtheria; brother Ned hed 't onct; he liked 't died; them 'troat doctors mighty fussy, too; like 'nuf won't let her sing again this winter," said the wise girl, offering up a fervent prayer that such might be the case.

But though Nancy Madeleine's earnest petitions were "answered," there were times when her brave little mistress almost faltered. To give so exalted a position to "just a chorus singer" bred discord in the quartette, while in the chorus many were affronted because a certain pretentious vocalist in it had not been given the place, as "she had been there longer than Miss Mildred."

"Don't mind anything," the jovial tenor would say; "why, I had a quantity of this thing to manage when I started in to sing, and look at me now! It hasn't hurt me any," and the kind-hearted fellow always went into wonderful ecstasies as he surveyed his mighty proportions. And gradually the girl's nervousness disappeared with the out-blooming of her lovely voice, growing more delightful daily.

"I 'clar I think our troubles seems to go 'way like de jint snake," said Nancy Madeleine, as money began to flow more freely into the little home, for it was becoming quite the "fad" just now to engage Miss Milly to sing Schubert and Greig at musicals. "I 'clar once when I's in de wood I see a jint snake; dere he lie as qu't like an' still, when, hi! He see me an' go jint hisse't toggeder, an' when I turn round wif stick of wood to kill him, he'd jinted hisse't toggeder an' gone!"

Miss Mildred enjoyed these "folk stories" greatly; earnestly she hoped that they and the quaint negro dialect would long remain with Nancy; but alas! they were fast disappearing. Only in excited moments did they come fully to the surface; the dusky maid was trying "right smart to talk like Miss Milly."

But did the "regular soprano" never return to her post? When she came back from the land of "jint snakes" and jessamine, whither the "troat dieter" sent her to get red of that diphtheria, it was March. Finding so "strong" a substitute in her place, she suddenly saw an "opening" across the water for that universal favorite abroad, the American singer, and departed thither in the wake of numerous newspaper juffs and judicious "advertising."

"Hi you!" Nancy Madeleine was saying next Thanksgiving eve to the Maltese cat, who was again vaulting over some pies set upon the table to cool, as he did on that Thanksgiving night on which our story began. "They's m'rangue this time sure 'nuff, 'cause good time's come to Miss Milly 'n' me. I've got a new gyarnet Hen'retta dress trimmed with splendid ribbin, an' all the house is new papered. Miss Milly's got all she 'c'n do with rehearse-uls 'n' concerts 'n' things, 'n' she sing more like a force every day. Too bad ole Missus couldn't see this day, pore thing!"

HELEN CHASE.

THE FRUIT PLETHORA.

(Boston Herald.)

Rarely, if ever, has there been such a superabundance of fruit as now abounds in the New England orchards. The limbs of the apple and pear trees hang heavy under the weight of their enormous yield, and the ground beneath the trees is covered with the decaying droppings. In some localities fine apples may be had for the picking, and an offer of half a dollar a barrel for the fruit on the tree is eagerly

accepted in the rural districts. Thousands of bushels are being fed to the cattle and pigs, and the cider mills are glutted with raw material for the presses. It seems a pity to see such a large quantity of fine fruit going to waste. It is almost superfluous to offer suggestions in the line of thoughtful philanthropy to Dr. Hale, but the glutted condition of the orchards suggests that it might be a good idea to renew his farmers' fruit offering scheme, which furnished such a liberal supply of free fruit to the poor people of Boston when it was originally undertaken. Undoubtedly a great many bushels of apples can now be had for the asking.

FI ID REAL TITIAN
IN MUSTY CELLAR

Boston, Oct. 18.—What is said to be a Mary Magdalene by Titian, and bearing his signature and the date of 1543, has come to light after half a century in an obscure and moldy old cellar.

It is now in the possession of Robert Jarvis, of Roxbury, who about two months ago purchased it from Henry W. Smith, a storekeeper in Roxbury.

The signature can be dimly traced in the lower right hand corner, while the wonderful coloring of the great master can be seen in spite of the marks of effacing time.

Since Mr. Jarvis became the owner of the picture it has been examined by a number of artists of note, who are very sure it is a real Titian, from its quality as well as from the signature, which, it is expected, will be brought out more clearly after more work upon it, and all are very enthusiastic as to its beauty and merit.

One day about two months ago Mr. Smith having jokingly remarked that he was going to give the old painting to someone, Mr. Jarvis said:

"Don't; if you want to get rid of it I'll give you something for it," and so, for a song, this remarkable Magdalene came into the possession of its present owner.

He brought the canvas home. It was almost falling apart from age, and Mrs. Jarvis looked at it in dismay, but when tacked upon a forty-five by thirty-five board she, too, fell in love with it, and when several artists had called to see what Mr. Jarvis had all along contended was a rare work of art and had been unlimited in their praise it remained for Mrs. Jarvis to work on the painting and bring out a part of the signature.

This picture shows Mary Magdalene sitting on a rock at the mouth of a cave, before her is a rude image of Jesus on the Cross, from which she has turned slightly to one side.

Her long, reddish gold hair reaches almost to the ground and envelopes a part of her body, while falling from her shoulders across one arm is a scarf of crimson hue.

There is a halo over the head and on the face is depicted in wonderfully expressive and impressive way a look of utter sorrow and despair, which holds the gaze of all who are fortunate enough to see this marvellous creation.

The painting was bought by Mr. Smith at an auction sale, and was the former property of an English family who lived in Boston fifty years ago, and was sent to the reception room by the parties who settled the estate after the death of the last member of the family.

About the year 1850 Mr. Smith showed "The Magdalene" to a famous English restorer named Howitch, who was in this country at the time.

Mr. Howitch declared immediately upon seeing the picture that it was a Titian. He then told Thomas Thompson, a wealthy New Yorker, of this find. Thompson called on Mr. Smith and immediately offered him \$500 for the picture. The deal at that time was not closed, and three days later Mr. Thompson died in New York of heart disease.

From that time on Mr. Smith made no attempt to dispose of the picture until recently.

DOUKHOBORS HAVE MONEY.

(Winnipeg Telegram.)

"I believe that the fanaticism of the Doukhobors and their crazy antics are part of some kind of scheme," said Charles Whitehead, superintendent of construction for the Canadian-Northern Railway, to a reporter for the Telegram.

Mr. Whitehead has met many of the Doukhobors at Swan River, and found them to be good workers but subtle and scheming in their nature. "There is no fear of the Doukhobors starving

The Herald's Puzzle Pictures

SOMETHING TO INTEREST OLD AND YOUNG.

Hidden in each of these Puzzle Pictures is a figure. See if you can find it.



A FAIR TOURIST ON MOUNTAIN DONKEY—FIND HER BROTHER AND GUIDE.

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle—One son back of vendor; the other in front of her.

during the winter," he continued, "as they must have a large sum of money hoarded up among them. A fortnight ago G. H. Strevel paid a party of them \$1,750 for work done on a contract and they have been earning money in large sums for the past couple of years. Five of them in three months earned \$450 clear of expenses on railroad construction, and such things are not exceptional."

"They spend very little, and as soon as they earn anything they send it to headquarters, where it is deposited in the general fund. They are fine, big men, and can earn large sums on station work. They contract to do a certain amount, and when that is done they demand their pay, regardless of what time of the month it is. As soon as they are paid they send their money into the community, and a vast sum must be piled up by this time."

"They can easily afford to drive away some 500 animals when it is considered that they are the property of no one individual, but the whole settlement. When working they are most mysterious, and both men and women are

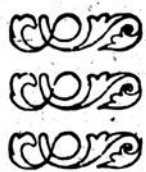
earning outside money. The earning power of the entire community is a big thing, and if investigated it would be found that they have a strong box with a good-sized fortune stowed away somewhere."

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This is the centenary year of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., and its history during 100 years has had to do with the growth and prosperity of the wheat producing and flour consuming population of Canada.

Magnificent as its past has been, its magnitude to-day, and its provision for the future are so great that a sketch of this company will prove of more than passing interest to our readers.

NEARLY ONE HUNDRED ELEVATORS.

Ninety elevators scattered over the vast wheat areas of Western Canada receive the great bulk of the finest wheat grown in the world.

The buyers are men who have been identified with the Ogilvie Company for many years. They are thoroughly trained in their duties and know both the requirements of the company and the quality and character of the grain. The most friendly relations have always existed between the company and the farmers of the Northwest. No complaints have ever been made that advantage was taken of local conditions to compel farmers to accept an unreasonably low price for grain. How much the development of the Northwest is due to this great pioneer company would be hard to estimate. The production of a crop, no matter how great, is of small moment, unless there are purchasing, receiving and shipping depots.

This wheat in turn is ground in the different mills of the company which aggregate a daily output of 1,500 barrels of flour. It is difficult to realize the immensity of this amount. Great as it is, the management are preparing to add still another great mill, increasing the capacity to the astonishing quantity of over 10,000 barrels daily.

THREE GREAT MILLS.

There are now three mills in operation, the Royal Mills at Montreal, the Glenora Mills at Montreal, and the Winnipeg Mills.

A visit to any one of these mills is a pleasure and an education. The writer visited the Royal Mills at Montreal and his preconceived ideas of a great flour mill were destroyed.

The first thing suggested is immense capacity, the next perfect system, and last, absolute cleanliness.

The Royal Mills and the Glenora Mills are both situated on the Lachine Canal, where enormous water power privileges belong to the company, and day and night, except Sunday, without break or cessation the work goes on.

Almost noiseless in its operation, the giant power carried and crushed and ground and sifted until the transforming process was completed, and from the choicest wheat in the market the finest flour in the world is made.

The wheat is received in a steady stream from the elevators and the flour is shipped in waiting cars and vessels to the markets of the world. Nothing but a visit to any one of the mills conveys any adequate idea of how Ogilvie's flour is made.

Even figures convey a very imperfect idea of the magnitude of the work, of the ground area, and the floor area, the millions of bushels of grain bought, and the millions of barrels of flour sold. There is an army of employees, including the office staff in the head office in Montreal, the managers and workmen in the mills and elevators, the experts and the buyers, the carters and men in other capacities, and there is a feeling of intense loyalty to the interests of the company amongst these employees, most of whom have been identified with the company for many years. The great rooms are spotlessly white and clean, not a mark on the floors or walls, and most surprising, not a particle of flour or dust floated in the air. So attractive are the mills as show places that no less than 3,000 ladies have visited the Winnipeg mills of this company during the past eighteen months.

APPRECIATED BY ROYALTY.

The most distinguished of these visitors was H.R.H. the Duchess of York—now Princess of Wales. So charmed was she with the surroundings that the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co. have been appointed by Royal Warrant, millers to the Prince of Wales, and bakers in the Royal Household are commanded to use no other flour than the product of this company's mills.

There is a triple compliment in this appointment, to the country, to the company, and to the product. The attention that is naturally directed to Canada by such unique distinctions as this does not affect simply the one line but kindred lines, and generally speaking all the agricultural products of Canada. Practically the whole of the Dominion gains by the position occupied

by the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., apart from the great sums of money spent by them in Canada.

The Prince of Wales' three feathers on each bag is a distinguishing mark. Very few consumers are unacquainted with the trade marks and registered design, every bag being sewed with red, white and blue cord.

WELL KNOWN BRANDS.

The two brands sold throughout Canada and the flour importing countries of the world are Ogilvie's Glenora Patent and Ogilvie's Hungarian Patent. All that science and mechanical knowledge combined could do for the perfecting of flour making has been applied to the manufacture of Ogilvie's flour, and as they have led in the past, so have they the advantage for the future.

The evolution of flour making from the primitive grinding of grain in the East thousands of years ago through all its mechanical and scientific gradations to its present condition as indicated in the Ogilvie Mills, produces these two brands which are the perfection product of the chief of cereals.

While the buyers of the wheat in the West are amongst the most expert in the world, having had a long connection with the company, and while the wheat selected is only the best, yet the most exacting tests are continuously made as the flour passes through its final stages to see that its quality is maintained. Experts are employed for this work alone, and a standard of uniform excellence is maintained.

THE COMMERCIAL STANDARD OF CANADA.

Ogilvie's is practically the standard by which flour is graded in Canada, and we notice the Toronto Globe and other papers base their quotations on Ogilvie's brands.

Consumers, whether large or small, should understand that it is to their interest to use this flour in preference to inferior qualities, and in getting Ogilvie's they may rest satisfied that they have the best.

It is a deduction simply made from the facts that it would be impossible to produce a better flour than Ogilvie's. The conditions and circumstances are so largely in their favor that it would hardly be reasonable that any other manufacturing concern should claim an equality of product.

The bakers of Canada are the best judges amongst Canadians of the properties of flour, and they recognize the advantage of using the very best flour and accept Ogilvie's as giving the greatest satisfaction.

The success of a business can be made or marred according to the good or bad quality of a material used, and when the best can be obtained it shows only reasonable commercial instinct to select the best, in preference even to second best.

"OGILVIE'S ROYAL BREAKFAST FOOD" AND "OGILVIE OATS."

At the present time we are deluged with a multitude of breakfast foods, and many of uncertain origin and still more uncertain value. A great many of these are imported so that the item of duty is added to the original cost, and consumers in Canada pay fancy figures for them. The basis of a breakfast food is the quality of its constituent parts. This is supplemented by the process it undergoes. Ogilvie's Royal Breakfast Food is produced from the best selected wheat carefully and scientifically prepared to retain its nutriment and present it in a most palatable and digestible form.

Ogilvie's Royal Breakfast Food has all the good qualities claimed for the best of them, and the fact that it is Ogilvie's is the best guarantee of its purity, its value and its excellence. Amongst breakfast foods this one has a value on a par with the value of Ogilvie's flour amongst other flours.

"Ogilvie Oats" is an old-time favorite for the breakfast table, and is known throughout Canada. It is simply a preparation in which the best qualities of the grain are preserved and which has stood the test of years.

THE MANAGEMENT AND ITS AIMS

The guiding spirit in this vast concern is the vice-president and managing director, Mr. F. W. Thompson, who has been associated with its success for the past twenty years, and who now in the prime of his life is projecting plans for improvement and development that the marvellous growth of the country justifies.

The objective point of Mr. Thompson and those associated with him, to make the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co. not only the largest in the British Empire, but one of the largest in the world, is likely to be realized at no distant date. The pride with which all classes of Canadians view the progress of this great representative concern should be some return for the untiring energy and commercial genius of the man on whose shoulders rests the success of the industry.

No remedy comes up to Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine for the cure of throat and lung troubles. It is pure, and cures without the aid of narcotics. —Adv't.

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