

A THANKSGIVING OF LONG AGO

BY LINDA STEVENS ALMOND.

Once upon a time when your great grandmother was a little girl there lived a little girl named Amelia Ellen. Early one Thanksgiving morning everybody in Amelia Ellen's home was up preparing to go to Grandmother's to spend the day. Amelia Ellen had cross-stitched on papier-mache a motto which she was going to take to Grandmother. It said: "Let Us Be Thankful." It was rolled very carefully and put in a box under the seat of the sleigh along with a plum pudding, a pair of dressed chickens, and woolen gloves for Grandfather.

Hot bricks were ready. Amelia Ellen was bundled snug as snug in her big coat and tippet, and a knitted cap all fleecy-lined was tied over her brown curls. Little Ponto, her puppy, was wrapped in a shawl, to be carried along.

"Ready!" called Amelia Ellen's father as Mother locked the front door and came tripping down to the sleigh where Frolic was impatiently prancing to be off.

"Ready!" laughed Mother as she hopped in with extra robes beside Amelia Ellen. Jingle-jingle went the sleigh bells, and off dashed Frolic over the crunching snow.

Oh, such fun! Ponto "woof-woofed" as he peeped his little black head out of the shawl to look upon the snow-clad world. Father was thinking of the delicious roast turkey being prepared at Grandmother's, the cranberry sauce, pumpkin and mince pies. Mother was thinking of the happy afternoon with Grandmother, chatting before the fireplace, and Amelia Ellen was thinking of the fun of popping corn and roasting apples with her little cousins.

Suddenly it began to grow cloudy. "I believe it is going to snow," said Father.

"It is snowing," said Mother, and sure enough fine fleecy flakes were tumbling all about them.

Before long they reached the sawmill. "Why!" gasped Father. "The bridge is under repair. We shall be obliged to go all the way around by the ferry."

"Oh, dear!" lamented Mother. "That is a good ten miles."

But Amelia Ellen, snug as could be, didn't mind a mile. Oh, it was great fun rushing along with the sleigh bells jingling and snowflakes dashing in your eyes! So they turned into another road. Faster and faster fell the snow. Father began to look anxious. "It's growing into a regular snowstorm," he said, "if it keeps up this rate."

"At this rate?" asked Mother anxiously.

"Well, we just can't go on," said Father. "That's all. See, poor Frolic is beginning to fight her way."

In a little while the snow became blinding, and Father decided they would have to stop at the first house. Presently they turned into a lane. It wasn't a very inviting-looking place to stop, for the house was dreary and dilapidated looking, but of course it could not be helped. A man came down to the sleigh and when Father explained their plight, he invited them to come right inside. So Mother and Amelia Ellen, with Ponto in her arms, jumped out, and hastened indoors while Father and the man went down to the barn to put Frolic up and cover her with a warm blanket.

A little girl just Amelia's Ellen's age opened the door. She was very shy and did not know what to say, but when Ponto jumped out of the shawl she began to laugh and forgot her shyness.

"What is your name, little girl?"

asked Amelia Ellen's mother as she proceeded to help Amelia Ellen off with her things.

"Mehitable," said the little girl. And then Amelia Ellen's mother, who was sometimes like a little girl herself, began to ask Mehitable all kinds of questions. Where was her mother? Was she the only child? Were they going to spend Thanksgiving at home? And the little girl said that she had no mother, and that her Aunt Rachel, who kept house for her father, had to go back to town to look after her grandfather, and that they would spend Thanksgiving at home because there was no place to go. Then and there the little girl grew pink with confusion and suddenly tears welled to her eyes.

"Oh, my child, what is wrong?" asked Amelia Ellen's mother, putting her arms around Mehitable.

"We are not going to have any Thanksgiving," said Mehitable. "Father says we're too poor, and when the farm is sold we'll have to go to town to live with Grandfather, and Grandfather is poor too, and Father says he'll never be happy living in town."

Soon Mother put on her cloak and hood and ran out to the barn where Father and Mehitable's father were talking. "Please," she said to Father, "get out of those things from under the seat of the sleigh."

"The things," of course, were the two dressed chickens, the plum pudding, the gloves, and the "Let Us Be Thankful" motto. Then she asked Mehitable's father if he would object if she prepared their Thanksgiving dinner in his house. Object? Why, the face of Mehitable's father grew all shiny! Then of a sudden he was telling Amelia Ellen's father and mother pretty nearly the same thing Mehitable had told. He was to be sold out. He and his little daughter would have to go to town to live.

Suddenly Amelia Ellen's father was saying: "See here, I am on the look out for a good overseer. I have heard of you. Why don't you come to my farm? You can have the little tenant house at the gate, but this winter you could live with us. Amelia Ellen would be so happy to have a companion."

Amelia Ellen's mother waited to hear no more. She went speeding to the house, and she looked for all the world like a little girl, with her curly hair blowing over her rosy cheeks. She cried: "Quick, children, open the door, and come help me prepare dinner. We shall have a feast this Thanksgiving Day!"

Amelia Ellen shouted, and Mehitable, who was no longer shy, shouted too, and Ponto barked. Before long Amelia Ellen's father and Mehitable's father came up from the barn and they talked and they talked. But not until after dinner did Amelia Ellen and Mehitable hear that Mehitable and her father were coming to Amelia Ellen's house to live. When they did hear it they hugged each other for joy.

"Oh!" said Amelia Ellen all of a sudden, and she ran to fetch her motto and unrolled it. "It was for Grandmother," she told Mehitable. "But I think I want you to have it. We can put it on the wall in our bedroom where we can see it the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning."

"Oh, Amelia Ellen, how lovely!" cried Mehitable, thinking she had better begin to pinch herself to find out if she were dreaming.

"And," went on Amelia Ellen, "I'll start one for Grandmother to-morrow, and it will be 'Love One Another,'"

So Mehitable and her father went to

S.S. LESSON

Oct. 31. The Evil of Strong Drink (World's Temperance Sunday). Prov. 23: 29-35. Golden Text—At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.—Prov. 23: 32.

ANALYSIS.
I. THE QUESTION, 29-30.
II. THE ADMONITION, 31-35.

INTRODUCTION—Wine is very frequently mentioned in the Old Testament and was a common beverage of the people. The vineyards of Palestine and Syria produced abundantly. The early grapes ripened in June, but the vintage, or grape harvest proper, began in September. Then the grapes were gathered in baskets and some were dried in the sun to be used as raisins. The greater part of the fruit was crated to the deep wine-presses, and was there trodden under the feet of the harvesters until the expressed juice flowed through a pipe leading from the bottom of the press into the vat which was placed below. There it quickly fermented and was then stored in large skin bottles, and when the less, or tartarous matter, had settled, it was poured again into fresh vessels and became the well-refined wine of the banquet table. See Isa. 25: 6-8.

While commonly used by the people, the dangers of excess in the use of wine are recognized in many Old Testament passages. See, for instance, the story of the drunkenness of Noah in Gen. 9: 20-24, of Nabal in 1 Sam. 25: 36-38, of Lot, of Ammon, and others. The drunkards of Ephraim are denounced by Isaiah (23: 1). The mother of King Lemuel warns him against drinking wine lest it lead to the perversion of justice (Prov. 31: 4-5), and the wise man in Proverbs 23: 20-21 advises earnestly against winebibbing and gluttony:

"For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness (the drowsiness induced by excessive eating and drinking) shall clothe a man with rage."

See also Isa. 28: 7; 5: 11; Hosea 4: 11; 7: 5; Prov. 20: 1; 21: 17; Jer. 23: 9 and 13: 12-13.

I. THE QUESTION, 29-30.
"Who hath we? The Hebrew is literal, 'Whose is Oh?' whose is Woe? Who are they who are habitually saying Oh and Alas? Who has pain and remorse? Moffatt paraphrases:

Who shriek? Who groan?
Who quarrel and grumble?
Who are bruised for nothing?
Who have bleary eyes?
Those who linger over the bottle.
Those who relish blended wines.

The word "babbling" should be rendered "complaining" as in the Revised Version. Those who indulge too freely in wine bring trouble and sorrow upon themselves. They get into needless quarrels and difficulties, involve themselves and others in shame and misery, suffer countless hurts both of body and mind, and bear in their inflamed eye the marks of their folly for all to see.

"To which mixed wine" of v. 30 is wine "to which spices have been added to make it hotter and improve its flavor." II. THE ADMONITION, 31-35.

"Look not thou upon the wine." The description that follows is of wine at its best, when it is most attractive, most alluring, and therefore most dangerous. Moffatt renders:

"So look not on the wine so red,
That sparkles in the cup;
It glides down smoothly at the first,
But in the end it bites like any snake,
It stings you like an adder."

For the latter part of v. 31, compare Song of Songs, 7: 9. The meaning is probably that given in the Revised Version, "When it goeth down smoothly," or that of Moffatt's rendering given above.

The "adder" was some venomous reptile, but the species is unknown to us. There are, however, several poisonous species in Palestine.

"Thine eyes shall behold" strange things (not "strange women"). The reference is "to the distorted fancies of the drunkard." The "pervorse things" are his foolish, irresponsible ravings. Moffatt renders:

"You will be seeing odd things,
You will be saying queer things."
The exact meaning of v. 34 is unknown. It may refer to the heavy unconsciousness of a drunken sleep, insensible to the conditions and possible dangers round about, like the sleep of a sailor on the sea, or of a pilot, bound to the mast, asleep at his post. When he awakens from his sleep he congratulates himself that though he was beaten he was insensible to the blows. Half awake he says, "When I am fully awakened I will take to the drink again."

Horton's comment (in Expositor's Bible), is interesting:
"The insecurity of the (drinking)

habit is incredible. It leads to the destruction of every faculty which God has mercifully given us to protect us from danger and guide us through life. The ready perception of things in nature, the quick rallying of the attention is delayed, the exercise of the understanding is prevented, the will is paralyzed, the conscience dead." Or as the Scottish proverb tersely puts it, "When ale is in, wit is out."

Improvement of Fox Breeding.
An experimental fox ranch has been established at Summerside, Prince Edward Island, in connection with the Dominion Experimental Farms System. The ranch is under the direction of Mr. G. Ennis Smith, an authority of wide experience, and covers around five acres, with thirty-five breeding pens, thirty-five male pens, two large exercising pens and one trap pen. At present the stock consists of thirty-five female and forty male foxes. The plant as a whole is considered to constitute one of the best and most complete fox ranches in existence. In his annual report covering the year ending March 1, 1926, the Director of the Dominion Experimental Farms says that a deal of credit is due Canadian National Fox Breeders' Association for their contribution in land, animals, and buildings and for their active support in the establishment of the ranch.

Experimental work commenced last October. Among the problems under investigation outlined in the report of the Director of the Dominion Experimental Farms, that is at the free disposal of the Publications Branch, Ottawa, are the maintenance ration required by foxes in captivity and the vitamins needed for the normal development and function of the animals in such condition. Naturally the object particularly sought is the perfect fur in color and texture.

As the report states the silver fox breeding industry, although of recent years it has made rapid strides, is a comparatively new business and little scientific or instructive literature on the care and feeding of these animals is as yet available and the development of the industry is being seriously retarded and injured by very large losses resulting from malnutrition and faulty feeding. It is hoped and expected that the work carried on at the ranch will bring about great and speedy improvement in this respect.

Frost Injury to Apples.
Mr. H. N. Racicot, Plant Pathologist at the Ste. Anne de la Pocatiere, Que., Dominion Field Laboratory, in his report to the Dominion Botanist, notes a peculiar breaking down of apples in storage that had never been noticed before. It was first noticeable by the darkening of the skin in spots. Later these spots became slightly sunken, with a softening of the tissues underneath. On cutting through these spots the tissues were found to be a light brown. It was ascertained that apples picked prior to the cold and snow storm of October 7 were free from this and that it was in apples picked after that date that the trouble appeared. The varieties affected were in order of severity, Fameuse, Scarlet Pippin, McIntosh Seeding, and Milwaukee, but a percentage was found in all varieties. The loss was estimated at upwards of twenty-five per cent.

For the fruit of the time of our toil;
For whatever we have fought for;
Whether born of the brain or the soil
Be the meed we have sought for;
For the gifts we have had from His hand
Who is Lord of the living,
Let there ring through the length of the land
A Thanking! Thanking!
—Clinton Scollard.

A Laugh.
A laugh is just like music,
It freshens all the day,
It tips the peaks of life with light
And drives the clouds away;
The soul grows glad that hears it,
And feels its courage strong—
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folks along.
—Anon.

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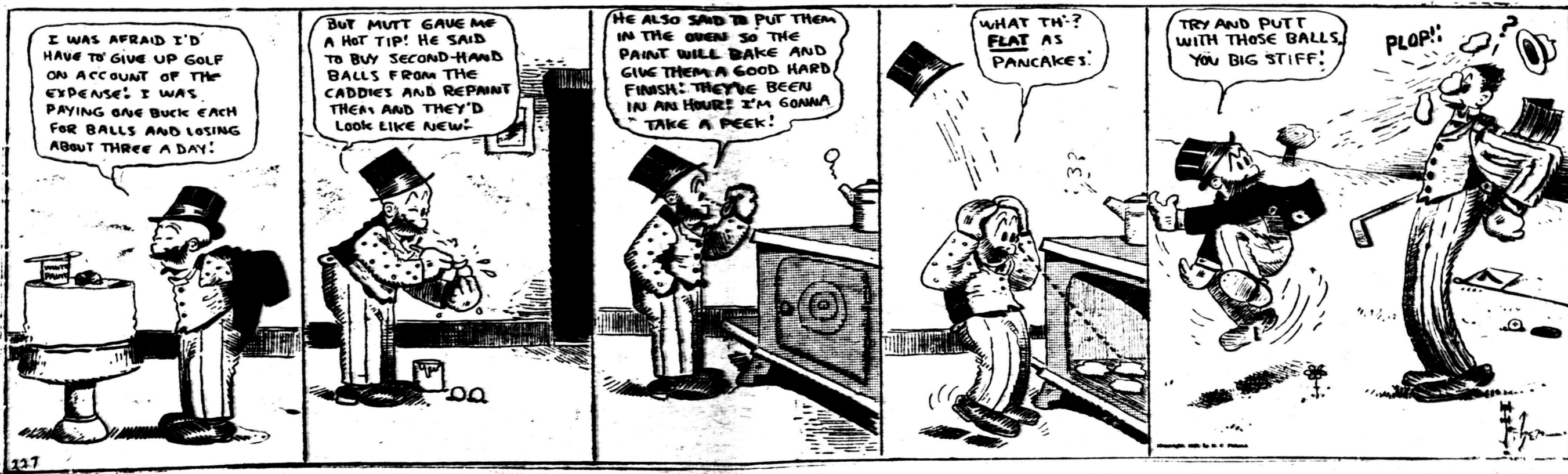
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Yes, Mutt, Try to Putt With Those Balls.



COAST

Kentville, N. S., shippers in the uniting in an status of the end they have known as The Apple Growing is to be a section with the natural Resource new group is to be of how to improve of apples and so forth.

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Regina, Sas. Hog Pool and stock pool, unite, hope to operation by the year.

Edmonton, A. most wonderful in North America. Walter of North Missioner for ed that opening month in the exploring and including some

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Amnesty in Marriage

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HURRICANE INJURY

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Ten or more said to have been ed. The damage nearly \$100,000.

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A hundred s were sunk or feared that a drowned. A revealed that a missing from these unquestio

Fragmentary indicate that a anzas Province end of Pinar d extreme weste Province were cana which str and continued