

"When thou hast eaten and art full,
then shalt thou bless the Lord thy God
for the good land that He hath given
thee."

Father of all! we have it life's long
To share the gifts of travel from our
feet.

And here the blessings of this passing
year.

Thy Holy Name with gratitude to
rever.

The tragedie and narrowe it has
brought.

Myselfe happenings, never under-
stood—

Help others round to realize the true
truth world together for far-reaching
good.

A younge nation kneeling at Thy feet
Owning Thy name, Thy love, Thy
providence.

Oft in the sun never set on our fate
place.

Our children's trust and rich inheri-
tance.

When they have eaten and are full,
Then shall they bless the Lord thy God
for the good land that He hath given
thee."

Thus did "Thou set apart" Thanksgiving.

That man might glorify Thy gracious
hand.

Bo. Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling
place, give ear.

Whose voices peat their culti-
cated praise,

But their heads to where the village
With loving hearts their simple tri-
butus raise.

The fathers pause to bless Thy name
to-day.

Atom the career lamp eruct of Libera-
tion!

And through our Canada the sweet
water flows.

Whose voices peat their culti-
cated praise.

The wanderers turn to seek their
homes once more.

Unbroken circles must around one

And gently as Thy mama fell of old,
Thy blessing falls upon our weary
earth.

—Lucy C. Glanour.



LISEBETH has often set a trap
of wire on that turkey," said Mrs. Grane, dexterously
cutting the surplus crust
from the edges of a pie she had just
taken out of the oven. "It's an uncon-
scious party cracker; all browny red, just like
them baked wild in the woods; and
the way it looks, who would ever guess
it was a turkey?" Else she hadn't got
a hankering after the meat at
all; but there was the taste of
turkey neck! Why on earth didn't she put
bells on its toes, too?" said Mrs.
Grane's collar, who stood lingers
at the door of the neat and cheerful
farmhouse kitchen.

Her little nonscript-colored eyes,
like two interlocking points, were fix-
ed upon a remarkably pretty girl
who was sitting at the table, a pie
which crossed the old-fashioned
thyme-scented garden to the big gray
barn beyond.

"Little ones continue to come in,"
as if Lisbeth had killed a hundred
after Bob Trevor, even if they don't
speak no more to one another. If she
hates him like pisen, as she pretends,
it's all the surer how she makes out
a fuss over that gobber turkey he
gave her."

"Meho she does; that isn't no accoun-
ting for the contradictions of
humans, like Lisbeth," thought
Bob Trevor, who rolled his
eyes, and then closed them again.

The nondescript-colored eyes of the
caller showed a sudden dull glaze,
while betrayed a certain hostile dis-
satisfaction with the opinion of her
host.

"Well," she said, after a pause, and
in a thin, high, nasal tone—"Well, I
spose a young fellow likes to flutter
here and there among the gals
he's after, but when they see him
they know now he's trying it,
that well off girls some other young
woman's doing by sure of him, like
my Lisbeth."

Mrs. Grane did not speak, but her
well-molded and pleasant-looking lips
tightened and her bright, hazel eyes
widened.

She had always suspected that Miss
Mason had somehow caused the
entanglement between her daughter and
Bob Trevor. And she did not believe
in the young man's innocence or
ever shown the smallest partiality
for him, either before his unhappy
quarrel with Lisbeth or since.

The other, having done her sting,
was walking complacently away. But
she had gone only a few paces when
she paused, with a short, aggravating
laugh.

"Landy maw!" she exclaimed, "if
that pecky turkey ain't flying just like
a natural bird of the air right up over
the barn, like a hawk—why, it's for Bob
Trevor's wood lot!"

It was too true. Pretty Lisbeth had
lost her queer pet forever.

Although this had never been
done by her before, the turkey
was really a bird of the wild variety.

For when it heard the sound of convulsive weep-
ing, and tearfully went back to the house.

"I wish now I had 'clipped' his
wings," said Lisbeth, "but I never
will be the victim of some fox
fore to-morrow," she said to her
mother.

She could not sleep better. If she
killed the critter for Thanksgiving dinner
"to-morrow," replied the older
woman.

"Anybody who can eat a pot is in
better than I am," said the girl, who
had a look of extreme regret
on her fair, extensive face.

She was a pretty girl, straight and
lithe as a young poplar, and eyes of fax-
straw gold, and eyes of fax-

flower blue, and a complexion like the
daintily tinted white petal of an
apple-blossom.

"You've got some queer notions, Lis-
beth," said Lisbeth—and remained
and tearfully went back to the house.

You'd be right better off if you'd
never seen Bob Trevor, and for my
part I'd give him nothing but a smile.

Miss Mason, however, would have had
more opportunity about his feelings—if
the opportunity is what made you
so much and touchy now and then.

He'd been so ill, and her face turned very
pale.

A sort of queer passed over her
whole frame, and her lips trembled
with an inaudible groan.

Mrs. Grane herself did not believe
the young man would ever wed
such a Mason. But like Lisbeth's father
she meant to break the poison in her

by portraying the woes of Lancast-
er, so she wished to cure her daughter
of what she supposed to be a continental
fever.

"At last," she said, "I'm continent.
We'll not have others bid his mind
on him from first to last."

He isn't better than any other young
man, and then she was checked by Lis-
beth's sharp retort.

"Please don't minmam, I can't hear
it," said Lisbeth, speaking in a faint
voice, and shrinking back on it from
a sudden burst of pain.

The erg seemed wrung from her
against her will. For she had plenty
of malitiously pride and dignity, and she
would have preferred to continue
her tirade.

But Lisbeth was still crying for her
mother, who had ever been the tenderest
of parents.

"To receive her, I suppose the re-
turning home must be a pleasure," said
Lisbeth.

At the farther end, down a gravelled
path between narrow rows of closely
clipped box, an old-fashioned rose
bush was suspended from a rope
strung between two trees.

Herself conscious of the movement,
she dropped from the primitive board
and began to walk dreamily and
freely.

She only had that Thanksgiving I
was so happy—happier than I shall
ever be again," she thought miserably.

"But oh, I did right in cancelling our
date, and never cared a whit for
that bad reason," she said to
herself.

"And I'll never care again for
anyone but Lisbeth."

Lisbeth half awoke. There was danger
in her tortured eyes. She looked
at her if she could have struck him
for the question.

"The sound of his passionately
begged voice, she lifted her streaming
eyes and flushed him a look which
instantly lit up his face.

He had just sat this decisively
in her own mind, when the sharp, loud
report of a gun sounded from the
direction of the tree woodland, less
than half a mile away.

At the same moment a flock of birds
rose into view above the tree-tops
and then fluttered down out of
sight among the thick, dense under-
growth at the base of a hill further
in the wood.

"Just Heaven, Lisbeth!" he exclaim-
ed in a voice in which anxiety and
tender reproach had succeeded
desire and triumph.

Mechanically she had quickened
the motion of the swing, and the swift
rush through the frosty November
air stung her breath and began to
rise in her contrite heart.

The pain in her sick, sore heart did
not cease; through everything she was
nearly conscious of the sense of long
and painful suffering.

Mechanically she had quickened
the motion of the swing, and the swift
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air stung her breath and began to
rise in her contrite heart.

"Just Heaven, Lisbeth!" he exclaim-
ed in a voice in which anxiety and
tender reproach had succeeded
desire and triumph.

He bent down and gently took her
averted face toward him. Lisbeth
was still weeping, but she smiled at
the next second she was in his arms.

Mrs. Grane, glancing through the
door, which was opened to cool the
room over from the hot oven,
heard the resounding pull and stared
in surprise and anticipation.

"I declare to goodness," she gasped,
"that pecky turkey ain't with some-
thing else, I'll be a weddin' that he
ain't with somethin' else."

He mother, glancing from a window,
saw him now he was up among the leafless
trees, and forth up among the leafless
trees, and forth up among the leafless
trees.

He was a shunting-jacket, and a
man who alung over one shoulder, while
in one hand he carried the runaway
turkey, Mogul, limp and dead, its
beautiful plumage torn with shot and
shot and snared.

He had been out hunting squirrels
when he discovered the presence of
wild turkeys in the woodland. And he
had killed the bird and picked it up
nearer his home, and then the pro-
perty of his neighbor.

He identified it by the blue ribbon
tied around its neck; but even then
he was alung over one shoulder, while
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Do You Know "SALADA" GREEN TEA

has a far finer flavour than that of any Japan
or China Green Tea? Send for a sample and
Address—Salada, Toronto.

MISS MARGARET'S THANK-
OFFERING

"It seems too good to be true," said
little Miss Margaret Bloorum, clasping
her slender fingers tightly.

"I'm afraid I'm not," said Lisbeth,
speaking in a faint voice.

"Please tell me what you mean," said
Lisbeth, speaking louder.

"I'm afraid I'm not," said Lisbeth,
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