

THANKSGIVING IN THE COUNTRY

To a jolly old country farmhouse, miles and miles from town...

The house is over and over so old and queer as it can be...

And then, on the day of feasting, there's turkey and pumpkin pie...

The minister's Thanksgiving day he says we must never cease...

To give our country peace, He thanks the Lord for harvest yield...

THE ONTARIO APPLE CROP

"From the standpoint of quality, this year's apple crop is one of the best Ontario has ever gathered..."

"In order to facilitate the marketing of this splendid crop, the minister added, 'the Department is rendering assistance in two ways..."

CANADIAN STORE CATTLE ON THE BRITISH MARKET

One of the outstanding results of the removal of the embargo and consequent entrance of Canadian store cattle on the British market has been a steady rise in the local market...

Another important feature of the present situation is the increasing popularity of Canadian store cattle on the British market...

It would seem, therefore, that the producer, feeder and shipper of store cattle may look forward to a continued, profitable market for his produce...

DRUG SMUGGLING INGENUOUS DEVICES

Many ingenious devices are used by those engaged in smuggling drugs into this country. A favorite method is to use artificial flowers for concealing cocaine, opium, and other drugs...

The Free Press' Short Story

The Tramp's Thanksgiving Dinner

By WILLIAM THOMAS WHITLOCK

KEEPING UP to the corral of the 2 Bar Ranch that morning, Bill Taggart looked as sleepy and stupid as a ground owl on a hot August day...

"You'll catch 'em next—and you'll sweat 'em next week," Hawley tried to keep on laughing, but his laughter had a hollow sound...

"What's your thinking of the measles, aren't you?" said Doyle, unceasingly. Hawley caught the mumps. So for that matter did all the rest of us on the home ranch—that is, all except Taggart...

"I want to get off this morning," said Taggart. "I got to go for a doctor." Doyle came riding down to the corral, after looking at Taggart's face...

"No, it isn't!" said Hawley, indignantly. "She's bringing her aunt for a chaparral, and there is Mrs. Taggart looking after them at the ranch..."

"We don't care anything about your antecedents, previous habitation or future abode," said Hawley, "and we will call you the Tramp; but you can do anything like a man's work, you're welcome to stay round here on the 2 Bar as long as you like..."

"I knew that it was useless to protest if Doyle had made up his mind to entertain his niece at the 2 Bar as long as he wanted..."

"When we rode up to the corral that morning, Curley and Doctor Mayberry had just arrived. Curley was in some time at Dugout until the doctor returned from another call..."

"What's wrong with the baby?" I asked, frowning. "Is it as serious as you say?" "Serious! Anyone but a lot of cow-punchers would have known what ailment it was at first sight..."

"What's the matter with them three pickles?" Ah, Sing? he complained. "The more pickles the better, they're enough to taste your grub before you force it on us boys!"

"Better let Doyle sample 'em," Big Ben suggested. "A man in love ought to be a good judge of pickles." Hawley tried the pickles and pronounced them excellent...

"I tell you, right into my tongue," he got up from the table and stalked angrily away. The next morning Curley was the last man to arrive at breakfast...

"I must!" cried the Tramp, desperately. "I couldn't face them. They mustn't see me!" "Huh!" growled Hawley. "Mebbe you'll get a little more of that particular about your appearance all right, but you'll stay here and cook the dinner!"

and to let me go as soon as the dinner is over. "Yes, now put your apron on and set back to work," said Doyle...

"You poor, afflicted thing! But how funny you look! Oh, we shouldn't have come after you telegraphed, but we got like that my brother, Harry, has been seen in this vicinity, and Aunt Mary insisted..."

"I walked home moodily-like, sour as vinegar, and mad with myself and everybody else. That was I turned the corner of our street I saw a gleam that nearly drove me from my wits...

"You tried to hold me back at the gate, somebody did; but I wrenched myself loose and went on, just sort of talking that way to God for all the world as if I was praying..."

"That's because you taught me how to make it, Aunt Mary." "Well, she glared at me, in the doorway of the Tramp—no, it was only a big, home-look boy, with tears in his eyes..."

"I was near forty when Sister Mary came, little Phyllis—she came to live with me, her mother having died suddenly, and I having more time to spare..."

"I was that afternoon that the 'Tramp' arrived. He was mounted on a rat-tailed, calico broncho, with a blanket for a saddle. He said we could look after them at the ranch..."

"I was nearing forty when Sister Mary came, little Phyllis—she came to live with me, her mother having died suddenly, and I having more time to spare..."

"I got kind of bitter about it after a while, but I didn't care who knew I liked or not, or pretended to myself I didn't; but for all that I was just about as full of love as a man can be..."

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her loving me and being happy with me. The old bitterness was a heck bigger than ever, and then when my Sister Lizzy came for a visit, and I met her child brightened up and how she laughed and kissed her, and I overheard her, out the buttery window, begging Lizzy to take her home with her...

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No. 9

Question: Why do you find better workmanship in McLaughlin-Buick motor cars?

Answer: McLaughlin-Buick's precision methods are possible because of McLaughlin-Buick's great volume. It would be impossible to put such fine workmanship into McLaughlin-Buick cars for their price, if McLaughlin-Buick built but a few thousand cars a year.

S. V. KING

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