people are comfortable they like to listen to good talk, and when you have laid the foundation in corporeal works of mercy you may safely begin the superstructure of the spiritual. Indeed, the physical parts of their trials are really the least, and the physical reward of a good feast also comparatively small. Some of them dine well every day of their lives, and yet have no pleasure in it or anything else. They who do not find more pleasure in the comfort, the security, the absence of anxiety to-night than in the mere abundance of food. Those who are poor do not mind hard work and scanty fare, but they do mind the uncertainty of their lives, the lack of a home, the want of appreciation of themselves, the want of sympathy and understanding, the cold drawing back of the prosperous, the divided attention, the fair words and no deeds, the barren good wishes-in short, the whole repellent attitude of the world."

"Do you see," he said, "that old man at the foot of the table? He has peace enough to bathe us all in it, patience enough and joy enough to share with us all. He does not know how to read, but he knows the thing that St. Paul counted a higher knowledge than all his Hebrew learning and Greek subtlety. He had a great misfortune in his youth-no matter what it was-and if ever there was a child of God, fashioned by God's own hands and chastened in his own way, it

Here the host stepped forward, and raising his voice said: "There is one among you, my friends, who has no word to speak of his troubles and disappointments, yet they have been harder to bear than all yours, save those miseries born of guilt. I did not invite him here because he was unfortunate, but because needed something you could all join in being thankful for. He has that treasure; he has the secret which would turn all your misery into joy. Instead of showing you only a full board, I have brought you the most beautiful thing on earth to see and to imitate-for it is in the power of each of you to imitate him-a happy man.

"He is old, poor, silent, and as the world would add, ignorant, sad and lonely. But listen to what he once told me: 'There is one who breathes, moves, converses constantly with me. I feel him, I hear him, sometimes I even answer him in my heart. But it is a speech without words, which we understand without having been at school, and read without having larned to read, in books." That is one of the pillars that uphold the world for him-his trust in God. The other is his trust in conscience. If you can imitate that the first will come as its natural consequence. To live by the rule of my friend needs two things-grace and a real resolve. The first is never wanting. You can count on it whenever and as long as you make up your mind to furnish the other thing, a fixed resolve."

This and much more said our host, and when he ceased we noticed there was one guest less at the table. He had gone; but no one spoke.

Then, here and there one from out this strange company came forward to thank the host with tears of genuine gratitude in their eyes. Some went away without a word. Soon all were gone. The loaded table disappeared, but I heard my host say with joyous decision: "That is what we propose to do next year." It was only then I realized that I had not assisted at a veritable banquet. We had talked ourselves into the belief that our longings and imaginings were facts. Could we not do something like this? To restore self respect is even better than to fill with bread. But, understand, that although in many instances the latter can be done without the former, in most cases the former must rest on the basis of the latter. Thanksgiving is a good day to begin things. Still every day may become a thanksgiving for those who seek out the hungry, both in body and in spirit, to feed and the naked to clothe.

### MOTHER WAS THERE.

The Silent Figure at the Little Table in the MacMoffats' Home.

Six towheaded MacMoffats stuck their heads over the rim of the pine table and looked anxiously but cheerfully at their Thanksgiving dinner of boiled codfish and potatoes which Mr. MacMoffat, with his hand in a sling, from a fall he got from a scaffold last August, was commencing to ladle out to

"It's Cape Cod turkey!" exclaimed Master John MacMoffat, who was the wit of the family, and all laughed.

"Our turkey roosted too high this year," said Mr. MacMoffat, at which they all laughed again, though a broken arm and idleness and doctor's bills had scared off the turkey.

"Turkey makes your feet sore," said the family wit, and there was another laugh. "I'd rather have well cooked codfish than tough turkey, for my part, any day," remarked Miss Mary Ellen MacMoffat, who

was aspiring to be a young lady. "An' pie," suggested the youngest towhead, at which they all laughed again, for there really was to be an apple pie, with a piece all round, at the end of the meal, though it was as yet held to be too good to be talked

"Well, it's a great blessing that we're all here and in good health," remarked Miss Eliza MacMoffat, the spinster aunt, somewhat



A quiet hush fell on the clothless table. For a second the tin ladle in MacMoffat's hand rattled faintly on the platter's edge. "Sister Eliza, would you mind running up

the next flight to Duganse's and asking him to lend me the loan of his almanac till I see a

date?" said MacMoffat. Sister Eliza was a accommodating as she was stupid, and did not mind it a bit. Tho quiet around the table was unbroken. An unseen form was at the board. Aunt Eliza's careless words had turned the eye of the heart upon the face that had passed away in the last spring. The tin ladle stopped its rattle on the platter. MacMoffat laid it down. He did not trust his eyes with the six little faces around the table, but gave them to his heart to see the face that was there yet invisible. "Yes, dears," he said, slowly and softly, "she's here, but maybe we can't see her, but she's here. Mother's here with us, children. We are all, all here."

A CLAIRVOYANT HEN.

Just Before Thanks-

We never know just what is going on in the minds of those about us. If we did contentment would be much rarer than it is, and apprehension and anxiety would hold the very earth up by the ears. Yes, it is a fine thing we are not all mind readers.

New thought has a way of diffusing itself all around, while certain people who keep the windows of their minds closed to shut it out are very comfortable in the belief that nobody is entertaining it because they are

It was just so at the Terry farm. The people of the house had no idea what was going on in the fowl minds about them. The truth was, new fangled ideas had gained wonderful headway in the barnyard. Many of the hens were pronounced equal suffragists, and went about talking equal rights in a way that would have got them into serious trouble twenty-five years ago, if they had been alive at that time. A few of the biggest brained cocks espoused the cause. Two of the mediocres also took it up and enjoyed themselves amazingly making If they had a fault, it was that they were too fond of oratory. When the hens had a convention these two seasoned fowls were always there, and took front seats on the platform. The moment the meeting opened both bobbed up to talk. The president, one of the most intellectual hens in the whole state, and also blessed with high executive ability, always found it difficult to decide which one to recognize, so simultaneously did they spring to their feet. Before the first one was through speaking the other one was up and ready to begin at the end of his rival's last word. In this way they monopolized the entire time of every meeting, and famous birds from a distance who had been invited to the meetings to speak went home with all their music in them. The hens didn't like this a bit, but being hens and not roosters they were obliged to go slow in moving against the enemy. These two strong woman's rights cocks

were not wholly consistent. In their speeches they soundly berated all men who did not make a bold stand in favor of woman suffrage; but it was whispered around that they were the last fowls to get up and give their seats to hens in a street car, and that when they employed hens to scratch by the day for them they paid them merely enough to keep soul and body together.

But at the beginning of autumn suffrage talk rather gave place to occultism. There was a perfect wave of metaphysical interest in the land, and it found a fine soil in the brains of these advanced birds. Mind cure, Buddhism, theosophy, clairvoyance and all phases of occultism blossomed like the rose.

So absorbed were many of these feathered disciples of new thought that they scarcely ate any of the unusually tempting food given them with a view to increasing their corpulency for Thanksgiving. Braced up by the belief that they were in possession of mighty secrets unknown and unheeded by the rest of the world, they went about with their heads quite in another world. Indeed, some progressed so far as to believe and assert that they need never die if they didn't want to.



Among them was one quite an adept in the wonderful. She was a Brahma, and much did she boast of her noble Eastern blood. Mme. Devachau was her name. Her age no fowl could find out. Some said she was a female Mahatma nearly 500 years old. Others said she was 80 years at least. Meantime the madame smiled when the subject was hinted at, and looked to be on the sunny side of 40.

Mme. Devachau was a wonderful bird. She was very learned. She read Sanscrit as easily as she could fly over a fence. She wrote a good deal of very obscure and mystic literature. She could drop down apparently dead and be flung around almost anyhow, and when she got tired of that pick herself up and go on as before. At such times she claimed that her spirit was out of her body and floating off seeing things in two hemispheres. Besides she was a clairvoyant and told fortunes. At this she did quite a thriving business.

About Nov. 1 she warned the big turkey that something unpleasant, not to say dangerous, was hanging over him. At first he whistled her down the wind, and declared that he put no faith in predictions. He wasn't superstitious; not he. Nevertheless, when Mme. Devachau told him that she saw blood clairvoyantly and also an ax suspended suspiciously near his head, the red died out of his comb, and with a piteous face he begged her pardon for his previous skep-

"You will learn," she said, "that my sex (the uneducated clairvoyants always say sect, but Mme. D. was very learned and always spoke correctly) is coming to the front; that what some of us say is not to be put down as the idle clucking of ignorant old hens. Out in Kansas there is a town with a woman mayor; another with a board of female aldermen; and Phebe Couzins is now the marshal of St. Louis; and as for my predictions you are quite welcome to doubt them and take the consequences."

"Really, madame," he said, "your Oriental lore interests me. I must study deeper into the mysteries of eastern thought."

"One feature of Buddhism will strike you with force, I think," said the wise hen of Brahma, drawing down one eye suspiciously. "That is, it forbids the eating of flesh." The big turkey changed color again. Flesh

eating was a distasteful subject to him, and

he always avoided distasteful subjects. The clairvoyant shut her eyes, stiffened her body and began to see things. She said a dark day was coming for the entire race of fowls, and even certain quadrupeds on this hemisphere. It would occur about the latter part of November. They who escaped that day were tolerably sure of their lives for another month, at least. There was but one

course to take to escape the doom of that

black Thursday; that was to get out of the way of the flesh eating animal man. At this point a small white pig came up and sniffed derisively, and then trotted off to eat the food which the fowls neglected for Oriental wisdom. The pig was a noted skeptic. The Brahma hen looked after him and smiled pityingly. "Ephraim is joined to his idols," she said. "Selfishness pays its own penalty. We get what we give. The mind

The Brahma hen was certainly very deep. The fowls of every order gathered around her to drink in her wisdom. She was a believer in reincarnation, but was in no hurry about it. She said it didn't matter to her how soon her bones were bleaching white and bare on the earth, save for one thing. That was that she wanted to spread her doctrines a while

more or less troubled by the fortuneteller's prediction. Your skeptical people are never skeptical when bad is predicted of them. They believe even what they don't want to believe while loudly proclaiming their lack

Two days before Thanksgiving the Prahma hen told her faithful followers that the time was at hand when they must flee from the wrath to come, and they flew.

"Why, dear me," said he whose be less it was to kill the Thanksgiving fowls, "I can't find a feathered creature on the place, except those two old noisy cocks, which are so tough a lion couldn't eat them. These are our friends the orators, who were too conceited



"We can boil them till they are tender," said the mistress of the house. Then some food was held out to these worthy ranters, and some flattery heaped upon them, and the conceited things, thinking they were to take part in a convention where they could do all the talking, stepped up to the enemy and were caught and beheaded.

Before this the small pig which had sneered at talk of the dark Thursday predicted by Mme. Devachau was ready for roasting. Ephraim was indeed joined to his idols forever more. The two orators and the skeptio graced and greased the Thanksgiving board, although not exactly in the characters they would have chosen.

The next day the big turkey and all the other fowls who had taken Mme. D.'s warning returned to the farm and settled down

comfortably to life again. Over the bones of the skeptical pig and the two blustering orators they told each other how thankful they were, laying particular stress on their gratitude for the boon of minds receptive enough to accept new thought. That evening they gave a swell party to Mme. Devachau and loaded her with

### A THANKSGIVING DINNER.

ROSE TERRY COOK'S BILL OF FARE. Roast turkey, Cold boiled ham,

Chicken pie. Mashed potatoes, Stewed celery,

Roast ducks,

Stewed salsify, Sweet baked potato. Cranberry sauce,

Wild grape jelly,

Pumpkin pie, Strained apple pie, Cranberry tart, Cocoanut pie,

Baked Indian pudding. Apples, walnuts, raisins, almonds, ginger. Ginger for dessert should be the sweet, dried ginger sold for such purposes. JULIET CORSON'S BILL OF FARE.

A typical dinner near the New England coast would be somewhat as follows: Baked tautog. Boiled chicken with oyster sauce. Potatoes. Beets. Onions. Mashed turnips and

Roast turkey with cranberry jelly. Roast venison with current jelly. Assorted

Roast or baked partridge or wild duck. Plum pudding. Various cakes. Apple, mince, squash, pumpkin and custard pies. Nuts. Apples. Raisins. Coffee. IN THE INTERIOR.

Fried oysters, or oyster stew. Baked chicken pie. Sweet and sour pickles and catsup. Mashed potatoes and turnips. Boiled whole potatoes.

Boiled onions. Baked beets. Squash. Roast spareribs with stuffing and apple sauce. Roast turkey, goose or chicken with cranberry

Fried saugage with fried apples. Baked Indian pudding. Steamed fruit or cracker

Mince, apple, squash, pumpkin and berry pies with cheese. Doughnuts, crullers, cookies, cup cakes, gold and silver, marble and sponge cakes.

### Various preserves. A POOR MAN'S THANKSGIVING.

Let him who eats not, think he eats, 'Tis one to him who last year said, "My neighbor dines on dainty sweets, And I on coarser bread."

He who on sugar angels fares Hath pang's beneath his silken vest; The rougher life hath fewer cares-Who fasts hath sounder rest.

If lean the body, light the wings; His fancy hath more verge and room, Who feasts upon the wind that brings



So, if no smoking turkey grace This day my clean but humble board, I'll think what might have been my case If rich, and thank the Lord.

No gout awaits my coming age, No bulbous nose like lobster red, To vex my temper into rage, Or fill my days with dread.

Leave to the rich his roast and wine; Death waits on him who waits for all: The doctor will be there by nine, By twelve the priest will call.

Lord, in all wholesome, moderate ways Keep me, lest it should hap me worse; Teach one to fill his mouth with praise Who never filled his purse. -Florus B. Plimpton.

# that is set wholly on this world reaps its harvest in this world, and it is often a regular whirlwind." The Brahma hen was certainly very deep.

Our Entire Stock of

# Chickens, turkeys, ducks, geese and pigeons all went to bed that night in a frame of mind. Even the most skeptical of them were more or less troubled by the fortuneteller's BLANKETS & COMFORTERS.

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Heavy Fine Double Bed Blankets Reduced to \$2.75 and \$3.00.

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500 Pairs Grey Blankets at \$1.40 per pair.

Every Description of Colored and White Tobogganing Blankets.

Fancy Blankets for Boys' and Girls' Coats.

300 Heavy Tack Down Comforters at 65 cents.

250 Extra Large Turkey Red Comforters at 90 cents.

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ings and Culls of Oll Stocks are sold elsewhere. See their Boys' Ribbed Underwear at 15c each. See their Men's Ribbed Underwear

at 25c each. See their Heavy All-Wool Scarlet Underwear at 50c each. See their Heavy All-Wool Grey Underwear at 50c. See their Ladies' Shetland Vests at 50c. Six Men's 4-ply Linen Collars for 25c. Men's Celluloid Collars only 121c. Men's Melton and Knit ed Shirts 50c each.

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