

"WHICH SHALL IT BE, JOHN, WHICH SHALL IT BE? I LOOKED AT JOHN, AND JOHN LOOKED AT

#### A COUNTRY THANKSGIVING.

Harvest is home. The bins are full, The barns are running o'er; Both grains and fruits we've garnered in Till we've no space for more We've worked and toiled through heat and cold, To plant, to sow, to reap; And now for all this bounteous store Let us Thanksgiving keep.



The nuts have ripened on the trees, The golden pumpkins round Have yielded to our industry Their wealth from out the ground.

The cattle lowing in the fields, The horses in their stalls, The sheep and fowls all gave increase, Until our very walls Are bending out with God's good gifts.

And now the day is here When we should show the Giver that We hold those mercies dear.

We take our lives, our joys, our wealth,

Unthanking every day; If we deserve or we do not, The sun it shines alway. So in this life of daily toil, That leaves short time to pray, With brimming hearts all humbly keep One true Thanksgiving Day. And if there be some sorrowing ones, Less favored than we are.

A generous gift to them, I think,

Is just as good as prayer.

### THE PILGRIMS' THANKSGIVING.

How It Was Observed by Direction of Governor Bradford. The Pilgrim Fathers landed at Ply-

mouth, as we all know, on Monday, Dec. 21, 1620.

Under favorable auspices the first harvest was gathered. With hearts of joy they secured the bountiful crop of Indian corn which had ripened in the fierce heats of August and the warm haze of September. As they looked on the heaped up stores-the first fruits of their toil in the new land-their hearts swelled with thankfulness that the Lord had so mercifully cared for them, and that, though sorely smitten with pestilence, they were now blessed with health, peace and freedom from the dread of famine.

Mindful of the Providence to whom those blessings were due (those stern, bold men were very devotional), Governor Bradford proclaimed a solemn Thanksgiving feast, and ordered that preparations should be made for celebrating it with such festivities as were in their power. Four men were dispatched into the woods to shoot wild fowl, and though the game had been scanty throughout the summer, the quartet of sportsmen returned at night staggering under their burden of turkeys, geese and pigeons sufficient to provision the entire settlement for a whole week. There was rare labor done by the good Puritan dames, plucking and dressing the game, pounding corn and baking it, getting out and polishing the tin and pewter table services brought from England and Holland, and scrubbing the wooden trenchers that served the poorer pilgrims in lieu of tin or pewter.

The roar of one of the great guns on the hill top announced the commencement of Thanksgiving. It was Thursday, Oct. 24, a little less than one year after their arrival in Cape Cod bay. In the different dwellings and over fires lit in the open air began the work of roasting and boiling.

When all had assembled the sergeant stepped forward, and the men, three abreast, with firearms shouldered, marched orderly and silently toward the meeting house. Behind came Governor Bradford in his long robe of office, walking gravely, as befitted a governor. On his right hand walked the venerable Elder Brewster in his preacher's, cloak, bearing the Bible reverently in his hands. On the governor's left was the military chief of the colony, Miles Standish, his heavy armor laid aside for a short cloak, his trusty sword at his side, and a small cane in his hand as a mark of office. Proudly he watched the firm tread, sturdy frames and serviceable weapons of the little troop before him, and was half regretful that among the subjects for the day's thanksgiving was the blessing of peace with all the tribes about them. It was also a pity so many good muskets should be used only in shooting wild fowl, so doubtless he thought; for the sturdy little captain was, as he had said, a man of war, half of whose thirty-seven years had been spent in knocking about the world as a soldier of fortune.

The sermon of Elder Brewster was appropriate to the occasion. Never was he known to preach a better discourse or a shorter one, though it would be thought long, enough now, particularly if the steam of roasting Meleagris gallopavo · tickled the nostrils of preacher and con-

gregation, as it did them. It was a Thanksgiving dinner, and no mistake about it. To be sure the tables were of the rudest, and there was not much display, nor were there the many little delicacies that can often be found now on Thanksgiving tables. But the turkey was there in all his glory of brownedskin, rich gravies and palatable stuffling, and so were a number of other birds, great and small, roasted and boiled and baked over the embers. There was corn bread and hominy and puddings, and several little nicknacks such as skillful housewives could make up of the materials at hand. Nor were the tables alto-

gether wanting in display. Some families had brought a few household relics from their English homes, and these were set

out to do honor to the day of rejoicing. The dinner over, the pilgrims turned to the homes they had left. As the day closed and darkness came creeping in from the pine woods around Plymouth, the settlers trod once more, in fancy, the green lanes of England or the busy streets of Leyden. They sang the psalms and songs that had been sung around their English firesides, and mingled memories of the past with thankfulness for the present and hope for the future.

Hark! An Indian shout, followed by likewise Mrs. a challenge from one of the guard. sharp rattle of a drum, and every man grasped his firelock and rushed out in alarm. Nearly a hundred savages were pouring into the village with shouts and cries. But there was no occasion for alarm. It was Massasoit and his braves coming in to thank the white men for their assistance and to share their festivities. They brought with them five deer and a good supply of other game, as their contribution to the feast.

So the thanksgiving feasting was continued another day. By daybreak the fires were again set going and the work of roasting, broiling and boiling was resumed. This time venison was added to the turkey.

While the feast was preparing the Indians performed their dances, startling the white men and frightening the young folks and women with their wild yells and flerce gestures. When they rested Capt. Standish ordered out his soldiers in full armor and put them through their military exercises, winding up with the discharge of a volley from their muskets, and a salute from the great caunon on the hill top and the little cannon before the governor's door. The crash of the musketry and the roar of the ordnance terrified the savages, and they begged the "great captain" that he would not thunder again, lest he should kill them all.

On the third day the feasting was resumed, the Indian hunters going out before daybreak and returning early with game for the day's feast. A council fire was built, and around it speeches were made and new pledges of friendship exchanged. Then, with great ceremony, Massasoit took leave of the governor, his friend, the great captain, and the other chief men of the town. Standish, with the troop of musketeers, eccorted the Indians a short distance from the settlement and gave them a parting salute.

Thus, with prayer and feasting, with godly psalms and Indian dances, with joyous songs, roaring artillery and English shouts mingling cheerily with Indian whoops, was celebrated the first New England Thanksgiving. - H. Maria George in Demorest's Magazine.

### A BRAKEMAN'S THANKSGIVING.

"Did we have any Thanksgiving at our house?" replied the brakeman, echoing an engineer's inquiry. "Well, I should say we did. I had a lay off that day. The night before came near laying me off forever, too. Didn't you hear about that? Funniest thing that ever happened on the road. As I was coming in on the last section of 57, I having the rear end, I went up ahead to speak to the conductor, who was on the engine. It was as dark as a stack of black cats before the moon rose. As I was going back I slipped on a broken foot board right at the end of one of those infernal refrigerator cars, and fell. I couldn't see a hand before me, but I knew I was going down. I clutched for the hand rail, but failed to reach it, lost my balance, and went down between the cars, breaking my fall by a one hand grasp on the brake rod. I knew what that meant. It came over me like a flash. It was death, and I knew it. My first thought was of my wife and babe-of what a Thanksgiving dinner they would have with the turkey the superintendent had sent us, and me a-lyin' in the little front room all cold. can't tell you all I thought in that second, and I wouldn't if I could. It was awful.

can remember striking the ground. struck on my feet, my efforts to grasp the hand rail and my half grip on the brake rod having started my feet down first. The horror of that shock. Quicker than you can wink the thought ran through my brain that in the next instant I would be crushed by the wheels of the dozen cars behind me. But I wasn't. I fell headlong on the ground and rolled over and over, bruised and stunned, but conscious. I couldn't realize why the other cars didn't run over me. I waited for them, second by second. It seemed hours. Soon I roused, scrambled to my feet, and found that there were no cars after mc. The train had broken in two and I had fallen off the rear end. One of my arms was terribly sprained, also my left ankle, and I was bruised a good deal, but I could walk. There was my lantern by me. Just then I remembered that the through express was following our section, and that there was no one on the caboose to flag it. I hobbled, almost crawled, back about three-quarters of a mile and found our missing cars standing in a curve and a cut where the express would surely have telescoped 'em, and got there just in time to signal the express and stop it. Next day I was able to sit up in bed and eat turkey and receive the superintendent, who called to say that I should be promoted the first of the year."

### Pride and Humility.

Once upon a time two turkeys went to

roost on a tree. "I am the finest bird that flies," remarked one, complacently, "and nothing is too good for me." So he picked out a nice, soft, springy limb almost at the top

of the tree and went contentedly to sleep. The other one had been brought up to consider modesty a great virtue, and humbly remarked: "I am content to sleep near our dear Mother Earth. 'Pride goeth before a fall,' and who knows but that a storm may come and blow my ambitious companion to the ground, thus breaking his vain neck?"

So he took a seat on the lower limb. A storm did not come, but the owner of the turkeys did, and the one on the lower limb was caught, and on Thanksgiving

day was eaten. Moral-Danger comes as often from below as above.

The first Thanksgiving day recorded was observed in Leyden, Holland, Oct. 3, 1575, because of deliverance from siege. Such observances were not unusual in Europe. The first New England Thanksgiving was held by order of Governor Bradford, at Plymouth, in 1621, "that they might after a more special manner rejoice together." There were thanksgiving days in New England from 1631, nearly every year, for special purposes, and in the New Netherlands from 1614. During the revolution the observance was general, but after that was confined mostly to New England, till just before the civil war. During the war it was nationally observed and is now a general custom in nearly all the states.

we am now gathered around this festiferous board to discuss our # [# ] Thanksgiving dinner,

and to keep the service in our hearts what we is 'minded of by this bountiful feast. Now, my deah hearers, and likewise you, chillun, we is each of us to 'spress our se'f in turn, an' say what we is thankful for. For myself, bein' the oldest, I kin say that I am thankful for everything; most pertiklerest that I is 'bout over that rheumatics that bodders me so, and that Mrs. Jackson keeps in good helf and plenty of washin', and that my chillun is all goin' to school and is a-growin' up nice and ginteel. Now, Mrs. Jackson, it's your

"I gives thanks to de Lord for all his mussies; but I would like to say that I is very glad that there ain't no ornery, low down, white trash what can beat me a-polishin' nor a-cookin', nor in looks when I gets my Sunday close on."

"Mrs. Jackson," said the old man, reprovingly, "that ain't in order, but 'lowing that long as it's so, ye ain't no wise to blame. Now, Cleopatra, let's hyar from you."

"Law, paw, I don't like to say, but I is thankful all the same," with a look at Mr. Adonis Hawkins, who smiled back as if he had the same reason for giving special thanks.

"Now, Abraham Linken Jackson, tell yer paw and all the company what you is the thankfulest for," said the benign old father in Israel to the youngest member of the family, after all the rest had expressed themselves.

"I is thankful 'et that there ain't no more of us, 'cos if day was dat dere tukky wouldn't go 'round!" "Ahem! Let us say grace."

#### A THANKSGIVING SERMON.

Of all the days that have been set apart as sacred to the people of this country, two stand forth in holy radiance as the outcome of the purest sentiments. The one is Decoration day, and the other Thanksgiving. The one was born in loving memory of the dead, and the other in gratitude to the bountiful Giver of all we enjoy. The flowers we lay upon the graves of our soldiers and lost ones are not sweeter than the thanks we offer today. Some, indeed, may not give articulate sound to their thanks, but it is safe to say that in all this broad land there is not one person whose heart, whether it is weighed down by sorrow or light with joy, does not send at least one grateful thought toward the source of all good, though perhaps they are hardly conscious of it.

Gratitude for favors given is a pure and ennobling sentiment, and meet is it that this youngest and most signally blessed country should set apart one day wherein the whole nation, as one soul, should bow in silent thanks for all the bounties and blessings we enjoy. We receive the feast in the spirit of a reminder that these blessings are but a part of the abundant store; and with the feasting the thanksgiving rises like incense. Let there be no empty tables in all the land, that not one single heart fail to offer its meed; and let us all "Praise the Lord for his good works, for his mercy endureth forever."

### An Old Fashioned Dinner.

The following is the list of the dishes at Thanksgiving dinner on a Pennsylvania farm. Everything with the exception of the pudding was placed upon the table at once, to obviate the necessity of rising, as the dear old hostess was none too strong and kept no servants, and yet cooked it all herself. At the head of the table was a large chicken pie, in the middle two roast chickens, and at the foot was an enormous turkey, and opposite the chickens a roasted pig. There were fourteen pies of different kinds, three large cakes, crullers, preserves, pickles of four kinds, boiled onions, mashed potatoes, and turnips, apples, cheese nuts, custard, head cheese, biscuit, brown and white bread, and lastly a big plum pudding, and coffee. All this for thirteen persons. This dinner was twelve years ago, and all the diners still live.

### A Thankstiving Sentiment.

McMaster, the historian, when asked for a Thanksgiving sentiment wrote this: "Every man today earns more money, wears better clothes, eats better food and of more kinds, lives in a more comfortable home, knows more of the world, holds broader views than he could possibly have done when the Nineteenth century came

#### The Pumpkin Pie. 'Tis rhubarb pie in early spring,

And gooseberry in June; And Christmas time it's rich mince pie, Morning, night and noon. But the royal pie for Thanksgiving Is pumpkin, golden yellow.

### A CITY THANKSGIVING.

Ah! that's the kind for me, if not

For any other fellow!

Oh! russet is the forest, No leaves left on a tree, No shelter there for fellows Who tramp like you and me.

Oh! cold are country breezes, And warmer is the town; So trav'ling on our uppers, My chum and me comes down,



For we're sure of one good layous Of turkey, meat and pies; A real Thanksgiving dinner, Enough to fit our size.

And though we get no baccy And likewise nary beer, We're mighty thankful, for ft Must last us one whole year.

# TIMES ARE HARD.

# MONEY IS SCARCE.

Every Dollar Should Be Spent to the Best Advantage.

There is a Great Field for Saving Money in buying one's footwear.

## WHERETOBUY?

Is the question, and it is pretty nearly everybody's secret that

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