

**ENCOURAGING FACTS.**

**Those Contemplating Change of Residence Should Read This.**

The other day the writer was in the office of the Canadian Government at St. Paul, Minnesota. On the windows of the building were signs to the effect that homesteads of 160 acres were given free to actual settlers, and in the windows were displays of wheat, oats, barley, other grains and vegetables, which he was told were grown in Western Canada. This could be readily believed, for in no other country on the Continent would it be possible to grow such splendid specimens. The world is now pretty well advised that in the growing of such cereals as have been named, and vegetables as well, the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta have no competitor. For several years past specimens have been exhibited at State and County Fairs throughout the States, and these exhibits are looked upon as one of the chief attractions. They have demonstrated what can be done in the climate of a country possessing a soil that will grow things. But that it was possible to grow vegetables such as were seen there seemed to create some doubt. But it was the case. And apples, too. Not of course the splendid fruit grown in countries more congenial to such culture, but they were in evidence. Throughout Indiana, the "Hoosier" farmers were forced to stop and think. When a similar exhibit was placed before them during the past few weeks, many of them were forced to stop and remark: "That is much ahead of anything we can do. The quality of the grain we have conceded, for has not So-and-So sent us samples grown on his own farm the like of which we had never seen before. But to think of the vegetables—and such vegetables! Why, we thought everything was frozen up there, and these turnips, cabbages, cauliflowers, beets, mangolds, pumpkins and squashes are away ahead of anything we ever saw grow." That is the story everywhere. Thousands of Western Canada homesteaders, formerly United States citizens, are growing just such grain, just such vegetables, which yield them a splendid profit with little outlay on the farms that they have secured from the Government of the Dominion of Canada at the nominal cost of \$10 for 160 acres. If adjoining land is wanted it can be secured from the railway companies or from private individuals at moderate prices and reasonable terms. By placing your name and address on a postal card and addressing it to the Canadian Government Agent whose name appears elsewhere, a copy of "Last Best West," telling you all about it, will be sent you free.

**HIGH WAGES IN AFRICA.**

**Natives Charge Eleven Cents a Day to Accompany Hunter.**

I had never got an African elephant or a hippopotamus or a rhinoceros, and I wanted to try. There is the whole story, says a writer in Appleton's. This brought me about the middle of last October by ship to Zanzibar, and thence by another vessel some six hours to the northward on the east coast of Africa to a town called Mombasa, the southernmost seaport of British East Africa and the beginning of the Uganda Railway. It seemed necessary to gather together for the outfit about thirty men, native blacks of all grades, various colors and marvelous types—porters who carried daily on their heads sixty pounds of my own luggage and whatever each needed for himself besides, and dressed in the most remarkable costumes it has been my fortune to see. They will walk from fifteen to twenty miles a day, up hill and down, through jungle and over open flats, with as little trouble as I would walk down 5th avenue. And in recompense for all this labor these dusky gentlemen get 11 cents per day and one and a half pounds of rice for the comfort of their insides.

There were porters, a personal servant, a cook, gun bearers and a headman. The latter held the whole motley crew in the hollow of his hand, and ran them and me, and cheated us both with a frankness and thoroughness that was too genial to be irritating. He stole and sold my aluminum cooking outfit that was the apple of my eye, and never so much as gave me a commission.

**WHAT WAS IT**

**The Woman Feared?**

What a comfort to find it not "the awful thing" feared, but only chronic indigestion, which proper food can relieve.

**A woman in Ohio says:**

"I was troubled for years with indigestion and chronic constipation. At times I would have such a gnawing in my stomach that I actually feared I had a—I dislike to write or even think of what I feared."

"Seeing an account of Grape-Nuts, I decided to try it. After a short time I was satisfied the trouble was not the awful thing I feared, but was still bad enough. However, I was relieved of a bad case of dyspepsia, by changing from improper food to Grape-Nuts."

"Since that time my bowels have been as regular as a clock. I had also noticed before I began to eat Grape-Nuts that I was becoming forgetful of where I put little things about the house, which was very annoying."

"But since the digestive organs have become strong from eating Grape-Nuts, my memory is good and my mind as clear as when I was young, and I am thankful." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a Reason."

**RHYME OF THE PUMPKIN PIE.**

'Tis a dish that the gods Mars, Apollo and Jove,  
In their palmyest days might be envious of;  
Where the milk and the honey of plenty combine  
To fashion a dish most deliciously fine.  
When the spell of November is gray upon earth,  
And the howling storm spirit comes out of the north,  
Then the heart is made glad, tho' forbidding the sky,  
By the taste and the sight of the rich pumpkin pie.  
Dear time-honored dish that our grandmothers made,  
Ere the red man was gone or the forests were laid;  
When the sound of the warwhoop was heard in the land,  
And the Puritan tolled with his musket at hand,  
When towering Wantanquet saw to ascend  
The silent smoke signals that spoke of the end;  
And the bear and the panther, the lynx and the fox  
Held revels of blood in its storm-smitten rocks,  
You are dainty as then, in those autumn's of old,  
With crust like a snowflake and center of gold,  
With the spices of India lying deep in your heart,  
You are jewel and crown of the housekeeper's art.  
Let the angulantac wail, if he will,  
The homage, yours justly, we'll offer you still;  
And ever this toast we'll repeat till we die—  
"All hail and long life to the brave pumpkin pie!"  
Though your hills, O November, are barren and bleak,  
And wailing the winds in your forests which speak,  
One charm we will cherish—yes, keep till we die—  
The pride of New England—the good pumpkin pie.

**A Happy Thanksgiving**

The good people of the church had decided that something must be done, and at once. The treasurer, a young man, who had recently come to the village, had made a financial statement that October Sunday morning, upon which certain persons felt very much scandalized. Such a thing had never been done before—not even thought of; then it revealed the fact that the Rev. Wesley Norwood had received but \$51.75 for six months of faithful service.

"I don't believe in bringing up such matters in the religious services of the church," growled Brother Cook, who always protested that it was a waste of money to pay the minister so much salary.

"I quite agree with you," responded Mr. Barnes. He was not a member of the church, but attended because it was a respectable thing to do—give your standing. "If these things must come up every Sunday, I shall attend church elsewhere."

Notwithstanding this, it was generally agreed that it was a shame, and something must be done. But when things had gone in a haphazard way so long it was no easy matter to face right about. After several weeks of deliberation, the necessary something seemed as far from accomplishment as ever.

"It's too bad that they do not collect the pastor's salary," remarked Mrs. Hunter at the Ladies' Aid meeting. Who she meant by "they" was not entirely clear, inasmuch as she was one of the officers.

"If no one else will do anything, we must," rejoined Mrs. Allen; the various members nodded approval.

It was soon planned. The pastor had received \$51.75; they would pay him \$98.25—make it even \$150—and have enough left in the treasury for incidental matters. On Thursday evening of next week, which was Thanksgiving, they would invite themselves to the parsonage and have a good time while making the pastor happy. It would be easy to prepare something extra while getting ready for Thanksgiving. It was to be a grand secret; not a soul but members of the society should know a word of it.

At the close of the business meeting of the Young People's League, the president made a close scrutiny to assure himself that all present were members; he then proposed that, as "they would not do anything," the League take up the matter.

"I understand that we have nearly sixty dollars in the treasury; we could pay the pastor \$48.50—bring the salary up to \$100—and have enough left to pay all bills and begin the new year out of debt. If we do this I suggest that we observe the utmost secrecy and make it a complete surprise." All readily agreed to the plan and pledged the proper reticence in the matter.

Four of the most faithful met after prayer meeting to discuss the situation, and decided that they must at once collect \$248.25, the balance necessary to pay the six months' salary due. They then proceeded to do so quietly that no one surmised a general canvass was being made. Before Sunday the entire amount was secured.

Friday, after school, the Junior League met and decided that inasmuch as the grown-up folks would not help in the matter, they would do what they could; so they voted to pay over every bit there was in the treasury. Upon counting \$23.25 was found to be the correct amount.

"Oh, girls!" cried Lottie Newman, as she made some figures in the treasurer's book. "It will make just even \$75 and I hope we can get enough to make it a hundred."

After the choir had run over the Sunday hymns, someone proposed that they pay the proceeds of the last concert on the salary. The sum of \$30.25; after referring to the margin of his anthem book, the chorister reported that it would make \$82 all told. On Thanksgiving morning they would call at the parsonage and surprise the pastor with a check for this amount. Perhaps it would somewhat atone for the sin of whispering during the sermon.

Thanksgiving day was a trying time for the Norwoods. The baby was sick the night before and kept them awake; and when they did get to rest, they overslept. What with rushing to get breakfast over and make ready for the service at church, prayers were shortened and the chapter omitted altogether.

"Oh, Wesley, I am so tired! Everything has gone wrong to-day," said Mrs. Norwood that afternoon. "The children never were so naughty before. What will people say about Robbie fighting? The

flour barrel is empty, the potatoes are all gone, and we have not a thing in the house for breakfast, only bread and butter; and the grocer sent us word yesterday that we could not have another thing until we paid him. What shall we do?" After which lengthy and somewhat incoherent speech, she laid her head on his shoulder and found refuge in tears.

"Never mind, dear; the Lord will provide," then he slowly added, as if in an afterthought, "some way."

A few minutes later Pastor Norwood was bowing to the organist, who slipped a check in his hand and said properly, "With the compliments of the choir." Just as they were seated, the door bell rang again, and this time the Junior League marched en masse and the astonished minister stood speechless with a check in either hand. Then the older League came, and presently the Ladies' Aid, and last of all the trustees, all adding their offerings and crowding the small rooms. Each party looked stiffly askance at the others, wondering by what trickery their secret had become known.

After an hour of discourse and song, the treasurer arose and said:

"A few days since our pastor had received but a mere pittance for many months of faithful labor. While he had wrought earnestly for the church and its societies, so that, for the first time in years, all were in a prosperous condition, he unselfishly forgot his own needs. No, no! Brother Norwood, you must permit me to finish. Then one society and another, by some strange coincidence, conceived the thought of giving the pastor a pleasant Thanksgiving surprise. It is needless to say that we have surprised each other quite as well. But best of all, I find that in the few days of unconscious co-operation, we have increased the amount paid on salary to just five hundred dollars. This shows what we can do if we all work together. I move you as a congregation, that we increase our pastor's salary from six hundred to eight hundred dollars a year."

It was carried with a rush, even Brother

garbed Chinese host, to whom one of the party at some time has rendered a service or extended a courtesy.

**HOW TO CARVE A TURKEY.**

**Sharp Knife of Greatest Importance in Cutting Up Fowl.**

Some are born carvers, some after painful effort achieve carving and some—unfortunate few—have carving thrust upon them. In order to become skillful in the art it is of the first importance to have a sharp knife.

Daniel Webster, so the story goes, once undertook to carve the turkey at an old-fashioned dinner. The knife was dull as the traditional hoe and the bird proved refractory, giving the great man more trouble than one of his celebrated campaign speeches. Finally, after an especially desperate effort to cut through the hide of the troublesome fowl, the knife slipped and landed in the lap of a lady who sat next to the famous man. But even after this effort Mr. Webster never turned a hair.

"Madam, I'll trouble you for that turkey," said he, and went at the struggle again with might and main.

But we are not all born with the plumb of the great orator, so it is as well to take the precaution to have the knife sharp.

The turkey should always be served on a platter large enough to hold the different joints as they are carved. It should be placed on the table with the breast to the left of the carver, who commences operations by first getting a firm grip on the fowl by sticking the carving fork deep down through the upper part of the breast bone. Now, holding the fork securely in the left hand, take the knife in the right and remove the legs and the second joint together by passing the knife around the joint next the body. Then take off the wings in the same manner and disjoint them, cutting through the ligaments. Before carving more from the turkey

**PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL.**



—Cincinnati Post.

er Cook assenting, Pastor Norwood arose, and with tears of joy trickling down his cheeks, thanked them simply. Some said they sang the doxology as never before; at least there were two voices that rang out with a new inspiration of faith.

When they were once more at home, and the children in bed, Wesley Norwood again took his wife in his arms and opening his Bible at a place much marked and worn, they read together with the guileless faith of children, "And it shall come to pass that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

**Thanksgiving of the Chinese.**

As we learn more of this curious people, we are inclined to think that down in the narrow streets of Chinatown there is more real poetry than one would suspect from the matter-of-fact appearance and actions of the inhabitants. The average American, in the rush of metropolitan life, forgets all about the moon unless there is an eclipse, and even then there are ten chances to one that he knows nothing about it until he reads the paper next day.

With the Chinese it is different, says Leslie's Weekly. As their fathers did before them, so do they, and so will their children—for it takes more than a century to eradicate a deeply rooted belief—pay tribute to the sun and the moon and the stars.

On the fifteenth day of the eighth month in the Chinese calendar, which, according to the American method of computing time, was this year about the first week in September, the Chinese celebrated their annual moon festival and thanksgiving. In the country, where the good, old-fashioned Yankee farmers still continue to plant their peas and beans in the different times of the moon, so that they shall grow right, that body at this time of year is called the harvest moon; so it is the harvest moon that determines the date of the festival, which is much like the Thanksgiving of America and England and the Metzelsuppe of the Germans.

The day preceding and the day following the night of the feasting and merry-making, there is no suspension of business, for the celebrating is all done after nightfall. The thanksgiving days are considered a good time to pay off monetary debts as well as social, for such a practice promotes domestic felicity and hastens prosperity. It is not unusual during moon-festival week to see a large party of Americans entertained by a gayly

it is well to separate the leg and cut it into two pieces. After this the breast of the turkey can be carved in thin, delicate slices with the knife held flat against the breast bone and faced away from the carver. Then the point of the knife can be inserted under the wishbone and it can be lifted, pressed backward and removed. Good carvers now turn the turkey slightly and without removing the carving fork cut the shoulder blades from the under side of the carcass. Each "helping" should contain a piece of both white and dark meat and a generous spoonful of dressing.

**The Turkey Supply.**

Ten fat turkeys standing in line,  
Along comes Thanksgiving—  
Then there were but nine.

Nine fat turkeys weeping o'er their fate,  
Along comes Christmas—  
Then there were but eight.

One fat turkey-hen laying eggs galore,  
Along comes an incubator—  
Then there's plenty more.

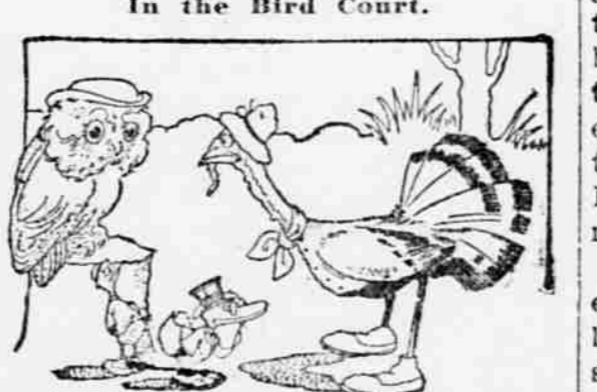
—W. J. Lampton in the Bohemian.

**The Sunday After.**



First Boarder (dreamily)—Although Thanksgiving is over, yet its memory will linger with us for days to come.  
Second Boarder (practically)—I dare say you refer to the hash.

**In the Bird Court.**

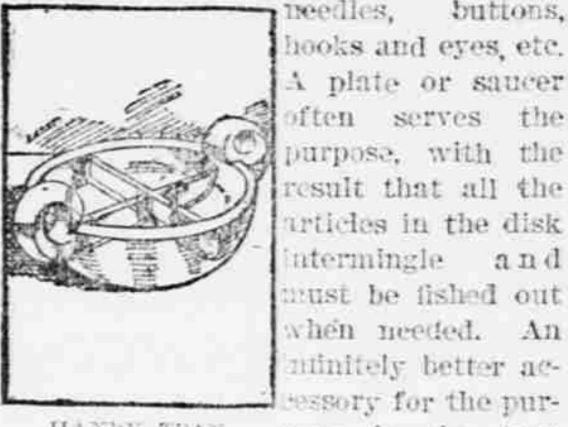


The Judge—Now, sir, what is your excuse for not wishing to serve on the jury?  
The Turkey—Please, your honor, I am opposed to capital punishment.



**Tray for Odds and Ends.**

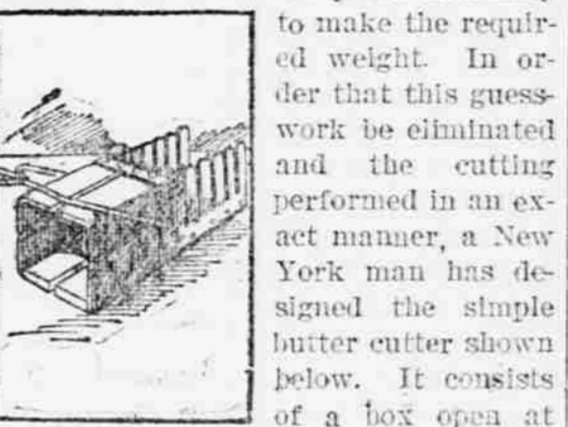
One of the many necessities required by the dressmaker and the tailor is a tray, or other article for holding pins, needles, buttons, hooks and eyes, etc.



A plate or saucer often serves the purpose, with the result that all the articles in the disk intermingle and must be fished out when needed. An infinitely better accessory for the purpose is the tray shown in the accompanying illustration. It is made of pressed glass and contains partitions which divide it into four compartments adapted for articles of various kinds. Only one partition can be introduced, increasing the size of the compartments. The latter provides a convenient means of separating the pins and buttons so that they can be instantly procured when desired.

**Butter-Cutter.**

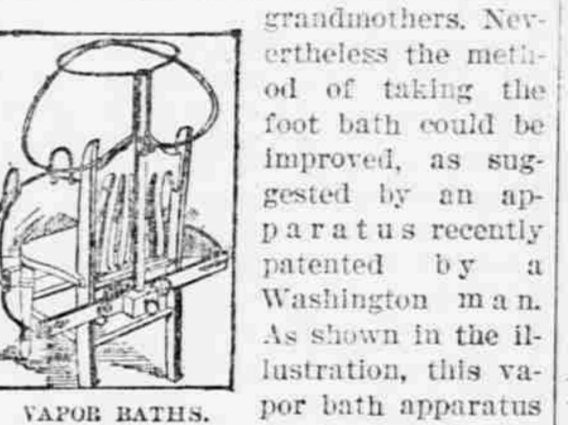
In cutting butter into small quantities the grocer or packer usually guesses at the size of piece necessary



to make the required weight. In order that this guesswork be eliminated and the cutting performed in an exact manner, a New York man has designed the simple butter cutter shown below. It consists of a box open at both ends and also partly at the top. At the end of the box having the open top are numerous vertical slots, equal distances apart. Transverse slots are placed in the closed part of the box. The cutting is done by means of thin wire attached to a holder. The several slots serve as guides to measure the butter into the quantity desired. The dividing is accomplished by forcing the cutter down the necessary slot, the latter acting as a guide to insure a perfect cut.

**Vapor Bath Apparatus.**

For breaking and curing a cold no remedy equals the good old hot foot bath recommended and used by our grandmothers. Nevertheless the method of taking the foot bath could be improved, as suggested by an apparatus recently patented by a Washington man.



As shown in the illustration, this vapor bath apparatus is far superior to the metal cabinets now in use. The apparatus consists of an ordinary chair, to which is attached a wire

**A ROOF UNDER ONE'S FEET.**

The convenience of having a roof over one's head most persons know for themselves, and others are learning from the Orient the comfort to be got, in summer's heat, by resorting to the roof-garden. How delightful a place for spending a midsummer evening the roof may be made can now be learned in New York City, where, as part of the summer work proceeding under the board of education in the vacation schools and playgrounds, the roof-garden development is most interesting.

Last summer eleven roofs of great school buildings in thickly populated districts were opened up for recreation on week days, during July and August, from half past seven to ten o'clock in the evening.

On the congested East Side, where innumerable children swarm, with no play place except the street, the opening of the roof-garden is an event. Mothers hurry the evening meal through, and then array the children in their cleanest and neatest clothes; and long before the appointed time long lines of expectant children extend far down the street. Their expressions of delight on finally attaining to the breeze-swept roof, where friendly teachers wait to overlook their fun, are indeed touching.

On their side, the boys play prisoner's base and various other games; the girls, moving about more decorously, turn their eyes frequently toward the bandmaster. When a waltz or a lively two-step begins the girls are in their element; and the spectacle is a most interesting one when they perform the European folk games and dances of the many nationalities represented.

Later in the evening come the mothers and other grown-up persons, to bring the children safe home and to snatch for themselves a bit of coolness and color, after the heat and monotony of the long day spent within stifling walls or on scorching pavements.

Shortly before ten o'clock the band strikes up "America." This is the ap-

pointed signal for forming in line, and then out they march, the children of the great city, to whom the fields and woods are but a fairy tale, the boys wildly swinging their caps, the girls singing happily—all a little reluctant, maybe, to go, but content in the knowledge that another evening will soon come when they may face again to their beloved roof-garden playground.

The Builders. "The Egyptians were the builders," said a contractor enviously. "No wonder their monuments will endure forever. Labor was nothing to them. As you would spend a cent on a newspaper so would an Egyptian king put 10,000 men to work upon a temple. Labor, you see, cost nothing. A striking example of the Egyptian prodigality of labor lies in this fact: No less than 2,000 men were employed for three years in carrying a single stone, a stone of unexampled size, from Elephantine to Sais."



A recent invention of an Oregon man provides a simple method of preventing corks of bottles getting lost and mislaid. A well-known habit in every family is to remove the cork from the bottle and place it on the handiest shelf or table in reach. Of course, it can never be found. This cannot happen with the bottle attachment shown here, as the cork is removably attached to the bottle. Secured to the bottle is a flexible retaining band which is also secured to the cork. The latter can be lifted from the mouth of the bottle so that the contents can be removed, and is always in position to be replaced. This attachment should prove to be especially valuable to druggists, as it eliminates the danger of placing a cork, which has been removed from a bottle containing a poisonous compound on one which is non-poisonous.

It Didn't Go. "Lady, I'm out of work," explained the tramp, undismayed by the forbidding glare of the Illinois farmer's wife. "I'm a deep sea fisherman; but the fish is all fished out of the Atlantic ocean this year. Bein' a poor, unfortunate, but honest man, I'm now on my way walkin' to the Pacific coast, where the fishin' is good. Can't you help a feller along a bit?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the farmer's wife; "I'll just unloose the dog and help you run part of the way."—Lippincott's.

Family Repentance. "Well," snapped Mrs. Henpeck, "I certainly was a fool when I married you."

"True, my dear," responded Henpeck, "and I regret to state you haven't improved any."—Detroit Free Press.

The average woman imagines she has a good deal of taste when it comes to arranging flowers in a vase.

A business woman should never propose to a man who can't cook or sew on buttons.