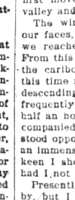
THANKSGIVING DAY

Canada's Day of Thanks a Month Earlier Than in the United States.

For some reason better known to the Canadians themselves than to the people on this side of the line, our Canadian cousins celebrated their Thanksgiving a month or more earlier than we do. It may be that the Canadian turkey had become impatient, and sounded a note of warning, or it may be that the "frost on the pumpkin" declared itself. But whatever the reason, their Thanksgiving day is past. It may have been that the reasons for giving thanks so much earlier than we do were pushing themselves so hard and so fast that the Canadians were ashamed to postpone the event. They have had reasons, and good ones, too, for giving thanks. Their great broad areas of prairie land have yielded in abundance, and here, by the way, it is not uninteresting to the friends of the millions of Americans who have made their home in Canada during the past few years to know that they have participated most generously in the "cutting of the melon". Probably the western portion of Canada, comprising the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, have the greatest reason of any of the provinces to express in the most enthusiastic manner their gratitude. The results in the line of production give ample reason for devout thanksgiving to Providence. This year has surpassed all others in so far as the total increase in the country's wealth is concerned. There is no question that Providence was especially generous. The weather conditions were perfect, and during the ripening and harvesting period, there was nothing to interfere. And now it was well it was so, for with a demand for labor that could not be supplied, there was the greatest danger, but with suitable weather the garnering of the grain has been successfully accomplished. There have been low general averages, but these are accounted for by the fact that farmers were indifferent, relying altogether upon what a good soil would do. There will be no more low averages though, for this year has shown what good, careful farming will do. It will produce 130 million bushels of wheat from seven million acres, and it will produce a splendid lot of oats, yielding anywhere from 50 to 100 bushels per acre. This on land that has cost but from $10 to $15 per acre—many farmers have realized sufficient from this year's crop to pay the entire cost of their farms. The Toronto Globe says:

"The whole population of the West rejoices in the bounty of Providence, and sends out a message of gratitude and appreciation of the favors which have been bestowed on the country. The cheerfulness which has abounded with industry during the past six months has not obliterated the conception of the source from which the blessings have flown, and the good feeling is combined with a spirit of thankfulness for the privilege of living in so fruitful a land. The misfortunes of the past are practically forgotten, because there is great cause to contemplate with satisfaction' the comforts of the present. Thanksgiving should be a season of unusual enthusiasm."

UP TO DICK.



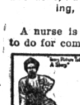
He—Darling! I swear by this great tree, whose spreading branches shade us from the heat, by this noble tree I swear I have never loved before.

She—You always say such appropriate things, Dick. This is a chestnut tree!

A NURSE'S EXPERIENCE.

Backache, Pains in the Kidneys, Bloating, Etc., Overcome.

A nurse is expected to know what to do for common ailments, and women who suffer backache, constant languor, and other common symptoms of kidney complaint, should be grateful to Mrs. Minnie Turner, of E. 5th St., Anadarko, Okla., for pointing out the way to find quick relief. Mrs. Turner used Doan's Kidney Pills for a run-down condition, backache, pains in the sides and kidneys, bloated limbs, etc. "The way they have built me up is simply marvelous," says Mrs. Turner, who is a nurse. "My health improved rapidly. Five boxes did so much for me I am telling everybody about it."



Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Good Place for Camels.

Gov. Glasscock of West Virginia, while traveling through Arizona, noticed the dry, dusty appearance of the country.

"Doesn't it ever rain around here?" he asked one of the natives.

"Rain?" the native spat. "Rain? Why, say, pardner, there's bullfrogs in this yere town over five years old that hain't learned to swim yet."—Everybody's Magazine.

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

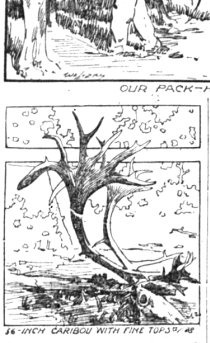
Afterward.

Bachelor—Are wives as expensive as they are said to be?

Allmony Victim—Not while they are wives.

Caribou-Hunting in Cassiar

OUR PACK-HORSES



56-INCH CARIBOU WITH FINE TOPS

THE weather seemed set fine and I felt so elated with my previous success with the moose that when my hunter, Albert, proposed a retreat up the trail of five miles to a high sugar-loaf mountain on the Tuya mountains, I consented. I meant to take some chances in a second attempt to get the big caribou. Soon we reached a point opposite the mountain, and then the hard work began. I drove the horses and the Indians went in front cutting down trees, for we had to force our own trail.

September 20 is one of the red-letter days of my life, so I must give it in full. At dawn we moved our outfit about four miles to the highest clump of wood. The walking for once was easy and firm, and as we forced our way through the last of the willow scrub, one of the finest landscapes in the world was spread before our wondering eyes. Four thousand feet below was the Tanzilla, lost in great golden splashes of cotton-wood, birch and poplar. Successions of deep green fir woods rolled away to the west as far as the grand canyon of the Stikine, and looking beyond were huge mountains between that river and the Iskoot now covered with deep and permanent snow. It was a glorious day for spring, and on every point of commanding eminence we stopped and worked the glass industriously. There were hundreds of likely spots for the great caribou, but not one could we find.

"I guess wolves scare him right out of the country," said Albert, as he closed the glass with an irritable snap.

We had now walked about 12 miles, and I was feeling very tired and had great difficulty in breathing in the rarefied atmosphere.

"We will just look this last valley," said Albert, moving to the left. I searched with the glass and then gave it to Albert, who had hardly placed it to his eye when he dropped it, excitedly exclaiming:

"Caribou! plenty big bulls!".

I tore the telescope from his hand and, looking in the direction he pointed, saw a herd of over 50 caribou, including at least 12 bulls. Our first move was to descend into the valley and hide the horse.

The wind was blowing directly in our faces, so that all went well until we reached the last stick of cover. From this point we had a fine view of the caribou, many of which had by this time risen to their feet and were descending the hill. They stopped frequently to feed, and it was fully half an hour before the first stag, accompanied by two or three hinds, stood opposite our hiding place. What an immense beast he looked, and how keen I should have been to kill him had I not seen something better.

Presently another grand stag came by, but I resisted the temptation to shoot and kept my eyes glued on the big fellow who was still lying down. Finally, he arose, surrounded by five large females. I never supposed for an instant but that he would do aught but follow the others, but to my great disgust he turned and walked the other way. My heart sank to the depths of despair. Even the phlegmatic Albert fidgeted and almost said something. He kept looking intently at the herd on our left, and I could read his thoughts as he mentally planned a fresh stalk at the main herd. But even to look in that direction signified an admission of weakness on my part, so I kept the glass glued on the object of my desires till my eyes ached at watching his slow, measured steps. Again and again he stopped and looked back at his late companions, and then my heart sank as each time he dropped his massive horns and followed in the wake of the ladies, who had now commenced to snatch a few mouthfuls of food. But what is this? He has started and is galloping full speed. Has something frightened him or has some fresh bull appeared to excite his jealousy, for he is a master bull without doubt and the rut is near. He rushes beyond the leading doe and then down goes his head. The show of power drives the frightened does together and then back on the trail. They hesitate a moment and then start off at full gallop towards us. What joy! Our luck has turned. Albert's face is a study. He is incredulous and then excited. "They come now," he says to himself.

It was a reompense for the hardships of the journey to see that little troop advancing. I knew they would follow the line of the others and thus be within easy shot. Moreover, I felt that I had been right to wait, and that pleases any man's vanity. On and on they came till the stag began to grow in size—500 yards, 400 yards, 300 yards. Now they stop and smell about the old tracks, for caribou like to follow the exact trail of others of their kind. Then an old hind puts out her neck, cocks her ears and trots slowly down the hill towards our hiding place. Albert worms himself into a desirable support behind my right shoulder, and all is in readiness for his majesty. The nearer he comes the bigger his horns look and, although not long, they contain a forest of points such as I had never seen before. A merciful Providence causes the bull to stop just where the others had stood, but he is covered by two hinds and I must wait till they have moved. He pokes one gently out of the way and then himself moves forward a step or two to smell the earth. It is enough; the sight is on his shoulder and I let go. He swings round once, shaking his head, and then rolls over with all four legs in the air. I give a whoop of triumph, for those great antlers are mine, and I rush down the hill for the possible chance of a long shot at one of the stags on the opposite hill. They are 500 yards away at least, and all jammed together in a solid pack as a result of the shot. A little forest of antlers stands out above a darkness of bodies. It is hopeless to fire, as the stags are all at the back, and I must wait till they string out and run. Now they are off, tearing over the hills in a mad race. One stag shows to the right on the skyline and I salute him with two shots. But it is hopeless, as I cannot see the striking point of the bullets. A loud call on the part of Albert now directs my attention to the stag I had shot, and I see him struggling to regain his feet, so I at once place a bullet through the lungs, which produces immediate collapse. The first shot, it seems, had gone a little to high and too far forward, between the neck and shoulder.

I have killed many fine stags in other lands, but I shall always remember that day on the glorious Tuya mountains when a little self-restraint met with a result equal to one's highest hopes.

J. G. MILLAIS.

Improved Tack Hammer.

A tack hammer, the head of which folds into a recess in the stick for convenience in carrying, has been patented by a Pennsylvanian.

Wouldn't Wear Them Outdoors.

She—Have you no home ties, Mr. Bagley?

He—Oh, yes, indeed. I have a whole lot my lady friends gave me.

Mamma Was Game.

Caroline, four years old and precocious, sat munching at the finale of an apple.

"Throw the core in the old bucket on the back porch, dear," fond mamma said.

"But, mamma, it's dark out there," the youngster protested.

"Well, darkness won't hurt you. Darkness is only day with coal soot all over its face."

The argument bore no weight with Caroline. Finally, her mother gave her a look that, in this particular family has the same meaning as the word "git."

"But, mamma, I'm afraid," the little one pleaded.

"O, afraid, afraid, afraid, that's all I hear. I wasn't afraid when I was a little girl."

"Was you game?"

"Yes, of course I was game."

"Are you still game?"

"Yes, of course, I'm still game."

"Then you take the apple core out, 'cause I ain't."

And mamma was game.—Indianapolis News.

Quick to Learn Music.

The talent of the negro race for music is shown by the experience of the bandmaster of a regiment of native troops in Jamaica. When he took charge not a man in the command knew a single note. Only one or two could pay an instrument even a little. Yet in six months he had selected his musicians and taught them enough to appear in public. Two or three years later their fame had spread to England and they were invited there to give a series of concerts. Their tour was highly successful.

Rather Slow.

"Is he a fast young man?"

"I hardly think so. It takes him half an hour to walk by the home of his best girl, even when he knows she isn't there."

Cause for Pride.

"That girl has an air of distinction about her, hasn't she?"

"Naturally. Why, when she was abroad she was knocked down by the king of Spain's own motor car."

CONCRETE HOUSE FOR SHELTERING AND FEEDING

One of the Most Useful Applications of Cement Is Seen in the Erection of Farm Buildings—By H. S. Chamberlain.

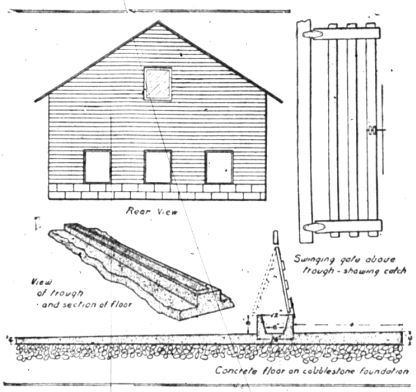
One of the most useful applications of Portland cement in farm economy is seen in the construction of buildings for the sheltering and feeding of swine. It was the good fortune of the writer several summers ago to aid in the planning and construction of such a structure on the farm of U. F. Stoner in Stark county, O. As concrete played an important part in the erection of this building, it may possibly be of interest to know how this particular hog house was built.

The ground plan dimensions are 16 x20 feet. The foundations are made of two layers or tiers of heavy building tile set on top of finely crushed stones, filling a trench about 2.5 feet deep. This depth of foundation practically prevents any upheaval from frost in the winter, writes H. S. Chamberlain in Farmer's Review. The space between these foundation walls was filled up, even with the top of the first tier of the wall tiles, with cobble stones picked up in the fields, these stones were dumped into place by means of a heavy block of wood, in preparation for the application of the first layer of concrete. The concrete mixture comprised one part of cement, two parts sand and three parts gravel well incorporated by first mixing in the dry state and afterwards thoroughly remixing with the right amount of water to make it spread well in laying the floor. In order to insure proper drainage to the floor, the concrete was laid six inches deep at the front to a depth of four inches at the rear, thus making a slope of two inches to the floor in a distance of 16 feet. On the top of this first layer of concrete was placed a half inch surfacing of a 1 and 1 mixing of cement and coarse sand.

However, the most interesting and convenient feature of the concrete portion of this hog building is the concrete feeding trough which is an integral part of the floor. Four feet from the front wall is this concrete trough. A temporary mold was constructed from inch boards. Only the outside form was used in making the trough; the interior was shaped by means of trowel and finishing tools without the aid of retaining walls. The inside and outside of the trough is coated with a 1 and 1 mixture of cement and sand to render it impervious to water and thus bar leakage of fluids poured into it.

The frame work of this building for swine is made of 6x6 inch sills with 4x4 inch corner uprights 10 feet high. The rest of the framework is filled in with 2x4 inch studding and rafters of the same size timber. The material used in the frame is oak and maple. The siding is pine laid on in ship lap.

In the interior are two wooden partitions dividing the floor space into three parts for convenience in feeding and rearing pigs of different ages.



A Convenient Hog House.

At the front portion of the interior is a four-foot wide gangway from which the animals are fed. Just above the trough are suspended two gates from the joists overhead. These are arranged so as to swing forward and back over the trough to facilitate feeding. When the pigs are to be fed the gates are freed by means of a latch and are swung inward, thus placing the trough in the entry so that it may be cleaned out and the food placed in it without loss of temper and patience on the part of the farmer. When the feed is put into the retainer, the gate is swung back towards the entry room and the hungry animals then have a chance to get in place by a vertically acting slide bolt.

WHERE OX TEAM STILL COMMON

The use of oxen in logging operations in the great forests of pine and hardwoods in Arkansas and other parts of the south is almost as common to-day as in the earlier period of the lumber industry before the introduction of tram roads and modern machinery for skidding and loading the cut timber.

Some of the larger lumber manufacturing concerns in Arkansas have three or four hundred head of oxen constantly employed in handling the logs from the interior of the forests to the loading places. It is found that these patient animals are much more serviceable than mules or horses for this particular purpose. What they lack in quickness of movement they more than make up in other respects. Another advantage in using oxen in logging operations is that in the forest regions of the south the natives are used to handling them and prefer them to horses or mules. The animals require little care and attention. They will stand an enormous amount of hard work, and, by doubling teams, great loads of logs may be hauled upon a wagon.

The ox drivers in the Arkansas forests are typical natives who possess many interesting characteristics. In most cases they are young men. It is said that a good ox driver has the making of a good logging man. It is the first step in an industry that requires the exercise of much skill and courage.

TURTLE FARM IS PROFITABLE

Acres of Ponds Devoted to this Industry in Japan—Separate Places for Young.

The place occupied among gastronomical delicacies by the diamond-backed terrapin in America and by the green turtle in England is taken by the "suppon," or the snapping turtle, in Japan. The three are equally esteemed and equally high-priced, but the Japanese epicure has this advantage over his brothers of other lands—he has no longer any fear of having the supply of the luscious reptiles exhausted. This desirable condition is owing to the successful efforts of a Mr. Hattori, who has spared no pains to bring his turtle farm to a high pitch of perfection and is able to turn out tens of thousands of these reptiles every year. His are, so far, the only turtle farms in the world which are highly successful.

In general appearance a turtle farm is, at a first glance, nothing but a number of rectangular ponds, large and small, the large ones having a size of 15,000 to 20,000 square feet. One or more of the ponds is always reserved for large breeding individuals or "parents," as they are called.

In Hattori's farm a person goes around the "parents' pond" once a day or so and covers up with wire baskets all the new deposits made since the last visit. Each basket may be marked with a date if necessary. This covering serves a two-fold purpose—the obvious one of marking the place and in addition that of keeping other females from digging in the same spot. When hundreds, or even thousands, of these baskets are seen along the bank of the "parents' pond" it is a sight to gladden the heart of an embryologist, to say nothing of that of the proprietor.

How to Lose Some Fun.

"The girl who marries the first fellow she falls in love with," replied the observer of events and things, "misses a whole lot of fun."

WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused sleeplessness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me, I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman.

"I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JOHN G. MOLDAN, 2115 Second St., North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

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Three Ideal Winter Cruises to the

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