

To be sure, we in Canada are not so badly off as the denizens of Old London during a November fog. We cannot wail, as did Tom Hood:

"No sun, no moon,
No stars, no noon;

No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of day,"

And so on, with his long list of "minus quantities," until he cries:

"No comfortable feel in any member,
No swallows twittering beneath the eaves;
No fruit, no flowers, no trees, no grass, no leaves,
No-venber!"

And happily, in Ottawa, through the enterprise of our journalists, we had not to bewail, at morning and at evening, that most serious of all holiday privations, "No paper!" Nevertheless, the citizens, on the eve of the national thanksgiving, owing to the "anchor ice," which formed so suddenly this year, were forced to growl: "No electric light, no cars, no water!" All of which did not tend to stimulate the spirit of thanksgiving.

One can understand why that time of year was originally settled upon by the good Pilgrim Fathers of New England. Those worthy Puritans, in their zeal for civil and ecclesiasti-