

Thanksgiving is near!



IF MOTHER WOULD LISTEN.

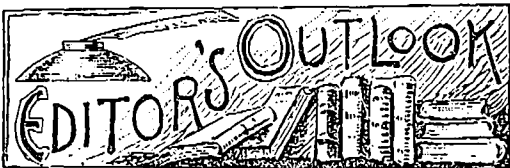
If mother would listen to me, dears,
She would freshen that faded gown,
She would sometimes take an hour's rest,
And sometimes a trip to town,
And it shouldn't be all for the children,
The fun, and the cheer, and the play;
With the patient droop on the tired mouth,
And the "Mother has had her day!"

True, mother has had her day, dears,
When you were babies three,
And she stepped about the farm and the house,
As busy as a bee;
When she rocked you all to sleep, dears,
And sent you all to school,
And wore herself out, and did without,
And lived by the Golden Rule.

And so your turn has come, dears,
Her hair is growing white,
And her eyes are gaining the far-away look
That peers beyond the night;
One of these days in the morning
Mother will not be here,
She will fade away into silence—
The mother so true and dear.

Then, what will you do in the daylight,
And what in the gloaming dim?
And father, tired and lonesome then
Pray, what will you do for him?
If you want to keep your mother,
You must give her rest to-day;
Must give her a share in the frolic,
And draw her into the play.

And if mother would listen to me, dears,
She'd buy her gown of silk,
With buttons of royal velvet,
And ruffles as white as milk,
And she'd let you do the trotting,
While she sat still in her chair,
That mother should have it hard all through,
It strikes me isn't fair,—*Maryland Farmer.*



See our Clubbing Lists on page 14 and second page of Cover. If any of the Publications you may require are not on the list, write to us for prices.

The first shipment of Canadian prairie sheep numbering about 1,800 from the North-West Territories, took place last month, and as an important experiment attracted much attention. The sale took place at Deptford, and the price realized was four shillings per stone dressed.

The harvest in the western part of the Dominion, *i. e.* Manitoba and the territories has proved bountiful and has been safely garnered. The yield has generally been large and even with the low prices prevailing the farmers have been put in ready money to an extent unknown to them for many months past. The movement of grain to the seaboard has been considerable, the quantity already reported being well above three million bushels. With the better railway facilities which are steadily extending, will come quicker haulage and brisker trade.

A COMPARISON of the recently issued returns by the Board of Trade shows an increase of two per cent. for the month of September this year over same month last year, for British imports from Canada. But in the imports for the nine months of the year ending September, the increase reaches seven per cent. Among the important lines showing an increase is that of cheese, the quantity reaching 120,000 lbs. This is gratifying, an upward tendency being at all times welcome; yet there is room for a much larger increase than that indicated, and it will be for the welfare of farmers to produce a quality of cheese and of butter which will ensure a greater demand in the British market. The returns above referred to show a falling off of about 25% in trade from Britain to Canada.

THE satisfaction with Mr. Meredith's appointment to the chief justiceship of the Ontario Court of Common Pleas, as has been regarded on all hands is a substantial testimony to his worth as a man, and his ability as a lawyer. It is probable he had no strong personal foes. In his public career, his opponents certainly gave him credit for high minded aims and genuine patriotism, while it was readily conceded that to his wide knowledge of statute law, of the practice of his profession and of the needs of the country, is due much of what is valuable in the legislation of the past decade. That he will adorn the bench there is no manner of doubt, and the wish of all parties is that he may live long to serve his province in the judicial sphere for which he is so well fitted.

It was but natural that Toronto should demonstrate enthusiastically on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue to Sir John A. Macdonald, erected in Queen's Park. Sir John in life was nowhere more popular than in Toronto and the statue will worthily commemorate that feeling as well as the great services of the late premier, to his country. Assembled to honor the proceedings were men of all shades of Canadian politics—the hatchet buried, the pipe of peace and eulogy smoked and no oration was more eloquent, more discriminating than that of the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, one of the ablest opponents that faced Sir John in days gone by at Ottawa. Cabinet ministers, civic dignitaries, military escorts, processions, etc., made up a pageantry not soon to be forgotten, and which fitted admirably to the prevailing sentiment called forth by the event.

AMONG the names of prominent men removed by death during the past month that of James Anthony Froude, the historian, stands pre-eminent. He was notable as a thinker in theological and philosophical fields; as a writer possessing singular literary grace and ability, and as an historian of acute judgment, wide research and fruitful results. His life of Henry VIII. from its defence of that monarch was considered one of the unexpected curiosities of

historical biography, but no one who has read his recently published life of Erasmus will be at a loss as to the source of his inspiration when he penned the biography of England's proud king. His name will ever be linked with his biography of Thomas Carlyle, a work which for thoughtfulness and candour of detail, has seldom been equalled. Among the few who rank as the incomparable masters of the English language, he was easily *facile princeps*, his style being inapproachable and his diction as nearly perfect as could well be. In him a good Briton died.

ONE of the most beautiful figures in the history of American literature has been removed from the scene of his congenial labors, of his successes and triumphs, by the death, last month, of Oliver Wendell Holmes. His genius has long been recognized, and his work has long been popular and well known wherever the English tongue is understood. Yet he was essentially a product of New England, embodying in himself the intellectual side of New England puritanism in a very high degree. Indeed, he had a most warm attachment to his native state and to the associations of his boyhood which indicate the source and the inspiration of his typical genius. "It was a great happiness," he wrote, "to have been born in an old house haunted by such recollections, with harmless ghosts walking its corridors, with fields of waving grass and trees and singing birds, and that vast territory of four or five acres around it, to give a child the sense that he was born in a principality." Here we have the background of the picture of the poet-literate's life—and what a beautiful, idyllic life it was? Pure, noble, drinking from the fountain of family tradition and fine national traits, and invigorated thereby, giving out fine moral and intellectual character that will long influence for good all lovers of the good, the beautiful and the true. Says a contemporary in words of exact fitness: "He was an aristocrat to the very heart, but it was an aristocracy based on moral cleanness, on intellectual distinction and on gentle manners. Never was there a kindlier, simpler, more unaffected nature than his; but he loved scholarship, and he believed that the reappearance of a family name generation after generation in the college catalogue meant something. As a poet, he takes fair rank; many of his shorter pieces breathe the true spirit of poetry, but it is as the author of the "Autocrat at the Breakfast table" and of "Elsie Venner" that he is likely to be best understood and longest remembered. With him one more of the famous circle of which Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell were bright, particular stars, has passed away.

A VERY interesting ceremony took place on Thursday of last week, when the Fred Victor Mission Building, a memorial gift from Mr. H. A. Massey, was formally opened. We allow the *Toronto Globe* to speak of the occasion. In the issue of Oct. 26, it says:—"Another of Mr. Hart A. Massey's generous gifts, the Fred Victor Mission building, was formally dedicated to charitable work last evening. The hall of the new mission building was crowded with an earnest and interested audience. Many prominent charitable workers of the city were present and attested their warm approval of the donor by heartily endorsing every admiring and thankful tribute paid by the speakers. The magnificent gift from Mr. Massey supplies a building in which every department of mission work can be effectually carried on. The building is located on the corner of Jarvis and Queen streets, and was designed by Mr. E. J. Lennox, under the personal direction of Mr. H. A. Massey and the workers of the mission. The walls up to the top of the second storey are of Ohio sandstone, and the three upper stories are of a new shade of pressed brick and terra cotta, made by the Taylor Brothers, Don Valley Pressed Brick Works. The old-gold shade of