

## CHAPTER XXXII

### "HALVES, PARDNER, HALVES"

It was Thanksgiving Day, and all the people of the Province were *en fête*. The day was clear, and the air was thrilling with the spirits of the north country; the vibrant sting of oxygen, the blessed resilience of the river and the hills.

It was a great day on the St. Lawrence, for men were preparing to go to the backwoods, to the "shanties," and hosts were busy with the crops, storing them; while all in trade and industry were cheerful. There was a real *benedicite* in the air. In every church, Catholic and Protestant, hands of devoted workers had made beautiful altar and communion table, and lectern and pulpit, and in the Methodist chapel and the Presbyterian kirk, women had made the bare interiors ornate. The bells of all the churches were ringing, French and English; and each priest, clergyman and minister was moving his people in his own way and by his own ritual to bless God and live.

In the city itself, the Mayor had arranged a festival in the evening, and there were gathered many people to give thanks. But those most conspicuous were the poor, unsophisticated habitants, who were on good terms with the refreshment provided. Their enthusiasm was partly due to the presence of Carnac Grier.

In his speech to the great crowd, among other things the Mayor said: "It is our happiness that we have here one whose name is familiar to all in French-Canada—that of the new Member of Parliament,