

Day for the blessings of the harvest is appointed by the Dominion Government in October. This year the date being Monday, the 11th, giving people a pleasant week-end holiday. And surely today in Canada we have many causes for thankfulness. Only yesterday, walking down the street, I noticed a large sign in a florist's window, "Britannia Rules the Waves. And because of this we have now our regular stock of bulbs from France and Holland." What a wonderful commentary on England's greatness! The high seas open to the neutral nations and to Britain's Allies, not only for necessities, but for the beauties and luxuries of life! Freedom in thought and action under the British flag, protected by millions of loyal sons. Have we not a country whose towns and elevators are filled to overflowing with the greatest factor of the world's wealth—grain? A country of people

saddened by war's ravages in their hearts, but whose homes stand untouched in the sunshine of the prairies, and whose people pass unscathed on their daily occupations. Surely we can be thankful for the chance to help and the power to give to the Old Land, that has mothered us all these years! Surely we are thankful for the smiling peace of the autumn landscape, and for the sure hope that rises insistent over every seeming trouble that though "the end is not yet," peace will soon come to our land, and the troublous kingdoms of Europe through all the smoke of battle. Then will be the great Thanksgiving of the world. But even while we wait in the shadow of war for peace again, waiting, let us work, and working let us pray, not alone for the things to come, but prayers of thankfulness for the things that have gone and the blessings we have enjoyed.

THE STORY OF MRS. COCKLE BURR AND FAMILY

By ENID N. GRIFFIS

Once there was a lady called Mrs. Cockle Burr. She was one of a large family, and lived with her relatives a little distance from a large city. She was not a pretty woman, in fact, was, most people thought, a very ugly one. She had long, thin arms and very large, rough hands. She had not only one pair of arms as we have, but not less than six pairs, and each arm, instead of having only one hand, had often more than ten.

Mrs. Cockle Burr had a very large family of little Cockle Burrs, who loved her very dearly. They did not mind that their mother was not as pretty as some other mothers. They knew the more long arms their mother had, the more cuddling they would get; and the more hands the more good food they would get, as it is these large hands Mrs. Cockle Burr uses to gather food for the babies. Mrs. Cockle Burr loved her children dearly, too, and was always seen holding the little ones in her

arms. She sometimes had as many as twenty on one arm.

These little Cockle Burrs were fat, healthy looking children, but instead of having soft, smooth skin as you have, they were covered with sharp hooked bristles. On the top of each little head was a pair of larger, stouter bristles, which kept the city children from annoying the Cockle Burr babies.

As the long summer days passed the Burrs grew taller and stronger, and when autumn came the children were full grown, each being about one inch high. With the coming of fall the children became restless and showed signs of wanting to leave home and mother, and venture out into the world. Some did break away and sat patiently waiting until something should happen which would help them to begin their journey.

Meanwhile, the sun had turned the children's bright green cloaks to a brownish color, and the bristles on their