

"And a Little Child Shall Lead Them"

By ALLEN EDDY

David Hunteon never had married. In his earlier years he had been too greatly engrossed in his trade and in making a living to give attention to affairs of the heart. So he had lived until he was sixty with his maiden sister. She had been the object of his devoted care, although it was not in his nature to display affection. Now she was gone after months of illness and he was very much alone.

Unlike men of his mood and training, Hunteon never could get ahead. Viewed on the surface this seemed strange, for he was a good plumber, sober and industrious, and expensive things did not tempt money from his pocket. But he owned a piece of valuable Toronto city real estate which kept him poor, indeed so far as available cash was concerned.

When he came to this country forty years ago he bought property with the capital he brought with him from his native Scotland. It had a frontage of about twenty feet on an up-town business street, and four decades ago land in that locality was worth only a fraction of what it is to-day. On the plot he built a three-story frame house, which served as plumber's shop and dwelling. The early years of his business were prosperous enough, but as the city grew and the business section extended, taxes increased until that item became the chief of Hunteon's expenditures.

Finally the property became ridiculously valuable and the taxes on it prodigiously high. Producing no income, used as it was only for his place of business and abode, he must work long hours to meet the demands of the tax collector.

In vain did real estate agents and speculators use argument and cajolery to induce him to sell his property.

"I'll no move away from here," he declared. (He invariably adopted the speech of his youth when excited.) "Here have I lived these forty years and here will I bide. What wud I dae, dse ye think, in anither place? A' the auld lads, what few o' them are left, come to see me and that's the one pleasure I have. No, I'll stay till they carry me out as they did my dearie."

There was a finality to his expressed decision that left no room for parley, and the agent would withdraw with full knowledge that he had accomplished nothing. Others were made for his little lot, which in a scheme of plot assembling and building held a strategic position, that would have astounded a person more susceptible to the lure of large figures; but, although he was sorely pressed for money to meet bills for doctors and medicines, he doggedly stood his ground.

Hunteon's shop from the beginning had been a rallying point for the clans cut off from their native land. The spirit of comradeship of these men was something beautiful to observe, and it had its practical side also. But now the ranks had thinned through deaths and removals and only a half-dozen at the most could be mustered. The sons did not take the places of their fathers in the auld country circle in which talk was of another land and times of the past.

Their interests were at hand, in direct contact with themselves; their friends, like themselves, were very much alive in the present; and their dreams, instead of being of a definitely formed and irrevocable past, were much more interesting because they projected into an indefinite and yet to be moulded future.

"Sandy" Richardson, long marked by the finger of death, had been one of the last of the old company of companions to go. He had been Hunteon's nearest friend. Knowing that death would soon take him, his chief concern had been for his little motherless girl who would be left alone.

"Dinna fret about the wee bairn, Sandy," Hunteon had said. "I'll no see her want for anything I can do for her. Rest yer mind about that, lad."

"I knew ye would, Davie, lad," Sandy had said, and there had been a suggestion of moisture in his eyes as he gripped the hand of his friend.

Sandy's funeral followed that of Sister Jane's by a week; and with the tax bill to be paid, funeral expenses to be met and a little girl on his hands, troubles gathered about David Hunteon. He spoke to the doctor who had attended Sandy, as well as his sister, about a mortgage on the place, and he knew that a mortgage was only one station from removal. But that dreaded break in his life was determined to delay as long as possible.

"No need for a mortgage, Mr. Hunteon," said the doctor. "You can let the place for a price that will keep you in comfort the rest of your days."

"I'll no sell," said Hunteon, his temper rising, his lips drawing tightly.

"Now, look here," said the doctor earnestly. "I'm going to talk to you as no one else has talked. Your idea about keeping this place is the idea of a foolish old man. You say you are always going to live here because the 'old boys' won't come to see you if you are elsewhere. You are simply indulging a whim."

"Weel, if it's a whim, it's my ain. I'll no move," was the somewhat ill-natured reply.

"Yes, it's not only a whim, but a selfish one," said the doctor obtaining to notice any austerity. "You are an old man and you have a young life entrusted to your care. Does your whim count as against her life? She can't live here. In fact she can't live in this city. She can live if she is taken into the country and is permitted to have the benefits nature has for her. She can live to be a beautiful woman. Keep her she will languish and die."

"What's that ye say, the wee yin in danger? What would ye? Take her the kinty? Why, yes, take her and quick about it," said the bachelor guardian in no little excitement.

"Listen, Mr. Hunteon," said the doctor, quick to follow the advantage which he seemed to have gained. "Next week my wife and myself go for our vacation in Muskoka. We are going to drive with the automobile. You and the little girl are to go with us. I know a nice farmhouse there where you can have board and where the child can have plenty of fresh milk and eggs. Better still, she will have plenty of invigorating air. The pink will come back to her cheeks by the day, by the minute. She will become more and more beautiful and she will crown your old age with a beauty and a glory you never dreamed of."

The doctor became oratorical as he became more and more enthusiastic. If he had imparted any of his enthusiasm to the other man it was not shown in Hunteon's speech. The habit of thought and the method of expression in a man are not changed in a twinkling.

"If you say go, we go," Hunteon said simply.

The next week the party set out. As the bachelor sat in the automobile beside his little ward, a new sense of responsibility touched him. When her small hand lay lightly on his a sensation he never before had known came to him and which he might have known was tenderness. He began to realize that with the responsibility he

had assumed to ease the mind of a dying friend he had opened the doorway of his own soul for an affection that made his old heart beat fast and which seemed to flood his soul with a wondrous stimulation that he could not describe.

In all his years in Canada never before had he seen the country beyond the city's limits, and the drive through the valleys and over and around the hills brought a revelation. "I never thought," he said to himself, "that there was anything so bonnie outside o' Scotland."

The boarding place found for the plumber and his little charge was the home of a widow who owned and superintended the work on a small farm. It was not by design—indeed, it was quite by accident—that he and the child had found a home with a woman, also a Scot, and born not far from his own boyhood home, and who, also, had come to Canada in early life.

The memories of childhood, that are so easily revived in the latest years of life, furnished a common interest for the man and the woman when they talked after the day's duties were done—hours that were looked forward to, it must be confessed, by each with eager and pleasant expectation. Indeed, the friendship progressed so rapidly and so unconsciously that the three, the woman, the man, and the child, were together much of the day. The doctor and his wife when passing the cottage and the few acres surrounding it frequently saw Hunteon busy at some odd job of the farm, the child playing near by and the woman not far away. Two or three times the little party of three had been observed in the early evening walking in the pleasant paths of the countryside.

The doctor's prognosis in the case of the child proved correct. With fresh

air, fresh milk, boundless room in which to play, moreover, with new interests and a consciousness of the affection of her guardian, and the new-found protection and care freely given by the woman, the bloom returned to the child's cheeks and health was abundantly expressed in her twinkling eyes and sturdy, browned limbs. To the woman, whose only child, a girl, had for many years been asleep on the hill, it seemed that the God she worshipped had been exceedingly kind.

Late summer passed into autumn, and soon the ripened fruits and vegetables, and the gamut of colors which blanketed the woods, made changes to awaken new interests for the child; while the harvest time and the atmosphere of peace and plenty seem to take her guardian back through the decades to the days of his boyhood. Quite unconsciously he had adopted the routine of the farm and gradually he had taken over a large part of the work and management.

Thanksgiving time was approaching and extraordinary preparations were being made in the little household for its observance. Between the man and the woman there seemed to be an understanding that the occasion to them would be something in addition to the annual celebration of Thanksgiving. Each seemed to think that it would be the occasion for personal gratitude.

The doctor's vacation had ended, but his wife stayed on in the country to enjoy the glories of the autumn. He made frequent trips thence and all the time he received reports and made observations in regard to the welfare of the child, in whom he had more than a professional interest, and also in regard to her guardian.

But now, just before the holiday, both the doctor and his wife would return to town, so they made a trip to the woman's cottage for the purpose of inquiring if Hunteon and the little girl would be ready to go with them back to the city.

They met the three near the gate

Canadian Autumn

Who is it says May is the crown of the year?
Who is it cries June is the gladdest?
Who is it declares Autumn, withered and sere,
The gloomiest season and saddest?

You shut your doors when I come out with my train,
And need not the challenge I'm flinging—
The ruddy leaf washed by the fresh falling rain,
The scarlet vine creeping and clinging.

Come out where I'm holding my court like a queen,
Come out where the wild grape-vines clamber,
Come out to the forest that yesterday green
To-day is all crimson and amber.

Come out to the hillside, come out to the vale,
Come out and be cured of your blaming,
Come out where my gold is, my red gold and pale
Come out where my banners are flaming.

Come out where the bare furrows stretch in the glow,
Come out where the stubble fields glisten,
Where the wind it blows high and the wind it blows low,
And the lean grasses dance as they listen!

—Jean Blewett.

at the cottage. The doctor quickly detected the glow of health in the face of the child and the undoubted evidence of strength the life out of doors had given. The attitude of the man and the woman, however, expressed something akin to confusion. Hunteon did not return his greeting in the usual frank way, and he thought he saw in the woman's cheek a blush such as he never before had observed.

When the doctor's question was asked the old man turned a significant glance toward the woman who stood beside him. The blush in her cheek now was well defined and the doctor's trained eye told him how beautiful she must have been in the years of her youth.

The old Scot took the woman's hand in a way that left no doubt about the meaning of his words.

"Sell the place," he said. "Pay all the debts and send the money that's left to me." As he hesitated the child pressed closer beside him and took the hand not otherwise engaged. There was an unmistakable whimsicality in his smile when he added, "Here the wee bairn and myself shall bide."

What the doctor said were congratulations for the couple; what he thought were congratulations for himself; for, as he has ever afterwards protested, it was the most successful case in his professional career.

Hunteon, however, true to a national propensity, would not permit the doctor to take to himself the full credit.

"Ye mind what the Bible says?"—he measured his words as if rebuking the thought he divined—"and a little child shall lead them."

Every-Day Blessings.

There are some folks who would never think of being thankful if the Governor-General didn't remind them of their duty. Those who need to have their memories jostled in this regard scarcely deserve to have blessings for which to give thanks.

Now and then one finds a man who thinks the world owes him a living. He who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, however, is most generally willing to thank the Lord for all the good things which have come his way.

Thanksgiving ought to come once a week instead of once a year. There are so many things between every sunrise and sunset over which to rejoice that one is sure to overlook some of them if he only takes stock of them on the one day set apart as a national Thanksgiving.

He who has the spirit of thankfulness in his heart, enjoys continually an appreciation of even the most commonplace things. To such, Thanksgiving Day affords a look backward over paths which have led from one blessing to another.

If there are any folks who should enter who heartily into the joy of Thanksgiving Day it is those who are

in partnership with the Lord in the business of tilling the soil. There isn't any better business than this and no more dependable partner.

October.

In trailing robes of gold and crimson dress,
Serenely she walks the woodland paths along;
The purring brooklet threads its course among
Soft, fringing grasses which her feet have pressed;

Dame Nature greets the fair autumnal guest
With full, rich melody of wild bird's song;
While at her feet, a meekly reverent throng,
Each lowly aster bows its purple crest.

Beneath the steadfast gaze of her clear eyes
The ivy blushes scarlet; all abroad
The maple lifts their flaming torches high
To light her way where late the summer trod;

So, 'mid green fern and plumed golden-roed,
October walks 'neath autumn's calm blue sky.

Indian Corn.

The corn-shocks within their tasseled plumes
The autumn fields adorn;
They look to me like Indian chiefs
In khaki uniform.

I wonder whether that is why
They call it Indian corn?

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Soup to Nuts on Thanksgiving

Plan your Thanksgiving dinner from soup to nuts, so that its dishes are suitable for both old and young. As nearly as possible avoid the heavy indigestible concoctions that tax tender stomachs. If the thought of economy must enter into the selection of your menu, then choose the two or three most important dishes and apportion the balance of what you wish to spend upon dishes that will go well with them and still give the proper amount of nourishment.

The following menu has been planned to serve eight persons. It is suitable for young children or very old people.

Julienne Soup with Bread Sticks
Pea Patties Celery, Olives
Turkey with Onion Stuffing
Potato Croquettes Cranberry Jelly
Shredded String Beans
Apple and Nut Salad
Cream Cheese Crackers
Fruit Pudding
Salted Nuts
Coffee

Julienne Soup: Into three quarts of water place one-half cup each dried carrots and turnips, one-half cup each

the centre of each slice with a smaller cut. Arrange them in a bread pan, in piles of three slices, and place in the oven until toasted a light brown. Heat the contents of two cans of peas, drain off the liquor and to it add one tablespoon butter and one tablespoon flour well rubbed together. Pour the liquor over the peas again, season with one-half teaspoon salt and one-half teaspoon pepper, thoroughly heat and pour them into the bread patties. Serve one on each plate with the turkey.

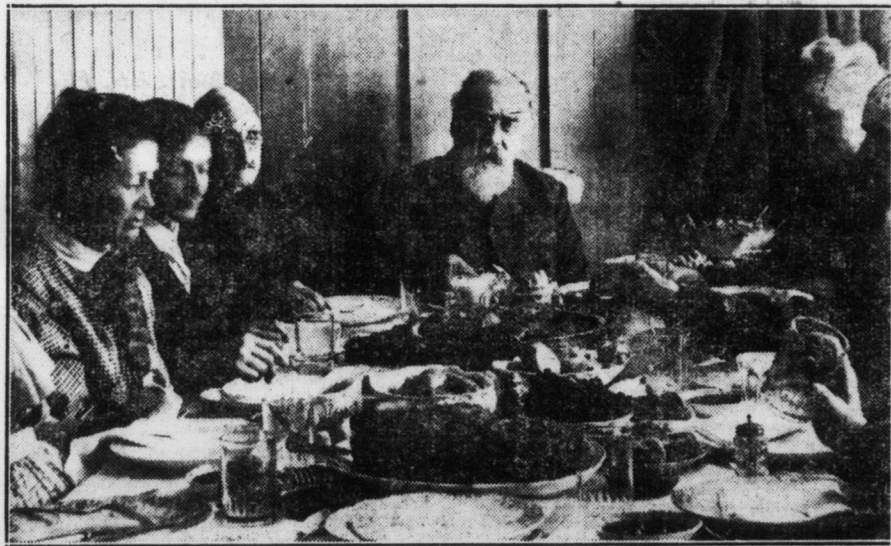
Turkey with Onion Dressing: For the stuffing, thoroughly mix together two cups of dried bread crumbs, one-half cup of melted butter, four tablespoons of chopped onion, two tablespoons chopped parsley or celery leaves, one teaspoon salt and one-half teaspoon black pepper. Any herb preferred may also be used. Stuff the turkey and then over the breast, wings and legs spread a mixture of one-third cup butter and one-half cup corn meal which have been thoroughly blended. Place in a brisk oven until the corn meal begins to brown and then reduce the temperature to moderate. Baste frequently, first with

a bowl that has been moistened with cold water. Set aside until jellied.

Potato Croquettes: Thoroughly mix four cups of hot mashed potatoes, the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, two teaspoons finely chopped parsley or celery leaves, one teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon pepper and one-half teaspoon onion juice. Scrape an onion to get the juice. When well mixed, set aside to cool. Then shape into croquettes, roll in bread crumbs and fry in sizzling fat until light brown.

Shredded String Beans: Thoroughly heat the contents of two cans of stringless beans and drain off the liquid. To one cup of the liquid add one-half tablespoon butter, one teaspoon salt and one-quarter teaspoon white pepper. Spread the beans on a platter and gently shred them with a fork. Over them pour the liquid and place the platter in the oven until the beans are quite hot. Some like a very little minced raw onion added at the last minute.

Apple and Nut Salad: Peel, core and dice five fair-sized apples. Chop the kernels of one-half pound of English walnuts, mix with the apples, arrange on lettuce leaves in individual dishes



finely chopped onion and celery, one bay leaf (may be omitted) and one tablespoon finely chopped parsley. Bring to the boiling point then add two teaspoons of beef extract, two teaspoons Worcestershire sauce and one teaspoon salt. Allow to simmer for one-half hour, strain and serve. Instead of beef extract, three quarts of strong, clear beef broth made from good shank portions, may be used.

Bread Sticks: Dissolve one-half yeast cake in one cup of milk. Add one cup of water and one-half teaspoon salt. Stir in enough flour to make a fairly stiff dough. When the mixture is light enough to mold, form into long, narrow rolls and set aside to rise for thirty minutes. Then brush the rolls with warm water and bake in a brisk oven until crisp. Do not let them touch each other. Each should be an evenly browned "stick."

Pea Patties: Cut twenty-four one-half inch slices of stale bread. With a large biscuit cutter cut these into round shaped pieces and then cut out

melted butter and then with boiling water. As soon as the roasting is under way, baste with the drippings in the pan. Allow not less than twenty minutes to the pound for medium-sized bird. When done, pour off the sauce from the pan and skim all the heavy grease from its surface. Broil the giblets and place them in the sauce. Put the heavy grease back into the pan, in it blend four tablespoons of flour or the amount needed to thicken, gradually pour in the sauce and giblets and cook for five minutes, stirring constantly. Be sure this gravy is seasoned right.

Cranberry Jelly: Place three pints of ripe cranberries in a granite or porcelain saucepan and add one and one-half pints of cold water. Bring to the boiling point, remove from the stove and mash the berries with a wooden spoon. Add one pound of granulated sugar, replace upon the stove, bring to the boiling point and then cook for just one minute. Strain through a rather coarse strainer into

and dress with your favorite salad dressing. If you can not get lettuce, make a pretty nest for each salad plate of finely shredded, tender cabbage leaves.

Fruit Pudding: Mix together one and one-half cups each of molasses, sour milk and finely chopped suet. Set aside and mix together three cups of flour, two and one-half teaspoons soda, one and one-half teaspoons cinnamon, three-quarters teaspoon ground cloves and three-quarters teaspoon salt. Set this second mixture aside and make a third mixture of one cup of flour, two cups seeded raisins and one and one-half cups dried currants. All raisins may be used. Citron may be used for part, if wished. Thoroughly stir together the three mixtures, turn into a large, buttered tin steamer and steam for four hours. For the sauce, cream together one and one-half cups each powdered sugar and butter seasoned with one teaspoon vanilla extract. Omit the sugar and add one cup of sweetened whipped cream may be used.

CELEBRATING THE DAY

With peace at home and an abundant harvest, this year will be the happiest. Thanksgiving for many a long day. The pleasure of the family feast will be increased if some one, the oldest daughter possibly, has provided special decorations and jolly games to keep up the festive spirit of the day.

First of all, the table should have an appropriate centerpiece. The prettiest kind of effect can be had by scooping out a huge pumpkin and setting inside of it a bowl of water with a large bouquet of ragged yellow and bronze chrysanthemums. Better make this as low as possible, so it will not hide the view across the table. Even the family will like to see each other smile on Thanksgiving. Around the pumpkin place a mat of autumn leaves.

For place cards a lot of fun can be had out of cartoon cards made from ads. Cut from the newspaper or old magazines funny figures or sketches to represent the foibles of each member of the family, and instead of the printed face use a face cut from a snapshot of the person for whom it is intended. Paste these on bright yellow cards. For instance, the man whose mother always brags about his being such a good baby could have his face pasted into the bonnet of a big fat baby from a food ad.

The place cards will be sure to get everybody in a good humor, even mother, should she be worried about the turkey being done too much, or the pies a bit scorched. But just to keep up the good spirit, try a game at the table. Give every one a small piece of paper and pass around a pencil. Then tell them that each is to write on his or her slip a single word, a noun, the name of the thing he is most thankful for this year. These can be serious or funny, as they choose, but they must not be shown to any one. The slip can be turned face down until ready for use. Then some one reads a little story in which blanks have been left instead of nouns, as many blanks, in fact, as there are people seated at the table. As the story is read and the reader comes to a blank, she stops and the first person to her left supplies the omission.

Besides being a perfectly ridiculous story, there is sure to be fun over the reasons for thankfulness, especially as every one knows every one else. The story can be some little thing made up for the occasion upon some family joke or tradition, or the following could be used:

A Thanksgiving Tragedy.
Bessie Brooks and Tommy Snooks were walking out one Sunday when suddenly he spied a ——. Said Bessie Tommy, "We'll simply have to have a ——" this year, dear. "Yes," answered her spouse, "but where is the ——" going to come from?" "You will have to work hard every night overtime to get it," answered Bessie. So Tommy did. He went without ———, and ———, and ———. His cheeks grew thin and he had to tighten his belt a notch every day. But at the end of each week he put aside ——— in the little ——— on the ———. The big day came. Bessie went out with her ——— on her arm looking for the biggest ——— she could find for the money. At last she found it and had enough money left over for ——— and ———, too. "See!" she cried, rushing in to Tommy. "See the beautiful ——— I found." But Tommy answered: "Take it away! I have lost my ———, and never want to see a ——— again."

When friends of the family come in for the evening, as they are bound to on Thanksgiving, have a few small tables prepared with some simple games for amusement. For instance, at one let four of the guests string cranberries, the first to string his allotment to get a small Thanksgiving sticker, a pumpkin, turkey, or similar gummed label on a card given him for a tally. At the next table to which these four will progress there will be a game of tidily-winks, improved from a large tidily-wink dish and four or five pumpkin seeds apiece. The first to get his seeds into a disk in the centre of the table gets a sticker. Next table contains four jigsaw puzzles to be put together, the first to finish getting a sticker, and at the last table there is a bowl of popped corn and a paper of pins from which each player is to make a funny little figure, the best to win the sticker. For prizes for these games present some homemade candy or a gingerbread man.

For refreshments in the evening serve on paper plates a square of fresh gingerbread with nut filling two doughnuts, peanut brittle and a tall glass of cider with a straw.

Autumn Lights.

Still within the season's urn
Bright the salvia's embers burn;
Still the aster flambeaus flare
In the crisp morning air;

And the goldenrod is still
Like a flame upon the hill

These, with all their glow and gleams,
Light the autumn's path of dreams;
Light the path of promise to
Vernal loveliness we knew;

For we cannot quite forget
April, and the violet;

Golden April that is gone,
April that again shall dawn;

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