



THE HOME WORLD



Thanksgiving Day should mean much to Canadians. A nation favored above others, with more of good and less of rampant evil, we have abundant reason for a thankful and cheerful spirit and may well pause for a day, in the midst of our getting and storing, to recount past blessings and present comforts. Let us be thankful, too, not only for what we have received, but for this—that our lot has been cast in so good a land, with so great a future before it.

Thanksgiving Day

Carloads of pumpkins as yellow as gold,
Onions in silvery strings,
Shining red apples and clusters of grapes,
Nuts and a host of good things,
Chickens, and turkeys, and fat little pigs—
These are what Thanksgiving brings.

Work is forgotten and playtime begins;
From office and schoolroom and hall,
Fathers, and mothers, and uncles, and aunts,

Nieces, and nephews and all
Speed away home, as they hear from afar
The dear old Thanksgiving call.

Now is the time to forget all your cares,
To cast every trouble away.
Think of the gone blessings, remember
Your joys,
Don't be afraid to be gay!
None are too old, and none are too young
To frolic on Thanksgiving Day.

A Thanksgiving Cellar

Let's go down cellar.
Mother doesn't relish the idea of any one going down there with a kerosene lamp. She says that the first thing we know someone will trapse down there and stub their toe and burn the house up. Out on the butty shelf there is a stub of a candle. Phew! it smells when you light it, but it's a good, healthy smell, as mother says.

Dark in the cellar way, even though the candle is held before us. Look out for the stone jar on the second step. Doughnuts in there. Hoist the cover. Sugar on em. Mother always sprinkles sugar on her doughnuts. They don't need sugar on the outside. But mother's doughnuts characterize everything else around the house. No skinching any where. Cuts pie four pieces to the pie—that's mother, and it's a blame big pie at that. Say, did you smell those doughnuts? Sort of make your nose laugh, they do.

You can tell when you get to the bottom of the stairs. Piece of carpeting there. The cellar floor is as clean as it can be, but if you don't make pretence of wiping your feet on that bit of carpeting ere you come up stairs, you will have mother to reckon with.

Cricky! Doesn't that celery smell good. It's being bleached out for the Thanksgiving dinner. We don't raise cranberries, but we've got some there. Those are about the only features of the Thanksgiving that we don't raise right here. You noticed that big turkey out there sitting on the thill of that old sled, didn't you? Well, it will "be up to him" in about a week.

Yes, we got a good crop of potatoes this season. He, hoist up the candle and look into the bin. Ever see a

smoother lot? We don't raise potatoes to throw at hens on this farm.

I remember once when I wasn't as large as I am now one of the neighbor's boys was helping me sprout potatoes. Mother came down and took away the old broken-stemmed goblet that was canted over the bung hole of the cider barrel. Said she didn't want us to be drinking any of that sculch. But sprouting potatoes is thirsty work. We raised terrible big potatoes that year. The boy that was with me was an ingenious critter. He cut one of the potatoes in half, and out of the halves he scooped two of the neatest drinking cups you ever saw. But mother was right. Cider isn't good for folks to drink.

There. Swan, if it didn't stick me to know where to put all the apples this year. Look-a there! Every one of those barrels tiered up there is filled with number one apples. For eating, give me a Gravenstein. When you bite into one the meat clicks off with a sort of metallic sound, it is so crisp. But they are tender. Too

Tolman sweets there, the way mother bakes those apples would make you willing to live here on the farm and do the chores for your board.

But the most cheerful place in the cellar is the corner near the swinging shelves. Mother has 127 cans of preserves up there. She took the fruit just as it came along: strawberries, raspberries, blueberries, plums, peaches and currants and all the rest, you know! They help out a supper—I tell you that, when chores are all done. They'll make you satisfied with cream o'tartar biscuit when other folks growl and dawdle over pate de foie gras.

And under those shelves see those stone jars? Well, they are filled to the brim with sweet pickles, long strips of cucumber and sliced tomatoes and all such. Ginger! Don't they help the Saturday night beans, though?

Well, hold the light while I draw a pitcher of cider, and we'll go upstairs again. You carry the apple dish. Pile 'em up high. Mother says if there's any-



What One Ontario Farmer has to be Thankful for. Weight of squash, 120 lbs., age of girl, 5 years

bad the snow apples don't keep any better. Every time you gnaw into one of these you have to go scioof! to keep your mouth from running over. But those juicy apples are like those too salty people—they don't last well. Those Northern Spys aren't so sort of spicy and all that, but they stay by you just as long as you use them well, and if you don't use them well, what can you expect? Frost doesn't work any better on fruit than it does on friendship.

Go over there under the brick arch where all those apples are piled loose. Isn't that a poem for the nose, a ballad of bounty translated for the benefit of the sniffer? When I want to feel at peace with things I come down here and smell of that pile of apples. There are a lot of

thing that frets her it is to see some one trailing upstairs from the cellar with a dish half full of something. That isn't the way she runs our house.

And when it comes to Thanksgiving dinner—well, you wait and cultivate your appetite.

Put the candle back there in the buttry. There, what is there better for a man's feelings than going down cellar at this time of year?

Saving Time

The time saved in looking for things when wanted would pay compound interest on that saved by not putting them away immediately after use.