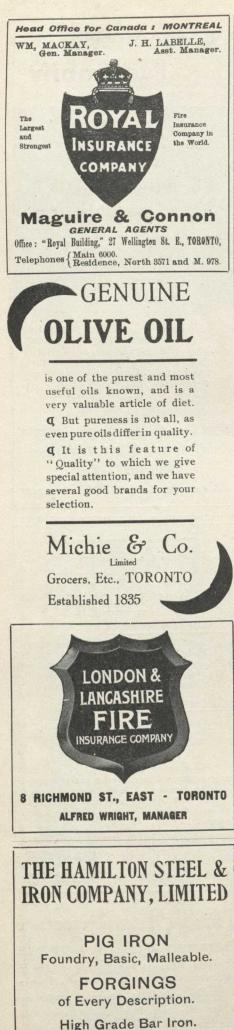
CANADIAN COURIER



Open Hearth Bar Steel.

- CANADA HAMILTON -

little community were vieing with one an-other in their offerings towards helping to prepare the home for this their first bride in the new land.

in the new land. Early in the morning of the appointed Thursday, about the first of November in this year of 1621, Massassoit and ninety of his warriors arrived on the outskirts of the village, and with wild yells announced their readiness to enjoy the white men's hospitality. They were gladly welcomed by the men, women and children, and showed themselves highly pleased with the attenthemselves highly pleased with the atten-tions and gifts bestowed on them by Pa-tience and John. Their stolid faces wrinkled

tience and John. Their stolid faces wrinkled in delighted grins when they understood that a marriage was to be celebrated be-tween the two young people. Soon the roll of a drum announced the regular morning prayer, and as the people gathered together in their rough log meet-ing-house, and the tender music of their voices floated out on the morning air, the savages stood by motionless in unconscious reverence reverence

Then followed a holiday-time of feasting

savages stood by motionless in unconscious reverence. Then followed a holiday-time of feasting for three days. But in the midst of these festivities the real purpose of the celebra-tion—thanks to the bountiful Father—was never allowed to be overlooked. The real Thanksgiving dinner took place on the Saturday, the last day of the cele-bration. The good dames had done honour to their skill and ingenuity in the prepara-tion of this sumptuous repast. Foremost of all was the roast turkey, followed by all manner of delicious viands, such as venison pasties, savoury meat stews with dumplings of barley flour, great bowls of clam chow-der, and all kinds of roasts, fish, cakes and plum porridge, amongst other things oy-sters, the gift of the Indians and the first ever tasted by the white men. The long tables themselves, of rough boards, were adorned with baskets of wild grapes and plums, and nuts of every variety. It was in the time of the Indian summer and the tables were spread under the trees where the mellow sunlight shone warmly through the soft haze, illumining the sombre woodland with a golden light and giving glimpses through the tracery of leaves of Heaven's azure canopy. Here with the sun shining on their bowed heads, John and Patience were wed, Patience as sweet and fresh as a rosebud, arrayed in her simple grey gown, snowy kerchief, and demure little cap from which the sunny curls would escape and beneath which smiled as winsome a face as one might meet, and John, a stalwart, beardless man, his tanned face serious and steadfast in expression while he looked tenderly and reverently at the girl he now claimed as his wife.

reverently at the girl he now claimed as his wife. While the gentle winds from the south laden with the sweet perfumes of the forest came as a lingering dream of summer, the minister uttered the sacred and oft-repeated words of the beautiful service, "to have and to hold, till death us do part." And here on the New England coast, surrounded by the deep wilderness, the Pilgrim Fathers with their dusky guests celebrated on that far November day, the first Thanksgiving.

He Needed Gas

"Do you give gas here?" asked a wild-looking man who rushed into a dentist's. "We do," replied the dentist. "Does it put a fellow to sleep?"

'It does

"Sound asleep, so you can't wake him up?" "Yes."

"Yes." "You could break his jaw or black his eye and he wouldn't feel it?" "He would know nothing about it." "How long does he sleep?" "The physical insensibility produced by inhaling the gas lasts a minute, or probably a little less." "Levenet that's long enough Got it all

a little less." "I expect that's long enough. Got it all ready for a fellow to take?" "Yes; take a seat in this chair and show me your tooth." "Tooth nothing!" said the excited caller, beginning rapidly to remove his coat and vest. "I want you to pull a porous plaster off my back."—Independent.



In answering these advertisements please mention Canadian Courier.