

THANKSGIVING DOXOLOGIES.

For Abundant Fruits and Harvests—For Blessings Hereditary and Climate.

Pronouncements of president and governors call us to anthem, and mention particular causes of national gratitude, but they cannot mention one-half of our blessings. In our imagination we see the wonderful crops of the year, and while we look at the lustrous cotton, we fancy we see the dusky toilers of the Georgian plantation, the snowy globes shining amid dark green leaves, and the men, now sweltering in the noonday sun and now at the evening time making the cabins resound with music and dance. Cotton—suggestive of warmth and wealth, comfort and international commerce. Blessed be the name of Eli Whitney, who invented the cotton gin, and of Richard Arkwright, who showed one spinner how to do the work of one hundred and thirty spinners. While we look at the corn, we see the plowing and the planting, four grains in a hill, and the shooting up of the green blades, and finally the corn-silk and the cutting frolic, and hear the shout of the huskers. Good old-fashioned corn! What would we do without it? Blessings upon the head of those who planted it, cut it, shucked it, husked it and garnered it. While we look at the sugar-cane, we see the hard work among the Southern fields of long stalks, and the mills pressing out the saccharine, and remember that all our exquisite syrups had a plain ancestry of molasses, and we see all over the land the gay groups of candy pulling, and wonder if the painting banks of modern confectionery are half as healthy as the dark colored liquids that come up from the sugar plantations of Louisiana. And how suggestive the wheat—the monarch of all grains, the sublimest thing on earth—a ripe wheat field. Sown before winter and enriched by the snows as a Christian by chilling sorrow, and waving its green in the early spring, and then under ripening benediction of sun and shower preparing its invitation, embossed with gold, to the farmers to come and get bread and feed the world's hunger. Minnesota wheat fields. Dakota wheat fields. Illinois wheat fields. Apple net girdled and sandaled and coroneted with wheat fields. And who sees in imagination the piled up apples without thought of the orchard and the time when we used to shake the trees for them, and crunch enough in one afternoon to bring all our mother's medical skill before morning. Apple's supposed to be the kind of fruit that grew on Eden's forbidden tree, because of the temptation we all felt in boyhood to steal apples. But boys should not steal apples. An apple Solomon's favorite fruit, for with the fruits of all zones growing in this conservatory, he cried out. 'Comfort me with apples.' And there is the much satirized pumpkin rebed in color like the day dawn, with great round corporations, the sldermen among vegetables, so fat that they are as tall when they sit down as when they stand up. What would New England do without the pumpkin—mother of queenly pies and patron of the last century of thanksgiving?

And now clear out of the old channels of conventional Thanksgiving, I call to mind something you may have forgotten or never thought of. Among the things to be grateful for are our hereditary blessings. Have you ever thanked God for good parents? But for the raising we got, we would have probably been in poorhouse or penitentiary. Show me the cradle and I will make a prophecy of everything clear on to the grave. What a glorious race of old folks! Those who passed off in the last generations. Talk about your doctors, allopathic, homeopathic, hydropathic and eclectic. I believe in all of them, but was there ever a better doctor than your old-fashioned county mother? What boneset tea to sweat out colds! What catnip to soothe the restlessness! What herbs for the whole race of distempers! What hot pillow for toothaching face until the village doctor drove up the lane, and with one jerk of the terrific turnkey took out the tooth, leaving you under the impression that jaw and head and shoulders had gone with it! Was there any one like your old mother to poultice without hurting a run-around finger, or make a boil stop boiling. You were not ashamed to let her see you cry, though you were so big the world would have called you a cry-baby. I take the responsibility of the medical colleges for conferring degrees, and I doctorate all that generation of mothers, bestowing on them M. D.—Maternal Doctor. Would that we could have treated them as well as they treated us! For

perhaps, we might have kept them with us, and today at our Thanksgiving table those vanished faces might have beamed upon us among the home group, and we might have taken from them one more blessing before their final departure. Some say they would not bring the departed to this poor world again if they could; but I would be willing to risk it, and if I could bring back to your dining hall the two old folks today, I would put them one at each end of your table, and you and your wife could afford to stand and wait on them while the celestial visitors tarried in your dwelling. But I must quit this, for it blurs my eyes with something that makes it difficult to write these reminiscences. Glorious race of old folks! Have placed where you can see them, their staff, their spectacles, their Bible, and thank God that your manhood and your womanhood had such advantageous launching.

But pass now for Thanksgiving purposes from blessings hereditary to blessings atmospheric. Have you bethought yourself of the fact that the most of the millions of the human race are in climates frigid or torrid or horrid? Take up the map of the world and thank God that you are so far off from arctic icebergs on the one side and the five foot long cobras on the other. For what multitude of the human race life is an arctic expedition. Underground huts. Nine months of winter. Immeasurable barranness. Life a prolonged shiver. Our front door steps on a January night genial compared to their climate. Ask some Arctic explorers about the luxuries of life around the North Pole. Instead of killing so many brave men in polar expeditions, we had better send messengers to persuade those inhabitants of polar climes to say good-by to the eternal snows and abandon those realms of earth to the walrus and white bear, and shut up those gates of crystal and come down into a realm where the thermometer seldom drops below zero. What must life be at Nova Zembla, every breath freezing on the beard? Oh, the beauties of Baffin's Bay—only six weeks in the year open. What a delightful thing when they milk their cows and milk nothing but ice cream! Let all those who like themselves live between thirty and fifty degrees of north latitude, thank God, and have sympathy for the vast populations of the hemispheres who freeze between sixty and eighty degrees of latitude.

Then compare our atmosphere with the heated air, infested with reptilian and insectile life, in which most of the human race suffer. Think of Cochinchina, and Ethiopia, and India. Travellers tell you of the delicious orange groves, but ask them about the centipedes. They tell of the odor of the forests, but ask them about the mosquitoes. They tell you of the rich plumage of the birds, but ask them about the malarial. They tell you of the fine riders, but ask them about the Bedouins. They tell you of the broad piazzas, but ask them about the midnights with thermometer at an insufferable 110. Vast cities of the torrid clime without sewerage and without cleansing; crowded and packed and piled up wretchedness, and all discomfort. What beautiful hyenas! What fascinating scorpions! What pleasurable tarantulas! What captivating lizards! What wealth of bugs! What an opportunity to study anatomy and herpetology! What a chance to look into the open countenance of the pleasing crocodile! Hundreds of millions in such surroundings. I would rather live in a house with two rooms in these regions than to live in the torrid lands and own all Mexico, all Brazil, all Hindustan, All Arabia, and all China; in other words, I would rather live between thirty and fifty degrees of latitude and own nothing, than to live between ten and twenty degrees of latitude and own everything. Forty years of life here are worth more than eighty years of life anywhere else. You have here the birds of the arctic and the fruits of the torrid with all the pleasurable respiration of the temperate. God seems to say, 'Come down, north wind, with a tonic, and come up, south, with a balm, and mix a healthy draught for the lungs of this American nation.' Sons and daughters of the temperate zone thank God for your surroundings. For multitudes of people it was a disaster that they were born at all. In fiction a story is told of one Pantagruel, who came into the world accompanied by eighty one sellers of salt, each leading a mule by the halter; nine dromedaries laden with ham and smoked tongue; seven camels laden with eels; besides twenty five wagons full

of leeks, garlicks and onions. Only think of one arriving in this world under such embarrassing circumstances. But that fiction is only suggestive of real people that you and I have known, who seem to have been overweighed from their start in life, as by their stubbornness leading forth quite as many mules, by their uncertainty of action quite as many eels, by their cloudy utterances quite as much smoked tongue. In this Thanksgiving week not only praise God for his blessings bestowed but for dispositions capable of appreciating them.—T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

THE POPULATION OF HAWAII.

The Native Race is Fast Dying Out—Cause of the Decrease.

A census bulletin, just issued, shows the population of Hawaii on June 1 to have been 154,001, which shows of 41.2 per cent. over the population in 1896, when the inhabitants numbered 109,020. The largest percentage of growth indicated by any of the twelve censuses taken since 1832 has occurred during the past four years. In fact there was a steady decline in population between 1850 and 1872 due to the remarkable decrease in the native element while the foreign immigration was still very small.

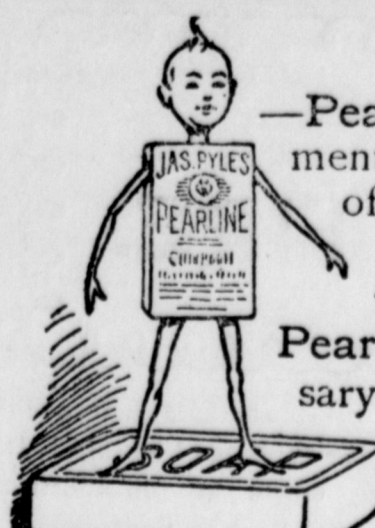
The new census report does not give the population by nationalities, but there is no reason to believe that the steady decline in the number of pure-blood natives has been checked. In the forty-three years ending in 1896 they decreased from 71,019 to 39,504. Fortunately, the white incomers cannot be accused of contributing largely to this phenomena. Some diseases introduced among the natives when whalers resorted to the islands were calamitous, but the preservative influence which the whites have exerted upon the natives has far outweighed the bad.

The causes of their decline are those that decimate many aboriginal peoples. They are very susceptible to contagious diseases. A fourth of them died of measles in 1848. A little later 3,000 of them perished of smallpox. They have little regard for hygienic laws, though they have improved in this respect, and they are the greatest of sufferers from leprosy, but this terrible evil is now being held in check and there is some hope that it may be stamped out entirely. The largest cause for their decreasing numbers, however is the growing frequency of marriage with foreigners, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Americans and others, and the progeny of these mixed marriages are of course, not counted among the pure-bloods. The Hawaiians are destined to lose their identity completely as a distinctive branch of the Polynesian peoples. The increase in population is therefore due entirely to the influx of foreigners from Asia, America and Europe and the children born to them in the islands.

Of the several important islands, Oahu has the largest population and just about two-fifths of its 58,504 inhabitants live in Honolulu. Hawaii Island has 45,843 inhabitants, the large expansion of the sugar industry having drawn many immigrants there since 1890. Maui, whose industries have been revolutionized by irrigation and whose tillable lands have practically all been taken up, is third with 25,416. Kauai, which has some very rich sugar and rice plantations and good grazing lands, but almost no native population, comes next with 20,562. Molokai, on whose north shore the two leper settlements are situated, and little Lanai, south of it, have together 2,504 inhabitants and are the only islands that have decreased in population since the census of 1896. Niuhau, the most western island of the group, is practically owned by one white man and its population is only 172.

All the important islands except Molokai and Lanai have largely increased in population in the past ten years since the census of 1890. The largest rate of growth is that of Oahu, whose percentage of increase is 87.5, Kawai'i and Kauai coming closely after. The percentage of increase in the entire group is 71.1. In other words, the population has increased over seven tenths in the past decade. The great development of cane sugar growing has been the largest material factor in promoting this rapid increase in population. The islands are the third largest producer of this commodity in the world. About 300,000 tons of raw sugar are produced every year and nearly all the money invested in agricultural pursuits goes into sugar planting.

The census report says that Honolulu is practically the only city in the territory. It has now 39,306 inhabitants and has very nearly doubled in population in the past ten years. When the missionaries first went to Honolulu, eighty years ago, the only buildings were grass huts which sheltered about 3,000 souls. To day it is the metropolis of the central Pacific, the great way station where converge the routes between Asia and Australasia on one hand and America on the other.



Soap-sprung
—Pearline. Came from soap—an improvement upon it; a sort of higher development of soap, just as man is said to have been developed from the monkey. Every virtue that good soap has you'll find in Pearlline. All the soap is in it that's necessary. Pearlline isn't meant to be used with soap, but to take the place of it. Everything that soap does, Pearlline does, and does it better.

Millions of Pearlline

TOOK CENTURIES TO BUILD.

Cologne Cathedral Was in Process of Erection 632 Years.

While the first stone of Cologne Cathedral was laid on Aug. 15, 1248, and the body of the edifice was not opened until Aug 15, 1848, 600 years later to the very day, is it not, however, until Aug. 15, 1880, that the splendid structure was finally reported completed, having thus occupied in building the record time of exactly 632 years.

The castle of Ringegoberg, which stands at the southern extremity of Jutland, took 205 years from the laying of the foundation stone to the rigging of its master's banner on its highest flagstaff. Its foundation stone was the skull of its builder's bitterest enemy. Three months after its laying Count Jhorning, the builder of the castle, was killed. His son was then in swaddling clothes. He did not continue his father's work until aged 24.

On the twenty-fifth birthday he was thrown into prison by the son of the man whose skull lay in the earth as Kingegoberg's foundation stone. In this manner master after master of Kingegoberg was stopped putting another stone toward the completion of the founder's work till civilization intervened.

Between Perth and Kingussie in Scotland, on the direct John o. Groats to Land's End road, stands Murthley castle, a magnificent Elizabethan structure, designed in the early part of the present century. It is not likely to be finished, however, building experts declare for at least another decade.

Only a few miles distant, on the same main road, is the vast, unfinished palace of the Dukes of Athol. It was begun by the fourth duke, who died in 1830, who planned it on the most sumptuous style. When completed it will be one of the finest private residences in the kingdom.

For over twenty years Lord Bute has been busily building a great mansion on the island of that name. It is not yet completed, nor likely to be for another ten years. At the end of that period Mount Stewart, as the place is to be called, will be one of the most gorgeous establishments in the world.

Restormel castle, in Cornwall, took ninety years to build, of which period exactly one third was occupied in excavating the foundations. The solid rock upon which it stands is almost as hard as iron. Indeed, 'Restormel' means in Cornish, 'the palace of the iron rock.'

Milan cathedral was begun in 1386 and finished under Napoleon in 1805—419 years.

The Duomo at Florence was commenced by Arnolfo in the year 1204, the last block of marble being placed in position in the facade in presence of the king on May 12, 1887, a period of 593 years.

ABLE SEAMAN WEST.

How His Name Came Near Wrecking an Atlantic Liner.

There are times when names may lead to serious consequences, even though Shakespeare did ask, 'What's in a name?'

Capt. Tom Evans of the Neptune line steamer Reno has indelibly impressed upon his memory a name that he will ever consider has elements of danger in it. Coming down the coast on Oct. 31, bound from Rotterdam for Baltimore, all hands, except the man at the wheel, were engaged burnishing up the bright work about the decks to have the Reno look attractive when she reached Baltimore. On the forecastle was a man named West, who wanted to join the brass polishers' ait.

The Reno at the time was steaming her best on a course southwest by west, Cape Charles lightship bearing on the starboard bow. The second officer had left the bridge and Capt. Evans took the deck during his absence. Learning that the man West was wanted Capt. Evans shouted 'West!' and went down to the lower bridge.

It appeared to him to be but a few minutes when he looked over the side and, to his horror discovered that the Reno had Cape Charles lightship and Hog Island on her port bow. Such a position was inconceivable to him, and he rushed to the bridge and ordered the wheelman to change the course as speedily as possible to almost

east. Satisfied with her safe position, the southwest-by-west course was again resumed.

Then Capt. Evans demanded of the man in no uncertain language why he dared to change the vessel's course, which would have run her on the low shores of Virginia within a short time. The man was surprised that the master should ask such a question, which did not impress Capt. Tom's humor after his recovery from a scare. The man said the captain changed the course himself. Then came the revelation.

When Capt. Evans shouted 'West!' to the man in the forecastle the man at the wheel took it as an order from the master to change the course, and he did so by bringing her up three points, which put the bow directly in shore and steaming at a good speed for the dangerous shoals off the coast it would not have been long before bottom would have been found.

Capt. Evans says he will never have another man in his crew who is known as either North, South, East or West. If he finds one that man must respond to the name of Smith, Jones or Brown.

Mr. South is chief officer of the steamer Ohio, of the same fleet as Reno, but his position requires others to place a handle before his name, which precludes the danger of the man at the wheel changing the course to 'Mr. South.'

Compassless.

Mrs. Hibbits—Where were you last night, my dear?

Mr. Hibbits—Really, my love, I don't know: I had no guidebook.

Ought to be Anyhow.

Bildad—I wonder if 'bread and cheese and kisses' is a tragedy or a comedy.

Gadgrin—If the cheese comes before the kisses, it's a tragedy.

Are the Kidneys Deranged?

If so Uric Acid Poison is in Your System and Your Sufferings Will be Great—Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Make Healthy Kidneys and Cure all Uric Acid Troubles.

The most painful, the most fatal, and consequently the most dreaded diseases of the human body are caused by the presence of uric acid in the blood.

The nature of your ailment will be decided by your constitution. The poison left in the blood by deranged kidneys will find lodgment in the weakest part, and set up some dreadful disease.

It may be Bright's disease, diabetes, or dropsy. It may be the twanging pains of rheumatism. It may be chronic stomach troubles or bladder ailments. Whatever the form of disease this poisoned blood may cause, the cure can only be brought about by setting the kidneys right.

The experience of tens of thousands of men and women in Canada and the United States points to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as the most effective means of setting the kidneys right. No other kidney medicine can produce such irrefutable evidence of its wonderful curative virtue. No other kidney medicine has received such endorsement from physicians. Nor is this to be wondered at, when it is remembered that Dr. Chase is a prince among physicians.

Nature has provided only one means of keeping the blood free from uric acid poisons—the kidneys, Nature's most effective investigators of the kidneys are combined in Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Mr. A. W. Parson, Martineville, Que., writes: 'I was a sufferer from kidney disease and bladder trouble for 13 years, and had a constant desire to urinate with its accompanying weakness.

'Medicine prescribed by a skilful physician only gave me temporary relief. The trouble would recur at very awkward times. I was persuaded to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I obtained relief after one dose, and before I had finished the first box felt better than I had for many years.'

Purely vegetable in composition, scientifically prepared from the great formula of Dr. A. W. Chase, thoroughly tested in thousands of severe cases, wonderfully efficient in all diseases caused by uric acid in the blood, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills stand alone in the world's greatest kidney medicine. They prevent and cure kidney disease by ridding the poisonous impurities from the blood. One pill a dose. 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.