

A THANKSGIVING OF THE PAST.

An old time, rambling farmhouse, set far back among the trees, A broad walk leading up to it, A door which opens with ease.

A snow haired couple just inside, To grasp your willing hand, A merry welcome from a large And ever growing band.

The slow and solemn service, led By father's trembling voice, And hymns which stir the soul and make The weary heart rejoice.

The festal board round which we meet In jovious, happy throng, The stories of the year just past, The jest and laugh and song.

The glorious old fireplace, filled With crackling, glowing flame, The roasted apples, cider, nuts— Do others taste the same?

The quiet nook upon the stairs, With only room for two, The downcast eyes, the sweet, soft voice That opened heav'n to you—

Did ever modern Thanksgiving Contain such joy and bliss? Can theater or football game Bring happiness like this?

THANKSGIVING FOR TWO.

The Widow Wilson's farm had seen better and more prosperous days, and now was traveling backward. It began at the top of Brindle Hill, where it was bounded by the county road, and straggled down to the lake shore, its hundred acres or so wandering over hills and dipping into hollows, until they terminated at the bay, with its rim of white and glistening sand.

One of the most picturesque spots of earth, and right in the center of it, crowning a rounded knoll, surrounded with tall oaks and hemlocks, squatted the house of its owner.

It was always a difficult spot to reach in winter, when the drifting snows piled high their white billows against the low-eaved structure and hid the windows from the outer world. But in summer it was a delight, this moss-brown dwelling beneath the oaks, and at one time had been a home around whose hearthstone had gathered sons and daughters. Now it was desolate. The passing stranger would have added it to the category of deserted farms. No sign of life was visible; from its wide, paneled chimney no curl of smoke invaded the crisp and frosty air; the light fall of snow that had covered the ground the night before showed no trace of footstep leading from the weather-beaten door. And yet there was a stir of life in the farm yard, in the hollow among the trees, where the old barn tottered, ready for its fall. There a flock of fowl and turkeys wandered disconsolately about. In the adjacent stall an old horse stamped impatiently for his breakfast, and a forlorn cow chafed restlessly at her stallions. Except for these, the old farm was as silent as when its first owner moved from the virgin wilderness. A rustling of the shrubbery that fringed the tall, stunted pines on the hill beyond the barn told that a visitor was coming to Lonely Farm. A human head appeared in sight. It was crowned by a wooden cap, from beneath which peered a pair of black, bright eyes. Their owner took off the cap and mopped his brow. He was a rugged country lad of 18, well kilt and sturdy, with a pair of rosy cheeks, white teeth and lips rosy, but with a droop of sadness.

New England, always hard to her children, had taken from this boy the home and mother that make Thanksgiving, even as it had taken from the widow all but the wretched framework of what had once been home.

"House looks like 'mother's used to after she got so she couldn't get about," said the boy, staring at the smokeless chimney. "I'll bet there ain't been nobody near the widdler in a week, and I'll bet, while I'm a bettin', that she needs somebody. Guess I'll find out what's the matter."

He strode down to the house and knocked. There was no response. Only the creak in the oak tree was disturbed by the unwelcome noise and flew away, with a caw of alarm. A second knock startled the fowl in the barnyard, who greeted him with a suppressed chuckle; but there was no answer from within.

"Guess I might's well go in," he pushed open the crazy door and entered the room which served as kitchen and sitting room, all in one. A table stood in the center of it, covered with a snowy cloth and set as if for supper. A tall clock ticked in the corner under the stairs, but its rhythmic beats only seemed to make the silence audible. "It seems kinder creepy, that's a fact. Hope there ain't nothin' happened to 'em. Wonder where she let 'em sleep."

He rapped loudly and then put his ear down to the key-hole, listening intently. At first there was no response. Then he thought he heard a faint, quivering voice.

"It's me—Jem Hastings. I've come to see if you need anybody."

"Come in," the feeble voice struggled with a cough, then: "Yes, I'm so glad you've come. I was taken faint yesterday and had just strength enough to crawl to bed. Perhaps—"

"What, an' you ain't had nothin' to eat?"

"No," with a feeble smile, "Well, if you'll let me try, I'll make a cup of tea."

Jem closed the door, set his gun in a corner and looked around for the place in which the widow kept her stores. The dressers ranged against the wall were bright with old-fashioned pewter platters and china. Here he found a caddy of tea, and then set about making a fire. A huge fireplace yawned at one side of the room, hung with a black iron crane from which suspended a hot kettle. The wood pile was outside at the back door, and brushing off the snow, Jem soon had some dry wood with which he made a roaring blaze. It was not long before he had the satisfaction of seeing the kettle send forth a volume of steam, and a few minutes later he tapped at the bedroom door with a tray, on it a tempting cup of tea and two well-buttered slices of bread.

The bread had been intended for his luncheon, the gift of the farmer's wife who paid for his services in "keep."—New England ways.

Wrapped in a shawl of Canton silk, the heirloom of a grandmother whose father once sailed from Salem to the Indies, the widow sank back into her com-

fortable armchair with a deep sigh of content. She closed her eyes from sheer weakness, while Jem tiptoed about the room "setting things to rights" and preparing the table for a prospective meal. To be sure there was very little in sight, but he had faith that there might be something in the cellar and in the cupboards, for the widow was known in the township to have been a "good providier" in her days of affluence.

Through the narrow-paned southern window an advance guard of the outside sunbeams came streaming in, one of them lighting the gray hair of the woman with a silvery halo. Jem thought he had never seen a woman who appeared so "ladylike" and how young she looked. He paused a moment to regard her and she opened her eyes. He retreated to confusion a step or two, the red blush staining his honest open face.

"You've made me very happy Jem," she said.

"Thankful," he said.

"Oh, ma'am, I'm glad of it. It's 'givin'."

"What! Really Thanksgiving Day? As the first time I've forgotten it—ever. I must be growing old."

Jem grew bolder. "There's a turkey out in the barnyard. He ain't very fat, but if you say so I'll help you fix a turkey dinner."

The widow urged no objections, and both fascinated at the prospect of a Thanksgiving dinner with themselves as host and hostess, the boy trudged out to the barn.

Some sticks of hard wood were soon piled on the fire, and by the time Sir Turkey was ready for the oven the widow had peeled the vegetables and dropped them into the mysterious depths of the steaming kettles. Jem looking on with glowing but bashful appreciation.

A snowy cloth over a round table, with two seats opposite each other, is always an inspiring sight, and when topped by a steaming brown turkey, with all the "fixings" of a turkey dinner, the feast is one to melt hearts harder than that of the lonely widow and the homesick New England lad.

"It is the holiest Thanksgiving dinner I have had in many a year, my boy," she said to him, as he eked out the dishes and brought out the dessert of fragrant quince preserves.

"May God bless you! And to think how the dreadful, gloomy night has been turned to such bright sunshine by your coming!"

Jem turned to the window to hide some tears that would perish in squeezing themselves out of his eyes. "I wish the widdler'd be so scared of me, and he to himself, quite gratefully. But to the widow he said: "Well, ma'am, I

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sings a soft song of rest and the fern-covered banks strewn with a few dead leaves. "I never traveled any yet, but I don't want to; this suits me!" And he returned to his work with a cheery whistle that sent a thrill of satisfaction through the widow's heart. A wonderful change had been effected by the time another year had rolled another Thanksgiving into the calendar. The roof of the old house no longer leaked; the barn had been raised from its attitude of "depression," and its mows were filled to bursting with hay and grain. The old horse spent his days chiefly in the pasture, while a younger and more vigorous animal did the work, assisted by a yoke of big and handsome oxen. The solitary cow now had plenty of company and frisky calves gambolled about her in the summer time. There was no longer any doubt as to the availability of any of the fat gobblers for a Thanksgiving dinner.

Thus the seasons succeeded one another with their measure of content. Each found the widow more and more dependent upon her stalwart helper, who clung to him as she might have clung to the son of whom she had been deprived in the springtime of her widowhood. As her tottering footsteps were supported down the aisle of the village church on a Sunday few of the congregation knew that the handsome young man who watched over her so assiduously was not in fact her own son. Those who were cognizant of the relations between the two, shook their heads knowingly, saying to themselves and to each other: "Lucky boy, that; stepped right into the farm just as the old lady was about to leave it. He knows the side of his bread that has the butter on it."

But it is doubtful if Jem had ever given that a thought. So happy and content was he that the merely material conditions of his life had never troubled his consciousness. Only one thing troubled his thoughts of late. He was deeply stirred by the soft brown eyes of pretty Susie Jones, a chorister in the church; Susie, who lived as he had done, with friends for board and keep, another of New England's orphans.

He never mentioned his daring speculation, not even to the widow, but his eyes, though growing dim, were acute enough to penetrate his honest soul. His whole life lay centered in the farm, which had become as essential to it almost as the air he breathed. But now there must be young life there. A pair of brown eyes persisted in dancing before his face, in woodpile, in field, in garden.

And so it came to pass that there was a wedding next Thanksgiving in the little cottage now pretty with vines and cheery within glass doors. It was a pleasant place for the truth which she was to plight with Jem, while he, lucky fellow though he was, could not take time to travel to Susie's home, far away over the rough, hilly roads. "A wife is a good thing," he philosophized to the widow the evening before his marriage. "but there's cows to be looked after, and hens to be fed—more'n you could tend to alone."

"That's so, Jem," said the widow, smiling brightly, "and thanks to you for it all."

Under branches of autumn leaves from the last redding trees, Jem and Susie promised all things of the simple marriage service. Then came the country wedding supper.

When the last guest had gone, driven away in the farm wagons that had clustered around the door all afternoon, the widow turned to Jem and Susie, sitting bashfully in the firelight.

"You're my children now, both of you," she said. "Call me mother, just once, Jem and Susie."

"Mother!" cried Jem, taking the feeble hands together and kissing them tenderly. "My darling mother, dearest friend, I love you."

She returned his loving glance, lingeringly, gratefully, as they led her to the door of her room.

Next morning Jem knocked again at the Widow Wilson's door. Just as he had done on the last Thanksgiving Day, four years ago. This time not even a feeble voice answered his repeated calls.

Three days later, as the neighbors struggled back from the little cemetery on the hill, Squire Lathrop drew Jem apart.

"I s'pose you know the widdler's left the farm to you? No? Sho! It's mighty strange she didn't tell you. She made her will more'n a year ago, and you're her only heir. She seemed to set a lot by you, the widdler did, and looking around, approvingly over the snow-covered fields I don't blame her. The last four years he's been the peaceablest of her life, and she's left her peace with you, for sure!"

Early Thanksgiving Days. The first recorded Thanksgiving was the Hebrew feast of the tabernacles.

There have been but two English Thanksgivings in this century. One was on Feb. 27, 1872, for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from illness; the other, June 21, 1887, for the Queen's Jubilee.

The New England Thanksgiving dates from 1639, when the Massachusetts Bay colony set apart a day for thanksgiving.

The first national Thanksgiving proclamations were appointed by Congress during the Revolutionary war.

The first great American Thanksgiving Day was in 1784 for the declaration of peace. There was one more national Thanksgiving in 1789, and no other till 1863, when President Lincoln issued a national proclamation for a day of Thanksgiving. Since that time the president has issued an annual proclamation.

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Share Your Joy With Others. The pilgrim colonists shared the first Thanksgiving feast with Massachusetts and his 90 Indians. We should invite to ours not only those near and dear to us, but some of those others who would eat it in solitude if we did not remember them. To many minds the thanksgiving almost unjustifiable sacrifice of the coziness of the family party. The blessedness of giving and of giving something more than of our material substance will compensate for it. Those who have never known what it is to be alone in the world or even temporarily divided from their own kind cannot conceive what it is to the solitary one to be welcomed into a home. A far more substantial benefit would not give a title of the pleasure that is felt when its doors are close to them.—Exchange.

IT IS IN DEMAND. So great is the demand for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil that a large factory is kept continually busy making and giving it. To be in demand shows popular appreciation of its preparation, which stands at the head of proprietary compounds as the leading oil in the market, and it is generally admitted that it is deserving of the lead.

MR. DOOLEY ON ARMAND LAVEGNE'S WAR APPOINTMENT

"O! see b' th' pa-apers th't Captain A-armand Lavegne, av' th' sixty first fusiliers, is not goin' t' ripsint th' Canadian a-army in th' Balkans after all," said Mr Dooley, knocking the ashes from his pipe.

"An' why wer' they goin' t' send a captain av' militiary whin they hev' hundreds an' hundreds av' knrnels an' gin'tils on th' headqu-arters staff?" queried Mr. Hennessy.

"Don't th' gin'tils learn more about th' a-art av' war sittin' all day long at th'ir roll top desks lookin' out av' th' window, th'n Misher Lavegne ever learnt in th' poolitical circles av' Quebec?"

Mr Dooley hesitated. Such a lack of information greatly annoyed him.

"Don't y' know th't A-armand Lavegne is wan av' th' greatest war commanders in th' country?" said he. "Did ye niver hear av' th' battle av' Wurtemberg street in Siptimber av' nineteen illivin, wh'n he storm'd th' tory camp singl-handed in favor av' his frinds Bourassay an' Monk an' th' rist av' th' nationalist?"

Did ye not know how he came t' Ottawa an' fought Misher Borden av' J S Willy-on, an' San, Hughes, an' Hammy Hill, an' th' rist av' th' Ontario Tories th't were buildin' th' Borden cabinet?"

"Fall in," says A-armand t' th' innimy; 'form fours,' he says; 'rear to-urn, quick ma-march,' says he. An' whin' th' Borden forces got back frim th' retreat they found th't A-armand had appinted Misher Monk an' Misher Pelletier an' Misher Na-antel t' th' Cabinet, an' had announced it t' th' country. A-armand might have gone right up to Constanti-nople on a special C.P.R. train t' dictate terms on behalf av' th' Balkans with th' Sultan himself. War, strategy, there's little about it th't A-armand doesn't know."

"But why did th' Minister av' Militiary appint A-armand t' learn more about war, knowin' th't his own wing av' th' conservativ' pa-artly would hev' t' fight th' nationalists ag'in?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Some men are appinted; others appint themselves," declared Mr Dooley thoughtfully. "It all depends on who y' is."

Dr. Humphreys' Manual Revised Edition

The last revision of Dr. Humphreys' Manual has simplified the descriptions and treatments of disease. There are chapters on Diet and Regimen for the sick; diseases of Infants and Children; diseases of the Digestive Organ; diseases of the Skin; diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder; diseases of Females; Fevers, Congestions and Inflammation. Pocket edition, 144 pages, mailed free on receipt of name and address. Humphreys' Homeo Med Co., 156 William St., New York.

A SURE CORRECTIVE OF FLATULENCE.—When the undigested food lies in the stomach it throws off gases causing pains and oppression in the stomachic region. The belching or eructation of these gases is offensive and the only way to prevent them is to restore the stomach to proper action. Parmedee's Vegetable Pills will do this. Simple directions go with each packet and a course of them taken systematically is certain to elect a cure.

A good way to avoid getting the fingers inky, if one has a tendency that way, is to keep the fingers of discarded kid gloves and keep them in the writing desk, slipping one over the middle finger and another, if necessary, over the forefinger, when sitting down to write. This often saves time and annoyance.

THE PILL THAT BRINGS RELIEF. When after one has partaken of a meal he is oppressed by feelings of fullness and pain in the stomach he suffers from indigestion, which will persist if it be not dealt with. Parmedee's Vegetable Pills are the very best medicine that can be taken to bring relief. These pills are specially compounded to deal with dyspepsia, and their sterling qualities in this respect can be vouched for by legions of users.

If cooked meat is ready for table before it is required, place it on a dish ready to be served, and set this over a pan of boiling water. Put a dish over the meat and a cloth over all. The steam will keep the meat hot for a long time, and does not draw the gravy out or dry it up.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is compounded specially to combat dysentery, cholera morbus and all inflammatory disorders that change of food or water may set up in the stomach and intestines. These complaints are more common in summer than in winter, but they are not confined to the warm months, as undue laxness of the bowels may seize a man at any time. Such a sufferer will find speedy relief in this Cordial.

If your stove has become brown or greasy and the blacklead will not keep on, take a lump of washing soda, pour water that is hot over on it, and mix it with the blacklead. You will find that it will polish beautifully and remove all grease.

RELIEF FROM ASTHMA. Who can describe the momentary relief from suffering which follows the use of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy? Who can express the feeling of joy that comes when its soft and gentle influence relieves the tightened choking air tubes? It has made asthmatic affliction a thing of the past for thousands. It never fails. Good druggists everywhere have sold it for years.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Announcement Re Fort George ACRES

If you have already evidenced your faith in Fort George by the purchase of property, that faith has not been misplaced—your foresight will be well repaid.

Fort George Is Making Good

and will continue to make good on a bigger and grander scale than your most optimistic expectations.

Railroad construction is being rushed from the East, West and South. Large gangs of men are now at work clearing the right of way for the main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, through the townsite. The British Columbia Government has guaranteed the bonds of the Pacific and Great Eastern, to be built from Vancouver to Fort George, to the extent of \$35,000 per mile. Announcement has been made that work on the Edmonton, Dunvegan & British Columbia Railway, north from Fort George into the Peace River county will commence next spring. Construction of the British Columbia & Alaska, and some of the other roads chartered into Fort George will probably commence during the summer of 1913. The Railway Commission, the supreme authority on Railway matters in Canada, has ordered the location of the station on the Indian Reservation, settling that matter for all time—all of which indicates Fort George's supremacy as the railway centre of Central British Columbia.

Fort George is rapidly assuming a metropolitan aspect. Houses and stores are being rushed to completion. Settlers are pouring in and sending back enthusiastic reports. The development is along permanent substantial lines.

Property value has already advanced from one hundred to two hundred per cent., and this only a forerunner of the large increases that will take place with the arrival of rail transportation. These are not fictitious values, but actual prices that are being paid by hard headed, sensible business men who go to Fort George, investigate its conditions and its prospects.

You of course realize that the greatest profits in investments in new cities is made by the purchasers of close acreage—that is the real big profits—but it is not often that the public is given such an opportunity.

One acre can be subdivided into nine 25 foot lots.

Or one acre can be subdivided into seven and a half 33 foot lots.

Plan 1—All cash with order, discount 10 per cent.
Plan 2—Orders under \$350.00, \$20 cash and \$20 per month. Over \$350.00, \$30 cash and \$30 a month.

This is a real big opportunity, one that is going to be rapidly snapped up by discerning investors. Bear in mind that this is acreage—not lots. Stop and consider for a moment the present prices of acreage three quarters of a mile from the railroad centre in Edmonton, Calgary, Winnipeg, Vancouver, or any other of the big cities in Western Canada. Remember Andrew Carnegie's advice: "The safest and most profitable form of all investments is the purchase of close in acreage near a fast growing city." High sightly property in every city commands the fancy prices. Fort George is going to be a big, thriving, bustling city. It has already gained such ground and has made such progress that its development is sure and its future certain.

John T. G. Carr
HARTLAND, N. B.
Sales Agent Fort George Townsite