

GLAD THANKSGIVING.

We walk on stony fields of white
And yet ignore the daisies;
For blessings common in our sight
We rarely offer praise.
We sigh for some supreme delight
To crown our lives with splendour,
And quite ignore our daily store
Of pleasures sweet and tender.

Our cares are bold and push their way
Upon our thought and feeling,
They hang about us all the day,
Our time for pleasure stealing.
So unobtrusive many a joy
We pass by and forget it,
But when we strive to own our lives
And conquer it we let it.

There's not a day in all the year
But holds some hidden pleasure
And looking back joys oft appear
To bring the past's true measure.
But blessings are like friends, I hold,
Who love and labor near us,
We ought to raise our notes of praise
While living hearts can hear us.

Full many a blessing waits the guise
Of worry or of trouble,
Forsaking the soul and wise
Who knows the mask is double,
But he who has the faith and strength
To thank his God for sorrow
Has found a joy without alloy
To gladden every morrow.

We ought to make the moments notes
Of happy, glad Thanksgiving;
The hours and days a silent phrase
Of music we are living.
And so the theme should swell and grow
As weeks and months pass o'er us,
And rise sublime at this good time,
A grand Thanksgiving chorus.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE NIGHT BEFORE
THANKSGIVING.

I.

There was a sad heart in the low-
storied, dark little house that stood hum-
bly by the roadside under some tall
elms. Small as her house was, old Mrs.
Robb found it too large for herself alone,
she only needed the kitchen and a tiny
bedroom that led out of it, and there
still remained the best room and a bed-
room, with the low garret overhead.

There had been a time, after she was
left alone, when Mrs. Robb could help
those who were poorer than herself. She
kept a cow, and was strong enough not
only to do a woman's work inside her
house but almost a man's work outside
in her place of garden ground. At last
sickness and age had come hand in hand,
those two relentless enemies of the poor,
and together they had wasted her
strength and substance. She had always
been looked up to by her neighbors as
being independent, but now she was
lame-footed and lame-handed, with a
debt to carry and her bare land, and the
house ill-provisioned to stand the
stage of time.

For awhile she managed to get on, but
at last it began to be whispered about
that it was no use for anyone to be so
proud; it was easier for the whole town

SHE LOOKED OUT HOPELESSLY ACROSS THE
GRAY FIELDS.

to care for her than for a few neighbors,
and Mrs. Robb had better go to the poor-
house before winter, and to be done with
it. At this terrible suggestion her brave
heart seemed to stand still.

The people who cared for her had not
happened to be poor, and she could no
longer go into their households to make
herself of use. The very elms overhead
seemed to say "No," as they groaned
in the late autumn winds, and there
was something appealing even to the
strange passer-by in the look of the little
gray house, with Mrs. Robb's pale, wor-
ried face at the window.

II.

Some one has said that anniversaries
are days to make other people happy in,
but sometimes when they come they
seem to be full of shadows, and the
power of giving joy to others that
inalienable right which ought to lighten
the saddest heart, the most indifferent
sympathy, sometimes even this seems to
be withdrawn.

So poor old Mary Ann Robb sat at
her window on the afternoon before
Thanksgiving and felt herself poor and
sorrowful indeed. Across the frozen road
she looked eastward over a great stretch
of cold meadow land, brown and wind-
swept and crossed by icy ditches. It
seemed to her as if in all the troubles
that she had known and carried before
this, there had always been some hope
to hold, as if she had never looked pov-
erty full in the face and seen its cold
and pitiless look before. She looked anx-
iously down the road, with a horrible
shaking and dread at the thought of
being asked, out of pity, to join in some
Thanksgiving feast, but there was no-
body coming with gifts in hand. Once
she had been full of love for such days,
whether at home or abroad, but some-
thing had chilled her very heart now,
poor old woman.

Her nearest neighbor had been fore-
most of those who wished her to go to
the town farm, and he had said more
than once that it was the only sensible
thing. But John Mander was waiting
impatiently to get her tiny farm into his
own hands; he had advanced some money
— he is her extremity, and pretended

that there was still a debt, after he had
cleared her wood lot to pay himself back.
He would plow over the graves in the
field corner and fell the great elms, and
waited like a spider for his poor prey.

He had often reproached her for being
too generous to worthless people in the
past and coming to be a charge to others
now. Oh, if she could only die in her
own house and not suffer the pain of
homelessness and dependence!

It was just at sunset, and as she look-
ed out hopelessly across the gray fields,
there was a sudden gleam of light far
away on the low hills beyond, the clouds
opened in the west and let the sunshine
through. One lovely gleam shot swift as
an arrow and brightened a far cold hill-
side where it fell, and at the same mo-
ment a sudden gleam of hope brightened
the winter landscape of her heart.

"There was Johnny Harris," said
Mary Ann, softly. "He was a soldier's



A TURN OF FORTUNE.

"HE I DREAMIN'?"

son, left an orphan and distressed. Oh,
John Mander scolded, but I couldn't
see the poor boy want. I kept him this
year after he got hurt, spite of what
anybody said, an' he helped me what
little he could. He said I was the best
mother he'd ever had. I'm going to
West, Mother Robb," says he. I said,
"Come back till I get rich, an' then he
look at me an' laugh, so pleasant and
boyish. He wa'n't one that liked to
write. I don't think he was doing very
well when I heard—there, it's your old
self instead of fearin'; an' a curious
feeling of nearness and expectancy made
her feel not so much light-hearted as
light-headed.

"The light faded out of the doors, and
again Mrs. Robb's troubles stood before
her. Yet it was not so dark as it had
been in her sad heart. She still sat by
the window, hoping now, in spite of her
self instead of fearin'; an' a curious
feeling of nearness and expectancy made
her feel not so much light-headed as
light-headed.

"I feel just as if somethin' was goin'
to happen," she said. "Poor Johnny
Harris, perhaps he's thinkin' of me, if
he's alive."

It was dark now out of doors, and
there were tiny flicks against the win-
dow. It was beginning to snow, and the
great elms creaked in the rising wind
overhead.

III.

A dead limb of one of the old trees
had fallen that autumn, and poor fire-
wood as it had been, it was Mrs. Robb's
own, and she had burnt it most thank-
fully. There was only a small armful
left, but at least she could have the lux-
ury of a fire. She had a feeling that it
was her last night at home, and with
strange recklessness she began to fill the
stove as she used to do in better days.

"It'll get me good an' warm," she
said, still talking to herself, as lonely
people do, "an' I'll go to bed early. It's
comin' on so storm."

The snow clicked faster and faster
against the window, and she sat alone
thinking in the dark.

"There's lots of folks I love," she said
once. "There's my own, I ain't got nobody
to come, an' no supper the night after
Thanksgivin'. I'm dreadful glad they
don't know. And she drew a little
nearer to the fire, and laid her head back
drowsily in the old rocking chair.

It seemed only a moment before there
was a loud knocking, and somebody
lifted the latch of the door. The fire
shone bright through the front of the
old stove and made a little light in the
room, but Mary Ann Robb waked up
frightened and bewildered.

"Who's there?" she called, as she
found her crutch and went to the door.
She was conscious of only her own great
fear. "They've come to take me to the
poorhouse!" she said, and burst into
tears.

There was a tall man, not John Man-
der, who seemed to fill the narrow door-
way.

"Come, let me in," he said gayly.
"It's a cold night. You didn't expect
me, did you, Mother Robb?"

"Dear me! What is it?" she faltered,
stepping back as he came in and drop-
ping her crutch. "Be I dreamin'?"

"No, I ain't dreamin'! I was a dreamin' about— Oh, there! What was
I a-sayin'? Tain't true! No! I've made
some kind of a mistake."

Yes, and this was the man who kept
the poorhouse, and she would go with-
out complaint; they might have given
her notice, but she must not fret.

"Sit down, sit," she said, turning to-
ward him with touching patience.
"You'll have to give me a little time. If
I'd been notified I wouldn't have kept
you waiting a minute this cold night."

It was not the keeper. The man by
the door took one step forward and put
his arm around her and kissed her.

"What are you talking about?" said
John Harris. "You ain't goin' to make
me feel like a stranger? I've come all the
way from I don't know where to spend Thanksgiv-
in'. There's all sorts of things out here
in the wagon, an' a man to help get em
in. Why—can't you cry so, Mother Robb?
I thought you'd have a great laugh if I
come and surprise you. Don't you re-
member I said I should?"

It was John Harris, indeed. The poor
soul could say nothing. She felt now as
if her heart was going to break with joy.
He left her in the rocking-chair and came
and went in his old, boyish way, bring-
ing in his store of gifts and provisions.
It was better than any dream. He
laughed and talked and went out to send
away the man to bring a wagonful of
wood from John Mander's, and came in
himself laden with stores of the season.

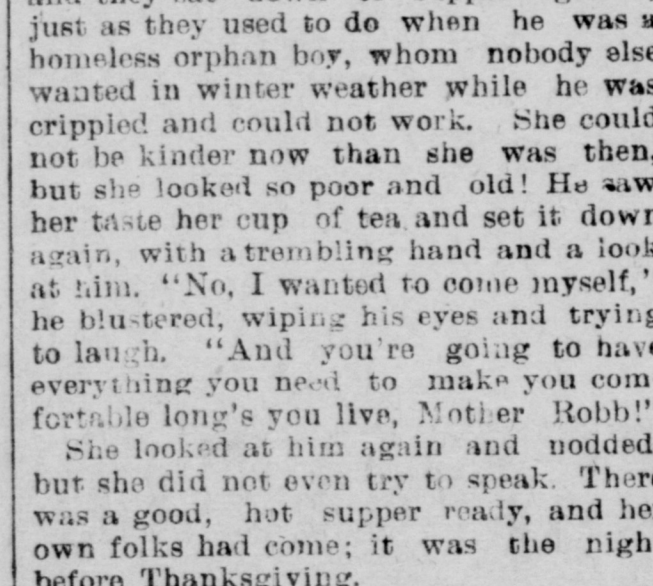
fence to keep the fire going in the mean-
time. They must cook the steak for sup-
per right away; they must find the pack-
age of tea among all the other bundles;
they must get good fires started in both
the bedrooms. Why, Mother Robb didn't
seem to be ready for company from out
West! The great, cheerful fellow hurried
about the tiny house, and the little old
woman lumped after him, forgetting
everything but hospitality.

Had not she
a house for John to come to? Were not
her old chairs and tables in their places
still? And he remembered everything,
and kissed her as they stood before the
fire as if she were a girl.

He had found plenty of hard times, but
luck had come at last. He had struck
luck, and this was the end of a great
year.

"No, I couldn't seem to write letters;
no use to complain o' the worst, an' I
wanted to tell you the best when I
came," and he told it while she cooked
the supper. "No, I wa'n't goin' to write
no foolish letters," John repeated. He
was afraid he should cry himself when
he found out how bad things had been;
and they sat down to supper together,
just as they used to do when he was a
homeless orphan boy, whom nobody else
wanted in winter weather while he was
crippled and could not work. She could
not be kinder now than she was then,
but she looked so poor and old! He saw
her taste her cup of tea, and set it down
again, with a trembling hand and a look
at him. "No, I wanted to come myself,"
he blurted, wiping his eyes and trying
to laugh. "And you're going to have
everything you need to make you com-
fortable long as you live, Mother Robb!"

She looked at him again and nodded,
but she did not even try to speak. There
was a good, hot supper ready, and her
own folks had come; it was the night
before Thanksgiving.



A TURN OF FORTUNE.

Farmer to lean turkey—Oh, you
needn't laugh, your turkey come
Christmas.2. It alls riles me ter see a disper-
sion ter give the laugh ter victims of
hard luck.3. Well, chaw me up! There goes the
hatchet off the handle.4. So we'll hev to eat the lean turkey
fer Thanksgiving, and let the fat one
hev a respite till Christmas.Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in
Cows.NO MORE
GRAY OR
FADED HAIR

Women and men who use PARISIAN
Sage can be sure their hair will never
turn gray.

PARISIAN Sage will preserve the
natural color of the hair; stop it from
becoming faded and lifeless, and by
nourishing the hair root give to the hair a
lustre and radiance that compels admira-
tion.

PARISIAN Sage stops falling hair;
banishes dandruff, makes the scalp clean
and free from itchiness and promotes a
growth of heavy hair.

Large bottle 50 cents at dealers every-
where. Sold by E. W. Mair on money
back if dissatisfied plan.

REDUCED BY ASTHMA. The con-
stant strain of asthma brings the patient
to a dreadful state of hopeless exhaustion.
Early use should by all means be made of
the famous Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma
Remedy, which more than any other acts
quickly and surely on the air passages and
brings blessed help and comfort. No
home where asthma is present in the least
degree should be without this great
remedy.

By placing a few lumps of loaf sugar in
the oven nearest the fire when baking
pastry the top crusts will cook a lovely
brown.

The change of dietary that comes with
spring and summer has the effect in weak
stomachs of setting up inflammation,
resulting in dysentery and cholera morbus.
The abnormal condition will continue if
not attended to and will cause an exhaus-
tive drain on the system. The best avail-
able medicine is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's
Dysentery Cordial. It clears the stomach
and bowels of irritation, counteracts the
inflammation and restores the organs to
healthy action.

Try dipping your pork chops and pork
tenderloins in flour before frying them,
and see how delicious they are.

A SAFE PILL FOR SUFFERING
WOMEN.—The sedative life of women
which permits of little healthful exercise,
as a fruitful cause of derangements of the
stomach and liver and is accountable for
her pains and lassitude that so many of
them experience. Parnelee's Vegetable
Pills correct the irregularities of the
digestive organs and restore health and
vigor. The most delicate woman can
use them with safety, because their action,
while effective, is mild and soothing.

In poaching eggs stir the water till it is
whirling rapidly. Then drop your egg in
quickly, and the edges will be round and
smooth.

THE FOE OF INDIGESTION.—Indiges-
tion is a common ailment and now and
then it is a most distressing complaint
and often the suffering attendant
it is most severe. The very best
remedy is Parnelee's Vegetable Pills
taken according to directions. They
rectify the irregular action of the
stomach and restore healthy action. For
many years they have been a standard
remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion and
are highly esteemed for their qualities.

A combination of nutmeg and cinna-
mon makes a nice flavoring for plain
cookies, while nutmeg and mace are
delicious in buns.

USEFUL IN CAMP.—Explorers, sur-
veyors, prospectors and hunters will find
Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil very useful in
camp. When the feet and legs are wet
and cold it is well to rub them freely with
the Oil and the result will be the preven-
tion of pains in the muscles, and should a
cut or contusion, or sprain be sustained,
nothing could be better as a dressing or
lotion.

In poaching eggs stir the water till it is
whirling rapidly. Then drop your egg in
quickly, and the edges will be round and
smooth.

THE KING OF CORN REMOVERS
is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Corn
Pills will correct the action of the
superiority of Putnam's Painless Corn
Extractor over every other remedy. Safe,
painless, prompt. Putnam's Painless Corn
Extractor absolutely certain to remove
corns. Sold by druggists, price 25c.

To scald milk, set it in a jug or basin in
a pan of cold water over the fire. When
the water boils the milk is scalded.

All mothers can put away anxiety
regarding their children when they
have "Mother's Worms" Worm Ex-
tractor to get relief. Its effects are sure
and last long.

When mixing mustard for table use, it
is much improved if milk instead of
water is used, and a small pinch of salt
added to it, brings out the flavor.

The most obstinate corns and warts fail
to resist Putnam's Corn Cure.

If a lemon is plumped by being plunged
in hot water just before squeezing it the
juice will flow much more freely.

Has your house lost its place amongst
its fellows? Have you been cruel to the
old house or the new? Touch it up with
Ramsay's Paints. It will shine as it never
shone before. Ask A. E. Jones about these
paints.

Shredded red cabbage and white celery
cut fine make a very popular salad in
one family. Sprinkle the top of the salad
with a tablespoonful of minced onion and
dress with oil and vinegar.

A WELL KNOWN MAN

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED

Dear Sirs, I can recommend your
MINARD'S LINIMENT for Rheumatism
and Sprains, as I have used it for both
with excellent results.

Yours truly,

T. B. LAVERS,

St. John.

Announcement Re
Fort George
ACRES

If you have already evidenced your faith
in Fort George by the purchase of prop-
erty, 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 opti-
mistic 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 Colum-
bia 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 Com-
mission, 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 suprem-
acy 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 perma-
nent 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 in 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.

Terms: 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 discern-
ing 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. Remem-
ber Andrew Carnegie's advice: "The safest and most profitable form of all invest-
ments 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 devel-
opment is sure and its future certain.

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