# The Acton Free Press.

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H. F. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.


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Acton.
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OFFICE—Main Street, third door south of Presbyterian Church, Acton.

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OFFICE—Medical Hall, Main Street, Acton
Patronage Solicited.
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Work made Satisfactory Prices Moderate
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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC
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Victoria Chambers, 61 Victoria st
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A. J. MacKINNON,
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ACTON ONT

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FALL SESSIONS commences Sept. 1st Write for circulars
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LOWEST PRICES ?

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WATERS BROS.
NEAR POST OFFICE GUELPH.

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**Baking Powder**
—AND—
**.Flavoring Extracts**

Stewart's Baking Powder is manufactured every week. You never get from us baking powder that's stale. Our baking powder is always the same. It has made a reputation which we are bound to sustain

STEWART'S
FLAVORING EXTRACTS

Have a rich full flavor, are much stronger and consequently more economical than inferior extracts

FLAVORS.

| | |
|---|---|
| VANILLA, | PINEAPPLE |
| LEMON, | RATIFIA, |
| ROSE. | or |
| STRAWBERRY, | ALMOND, |
| RASPBERRY. | PEPPERMINT |

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Got an Organ or Piano? If not call at Moffatt's Music Store and see his stock of

**Dominion Instruments.**

They are nice toned, well and carefully made of good material, and will be sold at prices to suit the times

I have also a select stock of

**Small Instruments**

at reasonable prices. Also strings of best quality for all stringed instruments

Musical Sundries of all kinds.

Visitors are always welcome and will not be urged if not prepared to invest

N. B. Orders taken for Piano Tuning

**Moffatt's Music Store**
Next Door to Symon Bros. ACTON

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We would call your attention to the fact that we are prepared to supply you with lumber of suitable length for your Barn Doors, viz 10, 12, 13 or 14 feet also

SASH
DOORS
FRAMES
MOULDINGS.

etc for building Storm-Doors put up at as low a rate as possible.

PUMPS.

Repair your pumps or put in new ones before it is too cold We CAN DO IT.

Shop at foot of River Street, ACTON
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Manufacturers of

DYNAMOS,
ELECTRIC MOTORS,
WATER MOTORS, and
HYDRAULIC RAMS.

Pipe and Steam Fitting and General Repairing. Being equipped with a gas brazing machine I am prepared to do brazing on Bicycles Frames, &c. Wheels converted from Direct to Tangent Spokes. Handle bars bent to any desired angle. Full line of spokes kept in stock. Satisfaction guaranteed. Bicycles enamelled in any color.
T. J. SPEIGHT, Georgetown

**W. BARBER & BROS.**
PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
**Machine Finished Book Papers**
—AND—
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.

The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.
WM. BARBER & BROS



—THE—
**TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA**

Authorized Capital . $1,000,000
Paid up Capital and Surplus . $785,000
Assets over . $6,300,000

**Guelph Branch**

3½ Sums of $1 and upwards received on deposit and 3½ per cent interest paid or compounded half yearly.

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No charge made for collecting Sales Notes if payable in Guelph.

A General Banking Business transacted.

*A. F. H. JONES,*
*Manager*

# It Pays

To trade with us.
It's simply a matter of leaving a trial order, that will convince you. Just now we're showing some special values in Table-ware, the Victoria silver kind, very low in price. Try and arrange to call and see us.

"Money back if you're not suited."

**J. M. BOND & Co.**
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

GREAT
# Cutting and Slashing
IN PRICES IN
**Boots, Shoes, Rubbers and Overshoes**
IN GUELPH
AT
W. McLAREN & CO'S

**We are Leading the Trade in Low Prices.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Men's Felt Russians (Buckle) | $1 25 |
| Men's Felt Buckle shoes | 1 65 |
| Men's Long Boots $1 90 to | 2 75 |
| Men's Heavy Sow and Rubbers $1 50 to | 1 65 |

**We'll Stick at Nothing.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Wm's Felt Bals or Gaiters | 75 |
| Wm's Felt Ind Bals or Gaiters | 1 00 |
| Wm's Felt Slippers 25c to | 90 |

**Read our Rubber and Overshoe List.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Men's Waterproof Overshoes | 75 |
| Men's finer Waterproof Overshoes | 1 15 |
| Men's Rubbers, only 55c 65c and | 75 |
| Wm's Felt Overshoes | 1 10 |
| Wm's Waterproof Overshoes | 1 00 |
| Wm's Rubbers 25c 35c and | 45 |
| Boys Heavy Rubbers 50c and | 55 |

We'll make the Shoe Trade Boom with our Unprecedented Sale How long will this sale last Till we sell the thousands of pairs and till the people stop coming for them Don't buy unless you realize the big value you are getting

**W. McLAREN & CO.**
The Leading Shoe Store, GUELPH



...ations Boots are cheap some otherwise We are thoroughly reliable Better spend a few extra dollars on satisfactory clothes than waste your whole expenditure on clothes that are disappointing
See our new Autumn Goods They're all right

SHAW & TURNER
*Merchant Tailors,*
*GUELPH*



# A New . .
# Merchant Tailor.

H. W. Strasser has opened out a general merchant tailoring business in Mrs. Secord's Block, next Mrs. Adams' and is prepared to meet the public wants in

**High class English Irish and Canadian Suitings.**

**Beaver, Milton, Frize Overcoatings in Latest Styles.**

The public are cordially invited to call and inspect our Fall stock which we are sure will please the most fastidious taste.

We have secured the services of Wm. Lee who formerly conducted a business here. Perfect fit guaranteed.

Prices to suit the times.

**H. W. Strasser**
Mrs. Secord's Block, Acton



WANTED SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN OR women to travel for responsible established house in Ontario. Salary $780, payable $15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope The National, Star Building, Chicago


## Poetry.

*THANKSGIVING DAY.*

It's been a year to day since last I knelt 'nd thanked the Lord
For all the wondrous blessin's 'nd the joys those days afford,
'Nd here I am again this year, prepared to do my part
At renderin' of thanks devout, most humbly from the heart,
For all the good things I have got from this here sinful life,
Although I vow I've seed of late a mighty lot of strife

My crapt went back on me this year, my Jersey cow, she's dead,
Nd I for sixteen mortal weeks lay groanin' on my bed
With rheumatis, 'nd cracky! Gee! It wasn't any fun,
I tell ye. Then my little mare the speedy sorrel one
I set so much store on one day she shied and run away,
'Nd lamed herself for life, 'nd smashed to smithereens the slay

Nd then my darter Susan, she eloped the fourth o' June
With that young Silas Tompkins. He's a worthless sort o' coon
He never earned an honest cent, 'nd, far as I can see
Ain't never likely to begin. The couple lives with me
'Nd wife's gone kind o' flighty, too It was indeed a sin
For me to sell for rags the sock she kep' her sevin's in.

'Nd yet, you know, I'm thankful' spite of all my beastly luck,
Because I don't get flabbergasted ev'ry time I'm stuck
I know there's lean 'nd fat for all, 'nd I've just had my lean,
Nd now a juicy slice of fat 'll come my way, I ween.
'Nd even if it doesn't come, you hear my thankful roar
Because this dog-goned year just past 's behind me not before.

*In Harper's Magazine for November.*

## Select Family Reading.

### Prof. Hugo's Thanks.

BY DAVID A. CURTIS

It was a cry for help.

Professor Hugo laid down his geological hammer and put the specimens he had just chipped off carefully away in his knapsack and then straightened up, listening. He never did anything in a hurry.

Again the cry sounded It was a girlish voice, and it rounded from down the mountain. He was half way up the side. "Help! Help! Quick!"

"I better go, maybe," muttered the professor in his queer German speech, and then he raised his voice and shouted: "Fear not! I come!"

One could not say he hurried even then, but there was no hesitation and there was not a misstep.

Presently he stopped and listened. Hearing nothing, he called out; "Where are you now? Call out to me again!"

"Right here. Oh, come quick!" answer the voice, only a few yards to the right. Stepping around a boulder that was lodged on the mountain side he saw a young girl lying flat on the grass. Before she could speak he understood her peril.

She was almost at the edge of a cliff not less than 40 feet in height, and below her was a mass of jagged rocks. The slope on which she lay was steep, and the short grass that covered it was so dried and burned by the sun that it was as slippery, almost, as ice. Moreover, the soil in which it grew was hardly more than a sheet of forest mold over a smooth rock, and there was no chance for her to get even a slight hold by digging her fingers into it.

"You are hurt? No?" he asked quickly.

"No, sir," answered the girl as coolly as if she had been lying on a sofa. "But every time I try to move I slip a little nearer the edge, and there is nothing to keep me from falling over if I slip any farther."

"That is right," said the professor "and it is good for you that I heard. Lie still now, and I will soon get you up."

It was not so easy, however, as it looked and as at first he thought it was. On either side of her he could get within some twenty feet of where she was without venturing on the treacherous grass himself and so losing his own foothold. But, though he could have held out a stick or improvised a rope that she could reach across that distance, it would not do to pull her along the edge without some stay from the upper part of the slope, and that was fully 50 feet above her

"I could go for a rope," he said presently, after he had studied the situation for a moment, "but how far away is some house? I do not know."

"It would take you an hour to go and get back" said the girl. Can you not do something else? If I had only a little thing to hold on to I could crawl back, but I dare not."

"No, no, Franklin!" interrupted the professor "You must lie still. I will some thing do."

Opening his knapsack, he fumbled inside of it for a moment and drew out a stout grey flannel shirt This he tore into strips, and, knotting the strips together, he had in a little while a string long enough to reach across the dangerous slope. As he worked he chatted with the girl, who was cool enough now that some one was near to aid her.

She had been picking berries, she told him, and, although she knew the ground well and understood how treacherous the grassy slopes were after the late summer sun scorched them, she had slipped from pure carelessness, and, falling, she had slid out of reach of the bushes Struggling to rise, she had slipped farther and farther toward the edge until she realized that her only chance of safety was to lie still and call for help

"And I was so thankful when I heard you answer," she said, for I did not know but I would have to lie here till they missed me at home and came out to search for me."

"Yes, it was good that I study the rocks to-day," said the professor. "But now lie still some more till my rope shall touch your fingers. Then do not too hard pull it for it is not so strong But it will help you a little, and you can up the hill creep carefully." And he tied a small stone to the end of the string and slid it down toward her till she grasped it, he holding the other end of the string.

It was very easy then for her, having something to steady her, to make her way upward to where he stood, at the edge of the slope, holding the string firmly. All went well until she came within reach of his outstretched hand, when as he stooped to lift her to her feet, his own footing gave way, and he fell headlong beside her on the slippery grass.

He strove in vain to stop himself, grasping frantically at the grass which broke as he clutched it. Carried swiftly by the momentum of his fall, he slipped smoothly over it, falling with a loud cry, sheer over the cliff.

The girl called out twice but there was no answer, and with a terrible fear lest she should find only a lifeless body she hastened around by the nearest practicable way to the foot of the cliff.

He was not dead as she found immediately. But when he tried to rise he could not.

"My leg is broken," he said, "and I am bad hurted on the inside. You must now to me bring help, for I am as you were."

"Yes, yes," answered the girl. "I will go But how can you stay alone? It will be more than an hour before I can get anybody here who can carry you to the house."

"Ach! That is bad," said the professor. "But I will do as I can best. If you will look my knapsack in and give me the little flask there, I can wait, but be not longer as you can help"

"I will be as quick as I can," said the girl after she had brought the knapsack to him and given him a drink

It was a long hour for the poor professor and before it was over he had fainted despite his flask, so that when John Bascom came back with his daughter he shook his head gravely fearing that his help was too late. He could do nothing, however, but wait till his son should come up with the neighbors, for whom he had sent. And when they had carried him to the Bascom farmhouse and the village doctor had come and examined him and set his bones they found they would have him to care for him for several weeks.

"It seems kind o' hard it should be so, Maris, bein' as you've got about all to do 't you can stand," said Mr. Bascom to his wife, "but I don't see as 'twould be decent not to care for him."

"Why, we've just got to, John," said Mrs. Bascom. "And dear sux knows we can't grudge him nothin. If it hadn't 'a' been for him Ella might 'a' been killed."

But if the Bascom household was poor in worldly goods, as it certainly was, and if it was a serious tax on the family purse to provide the medicines the sufferer needed and a drain on the strength of the mother and daughter to nurse him as assiduously as they did, no hint of these facts appeared. The professor was not allowed to want for anything that could be had, nor did he see any but a cheerful countenance in the house He was not blind, however, nor was he backward about asking questions when he recovered sufficiently to talk.

He went straight to the point with a directness that would have seemed grossly impertinent in a neighbor, but which appeared childlike simplicity in this queer foreigner who spoke such twisted English.

"What fur do you stay where the land so poor is?" he asked one day. "You are a farmer. Why do you not sell and to the west go? There you will do better as here, where your fields are all tipped on one side up and rock full."

"Well, I've had a sort o' hankerin to go west for a long spell," said Mr Bascom, "but 'taint so easy to sell when there ain't anybody seekin' to buy I stay here because the farm's mine, an there ain't nothin' else that is. I never could get forehanded enough to make a start, and it's all I can do to make a livin here

"But the boy," said the professor, "will he all his life stay here also and be poor?"

"No!" exclaimed the father almost angrily "Not if I'm spared long enough to care for his mother till he gets a start He's bent on schoolin' and his mother and I are goin to see't he gets it. He'll have to work his own way, though," added the old man with a little sigh. "We can't help him much."

"Yes, that is good," said the professor. "It is better as a boy his own education get."

And after that he talked with young John The boy was shy at first, but under the professor's blunt questioning he soon warmed up enough to talk of his ambition. He wanted to be a civil engineer, he said, and the professor found that he had laid a good foundation for an education in the village academy and had bought and mastered a few good books

Moreover, he was observant One day when the professor was almost well he was looking over the specimens in his knapsack when John came and looked on "There's a good deal of that kind of rock on the east side of the farm," he said, pointing to one of the chips

The professor started a little but he spoke as deliberately as usual "You shall show to me that east side," he said, "when I can climb those hills some day."

"I guess you can get there now, said the lad. "It isn't much of a climb, and there's a smooth path."

So they went out together, and the professor's eyes gleamed when he saw the ledge John pointed out. He said very little, though, and after he had taken some measurements and collected a few specimens they went back to the house.

Next day he said he was going away, and he asked Mr and Mrs Bascom how much he owed them for his board and his medicines

"Land sakes, professor," said Mrs Bascom, "you don't s'pose we could take your money, do you? What little we've been able to do for you is little enough for what you did for us." And the farmer himself spoke as earnestly, so the professor said no more about money In fact, he seemed so well pleased that Mr Bascom remarked it when he was alone with his wife

"Pears to me that there Professor Hugo's almighty skimpy about money," he said "He was tickled to death consumout when he found he didn't have to pay nothin."

"John Bascom," exclaimed the good woman, "you don't mean to stand there and tell me you would take money from the man that saved your own daughter's life?"

"Don't be a fool, Maris 'Taint likely I would, but I'd 'a' thought more of him if he'd 'a' tried a little harder to pay."

But there was another one in the family who had no such thoughts When Ella Bascom bade the professor goodby, she said, "I never have really thanked you as I want to, and I don't s'pose I ever can, but I want you to know that I never can forget what you did and what you have suffered for me."

"Pish, pish!" said the professor carelessly, though he was well pleased. "It was nothing only my own stupid foot that all the trouble made. And I did for you very little. Only I am glad, fraulein, that I study the the rocks that day.' And he kissed her goodbye.

"But you will come again to see us?" urged the little maiden. "Won't you come Thanksgiving?"

"Maybe, maybe," he said. "That is a good day, that Thanksgiving. You to the good Lord give thanks because he so good to you is. And you have one great dinner Maybe I thank him, too, that he kill me not. And you I thank that you take of mother good care. And maybe I take dinner that day with you."

It was several weeks, however, before Thanksgiving day came, and in the interval, as the hard New England winter came on, things went badly with the Bascoms Ella developed a slight cough, that made her mother turn pale when she heard it. She had learned to know how easily consumption attacks young people in the rigorous climate of upper New England, yet she dared not speak to Mr. Bascom about sending the girl south for the winter. The means were lacking. The crops were poor. One of the two pigs they had fattened died before killing time. Mr. Bascom himself, growing old before his time, seemed no longer able to look on the bright side of anything, and the anxious wife and mother could only pray a little more earnestly and a little more frequently than before. To work harder was impossible. And John could only study later and rise earlier to make up for his father's failing strength. Nothing was heard from the professor, and, as the family realized more and more every day how heavy the odds were against them, they ceased to talk and almost ceased to think much about him. He had saved them from a great sorrow, he had been a great care and a burden for a time, and then he had passed away to be only a memory.

It was therefore entirely a surprise when, a few days before Thanksgiving, John brought home a letter from the village postoffice addressed in a queer foreign handwriting to Miss Ella Bascom.

"It must be from the professor," she said, and after they had all agreed to this and had examined the envelope and the postmark and had wondered sufficiently about what he could have to say, as people do who do not often receive letters, she opened it

MY DEAR LITTLE FRAULEIN I have not forgotten that you asked me to go to see you on Thanksgiving day, and I will go. I will to see what is the great holiday of the American people's home

Your brother John, he is a good boy, and he will be a good man He will give thanks, maybe that I did get him a place in New York where he can study and be an engineer and will earn money not very much, but enough.

Tell your papa I have, maybe, some good news for him, and tell your mamma since I come to dinner I have the great liberty taken to send my dinner And I kiss your hand. HUGO.

Such news was too wonderful, and yet it was tantalizing. There was no end to the speculating, and it was later that night than it ever had been before when the Bascoms went to bed.

The next day, however, brought a still greater surprise Word came from the railway station, two miles away, that there were several large cases there for Mr. Bascom, expressage paid. The old gray horse was astonished enough at the speed at which he was rattled along, but his feelings were nothing to those of the family when the cases were brought home and opened

If there was anything known to the grocery or delicatessen trade that wasn't represented in those cases, it was because the professor couldn't find it. And there was the biggest turkey Bascom ever saw, with a box of fresh vegetables, and everything else needed to cook with it. And of everything else there was enough to last all winter

Mrs. Bascom was stunned. She could say nothing, but the children made up for her silence, and Mr. Bascom, after he had recovered a little from his bewilderment, said, "Well, Maris, if that's the professor's dinner, he must have a leetle the best appetite of anybody I ever knowed of."

Next day the professor came himself, fatter than ever and jollier than they had ever seen him "It is nothing," he said when Mr and Mrs Bascom undertook to remonstrate with him for sending them such a wealth of stores. "It is nothing. I have never kept your Thanksgiving before, and I thank you so much for your kindness to me when I was suffering."

"But you said you were a poor man?" said Mr Bascom

Ach, yes! They call me in the city poor, but always I have a few thousand dollars."

And again they sat up half the night discussing John's future, which now depended on himself And only the mother remembered to cry silently even while she reproached herself for ingratitude, because there was in all the good fortune no way yet open for sending Ella away from the winter storms. But the next morning, when the mother and daughter were in the kitchen and John was busy outside, the professor said:

"I wrote in my letter, Mr. Bascom, I have some good news for you maybe It was this Your son John he showed me good stone on your farm It is for building most excellent It is the stone for which I was looking when the little fraulein for help called I have in one great quarry company a small interest, for I am what you call stockholder, and for them I was looking They want that kind of stone So when I returned to the city I said, "The stone is found" Then they would to send somebody to buy your farm cheap, and I said no When they were angry, I said, "Very well, gentlemen, then I tell you nothing You go and your self find the stone"

So they were angry some more, but I make them offer you $10,000 for your farm or a contract for $1,500 a year. It is better you take the contract, I think, so I have the paper, and if you sign they $1,000 bonus pay you." And he produced the paper

And that was how the Bascoms spent the happiest day they ever had, and the professor saw his first Yankee Thanksgiving

### THANK HIM.

For pastured lands folded with beauty
For plenty that burdened the vale,
For the wealth of the teeming abundance,
And the promise too loyal to fail,
We lift to the Maker our anthems,
But none the less cheerily come
To thank him for bloom and fruition
And the happiness crowning the home

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

## PURITAN THANKSGIVING.

**They Insisted on Religious Services. Opposed to Instrumental Music.**

The Puritans, with their regard for the vast importance of sacred things, insisted that religious service should enter into the observance of the day. A picturesque simplicity and a whole souled devoutness linger about the commoration in the meeting house of colonial times. There were two services a day. Each of the sermons was two hours long, and on Thanksgiving day the preacher was scrupulously conscientious in improving the opportunity which came to him only once a year.

The prayers and the psalms were of corresponding length. The church was provided with square, boxlike pews. The family sat around the four sides, the children being placed with their backs to the minister. A most important functionary was the tithing man, who tapped the heads of the men who fell asleep during the sermon with the ball-like staff of office. The other end had a tuft of feathers, with which he tickled the dry way women. The old time Puritans were strenuously opposed to the introduction of instrumental music into the church service.

Now and then a violin began to creep in, to the disgust of many of the old preachers one of whom is immortalized in history by his utterance, "We will now sing and fiddle the Forty-fifth Psalm."

One ventures the opinion that the atmosphere of the old Puritan Church on Thanksgiving day was hardly conducive to cheerfulness of spirit. A historian, writing of the Sabbath in Puritan New England, remarks, "The New England congregation piously froze during service time well into this century." The church in Brimfield in 1819 refused to pay for a stove, and a few years later, when a subscription was made to buy a church stove, one old member refused to contribute, saying good preaching kept him hot enough without stoves. *Philadelphia Times*

## THANKSGIVING BOUNTY.

One of the benign results of the observance of Thanksgiving day is the encouragement it gives to public benevolence. While it is a day set apart for the acknowledgement of national, family and personal blessings, every Canadian is taught from childhood that on this day he must share the loaf, feed the hungry and give ear to the cry of distress. The significance of the day is lost to those who appropriate it solely for personal gratification and self-enjoyment. *Exchange.*

## DR. TALMAGE LIKES TURKEY.

"I am cosmopolitan in my likes," said the doctor, "because I have travelled so much. Therefore pardon me when I say that I want my turkey stuffed with little English oysters and trimmed with French fried potatoes. Each year there is a little wicket fence of the brown potato strips placed around the turkey, and when he is brought in he looks like a picture in a child's story book "And can't the poor turkey get out of that fence?" asked my little granddaughter once." *Exchange*

### *A THANKSGIVING SONG.*

It's comin 'long Thanksgivin', with its pleasures an its joys
An we're all a lookin forward to the meetin with the boys.
An Sue will come from college an Jimmy won't forget
An we'll all feel mighty thankful that we're a livin' yet!

The turkey's been a spreadin of his feathers fat an' fine,
An his "gobble, gobble, gobble" seems a darling us to dine,
But the verdict's been ag in him, and his execution's set,
And he makes us feel right happy that we're all a livin' yet!

There's folks will come from Texas from Illinois an' Maine,
New York will send us Billy an Hampshire H give us Jane,
We'll have a great hand shakin when all the friends are met,
An won't we feel right happy that we're all a livin' yet?

It's comin' 'long Thanksgivin with all its love an' light,
Its dinners in the daytime its melodies at night
The turkey's fat an juicy the table silver's set
An we're feelin mighty happy that we're all a livin' yet!

*Chicago Times Herald*

## LET US GIVE THANKS

That is an impoverished soul that can not on Thanksgiving day lift itself up in praise This is the festival of households and the festival of commonwealths. Has not God been good to our homes and good to our commonwealths? Then let us be glad before him and bless his name

Think of God's mercy to our homes. Are our families unbroken? Are we glad in the love of dear ones left to us? Let us give thanks to the God of households.

Think of God's mercy to our land Have we been spared the pangs of war, famine and pestilence? Have our fields given rich harvests? Let us give thanks to the God of nations.

## A REMINDER OF THE FATHERS.

Thanksgiving day comes with its annual reminder of the fathers, who in the midst of their poverty and distress thanked God for their blessings and had hope for the future It is the self sacrifice of one generation that constitutes the prosperity of the next The rock of Plymouth is no stony boulder to be shielded from rough contact by a marble canopy It is rather a sure faith in the supreme obligations of duty and of personal character as the main element of durable success. *Independent*


## NO USE OF HIS LEGS.

**Doctors Could Not Help Him, But Two Bottles of South American Kidney Cure Removed the Disease—The Story of a Wingham Farmer.**

Kidney disease can be cured Mr John Snell, a retired farmer of Wingham, Ont., says "For two years I suffered untold misery, and at times could not walk, and any standing position gave intense pain, the result of kidney disease. Local physicians could not help me, and I was continually growing worse, which alarmed family and friends. Seeing South American Kidney Cure advertised, I grasped at it as a dying man will grasp at anything. Result before half a bottle had been taken I was totally relieved of pain, and two bottles entirely cured me." To cure kidney disease a liquid medicine must be taken, and one that is a solvent, and can thus dissolve the sand like particles in the blood. Sold by A. T. Brown.


## *THANKSGIVING*

The fields a dull, dead russet wear,
A frosty chill has stung the air,
Vine and leaf and flower have died
And yonder wood ungarlanded,
Stretch bare arms unto the skies,
Stripped by summer's pagentries

Where are now October's dainty,
May's fair promise, summer's charms?
All have gone, as bright things must
Into vaporous air or dust,
But the wealth of barn and bin
One more year has gathered in

For all the autumn's harvest yields
Spoil of orchards, wealth of fields,
Collared products, mows of hay,
Stacks on hillside and highway,
Herbs that month by month increased
We spread this day our annual feast.

May none in gilded hall or cot
Go unrewarded or forgot,
We who have good things to spare
Should give to want a bounteous share
Put gladness on the face of woe,
Till all some stream of bounty know

Then the laughter of the spring
Shall not be a mocking thing,
And the pride of hill and plain
Not have proved a pageant rain,
But all the circling years increase
Turn to thankful joy and peace

## ONE MAN'S MEMORIES.

It's all right to say that the old time Thanksgiving dinners were the best ever eaten and that the features of the day's celebration when we were boys incomparably better than the football or other games that are chief features now. But if you were a country boy 30 or 40 years ago you might remember some peculiarities of the day as then observed that might have been pleasanter. For instance, the sermons which I used to have to attend were tremendously long drawn out and exceedingly dreary efforts, and I used to sit in agony through the hour and sometimes hour and a half consumed in their delivery Then the dinner. It was a big one at my father's house, and it took days and days to get ready for it. But during all this time of preparation my life was a burden. All the women folks were rushed with work and therefore cross and "touchy," and when I was not kept busy helping them I was being shooed out of the way, so that I could not interfere with the progress of affairs. So many persons were asked to the dinner that we children had to wait invariably, and there were always six or seven of us

Now, my father was the chief deacon of his church, and the minister's boy was always one of the children who "waited." He was such a mean little chap that we never got on well together while our elders ate, and I generally had to box his ears. Once I "licked him good," and then my father, the deacon, licked me better so well that I couldn't sit down to eat the cold dinner when it came time Moreover, I was always so hungry when at last it came time to eat that I gorged myself terribly with the cold food, and my dreams those nights would be awful I remember that one year, having great faith in the efficacy of prayer, I prayed that next year everybody might forget all about Thanksgiving. When the day was remembered and observed as usual next year, my faith received a great shock, which lasted till I remembered that faith to be effectual must be held by the righteous, and this I knew I was not.

## A THANKSGIVING THOUGHT

There is something lacking in the sincerity of a man who goes into the temple on Thanksgiving day to acknowledge the good gifts of Providence to him if he has done nothing through the year or on this day to uplift his fellows, to bring sunshine into soulless hearts and to distribute in some measure the benefactions which we all hold in trust for the benefit of the helpless sons and daughters of men.

## NEW ENGLAND PUMPKIN PIE.

Take a firm pumpkin, pare, cut up and stew until dry To a quart of stewed pumpkin add a cup of molasses, a cup of sugar, the beaten yolks of six eggs, half a cup of butter, a pint of milk, half a teaspoonful each of ground ginger and cinnamon, with a pinch of salt Mix well and pour into deep pie pans lined with puff paste Bake to a well heated oven

ELIZA R. PARKS

## BEFORE STARTING.

Mrs Coopah "Who' fo' yoh take dat gun, Mr Coopah? Yoh down wais no gun to get a Thanksgiving turkey."

Mr Coopah "Yes, indeed I does, honey It doan look so suspishualike w'en I bring one home as I go by Rev Enos Jones house"


## SAD COMPLAINTS.

LADIES MUST PROTECT THEMSELVES.

Several ladies have recently written to the manufacturers of Diamond Dyes complaining of having received very worthless dyes from certain dealers (whose names are known) instead of the Diamond Dyes that were asked for

The manufacturers of Diamond Dyes, while they deplore this unwise and dishonest practice of substituting, cannot give any greater protection to the public than they are now affording in the way of warnings through the columns of the press

All buyers of dyes who ask for the Diamond Dyes should look for the name on the outer envelope If the name "Diamond" is not seen, rest assured you are being offered some miserable imitation

Diamond Dyes are the only perfect dyes in the world for home dyeing The best druggists and dealers sell them

**DEATH FROM SUFFOCATION**

**Almost a Fatality But for Dr. Agnew's Cure For the Heart Strange Story of a Northwest Lady.**

A death to be dreaded is that from suffocation, and yet this is one of the usual phases of heart disease Mrs J. L. Hillier, of Whitewood, N. W. T., came so near this dangerous point as needing. She says, "I was much afflicted with heart failure, in fact I could not sleep or lie down for fear of suffocation I tried all the doctors in this section of the country, but they failed to give me relief A local druggist recommended Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart I tried it, and with the result that, I immediately secured ease that I did not know before, and after taking further doses of the medicine the trouble altogether left me. It is not too much to say that it saved my life." Sold by A. T. Brown