----OLD EBENEZER'S THANKSGIVING

Thankful? Ya-us you bet I bel Thankful that I'm only Me. When I think [might ha' been One o' severill other men Down I get upon my knee Thankin' God above that He Made me Me!

'Spose I'd been a Son o' France, Fond o' love, and song and dance; Bookin' peace and liberty. Blead o' Me! Forced to see my quiet home

Flamin' 'neath the lurid dome: Forced to see beloved sons Mangled by the shotted guns Of a ruthless conqueror Drunken on the grapes of War? 'Hpose I'd been the Kalser! Gosti!

Wadin' deep in bloody wash, With the cry o' murdered boys Ilke some ghostly, ha'ntin' noise, ltingin', ringin' in my cars, And a flood o' women's tears Like a tidal-wave at sea . Rushin' onward, seekin' Me!

Spose it was my lot to dwell In that sangulnary hell Where each river is a flood (Mi my murdered brothers' blood 'Stead of in these peaceful vales Where God's mercy never falls, And the harvest of our toll Is an earned and honest spoll, Not the loot and pallid fruit Of the War Lord's frenzied fall!

Troubles come and troubles go In a ceaseless obb and flow. I have allers had my share Of life's tears and life's despair Nothin' much has passed me by In the march of woe, but I Spite of all eternally. Thank my God above that He

Made me Me!



TH the best price ever offered for a farm around here!" about it." and Mr. Williford folded the letter and placed it in the bonnetspigeonhole of his deak.

after two days' snow. The boughs anxiety. of the long line of evergreens, reaching "I suppose," she said a note of symthrough it the sprigs of green nodded such folks, don't we, Mr. Williford?" under the maples, gray-created snow- think Nora would care if we sold the Think of that! You see, if we get the membering, she turned:

over the trade?" she said. show of getting the further woodlot big place for just two old folks." added. It's a doctor that wants the place-wants it for his boy; not strong. ford old! Who was it got up the husk- younger doctor's arm. Thinks this Saco run, near the moun- ing bed last year, and who was it got tains and not far from the see, is just the red ear? But I simply must go. The older doctor drew away. the place for the lad to grow strong Dandy is in the team this morning

who had made the Saco his running ground, and of a bronze-headed girl the young folks drifted, and the sound State! Snow-drifts! As he passed always at his hocks. Could she? The of bells was thrown back from far from one couch to another, it seemed children had come this year of all way. years! If they had come, she felt that all this talk about selling the never have sprung into existence. You really think we better sell the farm Calebi

"I do, Margaret." "But it's not as though we were'nt giving the children a chance Caleb even though they do come home seldom. It is a chance of a thousand, pigeon hole was answered, telling Law- Doar Nora:-

was the school at Haco. Then the in town when you get used to it." boy must study with Dr. Gerrod, and college for both, and now Joseph at Johns Honkins-

"Johns Hopkins was Dr. Gerrod's doings," said the wife. "I know Gerrod stands by Johns Hopkins. But he is a Baltimore man, son private deak. And now Joseph must be a specialist and have a year in bospital work across the sea. And Nora must take the time for a year's study in Berlin." "But you know, Caleb, the two have stood by their extra expenses. Think

of how Nora taught summer after summer in that business college during her vacations, and how Joseph clerked at that shipping office." "That is what I claim. Their sims even absorb their vacations. We two here might as well-" he stopped as he An instant the pencil hung over the saw his wife's eyes holding protest, last word. The dictator seeing this, Dandy, and the other with two horses, "No. I wan't say we might as well not tietmed, and then went on: have children. But you put up the 'The lawyer seems to think there is and blue sky, and glorious sunshine. damsons in the fall, Margaret, in the no great burry, but I would not be too It was cold. Indeed it was cold! The way 'Nora loves them,' and everything slow. You know, Dr. Hedloe, it is well occupants of the sleigh with one horse of interest that I learn through ex- to take a thing when we can get it. were girls-one in gray squirrel, and

periments as to sell, and so on, I save Sometimes, irons cool. The terms you the other in mink—and more than to talk over with Joseph, and in the made are good enough and that part once they held their must to their end, someone else cats the flamsons, sectis all dight. I judge there is some cars. And how the two girls laughed' and I talk to one not Joseph. We relactance as to the disposing of the Dandy, making his hoofs fly over the stand all the time waiting for what place. I would close down as soon as slittering road, more than once turndoes not come. We better it, and go to town to live. You'll be near the see you-

"As to that, Caleb, there's not a day roes by without someone coming in to break bread with us." "That's true. But there's no use denying they think they're pretty good

to come so far." with bins filled, and hams of one's from which the distant Jersey shore own curing. It does not seem, Caleb was discernible, she leisurely scated

the farm." "But you will have all you can use her machine, pushed-just as lelaurely if we live in town. We have here -her lines cuffs further up her roundmore than we can use." Then he ed arms, and glanced again through pressed his lips together sharply and the window, litt her position taken, said: "Other folks' children come home her fingers flew. For a while the tap for holidays; our children write not on the white keys went on unbrokenly. this year, or 'pretty soon I'll get off.' Then, as had her pencil, so now her Zoe Cameron's hair tru't any redder fingers haused at the word closing the than our Nora's, but You has had the sentence "in its race from the mounspunk to get home for Thankagiving tains to the sea." The sea! There clear from that Virginia school where was a quiver in the worker's lips. The she's teaching. But she hasn't as broath was drawn in sharply between many aims as Norm' that's what you the white teeth he the shoulders went say. That may be, but Zoe is a fine further back. A white hand was girl. That nelce of Dobson's is here thrown across the brown eyes. She again. I saw her at the post office. was not conscious of the Jersey shore folks are getting up some sort of a ing before the wind with hair flung carnival. The Gaines boys started it to the spray. How long it had been

As she did so the yellow-red balls of lem way, there was one who found it further side of the window seemed to clock told off the hours, but niways to laugh up at her. This time she let her the rhythm, "In its race from the lips part and up to the Jerusalem mountains to the sea." But Joe must Cherry balls was given an answering be glood by! "Ille heart is not on a amile. Then the thought of other people's children coming home for Thanksgiving, and their fireside empty.

was heavy upon her husband. There was a lingle of betts, a chorus of laughter and sound of feet stamp- unswers were found for the questions ing on the side plazza. girla," said Mrs. Williford, looking ing of a day that had been too short

"How good it is to see you, Zoe!" and Mrs. Williford's eyes were as bright as though resting on the face of their Nora.

"I thought we'd got a welcome, and have brought my whole family, you see. . This is our teacher of English Zoe turned to present a smiling young mother is a friend and we're making Nanny one. And here is Mr. Dobson's nlece. Delia. There are more in the sleigh if this is not enough, Mrs. Williford. Hasn't Norn come?" "She feels she can't quite make it.

You know she intends taking a whole year off, beginning with the spring. but I'll know it is near—our sea. I just must go, Joe. for study in Europe." "Yes," said Zoe, "But we do want her so! The Gaines boys are getting

lest of corn-husks for her gown, and physician. kernels of the red car of last years . "Ah, Williford! I was just thinking husking bee, for the beading," and Zoe of you." broke into a laugh. "And how about you being Queen of the Harvest?" said Mrs. Williford, younger doctor, catching the happiness of the girl.

make a fuse about .it." made a dive for the kitchen: "Oh, Mr. Williford, I am sa glad to "That sounds good," said young Wil see you! lan't Jeseph coming either?" lifert. "He says not," said Mr. Williford,

os had Mrs. Williford. "It's deuch an age since we've seen chance." them," said goe. "I tell Mrs. Williford

of Thanksgiving-looked off to the "Yes," said the father looking pleas- love for his lad as keenly as Dr. Bedworld without. What a world it was ed, and yet anxious. Zoe noted the loc's was expressing it at thought of

beyond the barn to the road, hung pathetic understanding touching her low with their weight of snow, and voice, "we have to be patient with and sparkled, jewel-decked. In the "It would seem so," answered the You are a Maine man, I believe?" distance, like a ribbon the white banks other. Then stepping further out of of the Saco showed the way to the sight of the group in the other room sea, and still farther away a cluster he said, in the same quality of voice what I had in mind when I came upon of tall factory chimneys reached the girl had used. "Zoe, don't you you. Knock off the work the last day heavenward through cushions of white think Mrs. Williford would enjoy life of the year and take a rith with me snow resting on roofs below. Near, better if we moved to town? Do you out to the lad's new camping ground.

birds were twittering and frolicking as farm? We have a good offer for it." place-and we are going to put the though they had never seen such snow "Mr. Williford!" There came a call deal straight through-we expect to before. Seeing them catch at the rose- from the outside and Zoe turned and light the biggest fire in a certain broad berries and then at one another, mak- looked over the artemisia and waved chimney, for a house-warming on New ing wide circles only to come back to her hand. Then turning back she said, Year's night, that ever the old Pine each other again, Mrs. Williford's lips "I'm afraid it would take the heart Tree State witnessed. Go up with me parted as though to smile. Then, re- out of Nora. She always says, one and help lay the back log. It will do feels he can do anything with a farm you good. There's plenty of snow up "I suppose Quaries came to talk back of him." That's Nora, you know." there already, they write. You know "But she will always have a back- what Maine snowdrifts are." And Dr. "Yes. He was pleased; there's a log," said the father. "This is a pretty Bedies laughed. Zoe laughed. "You and Mrs. Willi-

and he's not used to this holiday gloo-Instantly to the one at the window ing. Father thought old Kate would At least he thought over the subject there flashed remembrance of a lad sober him but she does not seem to," that Dr. Bedloe's words had brought Out in the snow and the sunshine to him. Winter in the old Pine Tree

old place was so dear! If only the down the road to the two in the door- as though he could hear the sough of Mr. Williford turned with his wife with snow. A hungeging took hold to the sunshiny room. The flowers of busy, overtaxed young Dr. Williford farm, and going to town to live, would and the singing canary were there, making his night round at Johns Hopbut the quiet after the guests' young kins-a longing, to see his father's voices brought the old feeling of dis- face with eyes holding love for his

casily at her husband. "Yes," said Mr. Williford, That night the letter in the little 135 St., New York: and young people can do so much these yer Quarles that if the one negotiating "But there are not as many years so shead and close the deal. before us as back of us, Margaret! The thing for us to do, Margaret, in doing so .we promised each other me no limit to what those is the thing that will make us two the every luxury should be cut out. But

two take into their heads. First, it most comfortable. You'll like living I question as to that word 'luxury,' In a New York office building, well fact I feel I must. It's not right for up town, a young girl with a crown of us to take the bit too strong for just bronze hair catching the sunlight that what we want. I'm afraid I've been fell through a large paned window, a little remiss in this. I am older

"I don't think I quite got that last, for you, but I can clip up and not Mr. Macpherson," said the girl. "Chappie-" answered the dictator. You can say laddle if you'd ruther." they go at things here in the hospital.

"Oh, I have it now." The one in the leather chair began make that old doctor of ours stare. again on the letter he was dictating. "Yes if you while a place for the go home, dear, I will make it up some little chap to grow strong to, you are way-the cost. not likely to duplicate that region along the Baco, in its race from the mountains to the sea."

l could," After a little the letter was drawn church and the women'll run in to to an end, and the one whose eyes matched her hair, lifted her book and "You will let me have it soon?" said the gentleman rising. "Immediately."

With grace, but ussured boaring, the young girl passed from the room. "Hut it's so nice having a cellar Across the corridor at a broad window as though I could content to selling herself. Heaching, she placed the paper carefully between the rollers of

She sent her love. Hhe is going to now. Instead, she was seeing a long but 'pon honor I didn't. It nearly drive over to see you. The young stretch of wet shingle, and a girl rac- killed me to keep it after the telegram. quite a spell back. They're putting up since Joe and she had been down to posters. I didn't stop to read them." the sea—they see they knew! And Mrs. Williford hung the canary in again came the words, "In its race the sunstille that was now pouring from the mountains to the sea." in a broad sheet through the window. That night in her room up the Harcried Zoe, throwing wide the door.

the Jerusalem Cherry standing on the hard to sleep. Again and again the shake. "And there's father!" and

year's work in the hospitals abroad! I can't let him go alone! and yet, does it pay?" Again and again squestions touched her with the loneliness that hard to answer confronted the one lying with white arm covering her face. But in the clear light of a fresh day that had been hard to meet in the "It is Zoe Cameron and some of the blackness of midnight. In the gloamthrough the window. Hastening to for all that had been asked if it; Nora the sitting room she threw back the Williford, using her suit case for a table-she was in the station waiting for her train-wrote:

You must not think that I am going back on you in Europe-you shall have it whether [do or not-but I will make you will have Dr. Gerrod over for up the extravagance someway. I am at the Seminary, Miss Cleason," and going home for Thanksgiving. I'm nearer than you. It seems right that woman. This is a friend of mother's it is a year since father sent me my mink furs that he and mother selected for me in Portland, when I thought I should have gray squirrel! They haven't seen me in them yet. I want father's hur-mink and all. I've tele-"She's not coming." Mrs. Williford graphed Zoe to meet me, but she is "She's not coming." Mrs. Williford not to tell the folks. There'll be snow said, placing chairs for her guests, everywhere. I shall not see the sea, to go back, too."

NOTA It was nearing midnight when young up a Carnival of the Seasons. They Dr. Williford, dressed in immaculate wrote me about it before I came. We white linen, passing to a distant ward want Nora for Harvest Queen, Cream- of the hospital, came abreast an older

"I am always glad to be in the

thoughts of Dr. Bedloe," said the "I wanted to tell you the deal for "My hair is simply red, Mrs. Willi- that Maine farm is going through all ford, Nora's is a giorious, glorified right.' My friend in New York writes combination of brown and bronze, with me that he feels confident there will the sumshine of the years pressed into be no break now, and he's sure that if it. Please don't confuse the two. It we wish a place for the little fellow does seem an age since we have seen to grow strong in, we cannot duplieither Joseph or Nora. How do you cate that stretch along the Saco,-not stand it? My mother and father'd far from the mountains and near the sea. Who knows but we'll have the Catching night of Mr. Williford little chap dressed in white and taking standing by the kitchen cupboard Zoo his night round here at Johns Hop-

"It does sound good," said Dr. Bedshaking the hand of the girl before loe. "I tell you, Joseph, there is nothhim, and letting his heart go out to her ing like giving a boy a chance. Your father seems to have given you a

"Indeed he has-bas in a thousand." my mother and father'd make a fuss said Joseph. And then as he looked upon the face of the man before him, "When young folks get been in their who was no longer a doctor, but a father, and saw the light in the eyes, "Don't talk about bees in Joseph's and upon the whole face, as the father Mrs. Williford standing in the bay bonnet. Dr. Gerrod says it's to be the thought of his boy, there came to the window by the artemisis one mass glory of his life that he started Joseph young physician a desire to see his of buds and white blossoms in bonor on the road he is sure Jue's to travel." own father's face—that could express his boy.

"The Maine winters are pretty tough Can the lad stand it?" asked Joseph. "It's what we want him to stand. These Maryland winters are no good. "Yes," answered the other. "All the more reason I should ask

"I should say," answered the other. A white-cupped nurse touched the "Yes," said Dr. Williford in answer.

"Think it over, Dr. Williford." Young Williford did think it over. the wind through hemlocks weighed

content. Mrs. Williford glanced un- boy, as he had seen Dr. Hedloe's face. This was how it came that a note "How full of life young folks are!" heatily written on a prescription leaf was sent to Miss Nora Wiliford ---

"Now I am not forgetting that we're ous work across the water, and that I think I can't count it a luxury to go home and see dad and mother. It deftly plied a pencil at the Macpher- than you. One of us should go home for Thanksgiving. It is pretty cold mind it. More than that, I want to see Dr. Gerrod. It beats all the way

Some of the operations will simply

They are successful ones, too. I must

and both had the same white fields. ed back his ears to listen. But one of the laughs he had not heard for

In the sieigh farther back was boy and a man. There was no laughing, but there was now and then, "That's right, make it as quick as you can." . This sieigh had started a half hour after the sleigh shead, but the driver had taken a cut through the Caton woodlet that the girls had not dared to take for fear of drifts, se

there had been a gain. "Zoe, that sleigh has gained on us." "Let it," and the one driving glanced back. "They have two horses. It's a livery rig. Gb it, Dandy." Twenty minutes later there was and a girt in gray equirrel standing by

her red lips parted and her eyes Then there was a girl in her mother's arms, and the two left looking at each "I didn't write a word to Nora, Mr Williford," Zoe said, the others being

too occupied to notice. "It rather looks that way, doesn' it? said Mr. Williford. "Yes, I thought you'd think so after but I knew it only one night." There came a sound of fresh stamping upon the steps, and there was black-coated Joseph, suit case in hand. "Never does it rain but it pours,"

"I thought I'd catch you here," said.

Joseph, giving the girl a hearty handreaching out, he looked straight into his father's eyen as their hands met. "My father! But it seems good to

"And it's good to hear you may that,

"My letter was too much for you. Nors, was it?" said the young doctor. "Your letter! I haven't seen any letter. Hut did mine start you off" It was a great home-coming. And when Dandy was in the barn, and Zon settled down to supper, "for four it might seem a little lonesome if she went home," then it was that Joseph began planning for every inch of his stay at home.

"I've got to get back the next minute possible after Thanksgiving. Mother, Thanksgiving, won't yes? I have u thousand things to tell the doctor They are giving me knewledge new that Dr. Gerred got only after he; practiced twenty years. It beats all how they lie in wait for a fellow." "And mother, we must have Profousor Carrington," said Nora. "I've not seen him since the old days, and I do so want his advice about my trip. There's so much worth learning, and there are some things & doesn't pay for a girl like me to take up. I've got

"There's the minister and his wife. We mustn't leave them out, if we are to have the others," said Mr. Willi-Late in the night Mrs. Williford laid her hand on her husband's arm. Ho was snoring, but she couldn't wait. "Caleb!" "Huh7"

(Continued in Column Seven). .

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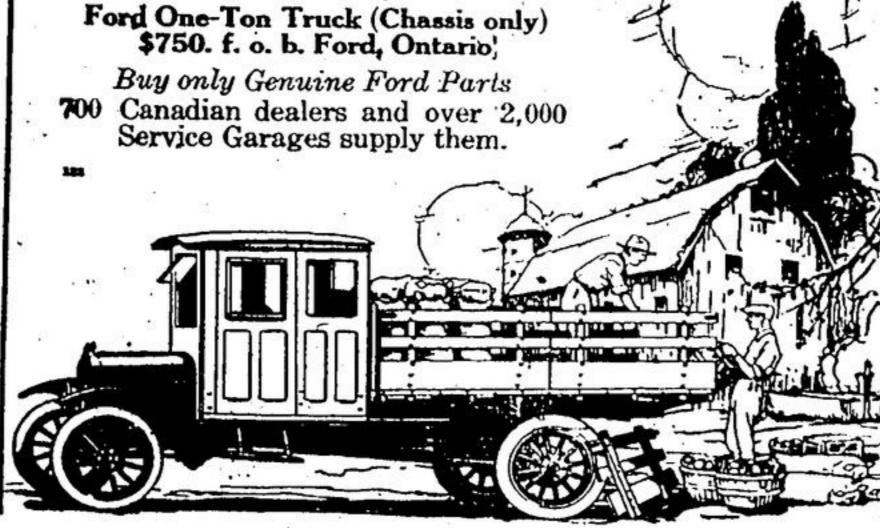
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"The first thing by the morning you'll stop Quarles on selling the farm won't

"Here you! As though through the In a Fireless Cookstove down to sleep without that dono! Why Margaret, I felt about un small us candle wick rud into a mold when those two children came. It hardly simplicity theif. The heat that does seemed I could look them in the face. the cooking is stoled up is small discs Talk of keeping a farm too long! A called "radiators." These radiators can man can keep a farm forever for the be heated over any kind of alove, any tuble of the Williford home there was with the stendl which contains the food gathered a goodly company. Dr. Ger- to be copked. The food is unually one need-to broak in upon them, and state and cold. As the heathern the by Mr. Williford, the good minister's radiators cannot escape from the Picewife, Mrs. Gainsborough, and down less, it as held imprisoned within the

taught one's own.

for this, and specialist for that. Of course it is the better way, but it makes an all-round doctor feel as though shelved. But when I look at these two children here and think of how I helped them into the world, and see what's coming of it now, I say, Acting Manager there are a few sheaves that ripen still for the hand of the all-round

family physician." There was a laugh and it was Professor Carrington who carried the thread: "When I see these two youngsters reaching up to the very top bin for the best there is, I can but think, that to lay foundations strong for such to stand upon, is a fairly good vocation, even if it does go by the name of 'teaching.'" There was another laugh and while it was still with the little company, the minister glancing very thoughfully down, said:

"It seems to me, as I look at the two who have so suddenly come to us, and recall how, hand-in-hand, even as children, they came to me to be led into the way, where blossoms of faith sciences' and 'cults' and 'new thoughts' and trust bloom that while there are grand expounders of each, hte sweet grain after all comes to the plucking of the one who stays steadily by the liread of Life, as found in our father's old-funtioned religion.", There was a short pause and Mr.

Williford lifted his hand as though in recognition:

"It is well, as the doctor and the teacher and the minister have said. But when I look around upon a company such as this, and think what communing of hearts and talking over of plans as we have communed and talked stand for, beneath rafters that have seen the gathering together of our forefathers, I say-" and he sent a steady look-down to his wife whose eyes were lifted to meet his gaze-(Concluded on Page Five)

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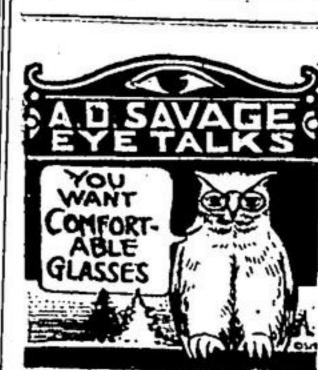
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