

THANKSGIVING SONG

Though wan skies show no
 And every breeze be frore,
 Both praise and prayer let
 us uplift
 That there is peace, that there is thrif,
 And such a generous store
 From shore to shore!

And let our clear acclaim
 More than lip-service be,
 While rivers and while mountains frame
 With us Thanksgiving to His name,
 Swelling the jubilee
 From sea to sea!
 —Clinton Scollard, in The Sunday Magazine.

Their First Thanksgiving
 By CARLOS BAYARD.

"AN nothing be done?" asked Caroline anxiously.

Vance Greenway shook his head.

"Not yet, dear," he explained. "I have considered the matter carefully and I think it will be best to wait."

"It won't make any difference in our marriage?" she pleaded.

"We can get married to-morrow," he declared. "I want to go to town and get to work on my own hook."

"There is nothing to prevent," assented the girl. "It is not as though I had a lot of relatives to consult."

"Then let's be married and get out of the way. It will make such a lot of talk," pleaded Vance.

He found when he left the girl that he had not exaggerated. Already the news that David Greenway had disowned his son had spread through the village, and the circumstantial reports of the row which had terminated in the dismissal had gained a wealth of detail in its rapid travel.

David Greenway was the richest man in Greenvale, and Vance had already made rapid advancement in the local bank; an advancement not altogether unconnected with his father's influence as the largest stockholder.

He had resigned his position that morning, and the following day, after a quiet wedding ceremony in the parsonage of the church, he and Carol set out for the city where Vance would start anew.

It was not an easy matter to find a position, even with the recommendation which the cashier of the home bank had given him, but in time Vance found a place, and they settled down to make a home in a tiny flat whose five rooms were scarcely larger than the dining room of the Greenway mansion.

The months sped by all too fast, and even when Vance had earned a raise in salary, and had been advanced to a more responsible position, she would not move.

"We'll save the rest," she declared. "It does seem so cozy here, dear. It's our first home. We shall have much to be thankful for next week."

"That's so," agreed Vance. "By the way, I've got an invitation to Thanksgiving dinner, so don't lay in a turkey."

Carol's face fell. She had been planning to make their first Thanksgiving a notable one, but she tried to smile her satisfaction at Vance's announcement.

Vance would make no explanation other than to say that the invitation came from an old friend, and the evening before the holiday he came home early and helped her pack her prettiest things in a suit case.

Not even when they arrived at the station did he enlighten her as to their destination, but the next morning, as the train neared the old home and she began to catch glimpses of familiar scenes through the frost-traced car windows, the tears came unbidden to her eyes.

As they encountered the curious glances of old acquaintances, she was glad that she had let Vance persuade her to purchase a set of furs. She wanted to look her best for his sake, but she did not realize the attractive picture she made as the sharp breeze brought fresh color to her cheeks and lent sparkle to the brown eyes.

Vance, sitting beside her, clasped his hands over hers.

"We shall have much to be thankful for this first Thanksgiving," he said tenderly. "But most of all I am thankful that you are my wife, dear."

She smiled her answer, too close to tears to speak, but as they turned in at a driveway she found her voice.

"There is some mistake," she cried. "Surely you are not going to your father's?"

"Surely we are," he said with a happy laugh. "Do you suppose that any other Thanksgiving dinner would tempt me from our own home?"

"But—you have made up?" she asked.

"We never really quarreled," he explained. "I was dissatisfied at the bank. I wanted to be sure of myself; to know that on my own effort I could make my way. Father and I planned the dramatic scene for the benefit of the public. I did not tell you, for I wanted him to see that it was for myself and not my money that you cared. I was to have a trial for six months. The probation ended last week."

"And you are coming back home to live?" she asked. Vance nodded.

"There is my father waiting to welcome us to our new home," he said. "The honeymoon ends with our Thanksgiving, and dad has a new daughter—the best that ever was—to make him thankful, too."

SOME REMARKS FROM MINNESOTA EDITORS.

What They Think of Western Canada.

A party of editors from a number of cities and towns of Minnesota recently made a tour of Western Canada, and having returned to their homes they are now telling in their respective newspapers of what they saw on their Canadian trip. The West St. Paul Times recalls the excursion of the Minnesota editors from Winnipeg to the Pacific Coast ten years ago. Referring to what has happened in the interval the writer says: "Thousands of miles of new railway lines have been built, and the development of the country has made marvelous strides. Millions of acres, then lying in their wild and untouched state, have since been transferred into grain fields. Towns have sprung up as if by the wand of a magician, and their development is now in full progress. It is a revelation, a record of conquest by settlement that is remarkable."

The Hutchinson Leader characterizes Western Canada as "a great country undeveloped. The summer outing," it says, "was an eye-opener to every member of the party, even those who were on the excursion through Western Canada ten years ago, over considerable of the territory covered this year, being amazed at the progress and advancement made in that short space of time. The time will come when Western Canada will be the bread-basket of the world. It was a delightful outing through a great country of wonderful possibilities and resources."

Since the visit of these editors the Government has revised its land regulations and it is now possible to secure 160 acres of wheat land at \$3.00 an acre in addition to the 160 acres that may be homesteaded.

The crops of 1908 have been splendid, and reports from the various districts show good yields, which at present prices will give excellent profits to the farmers.

From Milestone, Saskatchewan, there are reported yields of thirty bushels of spring wheat to the acre, while the average is about 20 bushels. The quality of grain to be shipped from this point will be about 600,000 bushels. Information regarding free lands and transportation will be freely given by the Canadian Government Agents.

WARNED OF THE CYCLONE.

Telephone Just a Few Seconds Ahead of High Wind.

Once upon a time a Kansas zephyr broke loose and meandered about the country, picking up various things. Bill Baumgartner's telephone, 20 miles away, rang:

"Is that you, Bill?" yelled an excited voice.

"Yes. What's the matter?"

"This is Frank. We've got a cyclone down here, and it's headed your way. Look out! I—" Frank's voice broke off suddenly. Bill heard a crash and a spluttering, then all was silence. He gathered up his family and rushed them to a deep ravine. They were just in time to dodge a funnel-shaped cloud that wrecked the house, picked up his barn, two cows, and a couple of miles of fence.—Hampton's Broadway Magazine.

IT DID.



Mr. Holesale—So old Peppercot had a kick coming on that last bill of goods, eh? Wouldn't that make you sore?

Mr. Litewate (the salesman)—It did me, sir. He kicked me out.

UPWARD START

After Changing from Coffee to Postum.

Many a talented person is kept back because of the interference of coffee with the nourishment of the body.

This is especially so with those whose nerves are very sensitive, as is often the case with talented persons. There is a simple, easy way to get rid of coffee evils and a Tenn. lady's experience along these lines is worth considering. She says:

"Almost from the beginning of the use of coffee it hurt my stomach. By the time I was fifteen I was almost a nervous wreck, nerves all unstrung, no strength to endure the most trivial thing, either work or fun.

"There was scarcely anything I could eat that would agree with me. The little I did eat seemed to give me more trouble than it was worth. I finally quit coffee and drank hot water, but there was so little food I could digest, I was literally starving; was so weak I could not sit up long at a time.

"It was then a friend brought me a hot cup of Postum. I drank part of it and after an hour I felt as though I had had something to eat—felt strengthened. That was about five years ago, and after continuing Postum in place of coffee and gradually getting stronger, to-day I can eat and digest anything I want, walk as much as I want. My nerves are steady.

"I believe the first thing that did me any good and gave me an upward start, was Postum, and I use it altogether now instead of coffee." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

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A HINT TO GOLFERS.



The Visitor—What on earth does that chap carry that phonograph round for. Is he dotty?

The Member—No! But he's dumb. So he has that talking machine to give instructions to his caddy or to make a few well chosen remarks in case he fozzles his drive or does anything else annoying.

Her Experience.

Letty was a little colored girl whose chief occupation was the bringing of water from a distant spring. This was very much to her discomfort, for the summons to fill the empty water bucket called her often from her play.

One day her young mistress was giving her a lesson in Bible history, the subject being Noah and the flood. "Letty," she said, "what did Noah do when he found that the water was all gone?"

Letty, who had been giving scant attention to the story, replied with a sigh:

"I spec' he sent after mo'."

As He Understood It.

Despite the imaginative nature of the child, it has a decided tendency to see things in a literal sense. This is noticeable in the acquiring of language. For instance, little Herbert was pleading to go out of doors to play.

"When I see fit, you shall go," said his mother, decidedly.

This settled the matter, and the little fellow went off to his blocks. In about half an hour he returned, and said:

"Mamma, have you seen him?"

"Seen whom?" replied the lady, utterly in the dark as to his meaning.

"Why, seen Fit."

Too Unkind.

"Didn't you say there was a statesman in your family?" inquired my deaf friend.

"Oh, no," I cried, hastening to correct his peculiar impression; "I merely said that a relative of mine was one of the United States senators from New York."—Bohemian Magazine.

To show a more excellent way is a better plan for correcting faults than fault-finding and criticism.—Helps.

The Best for Four Generations

There is no guess-work, no uncertainty, about this world-famous remedy. Since first prescribed by Dr. D. Jayne 78 years ago it has brought relief and effected cures in millions of cases of disease, and is today known and used in all parts of the world.

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If you have a Cough or Cold you cannot afford to experiment—you know Jayne's Expectorant to be a reliable remedy. It is also a splendid medicine for Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Croup, Whooping-Cough and Asthma. Get it at your druggist's—in three size bottles, \$1.00, 50c., and 25c.

Dr. D. Jayne's Sensitive Pills is a thoroughly reliable laxative, purgative, cathartic and stomach tonic.

THE NEWEST MODE.



Susie—What does the new baby at your house look like? Is it nice?

Sammy—Must be the latest thing in babies. Maw's as tickled over it as if it just come from the milliner's.

RHEUMATISM PRESCRIPTION

The increased use of whiskey for rheumatism is causing considerable discussion among the medical fraternity. It is an almost infallible cure when mixed with certain other ingredients and taken properly. The following formula is effective: "To one-half pint of good whiskey add one ounce of Toris Compound and one ounce of Syrup Sarsaparilla Compound. Take in tablespoonful doses before each meal and before retiring."

Toris compound is a product of the laboratories of the Globe Pharmaceutical Co., Chicago, but it as well as the other ingredients can be had from any good druggist.

Like a Dream.

A bubble of air in the blood, a drop of water in the brain, and a man is out of gear, his machine falls to pieces, his thought vanishes, the world disappears from him like a dream at morning. On what a spider-thread is hung our individual existence. Fragility, appearance, nothingness. If it were not for our powers of self-detraction and forgetfulness, all the fairy world which surrounds and brands us would seem to us but a broken specter in the darkness—an empty appearance, a fleeting hallucination. Appeared—disappeared—there is the whole history of a man, or of a world, or of an infusoria.—Amiel.

Her Qualifications.

A prominent educator tells of a unique recommendation made by the board of examination with reference to certain questions put to a primary school in an Indiana town.

"I desire to recommend Mary Wilson also for a reward of merit," stated one of the board in a note appended to the report. "Being very young, Mary naturally missed the point of all the questions in the examination papers, but her answers were in every instance so ladylike and refined that I think she should be awarded a medal."—Harper's Monthly.

One Way to Cage the Brute.

"I think that's a charming thing for your wife to do," the visitor remarked. "To sit down on the floor and take your shoes off for you after dinner."

"It is," acknowledged her husband, "but there's the method in her madness. She does it to keep me at home. She knows that once my shoes are off and my slippers on I'll be too lazy to put the shoes back on and go down town."

The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder—a waif a nothing, a noman. Have a purpose in life, have a purpose.—Carlyle.

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FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

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Warranted 375 "Guaranteed"

DEFIANCE STARCH—16 ounces in the package
 other starches only 12 ounces—same price and
 "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

Mark Twain on Art.

Mark Twain and a party of friends recently went to visit the studio of a young sculptor who is coming rapidly into public notice. One of the pieces which was admired greatly by the majority of the party was the figure of a young woman coiling up her hair. Mark listened to the encomiums in silence, and when urged for an expression of opinion said slowly:

"It is beautiful, but it is not true to nature."

All expressed their surprise at this unexpected verdict and demanded his reasons.

"She ought to have her mouth full of hairpins," replied Tom Sawyer's father.

They Were Not Encouraged.

"I don't see why that young man doesn't propose."

"I think, pa, that the chances of his doing it would be fully as good if you would leave your boxing gloves where he can see them."—Bohemian Magazine.

Life that is unselfishly poured out in living deeds done for others is lifted up and immeasurably exalted.—Robertson.

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Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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A. N. K.—C (1908—47) 2257.

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gives quick relief in all cases of asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, tonsilitis, and pains in the chest. Price, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00.

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