

Patience is No Virtue!

Be impatient with Backache!

Too patiently do we suggest a cure for backache, lagging, dizziness and urinary ills, thinking them part of woman's lot. Often it is only weak kidneys and Doan's Kidney Pills would cure the case.

A NEBRASKA CASE.

Mrs. Mary B. Bisher, Gordon, Nebraska, writes: "I was suffering from backache through my body and when I sat down my back would ache so much that I could not do anything for support. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me entirely and improved my condition in every way."

Get Doan's at Any Drug Store, or a Box of **DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS** FROM THE MANUFACTURER, FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN

Relieve Feverishness, Colic, Stomach and Bowel Disorders, Indigestion, Flatulence, Spasms, Cholera, and all the ailments of Infants.

Petitis Eye Salve SMARTING SORE LIPS

As a girl grows older she becomes wiser and quits wearing so many pins in the vicinity of her waist line.

CURES ITCHING SKIN DISEASES. Cole's Carbolic Acid Soothing and Making the skin smooth. All druggists, 25 and 50c. Adm.

Question of Gratitude.

"Suppose I were to ask you to contribute a hundred dollars to my campaign fund," said the ambitious young man. "What would you do?"

"That isn't the important question," replied Mr. Dustin Star. "If I should help to elect you, what would I do?"

Shop Talk.

The inventor was talking to himself. "What with my headless light, my headless fixtures, my invisible ash can and my disappearing bed, I have made the life of the urbanite well worth the living."

"Wrong!" corrected the down-weighted fanatic. "You have yet to perfect the foolproof motor and the vanishing gas bill."

THE LUCKIEST MAN.

When—So Miss Antique is going to get married at last. Who is the lucky man?

His—the clergyman. He's going to get paid for it and assumes no responsibility.

BOOPERS.

Often Make the Staunchest Converts.

The man who scoffs at an idea or doctrine which he does not fully understand has at least the courage to show where he stands.

The gospel of Health has many converts who formerly laughed at the idea that coffee and tea, for example, ever hurt anyone. Upon looking into the matter seriously, often such persons have found that Postum and a friend's advice have been their salvation.

"My sister was employed in an eastern city where she had to do odd jobs," writes an Olds girl. "She suffered with headache until she was almost unfit for duty.

"Her landlady persuaded her to quit coffee and was Postum, and in a few days she was entirely free from headache." (Tea is just as injurious as coffee because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.) "She told her employer about it, and on trying it, she had the same experience.

"My father and I have both suffered much from nervous headache since I can remember, but we scoffed at the idea advanced by my sister, that coffee was the cause of our trouble.

"However, my finally quit coffee and began using Postum. Father has had but one headache now in four years, due to a severe cold, and I have lost my headache and headache entirely, which are now convinced came from coffee.

"A cup of good, hot Postum is satisfying to me when I do not care to eat a meal. Circumstances dictated I should locate in a new country and I feared I would not be able to get my favorite drink, Postum, but I was relieved to find that a full supply is kept here with a heavy double.

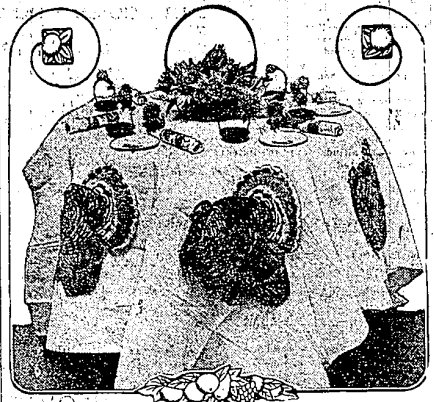
"My name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in page.

"There's a reason.

"Doesn't the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of benefit."

PRETTY THANKSGIVING DAY DINNER TABLE



By ADELE MENDEL.

HOW much easier it is for the hostess of today to prepare for a Thanksgiving dinner than it was for the hostess of a hundred years ago! Then it meant not hours, but weeks of planning, for the hostess had no ready-made or labor-saving devices that we are so familiar with as necessities today. No indeed, her dinner had to be cooked on an open fire, not on a modern range or gas stove. Electricity would have seemed nothing less than a miracle. The simple utensils used in the home of the present day would have caused the greatest amount of astonishment. A lemon squeezer would have been regarded as a curious object, but then so would have been a food chopper, an egg beater, or a can opener.

The coffee was always roasted and ground at home. There was no prepared mustard, cocoa, vanilla, gelatine or prepared yeast. String beans, lima beans, asparagus or peas were all of the old-fashioned variety. Apples were called low apples and were not recognized as a vegetable. Everything was home made, for groceries were not delivered at the house in those days.

There were few bothersome flowers such as we are accustomed to see adorn our tables. The flowers were all of the old-fashioned variety. Orchids were unknown, the chrysanthemums were very small, roses were not like the roses of today, but carnations were used in abundance.

Reservations had to be made long time ahead to insure a reply, if the guest desired at any distance.

Verily, we have much to be grateful for, when we consider how many modern inventions have been devised to lighten the housekeeper's labors. Now, when Thanksgiving is celebrated in every state in the Union, there is no one who must remember to be thankful for anything.

Thanksgiving ever is a day of pleasant reminiscences: a day when the family and friends are gathered around the well-laid table in a spirit of joyous hospitality. Hospitality is the characteristic note of the day and it really ought to be a pleasure and a gladness to plan a Thanksgiving dinner.

The housewife of 1912 will be wise if she follows the example of her great grandmother and plans her dinner and table decorations in accordance with the old-fashioned ways of doing Thanksgiving Day.

The decorations for a Thanksgiving table would be very effective if it had for its main decoration the turkey. For what is a Thanksgiving dinner without a turkey? The table cloth around the edge of the table is trimmed with large sized turkeys cut out of cream paper in rather fancy style. Paper turkeys hold the place cards. The same bird ornaments the napkins. Small baskets trimmed with chrysanthemums hold the salted almonds. For what is a Thanksgiving table without a turkey? The table cloth around the edge of the table is trimmed with large sized turkeys cut out of cream paper in rather fancy style. Paper turkeys hold the place cards. The same bird ornaments the napkins. Small baskets trimmed with chrysanthemums hold the salted almonds. For what is a Thanksgiving table without a turkey? The table cloth around the edge of the table is trimmed with large sized turkeys cut out of cream paper in rather fancy style. Paper turkeys hold the place cards. The same bird ornaments the napkins. Small baskets trimmed with chrysanthemums hold the salted almonds.

The place cards of menus used must correspond to the two periods. Little paper cards with very pretty designs, old and new, can be had very cheaply. For the invitation there are also some Puritan-style postcards that could be used, with the modern invitation could be written on apostrophe giving "our famous American object or scene." Aeroplanes cards would be suitable.

For a child's Thanksgiving party the next best to nothing. The metal turkey, red, pastebord cannon, flags, anapragons and airplanes are all reproduced in tinest shape. The best of these are sometimes put in a Jack Horner pie cost from one cent up to five.

All the candy holders made for the table are some red, white and blue covers have just the right things in their rough, picture borders.

Thanksgiving Place Cards.

A pretty party card with a big brown and white turkey, wearing a necklace of bright red cranberries. Other cards show little children driving turkeys made of real feathers and mounted on a card. Handpainted cards with turkey, corn, fruit and vegetables, each cut from cardboard in the right shape, are made to match vegetable centerpieces. Then there are tiny paper doll cards, showing a little girl with a basket of yellow birds. Real doll children, carrying yellow chrysanthemums, are made to fasten to wineglass by means of a hidden wire arrangement.

CAUSE FOR THANKS

BISHOP E. H. HUGHES.

"Give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness."—Psa. 104.

"The spirit of gratitude is to be awakened in the hearts of those who receive the good message. It will be necessary that we think together of some ground that is unmistakably common to all. It is probably true that if we wished to do so, we could find a common ground in the material side of our lives; for we have not been reduced to starvation or nakedness or homelessness. But without about there would be no difference among us in this respect. Some of us have walked with steady feet up the ascent of prosperity. Others of us have slipped down the hill, which we had before climbed toward ease and independence.

From this you will see that if our thankfulness is to be unanimous, its field must be above our differences in situation and in opinion. The gratitude we owe toward him who is the owner of the earth, with its silver and gold; toward him who by the discipline of the world's suffering prepares us for the material side of the life; toward him who presides over all our partings and is to be at last the ruler of all rulers. In this effort to gain a common and lofty ground, let us turn to the very highest thing; and let us heed this ancient commandment, "Give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness."

It is not that the text connects thanksgiving with remembrance. Perhaps more than any other day in the year this holiday is a day for a personal remembrance. The only date that challenges itself in this respect is New Year's day, and that, as even its name indicates, looks forward rather than backward. It is a day for resolves rather than for regrets. Whatever may be the reason for a man's gratitude, it has to do in some form with his memory. If he is thankful for his future it is because he knows that it is the gift that he has won from his past. This is true in reference even to the gratitude that a man would feel for the promised heaven. He who is thankful for his future is not thankful because he remembers; he is thankful for bodily health gives thanks because he remembers. And he who is thankful for the highest things gives thanks at the remembrance of God's holiness. Thanking is simply remembering seasoned with justice and reverence; it is thinking backward over the past and upward to God. It is the highest of the highest, the word of the psalmist thus states the process through which one must come to his real thanksgiving.

But we have here given not merely the path along which gratitude comes, but also the goal which gratitude must reach. Unless a man's heart arrives at God, the day in which he is thankful is an abject people could have no Thanksgiving day. Such a day without God would be an eye with nothing to see, a voice with nothing to hear, a heart with nothing to feel, a mind with nothing to think. But in the ordinary sense a Thanksgiving day is impossible without a God. It is the conception that he has a God, that is the historic beginning and continues it until now. This psalmist thought leads us straight to this thought: "True gratitude cannot be a mere act of his own will, it must be on Thanksgiving day." He cannot be grateful to nothingness. At that time no man can really get on unless he has a God to thank. In deepest truth it is impossible for him to obey the command, "Give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness."

The First Thanksgiving.

One hundred and eighty-nine autumns have come and gone since that day when the first Thanksgiving Day. The first of the family grew out of deliverance from peril. The summer of 1623 brought a drought; the skies were leaden and the crops were a total failure; the friendly Indians also went beyond the Hudson in pursuit of game, and the deer and wild birds retreated to the forests of New York. But when the little colony was threatened with starvation a good ship appeared in the harbor, bringing food for the winter. It happened about the very time that Miles Standish and his hunters returned after a fortnight's absence, bringing news that the wild game was again moving east toward the coast. And so the fasting and prayer were over, and the people were saved. In recognition of their deliverance the good Thanksgiving Day was held. And from that providential event has come the most joyful and beautiful festival of all American customs, the festival of the family—Thanksgiving Day.

All Have Joy.

While man has joys, all have joys, and these are the supreme occasion of thanks. "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for by his mercy endureth our lives." The psalmist, who at another time utters: "Out of the depth cried unto the Lord and he heard me."

Knowledge of God's Love and Power is the Supreme Cause for Thanksgiving.

Abundant harvests, national prosperity, peace and security under a government of our own choice—these are certainly grounds for thanksgiving in which every citizen can and should take part. But it is quite possible—in fact it is a common mistake—to accentuate these and other outward things in such a way as to make it appear as if, without them, we would as a nation have little or no ground for thanksgiving; whereas the strongest reason for universal thanksgiving would still remain. If none of these were present.

The knowledge that God loves the world, that he reigns supreme and controls all forces, and is overruling all events to the ultimate good of everything that is evil and establishment of absolute righteousness—that is the supreme cause for thanksgiving in as far as the things of this world are concerned.

But national thanksgiving can never be anything more than a hollow sham unless the hearts of the workers are warmed by personal gratitude to God for his personal love and care and protection, and for the profusions and exceeding great promises which he has given us. No heart can be truly grateful to God that has not learned to trust God and to see his hands and his love in all the experiences of life.

A PUMPKIN PIE VISION

By WILBUR D. NESBIT.

Old Daddridge ate his frugal lunch Of milk and pumpkin pie, And fell to musing, as he ate.

Of days that were gone by, he thought, In a rich aroma sent To his reflective brain, And, oh, the pictures it called up— An old-time country lane.

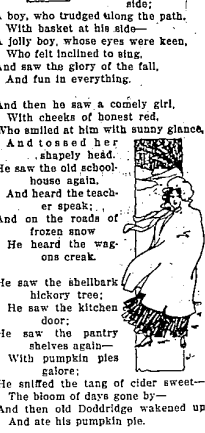
An old-time country lane, with grass All straggling by the side;

A boy, who trudged along the path, With basket at his side; A jolly boy, whose eyes were keen, Who felt inclined to stug, And saw the glory of the fall, And fun is everything.

And then he saw a comely girl, With cheeks of honest red, Who smiled at him with sunny glance, And a red nose, and a shapely head.

He saw the old school-house, yellow as a sun, And heard the teacher speak, And on the roads of frozen snow He heard the wagons creak.

He saw the shellbark hickory tree, He saw the kitchen door, He saw the pantry shelves again— With pumpkin pies hanging in the air, And then old Daddridge awakened up, And ate his pumpkin pie.



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PUMPKIN TIME IN BUGVILLE.

Greeny Bug—Gracie! If I could only get one of these pumpkins home, what fun we could have for Thanksgiving!

Thanksgiving Favors.

For Thanksgiving favors there are "natural-looking" peanuts, about three inches long, containing paper caps and tops. Boxes of corn contain dolls, mobiles and airplanes; oranges, apples and pears contain paper caps and musical toys. A novelty is a large yellow crepe paper bag containing a dozen little wooden airplanes. There are also gift paper snappers, with pictures of fruit on the outside, which hold little charms of gilt, vegetables and fruits.

Paper raincoats are made in the shape of turkeys with outspread wings. Roasted turkeys, strutting turkeys, "natural" looking nuts, cranberries and wedges of pumpkin pie favors are also made in these cases for novelties as sugar or crystallized grapes, cranberries, fruits and nuts.

ROYALTY WELCOMES THE AMERICAN SETTLER

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, WELCOMES AMERICANS TO CANADA.

It was a happy speech, that on that beautiful October day. The Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada, made at Macleod, Alberta. It was an opportune speech, heartfelt and resonant with good fellowship. And, as it was specially intended for American ears, the audience, comprised largely of so many American settlers in Canada, the time and place could not have been better chosen. It was in reply to an address of welcome tendered to him at the pretty city of Macleod, with the foothills of the Rockies as a setting, and the great wheat fields between, and a fact all around the place are the foreground, that His Highness, true to the best interests of the country and to those of the Americans who choose to make Canada their home, said in part:

"I am well aware that among those whom I am now addressing, there are a very great proportion who were not born in the British Isles. Most of these will have realized by now that residence under that flag implies no disabilities. All we ask is that the laws of Canada should be obeyed.

"This is the provision of the law, free to come and go, to marry, to live and to die as seems best to him, and as it pleases Providence.

"We bring no pressure to bear on anyone to adopt the Canadian nationality, for we do not value citizenship which is obtained under compulsion.

"Our American cousins are welcome from over the border. Thrice we welcome our Canadian and British brothers, who return to the Union Jack, after living under the Stars and Stripes.

"History is repeating itself. For many years hundreds of young British boys, with some fortune in the western States. Time has brought about a change, and the tide has set in the other direction, bringing across the frontier numbers of our neighbors whom we are glad to return to hospitality.

"One of the chief dispensers of such hospitality in proportion to its population as we have laid out, and its character from an important cattle town to a thriving wheat producing area.

"What it has lost from the picturesque point of view it has gained in the material side, and I wish, in conclusion, to express the hope that the property which has evinced itself here for the past few years, may continue in undiminished vigor and should take part. But it is quite possible—in fact it is a common mistake—to accentuate these and other outward things in such a way as to make it appear as if, without them, we would as a nation have little or no ground for thanksgiving; whereas the strongest reason for universal thanksgiving would still remain. If none of these were present.

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There is no reason why at a hundred places on this extensive, instructive and interesting strip of Royal Highness he might not have had some of them in the same terms, and on each occasion, addressed large gatherings of Americans who are now settled on the prairies of Western Canada.—Advertisement.

JUST WHAT THEY EXPECTED

Committee Made No Mistake When They Looked for Almost Inevitable Collapse.

A committee of investigating scientists approached a lady.

"Madam," said Professor Prewitt, the spokesman, offering her a magnificent chrysanthemum of rare and lovely hue. "Madam, permit me to present this flower to you as a token of our high regard for your services."

She clasped the splendid blossom in her lily white hand.

Breathlessly the committee waited for reply as they looked on.

"How beautiful it is!" she answered.

"What an exquisite shade of purple! I should love to have a dress of that color."

Dr. Prewitt nodded knowingly to the committee, as if to say, "I told you so."

"The committee winked in the professor and whispered, 'You did!'

Lots of Money Well Spent.

Arthur Blanchard, who spent much of his time traveling over the country for the government, was tested by the Interior Department in a Pullman car one afternoon when the train was crossing a long tunnel. As he emerged into the light of day the bride was grabbing desperately at her hat and fighting three-foot rounds with one or two hatpins which had become loosened.

In order to relieve the situation and inject some harmless conversation into the car, Blanchard remarked: "This tunnel cost \$1,000,000."

"Well," said the bride judicially, "it was worth it!"—Popular Magazine.

Farha for Children.

Perhaps the smallest farms in the world, each four by eight feet, have been devised by Mrs. Henry Parsons for the Interior Department's school Farm scheme, and demonstrated in New York. Each child becomes owner of his diminutive farm in which he works, grows and harvests seven different kinds of vegetables and is rewarded by him in triumph to his family. About each farm is an 18-inch path, which he keeps in order; under his instructor it becomes a tiny, object lesson in good roads.

His Suspiciously Aroused.

Lecturer—All standards prove that the blonde woman is more difficult to get along with than the brunette.

Fortified Man in the Audience (starting up)—Are you certain of the fact?

Lecturer—It is a fact.

Astonished Man—Then the blonde woman's black hair is dyed.