

Isn't good for us, said Tre-
sisterly transferred the
a huge platter. "Now, open
little girl, and then bring
to potatoes and other things,
we are both hungry as bears
are going to have the Thanks
linner of our lives."
Alice, Arline, Arline, Arline
to the gas stove as she put
vegetables into their res-
dishes and piling them on to a
it's all come true. I shall be
wife, I am an aunt!"
out," she called gaily, "I'm
through." She gave the swing
a push into the hall and
it to the sitting room.
you fill the glasses, she or-

Also had come close to her,
a minute," he said. "Won't you
it, Arline? The stage, the ex-
at, remember, I've got to keep
my work, I'm out for it."
I'm out to help you, dear,"
out her arms about his neck,
my job. Just dear little old
to come to when you're tired
things don't go straight. Just
old Arline, who only asks to
you and make you happy."
he put his finger on her lip,
t my mistress, my helper, my
he whispered. Just my wife.

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You should keep Mother
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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

Drusilla's Third Grandmother.

The Story of a Thanksgiving Journey.

"Change cars at Jackson Junction,"
said, the conductor.
Drusilla nodded and looked dream-
ily out of the window at the unfa-
miliar landscape, while she wondered
what it really would be like at her
grandmother's—her grandmother on
her people's side—to whom she was
going for her Thanksgiving vacation.
She had come all the way from New
York to make the visit, and now the
train was fast leaving Chicago be-
hind back on the main line, from
which branched out the suburban
road which passed through Well-
ford, the little town where her grand-
mother on her father's side had lived
ever since she, Drusilla, was a baby.
Drusilla herself had lived in Paris
and in London and only for a year
past in New York. Her grandmother
on her mother's side, with whom she
lived, was fond of travelling, and that
was why Drusilla, a big girl of eleven
now, had never made her grandmoth-
er's acquaintance. She did not know
much more about Thanksgiving than
she did about America or her other
grandmother, because she had always
spent the holiday either in a hotel or
in travelling or perhaps in a board-
ing school, and none of these places
are likely to give one a very accurate
idea of Thanksgiving—a real Amer-
ican Thanksgiving. That was one of
the reasons that Grandmother Dalton
was so anxious to have her pay the
visit promised for so many years at
time of the Thanksgiving holidays,
and so since Grandmother Schmed,
the travelling one, didn't care to come
so far Drusilla was making the jour-
ney alone.

It was getting dark and the land-
scape was scarcely visible from the
lighted cars any longer, so Drusilla
drew from her bag the bulky letter
that she had received from her papa
and mamma just before she left New
York. Not every little girl has a
papa who hunts orchids in equatorial
swamps and a mamma who accom-
panies him on these perilous and in-
teresting journeys. Whenever Drusilla
received one of the wonderfully
fascinating letters that told of the
adventures and the orchids she count-
ed her blessings and felt that she was
the most favored girl on earth, al-
though there were other times, when
the other girl's mothers and fathers
had her home to tea, for instance,
when she almost wished that she had
more ordinary parents instead of
orchid hunting kind. Now, however,
she was in her most contented mood,
for the bulky letter was as fascinat-
ing as a fairy tale, in which her own
adventures figured truthfully as here
and there.

Perhaps that was why the time
passed so quickly until the train
came to a long stop and the
employee of the road said, "Get-
ting out, miss?"
Drusilla looked up startled. Every-
body had left the car. She com-
bered what the conductor had said
about the junction.

"Is this the junction?" she called
after the man who had spoken to her.
But the man did not hear her, and
hastily gathered up her bag. Drusilla
disembarked. The train ran up
on a siding and Drusilla found her-
self on a little platform all alone,
with not a person in sight anywhere.
Evidently no one had come to meet
her, and there was no ticket agent
in the station, which was a small one,
such as are only opened at train times.

"I will wait," said Drusilla, bravely.
"Surely some one will come for me."
She waited patiently. The train
men left the cars, and she saw them
going away in the dusk and had an
impulse to call after them, but did
not do so.

Then to her relief she heard foot-
steps and looking around, saw an old
lady coming up on the station. She
was a thin old lady, with a sweet,
kind face, and Drusilla ran to meet
her eagerly. "Oh, she cried, are you
my grand-daughter? I was afraid you weren't
coming."
I couldn't get over just the moment
the train stopped," explained the
old lady, "because, you see, I was
getting supper, and I was afraid the
things would burn, but I knew you
couldn't very well get lost in such a
little place."

She kissed Drusilla and gave her a
warm welcome. They, taking her by
the hand, she led the way across a
piece of waste land to a tiny little
tumble down house back some dis-
tance from the station.
It was the smallest house Drusilla
had ever been in—the very smallest.
There were only two rooms, and both
of these had very low ceilings and
were not much larger than Drusilla's
little bed room at school. It looked
as if the roof leaked, too, for in
one place the rafters showed through
the plaster and there were big stains
on the white-washed walls. But it was
very neat and bright. The lamp burn-
ed cheerfully and an appetizing smell
of fried potatoes greeted Drusilla as
she entered. She felt a little sur-
prised that her grandmother should have
such a small house and she wonder-
ed if she could be so very poor, but
there was no doubt that she was a
very pleasant grandmother and Drusilla
was quite contented.

For supper there were apple sauce
and an egg for Drusilla besides the
fried potatoes. Drusilla also had a
sugar cake, with a large raisin in
it. She noticed that her grandmother
had neither an egg nor a raisin cake,
but it never occurred to her to ask
why.

After supper Drusilla felt so tired
and sleepy that she fell into a dose
of sleep. She was petting the great grey
cat, which was her grandmother's,
and was awakened by a pleasant
voice in her ear saying that perhaps
it would be better for her to go to
bed and talk things over tomorrow.
Drusilla had been wondering all
through supper time where she was
going to sleep, for she had seen only
one bed in the small inner room, and
that she had supposed belonged to
her grandmother. They had talked
very pleasantly about her journey and
the cat, etc., while they were at sup-
per and her grandmother had not asked
her any question, for she saw
Drusilla was a little shy and wanted
to get acquainted in her own way.
Once or twice Drusilla caught her
looking at her peculiar, as she
was studying her granddaughter's
appearance.

But she did not think much about
it and tumbled comfortably into the
bed which her grandmother said was
to be hers. It slept on the couch in
the other room," she explained. Still
in spite of her sleepiness there was
one thing that lurked in the back
of Drusilla's mind—how different her
grandmother looked from the photo-
graph which had reached them in
London three years ago. The lady
had been quite imposing, with a jet-
black hair and her white hair
piled high in a fashionable coiffure.
This lady seemed much smaller and
her soft hair was arranged most sim-
ply. Still people change very much
often in three years, and evidently
her grandmother had also grown poor
in that time. That would account for
her not looking so splendid.

Said Man refused to wait a minute
longer by the time Drusilla had con-
sidered the situation thus far, and in
a moment she was sound asleep.

However, it all came back to her
next morning, when her grandmother
came to help her dress. Drusilla's
bag had been unpacked and her toilet
things were spread out on the win-
dow sill. Drusilla saw her grand-
mother gazing curiously at the con-
tents of the bag.

"It doesn't seem much for a whole
two weeks," laughed Drusilla, "but my
papa's coming tomorrow. They had
it expressed to save bother."

Her grandmother had picked up a
silver backed brush and was study-
ing the monogram. "My, what pretty
things," she said. "Who gave them to
you, my dear?"

"My papa," explained Drusilla. "All
my initials are on them. D. L. D.,
Drusilla Langworthy Dalton."

"There," said Drusilla's grandmother
dropping the brush and growing per-
fectly white, "I suspected something
was wrong, yet I couldn't see how it
was possible, but if that's your name,
then I'm not your grandmother!"

"For goodness' sake," cried Drusilla,
jumping out of bed and staring about
her wildly. Then, where is my grand-
mother?"

"And where," said the old lady, "is
my grand-daughter?"

The whole situation seemed incre-
dible. Drusilla could do nothing for
half five minutes but stare at her
supposed grandmother and the lady
for the same space of time could do
nothing but return the stare.

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Then, too, this wool reaches the mills in the best possible condition. There
are no long railroad hauls—no lengthy journeys in the holds of tramp steamers.
The wool is shipped direct to Truro as soon as sheared. Experts sort, clean
and make it ready at once for its trip of transformation into Stanfield's
Unshrinkable Underwear.

Stanfield's Underwear is made by the only process which takes the shrink
out of the wool before the garments are knitted.

The value of this discovery—made by the founder of the Stanfield Mills—
is shown by the growth of this business, which is now capitalized at
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Light (Red Label), Medium (Blue Label) and Heavy (Black Label) and
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most up-to-date stock on the North Shore. You are cordially invited
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and doubles housework—yet
some endure its dangers and
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Get Floorglaze (in tins, from pint
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nish & Color Co., Limited, Toronto.

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from neighbors in an emergency.
So Drusilla had a Thanksgiving
dinner such as was never surpassed
even in after years in her own grand-
mother's stately mansion, for Mrs.
Creighton's a parting host. And in
cook or old fashioned dainties, and
when the request was finally ready
somewhat late in the afternoon no
real American need have felt abash-
ed to see it set before a king. Be-
sides there was the spice of "adven-
ture" attached to this Thanksgiving
dinner that she herself had bought.
When Drusilla said goodbye next
morning, she said, "Now, I have three
grandmothers," as she gave Mrs.
Creighton a parting kiss. And in af-
ter years, whether she spent her holi-
day with her Illinois grandmother in
the country or with her travelling
grandmother in a great hotel, or with
her parents in some interesting out-
post of civilization near to the orchid
beds, she never forgot her third grand-
mother, and always sent a message
and a box of gifts to remind her of
what she declared was her introduc-
tion to an American Thanksgiving.

There does seem to be something
new under the sun. In Hamilton a
man was sent to jail for stealing an
umbrella. If that is not absolutely
new, it is a revival of the old,
as it is a long, long time since such
a thing was heard of before.

Had Weak Back.

Would Often Lie in Bed For
Days, Scarcely Able To
Turn Himself

Mrs. Arc. Seabury, Black Point, N.B.,
writes:—For years I was troubled with
weak back. Sometimes I have lain in
bed for days, being scarcely able to turn
myself, and I have also been a great
sufferer while trying to perform my
household duties. I had doctors attend-
ing me without avail and tried liniments
and plasters, but nothing seemed to do
me any good. I was about to give up in
despair when my husband induced me to
try Doan's Kidney Pills, and after using
two boxes I am now well and able to do
my work. I am positive Doan's Kidney
Pills are all that you claim for them and
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