THE ONION ADVOCATE, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27 . 1909

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An Interesting

Thanksgivin Story

(Continued from page three)

Perhaps she sot well and the said baoyantly. 'Hello'

What. Oh is that you? What can!

'On, yes, perfectly. Of course, I un derstand. But couldn't you-couldn't you bring her too?

'No, I suppose not. Such a short Naturally she wants you to hertime. self. I'd like so much to meet her." 'Yes, well, next time, I hope.'

'Yes, I'm disappointed, too. I'd so counted on having you meet Brenda Clifford. Wes, she's coming. Didn't I tell you?'

'Thank you. Awfully sorry. Bette luck next Thanksgiving. Oh, of course do it hadly, either.' I understand; yes, indeed. Goodby

goodby. Arline jerked back ner chair.

her head skewed it with a couple of pins slipped into a warm dressing Whatever will I do with Brenda I'd promised her Forrest Dane. He's gown, and again opened the door of just the kind she loves to impress the kitchenette. She picked up th empty tea kettle gingerly and filled it And now that inconsiderate mother of his comes to town like this. Brenda at the tap. She lighted the gas and will be furious." set the kettle on. Then she looked a-

A ring at the door results in an unbout her. fastening of the lock and a bringing 'I certainly am not much of a house of a touseled golden head into the keeper,' she remarked. She shrugged her shoulders daintily. view of the elevator boy. A handful of mail was poked in through the nar-'I'll dress and get out of it-some where,' she decided. row opening.

See if Mrs. James can come up and make my breakfast, will you, Robert? that moment of rolls and cream took My maid is at home ill.'

laughed.

her hand.

he evidently has-now."

her attention. A hoarse voice called up that its owner was about to deliver Mrs. James, Robert explained was the materials for the dinner ordered out of town. She had gone up State to spend Thanksgiving with her folks. by Miss Sayre's maid.

The door closed and Arline, shivering 'Keep them' called back Arline, but ran into her bedroom, closed her win- the dumbweither drowned her words in 'Keep them,' called back Arline, but its mad race to the bottom. She had dows and once more jumped into bed. It's a conspiracy to starve me ' shel just time to snatch the cream and rolls from its shelf. A couple of water bugs careened

She stuck the pillows beaind he over the kitchen table. Artine looked pulled an extra coverlet over her shoul ders and opened her letters. At the hastily about. third she paused, leaned back and

burst into girlish laughter. I don't want to play in your yard,' she sang. 'That makes three of them.'

She picked up another letter one she had laid aside to read the others. Let's see what His Majesty has to and the intruders had ceased even to

wriggle. offer for a reason for not coming. No 'Works wonders.' Arline read spec one seems to care for little Arline and ulatively. 'And this is where my mort her Thanksgiving dinner. Angle is ng meal is prepared. honest, I know, when she says her cold There was a hissing noise on the is too bad to let her out-and anyhow small gas mange. It seemed : to .come asked her awfully late. I'm glad

Brends's deserted, only I know it's be. from the blue tea kettle. 'It can't leak,' said Arline. 'I. brought cause she got asked at the last minute home myself the time they burned to Fred Secton's motor party. She has up the other, and that was only a few no conscience, that girl. Jimmie was

uncertain at best and I'm not surprised weeks 'age.' But it did leal It spilled a long that he can't come. Now I'll guess why Alec Trevor's gone back on mestreak of water down the front of the just because he doesn't like me-and silk wrapper, and it acted just like an

irritating rusted tea kettle, which it that's the only guess I have. She looked at the folded letter in was. Arline's mouth tightened. She pu wish I knew why, she said wist-

the offending utensil in the sink, peerfully. Twe been plain and simple and ed into several saucepans and piled friendly with him, not actressy a bit. them on top of the table. The dumbwaiter rattled its way up And I've never run after him. No one can say that. And I only dared ask and its whistle sounded shrill and imhim after I'd heard him say hewasn't perative.

going anywhere. I ought not to have A Thanksgiving dinner or the materials for one, has very little fascincorralled him like that, I suppose, I ation for a breakfastless person who didn't think now it would seem. Of course he couldn't say no-then. Well yearns for cofffee and rolls.

Arline lifted the heavy basket to th She opened her letter and read it. table and turned with a pained look Then she looked out of the window at the dishes in the sink. 'I can't wash them before I have my that gave her favorite view of river coffee, I simply can't.' and shore and trees beyond.

She looked down at the streak on 'You'll have to eat your Thanksgiv ing dinner all by yourself Arline, she her wrapper and, slamming the door said, 'Alec Trevor is not going to to the dumbwaiter, fled to her own room. She flung the damp garment at sit epposite you, as you though he

levended on having here to liven things up a little going to do something else. And the only one I really wanted the only one that amounted to anything at all; just wouldn't come, just wouldn't come, just didn't want to. 'Oh, I know, it wasn't that he was ired out at rehearsal. He didn't want to.'

TESO CEMEL

S. BRONCHITIS, SOR

wive and a pre

Miles Co.

She pushed her fair to the top of

For Sale by All Dru

Cresslese Throat Table

The tears had their way; the distorted little smile disappeared. The cap and plate were pushed aside and a fororn yellow head lay on two outstretch d pink silk arms.

'I wanted Alec to come. I did. And don't see why he couldn't have.' The slim shoulders heaved and the white hands clenched. Then she sat pright with a suddenness that prought the yellow hair unbecomingly ver her eye.

'Idiotô' she muttered. 'Wh not join he matinee idol clsas and be done with it? Alecô Why, you've never call ed him Alec in your life. And what's more you never will. Now, drink the

rest of that beastly coffee and mop you foolish face.' She did as she bade herself drank he coffee, choked down the remaind-

er of a roll: then she pushed her chair back. 'Now,' she said, 'for pity's sake Arline, think of something nice to do. Get out of this desperate looking place or you wil have the blues, and

there's no need of it.' 'Peggy is my last resort,' she announced, after a few moment's silence. She is sure to have no plans. She's an awful bore—poor little Peg—but she The dumbwaiter's vociferous offer at likes to eat and can take her for a good drive first. A matinee too, she would enjoy. I thought I was rid of shop for one day, but any port in a storm."

She took up her telephone book and searched for the uninteresting Peggy's number.

As she sat at her desk there was a whir of the bell at her elbow. She unhooked the receiver. 'Yes, Miss Sayre.'

'What?' 'Mr. Trevor?"

'What does she do to them?' she 'Why yes, I did get your letter, just wailed. 'There's something in a botnow, this morning." 'Why, no, I shouldn't think it strange

She hunted about, climbedoon a chain at all. It isn't only women who are and from a top shelf seized a bottle la allowed to change their minds.' celled poison. A dash of its contents 'Of course, I understand. Only I won't admit that you would have been

iresome, even if you were fagged.' 'It seems too bad you have to do so nuch more than the rest of us. Rep-

rtoire isn't quite as much fun as il might the, is it? 'Why of course, you may come, on-

'No. I haven't asked anyone in your place, but'-

'Indeed, I'll be delighted. I was go. ing to say, though'-

'No, no; don't call it off. Do come Do come.' The color surged up into Arline's

face. She hit the desk with a silent little fist. She hadn't meant to say it in just that tone.

'Not in the least. I can arrange per fectly. The party has changed a little, but there's plenty of room.'

'All right, I'll expect you.' 'Oh rather early. Nothing formal, know. We'll eat when we are you

hungry.' She laughed at his response. 'There won't bemuch to drink if we are dry, only common claret. I'm a

poor provider that way." A smile stole about her lips as listened; a tender, unconscious curve that made her mouth beautiful. "Thank you; yes, I know. I think it

is better, too.' 'Well, you'll come?"

'All right. Yees, lovely; just cold and sunshiny enough to make it real hanksgiving. Have you been countin ip your mercies?" 'Yes, a lot of them. One nice big



that had begun to fall, and pursed her mouth into a prim line.

'Ninnyô Foolishô Red Noseô You'l ook prett for your dinner party.' She laughed a quavering little laugh

nd ran into her bedroom. 'Each room looks worse than the last I'll call down and get Mrs. James to straighten things out. Oh, dearô That horrid boy said she's gone to her folks Well I'm glad; I want everybody happy to-day. Isn't that selfish, just be cause I'm happy? If I wasn't, I suppose-well, I'll phone for Tilly.'

Tilly, the laundress, whom an obliging druggist occasionally summoned to the booth in his store, was not at home. Neither was Peggy, the fearsome bore who was to play Miss Pro. priety, and eat her fill at Arline's board nor Miss Nelson, a chance, but pleas ant acquaintance, whom she frantically hit upon as a sop to Mrs. Cerber-

us Grundy. Bereft alike of servitors and guests, Arline grew despectate. Thanksgiv

ing Day was slipping by. Here she was in wrapper and untidy piled up hair, wandering about a distinctly unpresentable apartment her uncooked dinner holding chaotic swa in the tiny kitchenette, the one person whom she wanted to dinner with her within a lew hours of his appearance-and no one to dine with him but herself, ho one to oook for him-

She stopped short in the midst of a futile dash at the overworked telephone.

Suppose she-

Well why not? She hadn't done muc of it, it is true, but she had seen others do it.

Here a few moments ago she had een longing for domesticity-fairly weeping for it-and now it was handed out to her in an unpleasaantly large dose, to be sure, but she would no flinch. She would clear up: she would cook; she would dine with him alonejust the two. Surely she would earn it if she could prove herself a good little housewife-no, not housewife. You couldn't be that till you were

married. She dropped off the loose gown she were and dived into her bathroom. There issued fonth sounds of splashing and a murmured conversation a solitaire.

She came forth radiant, pink cheeked. At her dressing table she coiled the enow hair in neat braids about her head. Then a hast, but careful toilet and Miss Arline Sayre stood alert and smiling in a short red skirt, a collarless plain white blouse trimly belted. A little search evoked a big apron, purchaseed for the erring Katie or one of

her predecessors. 'The sitting room first,' cried the new housekeeper, and she started boldly

It was half past four when the bell

woman who walked shakily to the

She pulled the door open toward her

in the narrow hall and ran be into

'Take them into the sitting room,

she called, 'and send up some more ice

Her eyes were fixed with tragic in-

tentness on the huge bird in the gas

herself. I've fairly sewed him.

might make it too weak. Well?'

door. 'My, but this is hard work. Ev-

erything is going lovely, though."

rang.

oven.

the kitchenette.

when you go down."

brown hair that grew in boyish wavy | top of the range. The door of the ice fashion about a broad white brow. box was open the ice melting at a

dered.

beginning-how he tried not to and

she tried not to, and neither could

help it: how he tried to stay away

and silly asses. Oh, there was no

regret it, Arline? The stage, the ex-

citement. Remember, I've got to keep

on. It's my work; I'm cut out for it."

sitting room of their small but thor-

Trevor's earnest inquiring eyes looked scandalous rate and there they sat. into hers. those two, on the wooden chair and 'Oh, said Arline softly. 'Oh." And told each other all about it from the

she sat quietly down on the floor and covered her face with her hands. 'Can't I help? Are you alone?' natural, sympathetic tone The

today, but couldn't help coming, even rought Arline's face to light again. when he thought he had to see her 'Oh, she cried 'everybody deserted me; everybody except you, and I could in the midst of a lot of gadabouts not bear to have you go too. Isn't it ridiculous? I've cleaned the house and

I've cleaned this place too. It was just guests of Arline's. awful. And now I"m' cooking the durgetting on so nicely. And the gravy kev.' in the pan is all dried up.' Trevor came into the little room. He put out both hands and lifted Arline to

her feet. 'Shut the oven door,' he said. 'My other used to say keep the oven door the door, little girl, and then bring

shut.' along the potatoes and other things. because we are both hungry as bear 'That's for cake,' stuttered Arline.

And then they both laughed. This was a new Alec Trevor. Tall, giving dinner of our lives." slim, with clean-cut features, usually unsmiling he was likely to be coldly aloof, but now, as he stooped and closed the door of the little gas oven there was a delightful noncommon about him. 'It was good of you to come. Ar a housewife. I am one now.'

line sat on a wooden chair, her arms dropping wearily. 'It-was good of you to let me. If I had known-why didn't you tell me through it to the sitting room.

that you'd have to do all this'-'Oh, don't say you wouldn't have come. It's been nice to do. I've been glad. I've seen mother and Dora-it is only that I was brought up different. They made me be an actress. didn't like it at first, truly; but then it got to be easy and, oh. I could learn

'And I'm cut out to help you, dear." this so quickly if I had the chance.' She put her arms about his neck. She stopped and flushed violently. "That's my job. Just dear little 'old: Why should you learn? Why should Arline to come to when you're tired not t____ be someone to do it for you? and things don't go straight. Just 'Moth r and Dora did it,' she said little old Arline, who only asks to simply, 'till a few years ago. Then I love you and make you happy.' earned more money and we got some But he put his finger on her lips. one to do it for us. Then mamma 'Just my mainstay my helper, my married and Dora too. I was glad. darling,' he whispered. 'Just my Mr. and Mrs. Durham stood in the

But I'd always earned money for them both ever since I was a child-they didn't know how, you see-and then I had to go on earning for myself. I didn't mind, but I have always wished I could tell you why I keep on when I know I'm such a badaotress. Truly I

know it. But it's my looks you know. She said it bravely. 'I can get parts FRED. on account of my hair and my face and my-the way I look.'

'Don't.' cried Trevor. He caught her hand quickly. 'Don't torture yourself like this. Why should you explain to me?

'I don't know.' said Arline, slowly, The color died out of her face, leav. ing it white and wan. 'I sh have, should I? Only somehow, I want ed you to know.

lips.

uldn't

oughly delightful house and looked at each other blankly. Mr. Durham held the telegram, but they had no need to read it again-it doesn't take long to learn by heart:-"Arriving at noon to-day. WIL-'She will be here at any minute,' aid Durham. 'At any minute,' echoed his wife.

'It's so like her to do such a thing.' 'So like her.' 'I wonder how long she will stay."

They looked at each other afreen 'But you know you do enjoy her vis-

ts' said Mrs. Durham finally; 'we ooth enjoy them and we both love her, only"-

(To be Continued)

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annoying and painful, like neu-

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name to bad to call those delinquent 'Mercy,' cried Arline, 'and he was 'Gravy isn't good for us,' said Trevor, as he dexterously transferred the fowl to a huge platter. 'Now, open and we are going to have the Thanks 'Oh, Alec, Alec,' Arline whispered **Eull** Ac tearfully to the gas stove as she hur ried the vegetables into their respective dishes and piled them on to a tray. It's all come true. I shall be 1. 'Look. out,' she called gayly, Tm coming through.' She gave the swing: ing door a push slid into the half and "Now, you fill the glasses, she one But Alec had come close to her. 'Walt a minute.' he said. 'Won't you

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> The form received been as reans' sei IN. J. M station, 1 bered fr station a to the N

ngain at the move and he Thompso idea that would ha order the was nigl there in was chee

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thing m said he h book w request

would, or look at tyou half disapprov ingly and half as if he couldn't help from her wardrobe, and struck an ex-Eking you as you hoped he would. Well tra pin viciously into the high piled I don't balme him. He's a gentleman "This is a tolly old Thanksgiving;

first and foremost and a reatly good she announced. actor. Why should he bother with you

There would be coffee in the French and the second rate set you get a bout you? It's kind of mean to call machine on her sitting room table. Ar. your friends second rate, but, truthline sniffed at it. Then she lighted fully, they're not like him. If your the alcohol lamp, got the cream and mother could have let you stay at rolls from the 'kitchenette and sat home and grow up the nice little yel- down, her head in her hands.

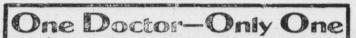
low haired domestic brand you were 'I wouldn't go into that place again cut out for maybe he'd think you if I never had butter,' she observed, worth looking at. But then, if he had 'tOh, hurry up and heat.' She glared and you had, why, you'd never have at the coffee machine.

seen him except across the footlights. | She munched her dry roll and with Oh dear, I wish we were going to a wry face supped the strong blackhave a matinee and an evening per- stuff that had tasted so good the night formance and a rehearsal afterwards. before

I don't want a holiday. I hate them, Suddenly her eyes filled with tears, anyway.' while her lips curved into an at-Her lip quivered, but she grinned tempt to smile

cheerfully as she put her small white 'Funny to be like this, isn't it?' she feet once more into the heelless slipchoked. Nice old Thanksgiving Day. All alone. Papa dead, mamma marpers

'Perhaps,' little Arline, you could, if you tried, make yourself a cup of cof. Rora way off with that handsome bro-Other artist ladies have been ther in law of mine. Well, she desknown to wait on themselves and not erves him and every single one I'd



No sense in running from one doctor to another! Select the best one, then stand by Lim. No sense either in trying this thing, that thing, for your cough. Carefully, deliber-ately select the best cough medicine, then take it. Stick to it. Ask your about about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for throat and lung troubles. Sold for nearly seventy years. No alcohol in this cours' mo icine. J. C. Aner Co., Lowell, Mass. Why try this thing, that thing, for your constitution? Why not slick to the good old reliable family laxative-Ayer's Pills." Ask your doctor is he approves this advice.

"No 'T can't tell what it is ' "Well you'll come?" "Yes, sure it won't. We--we'll all b rlad to see you."

'Goodby:'

eves.

She hung the receiver up, presse her hands to her cheeeks and looked straight shead of her with shining

'He is coming. He is coming.' She ran to the mirror.

'You little idiot.' she cried. 'He does lot want to see you any more than he did when he said he couldn't come. It isn't you. It's only because he is rest. ed and he feels better and wants some Thanksgiving dinner with friends Don't deceive yourself. But maybe maybe if you're nice and natural and don't laugh too loud, or drink too much

claret, or say silly flippant things maybe he'll look at you as if he could not help liking you a little, and perhaps

> you'll catch him at it." Tears struggled through the smile and dewed the shining eyes.

'You really are tired of the stage little Arline. You wish you had a real housekeeping place, with stay- thereall-the-time maids, and dinners to order and worries about the steak being and minds. Scores of millionaires have worked themselves into nervous pros-tration in their efforts to control, *to avoid* tough and the grocer's bill altogether too much. You don't want to be fea-*Losing*, their millions. But it is the humble workers who suffer most. Mr. Arvez Berten, of Robertville, Gloutured any more nor have your picture on the bill-boards. You're tired of it, dead tired of it. But you must not let anybody know. They'd laugh at you. And he mustn't know, above everybody else, because he might suspect he had something to do with it. And he masn't. Not a thing. Not a single

She broke off, struck at the tears

He held her hand tight in his, and 'The flowers.' cried the tired young

'Yes,' said her husband, 'only?" she looked up at him like a child. 'Do you know.' she said gently. thought it would be nice for us to have of a volcano-one never knows what a little dinner here by ourselves, alshe is going to do next." though I did try, truly I did to get 'And that is not always pleasant." some one else? But everybody backed said Durham with great decision. out and there was the turkey-and At that instant a carriage stopped

there was youin front of the door and Wilfred pepp-She laugned and he echoed her laugh ed out and was up on the steps and at ter. But it was a tender sound like a the door even before they could get caress that came from Alec Trevor's

down stairs to it and get it open. 'Will you believe,' he said 'that I

'Baste him,' she was muttering to was dving just dving to have my He Thanksgiving dinner with you alone? just eats up the gravy. I wonder if hadn't the nerve 'o ask you-yes-frankly I could have asked you, but I I dare put more water in the pan. It was a coward. I thought you liked th She turned sharply as the kitchenet crowd and those tiresome folks about door swung open and a head came in you. And I thought-forgive me-bu the open space: a head covered with thought you liked too well the ad-And then the bell rang. It was the

boy with the flowers, the same boy ralgia, earache, sprains, burns, that Alec had been mistaken for. And finally they both smelled the poor etc. It is a household remedy burned turkey at the same moment always useful for some trouble, and dragged him smoking from the

oven. miration of many-too well for the nan I wanted to ask'-

'Oh,' interrupted Arline, 'then it was rue, those times, only two or three of them when you looked at her as if you couldn't nelp liking me?

'Liking you?' Arline found herself lifted clear of he wooden chair. The strong arms about her held her as if they would never let her go. Her face was pressed close to Alec Trevor's and in her ear was being poured the story of his 'liking.' Her head lay on his shoulder and she listened

The turkey browned in the oven, the potatoes boiled and sputtered on the

+ this } erator was ent 'I don't know how to express 1btrain. I only one feels so sort of on the brink try whe



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Mr. Arvez Berten, of Robertville, Glou-cester Co., N.B., is a sturdy man of 65, who works in the lumbering districts in winter, and who, therefore, must have good health. Some years ago, he suf-fered much from Dyspepsia, with head-aches, dizziness and rheumatism. In a statement, dated June 24th, 'oo, he says he used only Mother Seigel's Syrup and four bottles cured him completely.

HEALTH, WEALTH, AND WORK. So long as Nature's laws require that mankind shall work, the necessity of keeping one's self in health and strength is of first importance. Many people believe that men of great wealth do nothing. That is a mistaken idea. They may not work with hammers or shovels, but they work with their nerves, brains and minds. Scores of millionaires have