

her apron over her head and cried: "That gosling will never go to the dough-dish under the sink any more," said she. "We shall have no thanksgiving goose for dinner; but Jack will. That makes me happy. The only true happiness is that which we find within. My heart shall be happy on thanksgiving day for Jack's sake. Jack's heart was always good to me. It is a likely lad he is, and has given me a precious amount of comfort."

The anchor was lifted, the sails blew free-boom, the good ship was sailing.

A year passed, and there were mothers with anxious hearts in their little port.

Another year past: those mothers had nearly lost hope for their sons who sailed so merrily away. The ship had not been spoken. "I mind me that she has been swallowed up in the sea," said Jack's mother to the many widows one November Sunday after church. "I hope that Jack had his thanksgiving dinner."

It was the day before thanksgiving, a short, fireless day. The sun sank red as in a sea-fire.

"We shall have no goose to-morrow, nor turkey; nothing but sparerib and potatoes," said Jack's mother, as the curtain of night came down.

"Honk!"
"The souls of the blessed! What was that? A goose on the doorstep!" She opened the door.

A goose walked in.
She started back with lifted hands. "If you are a spirit goose, I fear you. If you are Jack's goose, you will go straight to the dough-dish."

The goose gave a flutter and a honk and went straight to the dough-dish, or where it used to be.

"All the sants assemble now! This is a miracle goose!"

She went to the door and blew her horn seven times. The people came running. She seized the goose, and set it upon the supper table.

"See," she cried, "here is a goose come to spend thanksgiving with me. She looks just like the one Jack took away with him. I do believe that it is a spirit. Goose, oh goose, what tidings do you bring of the sea?"

She dropped on her knees before the goose, which seemed contented and happy, and said: "Oh, it may be the same goose. I only wish that I knew all that goose knows."

The people began to cry out: "That is a spirit goose. You cannot eat her."

"And if it was Jack's goose, I should as soon eat him as the goose."

The port people who had relatives and friends on board the whaler filled the room, wondering.

"Boom!"

"The ship is coming in, and the goose flew home and got here first. Oh, you blessed, blessed bird! Now we shall have a thanksgiving!"

And she and Jack and the "blessed bird" had a thanksgiving such as was never known before.

There are days that come again.—Hezekiah Butterworth.

Contentment comes neither by culture nor by wishing; it is reconciliation with one's lot, growing out of an inward superiority to our surroundings.—J. K. McLean.

A living, loving Christian—true of tongue, honest of heart, pure of conduct, and yet lovable in daily life—is the most unanswerable for Christianity.—T. L. Cuyler.

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labours, and render to the world a more lasting service by absence of jealousy and recognition of merit than we could ever render by the strong efforts of personal ambition.—Archdeacon Farar.

Operation Avoided

WHEN DOCTORS HAD GIVEN UP AND THE SURGEON'S KNIFE RECOMMENDED—A CURE IS MADE BY DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY LIVER PILLS.

W. B. Aikens, of Zephyr, Ontario, writes that his wife was rescued from a medical operation for inflammation of the bladder by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. She had taken doctor's medicine, but without avail, and when almost resorting to the surgeon's knife this preparation was given a trial, with the above result. This case is a repetition of remarkable cures effected by these kidney-liver pills.

This terrible disease may be recognized by the frequent and imperative desire to urinate every half-hour, night and day. Urination is accompanied with a heavy burning pain, felt chiefly about the bladder. Sometimes at the end of each urination blood is passed, while almost invariably the urine contains pus and blood. The patient is also liable to be chilly, followed by considerable fever.

Kidney and liver ailments are the commonest of all diseases. Hundreds of persons are approaching the grave quicker than they should. Some as a result of carelessness; others on account of ignorance. Some overlook symptoms with the words, "My kidneys are out of order," while others don't recognize them. This is fatal. Mr. A. W. Parson, Martinville, Que., hold out hopes to sufferers. He writes: "I was a sufferer from kidney disease and bladder trouble for thirteen years and had a constant desire to urinate, with its accompanying weakness. Medicine prescribed by a skilful physician, only gave me temporary relief. The trouble would recur at very awkward times. I was persuaded to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I obtained relief after one dose, and before I had finished the first box felt better than I had for many years."

There are thousands of persons who, although they have not a symptom of any kidney or liver disease, take occasionally a pill to regulate and assist these organs. This prevents disease.

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Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards: they simply unveil them to the eyes of men. Silently and imperceptibly as we make or sleep, we grow strong or we grow weak, and at last some crisis shows us what we have become.—Canon Westcott.

The life of a man as measured against the slow changes of nature makes him appear, but one of the more transient of God's creatures. It is well to remember, however, that man is but preparing to live, while other things are spending all their days on earth. Man's real greatness appears when he emerges upon the real life beyond the grave. Here he is "of but few days," but beyond the veil he is immortal.

"What you are speaks so loud I cannot hear what you say." This is the pointed sermon Emerson preached to the world. There is a profound truth in this, as also in the proverb, "actions speak louder than words." This is a time when men profess much, talk much, plan much. But after all it is those who do things that are the most benefit o mankind. Be right and do right and men will not need to compare your words with your ways.

Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait. Not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous defection; but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavour, always willing, fulfilling and accomplishing his task, "that when the occasion comes he may be equal to the occasion."—Longfellow.

When we pray it is natural for us to ask God to help us in our plans. Are we as careful to ask God how we can help Him in His plans? Is there not danger that we shall regard our own plans as more important and more urgent than God's? It is a rare thing to find one whose plans and God's are absolutely identical. Paul was such a one, and the prayer of his whole life was, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do."

It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were

charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life. Alas, how often and how long may these patient angels hover above us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered and so soon forgotten.

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