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## A Happy Thanksgiving

A Story Showing That There is No Rule Without Exception

By EUNICE BLAKE

"Goodby, John," said Amy regretfully. "I'm sorry to part with you. Indeed, my heart is almost broken. I'm sorry you're so impractical. If you were content to come down to hard work we could remain together. We could be frugal and saving while young, which would insure us a competence when we get old. But this visionary disposition of yours renders that impossible. You say you are going to seek your fortune. Do you suppose you can find a fortune anywhere easier than right here? Indeed, you will have more difficulty in attaining it where you are not known and where you have no one to give you a lift when you most need it than here."

So spoke Amy Tarrant to John Esterbrook the day he left her to go out into the world, as he told her, to make his fortune. He was indeed of that order we call visionary. He believed he would succeed, but he had no definite idea of how he would succeed. He had no aptitude for drudgery.

"I'll admit, sweetheart," he said, "that it looks pretty dark ahead—that is, for me. You will doubtless make up your mind to the practical, the inevitable, and marry some man who will be a hard worker. He will provide the necessities of life for his family and make you comfortable. I am at a different kind. I can't force myself to do what I dislike to do, and what I like to do doesn't pay. But some day I may find some way of making what I like to do pay. The world requires other things besides food, clothing and a place to live in. There are persons whose business it is to instruct, others to amuse, others to excite the imagination."

"Oh, John, there you go again! Such persons have just as hard a time as usually a harder time than those who buy and sell molasses or boots and shoes."

"Nevertheless I am one of that class and must take my place with them. If I find something whereby I can make money that is a pleasure to me as well, you may hear from me. Till then farewell."

John Esterbrook was wrong in his reckoning. Yet it is questionable if he was wholly wrong. For ninety-nine persons in every hundred the only way to be comfortable and lay up a competence is hard work, whether they like it or not. However, John looked for employment which might lead to work that he would enjoy. He had a literary taste and considered newspaper work a part of literature. That led him to seek employment in an editorial room, and he found an inferior position in the service of the Spottswood Eagle.

Of the first five years of John's work in the newspaper business little can be said. He drifted from one department to another, not because he was too dull to do the work assigned him, but because his heart was not in it. He was also careless, and carelessness is a fatal trait in making up material for the press. He managed, however, to keep in harness because he was liked, his popularity coming from an infinite good nature and a dry humor with which he caused his and other persons' mishaps and shortcomings to appear amusing. If taken to task for a blunder he would soften it by a joke so apt that it assured his forgiveness. Then, too, John had in him a keen appreciation of the follies of human nature. He realized that all persons like to have the shortcomings of other persons except themselves shown up in an amusing way.

One day one of John's fellow workmen said to him, "Why don't you put some of these funny things you say in the paper?"

"I have never thought they were worth it," John replied, but it gave him an idea. For a month he kept memoranda of what seemed to amuse others and, putting the best of them in proper form, offered them for the humorous column. They were used, and more appeared the next week. Then some one suggested to John that he put his name to them. The work did not appeal to his ambition, so, instead of using his own name, he chose a substitute—Uncle Bill. From that time forward something funny appeared in the Eagle every week signed "Uncle Bill," and after awhile these bits of humor began to be copied in other newspapers. Their reception was slow at first, because there was an especial zest in them that required a little time to percolate through the skulls of those who read them. Their author had been quite avowed in educating his associates to catch on to them, and it would have required an equal time to educate the public had it not been that they appealed to certain persons who introduced them to others and they grew in favor.

One day John was asked how he would like to devote himself to the exclusive work of writing humor for the Eagle. He replied that he didn't think he could write funny stuff to order, but he would try it. He found that by injecting his humor into ordinary items which were going the rounds of the newspapers he could greatly increase his supply. He was given a column called "Uncle Bill's Sayings," and it was not long before it was no longer the circulation of the paper was rapidly increasing.

John Esterbrook had proved his case, though he had stumbled into the proof. He spent a few hours each day hunting for items into which he could infuse his quaint humor and a couple of hours more in making them over. His work occupied him for four or five hours each day and was accomplished without the slightest effort. He was doing exactly what nature had intended he should do, what he had hinted to his sweetheart was a possibility, and, since the circulation of the Eagle widened, his salary increased.

Meanwhile, though John had left Amy Tarrant free to make a home with a more practical man than himself, he had not forgotten her. Amy hadn't married. She had given her heart to John, and it was not hers to give to any other man. There was another reason why she did not marry. Her mother was a widow, and there were several young children, all of whom required Amy's attention. Amy was an attractive girl and had several suitors, but she had sent them all away, conceiving it to be her duty, as it was her preference, to remain at home, where she was the mainstay of the family.

Indeed, this was necessary, for, though Amy worked eight hours a day at an office, she being the only productive one of the household, she could not earn enough to pay rent, buy food and the necessary clothing.

Such was the condition of affairs in the Tarrant family when Thanksgiving day approached. One of the younger boys heard his mother and his sister Amy discussing what they should do for a Thanksgiving dinner, Amy suggesting that hamburger steak was the best they could provide for meat. The boy whined that they should have turkey and, though informed that the bird would cost 30 cents a pound, was not a whit better satisfied to do without it.

The day before Thanksgiving Mrs. Tarrant and Amy before the latter went to her work had a final conference as to how they should get up a dinner for the morrow. There were absolutely no funds, and Amy could not draw even the few dollars that were coming to her until the end of the week. Nor was there anything in the larder except a few potatoes. The outlook was dismal. Amy went to her work, intending to ask for enough of her weekly salary to provide at least a meal sufficient to stay the children's appetites, but she was informed that such advances were contrary to the rules of the office. She returned after business hours to inform her mother of her failure and was approaching the house when she saw a man standing at the door. As she drew near she recognized John Esterbrook.

"Why, John," she exclaimed, "what brought you here?"

"Well," replied John, "your prediction as to my business having been fulfilled, I've invited myself to take a Thanksgiving dinner with you. I haven't had a real good one since we parted."

"Oh, dear! What shall we do? We haven't a cent with which to buy a dinner."

"That's a disappointment, isn't it?" "Not only to you, but to us. Mother and I wouldn't complain if it were not for the children."

"Haven't you anything in the house?" "Nothing." A tear stood in her eyes.

"Well, I have a little change left. I reckon I'll have to pay it out for something to fill the children's stomachs. Suppose we go now together. The markets will not be open on Thanksgiving morning."

She walked away with him and as they proceeded sympathized with him at his ill success, reminding him of their conversation when he went away and how she had warned him that without hard work, whether he liked it or not, he would never get on. He replied that he remembered her words very well. He had done some hard work, but confessed that he had not enjoyed it. Indeed, he had disliked it so much that he had given it up.

"Aren't you doing anything now?" she asked.

"Nothing that I consider work." They stopped at a market in which a profusion of eatables was displayed, and as soon as John could get the attention of one of the men in white coat and apron he began his purchases with a ten pound turkey, a quart of oysters, a bunch of celery, to say nothing of cranberries, vegetables, nuts, raisins and other delicacies. Then he asked Amy what necessities were required. She was too astonished to reply, so he pulled a fat roll of bank notes from his pocket and paid the bill. Then they walked back to Amy's home, taking with them a beefsteak and other articles for supper that evening.

After supper John threw off his facetiousness and made a clean breast of it to Amy. It rather mortified him to confess that he was making a living at writing jokes about human follies, but when he informed her of the fine income he was receiving she brightened, and he felt after all that he did not suffer in her estimation.

The next morning was occupied by Amy in preparing a Thanksgiving dinner, and when it was ready John appeared with sweetmeats, of which he said the supply they had laid in the day before was altogether too scant.

All voted the dinner the finest they had ever eaten and the day the most enjoyable they had ever spent. Amy consented to marry John on condition that she be not required to separate herself entirely from her mother and the children, and the liberal John provided for them. Indeed, he knew not how to take care of money, and his wife became the family purser.

## Scratch Set Up Blood Poison

Zam-Buk Cured Her

Mrs. John Peterson, Wellwood, Man., writes,—"Some time ago I scraped the skin off my knuckles. Not thinking it serious, I merely washed the wounds and applied an ointment I had on hand at the time. However, instead of getting better, my fingers got worse. The sores spread quickly and penetrated to the bone. They began to discharge, were terribly painful, and blood poison was starting. I became alarmed and was going to a doctor, when Zam-Buk was recommended."

"I purchased a box and began using it. The first few applications eased the pain and I noticed a decided improvement. Every day my fingers got better under the Zam-Buk treatment, and eventually a complete cure resulted."

Accidents are always happening. It may only be a pin scratch, cut, or burn, but do not forget that whenever the skin is broken there is danger of blood poisoning or other complications. It ends the pain, stops bleeding, and heals. Zam-Buk is a cure for cuts, burns, bruises, chapped hands, cold sores, piles, eczema, ulcers, and all skin diseases and injuries. All druggists and stores, 50 cents box, or postpaid from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

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## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fitch

Nitroglycerin and Guncotton. Guncotton—discovered by Pelouze in 1838—consists of cotton steeped in equal parts of nitric and sulphuric acid and dried. Nitroglycerin is a pale yellow oily liquid, about half as heavy again as water. Nitroglycerin was discovered by Sobrero, an assistant in Pelouze's laboratory, in 1847.

His Misfortune. "Have you heard of the terrible misfortune that has befallen Bones?" Bilson said to a friend. "No!" said the friend. "No!" "Bones, poor fellow," said Bilson, "has eloped with my wife."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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Failure is very often the result of waiting for other people to do things first.

There may be other corn cures, but Holloway's Corn Cure stands at the head of the list so far as results are concerned.

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When you spend a dollar you expect to get a 6c. worth. When you get our bread you get your money's worth.

BREAD 6c. PER LOAF

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YOU CAN SAVE

They are not a luxury sanitary laws, backed beauty inherent in

HARDWOOD

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QUARTER CUT OAK

## WATFORD

ESTABLISHED 187

BORN.

In Stratford, on Friday, Jan. 1, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Denn Kenneth Leicester.

In Enniskillen, on Monday, J. Mr. and Mrs. Walter F. daughter.

In Brooke, on Wednesday, J. Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Martin ter—Mabel Louisa.

In Watford, on Monday, J. Mr. and Mrs. James Brande In Forest, on Thursday, Jan. 1, and Mrs. J. H. Pickering, a

MARRIED.

At Sylvan, on Saturday, Jan. Miss Edythe Lulu, daughter and Mrs. W. J. Colwell, to Brewer, Parkhill.

At the home of the bride's Wednesday, Jan. 7th, 19 Rev. James Foote, Mr. Rob son, of Hardy, Sask., 1 Bosanquet, to Lizzie J., d Mr. and Mrs. M. McNab, of

DIED.

In Enniskillen, on Sunday, the youngest child of Mr. David Anderson, aged 3 years.

In Bosanquet, on Friday, Thos. Kenzie, aged 42 years.

At Kettle Point, on Monday Mrs. Adam James.

In Carleton, on January 14th, Chambers, son of John C. the Muncey Road, in his 19

In Brooke, on Tuesday, Jan. Philip John Frayne, aged month and 20 days.

In Warwick, on Wednesday William Kerohan, aged 75

Miller's Worm Powders, b man everywhere, can be chemist's or drug shop, at cost. They are a standard worm troubles and can be ful on to expel worms from the abate the sufferings that w There are many mothers t that they found available so remedy for the relief of the

Brooke and Alvinston Association

At a meeting held in the Brooke and Alvinston Association was organized. Reeve McCallum explained, for the dependents of those the front." The officers are Hon. Pres.—P. A. McDiarr J. B. Martyn.

Pres.—D. J. McEachern Vice-Pres.—W. Annett, and W. Bourne.

Secretary—W. E. Germain Treasurer—R. B. Samuels The collectors for the district in Alvinston are: Neil Leiby, Mr. Wellington and John McCallum and Thomas

The collectors in Brooke v ed as follows: Albert McC Alpine, John Simpson, W. J Spearman, Neil McCallu Atkin, Edward Reader, Mark Burford, Robert Gard Wallis, W. J. Bourne, Les McIntyre, Ed. Totten, M Stanley Graham, Wm. Cha nett, J. C. Oke, D. L. Fis Brooke, D. A. McDonald, W. Hare, James Acton an land.

Henry H. Scott, of c Plympton township, near since the death a few days Rapley, in Adelaide, is per man living today who too defend Canada during t rebellion. Mr. Scott is i of his age.

Women in uniform no voters in nearly all the Lor Catherine Carr, the sec makes her stories fit her au Philadelphia has two w employed in the extractio Over 3,000 girls are n various canning clubs in States.

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young elected superintendent of public schools.

Mary Pickford, the star, is said to receive a sal a year.

Women ousted from the election held at Rockville