

Of Interest to Women

Grandmother's Way.

Tell you, grandmother's a queer one, short—
Makes yer heart go pitty-pat!
If the wind jist happens to open a door,
She'll say there's "a sign" in that!
An' if one ain't in a rockin' chair,
An' it rocks itself, she'll say: "Oh, dear!
Oh, dear!" Oh, my!
I'm afraid 'at somebody's goin' to die!"
An' she makes me cry—
She makes me cry!

Once wuz a owl 'at happened to light
On our tall chimney top,
An' screamed an' screamed in the dead
of night,
An' nuthin' could make it stop!
An' gran'ma—she uncovered her head
An' almos' frightened me out of bed!
"Oh, dear!" Oh, my!
I'm certain 'at someone's goin' to die!"
An' she makes me cry—
She makes me cry!

Just let a cow lean over the gate
An' bellow, an' gran'ma—
An' shake her finger at me!
An' then, an' then you'll hear her say:
"It's a sign w'en the cow's at the gate!"
Oh, dear!" Oh, my!
I'm certain 'at somebody's goin' to die!"
An' she makes me cry—
She makes me cry!

Skeeriest person you ever seen!
Always a-huntin' for "signs";
Says it's "spirits" 'at's good, or mean,
If the wind jist shakes the vine!
Always feel skeery w'en gran'ma's
around—
An' think 'at I see things, an' jump at
each sound!
"Oh, dear!" Oh, my!
I'm certain 'at somebody's goin' to die!"
An' she makes me cry—
She makes me cry!

Thanksgiving.

It is Thanksgiving Day as I write,
and one cannot help looking back over
the year that has gone and wondering
if one is quite as thankful as one ought
to be, for all the joys that have been
ours.

It is so easy to remember all the
disagreeables of life and so hard to be
thankful for them as we ought to be.

Even the poorest and saddest of us
have so much to be thankful for. To-
day, I was at the general hospital.
There I saw a girl who is very wealthy.
She has a private room with every
extra luxury at her command, and yet
she has been in bed for months with
some disease of the knee, and she does
not know, nor do the doctors know,
when she will be able to be up again.
What use is all her wealth to her,
when she has not the health to enjoy it.

Carried in on a stretcher to her
room to have tea with her was a man
who has been ill for over two years
with tuberculosis of the hip, and who
will perhaps never be better.

I looked at them; both young, both
clever and charming, and yet with an
indefinite time of suffering before
them, and I thought to myself, "Well,
what's the use of grumbling over lack
of money for the useless things you
think you need, when you can walk
and dance and run if you want to?
And why repine over lack of beauty,
when at last you are straight and
whole and healthy?"

After all, there is nothing in the
world like health, for it means both
wealth and beauty.

Still, even if one has neither health
nor beauty, one has always
something to be thankful for: a charm-
ing, new friend, some unexpected
pleasure, a business promotion, some-
thing that makes one very glad and
happy, something that should make
this truly a time of thanksgiving.

Grand Opera.

It is not often that we Canadians
get an opportunity to hear Grand
Opera, and when such an opportunity
was afforded to me last week, I re-
solved to take advantage of it as far
as possible.

Unfortunately, one's purse is not
elastic, and, even though a week of
grand opera is a very special occasion,
one can't afford to go every night in
the week. Monday night, Lohengrin
was given, and it was very wonderful.
White and pure in every tone, one felt
upon the spiritual heights all through
the opera.

Mr. Sheehan was Lohengrin, and his
voice was very beautiful. A tender
voice is so seldom a warm voice, and
Mr. Sheehan's is warm and rich, and

smooth and very expressive. He gave
his sword song gloriously.

Miss Rennegeon made a very charm-
ing Elsa. She has a very gracious
stage presence, and her high, clear
soprano blended beautifully with Mr.
Sheehan's in their love duet, and was
equally beautiful in her solos.

The supporting company was ex-
cellent, and the chorus work was won-
derfully good. In the well-known
"Bridal Chorus," the effect was really
beautiful, and sounded as if every
member had a trained voice.

Wednesday afternoon, I wandered
down all by myself, to Il Trovatore,
and sat there, selfishly reveling in the
"concord of sweet sounds." It was
the first time I had ever heard that
opera, and its music, beautiful, soft
and sensuous, almost enchanted me.
It is the sort of music that seems to
lift you out of your seat and send
you sliding through space and, if you
love music, you know just what that
feeling is.

Miss Tuell, who was Azucena, the
old gypsy mother, has a most beau-
tiful contralto voice, and simply took
the house by storm with both her
voice and her acting. People who had
heard her the night before, in Car-
men, said that she was simply glorious,
and one could quite understand their
enthusiasm.

Miss Brooks, as the Countess
Leonora, has a very charming soprano
voice. She is not so good an actress
as Miss Tuell, but she was evidently
a very young girl and, if she can sing
her songs as she did, she will probably
take a very high position, with a little
more experience.

Mr. Wegener, as Manrico, displayed
a tenor voice that, while hardly so
robust as Mr. Sheehan's, is yet very
sweet, and came out beautifully in the
always popular prison song.

The chorus again did splendid work.
The music of Il Trovatore is perhaps
the most popular of any grand opera,
and one can quite understand that; it
is so rich in warmth and beauty and
coloring, and was simply delightful in
every respect.

Tannhauser, on Thursday night, was
something of a disappointment to me,
and yet, perhaps, that depended largely
on my own mood, for a great many
people liked it better than Lohengrin.

At Tannhauser for the first time, I
quite understood "Billy Baxter's" very
funny description of grand opera in the
picturesque slang which is so interest-
ing a part of his work.

Still, it was good, and one felt that
Mr. Savage's venture into grand opera
in English was distinctly a successful
one. His company is excellent, both
principals and support; they are not
only singers, but actors as well. His
productions are magnificently staged
and costumed, and altogether they
afford a very rare treat, to both eye
and ear.

It seems regrettable that London
should not be given an opportunity to
have this treat afforded to it, also,
and one wonders if something could
not be done to bring this very excel-
lent company to our theater.

Flowers.

Do you suppose that anything in the
world gives quite as much joy as do
flowers? Bright and sweet and beau-
tiful, they bring their message of hope
and cheer and love into whatever place
they fall.

And we are so chary of giving them.
When our friend dies, we load her
casket with the costliest of hot-house
flowers, but while she lives, we do not
think of sending her so much as a
twenty-five-cent fern, to brighten her
life a little.

Isn't it only flowers that we give like
that, nor even more material gifts, but
the love and sympathy and tenderness
that you keep bottled up in your heart.
It's all there and you feel it, but why
in the world don't you ever show it?

After death you wish, and very bit-
terly, that you had done something to
show just how much you cared. Mar-
garet Sangster has a pretty little poem,
which I cannot quite correctly repeat,
but which most of you have read, be-
ginning: "It isn't the thing you do,
dear, but the thing you leave undone,
and she goes on to tell of the sorrow
you feel at the end, for the flower you
did not send.

We are all so careful of our flowers
—and our love, one of all the things
that make life beautiful. What a very
poor thing life would be if there were
no flowers, either of the garden or of
the soul. Not much worth living, after all.
And flowers give themselves so freely,
so fully to us, that why should we
neglect to give them to others? Often
you hear someone say "the more you
pick them, the more they grow," and
does not that show that they were in-
tended to be picked and given?

And yet flowers are the things that
people are most selfish with, the people
who grow them, I mean. Sometimes a
woman is very successful in growing
flowers, in bringing forth all the bloom
and beauty there is in them. She spends
her time and labor and care and money
on them, and yet she is selfish with them.

She likes to show them off; she even
gives the blossoms to her friends, but
she would not give you a root or a
"hip" if you were dying for it, because
she is afraid they will grow common.
That always seems such an odd idea.
There isn't a flower in the world that is
as beautiful as the wood violet, and yet
God scatters them all over the earth,
little bits of heaven's own blue shining
in the green grass, and yet he sends
them down by the million. Some people

The Sunlight way of wash-
ing requires little or no
rubbing. You should try
Sunlight Soap.
Will not injure
dainty fab-
rics.



even then are afraid of making them
common.

There is such a joy in giving away
flowers. Of course, there is joy in giving
anything, but flowers seem to have their
own special mission to fulfill. Flowers
carry love with them. If I were a man
and wanted a girl to love me, I would
send her flowers, and flowers, and flowers,
and yet again flowers.

Perhaps you have heard the old fancy
that if you care, for the giver of a
flower, you lift to your face the flowers
he sends. Perhaps you know that that
is true, by your own way of receiving
flowers.

If you don't believe it, try it. There
are very few women who resist
violet. They are such dear little flowers,
not gaudy, like the rose, not cold, like
the lily, but sweet and beautiful and
dainty always.

Send her violets, take her violets, give
her violets. If she does not care for
you, she may be cold even to the violets.



ON AN OCEAN GREYHOUND.

Landman—Do the stokers down in
the boiler-room ever get seasick?

Mate—I guess they do. I hear them
throwing up coal now.

But she will thank you, she will put them
in water, and like them for their own
sake.

Send her more violets, and more and
more. They are the best pleaders in the
world, the most wonderful missionaries;
and then, when they have grown to be
a necessity to her, stop sending them for
awhile, stay away for awhile, and she
will miss them and you.

Then go again and take your violets
with you. Before she thinks, before she
knows anything but how glad she is to
get them from you, she will bend over
them, lift them to her face, rest her
check on them, and then—come down to
an ante-climax—"the rest is easy."

Take flowers to the poor people, you
know. You may say it would be better
to take them coal or groceries, but I
don't believe it. They will struggle to
buy coal and groceries, because they are
necessaries, but they think flowers are
extravagance and a luxury—and we do
so appreciate the luxuries that are given
us.

If you have little children surround
them with flowers, as you would with all
things beautiful, because there is noth-
ing in the world that brings such culture
and refinement and beauty, and nothing
can be as beautiful as flowers.

If you are a husband, take some flowers
home to your wife occasionally, give them
to her with a kiss and a little note of
endearment, and you will have nothing
but smiles and sweetness.

If you are a son, and are just begin-
ning to earn money, take your mother
home some flowers, ever so few, per-
haps, but still flowers, and she will be
so pleased and delighted that you will
be well rewarded for it.

Flowers aren't a luxury; they are a
necessity, and so I put in a plea, for
flowers, and yet more flowers.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.

In Abyssinia there are nearly 800
miles of telephone wires already erected,
and about 1,000 miles in course of
construction. Owing to ravages of white
ants wooden poles as of olden times,
by iron ones, but elephants are destruc-
tive to the latter, using them as scratch-
ing posts.

WAS IN ITS GRIP FOR 25 YEARS

Then Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured His
Kidney Disease.

Remarkable Cure Reported From
Quebec—The Lesson It Teaches

Huntertown, Que., Nov. 25. (Spe-
cial.) The thousands of Canadians
who suffer from Chronic Kidney Com-
plaint will be interested in the cure
of Maxime Bouché, of this place. For
25 years he suffered from Kidney
Complaint, Dodd's Kidney Pills cured
him. Speaking of his case, Mr. Bouché
said: "It was Dodd's Kidney Pills that
cured me. For 25 years I suffered with
the malady of the Kidneys. I felt
always feeble and tired. In new things,
one day I received a Dodd's Almanac
and read of many wonderful cures in
it. Then I decided to give Dodd's
Kidney Pills a trial. I took 25 boxes in
all and now I am perfectly cured."
Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure
sick Kidneys. If the disease has got
to a firm hold it takes them longer than
if it is just starting. But there is no
form nor no stage of Kidney Disease
that cannot be cured by Dodd's Kid-
ney Pills.

GIRLS COOKING

BY LIGHTNING

IN AN ELECTRIC MAZE AT THE ST. LOUIS
EXPOSITION—THE LATEST
MACHINES.

Talking Without Wires—Dresses Are Heated
—The Heat Near by Electricity—
Many Other Marvels.

If you want to see what the world
is really doing, come to the St. Louis
Exposition, says Frank G. Carpenter.

This is a twentieth century fair, and it
has all sorts of new twentieth century
machinery. I have seen today in the
great palace of electricity, talking with
Professor Goldsborough, who has
charge of the electrical department, I
have watched electric sparks, tele-
graphing a thousand words a minute, light-
ning, and something boiled shirts with
electric irons. I have seen men healing
diseases with electric sparks, tele-
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that if you care, for the giver of a
flower, you lift to your face the flowers
he sends. Perhaps you know that that
is true, by your own way of receiving
flowers.

If you don't believe it, try it. There
are very few women who resist
violet. They are such dear little flowers,
not gaudy, like the rose, not cold, like
the lily, but sweet and beautiful and
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Shredded Wheat Biscuit and Triscuit

Whole Wheat
With milk, fruit or vegetables
As bread, toast or crackers

THE NATURAL FOODS

give you the muscle and brain to tackle the day's work and bring you
restful sleep at night.

Our "Vital Question" Cook Book solves
the What-to-eat Problem—Write for it.

THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY, TORONTO

THE PURCHASE OF A PIANO

is one of the most important factors in furnishing a
home. It is the only one of the household gods whose
voice is continually heard, and if it is satisfactory it
gives daily pleasure and comfort, whereas if not found
worthy it is a constant source of annoyance and
disappointment.

Should the intending purchaser have no personal
experience, he would naturally have to rely either on
the reputation of the maker or the advice of his friends
when buying. Ask anybody what are the best pianos
in the world, and ninety-nine out of a hundred will at
once reply the

STEINWAY PIANOS

But what everybody does not know is the positive
fact that percentage of profit on the sale of a Steinway
piano is less than on any other make, and hence the
Steinway, notwithstanding its higher price, is after all
the cheapest, as it represents the greatest intrinsic
piano value for every dollar expended.

The new models, the Steinway Vertegrand Piano at
\$600, and the Steinway Miniature Grand Piano at
\$900, are the most recent exponents of this fact, and the
public is earnestly requested to examine and try these
remarkable instruments before purchasing elsewhere.

—SOLE CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVES—

NORDHEIMERS' Ltd.

188 DUNDAS STREET.

shop are beyond those of any of our
university laboratories. Indeed, a group
of eight students could be continuously
occupied there for more than two years
studying the behavior and characteris-
tics of electrical machines and not ex-
haust their resources. It is so with many
other features. They are made for the
public and the attendants are ready to
answer with progress and every thing
is so that the visitor may carry away
the knowledge of much in each
exhibit that is not apparent on the sur-
face.

The use of electricity in curing dis-
ease is well shown in the electricity
building. Mr. Goldsborough tells me
that starting progress has been made
in this field. He has exhibits of the
electric light bulb, and it is, I believe,
possible for a person who feels under
the weather to take one here in the full
view of the public. In the same way
various electric brushes are shown,
and X-ray instruments of different
kinds.

One of the most interesting features
of the palace of electricity is an elec-
trical apparatus by which the deaf are
made to hear. Classes of deaf mutes
come here and are thus taught to
speak, and through this apparatus
their education can be carried on. In-
deed, it is believed that it will soon be
possible to teach the deaf to read, write,
and that it will do much to
better the condition of our so-called
deaf and dumb.

But I cannot now mention the num-
ber of new things in electricity which
are shown here. There is much new
in electric lighting, including a factory
where incandescent lamps are made.
The complete process of manufacture
is shown, the factory having an out-
put of more than 1,000 lamps per day.
And then there are electric loco-
motives which claim a regular speed of
more than one hundred miles an hour;
and telegraphs and other apparatus
can be sent from one to two thousand
words a minute. There are other in-
struments for sending pictures and
handwriting by telegraph, and there
are also telephones and phonographs,
combined by which one can have re-
corded on a wax cylinder the messages
sent him when he is away. There are
electric motors and generators, some
of the motors so small they are just
fit to run a sewing machine, and some
generators so large that they do the
work of 10,000 horses. There are all
kinds of storage batteries, some for
use in country houses and others
adapted to automobiles. There are
automobiles from different parts of the
United States and from several coun-
tries of Europe. You can ride about
the grounds in automobiles, and there
is an automobile service to and from
the hotels. In short, there are all sorts
of things here moved by electricity,
and in every branch there are many
new inventions.

CHOLERA MORBUS, cramps and kind-
red complaints annually make their ap-
pearance at the same time as the hot
weather, green fruit, cucumbers, melons,
etc., and many persons are deterred from
eating these tempting things, but they
need not abstain if they have Dr. J. C.
Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial and take a
few drops in water. It cures cramps
and cholera in a remarkable manner, and
is sure to check every disturbance of the
bowels.

The latest fad in London is to hold
paper classes in motor cars. One car
is given a load of paper cut up into
little pieces, and leaves a trail of pa-
per as it whisks through the country.
The other cars follow the trail and try
to catch the first car.

PAINE, LIKE THE POOR, ARE AL-
WAYS WITH US. That portion of man's
life which is not made up of pleasure
is largely composed of pain, and to be
free from pain is a pleasure. Simple re-
medies are always the best in treating
bodily pain, and a safe, sure and sim-
ple remedy is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. You
cannot do wrong in giving it a trial when
required.

The clocks and watches of savage and
semi-civilized people come mostly from
Connecticut and Birmingham (England).
Connecticut having a practical monopoly
in supplying the watches.

Colds

How often you hear it remarked:
"It's only a cold," and a few days
later learn that the man is on his
back with pneumonia. This is of
such common occurrence that a
cold, however slight, should not
be disregarded.