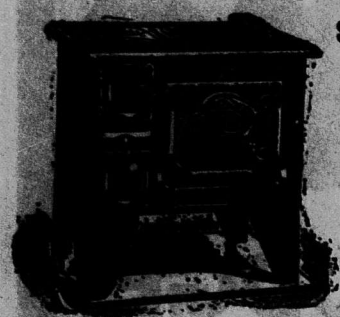


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**The Wingold Stove Company, Ltd.**  
DEPT. H. M.  
245 Notre Dame Ave., WINNIPEG

he listened haughtily, with folded arms and unseeing eyes.

You took me in, a wayfarer, an escaped convict, from yonder prison; made me welcome, clothed me in garments that were your son's, gave me his place at your table. But just for this once—this one Thanksgiving Day—so that, when I returned, as you promised me I should, to my prison fare, I should have, at your hands, the memory of one day spent among environments to which I have been accustomed. I know why you did that." He raised his eyes steadily into the elder man's face. It was for the sake of old times—old memories—old friends. You did it for them—not for me. And I—I—for the sake of one glimpse of Paradise—I was willing to return to the hell they have made for me—up there."

He paused a moment, looked moodily down at the fire, and proceeded. "I reckoned without my host. I had not seen your daughter." A little bitter smile crept to the corners of his

now—when you think I have contaminated your one pure lamb by a misconceived affection—you are ready to drag me forth again to my tormentors. I tell you I will not go! Listen!" The judge raised his eyes impatiently. "I am innocent! I am innocent! Do you hear me? Do you believe me?"

Like the cry of a lost soul the sudden declaration came and the damning reply followed closely: "No!" The stern echo died quite away and the youth withdrew a clinched hand from his breast. A folded paper flashed a moment, white in the firelight, then dropped into the judge's involuntarily outstretched hand.

"Read that! Those are the words of your son. That is his handwriting—even you cannot deny that—written and conveyed to me the day of his disappearance. I have carried it with me ever since. But—but—brokenly the words came—"for your sake—for his sake—I have never told—until now."

The silvered head bowed a moment



"For God's sake, food and shelter! I am famishing."

mouth and abode there. The judge regarded him sternly now, unbelievingly. "I thought when you took me in, I would go back there—after just one Thanksgiving Day like the old ones—and to do my duty as you would do yours. I did not know her then." His voice rang out hopelessly against the stillness, and yet that silent figure regarded him stonily, wordlessly. "I have spent this happy Thanksgiving with her; in that short space has been born the only such affection my heart has ever known, and though I feel its hopelessness, I know it is an inspiration—an uplifting influence that would work for my good, out there—in the world—if you would let me go. I cannot go back there."

Like a thunderbolt from Jove, the stern interruption came. "You must. These senseless pleadings—they must cease. To-morrow—"

Swift lightnings darted into the dark eyes opposite, a sudden pallor settled imperceptibly about the drawn lips of the youth.

"Then I must tell you"—and the low voice trembled with suppressed emotions. "To all my appeals for mercy you have turned a deaf ear, and

over the crumpled paper, but the burning eyes refused to make sense of the scrawled lines. "I—I—cannot," he faltered. "You—you—read it." It was a strangely broken and bowed man who listened to the intense tones reading the few words inscribed on the paper.

"Dear Chum: I know you are bearing up there the punishment that should be mine, but I am too great a coward to come out and clear your name at the expense of my own—and my father's. I could never tell him and my mother. But you shall be avenged. When this is handed you I shall be beyond all scorn and censure of this world, and then you may make this public and clear yourself. You see, I am still a coward, even in death. They will never find me. I shall hide so securely; but you may use this—my confession—to free yourself."

The words died away abruptly. When the judge lifted his head the waters of many sorrows had gone over him and years had stamped themselves in furrowed lines on his countenance.

"And—and—you kept this from me, to—"

"For his sake—and yours," was the low response. "I did not care so very

much then for myself. There are only two years more, anyway. But since—since,—a crimson flood swept his face from chin to brow—"I have known her, it—it has been different."

"You shall be vindicated." The judge reached for the paper. But the younger man, quicker than he, dropped it into the bed of burning coals, and in a second it was consumed, leaving nothing but a few feathery flakes of ashes.

"If you will tell her," he faltered, "that I am innocent—that you are convinced of that—and—let me go—in these clothes—into the night and away—anywhere—where I can be a man and forget—no one need ever know."

A swift silence, solemn, unbroken fell over the room. Occasionally a cinder, loosened from one of the great logs, dropped down with a silky hissing sound. Both men gazed at the fire, their thoughts far away. One out in the world, where he hoped to bury himself and forget; the other with his duty, stern and implacable. Finally the elder man severed the silence which had become oppressive.

"It shall be as you wish," he said, quite humbly. "You shall go to-night, with my blessing and assistance. And—and—turning, he laid one hand on the boy's shoulder—"while you are away I will try to make up to you for the years you have suffered for us. For their sakes"—he glanced up the long stairway—"I will be lenient with the memory of my son. But your name shall be cleared, and you shall return here without a stain. In an hour I will come back to you here. I must have a little time to think. But when I return"—he looked keenly into the honest eyes raised to his—"I shall be prepared to accompany you a little way toward your destination, and—and—you must let me assist you in making your new start in the world. Wait for me here."

The young man nodded assent. The judge's tall figure, bent and broken, disappeared within a darkened inner room, and he was left alone with his meditations, now as when he entered this house, bound by his word, a hostage of Thanksgiving.

## This October Thursday.

Turkey in the pantry,  
Chicken in the pot,  
Mother choppin' apples,  
Oven roastin' hot.

Grandma seedin' raisins,  
Molly mixin' spice;  
Gracious! but the kitchen  
Smells uncommon nice.

Cranberries a-poppin',  
Pies all in a row,  
Geel but don't that mince-meat  
Tempt a feller, though?

Silver spoons a-shinin',  
Cake with frostin' thick,  
Say, I think the Governor's  
A regular old brick!

Givin' us a holiday,  
No lessons to be done,  
Kinsfolk here to dinner,  
Havin' all such fun.

Wish it would come often;  
Best of all, I say,  
Is this October Thursday,  
Folks call "Thanksgiving Day."

## Baby Has Gone to School.

The baby has gone to school; ah, me!  
What will the mother do?  
With never a call to button or pin,  
Or tie a little shoe?  
How can she keep herself busy all day  
With the little "hindering thing" away?

Another basket to fill with lunch,  
Another good-by to say,  
And the mother stands at the door to see  
Her baby march away;  
And turns with a sigh that is half relief,  
And half of something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn,  
When the children, one by one,  
Will go from home out into the world  
To battle with life alone,  
And not even the baby left to cheer  
The desolate home of that future year.

She picks up garments here and there,  
Thrown down in careless haste,  
And tries to think how it would seem  
If nothing were misplaced;  
If the house were always as still as this  
How could she bear the loneliness?

**Cor**

The interest Column is on the month. The ter possibly young men wanting to g may have so spare time o spent indoors names of w we are not the names u sion by the a letter to re affix a postar velope enclos requested to g address, not tion but as a

## "Sally"

Editor,—I ested month the correspo H. M., and views. I w letter in you "Woman's F letter that a number I kind of girl Northwest which please who signed l your May n truly.

## "Twin Sister"

Editor,—W and amusem matrimony c circulated p the means of many w included. In your A from "Twin forward enc oblige. We brown hair, 10 in. and 5 further part positions and pendence wo finding out.

## Means

Editor,—In of the W. F a few words Some corres your stamps say, "No w rather short other words cut the ones through dea fellowbrethe done much youth in th experienced than many some of the be despised I may say lor, English smoker, in Protestant a I am not av I could get who would and success mer by choi 30 years of Any respe age who has stands hens would be su make it wo consider this I mean bus

## Arth

Editor,—F

## "Bachelor"

Editor,—I reader of y like to co young ladies 8 ins. tall, brown hair quarter-sect building.

## "Sour"

Glen E Editor,—V "Sour Sal" a few shy Well, "L is very ser admirable g quite right must have mother and ing him I Let me t practises w tainly find serves. Ha