

## The Day Before Thanksgiving.

(By Hope Darling, in the Northern Agriculturalist.)

"To-morrow will be Thanksgiving at home. There will be the dear old church service and the family dinner with all the aunts and cousins. Then in the evening the 'crowd' will meet at Midge's this year. They will sing, and—"

Jessie Chambers could go no further. Down into her dining room she dropped a tear, only to be followed by another and another. It was the young wife's first year away from her eastern village home. The winter before Carl Chambers had had a long illness, and the doctors had agreed that, for a few years at least, he must live out of doors. A farm in the West had been purchased and Carl and Jessie had begun life anew.

The crops had been good. Carl was strong and well. Still, there were times when the burden of homesickness bore heavily upon Jessie's slender shoulders, and that November morning was one of the times.

Suddenly the outside kitchen door flew open to admit Carl.

"I'll kill the turkey before I go, little wife. Say, isn't it someone we can invite for to-morrow. It seems as if—"

"If our Thanksgiving would be more—well, more like old times."

It had not been easy for Carl to say just what he meant. Jessie had not turned from her dishwashing, and it was difficult to talk when one must address only the smooth rolls of brown hair, only the moments' silence. Then Jessie wheeled round, a crimson flush coloring her face.

"Thanksgiving! The word is a mockery here. I have nothing to give thanks for. You need not kill the turkey. I shall prepare no turkey at all."

Carl Chambers' handsome Saxon face grew pale. His voice trembled a little as he said:

"Nothing to be thankful for, Jessie? We have—each other."

Jessie made no reply. Instead she rattled her china restlessly. Carl waited a little, then stepped out of the door, closing it softly behind him. The dishes were soon dried and put away. Entering the sitting-room, broom in hand, Jessie's glance rested on the table, which was strewn with books and papers.

"Carl is so careless, always leaving things about! I'll carry some of these papers upstairs."

Hastily sorting over the periodicals, she gathered all save those of recent date up in her arms and ascended the stairs. Above there was a tiny hall from which two rooms opened. It was the back one of these that gave entrance to the garret where the papers were to be stored.

"How close the air is here," Jessie thought as she entered the back room. She laid down the papers and threw up a window. It looked out over the fields, brown and bare where they were covered with a growth of fall-sown wheat. A grove was near, the leafless trees outlined against the dazzling blue sky. Afar in the distance gleamed the water of a little lake.

Jessie's anger faded as she stood looking out of the window. With a sigh she picked up the papers and approached a small door that opened into the garret. This door fastened on the outside with a catch. Jessie stepped into the inner room, leaving the door ajar behind her. The garret was unfinished, there being no floor save a few loose boards laid down. The roof sloped so that a person could not stand upright only in the vicinity of the door. There was no window, a few crevices along the cornice and the open door serving to light the room.

Mrs. Chambers had just reached the box in which she intended to place the papers when the door closed with a violent bang.

"It is the draught from the window," Jessie said to herself. The closing of the door made the light very dim. Jessie groped her way across the room and pushed against the door. It did not open. She tried again, with the same result. The jar of closing had fastened the catch.

"Why, what will I do?" unconsciously Jessie spoke aloud. Must open it. That was easier said than done. Again and again she struck the door, she pressed upon it with all her strength, and, finding a stick upon the floor, she tried to pry it open. It was all in vain; the door remained closed. Jessie had worked hurriedly, impatiently. She stopped and stood looking against the wall, trembling in every limb. She called:

"Carl! Carl! Come and help me out!"

There was no response. It seemed to the prisoner as if the noise of her voice filled the low apartment. She must make herself heard. There was a noise below stairs. Jessie knew that it was the opening of the kitchen door. Carl's voice could be heard. He was ready to start on his proposed drive to the town, eight miles distant, and had stopped at the house to tell his wife good-bye. Jessie hoped that when she did not reply Carl would come in search of her.

The call was repeated. Mrs. Chambers waited no longer but cried out as loud as she could. There was no reply but she heard the kitchen door slam. Then came the rattle of the wheels. Carl had gone. Calling, crying, screaming, Jessie pounded upon the door until her hands were bruised and smarting. She was alone in the house. Carl would not return until the middle of the afternoon. She must open the door.

The strongest determination is sometimes held in check by the resistance of matter. When, exhausted and sobbing, Jessie dropped down on the garret floor, she understood that she was a prisoner. Her tears ceased to flow. Resentment and anger possessed her.

"Carl ought to have looked for me," she said to herself, putting back her disordered hair. "The idea of my having to stay here all day. What will I do? It is too dark to see anything. Carl ought to have looked for me. He ought—"

Jessie stopped. Carl had gone away with her cruel, unjust words ringing in his ears. He had thought her too angry to reply to his good-bye. What was it she had said to him? "I have nothing to give thanks for." To his plea that she give each other, he had refused to reply.

After one more ineffectual effort to open the door, Jessie Chambers sat down on a box and gave herself up to thought. Why was she so dissatisfied, so unhappy in her new home? Much of the work of the farm was new both to her and to Carl, yet they were prospering, and she had not found her tasks distasteful. She missed her old associates, she longed for the friends of her girlhood, but she was making no effort to win new friends.

Was there nothing here to recompense her for what she had left? There were many bright young people around them. Some of these had not enjoyed the advantages that had been the portion of herself and her husband. Carl had desired to make for themselves a place in

this new circle. He had talked of their doing much to shape public sentiment, to make their home community a better place, and she had laughed at him. Had she nothing to give thanks for? Jessie's mind went back to the days when Carl's life had been in danger. How she had prayed, in fiercest agony, asking only that he might be spared to her! He had grown strong, and yet she had "nothing to give thanks for."

Time wore on. Jessie was cramped and cold. At intervals she renewed her attempts to force open the door. She did not succeed. After each effort she went back to the box and her thoughts. About noon she heard the rattle of wheels. The wagon stopped at the gate. Could it be that Carl returned earlier than she had expected? It was not Carl, for she had heard a loud knocking upon the door. Jessie cried out, hoping to attract the attention of the caller, no matter who it was. She could not make him hear. After a second rapping, she again heard the rattle of wheels, and knew that the wagon had passed on.

How slowly the hours dragged by! Jessie could hear the striking of the sitting-room clock. Often she thought it must have stopped, the striking seemed so long delayed.

As she sat there, in the semi-gloom, the young wife made many resolutions and plans for the future.

It was not until the dim light began to grow still dimmer that Jessie allowed herself to grow uneasy over Carl's continued absence. He always reached home before three, and the clock was striking four. Darkness came on swiftly, and prisoner found herself trembling with nervous fear when the clock struck five.

What could be wrong? "If something has happened to Carl! O God, grant that I have not learned my lesson too late!"

Six o'clock. Then she heard the rattle of wheels. The wagon was driving up to the barn. Carl had come! It was Carl. All day he had carried a heavy heart. As he sprang from the wagon, he saw that the farmhouse was in darkness and a strange fear took possession of him.

"Can it be that Jessie has gone away? Perhaps she has been as wretched to-day as I have been. Oh, it was a mistake, our coming here! I might have better stayed in the east and died."

Carl un hitched the horses and put them in the barn. Without waiting to remove the harness he started for the house. As he entered the kitchen door he called out:

"Jessie! Little wife!" There was no reply. Carl found a lamp and lighted it. His breath was coming hard and fast. Where was his wife? There were no fires. The rooms were not in order. Going into the bedroom, he found that the bed was still airing. Jessie was gone, and apparently had been gone all day.

Just then a peculiar noise attracted Carl's attention. It was a muffled beating, and when he was in the sitting room he seemed directly beneath his head. In a maze of bewilderment and almost fear, Carl Chambers opened the stair door. Yes, the noise came from above. He ascended the stair, holding the lamp high.

"Carl! Carl!" It was his wife's voice, and sounded as if it came from a distance. "Carl! I am in the garret. Let me down!"

"Let me down!" He hurried forward and threw open the door. Jessie sprang out, and clung round his neck, laughing and sobbing.

"I have been shut in there all day. The wind blew the door shut, and the latch caught. O Carl! Forgive me for being so wicked this morning. I have so much to be thankful for, but the best of all is you."

It took some time to make the matter plain to Carl. When he understood, he was all tenderness and compassion. He drew Jessie downstairs, and soon had two brisk fires burning.

"Let down, dear, and rest. I will get you some supper."

Jessie laughed gleefully. "Rest! I have had plenty of resting. We will both have to work, for we must prepare our Thanksgiving dinner this evening. Why were you so late, Carl?"

"You must go to stop and tell me that it would be late. It was Joe you heard knocking. I—Jessie, I went out to see Lester. You know he wanted to buy the farm."

"But you do not want to sell, Carl?"

"Yes. We will go back east. Against Jessie threw her arms round her husband's neck, hiding her face on his shoulder.

"We will stay here, Carl. I have had time to-day to think—yes, and to give thanks. Help me to begin over, Carl. What you said was true—we have each other, and that is enough."

A few minutes later she lifted her head to say:

"You must go to kill the turkey, Carl. After supper we will dress him. In the morning we will go to the services at the schoolhouse, and for dinner we will in the two fine boys who are 'backing him up' and the pretty school teacher."

"How can you get ready, dear?" Carl asked, helplessly. He was dazed by the change in his wife; it seemed too good to be true.

"Oh, I can manage with you to help me. We will not have dinner until six. You know I have mince-meat ready and fruit cake baked. I feel as if I could work all night, after I have had some supper. Carl, we will help the teacher organize the reading circle she talked of. There is so much to do—so much to give thanks for!"—The Northwestern Agriculturalist.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

### Hair Brush Sale.

Our present stock of hair brushes is too large. To reduce stock, we will give a discount of 10 per cent. for one week. They include Loomen's choicest brushes in ebony, rosewood, sandalwood, etc. Buy your Christmas brushes now at Gerrie's drug store, 32 James street north.

### STORK VISITED EXPRESS.

Birth on Wabash Train as It Entered St. Thomas.

St. Thomas, Ont., Oct. 28.—The stork visited the Wabash express train, east-bound, as it entered St. Thomas this morning, and brought a little daughter to Mrs. Annie B. Lachout, of Towers City, North Dakota.

The mother was taken to the Amasa Wood Hospital, where both mother and child are doing well.

## GOT PURSE.

Presentation by Chalmers' Church to Mr. Sarkissian.

Monday night the congregation of Chalmers' Church, Mount Hamilton, tendered a farewell to the retiring pastor and his wife, Rev. S. H. and Mrs. Sarkissian, at the home of Mrs. Nicol. Rev. John Young acted as chairman, introducing an interesting programme, the most enjoyable part being a speech by Mr. H. Bryant, in which he presented to Mr. Sarkissian, on behalf of the congregation, a well-filled purse, as a small token of esteem and love the people of the mountain have for him.

Mr. Sarkissian very feelingly replied, thanking the congregation for their kindness and love shown to him and Mrs. Sarkissian, and although he was leaving them at present, he would not be very far away, and would be pleased to come and visit his friends on the mountain whenever possible. Among those present were Mr. Sarkissian's aged father and mother. An abundant supply of refreshments were then served, and after singing "Auld Lang Syne" the large gathering of people left for home.

Mr. Sarkissian preached his farewell sermon on Sunday evening last. For the next four Sundays Knox College students will preach in Chalmers', and then the congregation will vote, the one receiving the most votes to take charge of the church until next season. The student in charge will receive \$8 per Sunday, he continuing his studies during the week at college.

## Our New Press

(Stratford Beacon.)

The Hamilton Times has recently added a mammoth new press which has brought its mechanical equipment up to the highest class. It is now one of the best newspapers, as it has always been one of the very best edited journals in the Dominion. The evidences of appreciation of the paper as a fine citizen of Hamilton as seen in its columns is testimony to a fine discernment on their part, which is a tribute to their intelligence.

## ON BROWNING.

Last of Professor Moulton's Fine Course of Lectures.

The last of the course of lectures by Prof. R. G. Moulton, of Chicago University, under the auspices of the Hamilton Teachers' Association, was given yesterday afternoon in Centenary Lecture Hall, the subject being "Browning's 'Caliban'." The full title of Browning's poem is "Caliban Upon Setebos." It deals with natural theology on the island of Caliban, with the instinct and intelligence of an early savage, has, in an hour of holiday, set himself to conceive what Setebos, his mother's god, is like in character. He talks out the question with himself, and because he is in a vague fear lest Setebos, hearing him soliloquize about him, should be incensed, and swing a thunderbolt at him, he not only hites himself in the earth, but speaks in the third person, as if it was not he that spoke, hoping in that fashion to trick his God.

Browning invents a grammar for Caliban. Pronouns come late in the evolution of language. He also invents a prosody suitable for Caliban's songs. Caliban seems utterly incapable of rising in the world of being. This tendency raised to an infinite power represents Setebos.

Browning is frequently spoken of as obscure; but he is not obscure in the usual acceptance of that term. His obscurity is the obscurity of excessive vision.

The members of the Hamilton Teachers' Institute were most fortunate in their selection of a man who is not only a master of literary theory and interpretation, but who can also sound his thoughts to others in clear and forceful style.

At the conclusion of the lecture, Mr. Robinson, in words of deep appreciation, moved that a vote of thanks be given Dr. Moulton, which was heartily seconded by the Rev. Dr. Lyle, and unanimously carried.

## GROWING FAST.

Springer Estate is Now Said to Be \$90,000,000.

Mr. Daniel Ashwell, of Piccadilly street, London, Ont., is the latest claimant to the Springer millions. The estate, by the way, has grown, within the last few days to ninety million dollars.

One of the direct heirs residing in Hamilton, and who, from costly experience knows more about the estate than any one else, is willing to take one cent on the dollar and surrender all claim to his share.

## GOLD FOR NEW YORK.

London, Oct. 29.—The sum of £800,000 in bar gold was sold to-day, and £998,999 in American eagles was taken from the Bank of England as part of the gold intended for shipment to America. The gold was insured at Lloyd's and will go to New York on the Kron Prinzessin Cecilie, which leaves Southampton to-night. The price of the eagles was about 76s. 9d.

## JUDGMENT RESERVED.

Judge Monck reserved judgment yesterday in the mechanic's lien case brought by F. Mabley against Harry Hoves, Mr. George S. Kerr appeared for Mabley and Mr. A. M. Lewis for Hoves. The action for extras for building a house at the corner of Milton avenue and Barton street. The account amounted to \$2,324.

### Working Men;

Our needs are your wants. We strive to meet them in quality and price. Our \$1.25 pants, specialty. Mitts and gloves 10c up—M. Kennedy, 240 James north.

### Guelph Ready for Free Postal Delivery.

Guelph, Ont., Oct. 28.—The houses are numbered and everything is in shape for postal delivery. There will be seven men on the regular staff as carriers. Mr. Hugh Guthrie, M. P., deserves credit for his efforts in this direction. A postal delivery was much needed in this city.

## SHOT BY WOMAN.

SUPREMACY HEAD OF THE RUSSIAN PRISONERS ASSASSINATED.

Admitted to Room With High Explosive in Her Bosom—Tried to get at It on Being Arrested—The Assassination a Prelude to a Greater Terrorist Outrage.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 29.—General Maximoff, Director of the Department of Prisons in the Ministry of the Interior, was shot and killed yesterday.

The general was the highest responsible official connected with the Russian prisons, and it is supposed that this was the reason he was selected for assassination by the terrorists.

The murderer was a young woman, Mrs. Razoginikova, the daughter of a teacher in the Imperial School of Music. She avowed herself to be an emissary of the northern flying section of the Social Revolutionists, who had been entrusted with the task of punishing Maximoff for the stern regime which he had lately introduced in the treatment of important political prisoners, whom he ordered to be treated like ordinary criminals.

The young woman presented herself at the reception of General Maximoff, and remained quietly in the crowded ante-room until it was her turn to enter the general's private office. When she was in his presence she drew a revolver and fired seven shots point-blank at the general. Six of them took effect. The wounded man was hastily taken to the hospital of the Grand Duchess Catherine Pavlovna, but his condition was immediately recognized as hopeless.

The assassination apparently was designed to be only a prelude to a greater act of terrorism—the destruction of the headquarters of the police, which has been the object of at least three terrorist plots of recent months.

When the assassin was taken to the police station her agitated attempts to free her bound hands and reach her breast led to an investigation, and it was found that she carried inside her dress a large explosive, a charge powerful enough to blow the entire building and its occupants to pieces. Her portrait is in that part of the police gallery marked "The assassin." She remained three hours in the general's reception room before being recognized. She pretended that her mission was to obtain better diet for her brother, who is sick in prison. It is understood that she will be court-martialed.

## DR. HAMILTON SPEAKS ON CURING PIMPLES.

Gives Common Sense Advice That Every Person Can Employ at Home.

"I believe all skin diseases such as pimples and eruptions originate through the failure of the eliminating organs to pass certain poisonous wastes from the body."

"There is at all times a large accumulation of foul matter in the system, which, if not destroyed, gets into the blood. Germs and disease-producing matter are thus circulated through the body. Ultimately they force their way through the pores of the skin, produce pimples, swelling, red blotches and often eruptions horrible to look upon."

"I usually found the primary cause to be with the kidneys and bowels—these organs are too slow. My Pills of Mandrake and Butternut contain very active vegetable extracts that act on these organs instantly. They give strength, tone and vigor to the eliminating organs that positively ensures a clean, healthy body."

A course of Dr. Hamilton's Pills puts the system in perfect order, they cleanse the system inside as soap and water does outside, they remove all taints and poisons that block the avenues of health, and life, make the skin smooth, restore roses to the cheeks and that brighten the eyes the doctor sound health. Because Mild, Safe, Efficient, anyone can use Dr. Hamilton's Pills with perfect results.

## MUTINEERS SHOT.

Machine Guns Made Short Work of Army Sappers.

Vladivostok, Oct. 29.—A mutiny this morning among a number of the recently arrived army sappers was quickly suppressed by the use of machine guns.

A battalion of sappers armed with rifles tried to capture one of the barracks here, but two companies of a rifle regiment which were quartered there brought machine guns into action and routed the attackers. 2 dozen of the latter were killed or wounded.

### INFORMATION SOUGHT.

To the Editor of the Times: Sir,—Kindly state through your editorial columns where I can obtain a book giving full information about the Canadian Banks. Their capital, reserve, total assets, price of stock. Comparative standing, etc.—Enquirer.

St. Catharines, Oct. 29.—A copy of 35 cents a large yearly volume giving lists of shareholders and their holdings of all the Canadian chartered banks. We have to-day mailed you copy of a paper giving recent information as to capital, reserves, and market values of shares. Ed.

### STABBING CASE AT COBALT.

James Campbell Committed for Trial at North Bay.

Cobalt, Oct. 28.—James Campbell, charged with stabbing Ethel Stone in a resort near Argentine about a month ago, came up for trial before Magistrate Brown to-day. Nothing in the shape of evidence, was produced to absolutely prove Campbell guilty of the stabbing, but the circumstantial evidence was very strong against him. Mr. Wynne, of the house were present and gave evidence. A small handsaw, alleged to have been the instrument used in the stabbing, was produced. Mr. Sol. White, Cobalt, and Mr. McCurry, North Bay, appeared for the defence, while Mr. George Row, Cobalt, presented. Magistrate Brown committed Campbell to stand trial by a jury at North Bay on November 12.

## ACCIDENT TO A TORONTO BUILDER

John Felstead, a builder, of 312 Wilton avenue, Toronto, was working on a temporary scaffold, the plank broke, and he fell through. He received several lacerated cuts, on the leg, a bruised knee, and a thorough shaking. Zambuk, the herbal balm, was applied to the cuts and gave him great relief. He says:

"Zambuk was so effective that although my leg was badly cut, I was able to go on without a day's break from work. Zambuk takes the soreness out of a wound at once, and then it commences to heal. It is without doubt a wonderful balm for skin injuries, and I am glad to make this virtue known."

Zambuk is a sure and speedy cure for cuts, bruises, and all skin diseases. At stores and druggists, 50c. box, or The Zambuk Co., Toronto, 3 boxes for \$1.25.

### FOR HALLOWE'EN.

While one must use the imagination in telling fortunes with tea leaves, there is always a great deal of amusement in the pastime. The reader should be dressed in a manner that her identity is unknown to those present. In the first place she must possess a high sense of humor and a bright fancy.

Serve the tea in small cups and do not drain it from the saucers. Each person drinks his or her cup of tea, draining it of every drop. The cup is turned upside down in the saucer, turned three times, then the reader gets her vivid imagination to work. The objects nearest the rim of the cup are for first consideration. A leaf is a lady, a stem or small stick indicates a man. Long, wavy lines are misfortunes, four-leaf clovers good luck, likewise horseshoes. Letters are initials of loved ones, trees are good signs, squares mean letters, letters with money if dots are close by. A horse is a new lover, a dog or deer a good friend. In fact, one can see anything and call it what one may. It is all nonsense, yet helps to fill out the Halloween programme. The pleasure is in the merryment the reader causes by her jovial spirit in a fun-provoking reading of the fates.

### HALLOWE'EN DECORATIONS.

An attractive centerpiece for the dining table would be a large pumpkin filled with yellow chrysanthemums.

Candlesticks may be improvised from small pumpkins by cutting holes in them to fit the candles. Place one of these at each corner of the table.

The round summer squashes may be employed in a similar manner for holding candles.

Another pretty centerpiece is made from a jack-o'-lantern filled with cat-tails and grasses.

Outline a lace centerpiece and the accompanying doilies with pumpkin seeds.

For favors use large, rosy apples with a jack-o'-lantern face cut on each one. Menu cards may have pictures of owls, black cats, witches, brownies, etc., painted on them.

Garlands and festoons of colored popcorn are effective when suspended over the table and extended to the four corners of the dining-room.

Have yellow and red apples strung on wires of different lengths and suspended over the centre of the table by fastening the wires to the chandelier.

Small fancy cakes may be decorated with jack-o'-lantern faces by using an icing placed in a small tube made of stiff writing paper.

For souvenirs have books made of black paper containing Halloween signs, superstitions and charms printed in red ink.—What to Eat.

### FALLS TO DEATH.

New York Banker Tumbles From Window Into Street.

New York, Oct. 29.—Through a report to the police made 24 hours after his death, it became known to-night that Charles Rapello Henderson, head of the banking firm of R. Henderson & Company, 24 Nassau street, and a director in several of the largest financial institutions of New York, died on Sunday after a fall from the window of his home. There were no witnesses to the accident, and Mr. Henderson lingered only an hour and a half after he was found. He was partly conscious, but his efforts to talk were incoherent, so that no explanation could be obtained from him.

The home of the banker is on the corner of Madison avenue and 65th street.

On Sunday after his breakfast he retired to his room on the second floor. Shortly before noon Mary Lynch, a servant in the house, ran to the other members of the family, telling them that Mr. Henderson was lying in the yard in the rear of the house. He was carried into the house and a physician was summoned.

Mr. Henderson was then in a dying condition. There was an abrasion on the back of the head at the base of the brain. An examination showed that several of his ribs had been broken and he evidently had suffered internal injuries. He mumbled incoherently and lived about an hour after the arrival of the physician.

### RUSSIAN GIRL KIDNAPPED.

Taken Away From Companions at Theatre Door in London.

London, Oct. 28.—Barbara Laponkin, daughter of Alexander Laponkin, ex-Governor of Revel, and whose mother is a Russian Princess, has mysteriously disappeared. Miss Barbara, who is eighteen years old, was visiting London with her younger sister in charge of an English governess, Miss Russell. The trio went to the Aldwych Theatre, Oct. 24, and on coming out Barbara became separated from her companions, and has not been seen since. The governess recently received a note in a handwriting which she recognized as Barbara's, saying that she had been kidnapped and was suffering from a wound. She hinted at suicide.

### REFUSED THE OFFICE.

Bank of Canada Newly Elected Directors Resign.

Winnipeg, Oct. 28.—A number of gentlemen, who were elected directors of the proposed new Bank of Canada at the meeting on Saturday during their absence, have refused to accept the appointment. Among the number are Mr. Edward Brown and Senator Watson, of Portage la Prairie.

## PILES

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for hemorrhoids, itching, bleeding and protruding piles. Testimonials in the Press and from your neighbors about it. You can use it and get relief. Write to Dr. Chase, 50, Adelaide St. East, or Dr. Chase & Co., Toronto.

### DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.



## THANKSGIVING DAY

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ONLY ONE QUALITY  
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