

It was Christmas Eve night. I was in a richly furnished room in a quiet suburb of the city a man sat writing.

Not a sound was heard save the monotonous tick, tick of the clock, and the scratch, scratch, scratch of his pen. The blinds were drawn. The silent street was covered with a layer of unbroken and newly fallen snow.

It was a glorious night—such a night as it must have been 1900 years ago, land. It seemed as if nature was waiting, waiting, for something to happen—but nothing happened.

Inside the pen went scratch, scratch, scratch, and the writer's attention was drawn to the work on hand.

His movements were quiet and methodical, and in keeping with the atmosphere of the blue, buff and official envelopes on the table betrayed his connection with the Civil Service.

"My dear Miss Dunlop—Today, in the ordinary course of official duties, I have been requested to tender you my resignation in accordance with the regulations of the department."

"Your resignation is accepted. There is nothing unusual in such a resignation. You will be glad to hear that your resignation will be accepted."

"I was afflicted with an awful sense of my own meanness, partly real, and partly exaggerated. I was not like an ordinary young man of my age—to be so scolded by her—I am not now your friend."

"I was interested in her. I was not of a forward nature; I had not even asked to initiate her into the mysteries of an electric current, I spoke to her, my heart the while thumping at my very ribs."

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INVESTIGATION.

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SOUTH AFRICAN NIGHT. THE TORTURES THE WOMEN SUFFER

A Stopping Place on the Cape to Cairo Railway—The Passengers. The dark comes down with African swiftness, and at once the train stops for the night at Choma.

Here is a Belgian going to the Congo, manager, of course, of some big rubber plantation or mine, whose wife is brave enough to accompany her husband into an African wilderness.

U. S. Cities Efficiently Protected Against Flames. It is only a matter of recent history since volunteer fire companies have been replaced by drilled and disciplined forces.

Repeat it—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds." Invocatio Olunly Loquitur. When the late William Henry Drummond was perhaps at the zenith of his powers as a poet, seven years ago, he visited Windsor.

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HIS PAINS AND ACHES ALL GONE

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Chas. N. Cyr's Rheumatism. Statement of a Man Who Suffered for a Year From Different Forms of Kidney Disease and Found a Speedy Cure.

HOW NOT TO DO IT. Good Rules For Managing the Furnace. The delicate mechanism, stubborn disposition and inherited contrariness of the common household furnace make it the hardest thing in the house to get along with mechanically speaking.

ABOUT PLAYING CARDS. Their Origin Lies Far Back in the Hidden Antiquity of Asia. A mania for card-playing has existed and still exists the world over, as we well know.

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Germany in the fifteenth century to be used for the same game of "Tarot." France was, as usual, promoting the multiplication of playing cards in every direction.

TO KNEAD BREAD. In Common Use in France—1,000 Pounds Kneaded at a Time. The American Consul at Lyons, France, reports that during September there was an exhibition of mechanical bread kneaders in that city.

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ONTARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO