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The Great English Remedy.
A positive cure for all forms of Sexual Weakness, Mental and Brain Worry, *Emissions, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency*, Effects of Abuse or Excess, all of which lead to Consumption, Infirmity, Insanity and an early grave. Price $1 per pkg., six for $5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain package on receipt of price. Write for Pamphlet.
The Wood Medicine Co., Windsor, Ontario.

BIG MEN WOULD LOSE JOBS

Federation of Maritime Provinces —Tunnelling Strait.

"The federation of the maritime provinces, tunnelling Northumberland Strait so that Prince Edward Island will not be cut off from the other part of the country for three months of the year, as it was last winter, the choice of the G.T.P. terminus, and the workings of the Intercolonial railway, that last year cost the country $2,000,000, are the important subjects at the present time in the eastern provinces," said Rev. Norman Tucker, secretary of the missionary society of the Church of England in Canada, who has returned from a month's vacation in that part of the country.

"The federation of the provinces," he continued, "while all sensible people are in favor of it, is not likely to be realized for some time. As it would do away with a great many big political men, such as two premiers, lieutenant-governors, and all the more subordinate offices that follow in their train, there will no doubt be strong opposition to federation. Beyond a question it would be far better if the three provinces would unite. Prince Edward Island, with a population of 100,000, about one-third of Toronto, has a parliament, premier, lieutenant-governor, etc., and and the other provinces, slightly larger, have the same, each place entailing great expense upon the people.

"Tunnelling Northumberland Strait is what Prince Edward Island people are hoping for after their experience of last winter, when the iceboats failed to give the necessary means of transportation, and when the mails came at intervals of a week. This question has been before the Dominion House for some time, but the great cost, $10,000,000, will be a serious barrier, as the population, which is not increasing, will hardly warrant the enormous outlay.

"St. John and Halifax are working hard to get the G.T.P. terminus, and both are improving their ports in view of getting the coveted prize.

"The Intercolonial, with its deficit of $2,000,000, is a serious problem. Free transportation of officials, overpaid officials, under-priced freight rates and the retention of employees no longer needed other than for party reasons, are some of the leading causes of the unsatisfactory condition of the road."

A Lively Episode

By William J. Lampton.

Copyright, 1905, Samuel J. Tucker.

"Heads you lose," tails I win," said Bob Dalton, holding the shining silver dollar in his fingers.

"Let her go," said I not noticing how he had put it.

"Hold on, there, Bob," Joe Karns broke in, "You don't want to bamboozle the Kid that way. If he can't see through a grindstone when there's a hole in it, we want to get him a new pair of specs.

Bob laughed and nudged me in the ribs at the joke he was bluffing me with. There were three of us away off in a shack in the California mountains hunting for the precious metal that was to make us all rich. We had not found it certainly, but within the week we had struck a lead which was so promising in wealth that we had been compelled to change our arrangements for Christmas. The original intention had been that all three of us, after six months of hard work and complete isolation from humankind, except occasional contact with what was human only by name, should shut up our shack and go down to Ophirville in the valley to spend the week from Christmas to New Years. The discovery of the new lead made it necessary for one of use to remain on guard. At least, we thought it was necessary, though there really was no danger, and the only thing to do during the week was to fight with the loneliness which was the deadliest foe we could encounter. I was the "Kid" of the crowd, as they called me, being only twenty while the other two were fifteen to twenty years older. Joe, the oldest, volunteered to remain on the ground, because, as he said, Christmas was a good deal more to children than it was to grown-ups, but I declined peremptorily to be treated as a child, and demanded that the one to stay be determined by the tossing of the coin. Dalton was the coin-tosser, and it was his manner of casting the die that had called forth the protest of Joe in my favor.

"It will be specs for him," Bob laughed again, "if he gets the job of staying up here for a week by himself while the rest of us are painting old Santy a cheerful crimson down at Ophir.

I felt that myself, for the solitude of the mountains and their unapproachable vastness were getting onto my nerves until I looked forward to this week off as something fairer and better than anything I had ever known. Good, old Joe, whose twenty years of gold hunting had hardened his head, but not his heart, knew how I felt, and was quite ready to let me go, but I was not willing to accept his sacrifice. So we were tossing the coin.

"Heads, the Kid wins," said Joe, and Bobs tossed the coin toward the rough planks that made the ceiling of his shack. I watched it eagerly as it went up, poised a moment, and started back. It fell flat and we crowded around to see what was up.

"Tails, by thunder, and the Kid's lost," said Joe and Dalton laughed. "But don't cry Kid," he went on quickly, noting the look in my eyes, "You've got another chance with me," He picked up the coin and held it ready for the toss. "What do you say this time?"

"You choose," I replied, trying hard to make light of whatever might be the cast.

"All right," he said. "It won't hardly come twice the same, and I choose tails."

The coin went up till it struck the boards and dropped quickly to the floor, striking on its edge, and rolling to one corner, all three of us giving it a chase, stooping low to see what would come when it should lie down. Joe saw first what it was, and I was nearer than Dalton, but Joe wouldn't say anything and I wouldn't.

"Tails it is, and the kid stays," cried Dalton.

Joe swore, and I choked. Dalton came to the front.

"That's too rough on the kid," he said, "and we'll give him another chance. Here, hand me the Judas silver and let me shy it up again."

"No," I protested. "It was a fair deal, and I got what the luck had for me. It's hard, I'll acknowledge, but you two go ahead and I'll stay and keep the lay-out safe till you get back. You can tell me what a good time you had, and that will be my Christmas this year."

They insisted on having another toss, but I persisted in declining it, and it was not until I got hot and began to swear that they left up and began to pack their stuff for a week's outing. I helped them, but in no very cheerful mood, and when at last they moved off down the trail from the shack, leaving me there alone with the grim, gray mountains, I sat down on a snow bank and cried like a baby. It wasn't a manly thing to do, but my manliness had gone all to nerves, and the crying was nature's method of relief. It did me good, too, for presumably, I shook myself out of my tears, got my tools and went to digging.

That night there came a great snow which, added to what we already had, covered the shack clean out of sight in the cove where we had built it, and I had plenty to occupy my mind next day cleaning out paths and getting the snow from around the chimney so I could have a fire. Our shack was a low building of logs chucked up close against the mountain side for protection and it was not unusual for the snow to cover it clean out of sight. About a quarter of a mile above us a train ran up through the gap and this was our nearest approach to civilization.

I was lonely enough, though I kept busy, for the two days before Christmas, but when Christmas eve came and I sat in our den alone in a silence that was simply thunderous, I couldn't stand it, and broke down again, crying as I had done when the boys left me. We had books in plenty, and magazines, for we were not illiterates by a whole lot, but it was hard to get my mind down to reading. As I sat before the blazing wood fire with my book in my lap, and myself as comfortable to all external appearances as any pampered child of luxury might be, I was so dreadfully oppressed that I felt as if the blood would burst out of my body at every pulse throb. There was no sound but the beating of my heart and as I listened to that, it seemed to strike against the drums of my ears with a regular stroke which, in time, began to shape itself into a cadence of "Break, break, break," that would never end. Of course, it was all imagination, for I had been there alone on other occasions, but never on a Christmas eve, and with my feelings at such a low ebb.

"I guess I must have been pretty well fagged out, because presently I fell asleep over my book, and when I awoke, which was probably as late as nine o'clock, my fire was a smouldering ruin, and the place had grown quite chilly. I got up at once to improve matters in that direction, and as I began to stir up the ashes and embers to see what sort of a foundation I had for another fire I was startled by hearing a peculiar noise up the chimney. The snow above me was frozen hard, and anything passing over it might easily make itself heard, but there wasn't anything, as far as I knew, to pass over it. We had no domestic stock, nor were there wild animals of any kind in the mountains about us. As for human beings, there wasn't one nearer than ten miles, and he was a miner who was scarcely human; he had been away from his kind so long. What it was, then, making the sound, I could form no definite idea, and I was just a little afraid to make any noise from where I was, because I was not looking for trouble, though I was amply prepared for any that might come. Indeed, we had arms and ammunition sufficient for a small garrison, and several skins on the walls of the shack bore malodorous testimony to our prowess in hunting expeditions across the range to where there was big game. I thought, perhaps, my visitor might be some one who had heard of our latest find, and was prowling around to get some kind of a grip on it in the supposed absence of the owners, but there was too much disturbance for any one on such a mission, and I laid low and waited for developments.

And I didn't wait long, either, for presently, with a scream that made my hair stand on end and the gooseflesh raise all over my body, while the tingling in the sides of my neck, back of my ears gave me the shivers, something came tumbling down the chimney into the small handful of fire left on the hearth, utterly squelching it for all practical purposes. As for myself, I was so scared that I couldn't move hand or foot for a minute, and felt as if I were in one of those nightmare fits when it is impossible to do anything but be motionless of muscle and mind. If my strange visitor had been an enemy with malicious intentions it would have been all up with me, for before I regained control of myself, the fall from heaven had rolled out of the fire-place to the floor and was standing before me, looking as scared as I knew I was.

"Well, I'll be d——d," were the first words I could utter and as I blurted them out, the object began to cry. "Where the mischief did you come from?" I went on without an effort to comfort the weeper, for I had got as far away from it as the restricted quarters of the shack permitted.

"I-I-I-I got lost," was the sobbing answer I received, and then I gathered my wits and began an investigation.

"What are you?" I asked coming nearer, because it looked like a girl, and I was never afraid of girls.

"You won't kill me, will you?" she asked shrinking away.

"Well, I guess not," I laughed, "I want company too much for that. I'll do everything I can to preserve your life at least till my buddies come back. Don't you know I never was so lonesome in all my life. How are you, anyway?"

The reaction had set in with me, and I was over-doing myself, I knew, but I couldn't help it. My Santa Claus visitor down the chimney was only about ten years old, small for her age, and with the brightest eyes and pinkest cheeks that ever happened in our neighborhood. Her descent through smoke and soot and fire and ashes had damaged her complexion and her clothes somewhat, but I could see that she was a very pretty child, indeed. She shrank further away from me, as I talked, and began to whimper.

"Oh, come off," I cried, "and let up on that. I've been a crybaby myself this evening, and one in the family is enough. Now you sit down here till I get this fire going and fix you something nice and warm to drink. You look like you were half frozen. Ain't it mighty cold out?"

I gave her a big chair made out of a barrel covered with fur, and as I got things ready I made her tell me her story. She was frightened at first, in spite of all my efforts, but she soon became reasonable and rational, and told me that she was with her father and mother coming over the trail through the gap and an accident had happened to their waggon making it necessary for them to go into camp for the night. While looking for a sheltered camping place she had wandered away and got lost.

"When I fell down the chimney and lit in the fire," she said, smiling through the grime on her face, "I thought I had dropped into the bad place and I was just sure you had horns and hoofs and a spiked tail till I got a good look, and I wasn't so frightened any more."

"You are not scared now, are you?" I asked, feeling quite fatherly and sort of pleased with myself for the good impression I had made, or, at least, that I had removed the bad one.

"Oh, no," she laughed, and on the instant her face went into shadow. "But where's pa and ma?" she asked, and began to cry.

"They'll be all right in the morning," I assured her, and handed a steaming hot cup of tea to her. But she refused it, and refused to be comforted until I had agreed to go out into the night and find them for her.

I was not anxious to undertake an expedition of that kind at that hour, but I knew every foot of the way to the trail and along it for miles, and I set out alone to do my duty as a host and as a knight to fair lady. After a mile of the trail I found a team to one side of the road, and then after half an hour's howling through the night, I discovered a man and a woman almost hysterical over a lost child, and liable to freeze to death thinking of her safety instead of their own.

I told them in very short order who I was and what I had at my shack that they were looking for, and I didn't have to coax them very hard to go with me. We put the mother on one of the horses, the father and I taking the other, and we formed a Christmas eve procession down that trail which was really jolly.

At the shack the meeting between parents and child was pathetic enough, but the kid was a nervy little one, and she broke away from her parents and got after me for something to eat and drink after all the excitement.

And what a merry Christmas eve we had. Begun in tears by me, almost in a tragedy by my guests, it went through most of the night to the sound of all the revelry at our command. Our shack was well provided with eatables and drinkables and I placed the larder at the disposal of the celebrators. We sang and told stories and I played the fiddle while the others tried to dance, and when Christmas morning came on the heels of midnight, I don't think anybody down in Ophirville was having a better time than ours.

We curtained off the shack: with a pair of extra blankets, and when the little girl followed her mother into her sleeping apartment, she called back to me: "Don't hang up any stocking for me, and if Santa Claus comes down the chimney you tell him we are very much obliged, but we've had all the Christmas we want this year."

Still we had more the next day, for I would not let them go away, and we had turkey for dinner, which came out of their waggon. I wanted them to stay a whole week with me, but that was quite impossible, and the day after I followed them three miles down the trail before I could say good-bye.

They were going to Ophirville to live, and a month after Dalton and Joe came back, they let me off for a week, and I went to Ophir. A year later the Santa Claus mine was paying its three owners something like fifty thousand a year and we had offices in the town.

Time moved along as it has a habit of doing, each year cementing more closely the friendship brought down my chimney that Christmas eve by Santa Claus, until Mary, or "Santy," as I always called her, was eighteen. She was the sweetest and the prettiest girl in all that region, and when she promised to be my wife I was the happiest man.

Joe and Bob were best men at the wedding, and after the ceremony, Joe turned to me.

"Kid," he said—he always called me Kid—"it's a good thing for you I didn't stay up at the shack for Christmas."

"Oh, oh," cried Mary, making a pretty face at the old chap, and Dalton laughed.

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A ten cent piece for a screw-driver is all you need to take out old and put in new Pandora grates.

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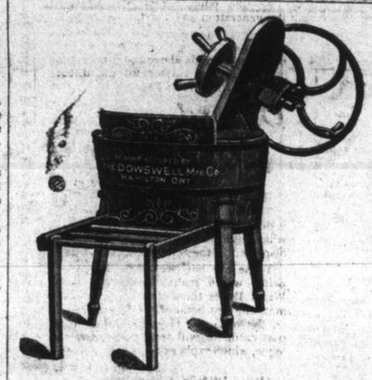

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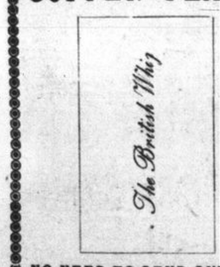

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