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I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failure memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, of the tissues of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of delicate manhood and vigor failure; veritas together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop dragging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, speedily, without touching remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 2314 Levee Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. I will send you a copy of this recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge \$1.00 for money sent out a "Specimen" like this—don't write in haste, I'm true.

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indicates a cheerful household. And the best modern illuminant is the Electric Light—far brighter and better than gas. There is a brilliance that illumines the whole neighborhood from a house electrically lighted. You can read better, write better, see everything better, and it is really far safer and less troublesome than gas lighting. More economical, too.

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THEIR CHRISTMAS GUEST.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

The red farmhouse was set in the midst of a white expanse of snow. The drooping elms protected the roof with widespread arms clothed in ermine and where the crisp wind had blown away the covering the limbs were darkly sketched against the bright blue sky. A thin spiral of smoke drifted up from the big chimney and shimmered away into nothingness.

Loring tramped wearily up the path and turned the corner by the clump of boxwood where a little side porch jutted out to the south. There was a window here filled with red geraniums and the brilliant color seemed to impart warmth to his benumbed body. The steps had been swept clear of snow and he was careful to scrape his boots before he knocked at the door.

The whirring of a sewing machine stopped suddenly and quick steps came across the floor. The door flew open and revealed two faces; that of Miss Anne, timidly expectant, and the fair face of the young girl, hopeful and eager.

"Oh!" they cried in unison and their voices betrayed bitter disappointment.

"We thought it might be the expressman," added Anne, in explanation.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you," said Loring, courteously, as he bowed his head. "As a matter of fact, I came to beg a night's lodging. I have rather a bad knee and it's gone back on me in the midst of a long tramp. I wonder—"

"Come in," interrupted Anne hospitably. "It's bitter cold out to-day and the drifts are awful. We haven't as many fires as we used to keep, but you're welcome to sit and get thawed out."

Robert Loring entered the low-ceilinged sitting-room where a small cylinder stove gave forth welcome heat in the centre of the room. The floor seemed chill and dusky, but in the circle of warmth from the stove it was very comfortable. A sewing machine was drawn within the magic circle and there was a low rocking chair and beside it a huge work basket overflowing with bright bits of silk.

Anne pushed a big rocking chair close to the stove and motioned Loring into it. "Sit close to the fire and get thawed out. Grace will fetch you a glass of currant wine—or maybe you'd rather have a cup of coffee?" She beamed hospitably at him over steel-bowed spectacles that were the color of her silvery hair.

"I would say 'coffee' if it were not 'It does seem an imposition for me to drop in on you in this manner, as I was explaining—"

"It will be no trouble at all. Grace will be glad to make you a cup of coffee."

The fair-haired girl hastened to a tiny cupboard and brought out a small canister and a coffee pot. Miss Anne, excusing herself for a moment, rose and left the room. Loring watched the young girl's graceful movements was suddenly impressed by a painful fact. His hostesses were unmistakably poor. The girl had shaken the last grains of coffee into the pot and filling it with cold water placed it on the top of the cylinder stove. Then she stepped to and from a cupboard to table, laying a meal on a snowy cloth. There were fresh bread and butter, baked apples and some slices of cold ham.

When she had invited him to sit down, Loring arose with many apologies upon his lips. Just then the door opened to admit Miss Anne muffled in shawl and hood and trembling with agitation. She seemed to forget her own presence and her words were addressed to her niece.

"Grace—what do you think has happened? That—that—be's gone!" Her thin hands flew to her face and the tears trickled between her fingers.

"Oh, Aunt Anne!" The girl threw her arm around the older woman's shoulder. "Are you sure? Why he was there not a half hour ago, because I looked at him. How do you suppose he got away?"

"I guess somebody has taken him—he was so fat, too, Grace." Miss Anne sank down in a chair and slowly removed her wraps. "Oh, dear, I'm afraid your coffee will get cold. Sit down and eat your supper, as—"

"Thank you," said Loring, as he obeyed. "I hope you are not in trouble. Miss Anne? Is there anything that I can do to make things right?"

Miss Anne surveyed him with approving eyes. All at once her eyes wrinkled pleasantly and she began to laugh. "Do you think you can discover who stole the white rooster we were going to have for our Christmas dinner? I had him penned up safely and I just went out now to have a look at him and he is gone—the hen house is empty."

"That is too bad. Can't I catch another one for you or was the white rooster especially fattened for the occasion, asked Loring.

Miss Anne hesitated and looked at her niece. But the girl busied with her bright silks did not lift her eyes, a faint color glowed in her cheeks.

"There isn't another chicken about the place," said Miss Anne bluntly. "I may as well say, sir, that it was the last of my flock, that's why it is a disappointment to me."

Loring arose from his chair and reached for his overcoat. "Then it's my place to scour the country-side for one to take its place," he said firmly. "Please don't tell me not to—it's Christmas eve, you know, and there isn't a soul that expects me to do anything and I'd like to feel I was of some use at such a time. I won't return without a bird of some sort if I have to rob a roost myself."

Without waiting to hear their protests, Loring let himself out into the starlit night and plunged into the crisp snow.

Two hours afterward when he returned heavily laden, the windows of the farmhouse glowed pleasantly and seemed to offer a welcome. As he stamped the snow from his feet at the



A SWEATER AND BONNET FOR THE SKATING GILL.

Formal street togs seem out of place on the jolly skating pond, or even at the rink, for no form of athletics requires greater freedom of movement than skating. The trim, well cut coat of the winter suit of serge or some smart two-tone mixed material may be left at home when one goes skating, and a good warm sweater substituted. This splendid skating sweater is knitted with a close, cold-defying stitch and the turtle neck is extra warm. The bonnet is also knitted and is most becoming and coquettish.

side door he heard Miss Anne's voice raised in warm approval.

"Well, now, Grace, I believe the poor fellow will be tickled to death to get that pink book; he said he didn't have any folks—he seems honest enough—"

Loring stumbled into the warm room and let his packages down on to the round table. He held his cold fingers to the heat. "I didn't find the white rooster, but I did corral the plump little white goose you ever saw! It's such a long time since I've prepared for Christmas that once started I couldn't stop, so I went on through the village and bought all the rest of the fixings—I hope you won't object—oh, well, Miss Anne—I shall just take my package and have Christmas by myself in the woods."

Miss Anne's sensitive pride had prompted her to wave aside the proffered tidbits, but as Loring replaced the packages in the basket she watched him all unconscious of the fact that her eyes were wistful. First went the plump goose and following it were turkeys—and celery; a bag of white grapes; another of nuts and a large and tempting box of candy.

With his basket on his arm, Loring turned to the door. "I must thank you for your kindness," he said gravely. "You have taken me in and permitted me to rest when I was cold and tired; and you have offered me the sweetest hospitality. I wish you and Miss Grace the most joyful Christmas you have ever known."

His hand was on the knob when Miss Anne stopped him. "I don't like to have you go like that, sir. You are welcome to remain until you can resume your journey and to our fare, plain as it is—the Leightons have always prided themselves on their hospitality, but of late years—"

"Leighton!" interrupted Loring, opening his overcoat. "Are you Miss Anne Leighton?"

Miss Anne's round eyes opened wide. "Yes—why do you ask?"

Loring took a letter case from an

inner pocket and searched carefully its depths. "You are a cousin to Mr. Joseph Leighton, of Boston? Yes? Very well, my search is ended then. I am Mr. Leighton's private secretary, Robert Loring, and he sent me to seek you out and present this letter. I believe it contains a Christmas gift as well as an offer to make your future home with him. By jove, but it's the nearest chance that led me here. I reached the station all right and hired a man to drive me to your place. He lost his way and we travelled half a day, then he managed to upset me into a snow bank and he made off, leaving me to find my way back to civilization as best I could. You see, fate led me here." He was looking at Grace's downcast face rather than at Miss Anne's excitedly bobbing figure.

"Grace—Leighton—here—we were watching for the expressman, thinking Cousin Josiah was going to send his usual presents of silk waists—and here is his letter and a cheque for fifty dollars. You wished us a joyful Christmas, Mr. Loring; I guess it's going to be one!"

"I have a feeling," said Loring deliberately, "that it is the beginning of many happy Christmases for me."

He was still thoughtfully regarding the sweet profile of the young girl bending over her bright silks.

Politeness of Col. Hughes.

Toronto Star.

For three hundred years French was the official language of England," says Col. Hughes, "yet England survived."

For three hundred years and more the Indians had an official language heretofore and anybody who could not speak it got scalped yet they have gone, the scalps as well as the scalped, and here we are. Here we are on a section of the earth's surface where, as Prof. Coleman will tell you, our tory ancestors fifty thousand years ago slow trilobites with stone hammers and ate them raw from Col. Hughes need not come up from Gitawa to tell the people of North Toronto that from the lessons of his story nothing matters and that they must expect to follow in the way of the Algonquians and the trilobites. Nothing survives without the will to do so. Much does not—that could. As English is the language of Ontario the "people-man" that it shall remain so, even if Col. Hughes feels called upon, as a member of a coalition cabinet, to show his politeness by talking broken English in making political speeches.

Principal J. Campbell, Arnprior public school, laid complaint against Frank W. Watson, an assistant. The board found the assistant was subordinate to both the principal and the education act, and dismissed him. C.P.R. engineers are laying out a new C.P.R. yard below Atterton. A sum of \$300,000 has been set apart for this work, which will be hurried forward.

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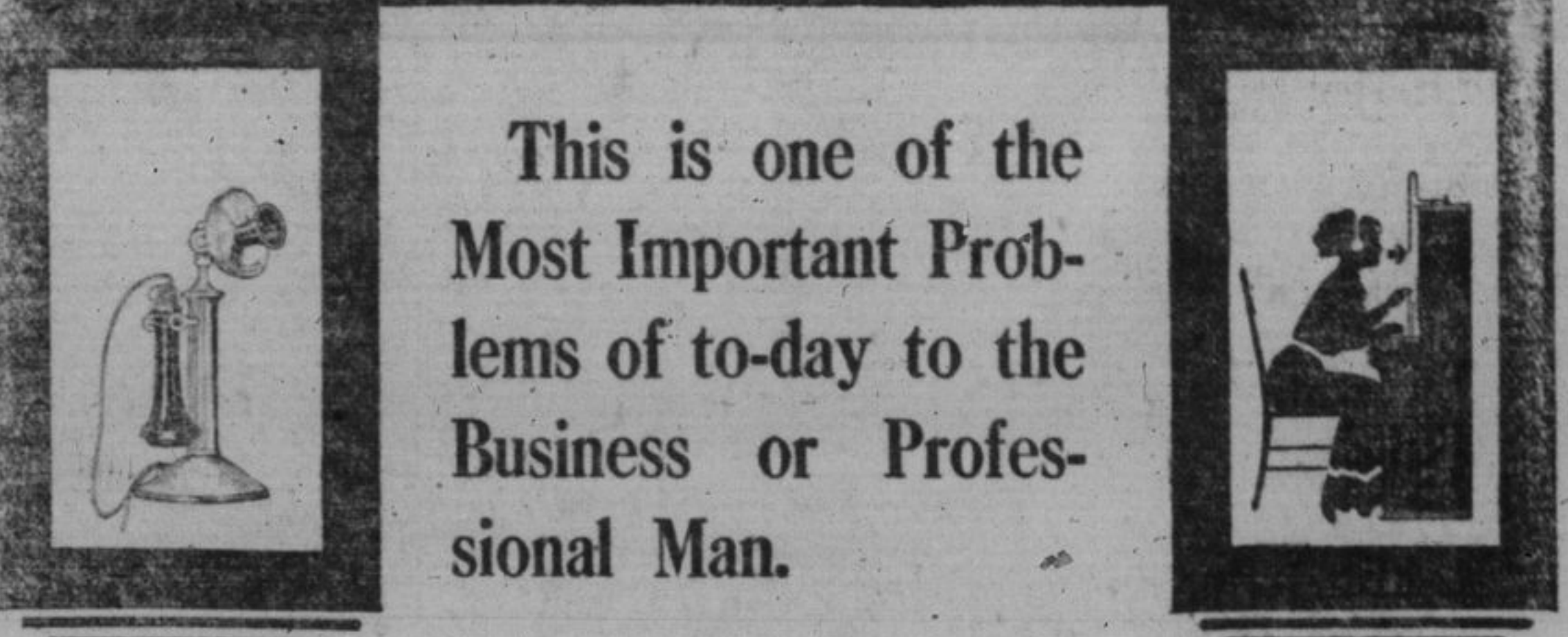
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