

CLEANING HOUSE TIME

is near at hand. The question of what to do with your walls to have them sanitary, neat and attractive, has to be decided. You will not want to use kalsomine, because after it has been on a short time it rubs off on everything that comes in contact with it; and then when you wish to do it over again comes the nasty mass of washing off the old coat, which costs as much as to put it on in the first place. Wall-paper with its mouldy paste is unsanitary, and stops wall respiration. The Doctor says: "Walls to be healthy must breathe."

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is porous cement and admits of the free passage of air. It is permanent, and sanitarians endorse the use of it. Anyone can do plain tinting, and with the aid of instructions we give, and designs we furnish, an ordinary workman can do very nice decorating. Cheaper than paint or paper. ALABASTINE is for sale by all Hardware and Paint Dealers—in packages only. For book of tints and further particulars, write mentioning this paper to

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Her Splendid Inconsistency.
(W. W. Hines in San Francisco Call.)

From the open windows came music by the orchestra in the ballroom on the further side of the house, softened by distance. Moonlight, broken up by intervening trees into bars and splashes of golden radiance, lay all about them as they walked up and down the veranda.

"The right kind of a woman always appreciates a proposal of marriage from any man as a great compliment. Coming from you, it is the much more to be valued, but I cannot marry you," said the woman.

"I have to thank you for having listened to me so patiently. Might I trespass a little more upon your good nature and ask permission to discuss the matter further with you?"

"No amount of discussion can profit either of us, so far as I can see. But, as I have said, in asking me to marry you a great compliment was paid me, and in return for that compliment I suppose that I owe you permission to indulge your love for discussion or argument."

"Thanks for the permission," said the man, still in his stolid manner. "I cannot recognize my proposal as in any sense a compliment, but I am willing that you should, if you wish, take the manner in which I made it as a compliment. Recognizing the splendid development of your own logical faculties, I have made my offer of marriage in perfectly business-like form. I have heard you often declare that a contract of marriage is like any other contract, and should be entered into only when both parties are fully aware of what they are doing."

"Do you think women are ever entirely consistent?" interrupted the woman.

The man looked a trifle surprised, and replied:

"At least I give you credit for having a splendidly consistent mind. You do not mean that I have erred in my manner of proposing, that you would have preferred more of an air of romance, and all that sort of thing? Now the situation is something like this," continued the man, in very much the same tone of voice that he would have used in arguing an important case before the supreme court. "You are twenty-nine or is it thirty?—years old, have a reputation as a beauty, and all that. You can, I know, marry anyone of two or three men who can offer you at least as much as I, but modesty was never a prevailing characteristic of mine, and I have not feared to measure myself with these other men."

"On the other hand, I can give you pretty much anything you desire that costs money."

I stand well in my profession, and have prospects of soon being near the top of it. Altogether, I am satisfied that any one would call it a very suitable match all around."

"Does the prosecution here close its case?" inquired the woman, laughing a little.

"I hardly care to regard the matter as one of prosecution and defence," said the man imperturbably, "but if you wish to use the terms I am forced to admit their applicability. Will the defence rest its case on the testimony submitted by the prosecution, or will it elect to submit an argument?"

"The defence will submit an argument," replied the woman. "I admit that the match would be, as you say, pronounced suitable to everyone. As for the two or three other men whom you aver that I can marry at any time, I cannot answer. I have noticed that the number of my proposals has been falling off of late, and I attributed the fact to advancing age—you are right when you said I was thirty. I may close the discussion by saying that I have made up my mind to become an old maid."

"Far be it from me to say anything against those estimable members of society—the old maids," said the man, "but I do not think you will ever be one of them. A wise man once said that the owl of a monk always hides either a disappointed lover or a great rascal, and while I do not indorse his opinion unqualifiedly, I am firm in the belief that every old maid is a woman who was disappointed in love or who was too cold bloodedly selfish ever to marry. Surely you do not come in either class?"

"No," said the woman reflectively, "I can't say that I do, and yet—"

"Perhaps," said the man, and now his voice was very gentle, as though he feared he might here touch some old wound unwittingly, "there is in your life some romance which I have not guessed. Believe me, I would not wound you for worlds, and I trust you will pardon my clumsy speech."

"Oh, I am not a blighted being, never fear," this with a laugh that did not ring altogether with merriment.

"Then your refusal to marry me is not based upon the ground that you prefer some other man?"

"No, I am not in love—with some other man."

"Then why not marry me?"

"I have given you the best of all a woman's reasons, 'because.'"

"But your refusal of me is final, I take it?"

"Yes"—the "yes" with an almost inaudible sigh, a sigh so nearly inaudible that it did not reach the man.

He had thrown away his cigar and stood for a moment gazing out toward the trees. Then he began to speak, and his voice was harsh with feeling that had been restrained.

"I think I quite forgot to mention one thing in my proposal. I did not say that I loved you very dearly; that, not wishing to be a beggar of love, I have waited all these years to be in a position to offer you the other things which I mentioned as rendering

me eligible for your hand. You, who are so cool and calm, what can you know of love and passion? Now I know that I have worked all these years in vain—no, not altogether in vain—for I am going to kiss you once, here and now, if it means the loss of all the little that is left me of your regard."

He gathered her in his strong arms and kissed her, not once, but many times, on her forehead, on her eyes and on her lips, and then released her, with the full consciousness that he had done an unpardonable thing which he did not regret.

But the woman held out her arms to him, and said:

"Oh, Jack, dear, why didn't you tell me that you loved me at first!"

Bringing the Dead to Life.

An English scientific journal recalls some remarkable cases of resuscitation in discussing the actual danger of premature burial. There is on record the case of a man who was capsized from a sailboat and sank with weights on top of him. With the exception of his left arm he was entirely submerged for almost fifteen minutes; but was revived, though with considerable difficulty, and eventually recovered. Examples of recovery after periods of submersion lasting for twenty minutes, one hour, and even two hours, are recorded. Another interesting case is that of a criminal who was hanged, being suspended for twenty minutes. His death was certified to, and the body removed for post-mortem examination; but while the surgeons were making their preparations for work he suddenly sat up, fully alive, although he afterward died of pulmonary congestion. Another instance relates to the surprising experience of a Russian general who was shot through the head and buried by his orderly, who had satisfied himself that the officer was dead. Two hours afterwards the general reported himself to the Emperor; and it is recorded that he lived for many years, and that he served, incidentally, as a pall-bearer to the orderly who had buried him. Again, there is the case of a man who took 120 grains of chloral with apparently fatal results. His respiration had ceased entirely, the sounds of the heart were imperceptible, and there was no pulse at the wrist. After having been in this condition for some hours he was successfully revived and made a permanent recovery.—"Harpers' Weekly."

Diary of a Mormon.

Monday—I am feeling very tired today. I came home late last night, and was met at the head of the stairs by the entire outfit. This was a case of where there was only one listener, and the lecture was given by the audience. Oh, my!

Tuesday—I wired East today for another carload of cribs. Hope they will get here soon and relieve the pressure. I heard this morning that fourteen kids had begun to cut their teeth. More trouble!

Wednesday—Croup! And only two gallons of ipecac left in town! Well, it might be worse.

Thursday—It is worse.—Five new arrivals last night. Doctors report all doing well. Great Zedediah! I never wake up in the morning that I don't wonder how many more I'll be in the evening.

Friday—Today my nurses struck! Came forward in a body and demanded eight hours a night. As if I could guarantee them anything in the present state of affairs!

Saturday—Spring openings! Today five of my better sixteenths stole away from me while I was snatching much-needed rest and went shopping. I see my finish!—"Life."

A lazy man is no more use than a dead one—and takes up more room.

On To Saint Looey—or Saint Louis.

Swiftly the wonders are gathering where The proud city stands by the Father of Waters; Soon we shall gladly be travelling there With our wives and our wondering sons and fair daughters. The tom-tom ere long will be heard on the Pike, They are getting things fixed to send thrills coursing through us; Soon the glad people may pack up and strike The trail for Saint Looey—or is it Saint Louis?

The wonders are coming from distant Japan, The Sultans are sending their loveliest lusts Descendants of moguls from far Hindustan Will parade down the Pike with big, barefooted Zulus. Zuleima, Fatima, and Selma will peer From behind their frail lattices as we pass through; we Will soon be assembling from far and from near In gala Saint Looey—or is it Saint Louis?

The ladies will squeal and clutch madly at space As the camels on which they have seats begin rising; Ten thousand wild sounds will be filling the place, We shall see wondrous things of man's clever devising. But the most superb thing to be done by the Fair, Which is splendidly planned to impart knowledge to us, Will ledge if mankind may at last find out there If the town is Saint Looey or were Saint Louis.—(S. E. Kiser. in the Chicago Record-Herald.)

A Michigan woman was scanning over the marriage columns of a newspaper, and remarked to her husband, "Here's a strange coincidence—William Strange married to a Martha Strange."

"Strange, indeed," replied her husband, "but I expect the next news will be a little stranger."

Orange Meat
A Perfect Food

CAUTION.

The public are cautioned not to buy a promissory note made at Upper Wicklow dated October 14th, 1901, payable three years from date, for the sum of \$75.00 made by Eber J. Kearney, payable to Wendell Hutchinson and indorsed by him and by Mrs. Mary Hutchinson. The same has been lost and should be returned to the name RUPERT HUTCHINSON. April 20, 1902

LADIES' EMPORIUM.

New Goods.

Infants' White Muslin Dresses, Infants' Cream Cashmere Cloaks, Infants' Silk and Muslin Bonnets, Children's Cashmere Hose, pink, sky, cardinal, cream, tan and black, Children's Muslin Hats, Children's White Dresses, etc.

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CONNELL'S BLOCK,
Woodstock, April 13, 1904.

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Satisfaction guaranteed in quality of stock, workmanship and prices.

Yours truly,
GALLAGHER BROS.

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Woodstock, May 4th, 1904.

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