

BARGAIN SALE

Coats, Suits, Dresses, Skirts, Furs, Neckwear, Belts, Hosiery and Underwear.

Everything going at 20% Discount.

Goods all New and the Latest stylee.

MRS. F. L. MOOERS

Main Street

Woodstock N

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past. Put an eternal now does always last.

—Richard Crashaw.

The Wrong Number Again.

Governor Chambers, of the Toronto Goal, had an amusing telephone conversation recently that illustrates how little one may appreciate to whom he is speaking sometimes. The Governor was sitting in his office when the bell rang. He was surprised to hear the greeting: "Howdy, Guv'nor, is Dot there?" "Dot? Dot?" he replied, "I don't know any Dot." "Ah, gwan, quit yer kiddin'. Dot Dawson. You know. Ain't she there now?" came back the answer. "Well, I'm sure I don't know," said the doctor, "I'll go and look her up," and he kindly went to the records and made a careful search. "No, I don't find her name here," he advised his interrogator. "I don't think she has been here for some time." For goodness' sake, is that Mr. Blands house," came the query. "No-o-o, this is the goal," said the Governor, and the sudden "bing" of the receiver at the other end announced the lady's impatience at being given the wrong exchange.

The Well-Known Emotion.

Love was under discussion, and the time old "When is a man in love?" question came up. "A man is in love," said one, "when it gives him physical pain to tear up the slightest of her notes." "When—but it would be violating confidences to tell other answers. One only, the best, we begged leave to print. "A man isn't really in love," said this romantically astute old gentleman, "until he begins to skip the descriptions of heroines in novels he reads, saying, 'What's the use of reading that? I'll have her looking like Her and talking like Her anyway'."

One might almost do an Elizabethan poem on that.

The Gem of the Collection.

Baron X. had been going over the museum of a little country town, and when about to leave he asked the curator if there was anything more to be seen. "Yes, baron," was the reply; "there remains a little casket." "No doubt used as a deposit for the jewelry of some eminent personage?" inquired the baron. "No, sir; that is where I put the tips given to me by visitors to the museum."

Very Much Happier.

A boy reading the verse, "And those who live in cottages are happier than those who sit on thrones," startled the crowd by reading thus: "And those who live in cottages are happier than those who sit on thorns."

State of Ohio (City of Toledo)

ss

Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON,

Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all-Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

THE STAYING GUEST LURED HOME

Uncle Timothy Doan stood at his front gate, his eyes fixed gloomily down the street in the direction of the station, on his white bearded face a look that bespoke a rather remote expectation.

The evening train from the city was just in, and tired, bundle-laden villagers were hurrying to Laven's of easier shoes and more comfortable clothes. As the last passenger came into sight, Uncle Timothy turned and walked slowly up the path to the house.

"Well, she didn't come," he soliloquized, adding disappointedly, "I don't expect her nohow."

He went to the kitchen, peeled a cold boiled potato, crumbled a handful of crackers into a bowl of milk, buttered some bread, and finally sat down to such a meal as is never prepared except by a man—for himself.

When he was through—and he was through in a surprisingly short time, he put the butter back into the refrigerator and the bread into the box. Then he gathered together his knife and fork and spoon and bowl and dish and piled them in the sink, which was already overflowing with their unwashed companions. "If she don't come pretty soon, I'll sure have to wash up somethin'!" he said quizzically.

A few minutes later he was sitting with his pipe and evening paper. He let the paper slip to the floor when he had finished it, and stoking up his pipe, fell to wondering how much longer his wife would extend her visit. She had expected to stay a week. Former experiences had taught him to hope for nothing short of two. She had been gone just seventeen days.

Mrs. Doan was what the villagers termed a "stayer." Her calls were likely to become visits, her visits temporary residences. She had but to cross some other threshold than her own to lose instantly all her homing instinct.

Uncle Timothy realized that she was a "stayer"; he had often plainly accused her of it. And she admitted it. She no more thought of denying it than Niagara would think of denying its roar. She was Sarah Doan; Sarah Doan was by nature a "stayer"; therefore Sarah Doan stayed! And Sarah Doan never apologized to anybody for her staying; she left that for her husband.

Never before, however, had that husband felt quite so perturbed as now by her habit of lingering. Her present visit was to her nephew, young Stanley Wharton. Stanley had been married little more than a month, his bride being a city-bred girl of some commonsense and reasonable intuition, but with little actual knowledge of the ways of those who come from the country. He wished devoutly that Sarah would not try to initiate the poor child into all their ways at one visitation.

Then there was Fronia, Sarah's twin sister, the mother of Stanley. Suppose she, too, should descend upon Stanley and his Grace! He knew how any third person could desolate a honeymoon, and he had a vague notion of what two such "third persons" as Fronia and Sarah could do to it. He groaned.

If his wife failed to hurry home, at least, the lure of the most fas-

inating visit never prevented her from writing to him. Her letters were strange mixtures of description of her ecjurns and admonitions as to how he was to care for himself. The last letter had come in yesterday's mail. It was copious. Uncle Timothy extracted it from his pocket and read:

"Timothy, you old stay-at-home, you've no idea how many things there are to go to in a city. Why, I believe if I stayed three months there'd be something new every day. We went to a pure food exhibit yesterday that I'd seen in the paper. Grace hadn't noticed it, she said. It seems curious how little she notices. Her being so careless makes me have to watch the papers all the more careful, so's we won't miss anything. The exhibit was in the basement of one of the big department stores, and I don't know when I've had a better time."

"It was plum dark when we got out of there, and Grace was crazy for fear Stanley'd get home before she did. They had lots of new things to eat, and I sure did enjoy myself a tasting them and visiting with the ladies at the different booths. Grace didn't seem much interested. Sometimes I wonder if she's as progressive as she ought to be. However, I noticed she did order a package of everything I'd tasted of, though she didn't taste none herself. . . . Be sure to empty the canned peaches into a deep dish. For goodness sake never try to eat 'em out of the tin, or you'll kill yourself."

"Have shopped all week for my silk waist. Bought it today. It's queer, but Grace never shops for her things. She says she buys what she wants when she sees it. How on earth she knows what's in the various shops I don't see. I hope being with me this week will show her the advantage of looking around. You don't forget the chickens at noon, do you? Some folks may feed theirs twice a day, but I want mine fed three, remember. Grace looks kind of peaked. I think running around with me will do her good. 'Taint best for a woman to stay at home too close. There's a demonstration of cooking bags advertised for tomorrow, and I'm going to take her. . . . Met Louise Filkins on the street the other day. She's picked up several pounds of reddish hair since she left Peterstown, and a grand public manner. Talked to Grace and me as if we was a congregation of some sort. She's at the head of all the women's movements in town. Invited Grace and me to a 'drawing room congress' of some sort the next day. Grace didn't want to go. She says she don't see why women are so crazy to substitute equality for superiority. Pretty good way of putting it, ain't it? But I tell her I'm with the suffrage like I am with cooking bags—if newer notioned folks than me wants to try 'em, let 'em go ahead. I don't expect to, but I want to know how they do it, any way."

"So she went with me, though she said she'd enough rather stay at home and make Stanley's special kind of pudding for him."

That "SALADA" Flavour

The fine flavour and downright goodness of

"SALADA"

Tea will please you. Buy a package to-day from your grocer—you'll like it.

Said she thought she'd be accomplishing more. Queer, ain't it, that she ain't got more ambition? There are times when I don't seem to follow her exactly nor Stanley, either. He's always staring at her so curious when he comes in the evening, as if he expected her to be head-achy, or something and she'll smile back at him as if to say she's all right. I never knew a girl with as little the matter with her. To be sure she ain't what one would call hearty, but why Stanley should keep worrying about her is more than I can see. Have you changed the sheets on your bed? Don't change beds—like you did when I was visiting the Abercrombies—change sheets. Stanley is well. He takes us around of evenings, but he seems preoccupied as if something was on his mind. It's curious what a steady effect marriage has, ain't it? Lovingly, Sarah.

"P.S.—We expect Fronia in a few days."

"Fronie, too!" groaned Uncle Timothy. The two of them certainly would have a "steadying" effect!

To-night as he sat on his porch in the early twilight, his paper at his feet, he was turning over ways and means to get his wife home. He never thought of merely advising her return; he had tried that too often. Once when she was visiting Amy and Andy Mullins in the city, and Andy who was a shrewd old nuisance had immediately come out to the village to visit him he had written Sarah peremptorily demanding her return. She had replied at once, in a single line "Send on my old cloth garters."

He couldn't risk that sort of thing again. Yet something, he argued, must be done.

While he sat there puffing derisively away his gaze fell absently upon the paper at his feet. A ragged clipping had been taken from the centre, with his consent by the carrier who lived next door. The lad was making a collection of coupons with a prize in view. Uncle Timothy sent the paper to his wife each day, and it vexed him that that it been unnecessarily mutilated. The scissors, guided by the outlines of the coupon, had barely missed a heading on the opposite side of the page. The heading read:

WELL-KNOWN CITIZEN FALLS VICTIM to WILES of—

The word which had been clipped off was the name of a new soda-fountain drink which was being pushed by a local druggist. It was the first time the advertisement had appeared in the village paper.

At first the mutilated advertisement meant nothing to him. Then he had his inspiration.

"By Jiminy, it'd fetch her!" he chuckled. "It wouldn't take more'n a week, neither. If she don't come Friday, I'll do it, so help me, I will!"

Excitement was in his eye. He tucked his chin into his breast and chuckled again. Suddenly the chuckle ceased and his face grew grave. "No tellin' what she'll do when she gets here," he mused. "but I guess I can look out for myself. I'll give her till Friday, then I'll—act!"

She had not returned by Friday. Instead she wrote:

Stanley and Grace have an invitation to a masquerade party at the County Club two weeks from to-night, and I have decided to stay over for it. I've always wanted to see one and I have never had the chance. I'm going either as a Court Lady or a milkmaid. I suppose you think I'm an old fool to do it, but I guess powdered hair and plenty of paint will do as much for me as anybody. Stanley and Grace seem a bit surprised. Stanley says he's afraid it will tire me to much. But if I ain't equal to two o'clock in the morning just once in my life I'd better die right now. It won't be any harder on me, as I can see, than catagulating around all day like we've been doing ever since I came and I'm stanping up to that fine. Poor Grace ain't got much staying quality, I'm afraid. About the costumes—Grace is having hers made out of the house, but I told her I couldn't afford that, so I'm going to have a won in come and make mine here. It won't take more than three or four days at the most, so Grace and Stanley won't mind, I'm sure, though some folks do hate to have a seamstress around. Watch out and don't take cold. Go to the restaurant once in a while for a meal. It'll be a change.

"Fronia writes she's likely to come on any minute."

That settled it. Fronia on deck! Sarah as a court lady or a milkmaid! And the party not for two weeks yet!

He took the first mutilated paper which he had shrewdly refrained from sending, and mailed it with two later copies which brought it up to date, taking care to clip all the soda-fountain advertisements from the two last copies.

The display advertisement was discontinued the next day and he purchased an extra copy, sending it unclipped. He followed it up with a clipped one. Then he waited two days, and sent another with a conspicuous hole in it.

His wife's last letter had no mention of any change of plans. It bore the information, however, that Fronia had arrived that evening. Hearing which, he clipped still another paper and sent it on its way.

"To-morrow'll fetch her!" he wagered to himself, and spent that

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