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When you retire you know your house will be comfortable during the rest hours if you have a "Sunshine" in your cellar.

Will burn all night without using much coal, and in the morning you need only pull up the damper chain to produce a quick, strong fire, and enough hot air to heat your house from garret to cellar in a short time.

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because it doesn't pay us to try to fool our customers with kalsomines that decay on the walls and ceilings of your rooms. It is so annoying you know, when they begin to rub and scale off, as they will in time; and then it is such a "nasty muss" to wash and scrape the room when you want to do it over again.

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THE ALABASTINE COMPANY, LIMITED - PARIS, ONT.

THE GUARDIAN'S SHORT STORY

The Passing Of Romance

By W. Crawford Sherlock

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"John, I think it is just dreadful."

"What is that, Mary?" Mr. Atkins laid down his paper with an ill suppressed sigh and turned to his wife, who was busily sewing on the opposite side of the table.

"There you are again, John," returned Mrs. Atkins impatiently. "Frowning like a thunder cloud just because I dared to interrupt your reading that evening paper. It's always the same thing. You have become as settled in your ways as if you were sixty. Now, I think it is dreadful to let ourselves get that way when we've only been married fifteen years."

"What would you suggest, dear?" asked her husband, feeling that the only possible hope he had of resuming his paper lay in mild methods. "I have been under the impression that we were rather a model couple."

"Why, we've lost all the romance of life," retorted his wife. "When we first met, and even after we were married, we used to take nice long walks and drives or go to the theater often. Now we don't do anything but sit around in the evenings, you reading your paper and I sewing until bedtime. It is not right."

Mr. Atkins did not reply, neither did he resume his paper. His wife's remarks had awakened memories of pleasant days of long ago, yet, pleasant as those days had been, the present life suited him better. He loved his home. To him it was the oasis where he could come after a strenuous day in the desert of business life. The quiet smoke and the evening paper after supper, when the children were snug in bed, were sources of keen enjoyment. Being a just man, however, he began to consider the other side of the question. His wife had strenuous days, too, in the home, yet evenings brought no change to her, as it did to him. No wonder she yearned for the romance of former days. She must have some relief from the dull monotony of home life, and he resolved to see to it.

Accordingly the next morning Mr. Atkins purchased tickets for the night performance at the theater. Mrs. Atkins just bubbled over with joy at the

SHE CLUNG TO HER HUSBAND'S ARM AS THEY WALKED DOWN THE STREET.

prospect and became quite girlish as she prepared for the unusual occasion. She clung to her husband's arm as they walked down the street and nestled close to him in the car. The fifteen years of married life were forgotten. The four little Atkinses, slumbering peacefully at home, faded away for the first time in their short lives from their mother's thoughts. Once again was was a blushing girl seated by her lover's side.

The first act of the play was finished, and Mrs. Atkins still dreamed. Then a horrible thought forced itself upon her. In her hurry to dress she had forgotten to give Tommy his medicine. The boy had been sick, and the doctor had told her on no account to fail to give the usual dose at night. This was enough. A crowd of thoughts of household cares surged upon her mind. Was little Mary covered up or had she thrown her covers off and the careless nurse failed to replace them? Had she placed the dough in a warm spot so that it would be light enough in the morning to bake? Had the butcher brought the meat for breakfast and the grocer sent the coffee? She could not remember anything pertaining to her home; she had been so flurried in preparing for the theater.

Romance fled for the time being at least. Mrs. Atkins became once more the mother and the housewife. Upon the plea of a headache she whispered her wish to return home, and her husband, weary of the play and hungry for his cigar and a glance at the evening paper, willingly accompanied her.

The following afternoon, in pursuance of his plan, Mr. Atkins hired a horse and buggy to take his wife out for a drive. Mrs. Atkins, having been previously advised of the arrangement, had so provided for her household duties and the care of the children that no perturbation of mind could possibly arise on those scores. With a buoyant heart she got into the buggy and they drove to the park. Mrs. Atkins felt that nothing could possibly mar the enjoyment of this occasion, but she again reckoned without her host. Time, those fifteen years, had changed her from a slender girl to a rather stout woman, and John had likewise developed into a very corpulent person.

The seat of the buggy was too small for the full enjoyment of the trip. Indeed, it soon became simply torture to Mrs. Atkins as they jolted over some rough places.

"John, I can't stand this any longer," she groaned as the buggy went over a bowlder lying in the road on her husband's side, and his weight pressed her against the side bar of the vehicle so forcibly that she felt sure her hip was dislocated.

"It's pretty rough," assented Mr. Atkins, who was equally as uncomfortable. "Let me slip back, and you sit on the edge of the seat. That'll give us more room."

This arrangement did fairly well for a time until Mrs. Atkins, sitting bolt upright, without any support for her back, began to feel the effects of her strained position. Her husband, thinking only of the days of long ago, placed his disengaged arm around her waist to support her, but his wife decidedly objected.

"It is broad daylight, John," she demurred. "What would people think if they saw us driving in the park in such a way? You forget we are old married people."

"That's what I thought you wanted to forget, Mary," observed her husband, rather relishing the turn affairs had taken.

"So I do," returned Mrs. Atkins severely, "but you know I never allowed you to put your arm around me when any one was present. I think we had better go home."

As they turned into the road that led homeward they noticed a mass of dark clouds that had gathered in the west. Mr. Atkins applied the whip freely, but the liveryman had selected a horse suitable for the use of a middle aged couple, and all the efforts at fast driving were in vain. The big drops began to fall, and then the storm broke in all its fury. They were a mile away from shelter, and Mrs. Atkins would not let her husband drive beneath the overhanging branches of a tree for fear of lightning. The rubber laprobe and the side and back curtains had been forgotten by the man who harnessed up the team. The result was unpleasant. A limp, disconsolate couple alighted at the Atkins home just as the storm broke and the sun streamed forth again.

"Mary," said Mr. Atkins the next morning at the breakfast table, "we've tried the theater and the driving, but they didn't seem to bring as keen enjoyment as they did in years past. This evening we'll take a nice, long walk and see how that works."

"Indeed we won't," declared his wife stifling a groan as a twinge of rheumatism made its presence known. "I've had enough, thank you, and, in future, intend to conduct myself as a woman of forty should do. No more playing I'm young and giddy again for me."

"Thank God," returned Mr. Atkins, fervently and piously.

"I'm pretty stiff myself from that ducking I got last night, but I was determined to get romantic again if I could."

A True Ghost Story.

A lady I met in Ireland related the following facts to me just as they occurred. She was staying at a house near Bardon, County Cork. One evening she was walking up the long carriage drive to the house—it was bright moonlight and nearly as light as day—when she saw a tall figure coming down the narrow footpath beside the "drive" toward her. On coming closer she saw it was a man dressed all in black, wearing a tall silk hat, and she wondered who it could be. His head was bent forward so that the face was in shadow, but as they came close to each other he raised his head and looked at her and showed the most horrible face imaginable. With a gasp of terror, she stepped off the path, and at the same moment he did the same and, putting out a clawlike hand, touched her arm, and as she shrieked out in fear he completely vanished. She did not see him go, but he dissolved like mist. His face was not like that of a human being, and the horror of it was quite indescribable. Her arm that the specter touched was paralyzed and remained so for two weeks after. This apparition had been seen by other people, but only at a distance, and but few believed the stories current about the place being "haunted."—Occult Review.

The Greek Die.

The gold or silver blank, carefully weighed and roughly forged, was heated to redness and laid by tongs on the die. The top was then adjusted and the impression made by mighty blows with a smith's hammer. As no collar was used and all register neglected, the shape, but not the weight, of each coin varied. Parts of the device were often lost. Sometimes the edge of the metal cracked, and very frequently the impression doubled. Later on a hinged adjustment of the dies was used. Greek dies were not made of steel, but of hardened bronze. They soon wore and needed continual restoration and deepening. The die sculptors were therefore constantly at work on them. Careful examinations shows that the dies were mostly cut with a wheel, like gems, not with graving tools. This retouching of the matrices explains the numerous minute variations in duplicates of the same coins. Very few are found exactly alike. On the other hand, it must not be supposed that these exquisite works of art are always much defaced. The hoarding instinct has concealed many that had just left the mint and that preserve all their pristine exquisite sharpness. One of the loveliest of the Syracusan coins was found under some lava in Sicily as perfect as on the day it was struck.

When the Liver is out of Order

calomel, cascara, salts, strong liver pills and purging mineral waters won't do any permanent good.

When a person is bilious, the liver is not giving up enough bile to move the bowels regularly—and some of the bile is being absorbed by the blood. In other words, the liver is in a weakened, unhealthy condition.

Now, purgatives don't act on the liver at all. They merely irritate the bowels, and, afford only temporary relief. But FRUIT-A-TIVES are the one true LIVER TONIC. They act directly on the liver—strengthen and invigorate this vital organ—and put it in a normal, healthy condition.

FRUIT-A-TIVES also stimulate the glands of the skin—and regulate the kidneys and sweeten the stomach. When skin, liver and kidneys are normally healthy, there can be no biliousness, no constipation, no kidney trouble, no impure blood, no headaches.

No other medicine known to science is so reliable and so effective in curing Biliousness as these fruit liver tablets.

FRUIT-A-TIVES are fruit juices with tonics added—and are free from alcohol and dangerous drugs.

50c. a box or 6 for $2.50. Sent on receipt of price, if your druggist does not handle them,

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, OTTAWA.

FOR SALE By Auction

We are authorized by the trustees of Grace Church to sell by public auction that beautiful lot of land situate on Upper Prince St. adjoining the premises of Philip Large, Esq. on the south, having a frontage on Prince Street of 45 ft and running eastwardly 100 ft and on the north by Grace Church. This lot will be sold on the premises, Saturday June 2nd, 1906 at 12 o'clock noon.

Terms at sale.

BENJ. CARTER & CO., 18dttstd Auctioneers.

NEW STOCK.

We have received almost all of our Spring Stock of Boots and Shoes, etc, which we are selling at very moderate prices.

Balance of old stock at big discounts to clear.

J.H. Bell.

Snaps for Thrifty Housewives.

In order to make room for Spring Importations, we will during this month, while they last, clear out the goods enumerated below at the following low prices—:

3 China Dinner Sets, 97 pieces, regular $12.00 for $8.00
12 Semi-Porcelain Dinner Sets, 97 pieces, regular $8.00 for $5.50
7 Semi-Porcelain Dinner Sets, 105 pieces, regular $12.00 for $8.00
8 Semi-Porcelain Dinner Sets, 116 pieces, regular $12.00 for $8.00
10 China Tea Sets, 42 pieces, regular $4.00 for $2.75
38 Chamber Sets, 6 pieces, regular $2.25 for $1.50
0 Chamber Sets, 10 pieces, regular $3.00 for $2.00
Chamber Sets, 10 pieces, regular $4.25 for $3.00

These prices are for spot cash.

JOHN CONNOLLY & Co., Queen St. Ch'town.

Desirable Building Lots in Ch'town for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale the following valuable building lots:

4 lots on the east side of Upper Hillsborough Street each having a frontage on Street of 50 feet and extending back 75 feet.

2 lots on the west side of Orlebar Street each having a frontage on Street of 50 feet and extending back 75 feet.

The said six lots lie immediately north of the residence of Dr. Anderson, lately J.D. Reid.

1 lot on the west side of Upper Hillsborough St., having a frontage on Street of 50 feet and extending back 75 feet. This lot lies immediately opposite the residence of Dr. Anderson.

It is impossible to procure a more desirable locality for residences than these lots afford.

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A Plant Bargain

243 Fruit Plants for $2.75.

Will produce more fruit fresh and green canned than you and your friends can with lots to sell.

The very choicest, newest and most hardy kinds at less than one third price.

GRAPES, one each, Campbell's Early, the new black Concord, black Worder, choice black, Moores Early, fancy early blacks. Niagara, white. Lindley, red.

12 CURRANTS 3 each. Red Cross, new, London Market, new. Cherry, red, Champion the standard black.

50 RASPBERRY. Either London or King the fancy new reds.

25 RASPBERRY Columbian, New heavy cropping purple canner.

50 RASPBERRY. Cumberland, new ma mmoth cropping blackcap.

50 STRAWBERRY. Senator Dunlop, the king of canners.

50 STRAWBERRY. Pride of Michigan, Record for size, quality, crop.

50 STRAWBERRY. President, the new fancy late berry.

Safely packed, and shipped when ready to plant, on receipt of $2.75. CUT THIS ADVT OUT. MAY NOT APPEAR AGAIN. ORDER NOW. You can't get the same value elsewhere for double the price. Send for complete list of plants, potatoes, &c STRAWBERRY PLANTS $1.50 PER 100 UP.

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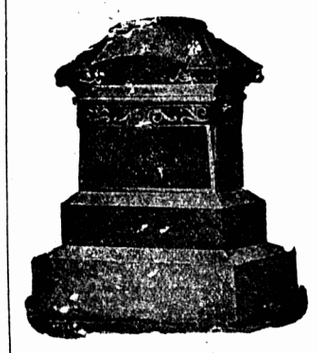

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