

Women Wanted

—who want charming homes

A charming home is the outward expression of a woman's sense of beauty — It is *not* the result of lavish spending.

You can have a beautiful home—every room glowing with warmth and cheerfulness and decorated to harmonize with a general color scheme—if you use

Alabastine

"Alabastine" is the twentieth century finish—something vastly better than paper or kalsomine, because—

Wall paper is placed on a layer of paste—

This is nothing more or less than a nursery for germs and insects—

Besides most wall paper is saturated with arsenic in sufficient quantities to impair health—

Then ordinary kalsomine is bound to chip, blister, crack, peel or rub off—

It's base is only whiting and animal glue—a combination with no solidifying or sanitary qualities.

"Alabastine" has antiseptic properties—

Germs cannot live on or in it. Once the walls of a room are coated with "Alabastine" there is no necessity for re-decoration after sickness.

"Alabastine" has stood the test of time and is to-day more popular than ever—

It is more economical than either wall paper or kalsomine and far more sanitary.

Anybody can apply "Alabastine"—

Just mix with cold water and use a flat bristle brush.

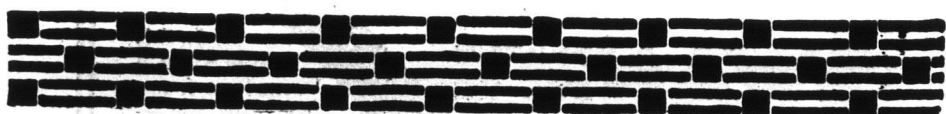
With our numerous tints and white any color scheme can be easily and artistically carried out.

Free Stencils

Our staff of trained decorators will perfect any color scheme for you absolutely free of charge. Also supply free stencils exactly suited for your purpose. Your Hardware or Paint Dealer will supply you with "Alabastine." But write for full particulars, and free booklet.

THE ALABASTINE CO., LTD.,

45 Willow St. - Paris, Canada.



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the story of the North-west is written, the men who tend the sick should have a first place in the array of its heroes.

True to his word, Dick was ready almost within the specified time at the doctor's office, anxious to start back again through the storm to the bedside of his friend. The storm seemed to have abated somewhat however, and he felt determined to be back again by two o'clock. It was now just past eleven. It seemed almost cruelty to drive back thirty miles with so little rest for the team but a human life perhaps depended upon it and so it must be done at all costs.

The hopes regarding the abatement of the storm proved futile however for as soon as they were away from the shelter of the town they realized that it had seered around, so that they had to face it most of the return journey. They faced the problem, however as brave men, knowing that for three hours they were to battle with the elements, and mile after mile to fight their way back again. On—they went, hardly speaking a word because they could not hear above the storm. On, Dick urged his horses, afraid every minute that one would drop from exhaustion, yet bravely did those splendid beasts plow through the snow making almost ten miles an hour.

"But after all would they be too late?"

"Could they possibly reach the shack in time?"

Such were the questions which urged through the mind of the driver as he won each step of that lone, cold, way. Once he wondered whether he was on the trail and the doctor even shouted the question, but he knew the horses would get home somehow so he just let them go into the blackness of the night. Other than this question no word passed for there seemed some power which made conversation impossible. Then after a couple of hours and a half Dick began to see familiar scenes on the road home. Here a light of some lone bachelor or family who were keeping in the fire for the night and were thus late in retiring as a result. Then came the last mile with all flood of anxiety. Never did a mile seem longer to any man as did that one to Tempest. At last it comes to an end and the battle has been won. With a shout of joy he drives into the familiar houseyard and hails the occupants.

With tears welling up in his eyes, Sam came out at the cry and although incredulous, welcomed in the doctor and his neighbor. He was, however, too late for the latter for Dick had already made his way in and almost as one insane he was kneeling beside his sick friend.

With almost breathless silence that little group listened with strained ears and eyes for the result of that fateful diagnosis. After all that fearful struggle, was it too late to save the kid?

"Well!" said the doctor at length with a saddened face, "I think we might be able to pull her through, although she is now very sick. She seems to be passing through a crisis and with very gentle care she may be through in a few hours."

What hours those were and what joy filled that shack when the danger was "Well Dick, thank you old boy!" were the only words Sam could utter through the welling tears. His wife who stood near, radiant with joy at the news, hardly spoke, but just looked her thanks at the man who had saved her child to her.

For some weeks later there hovered between life and death a man in the neighboring shack. The doctor made another trip out and brought with him a nurse who for those weeks tended with loving hands the hero. He had received, what almost proved his death-blow that night, in the effort to save the child, but the happiest day in his whole life was when she came and with prattling smile and footstep gave him the baby kiss.

Another discussion has taken place in the same shack as the one before. A clergyman was present and for his benefit Sam was telling the story for the hundredth time. "Somehow there seems a change in Dick these days for he never gets drunk now!" he commented at length.

To the visitor this was plain, for he had seen similar cases wherein by the act of kindness men's lives had been cultured and polished. To the people who look to the Northwest and who say there are those who live their lives of excess, the story of Dick Tempest emphasizes another point that the great West with its hardship, also polishes the roughest of diamonds.

Earnest Pleas for Spotless Town

"Do not drop the fruit you're eating.

Neighbor mine,
On the sidewalk, sewer, or grating,

Neighbor mine;
But lest you and I should quarrel,

Listen to my little moral,
Go and toss it in the barrel,

Neighbor mine.

"Look! Where'er you drop a paper,

Neighbor mine,
In the wind it cuts a caper,

Neighbor mine;
Down the street it madly courses,

And should fill you with remorse
When you see it scare the horses,

Neighbor mine.

"Paper cans were made for papers,

Neighbor mine,
Let's not have this fact escape us,

Neighbor mine;
And if you will lend a hand,

Soon our city dear shall stand
As the cleanest in the land,

Neighbor mine."

Irish Retort

A pompous physician who was inclined to criticize others was watching a stone-mason build a fence for his neighbor, and thought the mason was using too much mortar. He said,

"Jim, mortar covers up a good many mistakes, does it not?"

"Yes, doctor," replied the mason, "and so does the spade."—Sacred Heart Review.

Smiles

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