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The greatest invention of the age. The cheapest music known. It will play all kinds of music and last a life time. Think of hearing one of the world's greatest singers, sing you a song for LESS than the fifth of a cent. The voice is plain and clear, as though the singer were in the room. Big pipe tones that will make a Highlander's blood tingle and Dialogues that will make the children laugh for days after they have heard them.

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A. HORNE & CO.,
Kent St. Charlottetown.
28th Nov 1904

CANADIAN PACIFIC

100,000,000 ACRES

Of splendid Farm Lands in the CANADIAN NORTH WEST and the Dominion Government Grant to each adult who will use it

160 ACRES FREE.

You can buy the adjoining Quarter Section (160 acres) from \$200 to \$500 an acre, and pay One-Tenth a year, and thus for a very small amount secure a Farm that will pay for itself. Practically no money work. Send for descriptive pamphlets and Maps.

For particulars and to let call on J. M. NICHOLSON, Charlottetown, or W. H. C. POSTER, St. John, N. B.

Are You Doing All You Can For Your Boy?

Have you been thinking for some time you ought to get something for your boy? He don't look well nor sleep well nor eat right. He often complains of feeling tired and out of sorts, his face is flushed and his hot. Sometimes he is sick at the stomach, wants to vomit, has headache and often is feverish. Perhaps you feel that way yourself. If you do, you have dyspepsia and catarrh of the stomach. This may be your boy's case. Don't neglect your boy any longer. Don't let him suffer and grow tall and lose his bright boyish ways, and right now take care of your own health. Let father and son as well as mother and the girls use Smith's Triple Cure. This great remedy makes rich, red blood, drives out catarrh, cures dyspepsia, and gives life and energy to tired nerves. Smith's Triple Cure will bring you around all right. You don't need to employ a doctor, for Smith's Triple Cure will do all that a doctor can do, and more. It strikes right the first time. It goes right to work making pure, rich blood and toning up the nerves, stomach and digestive organs. Smith's Triple Cure is a positive cure for all forms of catarrh, dyspepsia and blood troubles. Every package contains four separate preparations, a grand new system, price only 50 cents for full two weeks' treatment, the greatest value for the money ever offered. If your druggist won't supply you, send us 25 two-cent stamps and we will promptly send it post-paid and guarantee safe delivery. Address W. F. Smith Co., 185 St. James St., Montreal.

BEAVER FLOUR

a blend of Manitoba Spring Wheat and Ontario Fall Wheat in the right proportions of each, makes perfect bread—whitest, lightest, most inviting and nutritious. Beaver Flour will make your baking successful. Ask your grocer for it.

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Regulated and rendered healthy and active by an occasional dose of

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For Sick headache, Bilious attacks, Constipation; Foul and Disordered Stomachs they have no equal.

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DOMINION OF CANADA

Province of Prince Edward Island

In the Supreme Court

Alexander MacDougall and Orlion Letourneau—Judgment Creditors and Daniel MacLaren—Judgment Debtor.

Upon reading the affidavit of Alexander MacDougall one of the above named judgment creditors sworn hereto in on the 28th day of October last past (A. D. 1904) I do order that all debts due and owing or accruing or becoming due to the said Daniel MacLaren the above named judgment debtor from any person or persons firm or corporation within the said Province of Prince Edward Island be attached to answer the debt or claim alleged to be due to the above named judgment creditors from the above named judgment debtor and I do further order that this order shall be sufficiently served upon any person or persons, firm or corporation within the said Province of Prince Edward Island who is indebted to or liable to pay a sum or sums of money to the said judgment debtor by publishing a copy hereof in The Charlottetown Guardian Newspaper published in Charlottetown for two successive issues of said Newspaper, and I do further order that a copy of this order shall be served on the said judgment debtor within five days after the first publication hereof in the said Newspaper in the same manner as a writ of summons out of this Honorable Court may be served.

Dated this first day of November, A. D. 1904.

(Signed) E. J. HODGSON, J.

NEW CAB SERVICE

I have decided to begin in the city and suburbs an up-to-date cab service. Passengers, baggage etc., will be conveyed to boats, trains or anywhere else desired. Orders left at McDonald & McKinnon's Drug Store or at the tables, Sydney Street, near Stevenson's Corner will receive prompt attention.

J. M. NICHOLSON.
Telephone No. 253.

Windsor Salt

used in homes all over Canada where purity is appreciated. It will not cake.

THE GUARDIAN SHORT STORY

The Price of A Threat

By ALEC BRUCE

Copyright, 1904, by Alec Bruce

"Marie! You are in trouble, ma'anselle! Your face, it is so white!" whispered Pierrot, stepping noiselessly toward her on the little sawdust circle before the performers' entrance.

"Oul, oul! I—I am in trouble—grave trouble, Pierrot," she answered brokenly.

"Ah, ma'anselle, and you know not what to do? That is it?" he questioned quickly and inquiringly with his earnest, searching little eyes. "But, Marie, ma'anselle," he muttered, stepping closer to her, so close that she felt the warmth of his breath on her cheek, "maybe you'd Pierrot might know—if you would tell him, hey?"

"Ah, Pierrot, non!" she faltered, covering her face with her hands. "You—you could not, non, you—you!—No other words would come. Her lips quivered. Her eyes filled.

"Marie, Marie," he urged, "maybe I—I ah, you think not, hey? And his broad breast swelled with a smothered love, a love that had known no utterance, for he was "Pierrot, the fool," a groom! And she? She was "Ma'anselle Mirabeau, premier equestrienne," in Barkalow's big circus ring.

Suddenly ting-ting, ting-ting-ting! "Ma'anselle, ma'anselle," whispered warningly, "the first bell! You hear? Thirty minutes and you go on. Just thirty, Marie!"

But still she did not answer.

"Ah, I am only Pierrot, Pierrot, the fool," he murmured, "and you—you will not tell a fool, ma'anselle. No, no. Why should you?"

"Pierrot!" From her tear dimmed eyes she dropped two small, pink starfish hands and faced him. "Pierrot, a fool? You said a fool!" she quavered.

"Ah, to ma'anselle you must not say so once again. I know you. A fool? Non, non! You say I will not tell you, I will not trust you, non, non! Leesten, leesten! That Hercules, the dead weight lifter, bah!" and she shuddered violently.

Again, today, he says, "Ma'anselle, you will marry me, oui? Already six times he has said so. Oh, Lala, how persistent! Ah, Pierrot, you do not know. And for answer I say: "M'sieur, no-no. No-no-no!" Six times I say so, and of him I think no more. But today, today, it is different. I am afraid. He looks so black, so terrible when he says "Ma'anselle, you will marry me. No? Ah, no more trifling, I say, none at all. Gif me your answer. You haf till 7 o'clock tonight; that is all! And Pierrot, number eight on the programme, oui, number eight, tonight! Look at it, and—and you will understand!"

"Number eight, ma'anselle, number eight on the programme, tonight? I have one somewhere," he mumbled, searching doubtfully among the frilled yards of red, white and blue at his pockets. "Ah!" At last with trembling fingers he unfolded the crushed crimson sheet. "Hercules, Hercules, Hercules! The dead weight lifter! Tonight, tonight, tonight!" it read. "Head downward from a swinging trapeze twenty feet above the circus ring this worldwide champion will dangle in his teeth 100 pounds of solid steel. Is that all? No! We tell you no! But see for yourselves the most marvelous sight ever seen. From a ring beneath the suspended weight he will hold fast the added burden of our premier equestrienne, and backward and forward in midair she will swing and hang until at length she drops, dancing and pirouetting on her galloping steed below."

"Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!" muttered Pierrot when he had read the bill. "I understand, I understand, ma'anselle. Tonight you must answer 'Oul,' or he will drop the dead weight from his teeth when you hang below!"

"Pierrot, Pierrot," she cried, "I cannot! I will not perform tonight! Sed—see—I tremble; I could not stand; I could not ride Comanche Bill. I must beg off. I am sick. I—I will tell the manager!"

"Ma'anselle! No, no, ma'anselle; one moment, one moment!" cautioned Pierrot, detaining her and pressing his hand against the crimson diamond on his forehead.

"But, Pierrot, Pierrot," she insisted, "I must, I must, I—"

"Non, non, ma'anselle, you must not!" he whispered. "I have it; Pierrot has it!" And again he glanced tentatively at the programme. "Blen, blen, I have it! In number seven you ride Comanche Bill. Ride him, ma'anselle. Pironette! Jump! Jump through the drum. I hold it, ma'anselle. Look, number seven, 'Mirabeau on Comanche Bill.' Bah! beg off? Non, non! Trust Pierrot. Have no fear. You will not swing from Hercules' weight!"

"But, Pierrot, how? How? You must tell me!"

"Ting-ting, ting-ting-ting!"

"Second bell, ma'anselle," he interrupted, "second bell!" and, grasping the curtains, he peeped through the faded stage. "Ah, the tiers; they are black with people—black, ma'anselle! There is no time, no time to tell. Trust Pierrot, trust, trust!" And in a moment he was gone.

Fifteen minutes later, with an angry scowl, Hercules, the dead weight lifter, raised the flap of the manager's tent and entered. "Sir," he announced, "my weight—my weight! It is stolen. Some prowlers, curse them! T—the last moment foot!"

"Stolen, stolen!" repeated the manager in his highest key. "By heavens, man, and we have 3,000 unbelievers in that tent all waiting to see your act. We've posted 1,000 bills; we've advertised it for a month. We've—we've—Hercules, what is to be done?"

"Well, sir," growled the champion darkly, "it ain't my fault. No, sir! But there's one way out of it; one way, I think."

"What way?" snapped the manager.

"It's—it's the papier mache weight, sir; light as a feather. I—I used to practice with it," stammered Hercules.

"But they—they wouldn't know it from the real thing, sir; not on your life. Gif two of the grooms, Dan'l and Pete, sir; I know 'em well enough. They'll perpsure an' putrend a bit when they bring it on. Saves the idee, hey? I reckon you do, sir—ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the manager heartily. "Splendid, Hercules, splendid. 'I'll write to Barkalow. You get a bonus for this—ha, ha! And we can stave off challenges for one night, eh? Tomorrow we'll invite inspection. Very good, sir, v-very good, indeed!"

And so it was arranged.

Came 8 o'clock dinging and dying amid railway siding sounds, and six items, like show in a tropical sun, had melted from Barkalow's big wonder list. Comanche Bill, pink nosed and plumed, with Mirabeau, was prancing around the mammoth ring. Whoop, whoop, whoop, whoop! Crack! Crack! Through ribbon ring after ribbon ring the ma'anselle jumped, landing alway fair and dancing on her plush platform saddle. Suddenly whoop, whoop, ewish! A tissue drum went into shreds, and Pierrot stepped down from his pedestal and looked proudly at the lady. "Hurrah, hurrah!" The audience cheered and clapped their hands. "Well done, well done!"

But now it was number eight on the programme, and all eyes were focused on the performers' entrance.

"Hercules, Hercules!" The excited whisper gathered force and chased along and up and down the tiers. Jauntily the manager advanced and made a brief announcement. Two blue coated, quick action grooms spread out a brilliant carpet star, and two others, red faced and with straining arms and shoulders doubled over, brought on the plaything of the giant.

"Ha!" In a moment he was there before them, snalling and bowing, a spangled vision in scarlet and gold, a miracle of physical strength and bigness. He stretched out his long right arm, his left, too, and the muscles of them rose up like plated whiplords. Then he breathed, and every man breathed with him. He broke a poker across his thigh, and the cheers rang wild and deafening. He looked at the weight, at the trapeze above, at ma'anselle with critical eye, and again the audience cheered. If before they had doubted the claims in number eight, it was evident now that they believed.

Mirabeau? White as chalk beneath her mask, she held her breath and glared from her steed at Pierrot. And Pierrot? Eyes bulging outward, he transfixed the little trapdoor in the ceiling below the orchestra stand.

Suddenly the giant stepped before the weight and faced the high priced seats. Above his head he raised his hands. "Once, twice, thrice!" On the third call he would swing and grasp and juggle with the dead weight as with a toy.

Click! Click!

Pierrot, and only Pierrot, heard it. The violins and the flutes were hurting their sound, and the clown's heart thumped his chest like a drumstick beating the time.

Click! Click!

Up went the trapdoor, and a boy, a very little boy, battled, but with a sun-criped thatch of curly hair, struggled through the ring. For a moment he hesitated, blinking his big blue eyes in the glare of light; then quick as a flash he was over on the big carpet star.

"Pierrot, Pierrot," breathed ma'anselle, squeezing the cold fingers resting on her saddle.

"Once, twice—once, twice—whooplah!" shouted Hercules, bending swiftly and throwing his mighty arms between his legs.

But the boy was first. In his tiny hand he grasped the weight and, hoisting it to his slender shoulder, sped with it like a startled hare across the ring and out through the quivering curtain.

"Ah, ha! Ha, ha, ha!" It was one brief trickle of laughter accentuating the intense silence that followed, for in the thrill of a duty it all happened, and no one had attempted to stop him.

Rat-tat-tat!

"Now, all together!" commanded the leader of the orchestra, coming gallantly to the rescue, and a bunch of mandolins and violins ripped the air. But music had no charms for the outraged audience, and at last the storm broke. Loud, long and deep voiced it raged—ribald laughter, shrill jeers, dark threats and hisses like the angry exhaust of steam.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" In vain did the manager attempt to stem the avalanche, but like sick man's whisper against a battery cannon he explained and apologies melted on soundless lips.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, one minute, and I will explain, I—"

"Ye's can't do it! Ye's can't do it!" piped a thin, querulous voice.

"Tricksters! Swindlers! Money back! Money back! Boo for Barkalow!" chorused the galleries.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, I must tell you—I must tell you!"

"Tell nuthin', nuthin' at all!" volleyed the leaders. "Square the deal at number eight an' screw out yer lights!"

"Gentlemen, order, order!"

"Hiss, hiss, hiss-s-s-s! Square the deal at number eight!"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!"

"Hiss, hiss, hiss-s-s-s!"

And in the ticket office a few minutes later, though he knew it not, the manager was paying back the fabulous price of a threat.

New Use for Stethoscope

The province of the stethoscope has been enlarged. It is a simple looking instrument, which is usually carried by doctors in their hats, and has long been known to the medical profession as a useful means of detecting such simple dangers as heart disease and lung affections.

A medical man near Edinburgh, has not successfully diagnosed a complicated burglary of long-standing by its means.

The occupants of the house adjoining the doctor's are away for a holiday, and yesterday he thought he heard sounds in it. He paid little attention to them at first, but ultimately he became suspicious, and decided to apply his stethoscope to the party-wall.

He then distinctly heard a low cough and several yawns. He at once sent for the police, who, with the aid of some workmen, surrounded the house.

Two of the constables got in by a window and confronted two men, who had evidently been making themselves at home.

One of the men at once sprang to his feet, and leveling a revolver at them, ordered them to make way. The police, however, closed with the men, and secured them.

The men had apparently been living in the house for some time. Every portable piece of furniture had been packed up ready for removal, and the structure itself had been damaged maliciously.

The revolver, which was part of the booty, was found to be unloaded.

Another War in South Africa.

A man who is a resident of Natal and is at present in England on business, states that England's next piece of work in South Africa will be a serious "scrimmage" with the natives, that this fight is inevitable, and from one point of view it will do a great deal to consolidate the Boers and Britishers as one people, but the difficulty he sees will be the desire of the natives, who betrayed them at every point in the late war, between Boer and Kaffir there is "no quarter," and to a great extent it will mean a war of extermination. Truly Canada must appear as a haven of peace to the would-be colonist, as compared to South Africa, with its native problem, and Australia with its tyranny of labor organizations.

An Insultation.

Miss Elderleigh—I suppose smokeless powder will reveal the horrors of war?

Mr. Knox—Yes; but it will never be able to conceal the ravages of time.

JURY DISAGREES.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 31. The fourth trial of former Mayor A. A. Ames, for illegally receiving money from women, resulted today in a disagreement. The jury, after having been out seventy hours, reported its inability to agree, and the court discharged the jurors.

BABY'S BIRTH A TRYING TIME

Made Easy if the Mother Prepares Her System With a Bracing Treatment of FERROZONE

A Womanly Tonic that Up-lifts, Vitalizes, and Strengthens.

You immediately experience a real gain in power and strength from using Ferrozone, which is a true nerve and blood tonic. It effects permanent cures unparalleled in the history of medicine. Ferrozone supplies the essentials of life that are exhausted by over-work, over-indigestion or high living. It contains just what every run-down system lacks.

By instilling new strength into the blood, Ferrozone benefits the whole body. Digestion improves, the eyes sparkle, the cheeks glow with girlish beauty. Normal powers are restored to the regenerative organs, the nerves are recharged with energy, making the sufferer conscious that direct benefit is resulting from Ferrozone.

There is no greater boon to suffering women than Ferrozone. It changes the system with the snap and fire of youth, builds up firm tissues, rounds out the form until perfect womanhood is attained.

Ferrozone is the one safe tonic for ladies to use, because it contains no alcohol or dangerous drugs. Growing girls, young women, expectant mothers—every female will derive unquestionable benefit from this grand restorative. Prepared only in tablet form, 50c per box of fifty tablets or in bottles for \$2.00, at all dealers, or N. C. Pulsion & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

FOOTBALL.

Fourth Championship Game in P. E. I. League Series

Abegweits vs Victorias, SATURDAY, AT 3 O'CLOCK

C. A. A. GROUNDS

Admission, including grand stand, 20c.



Miss Rose Peterson, Secretary Parkdale Tennis Club, Chicago, from experience advises all young girls who have pains and sickness peculiar to their sex, to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

How many beautiful young girls develop into worn, listless and hopeless women, simply because sufficient attention has not been paid to their physical development. No woman is exempt from physical weakness and periodic pain, and young girls just budding into womanhood should be carefully guided physically as well as morally.

If you know of any young lady who is sick, and needs motherly advice, ask her to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., who will give her advice free, from a source of knowledge which is unequalled in the country. Do not hesitate about stating details which one may not like to talk about, and which are essential for a full understanding of the case.



Miss Hannah E. Merston, Collingswood, N. J., says:

"I thought I would write and tell you that, by following your kind advice, I feel like a new person. I was always thin and delicate, and so weak that I could hardly do anything. Menstruation was irregular.

"I tried a bottle of your Vegetable Compound and began to feel better right away. I continued its use, and am now well and strong, and menstruate regularly. I cannot say enough for what your medicine did for me."

How Mrs. Pinkham Helped Fannie Kumpfe

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it is my duty to write and tell you of the benefit I have derived from your advice and the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The pains in my back and womb have all left me, and my menstrual trouble is corrected. I am very thankful for the good advice you gave me, and I shall recommend your medicine to all who suffer from female weakness."—Miss FANNIE KUMPF, 1922 Chester St., Little Rock, Ark. (Dec. 16, 1900.)

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure any woman in the land who suffers from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, kidney troubles, nervous excitability, nervous prostration, and all forms of woman's special ills.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

PRODUCE OR CASH WANTED

in payment of our Fall accounts, now ready for distribution.

As we only can count definitely on one month more for shipping, please don't delay, but bring along what you have to dispose of now.

WRIGHT BROS.,

VICTORIA.

Nov 1st 1904.

Kensington Sash and Door Factory.

Planing Mills, Lumber Yard

If you contemplate building or repairing, give us a call.

If you want an estimate on any kind of a building, give us a call.

If you want hard or soft coal, give us a call.

Better give us a call anyway. We keep in stock everything in the shape lumber either rough or manufactured at prices that defy competition.

M. F. Schurman & Co.