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Pretty Cushion Tops, stamped with any of the following town names:

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Name enclosed in a garland of tinted Autumn Maple leaves. State whether tan or cream color preferred.

Weeks & Co.,
Charlottetown.
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BILIOUSNESS.

Biliousness means that your liver is sick and out of order, and you are cross and cranky, can't eat, have a bad, nasty tasting mouth, and are sick all over. To neglect biliousness will result in congestion, loss of appetite, torpidity, and bad feelings. Restore the liver to health by using Smith's Pile and Butternut Pills, which cure biliousness in one night, give your liver healthy action, assist digestion, clean up your tarred and coated tongue, and give new life and energy to tired nerves. These little pills will accomplish more in a few days toward making you feel better than a bushel of nerve pills. They restore the liver and stomach to normal activity, and they positively cure constipation, biliousness, headache in one night. Price 25c cents at dealers. All genuine signed W. F. Smith.

SMITH'S BUCHU LITHIA PILLS
A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND ALL FORMS OF KIDNEY AND BLADDER ILLS.
AT ALL DEALERS—25 CENTS.
A CURE AT THE PEOPLES PRICE.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
MAKES YOUR CAKES LIGHT.
MAKES YOUR BISCUITS LIGHT.
MAKES YOUR BUNS LIGHT.
MAKES YOUR LABOR LIGHT.
MAKES YOUR EXPENSES LIGHT.
Order from your Grocer.
E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

STOMACH and Bowel Troubles,
Torpid Liver, Sick Headache, Constipation and Biliousness, speedily cured by
McGALE'S BUTTERNUT PILLS
They are safe and prompt, free from Calomel or any mercurial preparation, can be taken at any time and in any climate. They are prepared with a concentrated extract made from the *Butternut* and scientifically combined with other vegetable principles that make them without doubt one of the best Liver, Stomach and Bowel Pills now before the public.
For sale everywhere, 25c per box, or by mail on receipt of price.
STANTON'S PAIN RELIEF.
A family remedy for internal and external use. Cures Rheumatism, Colic, Sprains, Neuralgia. For sale everywhere, price 25c per bottle.
Sole Importers, THE WINGATE CHEMICAL Co. Limited, Montreal, Canada.

FOR HOME COOKS
"Beaver" Flour is the flour for home baking—for women who take pride in their culinary skill, and their ability to run the house economically.
BEAVER FLOUR
is a blend of Manitoba Spring Wheat and Ontario Fall Wheat. It makes bread, rolls, cake and pies that every good cook delights to serve. It yields MORE bread to the barrel than any other brand.
Order "Beaver" Flour next time—and see how much more inviting and toothsome is everything you bake.
AT YOUR GROCER'S

FERROVIM TRADE MARK
A TONIC FOR ALL.
It makes new blood
It invigorates
It strengthens
It builds
BONE AND MUSCLE
Faced with the greatest advantage by all weak people. Prevents fainting, makes pallid cheeks into rosy ones.
Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal.

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 & McCinnon's Drug Store or at the tables, Sydney Street, near Stevenson's Corner will receive prompt attention.
J. M. NICHOLSON.
Telephone No. 253.
1-2d-1 yr

THE GUARDIAN SHORT STORY

Buttercups And Daisies

By Kate M. Cleary
Copyright, 1904, by Kate M. Cleary

Jocelyn glanced at the tiny clock on her dresser.

"Seven ten" she said, "I'll have time to answer that letter before I get the dishes washed!"

Her task was accomplished with brisk dexterity. To be sure, there were not many dishes to be washed—one cup, one saucer, one spoon, one plate, one knife, one fork.

"Quite an old maid's outfit!" she said, with a little grimace as she rinsed out the diminutive teapot and set it on the shelf with the china. "Now to tell Ned, dear old Ned, that—that oh, how would a girl in a story refuse to marry a man that was quite the best fellow she knew, only—only—"

She read Edward Ford's letter through again, as though seeking some suggestion as to the most delicate and decisive manner in which she could decline his proposal.

"It was a charming letter—simple, manly and straightforward. He loved her—he had always loved her. She must know that. There never had been another girl for him. There never could or would be while life lasted, whether she made him happy or bade him wait—or even should she answer no. He had wanted to speak when she came up to work in the city, but had not felt free to do so, having others dependent upon him. But now that his dear mother's sufferings were ended and that his sister had married and possessed a home of her own he was able to follow the dictates of his heart. The old place needed a mistress. It was very beautiful just then, he added. The syringa hedge was white with blossom. You couldn't see the road for the clematis and seven sisters rose across the porch.

The girl, sitting at the window of the lodging house, looked out at the dirty Nottingham lace curtains of the lodging house across the street and then after over a wilderness of irregular brick walls and smoking chimneys with eyes grown suddenly wistful. How she hated it all! Even if she could keep this fresh and dainty—this tiny room she called her own!

Maplewood! The big, comfortable country house, set back in rich orchard lands! She used to laugh at the quaint, prim, low ceiled rooms, with their air of rigid order, of sedateness. Now she fancied them as a sweet, cool refuge. If there were only some fresh swisses and silklike draperies around, and magazines and a lot of light, cretonne pillows, what an ideal home it would be! She would do the dining room in yellow, as it was on the north side of the house, and—

The clanging gong of a fire engine passing in the street below startled her from her dream. She straightened up with a little jerk and glanced around the shabby little room, with the crude paper, the aggressive carpet, the cheap pine furniture, and her trunk in the corner. It was here she was going to remain—here. She had no intention of marrying Ned Ford. So she hastily dipped her pen in the ink bottle on the window sill, steadied her portfolio on her knee and began to write:

Dear Ned—I have your letter, and I'm sorry, sorry, so sorry you wrote it! Not that I don't want you to be fond of me. I do. It seems sometimes as if I'm millions of miles away from any one who ever cared a pin for me. But it isn't any use your loving me—that way. Don't think there's any one else. There isn't. Two men have asked me the same question since I've been earning my living in town. But I couldn't care for either the tiniest bit. And I care for you—only, not in the way I ought to—

She shot a look at the little clock—jumped to her feet.

"Seven ten, still!"

She grabbed her hat, hastily put it on, adjusted her veil with a glance at the pretty, pale face that looked back at her from the glass with quite a frightened expression, and caught up her gloves.

"Mercy! I must have forgotten to wind the clock. I was to turn it last night. I'll be late as usual as fate!"

The cars were crowded, and she had to stand all the way to the store. She was late and was not only docked, but received a reprimand from the head of the department. There was a great establishment was thronged with sight-seers and shoppers. The heat of the day increased, and what with the close, sultry warmth, the worry over the episode of the morning and the incessant demands upon her attention at a splitting headache began to torture the girl. She found it hard to retain her usual calm courtesy of manner when a fashionably dressed woman upon whom she had been waiting announced loudly and with a suspicious glance in her direction that she had missed her pocketbook.

"I had it a moment ago. I just laid it down here!" she explained to the floorwalker who had hurried up. "This young lady was waiting on me!"

"It may have been taken to the lost and found department. If you will come with me, madam!"

She reluctantly accompanied him. And when a few minutes later she re-passed the counter carrying her reclaimed property the look she sent Jocelyn Duane was as vindictive as though she still harbored doubt of her innocence.

"Pleasant life, this!" the girl murmured. Being independent was not all it was cracked up to be she was de-

clining when a gentle voice spoke. "Gloves—54!"

"Yes, madam! What shade do you prefer?"

"Goodness," cried the new customer, "if it isn't Jocelyn Duane!"

A plump little woman, holding a plump little baby, sat beside the counter. The wholesome tan of the country was on her cheek, and the joy of living shone in her soft brown eyes.

"Why, Mary Andrews!" Jocelyn greeted her gladly. "It does seem good to see any one from Maplewood! I heard you were married soon after I left. And this is your child? What a darling!"

"Isn't he?" said the mother proudly. "John thinks there never was such a boy. He came up to the convention, and of course we had to come along. You look awfully stylish, Jocelyn—and pretty. You're prettier than ever. But—my, you're thin!"

"How is every one at Maplewood?" Jocelyn asked hastily, busying herself with the gloves.

"Blooming—all that are left. We've had some deaths, you know. Poor Mrs. Ford is gone. They do say that Ellie Moore would willingly be mistress of Ned's fine old house now!"

"Ellie Moore?" repeated Jocelyn. She flushed hotly. There was a queer ache in her throat. What right had Ellie Moore—or any other girl—

"She's a rich girl—and not bad looking! Tan, please! How queer it seems to be buying gloves from you! Yes, those will do. I must hurry. This young man is getting impatient. I suppose you'll never condescend to come to Maplewood again, Jocelyn?"

Jocelyn laughed in a sudden, breathless, happy fashion.

"Perhaps I shall!" she said.

When she opened the door of her ugly little room, that evening a miracle of loveliness met her gaze. In the pitcher on the window sill was an immense bunch of daisies and buttercups—a blaze of snow and gold.

"A splendid looking young gentleman brought them," the maid said when questioned. "He said I was to put them in water in your room. And he left a card with writing on it."

Jocelyn's tired face glowed as she read the penciled lines:

I couldn't bear to read your answer. I followed my letter in person. Will call at 8 this evening.

Jocelyn went to her portfolio, took out a half written sheet of note paper and tore it into minute pieces. Then she knelt down by the window and laid her hot cheek against the cool velvet of the flowers. And all the dull, monotonous, dreary present fell away from her. She was not an independent young working woman. She was a happy girl again among the fields at home—loved, admired, protected.

Such magic had they wrought!

And when she dressed herself in her prettiest gown of blue and silver it was a girl with stary eyes and rose red cheeks who smiled proudly back at her from the mirror.

"Ellie Moore," she said—"Ellie Moore, indeed! The very idea!"

She looked so radiant and so lofty when she swept into the parlor that the stalwart young fellow striding across the room to meet her felt his heart sink.

"Jocelyn," he said, "I've come for my answer."

She smiled tenderly and touched the blooms thrust in her belt.

"Oh, Jocelyn!" he whispered, "his eyes kindling. "Oh, Jocelyn—dearest!"

Constipation

Fruit is nature's laxative. Plenty of fruit will prevent Constipation, but won't cure it. Why? Because the laxative principles of fruit are held in peculiar combination and are very mild.

After years of labor, an Ottawa physician accidentally discovered the secret process by which

Fruit-atives

or Fruit Liver Tablets
are made. He used fruit juices, but by combining them in a peculiar way, their action on the liver, kidneys, stomach and skin is increased many times.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" TABLETS contain all the medical properties of fruit—are a mild and gentle laxative—and the only permanent cure for Constipation, Torpid Liver, Sick Headaches, Bad Stomach and Kidney Troubles.

All druggists have them. 50 cents a box.

FRUITATIVES, Limited, OTTAWA.

HERCULES WIRE BEDS

The patent weave in these celebrate Spring Beds renders them five times stronger than the ordinary, and the kind-interlaced with copper wire are absolutely guaranteed not to sag or become baggy. Nos. 10 and 91 are the numbers made expressly for us.

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commends itself to those contemplating insurance.

The liberal conditions of the policy contract, the absolute security of fund, and the excellent results obtained, make it a most desirable company to do business with.

All approved forms of policy issued at favorable rates.

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Asbestos Lined irons sad hold the heat twice as long as the common sad iron. Call and see them.
For sale by

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WALKER'S CORNER.

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Lynch & Co

To Fishermen: It may seem quite favor to your name and address so that we may from time to time mail you information of value.

To Fishermen: It may seem quite All correspondence answered. Price sent on Commission, different or better than you have experienced. We are established 41 YEARS and refer you for standing to Dun's Mercantile Agency, Bradstreet or the Market and Fulton National Bank, or any wholesale dealer in the city.

Send for our "Custom's Tariff on Fish," Booklet, containing valuable information for Fishermen.

18 Fulton Fish Market, NEW YORK.

Every Tenth Shirt FREE

From Saturday morning Nov. 5th, Sat. until Dec. 3rd 10 p.m., we will present, to every tenth buyer of any kind of shirt in our store the one of his choice FREE.

We will keep a list which will be open for examination to any customer after December 3rd.

Nobody will know anything whatever how near or how far he is from the tenth shirt.

Even the purchaser will know nothing until his purchase is wrapped up and he is told that it is FREE.

We are doing this simply as an advertisement, only unlike most ads, you profit by it directly.

You May be the Tenth Man!

And we will increase our volume of business, so it will be profitable to us both.

Our shirt stock is one of the largest and freshest in the province, and comprises the pick from the best makers such as W. G. & R., Tooke Bros., and other first class makers.

CANNED CHICKEN

We have a nice quality in 2 lb tins put up by W. A. Leard, Bellevue.

It is highly recommended and the price is only 22c per tin.

Jenkins & Son

Sales exceed that of any other in the Lower Provinces.

Choicest growth of India and Ceylon.

Rocky Point Ferry.

Until further notice the Steamer "Blith" will sail as follows:

Leave Ch. Town.	Leave Rocky Point
7:30 a. m.	8:00 a. m.
8:30 a. m.	9 a. m.
9:30 a. m.	10 a. m.
11 a. m.	12 noon
2 p. m.	2:30 p. m.
3 p. m.	3:30 p. m.
4 p. m.	4:30 p. m.
5 p. m.	5:30 p. m.

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107 Fulton Market New York, Wholesale Commission Fish Dealer.

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Bass, Smelts and Eels a Specialty. All correspondence promptly answered. Stencils sent on application.

S. B. WILEY & SONS,
Boston, Mass., Transfer Agents, References: Colonial Trust Co., "Borough Bank of Brooklyn" or any Wholesale Fish House in the United States.
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Eastern Steamship Co'y.

INTERNATIONAL DIVISION
WINTER REDUCED RATES.
Effective to May 1st, 1905.
St. John, to Portland, \$5.00.
St. John, to Boston, \$5.50.
Commencing Monday, November 14, 1904, Steamers "Calvin Austin" and "St. Croix" leave St. John at 8 a. m. (Atlantic Standard) Mondays and Thursdays for Lubec, Eastport, Portland and Boston.

RETURNING
From Boston at 9 a. m., via Portland, Eastport and Lubec, Mondays, and Thursdays.

Passengers arriving at St. John on evening previous to sailings can go direct to steamer and take cabin berth or stateroom for the trip.

All cargo, except live stock, via the steamers of this Company is insured against fire and marine risk.
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Personal attention given to the sales of Butter, Eggs, Hogs, Poultry, Fruit, Vegetables, etc. etc. Proceeds of sales remitted promptly. Market prices sent on application. Consignments solicited.
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