

THE HOME CIRCLE.

(Continued from Page 3.)

Inches in width. The first band was stitched on directly above the hem, which was three inches deep, a two-inch space, being left between each band. The girdle, was of the gingham stiffened in the middle of the back and boned. The bodice was made with a deep V-shaped yoke back and front, this vest, as it might be called, extending almost to the girdle. The material was tucked at the shoulders back and front, the tucking only extending to yoke depth and the gingham was not used for the sleeves, which were of sheer lawn covered with ruffles of narrow valenciennes lace. The yoke had a collar and upper part of the insertion, below which were little frills of the gathered lace matching the sleeves.

The second drawing shows another smart design for a gown of light character, this model being in light-blue linen. Small white linen buttons and pipings of white ornamented the gown, which was made with a princess paneled front. There was a deep pointed yoke of fine white batiste embroidery, the elbow sleeves also being finished by a ruff of three-inch embroidery to match. These sleeves were tucked crosswise a few inches from the inner seam, the lower part being shaped as shown in the sketch and piped with white liner. The waist had a separate piece of the bias linen, as shown in the drawing, set on either side of the front, this piece being carried out by a paneled front to the skirt. This bodice trimming and panel was outlined by the white piping and ornamented by groups of tiny white buttons. This style would also be very effective in plain or checked gingham piped in black, tiny black buttons also being used.

D. J. ROY DALE.

THE GUARDIAN'S SHORT STORY

WOMAN PROPOSES

By BEATRICE STURGES

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For the first two years after she entered Stuart Lee's office as stenographer Miss Atherton's desk was placed so that every time she glanced up she saw the back of his head. This oft recurring incident, coupled with the fact that it was a very good looking head, well set on a pair of stalwart shoulders, probably had much to do with the state of affairs at the end of six months. Even in that time she had learned to distinguish his step from the dozens of others that traversed the same hall, to watch for his smile of greeting and to listen to his cheery "Good morning" as he took off his hat and rolled up the cover of his desk. Then she would take a good look at the smoothly brushed yellow hair and turn again to her work, which consisted of copying out long contracts and other tiresome legal forms.

Stuart Lee was a lawyer and had bent all his young efforts so hard toward success that it was beginning to come his way. At the end of two years he took larger offices, allowing himself the luxurious necessity of a private room. Miss Atherton then had charge of the large outside room, the second stenographer and the office boy. She saw more people and received more salary, but she missed the closer comradeship of the old days and the familiar sight of a blond head rising firmly above blue serge shoulders. She kept on loving him, though, for the simple feminine reason that she couldn't help it.

Sometimes Lee gave her dictations that would take up an hour or more, and then he would make her rest a bit and chat with him before she started

office in a southern state and her brother who had won recognition for bravery in the Philippines; how she had been suddenly obliged to work after her father's death and stenography was the most immediate thing, but that she had no intention of being a stenographer all her life.

When he asked her what she would do or what she wanted to do she first looked at him and then blushed deeply, looking out of his window toward the Pallades, and he felt strangely disturbed. He had accepted her in his office as a matter of course. Companionship with her on that basis seemed natural and easy, but he was a man of reserve, and a departure from the conservative routine disquieted his phlegmatic nature. Their conversation kept the old friendly tone of everyday banter and comprehension, but there was a subtle difference, and he began to feel her presence more and more.

Finally one spring afternoon when the sun was flooding his office with a primrose yellow glow she looked in and asked if she might talk with him. "Why, certainly," he responded, with a smile, "and I wish you would sit in that yellow light. It just suits you in that brown dress."

She sat down, but did not speak at first. Her lips trembled, and she seemed to be seeking courage from the yellow sky. Suddenly she turned to him. "Mr. Lee," she said, "I have been with you four years."

"Is it as long as that?" he questioned. "Four years this day."

"They have been busy years," he said, "and, I hope, happy ones." "Yes, they were happy," she answered slowly as a pink flush spread over her face. "But now I must go away."

"Go away? Leave me? Why, Helen, you mustn't. I can't spare you. Where would you go?"

"I am going to get married."

"Married? He brought out the word incredulously. "Why, I thought—"

Here he broke off and walked to the window, where he stood, his hands in his pockets, gazing moodily across the river.

She sat silent until he turned to her again. "Why do you do this?" he questioned.

Womanlike, she began with the reasons she felt least. "Because I want a home. I am all by myself, and I am tired of living in a boarding house. It is nothing but a travesty on life for a domestic woman to divide her time between an office and a boarding house. Besides, I have worked for four years, and I want to stop for awhile."

"Just for awhile?" "Yes, for I mean to study law and keep my other work in practice so I can help."

"Help? Whom?" "Help—him."

"He is a lawyer, then?" Lee almost choked over the question. "Yes."

"What is he like? Is he all right? Is he worthy of you?"

She looked at him, he thought a little sadly. "Like? He is the finest man in the whole world."

He walked swiftly to her. "But, Helen, Helen!" he exclaimed, "I don't understand it at all. I thought you were happy here, and I supposed, of course, you understood things. I'm lonely too. I haven't had a home for six years, and I thought that some day—Helen, don't you mind leaving me? Won't you miss me at all? Haven't you seen, girl, what you are to me?"

He took her hands and drew her up beside him. "Didn't you know, Helen?" "Know what?" She lifted her brown eyes to his.

"That I love you and want you to be mine."

"You never said so," she answered. "That's because I thought you knew and because I always blunder. I need somebody with me all the time. I need you, Helen. You're the biggest part of my life. Come and make a home for me."

He folded her suddenly in his arms, and his heart thrilled as he felt her lean on him.

"Sweetheart," he whispered, "I love you! I love you!"

She lifted her face to his. "Dear," she breathed so softly that he had to lean to catch it, "I have loved you for four years."

He held her close in the gathering dusk for one ecstatic moment. Then she drew away. He came back to earth slowly. Not letting her go, he looked away and out of the window, where the golden light had been merged into a dull purple streaked with red and where the evening star gleamed radiant in the upper blue. "This is my chap," he began.

"What other chap?" she asked. "The one you were—were going to marry?"

She raised on her tiptoes and kissed him. "There's only one," she whispered, "and it's you."

Then she led into the other office. "Everybody says that Lee's wife is the better lawyer of the two."

Butter in Holland. In various parts of Holland are "butter control stations," which are described in detail by the agricultural editors. A chemist is at the head of each station, with a staff of analysts and inspectors, instructed by the chemist, unexpecting, to collect samples of butter, and all materials used in it. These samples are analyzed, and the results are registered, so that the officials connected with the "control" know almost exactly what the chemical composition is of the butter at each creamery, etc., and at any time of the year.

HONORABLE JOHN COSTIGAN

New Brunswick's "Grand Old Man" comes out strongly in favor of "Fruit-a-tives."

Who has not heard of the Honorable John Costigan? He is to-day one of the most powerful, as well as one of the oldest, figures in Canadian politics. He was one of Sir John Macdonald's ablest lieutenants, and for nearly 20 years held various portfolios in the cabinet.

To-day at the age of 71, he is the idol of the electors of New Brunswick, and a power to be always reckoned with in Parliament. His rugged eloquence—biting sarcasm—and ready repartee—make him at once the dread of his opponents and the delight of his conferees.

When a public man of the Hon. John Costigan's position voluntarily testifies to the marvelous cure effected by "Fruit-a-tives," it is bound to carry convincing weight with the whole Canadian people.

OTTAWA, ONT., 232 Cooper St., Jan. 8th, 1906.



You know what fearful trouble I have had all my life time from constipation. I have been a dreadful sufferer from chronic constipation for over thirty years and I have been treated by many physicians and I have taken many kinds of proprietary medicines without any benefit whatever. I took a pill for a long time which was prescribed by the late Dr. C. R. Church, of Ottawa. Also for many months I took a pill prescribed by Dr. A. F. Rogers, of Ottawa. Nothing seemed to do me any good. Finally I was advised by Dr. Rogers to try "Fruit-a-tives" and after taking them for a few months I feel I am completely well from this horrible complaint. I have had no trouble with this complaint now for a long time, and I can certainly state that "Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine I ever took that did me any positive good for constipation. I can conscientiously recommend "Fruit-a-tives" to the public as, in my opinion, it is the finest medicine ever produced.

(Signed) JOHN COSTIGAN.



Was ever medicine put to a severer test than this? Here was great Public Official, who had suffered for more than 30 years with Chronic Constipation. The leading physicians of Ottawa prescribed for him without affording any permanent relief. Finally, as a last resort, "Fruit-a-tives" were ordered. And in THREE MONTHS, Mr. Costigan WAS WELL.

"Fruit-a-tives" did in THREE MONTHS, what doctors and drugs failed to do in THIRTY YEARS. "Fruit-a-tives" are the most perfect combination known to medical science. They are fruit juices, concentrated and combined with tonic and internal antiseptics. Unlike liver pills, anti-bilious pills and all preparations containing calomel, cascara, senna, licorice, etc.—"Fruit-a-tives" act like fruit DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER. They cleanse this organ to vigorous health—strengthen it—and increase the flow of bile. It is the bile, given up by the liver, which enters the bowels and makes them move. Unless the liver is active and excretes sufficient bile to move the bowels regularly and satisfactorily every day, there is bound to be constipation. And the only remedy that

will cure Constipation is one that puts the liver in a healthy, active condition as "Fruit-a-tives" do. Do you suffer with Chronic Constipation? Are you bilious? Is the liver inactive? Is the stomach out of order? Does the head ache? Do your kidneys trouble you? Is the skin disfigured with pimples? Is the appetite poor? Take "Fruit-a-tives." They sweeten the stomach—regulate the liver, kidneys and bowels—clear the skin—and build up, strengthen and invigorate the whole system. One box will prove their value. 50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price if your druggist does not handle them.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, OTTAWA.

Fruit-a-tives OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS" Fruit-a-tives will cure the worst case of Chronic Constipation and Biliousness. Because Fruit-a-tives are the true liver tonic. They strengthen and invigorate the liver—make the liver give up enough bile to move the bowels regularly. The bile is nature's laxative.

Fruit-a-tives are the finest Kidney and Bladder Remedy in the world. Fruit-a-tives reduce inflammation and congestion—relieve the over-supply of blood—enable the kidneys to filter the system of waste—and thus prevent the formation of uric acid. Fruit-a-tives take away that pain in the back—and quickly cure irritated Bladder.

Fruit-a-tives completely cure Headaches and Rheumatism. Headaches and Rheumatism both mean poisoned blood. Either the skin, kidneys or bowels are not ridding the system of waste matter. Fruit-a-tives invigorate and strengthen these organs—start up healthy, normal action—rid the system of uric acid. Fruit-a-tives take away that pain in the back—and quickly cure irritated Bladder.

Fruit-a-tives are the ideal tonic for everyone. Fruit-a-tives build up, strengthen and invigorate. They sharpen the appetite—clear the nerves—enable one to sleep well—and keep the whole system in perfect health. They are fruit juices concentrated and combined with tonic and internal antiseptics. 50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price if your druggist does not handle them.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED OTTAWA. Fruit-a-tives build up, strengthen and invigorate. They sharpen the appetite—clear the nerves—enable one to sleep well—and keep the whole system in perfect health. They are fruit juices concentrated and combined with tonic and internal antiseptics. 50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price if your druggist does not handle them.

HARD COAL TO ARRIVE. The "Calabria" is due to arrive from New York during the latter part of June with a specially selected cargo of about 700 tons Anthracite in egg and chestnut sizes. This cargo will be sold at very low possible price while discharging. Book your orders at once as prices advance each month. PEAKE BROS & CO. 210 St. John St.

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It's the Quality OF Nova Scotia Carriages that has made them easy to sell. (People are willing to pay the extra price to get "Nova Scotia.") The Nova Scotia Carriage Co. Limited, Kentville, N. S.

The Frost Wood & Co. Ltd. Agents for P. E. I.

Big SHOE POLISH. IN PATENTED SAFETY BOX. Makes polishing your own shoes a pleasure. No chance to smear your fingers with the paste. Gives a high, lasting polish, with very little rubbing. It is black, not blue. DOMESTIC SPECIALTY CO. HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Iron-Ox TABLETS CURE Constipation. By going to the root of the trouble. They produce a healthy, strong, normal action of bowels and liver. 50 Iron-Ox Tablets in a handy aluminum pocket case, 35 cents at all druggists, or by mail. Ask for our special 50 cent trial package. The Iron-Ox Remedy Co., Detroit, Mich.

For sale, and Recommended by Apothecaries' Hall, Johnson & Johnson, A. W. Reddin, J. G. Jamieson, and in Summerside at Gourlie's Drugstore.

Farm for Sale at Little York. John H. Gill offers his farm of 127 acres within 5 1/2 miles of Ch'town and the half mile of Railway Station. The farm is in a high state of cultivation, well watered, and fenced live fence black-thorn. Good buildings. Come and see this offer. With or without 18d westwif

Timothy Carrol, Agent, Ch'town.



"MARRIED!" HE BROUGHT OUT THE WORD BORDOLOUSLY.

to work again. At other times he would ask her advice in the matter of an office boy or as to the choice of two samples for a summer suit or whether he looked fit to make a call without getting his hair cut, and he would sometimes lay a case before her to get another point of view.

To all of these friendly manifestations she responded gladly, with an inward thrill at the pleasingly intimate basis on which it seemed to place their relations. Then this friendly glow would be suddenly chilled by a sweeping realization of the fact that she was only his stenographer and that he probably talked to her during the day because there was no one else at hand. Still there had been times when he impulsively called her into his room to watch a thunderstorm or an unusually beautiful sunset across the Hudson, and, standing close beside him at the window, she wondered if he had not felt some of the emotion that throbbled in her own pulses. If he did, however, he never spoke, and so the most gorgeous sunset was veiled in a gray mist for her, and it was a long time before a gold lined cloud appeared on her own horizon.

That was when she overheard a fragmentary conversation between Lee and one of his friends. In reply to some remark Lee had said, "I don't know what I would do without her."

The other laughed and responded: "Well, she's too pretty a girl to spend her life in an office. Somebody will be carrying her off some day."

Lee's reply ended indistinctly in "stop it some way" as he closed his desk with a bang, and as they passed out the door she heard the friend laugh again and say, "Do it yourself, eh?"

From that day she was a changed girl. She moved as one with a purpose, and yet there was a dreamy softness in her face and manner that seemed to envelop her as an atmosphere. Lee, looking at her closely, wondered that he had not realized how creamy was her skin, how deep her dark eyes and how fascinating the gold and copper lights in her brown hair. Gradually she told him about herself; that it was her grandfather who had won a certain gallant fight for the Confederacy, her father who had held an honorable

Royal Household Flour Best for Bread & Pastry. THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO. LTD. MONTREAL.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS. ANY one numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 32nd, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, on the 1st of January 1906, of one-quarter section of 160 acres more or less.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY TENDER. Sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned and marked on the outside "Tender for Car Shop at Charlottetown, P. E. I." will be received up to and including Tuesday, September 19th, 1906, for the construction of a Car Shop at Charlottetown, P. E. I.

IRISH! In Ireland they know a good thing when they see it. Here is an extract from a letter from a large Flour Milling Co. in Belfast: "There are some districts in Ireland where it is impossible to get 'Sunbeam' Flour. Monday's enquiries were for 5,000 bags." Light bread, flaky and wholesome pastry, dainty biscuits and cakes are the results of using "SUNBEAM" flour.

A Baker in Your Home. Buying Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas is like having a master baker in the house. These dainty biscuits come to you, as crisp and inviting as if hot from the ovens. Air-tight, moisture-proof packages retain all the pristine freshness—whether you live one mile or ten thousand from Stratford. Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas are a treat in biscuits. They look so good—and taste so good—that the first box will make your appetite captive. "MOONEY'S"—remember—when ordering. Your grocer should have them—in the popular lunch pails. MOONEY BISCUIT & CANDY CO. STRATFORD, CANADA.