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**Pork—
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 Charlottetown.

S. S. City of Ghent 1909

Will sail from Halifax every Tuesday morning at 7 A. M., Calling at Sheet Harbour, Isaac's Harbour, Canso, Arichat, West Arichat, Port Hawksbury, Summerside, alternate trips Port Hood and Cape George, arriving at Charlottetown Wednesday evening.
 For further information—

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OVERCOMING HER PREJUDICE.

The Wooing of a Big Man and a Mite of a Woman.

By OLIVE ADAMS.
 (Copyright, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.)

He had always declared that he would not marry a small woman. No diminutive creature of scanty stature could ever grace his home.
 She, on her part, had been quite sure that she disliked big men. No weighty giant, towering far above her, could ever capture and hold her heart.
 Yet fate threw them together, and neither one felt comfortable. They seemed strangely antagonistic one to the other, and yet there was something in their innermost selves that was kin.
 He, busy day after day in his law office, found his thoughts and fancies continually, unaccountably, straying to the memory of her delicate head and yet more delicate fingers.
 She, painting away, as always, wondered why the recollection of his big frame and strong featured face should haunt her. She, half indignant, tried to conquer the persistent recollection by working harder than ever.
 He, in a way wiser, yielded to his strange fancies and paid her a studio call. Her greeting was cordial, but they were long silent.
 At last he invited her to take a walk. The dusk was falling. The avenue gleamed with myriad lights, presenting an alluring vista. For nearly an hour they walked, she taking hasty steps to each of the long, swinging strides into which he had naturally and unconsciously fallen. By and by, unreasonably irritated, she came to a sudden halt.

"There can't be much sympathy between our natures," she said sharply. "They say that people who can't keep



HER PURE, CLEAR PROFILE WAS OUTLINED AGAINST THE DARK WINDOW.

step comfortably are out of tune somehow. We're not even walking in the same key."
 "Let's try again," he laughed, with gay good humor, "I'll accommodate my steps to yours politely, as I should have done long ago. See how nicely I can do it."

He minced along with determination, keeping time with her tripping steps. The effect was so ridiculous that she yielded to impulsive laughter.

"No, no," she cried, still smiling. "We won't try your plan any longer. Let's be natural and 'gang our ain gait' in peace."

"The truest friendships are built on that plan," he answered with meaning, but she was silent.

As for the man, he no longer desired to conquer the new, strange fancies. They had become too sweet. She was wondering why his quiet glance could cause her heart to dance.

But the walk was pleasant, and other walks followed. They spent one long, perfect autumn Sunday in the country, walking through the golden hours and fields together. Night found them a long way from the city, far too distant to walk home again. They waited at a little wayside station for the train that should bear them thither. Both were silent, wrapped in the dreamy, trance-like happiness that is too eloquent for speech. Presently, however, she broke the soft silence with her thrilling laugh.

"What is it, little comrade?" for so he had elected to call her.

"We haven't quarreled once today over keeping step," she said, still smiling. "I wonder what has come over us."

"Love," was his unexpected answer. But she shrank farther away in the sheltering darkness, and his heart felt a strange chill. The next moment the train rushed noisily down upon them, and in the crowded, uncomfortable day-coach they occupied they were again silent.

She was sitting beside him. The

on a level with his shoulder, leaned against the red plush seat back. Her pure, clear profile was outlined against the dark window. He watched her with the hunger of suddenly recognized worship. He did not know that she, wide awake in all but outer seeing, glared in his glance. She would not, could not, give up her profession for marriage, but still how good it would seem to rest in his love.

And then suddenly there was a wild shriek from the engine, a jarring collision, a horrible grinding stop and an utter desolation of blackness. She knew that something awful had happened, that she was losing control of her senses, but this was all.

When she opened her eyes the black sky, star studded, impenetrable, was above her. The man of whom had been her last conscious thought came between the sky and her puzzled gaze. Then she saw the long train, dim, shadow-like, uncertain, stretched out darkly before her. She knew that lights flashed about, voices cried, moans shook the silence. And then, with a sharp twinge of suffering, she knew that the wreck had caused her to be injured—that she could not rise.

Perhaps—horrible thought!—her spine had been seriously disabled and she would never rise again.

"My darling!" said a voice softly, a voice she knew well, yet had never heard with this strange, wonderful intonation.

A wave of ineffable gladness met and conquered the rising tide of distress and agony. Again she swooned. This time the hospital had been reached before she came to.

For weeks she lay there helpless, facing the terrible uncertainty in regard to her future. There were times when it was feared that her days of activity were over. Through it all he was her constant stay and the rock on which her wavering hopes rested.
 To the lonely woman with no living relative his tender, gentle companionship was sweet beyond expression. She was still determined—more than ever determined now that possible invalidism lay before her—never to marry, but she would not allow herself to realize how and where she was drifting. To have realized and acknowledged the truth would have meant his banishment, speedy and unrelenting, and she simply could not bring herself to face this new and pain filled life without his continual soothing presence. Fate, smiling, took the case in hand.

"I shall not be helpless or even lame," Marcia told him joyously one day after long months of waiting. "But I shall be even smaller than ever, they tell me."

He, who had come outwardly scathless through the ordeal, smiled as he bent over her.

"Dear love," was his tense whisper. "you will be just as high as my heart."

It was a frail bride, pale, slender, leaning hard upon the arm of her husband lover, who stood at the altar a few weeks later—a bride who looked especially small and diminutive beside the big man who had just thankfully claimed her. And into the eyes of this bride, joyously happy in her complete surrender, crept a whimsical gleam as she realized this fact.

Skin Diseases.

Under this name such troubles as Salt Rheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Tetter, Shingles, Psoriasis, Scurf, Itching Rash, Eruptions, Boils, Pimples, etc., are included. Skin diseases, as a rule, are not dangerous, but are unsightly, irritating and often terribly annoying to the sufferer; they depend mainly on bad blood, from one cause or another, for if the blood is pure and the circulation good no skin disease can exist, except it arise from lack of proper cleanliness or from contagion.
 To get rid of skin diseases it is necessary to observe strictly all the laws of health; maintain regular action of the bowels; avoid high living, eating only plain nourishing food. Cleanse and keep the blood pure by taking Burdock Blood Bitters, which unlocks all the secretions, and makes new rich blood by acting on the entire system.

***** Mrs. E. M. Myers, East Jeddore, N.S., writes: "I don't think there is anyone in this Dominion can recommend Burdock Blood Bitters more than I can. I suffered terribly with Salt Rheum for six years, and did everything for it without relief. For curiosity sake I bought six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters, and it completely cured me. I would advise others to use it."

For sale by all dealers. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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Good Boots**

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 Special Values in fall footwear

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"And Four Cups of Beaver Flour"

Whether it's a recipe for Bread or Buns—Cake or Pies—you need BEAVER FLOUR. You can depend on BEAVER FLOUR.

It's reliable because it is always the same.

BEAVER FLOUR is practically as well as theoretically correct.

Manitoba wheat flour has a reputation for making a "big" loaf of bread that is nutritious because of the large amount of gluten in the flour. But Manitoba flour—because of this quantity of gluten—does not make the "light" bread nor impart that delicious homemade flavor—and is unsuited for pastry.

Ontario wheat flour is almost the opposite. It does not contain quite as much gluten as Western wheat, but it has the advantage of making delicious, white bread, and the lightest cake and pies.

BEAVER FLOUR contains both Ontario Fall wheat and Manitoba Spring wheat. We have determined by accurate tests, the exact proportions of each kind of wheat to be used, and blend them by a special method.

Thus BEAVER FLOUR contains the food value (the gluten) and the bread-making qualities of Manitoba Wheat—and the whiteness, lightness and flavor of Ontario wheat. BEAVER FLOUR is as good for Pastry as it is for Bread and is best for both. Try it. Your Grocer has

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Dealers—write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals. The T. H. Taylor Co., Limited, Chatham, Ont.

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Why Stanfield's Use Nova Scotia Wool



THE chief reason is because the Stanfields have never found any other wool that makes Underwear so peculiarly suited to Canadians.

The salty, ocean breezes and healthful climate, coupled with the rich grazing, give Nova Scotia wool a quality which is not found anywhere else.

Nova Scotia wool is perfectly blended. It is soft and smooth, yet staunch and strong. It can be spun like silk and wears almost like steel. Garments, knitted of this fine wool, give the desired warmth and are not heavy or bulky.

It is no exaggeration to say that the Stanfields get the pick of the Nova Scotia wool. The founder of these mills did much to develop the sheep-raising industry throughout the Maritime Provinces. The farmers saved their best wool for him, and continue to send their high grade wool to the Stanfield mills.

Then, too, this wool reaches the mills in the best possible condition. There are no long railroad hauls—no lengthy journeys in the holds of tramp steamers. The wool is shipped direct to Truro as soon as sheared. Experts sort, clean and make it ready at once for its trip of transformation into Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear.

Stanfield's Underwear is made by the only process which takes the shrink out of the wool before the garments are knitted.

The value of this discovery—made by the founder of the Stanfield Mills—is shown by the growth of this business, which is now capitalized at \$750,000.00 and employs over 300 operatives.

Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear is made in 3 standard weights, Light (Red Label), Medium (Blue Label) and Heavy (Black Label) and in 17 other weights and qualities to suit the requirements of every man and woman.

The best dealers everywhere handle Stanfield's Underwear. Catalogue showing styles, and samples of fabric, sent free for your address.

John Stanfield
 President
Stanfield's Limited.
 Truro, N.S.