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Fit-Reform Summer Suits solve the problem—"How to be cool and well dressed."

Their lightness makes them coolness itself. Their faultless tailoring and perfect fit—enable a man to be both stylishly dressed and comfortable.

English Flannels and Serges.

Scotch Tweeds and Irish Homespun.

\$15, \$18, \$20 up.

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## FIT-REFORM

Prowse Bros., Charlottetown.

Talk No. 4.

### Wear Tweed for Health.

Every day people are realizing that, winter or summer, no fabric is so thoroughly healthful as material made from pure wool.

Wool—Nature's own means of protecting the body—fulfills the two conditions necessary to hygienic clothing. It permits the perspiration to escape naturally and promotes the proper circulation of the blood.

Every fibre of pure wool, being porous, directly helps the tissues to throw off the waste through the skin's millions of pores. This hardens the flesh and makes it strong against disease—it's in spongy, sluggish tissue, not hard, muscular flesh, that microbes thrive.

Wool gives the body an equable warmth—even when damp, does not chill, but keeps the skin healthily active. Being a non-conductor of heat and cold, it keeps out the cold in winter and the heat in summer, giving more solid comfort than any linen or cotton, which, through their non-porous nature, check perspiration, stiffen the skin and quickly saturate. Wool resists saturation, by throwing the perspiration into the air.

When yachting, fishing or exercising, exposed in any way to heat or cold, storm, frost or snow, there is nothing so safe as good, pure-wool clothes. They guard against rheumatism, chest troubles, indigestion, deranged stomach, corpulence and all other results of poor circulation or obstructed perspiration.

In Hewson Tweeds the most perfect pure-wool is obtainable in all weights for all seasons and purposes. The designs are charming—the weaves strong and beautiful.

Hewson Tweeds mean better health for everyone who discards cotton or shoddy—and they mean economy—for they wear longer and better.

If your dealer can't show you them, send us his name and address, and we'll have him supplied.

Hewson Woolen Mills, Ltd., The Big New Mill, AMHERST, N.S.



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The "Sunshine" furnace and "sunny" ways are synonymous.

The cold, dreary winter days can be made cheery and warm with a pure, healthful heat if you have a "Sunshine" furnace.

Is easier to operate, cleaner, uses less fuel and "shines" in many other ways over common furnaces.

Two shakers are used to shake the heavy, triangular-shaped grates. This just cuts the work of shaking-down in half, besides being easier on the furnace than the old one-shaker style.

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Booklet free.

McClary's

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, HAMILTON.



## THE GUARDIAN'S SHORT STORY

### By His Own Petard

By M. J. PHILLIPS

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Even when one's affianced has the reputation of being, besides fairly rich and more than passably handsome, the most whimsically irresponsible practical joker in New York one has a right to expect that joking on one's birthday, of all days, will be shelved. At least Carrol Merrifield so expected, but she was disappointed, and that started the trouble.

Hunter Johnston was in love with Carrol, thoroughly so, but the practical joking instinct is like conscience and a taste for olives—hard to forget when once acquired. A brilliant idea in the jesting line came to Johnston the morning of his sweetheart's birthday, and he immediately set about giving it to that portion of the world in which he was most interested.

Carrol's birthday gifts from her particular circle were all that heart could desire, and she waited with happy anticipation for her fiancé's offerings.

At 1 o'clock a messenger boy appeared with a long, slender package for



"MAY I ASK WHAT THIS MEANS, CARROL?" HE ASKED QUIETLY.

Miss Merrifield. She opened it with eagerness and found a single magnificent American Beauty wrapped carefully in waxed paper and sparkling as brightly as the dew of June. Within five minutes another messenger with another long, slender package rang the bell, and this also yielded up a rose. When with the regularity of clock-work five uniformedimps had come and gone in twenty-five minutes, all with similar voice offerings, the girl comprehended—Johnston of the fertile mind had hit upon the plan of sending her twenty-three roses, one for each year of her life, but the gift was to be delivered on the installment plan.

The ingenious idea was pleasing—for a time. With the tenth rose the Merrifield family was holding joyous council over the ever increasing pile of boxes in the library, and Carrol was restless. When the fifteenth bona fide messenger had come and gone, not counting four small curiously scented, who smiled expansively, murmured something about "de wrong number" and retreated, Carrol was thoroughly angry. When on the heels of the twenty-third accredited flower bearer Johnston appeared, a particularly desirable brooch in his pocket and a sense of duty well done in his heart, she was composed, but the anger, though not visible, was present and controlled.

With true masculine density Johnston noticed nothing out of the ordinary with his sweetheart. She thanked him gayly and with the proper degree of warmth for brooch and roses.

"Mr. Practical Joker must have a lesson," Miss Merrifield declared to herself after his departure as she nibbled with lips as red as the petals themselves at the eighteenth rose. "I didn't mind so much his other tricks, but this time he has gone too far." "He'd only laugh if he knew old Mrs. Froude sat in her window and counted those messengers. With the extra ones mixed in—little wretches!—there were thirty-one of them."

"She knows today's my birthday and saw through Hunter's scheme as quickly as I did. And she'll never believe but what I'm thirty-one. So, Mr. Hunter Johnston, beware of an old maid's vengeance." And she waved the rose theatrically in air.

On the morning of his own birthday, five days later, when his ma brought up the mail Johnston's eyes were immediately taken by one long white envelope. It was certainly peculiar in appearance, for his name and address were formed of letters clipped from newspapers and posted upon it. The envelope contained the following missive, similarly constructed:

Do you care to see your sweetheart sloping with another man? Be at the Twenty-third street ferry Thursday afternoon at 4.

Like many other practical jokers, Johnston had his "blind" side. He never suspected that any one would attempt to hoax him. He took the missive in deadly earnest and interrupted dressing a half dozen times to reread it.

His first sensation was one of anger but any one would dare libel his sweetheart so. He resolved to telephone Carrol immediately—or, better, to call upon her and enjoy a good laugh with her over the letter. Yet even while he smiled at its very absurdity, a sickening gain of doubt, slow slipping and

agony as a villain's shadow, passed over his mind. Supposing it were true?

That was the most unpleasant day Johnston ever experienced. Breakfast was a farce; luncheon, "no performance." Long after the time for the latter meal he remembered that he had promised to spend the day with a married sister ever in Jersey.

He tramped the snowy streets aimlessly, pausing occasionally to pore over the mysterious message, while policemen stared curiously and householders thought of Raffles. All his journeys brought him back somehow to the neighborhood of Carrol's home. But he could not enter. Something held him back. At 3 o'clock he was at the ferry and sat himself down with such patience as he could muster to wait for 4 o'clock. "I'll see it through," he said.

At ten minutes of the hour Johnston's heart gave a painful throb, for Carrol, rosy from the searching wind, entered the ferry building. A tall, athletic young man, with the air of the outlander about him—he was well dressed and evidently well bred, but not a New Yorker—followed her in. He was carrying two heavy suit cases.

Johnston confronted them. "May I ask what this means, Carrol?" he asked quietly.

The girl halted and seemed to shrink from him. The athletic stranger stepped forward. "And may I inquire how it concerns you?" He did not raise his voice, and the attention of none of the jostling scores was attracted to the group.

Johnston ignored him. "Did I deserve this, Carrol?" he went on. "If you'd ask, I'd release you. When I got this letter—"

The girl had determined to punish him thoroughly, but at the sight of his weary, troubled face she relented.

"Do you know," she interrupted blithely, "I'm proud of that letter? I avoided telling a lie in it, even a white one, although I came pretty close to fibbing, didn't I? But I blistered my hand cutting out those letters. 'Wanna't it a real sweet little birthday gift?'"

Doubt and dawning comprehension struggled in Johnston's eyes. "But, why—why?" he began.

"Why—why!" mocked his sweetheart, her head tilted saucily, a roguish smile on her face. "Just to show that two can play at practical joking as well as one. Thirty-one messenger boys, sir! You should have a whole month of anonymous letters."

"But this gentleman!" He waved his hand toward the athletic stranger who appeared to be enjoying the conversation overmuch.

"My cousin, Phil Hudson of Omaha, Mr. Johnston. He came last night, but could only stay with us a few hours."

"You were the victim of a base conspiracy, Mr. Johnston," laughed Hudson as they shook hands. "I beg pardon."

"Oh, nothing of consequence!" responded Johnston. "I just said 'Stung!'"

American Geographical Names. America can show many geographical names taken from novels. California comes from the name of a fairy kingdom in a Spanish romance of the year sixteenth century. The Antilles take their name from Antilla, an imaginary island figuring in Italian legends connected with the wanderings of St. Brendan, and marked in the latitude of the Sargasso sea on Catalan and Genoese Portulans of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Montreal is by some said to take its name from a legendary castle mentioned in French romances of a very early date. The island of Barbados, lineally descended from Sancho Panza's imaginary governorship, also figures on the maps of Louisiana, while it is a moot question whether the strait of Juan de Fuca does not take its name from a historical geographical romance, a legend of the island of Crete, a Greek sailor of Queen Elizabeth's day for the benefit of her majesty's resident at Venice and his own pocket. "I Brasil" is found in early Irish legend as an island in the Atlantic, and it is a moot question whether the empire of Brasil derives its name from this creation of the Celtic fancy or from wood from which a dye resembling in color burning cinders was made.

Field's Meerschaum. When Eugene Field worked in Newark he used to smoke a cob pipe, greatly to the disgust of his employer, who was a man of taste and refinement and liked his employees to observe the niceties of personal appearance. Knowing this, Field still smoked his cob pipe until it fell to pieces, whereupon he bought a common two cent pipe of clay and made a great display of it around the office.

"Can't you find something better to smoke?" asked his employer one day in early December. "To see you with that thing in your mouth one might take you for a workman."

"It's the best I can afford," said Field, and every day thereafter he made it a point to meet his patron in the hall puffing away at the obnoxious dudder.

He found a handsome meerschaum pipe on his desk Christmas morning—Newark News.

Immune to Cold. "A Quakeress," said a physician, "never catches cold. Her immunity—due to her bonnet. If I had my way, all of us, women and men alike, would wear Quaker bonnets. This bonnet protects the back of the head and the nape of the neck, two very tender spots. The nape especially is tender. Let a good draft strike you there for just a second and I'll guarantee you a week's cold. The Quakeress' bonnet may not be beautiful, but, protecting her nape as it does, it keeps her free from colds year in and year out."—New York Press.

## WHAT Fruit-a-tives ARE

Fruit-a-tives are the marvels of modern medicine. They have accomplished more actual cures—done more good to more people—than any other medicine ever introduced in Canada for the time they have been on sale.

- CONSTIPATION
- BILIOUSNESS
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- IMPURE BLOOD
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Fruit-a-tives are the juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes. These juices are concentrated—and by a secret process, the juices are combined in a peculiar manner. This new combination is much more active medicinally than fresh juices—yet so perfect is the union that Fruit-a-tives act on the system as if they were in truth a natural fruit, medicinally stronger than any other known fruit.

To this combination of fruit juices, tonics and internal antiseptics are added, and the whole made into tablets.

These are Fruit-a-tives—sold everywhere for 50c a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED - OTTAWA.

## Snowy Bread Light Pastry Delicious Cake

come to every home that uses Beaver Flour. It's the greatest help any home cook can have—because it is always the same—always the best for all baking.

## Beaver Flour

is a blend of Manitoba Spring Wheat and Ontario Fall Wheat. It combines the whiteness and lightness of winter wheat, with the strength and nourishing food properties of spring wheat. No bleaching process required with the grade of wheat used.

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Buying a carriage is pretty important business with most men—and you can't be too careful about the carriage you decide on.

That's why we want you to talk over your wants with us—and see the Tudhope line.

You know, you don't have to buy unless you feel like it—but you will feel like it when you see TUDHOPE CARRIAGES.

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IF YOU ONLY KNEW

When your well stocked store was going to burn down, you could wait to insure until the week before, but when it is destroyed you see too late. Remember the old adage: "There is no time like the present," and no insurance like ours.

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VITALIZED AIR for Painless Extraction, Safe, Sure and Pleasant. Has no after effects. By this method we can extract one or twenty teeth and not hurt you at all. Ask your friends and they will tell you that this is a fact.

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THE OWNER OF PROPERTY should use Sherwin-Williams Paint, prepared not alone because it costs less by the job, but because it looks best and withstands the sun and the rain and the smoke outside and the wear and tear inside for the longest time.

THE PAINTER prefers S. W. P. to other prepared paint or hand-mixed lead and oil, since it works easily and dries right and always gives a good job.

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