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Sterling or Plate Coffee Spoons in cases. Fruit Spoons with gilt or silver bowls. Pie Knives. Meat Forks. Napkin Rings 25c up. Pepper and Salt Cruets and Shakers 75c up. Silver Brooches, some set with stones 15c up. Pearl Neckties. Silver Watches. Elgin, Waltham or Regina. Tea Sets.

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The Right Place

We have secured the services of an expert sleigh and carriage painter and are now prepared to do all kinds of sleigh and carriage painting and lettering in an up-to-date manner, at short notice at moderate prices.

Orders in all branches of the painting business left at the old stand, Kent Street, opposite Revd Hotel, will receive prompt attention

P. H. Trainor & Son 1-6dnuw jm

For Sale

Beautifully situated farm lately owned by the late D. A. Bears, containing about 55 acres more or less fronting on North River and overlooking Hillsboro Bay 1 1/2 miles from Charlottetown opposite Brightons. Also fine orchard in connection with dwelling house, 10 rooms, nearly new, a good outbuilding. For further particulars apply to

DANIEL STEWART, Southport, Or A.H. Bears, 355 Boy Ave Winnipeg, 4-13 dmwfmw1m

WANTED

50 Doz. Clean White qt. bottles. JAS. KELLY & CO dmwfmw1m

LONERGAN'S Quick Lunch

Lunches served daily at the above place from 10c up. 15c lunches a specialty. Following is a list of 15c lunches: Beans and Pie

Ham and Beans. Corned Beef and Beans. Chicken Pie. Fried Sausages. Bread and Butter—Potatoes, and Tea or Coffee, served with any of the above orders for 15c. We serve hot buckwheat cakes with syrup for 5c, also steaks, ham and egg etc.

Give us a call. Gt. George St. smwfmw1m Opp. Crabbe's

Grocery Snaps

The whole lot is yours for \$1.00

- Bars Soap (any 5c bar) Lb 25c Tea Gal Astral Oil 1/2 Bottle Heaton's Pickles (20 oz) 1/2 Lb best C. Tartar 1 Lb Baking Soda 1 Lb Star Salt 1 Box Laundry Blue

John Connolly & Co Queen Street Charlottetown PHONE 264.

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For further information, Reservation, etc. apply to the undersigned at the following addresses: P. GIFFINS General Manager

Suffered 20 Years "Fruit-a-tives" Cured in 2 Months



St. Raphael's, Ont. For over twenty years I suffered from Chronic Constipation of the bowels, and I could get no medicine to cure me. I tried doctors and every known purgative, or laxative, medicine known, but I was no better. Sometimes, if I did not take medicine, I would go four or five days, without any action of the bowels. During all this time I was weak and suffered from indigestion constantly.

About a year ago a friend advised me to try "Fruit-a-tives" as they had helped him. I began taking "Fruit-a-tives" and from the outset I began to feel better, and inside of a month the pains were almost gone and the Constipation relieved. In two months I was perfectly well again, no pains, no constipation, and my complexion had lost all that sallow appearance.

(Sgd) MARY A. McDONELL. "Fruit-a-tives" or Fruit Liver Tablets are the only remedy known to science that actually cure Constipation. They do this by making the liver healthy and active—thus causing more bile to flow into the bowels.

"Fruit-a-tives" or "Fruit Liver Tablets" are sold by dealers at 50c a box—6 for \$2.50—or will be sent on receipt of price. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.



is a blend of Ontario's finest wheat

It is equally good for Bread and Pastry—and best for both. It's the choicest flour that Canada's choicest wheat can yield. Try Beaver Flour and see how much it improves everything you bake.

At your grocer's. Dealers—write for price list of Beaver Flour and see how much it improves everything you bake.

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GUARDIAN SHORT STORY

The Maid of Arts

By M. C. SANFORD.

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Unbroken blue the sky and sea, shifting greens and browns the shore. Along the deserted beach and through the empty streets Autumn swished her rustling skirts with no one to heed her passing—no one, at least, save a solitary man who, having escaped at length from the stern dictates of "the law," had come to Surfside for a few weeks' freedom. Leaning over the fence which skirted the path around the rocky coast, he gazed dreamily out to sea, following the ragged outline of the shore and breathing in the salt of the ocean with the sweetness of the earth beneath him.

Suddenly a fresh cut in the weather worn rail caught his eye. "H. T. W. '04." Some one beside himself had evidently sought out the shore late in the season. "W. '04" he queried. "Well, yes." He had it! For was not a knife blade broken off half short in the wood, an indisputable evidence of woman's work?

"So," he mused, "I am not to be alone with the 'natives' and nature, after all." He started to move on. Again he was arrested, this time by a small, bright object at his feet. It proved to be a Wellesey class pin. "Lost it while she was carving her name with that doll's knife, I s'pose." Van Dyke argued to himself, as was his legal habit, fastening the pin meanwhile to his vest beneath his own Harvard pin.

Strolling on, he renewed his acquaintance with one after another of the favorite haunts of his boyhood—"swallow's cave," the rock that boomed like a cannon at high tide and innumerable cozy retreats to be gained by careful climbing over the chaos of big bowlders on the cliffs. He whistled like a boy as he went and sang snatches of the college songs so fresh in his heart. At last, in utter abandonment, he curled up in the lee of an overhanging rock and, soothed by the lull of the waves and the minor wail of the October wind, fell asleep.

He was awakened in a curious manner. Opening his eyes, he found them covered with a soft transparent something that wrinkled when he winked. He raised his hand to remove it and gazed in astonishment upon his sudden acquisition of a woman's handkerchief. A monogram was embroidered in one corner. His logical mind deciphered it in a flash with little expenditure of eye strain.

"Exhibit 'C,'" he murmured, jumping up eagerly. "Now, here's hoping for the lady herself!" But the most searching scrutiny of rocky "nests" and niches failed to discover her. Indeed, after several days of faithful explorations Van Dyke began to think his lady of the monogram a teasing myth.

Nevertheless he would have continued to hope for her realization if a letter from his sister had not put a cruel end to his romance. "Dear Richard," it ran, "I have just learned that Helen Tudor, a college friend of mine, is staying at Surfside with her mother. She's a very clever girl; has just written a remarkable thesis on some learned subject and got an A. M. degree. You ought to like her. She's your kind. Be sure to look her up. I've written her you're going to. She's staying at the Sea Cliff."

Richard, who had been waiting for the girl, looked at the pin carefully, glanced up at Richard a moment in perplexity and then burst out laughing.

"Thank you," she said finally, recovering herself. "But why do you imagine the pin belongs to me?" Richard explained with elaborate pride how he had traced the monogram on the fence, the pin and the handkerchief.

"I cannot be mistaken, Miss Tudor," he finished confidently. "You see, I discovered your identity some time ago. You did carve the initials on the fence, didn't you?" "Yes."

"And you did drop the handkerchief over my eyes?" "I blew out of my hand," she said. "Same thing. And you are staying at the Sea Cliff, aren't you?" "Yes."

Richard made a gesture expressive of the futility of stating further evidence. The girl made an effort to check her amusement. "I will take up your points in sequence," she announced, with mock gravity, looking at him with a frankness so charming that he forgot his dislike of her and smiled back indignantly.

"First, I did carve the initials in the fence, but they were the initials of the girl who was with me; second, it was she who lost the pin, and, third, the initials on the handkerchief are not H. T."

WOMAN'S POWER

stocking." So he fought shy of the Sea Cliff and ceased to look for "H. T. W. '04." in his daily rambles. But with the proverbial irony accredited to her Dame Fate as soon as she perceived Richard's hack turned upon her bobbed up in front of him most unexpectedly, or, to be strictly accurate, Richard to his own astonishment bobbed up in front of her.

With characteristic alacrity he had taken a handspike over a jutting rock and landed in a secluded niche below. His sudden appearance so frightened the young person curled up last that she dropped her book into a pool of water.

"I beg your pardon," Richard burst out. "Let me get it for you." (This probably dry enough to be proof against a wetting" was his mental comment.) "I hope it isn't injured, fatally," he added aloud, handing the water soaked volume to its owner, who, he was surprised to notice, was a dimpled, rosy cheeked young woman with mischievous eyes.

"Goodness, I hope not!" was her emphatic reply. "I couldn't go to sleep tonight if I didn't find out how the story ended."

"Fiction?" queried Richard cautiously. "Yes, of course. What else does one read on a vacation?" "Now, here was an incongruity to ponder over—she hadn't fancied that 'H. T. W. '04.' would like fiction. But he would not be misled. "On a vacation," she had said. Doubtless the rest of the year she gave up to more solid literary accomplishments.

Realizing that he was expected to say something, although he had quite forgotten that her last remark had been in the form of a question, Richard braced himself for the ordeal. "This is my favorite haunt," he announced, unconscious of displaying any air of proprietorship, as he established himself comfortably beside her. The girl smiled mysteriously.

"Yes, I judged so," she answered simply. "Why, how did you guess?" asked Richard in surprise. "I've never seen you here before."

He gathered his wits together at this. It made no difference that she was pretty and that she was fond of love stories, like other girls—he knew her real self behind this mask of coquetry. She was really a haughty, overbearing, pedantic person with a string of academic degrees tacked on to her name. He would round up this little matter without any sentimental nonsense.

"Oh, yes," he said in his dignified, legal manner. "You probably refer to the day you dropped your handkerchief on my face. Here it is. I am glad to be able to return it to you. And here is your college pin also. I found it near the fence where you had been carving your initials."

He handed both souvenirs to her with a cold solemnity he had difficulty in convincing himself was genuine. The girl looked at the pin carefully, glanced up at Richard a moment in perplexity and then burst out laughing.

"Thank you," she said finally, recovering herself. "But why do you imagine the pin belongs to me?" Richard explained with elaborate pride how he had traced the monogram on the fence, the pin and the handkerchief.

"I cannot be mistaken, Miss Tudor," he finished confidently. "You see, I discovered your identity some time ago. You did carve the initials on the fence, didn't you?" "Yes."

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WOMAN'S POWER



The healthy woman; strong mentally and physically, whose ambition and magnetic influence urge men to deeds of grandeur and heroism; such women are all-powerful. Weak, sick and ailing women have little ambition; their own troubles occupy all their thoughts. They dwell upon their pains, suffer from nervousness and headaches; often are extremely melancholy, and avoid society. For thirty years

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Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me of all my troubles. I gained in flesh, and am free from backache, female trouble, sick headaches, and nervousness. I heartily recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for all women's ailments."

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Headache

can be cured without the use of drugs. The Japanese cure does not contain a single drug. One ingredient is just plain, ordinary soda. The others are just as harmless. Yet no drug remedy can cure headache more quickly than it can be

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"First, I did carve the initials in the fence, but they were the initials of the girl who was with me; second, it was she who lost the pin, and, third, the initials on the handkerchief are not H. T."

"Then you are not Helen Tudor?" exclaimed Richard, with such evident relief that the girl burst out laughing again. "And you don't write clever theses and tack A. M.'s on to your name?"

The girl shook her head. Richard took up her handkerchief, which was lying in her lap. "It certainly looks like H. T. to me," he said, examining the monogram closely. "I am not yet convinced."

The girl handed him the water soaked novel, open at the fly leaf. "To Theodora Harrett," he read aloud. He took out his pencil and began scribbling beneath the inscription. The girl looked over his shoulder.

"Theodora, I adore you!" That was as far as his foolishness had a chance to go, for in a flash Theodora had snatched the book from his hands and sped like a deer over the rocks. "Come back tomorrow," he called. "And tell me how the story ends."

"And she did—and not only that day, but the next and the next, until the end of their own story, like that in the water soaked novel, came with the asking of a question and an answer short, but sweet. "But, oh, how near you came to marrying H. T., didn't you, Richard?" laughed Theodora bewitchingly. "Well, she's welcome to all the A. M.'s and other degrees she deserves. I'm happy with just V. D."

"There's one degree that's yours by nature, little 'maid of arts,'" said Richard lovingly. "Cupid must have conferred it on you at your christening. It isn't acquired from books, not even from water soaked novels."

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There is honest wear, and solid comfort, in every pair. This Trade-mark on the sole is your guarantee of satisfaction.

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We would like to make you a swell vest for Easter.

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MILLER BROTHERS.

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Canada Life Facts

The Canada Life has on its books nearly \$3,500,000 profits added to policies as bonus additions. No other Canadian Company even approaches this sum, the largest amount so credited being \$576,000.

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