

THIS PRETTY CANADIENNE

Saved From Terrible Kidney Disease
By "Fruit-atives."



MASSON, P.Q. Nov. 16th, 1901.
"I have much pleasure in reporting to you the great benefit I have received from taking 'Fruit-atives'—and I feel that I cannot say too much in favor of a medicine which has done me so much good. I was a warty to that distressing complaint—chronic constipation accompanied with severe headaches, backache, sick stomach and all the symptoms of dyspepsia. I had also a dreadful complexion, sallow in the extreme and black under the eyes. I had every symptom of kidney irritation and I had been told by physicians that my kidneys were affected. I consulted a number of physicians and took various remedies but received very little benefit. Last May I was advised to try 'Fruit-atives' and when I began to take them I had little faith of getting anything to give me permanent relief, but after I had taken half a box of 'Fruit-atives' I began to feel better and before I had finished one box the constipation was relieved, the headaches left me, the pain in my back was better and I could sleep as soundly as when I was child. Also, my complexion began to clear up again, all the sallowness disappeared and the black circles under my eyes went away. The pain in the back gradually left me and all signs of kidney disease disappeared by the first of August after I had taken three boxes. Since then I have continued to improve and now I have none of my old symptoms and my appetite is good, digestion splendid and my complexion as clear as when I was a young girl. Also the constipation from which I had suffered so long has been entirely cured and it is not necessary for me to take the 'Fruit-atives' now as I am quite well in every way. I took no medicine but 'Fruit-atives' but I followed faithfully the directions as to diet etc., given in the pamphlet which accompanies each box of 'Fruit-atives'."

(Sgd.) FLORENCE JAMISON.

Every part of the body is constantly decaying and being renewed. The dead cells, or tissue waste, should be removed by the skin, kidneys and bowels. When these organs do not act regularly, this poisonous matter stays in the system—is taken up by the blood—carried to heart, liver, stomach, brain and nerves all over the body—and poisons everything it touches.

"Fruit-atives" keep each organ clean and healthy. "Fruit-atives" act on the skin, stimulating the millions of minute glands and opening the pores so the waste can escape. They act on the liver sending more bile into the bowels and making the bowels move regularly and naturally every day. They act on the kidneys, strengthening and invigorating these organs and curing all kidney disorders.

At all druggists or sent postpaid on receipt of price—
50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50.



Fruit-atives

or Fruit Liver Tablets.

Manufactured by
FRUIT-TIVES LIMITED, Ottawa.

It's not what you pay, but what you get, that proves the bargain.

"Progress Brand" Clothing

returns, in good looks and good service, all and more than you pay for it.



PROWSE BROS.

"Sunbeam" Flour

is made from

Then a careful process of "bleeding" in our up-to-date and SPOTLESS MILL.

Finally packed by specially designed machinery without being touched by human hands, thus assuring ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS.

YOUR GROCER KEEPS IT.

Made by THE JOHN CAMPBELL CO., Limited
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Eddy's "Silent" Parlor Match!

It would not be popular if there were not excellent points about it, and that is a good reason for you to adopt its use.

Ask for a box at your grocer's to determine for yourself its virtues.

Thousands think it the best match that is sold.

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Selling Agents,
St. John, N. B.

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The Tobacco Epicure who does not use the

HICKEY TWIST, PEAK OR RUBY

has never derived that real enjoyment which he has. They are the best of the

FINE CUT MIXTURES IN 1 AND 2 POUND TINS.

HICKEY & NICHOLSON,

Tobacco Manufacturers
Queen St., Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

THE GUARDIAN'S SHORT STORY

A Garden Girl

By Martha
McColloch-Williams

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

Bernice came down the garden walk with the grand air that always progresses trouble. It was an adorable garden, sweet with June roses and clove plinks, spiced, too, with the breath of honeysuckle and the keen burning fragrance of Sweet Baby's. The flowers were in the wide borders at either side of the walks. On beyond there were plots of homely kitchen gardening in full tith and growth. Susan explained the fact—Susan who was pushing the wheel hoe steadily, rosy as Hebe and well nigh as enchanting, notwithstanding her plentiful freckles. Yet Bernice groaned at the sight. "Stop that! Come into the arbor!" she said. Even in this crisis she thought of her complexion—rightly enough, too, since she felt that her face was not only her fortune, but that of the whole family. "Aunt Patrick and Lawrence will be here this afternoon on the 4 o'clock train," she said impressively as Susan joined her in the green bower. "Only think! If they had come and found you this way I should have died of shame!" "Oh, I reckon not," Susan said cheerfully. "Berry, you're pretty well hardened to shocks by this time. I'm sorry you've had to be hardened, but there wasn't any other way. I couldn't see daddy lack anything; not with all this big garden and strength to work it and a market just outside the gate fairly crying for all I have to sell."



IN QUICK CONFUSION SHE LET FALL THE LETTER.

self. He is coming here to marry me— If it can be managed. Aunt Patrick and I agreed on that three months back. But how will he like having a sister-in-law who works with her hands and is as sunburnt as a haymaker? Not at all, being what he is. So I want you to go away, right off, if you don't Graham for, say, a week. If you'll sleep in a mask and gloves and wash your face in buttermilk!" "Which I won't do; that's fat!" Susan cried. "I won't go away either and leave everything to run to seed and weeds. Don't talk to me of hiring somebody. Whoever you got would let things go to ruin. Besides, there's nobody to be had. Moreover, I can't and won't leave daddy." "So you'll ruin my prospects," Bernice said bitterly. Susan looked at her, swallowing hard. After a long breath she said huskily: "I don't want to do it, Berry. God knows I'd like you to be rich and grand. You do crave it so. Tell me, do you think Lawrence by any chance remembers daddy or me? If he don't—well, I see a way out."

quiet. Your gaiety and company were too much for his poor nerves. So run along and let me get to doing things. I've got to do them all in a whirlwind—it's 10 now. Six hours is a mighty little while to hatch a conspiracy and turn it into a reality."

Susan had certainly the gift of prophecy. Aunt Patrick approved highly of her plan. Dear Lawrence, her stepson, was sure would have been disgusted beyond measure at the thought of alliance with a family that demeaned itself to manual labor. If she had dreamed things were going so ill with her brother-in-law and her niece she would have seen to it that the market garden scheme had been nipped in the bud. Since it was established and paying, let it go on through the season. Next year these might be changes. Lawrence would, she was sure, respond nobly to all legitimate claims. And the property was all his. She herself had only a life interest. Otherwise her nieces— Susan had stopped her there with a caressing pat on the fat hands overloaded with diamonds, saying the quite understood, but Aunt Patrick need not worry. Once Bernice was well settled, the house and garden and the little remnant of money would be more than enough for daddy and his garden girl.

Bernice got through the first week fairly, although she was in a torment of trembling and impatient hope. Lawrence seemed fascinated. If only Aunt Patrick would go on to the mountains and insist upon taking her lonely niece along everything would arrange itself beautifully. But Aunt Patrick had no thought of such a thing. She was much too comfortable where she was. Besides, in the mountains there was a danger she had not hinted to Bernice—namely, the Granger girl, whom Aunt Patrick hated, but with whom dear Lawrence had been, last winter, at least half in love. Better, much better, keep that desirable young man here in Crofton, where the Stanley establishment put him and Berry very nearly in a solitude of two. They rode or drove or walked together through the most part of the daylight and spent moonlight and twilight hours either at the piano or on the piazza.

Susan could hear them singing— faintly, to be sure—while she sat motionless and scrawling the letters that were to help in keeping up the masquerade. At first she had mailed them, but by and by that seemed to her useless, also risky, so she took to slipping up to the piazza in the earliest dawn and sliding her missives between slats of the shutters.

But there fell a morning when, after a long hard day, she overslept. Still, since it was not much after sunrise, she ran out with the letter in her hand, never stopping to put up her long braid or to adjust herself in her big sunbonnet. And thus it fell out that she came full upon dear Lawrence, whom mischievous fate had awakened early upon this morning of all in the year.

It was certainly fate's doing. Lawrence had not slept all night, because he was uncertain as to his own heart. With part of it he loved Bernice dearly, but there was another part, which was somehow hungry, no less afraid. Possibly it was this side of him that leaped through his eyes as they rested upon Susan's enchanting frescoes, her sweet smile, and innocent courage. In quick confusion she let fall the letter. As he stooped to pick it up so did she, and then somehow their hands touched and he found himself thrilling through and through. And then, involuntarily, he read the superscription and, recalling Susan's picture intuitively, understood.

He took her hand between both his own, wishing madly that he dared kiss each callous on the pink palm of it, and said, smiling and shaking his head: "The Ogre has got you, Princess Susan. If you did run a way from him, he will eat you up bodily unless you promise to come straight home."

"But—but what will Berry say—and Aunt Patrick?" Susan faltered, letting her hand lie in his clasp. She also was thrilling with quite unreasonable happiness. Lawrence smiled down at her confidently and took her other hand, saying: "There's just one thing they can say properly—'Bless you, my children.' And I don't in the least doubt that they will."

Napoleon's Generosity. Count de P. had been raised by Bonaparte to honors and dignities, but for some unaccountable reason he betrayed the confidence which his patron had reposed in him. When Bonaparte became cognizant of the man's treachery he ordered him to be arrested. He was to have been tried the following day and in all probability he would have been condemned, as his guilt was fully established. In the meantime Mme. de P. solicited and obtained an audience of the emperor.

"I am very sorry for your sake, madame," he said, "that your husband should be mixed up in an affair which places his ingratitude in so glaring a light."

"Perhaps he is not so guilty as your majesty supposes," said the countess. "Do you know your husband's signature?" inquired the emperor, taking a letter out of his pocket and handing it to her. Mme. de P. rapidly perused the letter, recognized the handwriting, and fell into a swoon. When she came around Bonaparte put the letter into her hands, saying: "Take it. This is the only legal evidence that exists against your husband. There is a lighted fire behind you."

THAT STAB-LIKE PAIN IN THE SMALL OF THE BACK COMES FROM THE KIDNEYS

AND CAN BE CURED BY
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

It is not the back that is aching, but the kidneys which are situated beneath the small of the back. Therefore, dull pain in the back, or sharp, quick twinges, are warnings of sick kidneys—warnings of kidney trouble. Plasters and liniments will not cure a bad back, for they cannot reach the kidneys which cause it. Doan's Kidney Pills reach the kidneys. That is why they are for and that only. So if you would be free from backache, swelling of the feet and ankles, frequent or suppressed urine, painful sensation when urinating, specks floating before the eyes, frequent thirst, brick-dust deposit in the urine, or anything wrong with the urinary organs or bladder, you must keep your kidneys well. Help them to work freely, and help them to flush off all the body's waste and impurities. Doan's Kidney Pills are made from the purest roots and herbs, and have a remarkable healing and toning effect on the kidneys. Mrs. Barling, 26 Locomotive Street, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "I had been troubled considerably with my kidneys, using many remedies, but finding no relief. I tried Doan's Kidney Pills and found them to act directly on the kidneys, and making them strong again. Price 50 cents per box, three boxes for \$1.50, all sent by mail. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont."

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