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BEAVER FLOUR. Spring wheat flour makes wholesome, nutritious bread. Winter wheat flour makes light, white, delicious bread. Neither makes perfect bread, but BEAVER FLOUR is a blend of Manitoba Spring Wheat and Ontario Fall Wheat in the right proportions of each, makes perfect bread—whitest, lightest, most inviting and nutritious. Beaver Flour will make your baking successful. Ask your grocer for it.

GILLETTS HIGH GRADE CREAM TARTAR. ABSOLUTELY PURE. SOLD IN PACKAGES AND CANS. Same Price as the cheap adulterated kinds. E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

THE WORLD OVER Thousands of Mothers are using DR. CODERRE'S INFANTS' SYRUP. For Children's Ailments, you cannot but admit the fact that this preparation is one of merit and is all what is claimed for it. It is safe, pleasant and soothing for children teething, and a prompt checker of bowel and stomach troubles. Physicians and Professional nurses recommend it. In purchasing, see that Dr. Coderre's signature and portrait is on every wrapper. Beware of the many SYRUPS put up in a similar form and made to look like Dr. Coderre's. Price, 25c. per bottle, or by mail on receipt of price. Sole proprietors, THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO. Limited, Montreal, Canada. STANTON'S PAIN RELIEF, A FAMILY REMEDY FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

Puttner's Emulsion. "Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not." For more than thirty years Puttner's Emulsion has been in daily use all over the Maritime Provinces. During that time it has relieved and cured a vast number of sufferers from coughs, consumption, bronchitis, asthma, and other disorders of the chest and lungs. Weary brain workers—pale, thin, weak people—have been restored to health and vigour. Be sure you get PUTTNER'S the original and best Emulsion.

Dominion Blend Tea. Sales exceed that of any other in the Lower Provinces. Choicest growth of India and Ceylon.

LOVE FOR AN HOUR IS LOVE FOREVER. BY AMELIA E. BARR. Author of "Friend Olivia," &c.; PUBLISHED EXCLUSIVELY BY THE GUARDIAN IN THIS PROVINCE.

(CHAPTER V—Continued.) So day by day the atmosphere of Atherton lightened and brightened and grew pleasanter. For the words of love and of loving-kindness, the smiles and good wishes and smatches of old-world songs breathed into it, made it sweet and calm and full of happy influences; just as words of anger and hate and sinful mirth trouble and darken and make its waves too turbulent for peace or restful life. But there is a tide in love as in all other things; some happy hour, when loving hearts touch the rapture of perfect union in elements that are wholly responsive and propitious. One evening in September this full tide of joy came to Lancelot and Francesca. The harvest moon filled heaven and earth with its mellow radiance. The reapers were among the wheat binding it into sheaves. They were singing, as they worked, some old sickle song. Soft and loud, stopping and beginning again, its burden came over the fields and through the garden and touched everything with a sweet melancholy: "We have reaped, and we have bound, Let the year go round; Let—the-year-go-round, Let—the-year-go-round."

The squire had been in the field all day and had come home at evening weary but happy. There was a noble harvest, his barn would all be full. Loida met him with smiles, and the meal he liked best was waiting for him. Francesca came in to give him a kiss and put the sugar in his tea. He felt really as if his lot had fallen to him in pleasant places. "Let us go into the garden, Loida. I'll be bound Francesca and Lancelot are there." He still hesitated to say "Lancelot," but at that moment he felt sorry for his hesitation, and added, with the intention of atoning for it: "He is a fine fellow; eh, Loida?" "He is as good as good can be."

"To be sure he is." Then he went slowly out, his pipe in his hand, and Miss Loida walked at his side. She was dressed in a light muslin gown, mostly white, but having wavering points of light green in it. A black ribbon belt was round her slim waist, and black lace mitts on her hands—a stately, lovely lady, whom it was good to see and good to talk to. The ornamental arbor was empty, and they sat down in it. A nightingale was singing far off in the woods, and the reapers' voices came softly from the meadows. The air was still, warm, and radiant. It tasted of the ripe peaches and apricots, of the bergamot flowers and the hot, sweet lavender. There was a bed of white lilies not far away, and the star Venus hung like a great white lamp near the horizon. Loida dropped her hands, and sat thinking. The squire lit his pipe, and sat thinking. They did not need to tell each other what they thought about. They understood and respected that confidential silence which is often the surest sign of trustful friendship. Suddenly the delicious air was thrilled with that melody which is beyond all other melodies—a charming human voice—a voice whose living notes, joyous and entrancing, compelled all its influences to become a part of its wifery.

The squire was delighted. He put down his pipe and stood up to listen. "That is Lancelot," he said softly, "but whatever is he singing? Will thou come here, Loida?" She rose and stood beside him. She saw what he had called her to see—Lancelot and Francesca walking slowly up the terrace steps. They were both bareheaded; they were both dressed in white, and the moonshine made a wondrous glory all over and around them. Lancelot's face was bent to Francesca's. He was telling his love in such words and tone as are only learned in moments of inspiration, and only repeated when men forget that they are mortal. They came to the lily bed, and they stood there. It was no wonder. The great white flowers in the heavenly light looked like the flowers of heaven. Their perfume made the heart faint with joy. Lancelot gathered one. For a moment he held it to his lips as if he would catch its perfume to make more sweet his song. Then he gave it to Francesca, and she would have kissed it, but Lancelot caught the kiss between her lips and the flower; and so began to sing again. His bright face was lit, and it mirrored the full glory of the moon. Francesca leaned toward him as a flower leans to the sun.

"Have you seen but a bright lily grow Before rude hands have touched it? Have you marked but the fall of the snow? Before the soil hath smatched it? Have you felt the wool of the beaver-er? Or swan's-down ever? Or have smelt 'o' the bud 'o' the briar? Or the nard in the fire? Or have tasted the bag of the bee? Oh, so white! Oh, so soft! Oh, so sweet is she!" The exquisite words were breathed in exquisite music, in notes full of passion, sweet, ringing, and delicate. It was like a "Gloria in Excelsis" of Palestrina's. The squire stood breathless, listening, tears were in Loida's eyes; without analyzing their emotions, they felt how truly a noble singer is a reed breathed through by the Spirit of God.

They went very quickly back to the house. In each heart there was the same thought—that it would be a kind of sacrilege to disturb such a service of love. Only the squire said with a tender, melancholy sigh: "I wish I was a young man again, Loida." When they reached the house he sat down by the open window. But the song was finished, and the garden was as quiet as a garden in a dream. In an hour the lovers followed. They were silent, they were almost melancholy with the sweet sadness of earthly love. They had been on Enchanted Ground in the Land of Blissful Silence. They knew that when they entered a word the spell would be broken. Loida met them with a little effusion of solicitude. She divined and wished to cover their self-consciousness. Was the dew falling? Was Francesca sure she had not taken cold? Were they not hungry? Francesca had so little tea. The squire asked if the reapers were still at work. Did they hear their voices when they left the garden? And then, suddenly: "What wert thou singing to-night, Lancelot? I never heard that song before; no, nor anything like it."

"I was singing a love-song by rare Ben Jonson. I set the words to music. Francesca inspired it." "Sing it once more, Lancelot." "I would rather not, sir. I made the song for Francesca only. I will sing anything else you desire." "Well, then, we will have some songs. There is nothing like them." And he rose and went toward the piano. Lancelot was already striking some introductory chords, and the squire, who had the strange love which agriculturalists have for hearing of and singing of "the sea," was soon joining his fine baritone to Lancelot's tenor in "Hearts of Oak" and "Britannia Rules the Waves," "The Hoop of the Lead," and a dozen other nautical favorites, until they sailed with the gale "On the Bay of Biscay, O!"

This was always the squire's last song. He felt that nothing could come after its magnificent roll and its air of stormy salt water. When it was finished he sat down, as he always did, with a sigh of satisfaction, and an intense admiration for the British navy and all the jolly tars that made it. Music is a noble interpreter; the squire and Lancelot found each other's hearts among the sympathetic chords. They shook hands at parting as they had never done before. Francesca stood by her father's side, and they both kissed her. "It has been a happy hour," said the squire, and Lancelot smiled her sweet assent, and Lancelot once more kissed his love "Good-night," and none of them saw, in the blue heaven of their hopes, the little cloud above them—the little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) The Croup. It's a terrible thing, isn't it? Somehow, that awful cough, that hard struggle for air, can never be forgotten. Be a little forehanded and prevent it. Keep Vapo-Cresolene in the house, and when the children take cold let them breathe in the vapor during the evening. It goes right to the throat, just where the croup lies. All irritation subsides the cough quiets, down and serious trouble is prevented. It never fails to cure whooping-cough. Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists, or sent express prepaid on receipt of price. A Vapo-Cresolene outfit, including a bottle and a small tin of Vapo-Cresolene, is sent by mail for 25c. L. R. MORRIS, 288 St. James St., Montreal.

P. E. I. RAILWAY. Commencing Monday, January 2nd, 1905, the trains of this Railway will run as follows: Trains Outward. Trains Inward. Head Down. Stations. Head Up. Stations. No. 1. No. 2. No. 3. No. 4. No. 5. No. 6. No. 7. No. 8. No. 9. No. 10. No. 11. No. 12. No. 13. No. 14. No. 15. No. 16. No. 17. No. 18. No. 19. No. 20. No. 21. No. 22. No. 23. No. 24. No. 25. No. 26. No. 27. No. 28. No. 29. No. 30. No. 31. No. 32. No. 33. No. 34. No. 35. No. 36. No. 37. No. 38. No. 39. No. 40. No. 41. No. 42. No. 43. No. 44. No. 45. No. 46. No. 47. No. 48. No. 49. No. 50. No. 51. No. 52. No. 53. No. 54. No. 55. No. 56. No. 57. No. 58. No. 59. No. 60. No. 61. No. 62. No. 63. No. 64. No. 65. No. 66. No. 67. No. 68. No. 69. No. 70. No. 71. No. 72. No. 73. No. 74. No. 75. No. 76. No. 77. No. 78. No. 79. No. 80. No. 81. No. 82. No. 83. No. 84. No. 85. No. 86. No. 87. No. 88. No. 89. No. 90. No. 91. No. 92. No. 93. No. 94. No. 95. No. 96. No. 97. No. 98. No. 99. No. 100.

Dodd's Kidney Pills. are the only medicine that will cure Diabetes. Like Bright's Disease was in-cured it is curable until Dodd's Kidney Pills cured it. Doctors themselves confess that without Dodd's Pills they are powerless against Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the first medicine that ever cured Diabetes. Imitations—box, name and pill, are advertised to do so, but the medicine that does cure is Dodd's Kidney Pills. is Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills are fifty cents a box at all druggists.

Burdock Blood Bitters. The Best Spring Medicine. Banishes Bad Blood.

At this time of the year the system is clogged up with waste and poisonous matter, the blood becomes thick and sluggish, and causes that tired, listless, dull, all-gone-no-ambition-don't-care-to-work feeling. The cleansing, blood-purifying action of B. B. B. will drive out all this poisonous matter from the system, and make you feel yourself again.

P. E. ISLAND LOCAL MARKETS. CHARLOTTETOWN MARKETS. Corrected every Tuesday and Friday. Beef (quarter) per lb. 0.08 to 0.09. Beef (small) per lb. 0.08 to 0.12. Mutton per carcass. 0.06 to 0.08. Cattle Dressed. 0.06 to 0.08. Butter fresh per lb. 0.25 to 0.27. Eggs. 0.16 to 0.20. Flour per cwt (Island). 2.70 to 0.00. Flour, per bbl (imp). 6.00 to 7.50. Oatmeal per lb. 0.34 to 0.00. Potatoes per bush. 0.25 to 0.30. Hay per ton (pressed). \$14.00 to 0.00. Straw per cwt. 0.00 to 0.00. Straw per ton (pressed). 0.00 to 10.00. Beets per bush. 0.00 to 0.00. Chickens per doz. 0.90 to 0.10. Cabbage per doz. 0.25 to 0.00. Hay per cwt. 0.80 to 0.00. Oats. 0.50 to 0.00. Turnips per bush. 0.15 to 0.00. Celery per bunch. 0.05 to 0.00. Pork. 0.65 to 0.00. Carrots per bush. 0.50 to 0.00. Parsnips per bush. 0.60 to 0.00. Wild Geese each. 0.75 to 1.00. Brant per pair. 1.00 to 1.00. SUMMERSIDE MARKETS. (Farmers' Prices—Corrected Daily.) Barley per bush. 0.55 to 0.60. Beef (carcass) per lb. 0.4 to 0.55. Buckwheat. 0.50 to 0.00. Butter, per lb. 0.15 to 0.00. Caliskins lb. 0.05 to 0.00. Eggs per doz. 0.16 to 0.00. Hay, loose. 16.00 to 17.00. Hay pressed. 16.00 to 17.00. Straw pressed. \$8.00 to 0.00. Hides per lb. 0.61 to 0.00. Roller Mill Flour, per cwt. 3.00 to 0.00. Oatmeal, per 100 lbs. 2.75 to 0.00. Oats (black) per bushel. 45 to 0.00. Oats (white) per bushel. 44 to 0.00. Wheat per bushel. 1.10 to 1.20. Pork. 0.6 to 0.60. Potatoes, per bush. 0.20 to 0.00. Turnips. 0.15 to 0.16. Geese per lb. 0.10 to 0.00. Turkeys per lb. 0.14 to 0.15. Ducks per lb. 0.08 to 0.10. Chickens. 0.06 to 0.10. GEORGETOWN MARKETS. Herring per bbl. 30 5.00. Haddock per quintal. 2.50 3.00. Cod, per quintal. 2.75 3.00. Oats, per bush. 0.35 0.30. Potatoes per bush. 0.25 0.00. Turnips, per bush. 0.15 0.00. Eggs, per doz. 0.17 0.00. Oatmeal, per cwt. 2.75 3.00. Butter per lb. 0.21 0.25. Apples per bush. 0.40 0.50. Hay pressed. 14.00 0.00. Chickens, per pair. 0.35 0.40. Beets per bush. 0.35 0.40. Hides per lb. 0.65 0.00. Parsnips, per bush. 0.35 0.40. Barley per bush. 0.48 0.50. Geese per lb. 0.80 0.00. Turkey per lb. 0.1 15. Hay per ton. 15.00

Boy—Here are the eggs you ordered ma'am. Lady of the house—Just lay them on the table. Boy—I'm no hen, ma'am. I'm the grocer's boy. EARACHE CURED. Miss J. J. Johnson, Innisfail, Alta., says: "I was troubled with Earache for a long time, and nothing helped me until I used Haggard's Yellow Oil which cured me completely." Customer—Gimme another rat trap. Dealer—But you just bought one yesterday. Customer—I know, but there's a rat i that one. Minard's Liniment Relieves Rheu-algia. Dumley—"Do you take your breakfast down town?" Quibble—"Yes, but I eat it at home." Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff. Knicker—"I hear that Stumper got awfully twisted in his speech." Bocker: "Yes, he actually pointed with alarm and viewed with pride." All the long healing properties of the pine are bottled up in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is the most satisfactory remedy for coughs and colds of all kinds. Price 25c. "I was knocked senseless when a small boy." "Well, doesn't the doctor think you'll ever get over it?" Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere. Little Betty: "My sister has a new hat trimmed with humming birds." Little Johnny: "H'm, that's nothing. Ma has been in her bonnet—I heard pa say so."

INSTANT RELIEF. Mr. Robt. Jennings, Mansfield, Ont., writes: "I have used one bottle of Dr. Lewis' Toothache Gum for severe toothache and received instant relief. Besides this it acted as a splendid temporary, filling Price 10c. Mike—Phwat is a good openin' fer a young man? Pat—His mouth when he kapes it shut. Stupefying headaches are cured, the head cleared, and the brain brightened by Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders. They do not weaken the heart. Price 10c and 25c. Old Party—Were you named after your father? Little Fletcher—Sure! He's lots older than I am. Laxa-Liver Pills are the ladies' favorite cathartic, as they do not gripe or pain, sicken or weaken or cause the slightest inconvenience. Price 25c. all druggists. Mr. Newhub—What's this you've been trying to make? Mr. Newhub (dolefully)—Angel cake, but it never rises. Mr. Newhub—Ahl a fallen angel cake, eh? Minard's Liniment Cures Furms, etc. Miss Plain—I'll never board at a farm house again. I wish you'd light the lamp, Sarah. I'm afraid of the dark. Sarah (the farmer's daughter)—Are you now? I should think you'd be more afraid of the light. DOES CHILDREN GOOD. Mrs. Joseph Langtry, Brockville, Ont.—"I have used Dr. Bow's Worm Syrup in my family, and it has always been effective and has done the children good. I can highly recommend it."

Eastern Steamship Co. INTERNATIONAL DIVISION. Reduced Rates effective May 1st, '05. St. John to Portland, \$3.00. St. John to Boston, \$3.50. Commencing March 22, 1905, steamer leaves St. John Wednesdays at 8 a. m. (Atlantic Standard) for Lubec, Eastport, Portland and Boston. Saturdays at 6.30 p. m. for Boston direct RETURNING. From Boston, via Eastport and Lubec Mondays and Fridays at 9 a. m. From Portland, Mondays at 5.30 p. m. Passengers arriving at St. John on evenings previous to morning sailings can go direct to steamer and take cabin berth or stateroom for the trip. All cargo, except Live Stock, via steamers of this company is insured against fire and marine risk. W. H. LEE, Agent, St. John, N. B. A. H. HANSCOM, G. P. & T. A. CALVIN, AUSTIN, V. P. & Gen'l Mgr. Boston, Mass.

Any Color of the Rainbow can be used to paint "BANNIGER" EDDY'S Impervious Sheathing. Ask your builder to use it on your new building. Schofield Bros. St. John, N. B., Selling Agent s.

The Port Daniel Lumber Co. MANUFACTURERS Birch and Spruce, Dimension Lumber, Cedar Shingles, Posts and Ties. Water Shipment Only. 4-3 dw 1m pd. PORT DANIEL, QUE. Mr. Robt. Jennings, Mansfield, Ont., writes: "I have used one bottle of Dr. Lewis' Toothache Gum for severe toothache and received instant relief. Besides this it acted as a splendid temporary, filling Price 10c. Mike—Phwat is a good openin' fer a young man? Pat—His mouth when he kapes it shut. Stupefying headaches are cured, the head cleared, and the brain brightened by Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders. They do not weaken the heart. Price 10c and 25c. Old Party—Were you named after your father? Little Fletcher—Sure! He's lots older than I am. Laxa-Liver Pills are the ladies' favorite cathartic, as they do not gripe or pain, sicken or weaken or cause the slightest inconvenience. Price 25c. all druggists. Mr. Newhub—What's this you've been trying to make? Mr. Newhub (dolefully)—Angel cake, but it never rises. Mr. Newhub—Ahl a fallen angel cake, eh? Minard's Liniment Cures Furms, etc. Miss Plain—I'll never board at a farm house again. I wish you'd light the lamp, Sarah. I'm afraid of the dark. Sarah (the farmer's daughter)—Are you now? I should think you'd be more afraid of the light. DOES CHILDREN GOOD. Mrs. Joseph Langtry, Brockville, Ont.—"I have used Dr. Bow's Worm Syrup in my family, and it has always been effective and has done the children good. I can highly recommend it."

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