

A CARD

We, the undersigned do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Will's English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Will's English Pills are used.

Johnson & Johnson, Druggists, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Geo. E. Hughes, Druggist, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
L. W. Watson, Druggist, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Reddin Bros., Druggists, Queen Square, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Emersonian Recital!

Under the direction of Miss Isobel Macmillan in the

KINDERGARTEN HALL

—ON—

Thursday Evening, April 5th

Orchestra

1. Physical Culture—Emerson Exercises to Musical Accompaniment.....
Gentlemen: Messrs R. C. Macpherson, G. R. Macmillan, J. E. F. Cahill.

Ladies: Misses Edith Stewart, Eva Hyde, Fannie Macmillan.

Director: Miss Isobel Macmillan.

Piano: Miss Smallwood.

Cornet: Miss Gwendoline Welsh.

2. Reading—"How Do I Hear the Messiah".....
Miss Flo MacKenzie.

3. Violin Solo (selected).....
Prof. Vinnicombe.

4. Reading—"In a Sleeping Car".....
(a farce).....
Miss Josie Stentford.

5. Vocal Solo—"Odi Tu".....
Mr F J Stauver.

6. Reading—Scene from Quo Vadis—"Rescue of Lydia".....
Miss Ruby Rattray.

PART II.

Orchestra

7. Reading—(a) "The Two Runaways".....
(b) "The Last Shot".....
Mr Kenneth Macpherson.

8. Piano Trio.....
The Misses Carroll & Kelly.

9. Amateur Ladies' Drama—"The Champion of Her Sex" (cast).....
Mrs Duplex, a widow with money and a Mission, Isobel Macmillan.

Mrs Deborah Hartshorn, her Mother, Ruby Rattray.

Florence Duplex, her Daughter, Eva Hyde.

Carolina Duplex, her Step-daughter, Bessie Burke.

Rhoda Dendron } Friends.....
Pollie Nay }

Miss Flo MacKenzie.

Katie O'Neill } Maids.....
Magie Donovan }

Edith Stewart and Josie Stentford

10. Vocal Solo (selected).....
Miss Florrie Earle.

11. Reading—(a) "The Bells".....
(b) "Shandon Bells".....
Mr J J Macgowan.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Opera open at 7.30. Recital at 8 o'clock. Admission 35c.

City of Charlottetown.

TENDERS

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Plank," will be received at this office until noon on MONDAY, APRIL 9th, 1906, from any person or persons willing to supply the City of Charlottetown with:

15,000 feet 2 inch Merchantable Hemlock Plank.

20,000 feet 3 inch Merchantable Hemlock Plank.

30,000 Spruce Battens, 2 1/2 inches thick, in 12, 14 or 16 feet lengths, in equal quantities of 7, 8 or 9 inches wide.

3,000 feet Juniper 3x6 inch, in 6, 8 or 12 feet lengths.

One half of each description of plank to be delivered on any of the wharves in Charlottetown, on or before the 10th day of May next; and the balance on or before the 2nd day of July next, (free of all charges, including wharfage and survey.)

Surveyor to be accepted by the Council. Tenders must specify price per thousand feet, plank measurement.

The council do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, H. M. DAVIDSON, City Clerk's Office, City Clerk

City Hall, March 27th, 1906

FOR SALE OR TO LET

That nicely situated residence, with out buildings, on the Malpeque Road, one mile from Post office, with 9 or 32 acres of land, as desired.

Apply to J. T. PEARSON.

FLORABEL'S LOVER

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Author of "When Lovely Maiden Stoops to Folly," "A Broken Betrothal," "Parted by Fate," "Parted at the Altar," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS.

Florabel was a dependent of her step-father, Squire Pemberton. His daughter hate Florabel, and when the Squidies, order her out of the old home. Mr Forrester a rich young man marries her and introduces her into his family members of which disapprove of his marriage, as they wanted him to marry M Clavering, an heiress.

CHAPTER XXXV--(Continued.)

"Dare I go there?" she murmured, the color coming and going on her lovely dark face. The temptation was great.

She should have abandoned the thought at once, but she did not. In thinking the matter over she finally resolved to make one last attempt to live under the same roof with Max.

With subtle cunning, worthy of a better cause, she set about altering her appearance, until at last she owned to herself even Max would not know her.

It took great nerve and great courage to present herself at the great stone house on the hill and make known her errand. Only one woman out of a thousand could have passed safely through such a trying ordeal without betraying herself.

She could not help but notice Max's increasing attachment for the child, and in like proportion she hated little Flora.

The lessons did not go on quite as smoothly as Max could have wished, but he did not know the child had taken an unconquerable dislike to her new governess, Mrs. Thorne.

"She is so kind to me before papa," she complained to the housekeeper; "but when we are alone her eyes sometimes gleam at me until I am afraid—I don't know why."

"It's all your fancy, my little dear," laughed the good natured old housekeeper. "Why, Mrs. Thorne is fond of you, I'm sure."

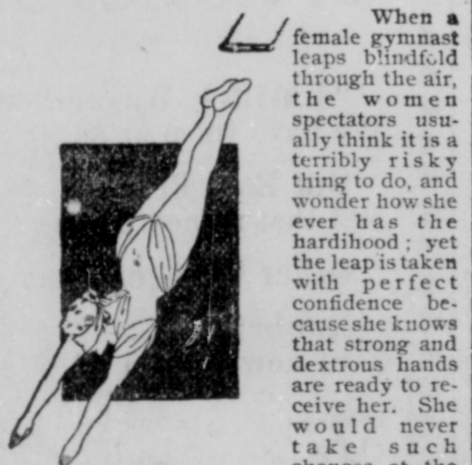
But the child was not to be convinced.

"I often start up from my sleep in the dead hour of the night, and think she is bending over me, but as I open my eyes the vision fades."

"I hope you will not tell your papa such nonsensical things," said the old housekeeper, with deep concern; "he would be greatly annoyed over it, I feel sure, for he likes Mrs. Thorne; she is such a nice, quiet lady."

"Yes, and Mrs. Thorne likes your young master equally well," put in one of the maids, pertly. "You ought to see how her black eyes follow him about when he comes into the room."

"Lucy," said the housekeeper, sharply, "hold your tongue. You forget little missy is here listening to your senseless chatter. 'Little pitchers' etc., you know."



When a female gymnast leaps blindfold through the air, the women spectators usually think it is a terribly risky thing to do, and wonder how she ever has the hardihood; yet the leap is taken with perfect confidence because she knows that strong and dextrous hands are ready to receive her. She would never take such chances at a hands of any but a trained and skillful athlete. That is where she is really more prudent than many of her sex.

Women who would shudder at the risks of a gymnastic performance take vastly more dangerous chances by trusting their life and health to the advice of some incompetent, uneducated person, when they are suffering from weakness or disease.

Only a skilled, experienced physician is competent to prescribe remedies for the complicated ailments of the feminine organism. No mere nurse is fitted to deal with diseases which demand the utmost resources of medical science.

For nearly 20 years Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., has given special, expert attention and study to the treatment of women's diseases. No physician in the United States has had more remarkable success in this particular field of practice.

His "Favorite Prescription" has cured more cases of obstinate female diseases than any other known remedy. No other medicine in the world so completely restores organic health and strength to suffering women.

Mrs. Jacob Schaffner, of Freemansburg, Northampton Co., Pa., writes: "It is with pleasure that I write to let you know the great good I have received from your medicines and the self-treatment at home. I was troubled with female weakness; in my back all the time, sometimes so severe that I could not lie still in bed at night. I tried different doctors but they could not help me. Then my husband induced me to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. After taking six bottles I feel like a new woman. Thanks for your advice."

"It's true, all the same," declared the girl. "She'll be little Flora's mamma instead of her governess if she has her way about it."

A week passed by since Mrs. Thorne's advent into the household, and at this juncture Florabel again visited Lonon, drawn there by some strange impulse she could not understand or control; and again she sought the quiet of the lonely villa in the shadow of the great house on the hill.

The grounds around the villa, especially those by the little artificial lake, were very charming. This was Florabel's favorite haunt. She loved to sit on the mossy bank and see the red glow of the sunset die away over the water, and the golden-hearted stars come out one by one and beam on the white pond-lilies that rested on its bosom.

How long she sat there on the eventful afternoon on which the turning point of her life came she never knew.

She was quite lost in her own thoughts, when suddenly a shrill childish voice broke in upon her reverie:

"Won't you reach me my hat, please? It just fell from my hands. See, the wind is blowing it into the water."

Florabel gave a violent start. The voice seemed to pierce to the very core of her heart. She glanced quickly around. No one was in sight.

"I am sitting on the old stone wall, just behind this big tree. Take three steps away from the path, and you will see me. I cannot get down and get my hat, for I am lame. I reached my crutch down after it, but that fell and broke, too. Please hand it up."

Florabel went the required three steps, and saw the child seated on the broad edge. A great gasping cry fell from her lips. She knew her at once. The moonlight was bright and vivid. In it the flowers glowed like flame. In the very heart of it sat the child.

Oh, how she longed, with all the intensity of her nature, to spring forward and clasp her in her arms. A mist swam before her eyes. A sound as of rushing waters filled her ears. She had been thinking but just now of her longing to see her. It almost seemed as if Heaven had, by some miracle, answered her prayer.

"I am afraid I startled you," said little Flo. "You are swaying to and fro like a leaf in the wind. Are you ill?"

A strange sensation passed over Florabel's heart.

"I did feel just a little ill," she said, with a smile. "I am better now. I will pick up your hat and cane, and you shall repay me with a kiss."

"As many as you like," assented little Flo, eagerly. "Then you shall carry me to the house to papa, if you will."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Before Florabel could answer, her thoughts were in such a whirl, a dark form stepped out from among the shadows and snatched the child from her arms.

"You need not trouble yourself," she said. "I will take little Missie to the house."

It was little wonder that Florabel did not recognize her. Her appearance was so greatly altered, and her voice was so strange, hoarse and unnatural, it sounded like nothing human.

Despite little Flo's frowns, and her declaration that Mrs. Thorne should not take her back to the house in the place of the pretty lady who had picked up her hat and broken crutch, she was carried away.

"Come to-morrow at the same place by the old stone wall, and I shall be there," she called back to Florabel.

Florabel turned away with a sigh.

What was the strong bond that drew her heart like a magnet toward this child? Had she not supplanted her in Max's affections? Yet, despite that, she loved the babyish face. Her heart throbbled at the touch of those soft, caressing, baby hands.

A longing came over her to watch Max and the child together, herself unseen. She could have plenty of opportunity to do this if she remained at the villa.

When Mrs. Thorne reached her own room that night, bitter were her railings against fate.

"Of all the places in London, why

did she come here, to this neighborhood?" she asked herself. "It would only be a question of time ere Max and Florabel met face to face, and then—"

But he would not trust herself to think what would happen then.

"I will go out into the grounds and think my way out of this new difficulty," she murmured, pressing her hands to her throbbing brow.

She stole out of the house by the spiral iron stairway that led out into the rose garden, and threw herself down on one of the benches by the fountain.

"How will it end, I wonder?" she muttered, in a sharp, excited voice, beating her hands together, and rocking herself to and fro.

"I can tell you, ma'am," said a voice close to her elbow. "Do not cry out, and bring the servants of the house down upon us," he warned. "I am no poacher. I have been watching these many days to have a word with you. I intended sending you a note asking for an interview."

Inez Clavering sprang to her feet in greatest amazement.

"Who are you?" she asked, angrily. "How dare you address such words as these to me?"

"I am a friend or enemy, whichever you choose to make me," replied the man, with a laugh, which was not pleasant to hear.

Inez Clavering drew back her skirts with a haughty gesture.

"Allow me to pass! You are either a fool or a madman!" she said.

"Take care what words you say, my lady," said the man, blocking the path so that it was impossible for her to proceed further. "You might make me angry, and as you are in my power, that wouldn't be wise. Now look close into my face, and see if you do not recall who I am."

There was something familiar about the bold, dark eyes and leering face, but Inez would not admit it.

(To be continued.)

Screamed... WITH.. Agony

From the Terrible Itching, Burning

Tortures of... Eczema on the Scalp

Some of the cures effected by Dr. Chase's Ointment are more like miracles than anything else. The case recorded here was one of the worst ever brought to the attention of Toronto's best physicians, and when doctors gave up all hope of recovery Dr. Chase's Ointment was successful in producing a perfect cure.

Mr. James Scott, 136 Wright Ave., Toronto, states: "My boy Tosa, aged ten, was for nearly three years afflicted with a bad form of Eczema of the scalp, which was very unsightly and resisted all kinds of remedies and doctor's treatment. His head was in a terrible state. We had to keep him from school, and at times his head would bleed, and the child would scream with agony. For two and a half years we battled with it in vain, but at last found a cure in Dr. Chase's Ointment. About five boxes were used. The original sores dried up, leaving the skin in its normal condition. To say it is a pleasure to testify to the wonderful merits of Dr. Chase's Ointment is putting it very mildly."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, at all dealers, or Edimanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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The policy is issued by the agent in Charlottetown at a moment's notice and enclosed in a substantial pocket book.

The indemnities are as follows—

Death caused by accident in passenger Railway conveyance \$1500.00.

Temporary Disablement caused by accident in Railway conveyance, \$10.00 per week.

Temporary Disablement caused by Smallpox, Varioloid Diphtheria, Measles, Asiatic, Cholera, Erysipilas, Appendicitis, Diabetes, Peritonitis, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, Meningitis or Tetanus, \$10.00 per week.

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