



His babyship

will be wonderfully freshened up, and his whole little fat body will shine with health and cleanliness after his tub with the "Albert"

Baby's Own Soap.

This soap is made entirely with vegetable fats, has a faint but exquisite fragrance, and is unsurpassed as a nursery and toilet soap.

Beware of imitations.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL

White's Caramels and Snowflake

Chocolates

Can be had at any following first class

- T. J. Morris
- D. L. Hooper
- W. Pickard & Co.
- W. A. Hutcheson
- W. F. Carter
- Stewart & Gates
- Sanderson & Co.
- J. D. McLeod &
- R. H. Mason.

Hillsborough

Bridge

The New Bridge is coming and so are the dry streets and roads. Then you will need something nice in footwear.

We Have a fine Selection Selling Very Low

J. H. BELL

The Bargain Boot and Shoe Store.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the business of the late Charles Matheson, Painter, will be carried on by the undersigned until further notice.

The business will be under the management of John C. Murphy, who has been in the employ of the deceased for the past nine years, is a master workman, and quite competent to conduct the work.

The patronage of former customers kindly solicited.

JANE MATHESON, St. Avar's, June 12th, 1906.

No Flies on our Bcy's t the Front!

Keep them away from the folks at home.

Order screen doors and windows now.

A. Duchemin & Co

P. E. I. Door and Sash Factory.

RIGHTED AT LAST

BY MARY CECIL HAY

Author of "The Arundel Motto," "Nora's Love Test," "Back to the Old Home," Etc.

"If I had changed my dress I could have come, too," she remarked, plaintively.

"It would be too bad if, in the hour of your arrival, you began helping me to receive my visitors; you will have abundance of such tasks as that presently. But see," Honor continued, as the door opened again, "you are to have the task of entertaining after all. Hervey, I am glad to see you, though you are very early. I said dinner at eight."

"I know," said Hervey, deprecatingly; "but you told me I might come early, and of course you knew I should."

"I am very glad you came. Phoebe will give you some tea while I run away for a minute."

"A lady has called to see her, I think," explained Phoebe, as she took her place at the tea-table, with a new shyness which gave her a new gentleness, too.

"No lady," rejoined Captain Hervey, moodily. "It is Haughton, who is waiting for her below."

Phoebe raised her wide, round eyes in alarm, and forgot Captain Trent's tea—a matter to which he was utterly indifferent.

"Oh, Hervey," she stammered, at last, "he has come for me!"

"Not he," said Hervey, quite indifferently, though without his old lazy scorn of her speeches.

"Oh! what shall I do? I—I must see him; and yet if he takes me back to Jane! Oh, Honor will be so vexed if he is come for me."

"Less vexed, I should fancy," rejoined Hervey, anxiously turning his eyes to the door, "than if he had come for another purpose. Don't fret, Phoebe," he cried, with kindness; "there is no fear of Lawrence taking you back to Jane."

She had collected herself then, and made an effort to do the honors gracefully. Hervey Trent, standing upon the rug, and longing for the return of Honor, had yet time to notice that Phoebe was not so heavy as she used to be, and that, perhaps, if she dressed like Honor, and did not fall back on her old, ecstatic tricks, but could, by some marvellous means, acquire a composed demeanor, he should not object to take her under his wing, just occasionally, when Honor particularly wished it.

"Of course, it gives a man prestige to take Honor," he mused; "and if Phoebe improves she won't do much harm."

Wondering how far such improvement might be possible, he condescended to exert himself a little during that tete-a-tete; and Phoebe, too much astonished at any attention from her languid cousin to exert himself at all, pleased him more than she could have done with her exclamatory style of converse. So they were friendly and easy, as Honor had hoped they would be, almost before she had closed the library door behind her, and stood in the presence of her old guardian, fresh from that mortifying visit of his to Royden Keith.

He stood looking from the window in the handsome library, just as he had stood in his fear of looking at her when she came, in her beauty and her freshness, to the wearied, mortified watchers for Lady Lawrence; and just as he feared to let the old weakness master him then, he feared to let it master him now, but with a still more dangerous and guilty purpose.

Some faint fear of his purpose she gleaned from his face when he turned to greet her, and for a moment she wished she had not answered the request upon his card to see him alone. Only for a moment; then her courage came back to her, and she waited quietly for what he had to say.

"Honor," he began, "all my letters to you have been so long unheeded that

I am come myself now for their answer."

"There is no answer," said Honor, quietly.

"No answer?" He repeated the words sharply, while he moved toward her with a quick, impatient step. "What do you mean, Honor?"

"I mean simply what I say," she answered, raising her clear eyes to his face. "They all told the same old story; and from the first, as you know full well, that story wearied me beyond words."

"You were a petulant child then, Honor," he said, curbing his voice with a strong effort; "you are a woman now, and can appreciate such devotion as I offer—a man's strong and deeply rooted love, not a boy's wayward affection's."

No answer in his pause, and he came still nearer to her on the hearth, his chest heaving, his fingers clenched as his hands hung beside him.

"Honor, you will recall this day with pity for yourself, if you send me from you with such an answer as you try to utter now. I am not one to lightly give and take my love. It must be successful, after these years of waiting, or I cannot calmly stand aside and see my love give her hand to another—as I have known idiots do. Why should I alone be miserable when the misery is your fault? I have given you too much to be patient at no return. I have not loved you for your wealth—you know that; and you know it if no one else. I loved you years ago. I gave you all the love I had, when you were poor and almost friendless. Who else has done so? Those men who fawn upon you now care nothing for yourself, it is your wealth they court."

"Lawrence," she said, stopping him with an appealing gesture, and a look of real pain upon her face, "please do not talk of this. I must make once more my old request. You were my guardian, and so I have borne from you what I would have borne from no one else. But you must not speak to me so again, or our friendship must be broken forever."

Keenly watching her as she spoke, he read aright—so well he knew the face he loved—the hopelessness of his ambition. And then the cruelty of his despair and jealousy rose up, and took his words in its sole charge.

"If you had listened to me, and answered me differently," he cried, "I would have spared you all I could. I would have spared you every knowledge, and even thought, of crime and deception. As it is, you shall know what I know; then you will see, perhaps, whose love is worth accepting, and then—ah, Honor," he cried, once more weak in his passion, "it is not too late yet—I have not spoken. I never need speak, if you will only promise at last to repay my years of devotion."

"What have you to tell me of crime and deception?"

She spoke firmly, but her hand had seized the back of a chair beside her, and her eyes had gathered a terrible fear under their drawn brows.

"What I will tell you to-night—now," he cried, passionately. "You have raised the fiend within me, and you shall know all that I know, if—if you refuse to listen to my love."

So he broke off once more to plead, in the madness of this selfish and ambitious passion he called love; and still she answered him with kindness in her firm refusal.

Then, in the heat and anger of this blow, for which he even yet was unprepared, there came from his stern lips that information on the effect of which he built his last desperate hope—that the man whose name she never uttered to him, yet about whom his suspicion and jealousy had wrapped themselves with a strength and tenacity which might well convince him of their truth, was the man convicted, eleven years before, for the murder of the old miser whose wealth she now possessed.

"The man who, from the cell where he lay under sentence of death, had craftily escaped; and now, at large again, was continuing his rascally career."

"You have told me this before," said Honor, "only, perhaps, not quite so decidedly and circumstantially. I asked you then for evidence to prove the truth of what you asserted."

"Yes, I told you before," exclaimed Lawrence, more hastily than he would have done if he had felt full reliance on the strength of the clue he had handled so eagerly and unceasingly; "and it is the truth, I have told you again. I feel myself your guardian still, Honor; and I cannot let you be duped and deceived before my very eyes."

"There is no fear," said Honor, quietly; "and this you know."

"I told you something else of Gabriel Myddelton last time we spoke of him," blurted out Mr. Haughton, never trusting himself to pause between the speeches. "I told you he was a married man, and that I can prove—unless he is guilty of another crime, as base in some men's eyes as the murder itself. Ah! you have guessed this?" he cried, excitedly, as he read her face with shrewd intentness: "you are more

at last to feel that you have counted among your friends a criminal and a deceiver?"

"I was moved," said the girl, knowing how, for one moment, her courage had deserted her because her thoughts flew back to that one day she had spent at Westleigh Towers—"I was moved by an old memory. Please leave me now; I do not want to hear another word of—Gabriel Myddelton."

"Nor to see him again—do you, Honor?" cried Mr. Haughton, in the excitement of his sudden, selfish hope. "You must shrink even from looking on a man, who forces his way into society under false pretences, with a false name and false character—a reckless scoundrel, who dares his fate."

"Of whom are you speaking, Lawrence?"

He started at the cold, proud tone. "Of Gabriel Myddelton, or Royden Keith—as you will."

"You say Gabriel Myddelton is daring his fate under the false name of Royden Keith, of Westleigh Towers? Then is the society into which he is received so blind, and dense, and easily duped as that? Tell me how this name, and the estate of Westleigh Towers, belong to Gabriel Myddelton? Would not any account of the landed gentry show you the pedigree of Royden Keith, of Westleigh Towers?"

(To be continued.)

BACKACHE ?

If you have Backache you have Kidney Disease. If you neglect Backache it will develop into something worse—Bright's Disease or Diabetes. There is no use rubbing and doctoring your back. Cure the kidneys. There is only one kidney medicine but it cures Backache every time—

Dodd's Kidney Pills

JUNE

MAGAZINES

AT

Haszard & Moore

SUNNYSIDE.

White Canvas Shoes.

For Ladies \$.00 and \$1.50 a pair.

Men's White Canvas Shoes

\$1.75 a pair.

R K Jost

Stamper's Corner.

Gay's Plants.

Vegetable Plants.—Extra Early Cabbage, (transplanted) 4c per 100; late Cabbage, from seed bed ready the 20th June, 12c per 100; early Snowball Cauliflower, 50c per 100, extra early Tomato 25c per doz; late do., 12c per doz; Celery 40c per 100; Cucumber, Spanish, Pumpkin, 15c per box.

Flower Plants.—Pansy in bloom, 40c per doz; Pansy, (1 doz transplanted in box) 20c per box; nice Seeding Pansies 12c per doz. (The seed of above pansy cost \$6.00 per oz.) Extra choice Verbena, (transplanted in boxes) 25c per doz; (in moss do., 20c per doz.) Double Daisy, (in bloom) 5c each; Large Carnations, Double Forget-me-not, Hollyhock, Rocket, Sweet William, etc., 5c each, 40c per doz; Phlox, Aconite Petunia Candytuft, Mignonette, Balsam, Morning Glory, Nasturtium Canary Creeper Marigold, Chrysanthemum, Swan Drooping Ageratum, etc., etc., 12c per doz; Carpet of Snow, Alyssum, Golden Feather, Lobelia, (for edging of beds) 6c per doz, 40c per 100; Dahlic Bulbs, 8c each; Gladiolus, 4c each; Palm, 40c to \$1.00 each; Asparagus Sprengi the finest window plant, the most popular hanging plant 30c to 40c each. Plants shipped to all the Maritime Provinces (packed in moss.) Tender plants will not be sent until all danger of frost is past. Mail orders a specialty. We do not bind ourselves to any particular price at our Market Stalls or Nursery Gardens. The above is intended as a guide for our many customers from a distance. Please remit cash with order.



J. J. GAY & SON,

Charlottetown and Market House. Tue, Thu & Sat.



THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMPANY

The Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President

ASSETS—\$277,517,325.36.

ANNUAL INCOME—\$55,006,629.43

INSURANCE IN FORCE—\$971,711,997.79

All Canadian Policies payable in gold

Before placing your insurance, please call or write for particulars.

JOHN McEACHERN, AGENT

27—Sat & Mon Imo.

HASZARD'S BRAHMIN TEA.

Imported Direct From the Warburton Estate.

The most popular and best seller in Canada.

All the leading grocers in town and country now sell Haszard's genuine "Brahmin."

Ask for it, and see that you get it.

FIRE INSURANCE

Very low rates quoted for desirable business.

It will pay you to call on me before placing your risks.

Horace Haszard,

City on n, April 26th, 1900

GENERAL AGENT

MARINE INSURANCE

Hulls, Cargoes and Freight.

Insured at LOWEST RATES. Sterling certificates issued when required.

Losses Promptly Settled.

Horace Haszard,

Ch'town, April 26th, 1900.

GENERAL AGENT

Summer Suiting.

Our importations of clothes for spring and summer is now complete, and we invite inspection of the largest and noblest stock of suitings, overcoatings and trousing, to be seen in his city. Correct style, perfect fit and best workmanship guaranteed. Always on hand, a full line of gents' furnishings

JOHN McLEOD & CO