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THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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TRUST CANDY STORES, LIKE TRUST CIGAR STORES, MAY BE ORGANIZED



E. T. BEDFORD, HEAD OF CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
NEW YORK, Sept. 12.—It looks as if there will be trust candy stores in every city, operated very much like the present day trust cigar stores. The Standard Oil men are behind the movement. Since the death of H. H. Rogers, it has been discovered that he was foremost in the trust candy movement. Wm Rockefeller, who is said to be interested. The head of the movement is E. T. Bedford of the Standard Oil Co., who is president of the Corn Products Refining Co. This company manufactures nearly



PRESIDENT TAFT AND DAUGHTER HELEN RETURNING FROM THE GOLF LINKS AT BEVERLY IN THEIR AUTOMOBILE.

OFFICE A, SMITH BLOCK

The Lawyer Used It For More Than His Legal Business.

By LUCY POOLE.

(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

It had always been reported around town that C. R. Taylor was a wealthy man. When he appeared at the general meeting place, Hinkham's grocery, all the men would shift their wads and straighten their hats out of deference as he seated himself on the best cracker barrel by the stove and planted his feet on the warmest spot.

But the swift, horrible accident had silenced the jovial Croesus, and his estate had been revealed to the public's horrified gaze as absolutely worthless.

Mrs. Taylor had been prostrated completely. Janet had struggled as she could, but after all the funeral expenses had been paid her little store of banknotes had dwindled away to a pathetic few.

"Now, Burt," she explained eagerly to her masculine friend, lawyer and devoted lover, "it is a case of sheer necessity, you see. We will only have \$10 a month from the farm, and that won't even pay mother's doctor bills."

"Janet," began the young man, his voice husky with the emotion he tried to suppress—"Janet, I'm in good business now, and your father had given me his consent, so why won't you let me help you in this time of trouble? You know I"—

"Yes, I know, Burt," answered the girl gently, "but it is impossible. Now, my plan is this: At college I took all the four prizes for the best essays and had good success with the college weekly and annual."

Burt could hardly hide a smile. This young slip of womanhood talking of \$30 a month paid for her literary work! Poor child, she did not realize that college weeklies and city daily papers differ strikingly in their demands.

But one simply could not argue with Janet. Her radiant beauty was her strongest weapon, and Burt left her in high spirits.

"Burt, I shall depend on you for the addresses of all the best papers and magazines in the city," she called to

a bit to eat or an hour's rest. Yet the dainty, dark beauty of Janet's charming face floated tantalizingly before the dusty lawbooks or the tiresome documents.

He had not heard a word from her since he had mailed the addresses, and he wondered whether he could have been mistaken and Janet's work was actually making good. On the Saturday of a third week he locked the door of Office A, Smith block, and took the train down to the village to gladden his mother's heart by sight of himself and his eyes by a sight of Janet.

He found the girl pale and quiet, with very little to say. It was not until the end of the call that he had the courage to ask about her literary work. At his first word the unnatural calm gave way and she cried like a child.

"It's no use, Burt," she sobbed. "I've tried and tried, but everything comes back with a polite 'Of no use,' and I know it is just because they don't read my work."

Burt was sorely tempted. Had he followed his own inclination he would have gathered the girl into his strong arms and bidden the senseless editors go wherever they pleased. But this was out of the question. "I'll tell you, Janet," he said soothingly—"give me your work and I'll take it back with me tomorrow and see what I can do."

And so the matter rested, and Burt returned to his office with a roll of classical raptures, such as "The Lushy Marsh Where the Cows Stood Knee Deep in Cowslips" and other totally unsalable works of his ambitious sweet-heart.

He took up another story and read through one long outburst over "a fall blown apple orchard, where the busy bee doth ply his trade." "Awful, awful!" he said to himself. "But what can you expect from a college girl? Why, I can't even doctor these lists of adjectives up. They are only fit for the wastebasket."

The next day brought a brief letter to Janet:

Dear Janet—Inclosed will find a check for \$10. I sold your "Apple Orchard in Full Bloom." Address your work now to Office A, Smith block. It's an agency for short stories, and they will take anything you will send them. Don't know what magazines they use, but their work goes all over the country. Congratulations on your great luck. As ever,

BURT.

The next time Burton visited his mother in the village it was several months after the above letter. Janet was radiant, glowing and, above all, tender. She confided to him that she received from \$5 to \$10 for every article and often \$25 for a story and that she made as high as \$40 a month. Burt only smiled and listened.

Everything was rose colored now and burned to a deeper hue when Janet whispered at the gate, "You can ask me anything you please now, Burt, dear." And he rode back to the city, his cheek tingling under the rosy seal she had set there as a safeguard against all danger.

It was near spring when Mrs. Harold was suddenly taken ill. In her condition she needed loving care, so Janet went down to stay with the gentle old lady, who, she thought, would not live to see the little wedding planned for June.

Burton came home on Saturday, and the feeble old lady watched the couple with tear dimmed eyes and many softly breathed prayers. Toward night her breathing grew more and more labored, and the end was not far away.

"Janet, dear," she whispered painfully—"Janet, promise me now, dear, that you will never let anything separate you and Burt."

The girl kissed her wonderingly and promised softly.

"Doctor," went on the trembling, tired voice, "how much longer have I here with my children?"

"I cannot tell, my dear madam," answered the ancient doctor, with tears in his eyes. "Perhaps a few hours."

"Burton, my darling boy," went on the loving tones, "lean over me, my son. You and Janet must be married now. I cannot go peacefully until I know my boy has a comforter. Here comes Dr. McCloud, and he will marry you now!"—And the voice trailed off into silence.

Without waiting to consult Janet, Burton stepped to her side, and in a few moments the service was over and the dying woman had placed her trembling hands on their bowed heads and passed peacefully to the land where sorrow is never known.

A month or so after his mother's death Burton decided to move his wife to the city, where he could be at home every night. So Janet went to the little home to pack up the dead mother's boxes. It was a sad task, and Janet's eyes overflowed many a time, for she had loved the dear old lady as a daughter.

In going through the ancient desk she found a large package marked in the delicate old fashioned hand, "For my son Burton, to be opened after his marriage with Janet." Janet fingered it curiously, but slipped it into her bag unopened. When in their cozy library that night she brought it to her husband, saying:

"Burt, dear, do open this. I am so curious."

A queer smile passed over her husband's face as he broke the string and out rolled all the well remembered manuscripts of Janet's, "The Apple Orchard in Full Bloom" and others.

"Burton!" she cried in surprise. "Why, Burton, how on earth did your mother ever get these?"

"My dear little wife," he answered, holding her closely in his arms, "my office is Office A, Smith block, and mother and I were the short story company that published all your work."

The Penalty of Folly.
Methusalem, Jerah, Lamech and the others had gone to the old settlers' reunion near Ararat. It was Methusalem's nine hundredth birthday, and he capered around like a kitten, throwing balls of poplar wood at the rag dolls, taking chances in the grab bag conducted by the Canaan church and acting a perfect hog about the pink lemonade barrel and the candied popcorn stand.

"Better be careful, Meth," Lamech warned him. "You'll overdo yourself, old man."

But the ancient outup paid no heed and proceeded to ride on the merry-go-round with a woman of the Tubalites.

Alas, how fondly foolish is age! In sixty-nine fleeting years the old man was dead.—Puck.

"The lady who has not yet seen Paton's Fall Suitings has yet to see the best, quality variety and the newest." 9-7dt.

"Pure White Castile Soap—20c per lb, 15c by the bar. Also in cakes cents each (6ozs). Stock fresh on of best quality.—At W. Reddin." 9-11dt.

"Beddings camper's outfits, balcony chairs, camp stools, street-chairs, chairs for lawns, and all other house furnishings at honest prices at Jas. Paton's." 9-11dt.

"We Fear No Foe in the Ladies' Suiting Department, because we are showing the finest line of French Suiting ever brought to the Island. It is pure wool, and price only \$1.10. Jas Paton & Co." 9-7dt.

"A man's early fall overcoat wants. 'I want style.' And you're right. It is style in clothes that shows the difference between the prince and the peasant. A smart, spic-and-span, stylish fall overcoat is a business asset. All the striking new features are here, as well as the more conservative cuts—every one in exacting the right fashionable lines. But best of all, this style and shapeliness is tailored into each garment—it will have that stylish appearance until it is worn out. The man who buys his overcoat here will get both style and service at such modest overcoat prices as eight, ten, fifteen, eighteen and twenty dollars. Jame Paton & Co." 9-11dt.

COMING EVENTS.
Red Rose meeting, Lodge Prince Edward, S. O. E. Tuesday Sept 14th.

BRIDEGROOM ARRESTED FOR MURDER DURING FESTIVITIES



ANNA KAISER, THE BRIDE, MRS CHRISTINA CORYENO, VICTIM OF MURDERER. ROLAND RICH, BRIDEGROOM, SUSPECTED OF MURDER.

BAY CITY, Mich, Sept. 12.—In the midst of his wedding breakfast, ten minutes later there was a cry of "murder!" from the room. Rich, away from his bride of an hour, his grandmother's body. The woman where she had lain was bleeding profusely from a great glaring wound in the head. The bed where she had lain was blazing.

Early on the morning the young man had gone to his grandmother's room. "You are under arrest," they said, "You are accused of the murder of your grandmother." "Someone must have attacked her," man had gone to his grandmother's room. "They have stolen my suit and money, too." The explained, he had left his wedding clothes there, also the ring that should join him and his bride, and not seriously injured. Notifying only some money—about one hundred dollars—a few of his own relatives, he borrowed new clothes and gave word that the wedding should go on.

A brother of the groom-to-be saw the wedding should go on.

PLAY THAT DISGUSTED TAFT A BID TO PRURIENT CURIOSITY



MAY MCKENZIE CHAS. RICHMAN

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 12.— who knows better and ought to do better, and who has associated with him May McKenzie, the young play in a play just put on here entitled "The Revellers." The gaily party fifty as the moon companion of is Chas. Richman, author and actor, Evelyn Nesbit Thaw.

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Bicycle Road Race, Sept. 16th, Entry Blank

To Ernest Rice, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Dear Sir: Please enter my name as contestant in the Bicycle Road Race to take place on Thursday afternoon, Sept. 16th.

Name.....
Address.....
Club you represent.....
Senior or junior race.....

Entries close with Mr. Rice on Wednesday, Sept. 15th. The course for the senior race is the same as that used for the Guardian Road Race. The first prize for this senior race is a \$55.00 Cleveland racer. Silver Cups and medals will make up the other prizes.

WILL HE BOSS NAPS?



FIELDER JONES.
The ex-manager of the Chicago White Sox, who led the team to a world's championship, is said to have announced his willingness to re-turn to the game, and is mentioned as a possible manager of the Cleveland Indians, to succeed Lajoie. In addition to Jones, Bill Perrin and Billy Murray of the Phillies are mentioned.



NEVER LET ANYTHING SEPARATE YOU AND BURT.

him as he strode down the walk. "And don't forget to read every line I publish," came indistinctly to his ears as he turned the corner to the station. Burton Harold was tied to his office day and night for the next three weeks, scarcely having time to snatch

Don't Fool with Grippe

YOU can check Grippe, Bronchitis, Tonsillitis and many other similar troubles if you take Johnson's Anodyne Liniment internally. As soon as your eyes ache, your head and bones ache, you know you're in for Grippe. That's the time to use this famous 50-year-old remedy.

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25c and 50c a bottle.

Parsons' Pills are best of all laxatives. Sure relief from Constipation, Biliousness, etc.

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