STOCK FOODS

We sell the best stock foods.

We have at present
National Stock Food,
Atlas Stock Food,
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Poultry Food and Egg Producer,
Ellis' Condition Powders.

Try our powders, if you once use them you will use no other.

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Wholesale Commission Dealers in, and Shippers of All Kinds of

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1c-12 tfs &w3 m pd

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FRESH FISH,

Smelts, Eels, Lobsters and Frogs are Specialties.

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Consignments Solicited.

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FISH!

Bass, Smelts and Eels a Specialty.

All correspondence promptly answered. Stencils sent on application.

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What Some Nova Scotia Bakers Say

about the success they have had with

Royal Household Flour

The largest bakers in Eastern Canada, Moirs, Limited, Halifax, say:

In answer to your inquiry as to whether we could suggest any change that would be an improvement to "Royal Household," we emphatically answer "no." The great satisfaction we have had with your "Royal Household" this last nine months, using over 5,000 barrels in that time, has been an extreme pleasure to us. We are using this flour mostly for Bread, also using nothing else for our pastry, for which we have a very large sale.

(Signed) MOIRS, LIMITED.
Halifax, Sept. 2.

The oldest bakers in Dartmouth, say:

"Royal Household" flour is as near to perfection in the results obtained as it is possible for any flour to be. In the history of our baking business, now established for half a century, we have never had anything to equal it.

(Signed) JOSEPH H GENTLES.
Dartmouth, N. S., Sept. 15th, 1904.

The leading Baker in Annapolis says:

This is to certify that I have used considerable quantities of "Royal Household" flour during the present year and find it to be a good article indeed; suitable for family purpose in all the requirements of bread, biscuit and pastry. I regard it as equal to any flour on the market. It is the best hard wheat flour for pastry that I have ever used.

(Signed) R. P. SAUNDERS.
Annapolis, N.S., Sept 12, 1904.

Rocky Point Ferry Time Table 1904.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Monday, Oct. 3rd, 1904, until further notice, the Steamer Elfin will leave Prince Street Wharf as follows:

Leave Prince Street Wharf at		Will leave Rocky Pt at	
7.30	a. m.	8 00	a. m.
8.30	a. m.	9	a. m.
9 30	a. m.	10	a. m.
11	a. m.	12	noon
2	p. m.	2.30	p. m.
3	p. m.	3 30	p. m.
4	p. m.	4 30	p. m.
5.30	p. m.	6.00	p. m.
SUNDAY			
9	a. m.	10	a. m.
12.45	p. m	1.30	p. m.
2	p. m.	3.00	p. m.
4	p. m.	5 00	p. m.

Disinfecting

Effective, Safe, Economical,

Having installed an up-to date Formaldehyde Generator, which is a perfect Germicide

I am now prepared to disinfect dwellings, public buildings, offices, stores, etc., etc. guaranteeing their purification if infected with the germs of any contagious disease, without injury to any woven fabrics, ornaments or furniture.

All work done under the supervision of any medical practitioner, or according to the regulations of the Board of Health.

G. D. WRIGHT,

Funeral Director, and Embalmer
Office Phone 213, residence Phone 60

THE GUARDIAN SHORT STORY

The Humbling Of Jane

By BELLE MANIATES

Copyright, 1904, by Belle Maniates

"Come, pa!" commanded Jane Tivy in bright, sharp tones.

Titus Tivy, a meek, undersized man, responded to the summons and stood unresistingly before his daughter while, in accordance with her biweekly custom, she prepared him for his trip to town. First she deftly folded a muffler about his neck, buttoned his great coat snugly over it and then put on his cap, tying the earlaps in place. She next handed him the memorandum for groceries and a letter to mail, with instructions to carry it in his hand all the way "lest he forget."

When he had taken his seat in the wagon amid the molasses jug, kerosene can and butter crocks, she put a soapstone at his feet and tucked about him a heavy blanket shawl in lieu of a lap robe, albeit the day was bright and sparkling.

When he had driven away she went serenely into the house to put the finishing touches to the toilet of her sister Rose, a girl of fourteen years. Rose did not submit to her costuming as meekly as her father had done. She pouted at the hanging braids of hair, bucked against the white apron and begged for a dip to her blouse. Jane authoritatively silenced and overruled these objections, and Rose went sullenly to school.

For five years, since the death of her mother, Jane had held a tight rein over the household, and its members were strictly under Jane rule. She was a woman of convictions. One of them was that her duty clearly lay in managing the affairs of others. People were afraid of Jane. They submitted to her domineering or avoided it. There lived a man on an adjoining farm, however, who was not afraid of Jane. For some time he had resolved to introduce her to her true self, and he had chosen this morning to do it. He appeared amid the pots and kettles and Jane.

"Drop your work, Jane, and sit down. I want to talk to you."

"Well, Joel, I guess you'll have to choose some other time for visiting. I'm no lady of leisure. This is my time to work."

"Jane," said Joel, with a new, quiet ring in his voice, "you are going to listen to me now. I have waited your convenience just as long as I am going to."

Jane's nostrils dilated dangerously, but her heart beat faster than it ever had before, although she had "kept company" with Joel for six years.

"Joel Dixon," she replied, snapping off her words as if she were biting thread, "that isn't the tone to take with me. It doesn't go! I have no time to listen to you now."

Joel's stock of patience had endured for six years. It was now exhausted. He recalled the vision he had encountered on his way hither of Titus Tivy driving to town. He gave a short laugh at the recollection, squared his shoulders for action and crossed the kitchen to Jane. He took the dishcloth from her, threw it on the floor and, taking her arm, marched her into the sitting room and seated her on the plush sofa.

"Now we'll talk business," he said decisively.

Jane was silent from sheer surprise, but into her being were inoculated the germs of fear, respect and liking for Joel—tiny germs, it is true, but destined to flourish.

"I have waited six years for you to name the day, Jane. If you don't do it, I shall. After your mother's death it was reasonable to expect to wait a year or maybe two, but I'll wait no longer."

Jane was returning to her normal condition.

"We must wait a year," she decreed. "The mortgage will be paid then. Rose will be through school."

"You'll marry me a month from today or not at all," he said composedly.

Jane jumped to her feet.

"Indeed! Well, I am not going to be forced or threatened by you. Joel Dixon, I'll not marry you until I see fit!"

"Jane," he replied coolly, "you are acting under the mistake of thinking you are necessary to your father and Rose. They'd get along a great deal better without you—or more to their liking anyway."

"What do you mean?" she cried in surprise.

"What I say. You haven't been so successful running things here as you think, and there's going to be no petticoat rule at my house. Today's Wednesday. You just think over what I have said, and Saturday about this time I'll come over again and prove up what I said."

Having thus spoken, Joel departed, and Jane returned to the abstracted washing of dishes with new food for thought.

When her father was unfolding the Wingville Weekly that afternoon she astonished him by saying:

"Pa, haven't I managed the house well and kept up things since ma died?"

Titus Tivy peered at her over his spectacles and paper. He did not answer with the alacrity she had expected.

"Well, Jane," he finally said, "I guess you're the best cook and housekeeper in these parts. There ain't a lazy bone in your body."

Jane was not satisfied.

"That is not what I mean. Haven't things been as you liked? I've always done what I thought was for the best."

"Why, Jane"—he hesitated—"your way may be the best, but folks don't always want the best way. They want their own way."

Jane said no more then, but when Rose came in from school she said to her:

"Rose, don't you wear the best clothes of any girl in school?"

"Maybe I do," replied Rose a little crossly. "But what's the pleasure in good clothes if you can't wear them as you want to?"

Again Jane was silenced.

"They say," continued Rose pertly, "that Joel Dixon's sweet on the new teacher."

A great fear smote Jane. Then she rallied. If Joel Dixon wanted a little, meek, clinging vine woman for a wife he could take Lucy Wicks and welcome. But Rose's speech rankled and lingered in her memory through the week, and she anxiously awaited what Saturday might bring forth.

It brought Joel just as she was starting her father for town. As Titus gathered up the reins Jane intercepted the exchange of winks between her father and her lover. This troubled her, and she was in a puzzled rather than an antagonistic mood when left alone with Joel.

"Come with me," he said, taking her by the arm and marching her out of the house. Surprised, she suffered herself to be led or rushed through the orchard, down the hill to where the road wound its way.

"Now, stand behind this tree and watch out," he said.

Wondering if he had gone crazy, she did as he directed. She saw her father drive jogging Fleetwood up to a zigzag corner of the rail fence, get out, take the soapstone, wrap it in the shawl and pitch it behind a stump. Then he unbuttoned his coat, threw his muffler under the cushion, took off his cap, doubled back the earlaps inside the crown, put the letter and memorandum in his pocket, got back in the buggy and drove away.

Jane looked at Joel, a light of new intelligence creeping into her eyes.

"Has he"—

"He has. For five years. He knows what he wants and has had his own way right along, only he thought it was easier to let you think you were having yours."

She turned back toward the house, Joel accompanying her.

"And has every one about here known it?" she asked faintly.

"Yes; they have thought it a good joke on you, and they liked your father too well to give him away."

She looked so utterly miserable that he almost but not quite relented.

"No, don't go in the house yet," he said. "There goes Rose down the road. When she's out of sight I want you to follow."

"I don't need to," replied Jane quietly. "I suppose she stops and remakes her toilet too."

"Yes, she hides her apron under a stone, perks up her front hair and jerks up the braid to meet it and pulls down her shirt waist."

She sat down on the steps.

"Then all these years," she said bitterly, "I've been a failure and a joke."

"No, Jane. You have simply made the mistake a great many competent women make—of wanting to boss."

She was silent. Joel thought he saw an effort to hide a tear and felt encouraged. He sat down beside her and put his arm about her.

"A month from last Wednesday, Jane."

She turned her head away.

"Oh, you'd better take Lucy Wicks. She'd never try to boss you. You need a woman with no will of her own."

"No, Jane," he said gently, turning her face toward him, "I need you."

A Fatal Oversight.

An American was showing an English friend about the capital.

"Our government is very economical," said the American. "When we've an extra thick fog, they suck it into a big cistern and convert it into paint for the warships and buildings."

"Really!" said the Britisher. "Talking about fogs reminds me that my brother invented a machine for compressing London fog into bricks, and one thick November day he turned out enough material to build a country house.

"Yes, he did. He moved into this new home the next April and was a happy man for two weeks, until one morning he found himself, also his family, lying out on the cold, damp ground, in company with some bits of furniture and miscellaneous joinery. The house had gone, but it was the thickest morning ever seen in those parts. Of course you can guess what had happened. In the night those fog bricks had somehow gone back into their original element."

"Well," drawled the Yankee, "I reckon yer rel'tive ought to have glazed them bricks."—Tit-Bits.

Sharp Point of Letters.

"If people must stick pins in their letters I wish they would cover up the points so they wouldn't push through," said a mail clerk whose hands were disfigured by tiny scratches. "I'll bet I get a hundred digs a day from pins that systematic folks use to hold their correspondence together. I never could make out anyway why so many letters need to be finished off with a pin.

"Of course I understand that about half of those written by women have a postscript in the shape of samples of dress goods or newspaper clippings, which perhaps require a pin or two to hold them in place, but even that habit cannot account for the large number of letters that come through the postoffice with a pin sticking out of one corner.

"I have come to the conclusion that many writers so mail their manuscript with malicious intent. It may not be us fellows in the postal service against whom they hold a grudge, but we are the ones that usually get the benefit of those pins."—New York Times.

THE LIFE STRIKE

The Workings of the Human Body Crippled.

DEATH TO MILLIONS.

Kidney Disease is Sapping the Vigor of America's Manhood and Womanhood—Warner's Safe Cure the Only Certain Kidney Cure.

The Kidneys are by all odds the most important organs of the human body.

They virtually control all the other organs.

Should they stop working for even a few hours the blood would become so thick and clogged with uric acid and other deadly waste matter that the most powerful heart would break down in the effort to force it through the veins.

The strongest lungs would collapse trying to purify such poisonous blood.

Without pure, rich, red blood there can be no health—no life.

It's true some of us live for months with sick kidneys, but it is just waiting for them to get a little worse—they never cure themselves.

Death is constantly hanging over us. It comes instantly to thousands; with warnings to many.

Backache, headache, rheumatism, sleeplessness, indigestion, etc., are certain signs of affected kidneys.

Health, though, we can never know while the kidneys are out of order.

There is but one medicine that's fit to use for the kidneys—only one remedy that will positively purify, strengthen and cure the kidneys without injury to the delicate tissues. It is Warner's Safe Cure, discovered over thirty years ago and used ever since by doctors in their families and practice, and in hospitals throughout the world.

It cures when everything else fails, when you have given up hope and expect to die. The change for the better will come with the first few doses.

All druggists sell it or can get it for you.

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.

To convince every sufferer from diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and blood, that Warner's Safe Cure will cure them, a trial bottle will be sent absolutely free, postpaid to any address. Also free doctor's advice, and a medical booklet which tells all about these diseases, with a prescription for each, and contains many of the thousands of testimonials received daily from grateful patients who have been cured by Safe Cure. All you have to do is write Warner's Safe Cure Co., 71 Lombard St., Toronto, Ont., and mention name of this paper. The genuineness of this offer is guaranteed by the publisher.

The Good Cook's Pride.

Beaver Flour never fails—never disappoints. It makes the white, light, delicious bread and pastry that model Canadian housewives delight to serve.

Beaver Flour

is a blend of Manitoba Spring Wheat and Ontario Fall Wheat. It contains all the nutriment of one, and the delicate flavor of the other. Unequalled for all kinds of family baking.

At your Grocer's.

A Doctor in the House!

STANTON'S PAIN RELIEF

Will prove a faithful, honest and trustworthy FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

Sickness comes when you least expect it. In cases of emergency call upon STANTON, and you will get Instant Relief (Internal and External).

For Colics, Diarrhaea, Chills, Rheumatism, Sprains, Neuralgia, Toothache, Cramps, Sore Throat, &c., &c., it never fails.

For sale everywhere. Price 25 cts per bottle.

MCGALE'S BUTTERNUT PILLS FOR YOUR LIVER AND BOWELS.

For sale everywhere, 25 cts per box, or by mail on receipt of price.

Sole proprietors, THE WINGATE CHEMICAL Co. Limited, Montreal, Canada.

GILLETT'S

ABSOLUTELY PURE

CREAM TARTAR.

Nearly all goods in this line at the present time are adulterated and in fact unfit to use.

GILLETT'S is used by the best bakers and caterers everywhere.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

GILLETT'S costs no more than the inferior adulterated goods.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

Best In The World!
Tress $2 00, 2 50, 3.00 Hats.
See them at Weeks & Co., Sole Agents.

FIT-REFORM

It's Wear That Proves.

After all, it's the service you get out of a suit or overcoat, that proves the value. It's the length of time your clothes look good, that tells whether you've had your money's worth.

"This is the second winter for my two Fit-Reform Suits, and they are good as new," said one man.

"I wore this Fit-Reform Overcoat two winters, and really don't need a new one now," replied the other.

Wear proves worth, all right.

Fit-Reform

Prowse Bros., Charlottetown.

It's Time to Change Your Underwear

And put on one of the medium weight, comfortable kind we procured for you for the early fall wea .

$1.50 to $2.50 the Suit.

D. A. Bruce,

THE UP-TO-DATE FURNISHER,
Victoria Row.

FOR SALE!

1 Cottrell Drum Cylinder, 6 Col. Quarto, Newspaper Press (in good condition.)

1 Edison Standard 3 H. P. direct current Electric Motor, in use but a year, suitable as Dynamo if desired.

Also a quantity of 3 inch Leather Belting as good as new.

Reasons for Sale.—Our circulation is increasing at such a rapid rate that we have found it necessary to instal a Web Perfecting Press which requires a 10 H. P. Gas Engine to operate.

All of the above can be seen at any time. For prices and all particulars write

The Guardian, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

7, 12 d w tf

Joint Political Meetings!

Dominion Election, 1904, Prince County.

The undersigned will address the electors at the following times and places:

Thursday,	"	20th, Malpeque Hall, at 7 p. m.
Friday,	"	21st, Freetown Station, at 1 p. m.
"	"	" Kensington at 7 p. m.
Monday,	"	24th, Kinkora Hall, at 1 p. m.
"	"	" Tryon Hall, at 7 p. m.
Tuesday,	"	25th, Cape Traverse Hall, at 1 p. m.
"	"	" Contreville, at 7 p. m.
Friday,	"	28th, Central, Lot 16 at 2 p. m.

Signed { ALFRED A. LEFURGEY,
{ JAMES W. RICHARDS.

10 d w td

J. H. BELL'S.