



J. D. SEAMAN, Esq.

THE GUARDIAN SHORT STORY

The Desertion of Daffodil Maid

By RUTH SANTELLE

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On the subject of how he had been inveigled into his present position Harrington was more inclined to beg enlightenment than to furnish it.

But here were Bob at his elbow, looking as self-conscious as any bridegroom can, and the rector in ceremonial vestments fluttering his service book leaves.

At any rate, it was done, and he who had carried himself unscathed through the campaigns of one season after another was the victimized best man at last.

Even now the organ was pealing its preliminary riot of music. A moment more and the march would summon them forth to the altar rail to await the rest of the party.

This daffodil maid of honor was another of his miseries, a second out of town friend of Madeleine's, a pale creature who would match her daffodils, bearing the impossible name of Clarissa.

Custom and good breeding save many a day. Everything moved delightfully, and the breath holding moment of the ceremony arrived. That was as far as Harrington ever got in his memory of the occasion.

It was the violent beginning of a tempestuous end. The slight went through him like a physical shock. He saw only the lovely picture, heard only the soft music that fell from the slender fingers.

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3d w 1 Oct. 29

FOR SALE

Hotel property at Mt. Stewart, 24 stone house containing 12 rooms, beside kitchen and barn, shed and sample room, conveniently located opposite R. R. Station. For particulars apply to

E. R. CLARK

Mt. Stewart, P. E. I. R. R. Clark

is the right time," was the low response.

Holding both her hands in one of his own, he slipped to her side and tipped her head back against his shoulder.

"The right time of all the world, girl, of all the years that have been for you and for me—the right time for the seal of the promise for those that are to come for us," he said with quiet intensity, his lips closing on her unresisting ones.

After a moment she straightened herself with a happy little laugh.

"I think we must be nearly there." "Yes. Wretchedly short drive. Oh, girlie, girlie, I am so proud of you, so glad! What will they think of us, to be sure? I wasn't having a bit of a good time, and now I'm ever so grateful that Bob insisted on making me best man."

"Why, but, dear!" It was a veritable gurgle of astonishment. "You're not dreaming of telling now? It would never, never do. We've not even been introduced! I'm to be here several weeks, you know, and it must come to pass very gradually."

"I suppose so, bless your proper little heart! But isn't it a wee bit more unconventional to have it happen thus than that it should merely be known of? Anyway I promise to be the most persistently lovelorn of any swain who ever appeared to fair lady's hand. Ah, here we are!"

Fortunately the avenue was well shaded just before the blaze of light at the steps was reached.

Dickie greeted them—how he had managed to pass them a certain team might have borne breathless testimony—in an agony of contrition, his very first blunder. He supposed, of course, they'd met, Clarissa had come alone. Madeleine had been investigating and wren-hed from him the whole sad tale. Clarissa wouldn't say a word. They sweetly forgave him and were smilingly introduced.

During the ensuing hours of the reception Harrington, ingenious to the point of bluntness, found use for all his skill as a dissembler. The Auburn head was an irresistible magnet, and his telltale eyes followed where his feet were forbidden to tread. Again and again he dragged himself back to the daffodil maid and his proper duty, to find her always mysteriously smiling at him out of a quizzical face. It was hard that the first madly happy hours of one's life should be made to speed so slowly, but at last the bride and groom were off in a shower of rice, kisses and merry cries.

Then quoth the maid of the daffodils to Dickie, "Do look at Joe and Ethel!" "There they stood on the top step, hand in hand, placidly and absently waving after the disappearing carriage with their disengaged hands. The other two members were clasped.

It was three interminable months before Harrington was permitted to announce a farewell dinner to his bachelor friends. When he reached the club on the memorable night a letter awaited him bearing the familiar foreign postmark of Mr. and Mrs. Blake's honeymooning nest. Over the signature of Madeleine Blake he read the following:

"Dear you, my children! Nothing could delight me more, especially what it's my own particular little pie. Joe the woman hater! Joe the celibate! Clarissa was already engaged, you know, so made a willing martyr on the altar of my schemes. And my Ethel had to play instead of standing by my side, where she belonged. If she had not—if you'd thought you belonged to her by custom, Joe, Joe—my beautiful girlie, instead of becoming the happy Mrs. Harrington shortly, would have shared the sad, sad fate of the daffodil maid."

"And thus," observed Harrington, with a charitable grin, "do some people flatter themselves."

Wanted It to Come Gradually.

One evening recently a well known writer received a check from a magazine which was a good deal larger than he had anticipated. The occurrence seemed worthy of a celebration; so, in company with a young artist, who had sometimes shared his dinner on a less prosperous occasion, he sought a restaurant noted for its expensive menu. With a luxurious shrug and with indifference to the cares of the world, he ordered an elaborate repast. His companion, being of the sex especially thrifty when dealing with household matters, begged him to be cautious. No, indeed, for that night he was Prince Bonifant.

At length it came time, as it always does with things both good and evil, for the reckoning. "Walter," drawled the host, "bring me my check. And, waiter, bring it v-e-r-y gradually."—New York Tribune.

The Death of Courtesy.

Courtesy lay dead. On either side of her mangled form lay her sisters, Gallantry and Chivalry.

"The fatal wounds in the breasts of each were so similar that there could be no doubt that they had all been made by the same weapon, wielded by the same ruthless hand.

Above them stood and wept their loving parents, themselves ill unto death with the infirmities of old age, Respect and Veneration.

When Coroner Observation arose from a careful inspection of the three dead forms he brushed the soil from his knees and said to Policeman Shame, who stood close by: "Make no delay in arresting the Modern Street Car on suspicion. It is my firm belief that he is guilty of all three of these cold blooded murders."—Baltimore American.

Artistic Autumn Millinery

We invite the ladies of Charlottetown and surrounding country, to call and examine our peerless display of novel and alluring high-class Millinery. We do not purpose holding a formal millinery opening this season, but all are welcome to come when it suits their convenience, and see the fascinating head-wear gotten up by our own milliner,

MISS M. MURNAGHAN,

who, since her return from the Fall Millinery Openings abroad has been busy putting into effect the newest and best ideas stored up while away.

The ladies are loud in their praise of the work shown, which, when compared with imported models, more than holds its own, and is, we venture to say, the prettiest and most artistic collection of popular priced Millinery yet shown in the City.

All the newest shades and trimmings are in evidence, and one is bewildered by the variety of the season's shapes, as well as by the ingenuity displayed in their adornment. A novelty in the tricorne shape, is made of navy blue PANNE Velvet, with cut steel head band and black ostrich plume, which sweeps gracefully over the flared brims. Price \$10.60.

A charming hat of somewhat similar shape is of black PANNE Velvet, with chenille finished brim, a huge bird adorns the front while another of smaller size rests beneath the brim on the left, which, with cut steel ornaments makes a most delightful creation. Price only \$7.60.

Another is a Mahogany colored picture hat with shirred facing of the new FRAMBOISE shade trimmed with wings, cut steel ornaments and ribbon to match the brim, a very beautiful and artistic hat. Price \$6.17.

A hat of castor furry felt, torpedo shape, trimmed with pale blue and castor velvet with pale blue pou pons is decidedly chic and not expensive. Price \$5.98.

Another most beautiful and picturesque hat, with crown in the oyster shape is of black PANNE velvet, the entire crown and brim being finely shirred, three Prince of Wales tips nod to the left, which, with cut jet head band and ornaments complete a hat which is the acme of style and good taste, price \$9.85.

Still another charming example is of the new Victorian or "bottle green" shade with black coq plumes and jet ornaments, while others show a dash of COQ DE ROCHE or reddish orange shade which is now so fashionable.

The trimmings this season surpass anything we have ever shown, and comprise plumes in black, white and shaded, whole birds, paradise feathers, tips, breasts and quills, buckles and ornaments in jet, cut steel and jewelled,—altogether we are prepared for the largest Millinery trade in the history of the store.

In addition to our usual staff of Milliners we have secured the services of Miss Minnie Malone well and favorably known to the ladies of Charlottetown, being for some time head milliner with Beer Bros. and other firms in this City, and who has lately carried on a millinery business in Tignish. She takes charge of the Ready-to-wear and trimmed Millinery, helping customers to select, taking orders, and making changes if necessary, to suit individual purchasers.

Being thus equipped with a magnificent stock and a staff of the best Milliners in the Province, we are prepared to fill all orders promptly and satisfactorily.

See our show window for samples of work done by Miss Murnaghan and staff.

M. TRAINOR & CO.,

The Store That Saves You Money.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY FALL EXCURSIONS. MONTREAL GOING WEST. \$13.55. RETURNING. Good to Leave Oct. 10, '04. From Charlottetown, P. E. I., Montreal and Return.

Try New Foundry FOOT OF QUEEN STREET For Repairs of all Kinds. Changes in Heating etc. Founders, Machinists and Boilermakers. Manufacturers of ENGINES, BOILERS, TANKS, ETC. The Charlottetown Foundry and Machine Co. PHONE 73. P. O. BOX 411.

NEW CAB SERVICE I have decided to begin in the city and suburbs an up-to-date cab service. Passengers, baggage etc., will be conveyed to boats, trains or anywhere else desired. Orders left at McDonald & McKinnon's Drug Store or at the stables, Sydney Street, near Stevenson's Corner will receive prompt attention. J. M. NICHOLSON. Telephone No. 253.

P. E. I. RAILWAY Commencing Monday, April 25th 1904, the trains of this railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: Table with columns for Stations, No. No., and times.

Political Meetings

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Students' Gymnasium Group, 1903-04.

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