

THE GUARDIAN SHORT STORY

The Governor's Daughter

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay
Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Parcells

She stood on the porch of the great colonial house, the wind ruffling her light hair, one hand toying with her riding whip. Around a corner of the driveway she caught a glimpse of the stable boy bringing her saddle horse, but it was not at him that she looked. Her gaze was concentrated on a tall figure coming up the drive, a young man in a dark suit very much the worse for wear. Neatness could not hide the fact that his coat was much worn at the edges. Nevertheless he carried himself with a certain assurance, which the sight of Juliet Arlington standing erect and expectant by the door, did not in the least diminish. He mounted the steps. Juliet stopped



"A caller to see you, father," playing with her riding whip and looked at him inquiringly. He raised his hat.

"Governor Arlington is at home, is he not?" he queried. His tones, like his eyes, were very direct.

"I really don't know," said Juliet, with polite indifference.

Nothing daunted, the young man reached forward a thin, determined Juliet gave him a sidelong glance.

"He looks," she thought, "as if he would stride up to the house of fate itself, knock on the door and demand if opportunity were within."

She turned suddenly. "I beg your pardon," she said, "but I believe I made a mistake just now. My father went for a short ride before breakfast. Yet I remember that he came back by a side entrance. I think he is in his study. Do you wish to see him?"

She waved aside the servant who had come in answer to the bell and led the way herself, her trim heels tapping now on the bare polished floor, now making into rugs so soft that they made no sound. At the door on the right of the hall she paused, touched it lightly with her knuckles, and in response to the deep voice within inquired, "What is it, Juliet?" answered, "A caller to see you, father," and swung wide the door. The young man thanked her and entered.

When she returned at luncheon, eyes and cheeks glowing brightly from exercise, she found her father in a very happy mood.

"You look," said Juliet, bending over him, "as if you had found a gold mine."

"Better than that," he replied. "I've found just the young man I want for my private secretary."

Juliet laughed. "Don't you mean," she said, slipping into her chair, "that the young man found you?"

The governor chuckled. "I guess you're right," he answered, "and he did it without a mite of pull." He looked past his daughter through the windows, where a stretch of woodland could be seen, mellowing toward autumn.

"Most people find you that way, father, dear," said Juliet, with an appreciative glance.

"The best ones do," he mused, a light on his rugged New England face. The Arlingtons, father and son, had been governors of that state, whose granite hills are not more firm than the hearts of its people. And the wives of the governors had been women of tact and breeding, who lived quietly and frugally in the great colonial house, but who rose to state occasions with a hospitality that was as lavish as it was brilliant.

"And you're very like them, Juliet," the governor was fond of saying. "If your mother was alive, she would be proud of the resemblance. The way you rule this house and preside over it shows you have a steady heart and head, and your discernment of character is really wonderful in a girl of twenty-two."

"What is the young man's name, fa-

ther?" went on Juliet, breaking in on his reverie.

"Oh, you mean my private secretary? Faxon's, his name—John Faxon. Comes of a good family, but very poor. Worked his way through college, and now he's ready for a job."

"I see," said the girl slowly.

The house was very gay that winter with the guests' coming and going, and Juliet came to rely on John Faxon almost as much as her father did. He was always ready to smooth away obstacles, to make the most of difficult situations. He was courteous, clever and reserved.

The governor's daughter was surrounded by suitors. She was the belle of every dance and dinner and driving party; but, though rumor engaged her made no sign.

"When do you intend to give away that cool young heart of yours?" her father questioned. "And to whom?"

"To the right man at the right time," answered Juliet solemnly and tripped away to see the formal decorations of the dinner table, for she was entertaining a large house party, and it was not her custom to leave the details to servants. She was the last to retire that evening, and as she stood in the great hall at the foot of the wide staircase John Faxon lit her candle for her. Then he lingered, watching her as she went up the stairs, the candle's glow making a soft halo for the pale gold of her hair and the delicate beauty of her face. Halfway up she paused and looked over the balusters. Her lips were smiling, her eyes dazlingly tender.

"Good night," said Faxon, half beneath his breath, still watching her.

"John Faxon," she said quietly, "haven't you anything else to say to me?"

His face showed a battle between pride and love, and pride assumed the mastery. He shook his head.

"Nothing else," he answered coldly, but the look of adoration that he gave her haunted her dreams that night and for many nights after.

Outwardly their life went on exactly the same. Faxon neither sought nor avoided her. Both went quietly about their duties. The incident that had so stirred them seemed utterly forgotten. Winter melted into spring, and late one evening Juliet came in from a long ramble in her garden. The essence of the flowers seemed still to cling to her, dewy and fresh and ineffable. Moonlight streamed in the windows of the great hall as she entered it. She went to the quaint mahogany table for her silver candlestick and was aware of John Faxon standing in the shadow. Mutely she held out the candle toward him, and he essayed to light it for her.

His hand trembled, and three matches went out before he could accomplish it. He was very pale, but the governor's daughter was quite cool and undismayed.

"Thank you," she said as he handed it to her. She looked adorable in the half light.

"Good night," said John Faxon, bowing.

Juliet paused.

"Have you nothing else to say to me?" she asked him.

"Nothing else," John answered. He spoke with difficulty.

Juliet dimpled bewitchingly, set down the candlestick and leaned toward him. "Don't you think it's time you had?" she queried, laughing.

"Juliet," he cried, "you know that I worship you—that I adore you! And you know, too, what has held me silent all this time. I have nothing on earth to offer you but a poor man's love."

"Is love so cheap a thing that you speak of it bitterly?" said Juliet Arlington. "And as for poverty—your life is not lived yet, John Faxon. My grandfather was a governor, my father is a governor, and unless I am the first Arlington woman to be mistaken in a man my husband will some day be a governor too."

"With your help, Juliet," laughed Faxon brokenly. "She was in his arms now, her head against his breast.

"Bless me, what's this?" cried her father, entering and peering through the gloom.

"It means," flashed Juliet before Faxon could speak—"it means that a candidate for my heart has been elected after a most exciting campaign."

"The right man at the right time," quoted the governor, softly, and held out his hands to them both.

That Tired Feeling

That comes to you every spring is a sign that your blood is wanting in vitality, just as pimples and other eruptions are signs that your blood is impure.

One of the great facts of experience and observation is that Hood's Sarsaparilla always removes That Tired Feeling, gives new life, new courage, strength and animation; cleanses the blood, clears the complexion, builds up the whole system.

This is one of the reasons why Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Best Spring Medicine. Accept no substitute for

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Keeps on having Hood's. Get it today of your druggist. 100 doses one dollar.

"Phoenix," "Crescent," "Queen City" and "Five Roses" Flour, Cornmeal and Rolled Oats selling at lowest prices by A. Home & Co. 4-20dttsrwtf

Unusually Attractive Offer

Artistic Wall Decorations

Our Wall Paper Sale—has been immensely successful, in that it has introduced the beautiful "Menzie Line" of wall papers into many hundreds of the best homes in this County.

The demand has been phenomenal which encourages us to still further efforts to popularize our splendid lines. With this end in view we will, for the next to days, give to each purchaser of sidewall papers,

Bordering to Match Free.

This is an unusually splendid offer, especially when you come to consider that our prices are already by far the lowest ever quoted here and we would advise every intending wall-paper purchaser to speedily take advantage of it while our stock is at its best. There are hundreds of exquisite patterns to choose from. Come at once and investigate.

M. TRAINOR & CO.,
THE NEW WALL PAPER EMPORIUM.

Auction Household Effects

At Residence of Mrs. Ernest Dawson, Upper Hillsboro Street.

Friday May 6th 11 o'clock a.m.

As Mrs. Dawson is leaving the residence, sale will be positive and without reserve.

Comprising in part roll top desk, walnut book case, book shelves, cover corner, carpets, oil clothes, hall rack, mirrors, chairs, mattresses, cook stove and kitchen fittings, carpenter's work bench, lawn mower, lot plants in pots, preserve jars, etc.

All the above are nearly new and in a 1 order.

Terms cash.

Auction Market.

R. B. NORTON, Auctioneer.

4-30dtts3l

FOR SALE

Choice Building Lot situated on Upper Prince Street and joining the property of Mr. Phillip Large on the south and being part of Grace Church Property, size of lot 45 feet by 100 feet. This is one of the most desirable and best situated building sites in the City. For particulars apply to

JAMES CARTER, Recording Steward

4-22dlf.

Notice to Fishermen

Spring fishing for oysters is prohibited this year; quahang fishing commences on 1st of May.

No fishing for quahangs allowed on oyster-beds, by order of department.

A license fee of \$1.00 per man is charged Quahang fishermen.

J. A. MATHESON, Inspector Fisheries, Charlottetown.

CHAS. F. DAVISON

FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER.

Office, Show Rooms and Residence, opposite Baptist Church.

Equipment first class. All calls promptly attended to at any hour of the day or night.

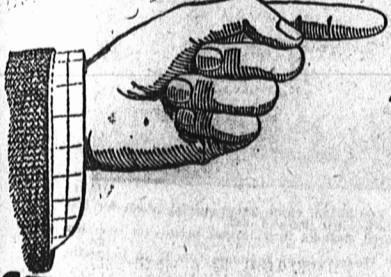
Telephone No. 289.

FOR SALE

Situate on the south side of Hillsboro River opposite the city, one mile from Charlottetown, containing 180 acres, 130 acres cleared and in a high state of cultivation. Terms liberal. For further particulars apply

P. McKENNA, Queen Street, Charlottetown.

A Great Change in Business Methods Thousands of Dollars Saved To The People of P. E. Island



Every Person can now Afford to Buy a Piano, Organ or Sewing Machine
Travelling Agents with their Salaries, Commissions and Expenses are a Thing of the Past

For the past 40 years a large part of our business has been done through agents. Their salaries and commissions, together with other expenses amounted to large sums. We have decided to do business in a different way. We will sell direct to customers and thus save them large amounts. All goods handled by us in future will be sold at one price only and that price will be the agent's salary and expense added. Our reputation of 40 years will be carefully guarded and hence but the best grade of goods will be handled by us. Any responsible person can get all the time they want by paying 6 p. c. interest.

SEE HOW WE ARE GOING TO SAVE YOU MONEY.

Sewing Machines

The celebrated drop head Raymond sewing machine
Former price \$45.00
Our new price \$27.00.
\$18 Saved

A full cabinet machine
Former price \$55.00.
Our new price \$35.00.
\$20 Saved

Our "Special" sewing machine
Former price \$32.00
Our new price \$22.00.
\$10 Saved

Organs

"Dominion Organs"
Former price \$75.00
Our new price \$45.00.
\$30 Saved

Sherlock Manning organs
Former price \$85.00
Our new price \$60.00.
\$25 Saved

Piano case organs
Former price \$110.00
Our new price \$75.00.
\$35 Saved



Pianos

We will carry in stock all the well known makes we have handled in the past including

Heintzman,
Dominion,
Palmer,
New Scale Williams

Our Dominion Piano style F which formerly sold for \$300.00 will now be sold for \$200.00.
\$100 Saved

Similar reductions on all other lines handled by us.

Cream Separators

We are also agents for the National Cream Separators which have a national reputation. They have been sold heretofore for from \$70 to \$85 according to size.

Our present low price will be \$50.00 and \$75.00.
\$20 to \$30 Saved

Some of the leading farmers on P. E. Island are today using these separators.

All goods fully guaranteed and delivered free of charge at your nearest Railway station or direct to your house if within a day's drive from Charlottetown. Now is the time to buy—such an opportunity never before presented itself. If you cannot call, write for full particulars, catalogues, etc. Prices and terms to suit all purses.

We can save you money.
Only one price to all and that the lowest.

MILLER BROS., P. E. Island Music House, Sunnyside.
CHARLOTTETOWN.