

THE KING'S COUNTY GUARDIAN

Offices in Montague, Capt. W. A. Johnston, Agent, and in Souris, A. J. McDonald, Agent.

The latest news, first of all.

Schr. "Bessie S. Keeler" is discharging a cargo of Lumber at Montague.

Mr. Ritchie of Carvell Bros is in Souris in the interests of his firm.

Mrs. Charles Walker, Truro, has returned from a visit to Lower Montague.

Miss Livvie Ayers, is in Souris on her vacation the guest of Mrs. W. B. ...

Albert Aitken, Edmonton, is visiting his parents Benj and Mrs. Aitken Lower Montague.

H. H. Acorn of Souris left on the steamer "Lily" ...

P. M. Patillo representing P. S. Patillo & Co., of Truro is in Souris in the interests of his firm.

C. B. Fraser Montague, crossed by the Enterprise on Monday on a trip to New Glasgow and other points in Nova Scotia.

The two Gloucester schooners Diana and Indiana ...

Rev. Ewan McDougall will preach Friday ...

Miss Nellie Clark, Miss Grace McKay, Miss Laura Cox, Mrs. McBride and Miss McNeill returned to Souris yesterday ...

The Church of England Sunday School, Georgetown, will hold its annual picnic on Thursday afternoon, August 12th, at Burnt Point.

Schr. Dictator, Capt. Bonnell, arrived in Murray River yesterday ...

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WIDOWER JUDD'S HOUSEKEEPER.

The Surprise That Was In Store For Two Designing Women.

By ANNE HEILMAN.

[Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

Mrs. Platt sat on her front porch, busy in braiding a mat. She was one of those women one likes to have about. There was a certain comforting presence in her large figure and comely face. Although the face when at rest was somewhat sad, yet it was one of those beaming faces that seem full of love for the whole world—that is, for all whom she admitted into her world. For those outside of its bounds she had no use. Just now her thoughts were busy with her neighbor, in whose direction she sent her glances.

"Peter's getting his supper early," she mused. "It's pretty lonely for him, but I hope he won't be inveigled into taking Serena Lamb for a housekeeper. I never was one to promote gossip, but all Clifton knows that her reputation for dressing far outdoes her skill in housekeeping. If I thought— Just then she turned her head and caught sight of Mrs. Lamb walking up the path.

"Too bad to see that nice home going to rack and ruin," Mrs. Lamb began after settling herself in the rocker. "I hear it's fairly swarming with mice. Peter only uses two rooms. Isn't it a wonder he ain't picked out a housekeeper after this?"

"I've an idea," said Mrs. Platt, endeavoring to speak unconcernedly, "that he'll probably ask you—"

"Me!" interrupted Mrs. Lamb in an astonished tone. "Me! And with such a famous cook as you next door! Trust a man to get a cook when he's free to pick and choose. Sarah wasn't much of the cooking, and I guess he'll want a change."

"David and I spent twenty-five happy years in this house," sighed Mrs. Platt. "It'd come hard for me to leave it."

"And I couldn't possibly leave my place," protested Mrs. Lamb. "And the garden doing so nicely too. You'd oughter see my strawberries, Emeline. Peter says they are the finest he ever saw. I'd bring you over a saucerful, but as Peter was going on so about your getting so stout I thought I wouldn't encourage your appetite any. Well, looking keenly at her friend to assure herself that the blow had struck home, "I must be getting on."

Serena fared forth slowly along the grassy lane. "Emeline, don't care a straw for Peter Judd," she shrewdly conjectured. "David Platt's money is more to her than any living man. But she'd take the place for no other reason than to keep me out of it. As if any one would look at her twice when I'm around," and she glowed with a fine satisfaction as she compared herself to Mrs. Platt.

To be sure, Emeline was an umpire on all the arts of housekeeping; her cookery was town talk, while she had never become proficient in the art, but there were other ways of reaching a man's heart. Serena knew, because she had proved it twice.

In fact, neither lady had deceived the other. Each knew the other, from widely-different motives, stood ready at a moment's notice to respond to Peter Judd's call for a housekeeper. Each knew that Clifton was wondering which of the two widows who lived on either side of Peter would be called eventually to fill the departed Sarah's place, for the custom prevailed in Clifton when a man was, in the wisdom of Providence, bereaved to hunt out some widow, respected by the community, to undertake the duties of housekeeper, and generally, after a decent period of mourning, the twain became one.

"If Serena makes up her mind to leave Peter he'll have to give in," philosophized Mrs. Platt. "She's already married two that didn't in the least want her. She's comfortable off, too, and don't need to leave her home. I wouldn't be so set against it if I didn't know 'twas her that interfered between him and Floretta Young more'n twenty years ago. Peter up and married Sarah out of pure spite, and Floretta took that good for nothing Cy Blakey. If ever two people were cut out for one another, Peter and Floretta were. Well, as he's held out again Serena for over a year he may escape for good. I'll not worry any more."

But she did. The chance and apparently careless remarks that Serena let fall, as if an understanding existed between herself and Peter Judd, fretted Emeline's spirit. In the depths of her honest soul she believed that Peter was a regular caller at the Lamb home. She waited for the announcement of Serena's engagement as for a blow that was sure to fall.

Still, when it came she was not prepared for it. One afternoon she had just taken her accustomed seat on the porch when the gate opened, and Mrs. Lamb swept up the path with an unusual air of importance.

"Land, ain't it hot!" she exclaimed. "Such a muss as I've got into," carefully arranging the folds of her new organdie skirt before sitting down. Her tone rang with triumph. Mrs. Platt felt the change in the atmosphere, and all her world darkened.

"There's all that house of Peter's to be gone over this hot weather. Not a mile of cleaning since Sarah died. Such

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A TOOKING PRICER AND IT MUST BE ALL RIG UP BY THE MIDDLE OF SEPTEMBER. I JUST RAN IN TO ASK IF YOUR PAINT AND WHITE-WASH BRUSHES WERE IN GOOD ORDER.

Peter said as how you mentioned having a supply of 'em when you offered to keep house for him months ago. My, how red your face is, Emeline! You hadn't ought to wear pink. Now, if I do say it, I've a complexion that'll stand any color.

"I didn't exactly offer!" stammered Mrs. Platt, tears of mortification smarting her eyes.

"Oh, well, it is all past and done with," interrupted Serena airily. "I just had to give in. He wouldn't take a 'no.' Well, if you'll lend the brushes I'll be gone!"

Armed with the brushes, Serena departed, every movement of the organdie proclaiming victory.

In the days that followed Mrs. Platt gave much time to sitting on the front porch watching her friend's progress in the housecleaning line. Serena called seldom now, and the time passed slowly.

"I just ran in to ask your opinion of these samples," began Serena one day in September. "We're going to have new carpets for the double parlors. Don't you prefer the green?"

Serena wore her best dress. "I shall need a new one soon," she said complacently, smoothing down its silken folds.

"I suppose the affair 'll come off soon," ventured Mrs. Platt after the merits of greens and reds in carpets had been duly canvassed, but Serena only smiled consciously as she gathered up the samples and departed.

"I suppose it'll come off after harvest," mused Mrs. Platt deponently, meaning Peter's wedding.

One afternoon as Mrs. Platt was setting her table for tea she was surprised by a call from Peter Judd.

"Coming to invite me to the wedding," she surmised as he sauntered up the path. "Well, if it's foreordained he should marry Serena I'll not be spiteful about it. Sit down and have a cup of tea, Peter," she urged, curtailing a great, fat, slinking, four-storied jelly cake into generous slices.

Peter Judd, a large man, with a pleasant, florid face, seated himself and absorbed tea and cake with much satisfaction.

"You always were a mackerel hand at cake, Emeline," he commented affably. "I never saw your best. It's something in that line that I called to see you about?"

Was it possible that he was going to ask her to initiate Serena in the difficult art? Mrs. Platt's face clouded.

"Well," she asked in a strained voice. "I want that you should do a little baking for me. Could you?"

"Do some baking for you?" she gasped. "For the land's sake! When?"

Peter reached for another piece of cake. "For the next Tuesday and the balance of the week. You'll know what's needed."

The wedding was to take place Tuesday, then. Emeline's work was a temporary blank. "Serena wouldn't like it," she faltered.

"What if she don't?" exploded Mr. Judd. "She can't cook. And I want something decent in the house when I get back from Minooka."

"Back from Minooka?" Emeline asked in a dazed fashion. "Are you going away?"

"Why, of course! Going to Minooka to get married. Don't you know that Floretta lives there?"

"Floretta? Are you—is she?"

"Her man's dead, if that's what you're trying to get at. Drank himself to death, I reckon. I thought you knew all along."

Mrs. Platt poured more tea with a shaking hand. A sudden burst of sunshine illuminated her world. "Does Mrs. Lamb know?"

"Not she," returned Peter, beginning another attack on the cake. "Ain't none of her business, anyway. I got her to clean up before Floretta comes. That's all I wanted of her. Will you do them things, Emeline—the cakes and such?"

"Yes, yes," cried Mrs. Platt. Her voice was joyful, her face aglow. All the gloom of the past few weeks vanished as if by magic. "I'll do more'n that, Peter. I'm so tickled to have Floretta for a neighbor again that I'll invite a lot of her old friends here for Tuesday. And I'll have the best dinner spread out that you ever sat down

Charlottetown Business College

AND INSTITUTE OF Shorthand and Typewriting

Reopens on Tuesday, Aug. 17, for 'Business

Intending students should try and get in as early in the term as possible, especially those who have decided to take up the full courses.

We ask this purely in the interests of students, for we can do more for them in assisting them to positions. The reason is plain, for we will have them ready for positions just when there is a keen demand. This term we have ample accommodation for THREE HUNDRED students, and we believe we shall require all the space at our command, because Young Men and Women find that those who have been educated at the C. B. C. get the cream of paying positions; others have to content themselves with the skim milk.

Our teaching staff is large and experienced. Our system of individual instruction is the BEST devised for every student—regardless of qualification—gets a SQUARE show. No pets at the C. B. C.

Remember! We can handle Three hundred students as easily as Thirty. The larger the number the more active is business with the students, for this is a Practical Business Training Institution, where all are engaged in business. No copying from Text books no reference to keys. It's the REAL THING, BUSINESS as BUSINESS IS DONE. Before joining an Institution, ask for the names of its teachers and their experience as such. It is due you to know.

Our Shorthand department will continue during the last four years—to produce results not attained by ANY OTHER school in the Provinces. When it is considered such a wonderful thing for a system of shorthand that it is advertised throughout America that a man has succeeded in reporting a trial by it, what must be said of a system when a girl is taken from a class-room and reports by it one of the most important trials ever held in this Province? Such work only can be done by the Benn Pitman System, as taught in the Shorthand Department of the C. B. C.

Our Typewriting Department is being supplied with the very latest and best typewriting machine made. Nothing but the BEST at the C. B. C.

Prizes and medals as usual for competition during the term.

YOU should try for the Prize UNDERWOOD typewriter.

Full information on application to

L. B. MILLER, Prin.

8-12drif

CARD OF THANKS.

I desire to express on behalf of myself and family, my thanks to Drs. V. L. Goodwill and Warburton, and the nurses who untiringly endeavored to prolong the life of our loved one and also to all who showed marks of respect and esteem in actions and by floral tributes both in the city and country. I desire to extend my sincere thanks.

A. BONNELL.

DIED.

SIDNEY—At "The Grove," Cowpen, Northumberland, on July 26th, Frances Elizabeth, wife of the late Henry Sidney, Esq., Cowpen Hall, Northumberland, Eng., and daughter of the late William H. Hobkirk, M. D., F. R. C. S., Eng., of this City.

ATWOOD—Suddenly in this City on August 11th, 1909, G. M. Atwood, in the 64th year of his age. Funeral notice later.

Little Soldiers

In your blood are the millions of corpuscles that defend you against disease.

To make and keep these little soldiers healthy and strong is simply to make and keep the blood of the right quality and quantity.

This is just what Hood's Sarsaparilla does—it helps the little soldiers in your blood to fight disease for you.

It cures scrofula, eczema, eruptions, catarrh, rheumatism, anemia, nervousness, dyspepsia, general debility, and builds up the whole system.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

*Prince Edward Division No. 1 meets tonight. A full attendance is requested.

*Attention is called to the Charlottetown Business College ad which appears in this issue.

Rothsay Collegiate School.

ROTHSAY, N. B.

REV. W. R. HIBBARD, M. A. Head Master.

Late Senior Mathematical Master at Trinity College School, Port Hope.

RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL FOR BOYS owned by the Diocese of Fredericton Preparation for the Universities etc

MANUAL TRAINING.

For Calendar Apply to Head Master, 7-20d122m.

New Advertisements

BLACK DIAMOND LINE

The S. S. Cacouna sailing from Montreal, Thursday evening Aug. 12th, will be due at Charlottetown, Sunday evening, August 15th and sails Monday noon Aug. 16th for St. John's Newfoundland, via Sydney and North Sydney C. B. carrying horses, cattle and sheep on deck and produce underdeck at lowest possible rates.

For further particulars apply to PEAKE BROS & CO Agents 8-12dr3f

utors Notice

The undersigned executors of the late and testament of Angus Brown, Victoria, lot 23, in Queens County, in Prince Edward Island, and a certain, deceased, hereby do hereby apply to the court to be appointed as such executors to make payment to Charles Wright, Victoria, on or before Oct 1st, 1909. And all persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present same, duly attested with in the said time.

Dated the 11th day of August, 1909.

CHARLES WRIGHT, Victoria DAVID T. LOWTHER, North Carleton Executors.

Fire Insurance

For rates in the P. E. Island Mutual Fire Insurance Companies on Farm Buildings Churches, Halls, Schools, Houses, Cheese Factories, Water Mills, etc., apply to C. D. BELL, 102 Sydney Street. 8-11dr3f

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