

THE GUARDIAN SHORT STORY

His Negotiable Hunt

By Otto S. Genge

Copyright, 1904, by Otto S. Genge

Alec Bruce turned around slowly on the piano stool and faced the five girls. "Probably you girls are not aware of it, but our friend Jack has been adopted."

Jack Hawarden's honest face clouded.

"Don't, Alec!" he protested.

"Jack," said Alec solemnly, "we are bliden not to hide our light under a bushel. You're trying to hide yours in a pill box, and I shall tell the girls the whole story."

"I came to see Mrs. Gray," said Jack, rising. "I will find her upstairs, I think."

As he passed Bruce he whispered fiercely, "For heaven's sake, Alec, keep that thing to yourself!"

Alec smiled and nodded, but as soon as Jack had disappeared he continued seriously, "It's a thing you ought to know, girls, and I'm determined, you know, Jack is too modest—an unusual trait in an Englishman," he added thoughtfully.

"Forget that you're Scotch and let's have the story!" cried the girl who wrote stories.

"Sure, I'll begin right in the middle so as to reach the denouement sooner. Our Jack is in love!"

Laughing exclamations of incredulity from the listening girls.

"He is—honest. His soul is tuned to sweet accord with peerless strains of"—

"Never mind his soul," interrupted Kathleen again. "Tell us the story."

"This isn't a wild Irish story, Miss Clyde," he returned, with an air of impatience. "This is the story of a slow moving and a particularly slow speaking Englishman. He hasn't told his love, because the young lady is earning a fine salary and is seemingly happy in her work, and his position was far from satisfactory. But the first of the year he was promoted, with a generous increase. He was screwing up his courage (here Alec paused and made a strenuous imitation of a person using a screwdriver) "when he received a message from the immigration authorities that changed all his plans."

The wily story teller stopped as if the narration were complete.

"Do go on!" cried some one impatiently. "That surely isn't the end?"

"What could the immigration authorities want of Mr. Hawarden?" exclaimed another.

"After mentioning Alec continued: "When Jack went to the immigration office he found a clean, decent looking old Englishwoman, who fell upon his neck and called him her dear nephew and announced to the officers that he was the living image of her dear dead brother, Jock. Now, Jack hasn't a living relative and never had an aunt, and he tried to explain this to the old lady and to the officers. But she would have none of it, and the officers told him very gruffly that if he didn't intend to support his aunt to say so at once, for in that case the woman would have to be deported. She broke down at this and cried in the most pitiful way, and—well, it ended in Jack's taking her away with him. He has a room for her in the house where he's boarding and is doing his best to make her comfortable. He spends most of his evenings with her, and the old creature is as happy as can be."

"Jack's a brick!" exclaimed Kathleen excitedly.

"It is certainly very noble of him," said the editor warmly.

"Can't he find the real nephew?" asked the artist.

"No. He has visited every Hawarden in the city, and none has any knowledge of the old lady. He has found the record of the death of a John Hawarden who came from England twenty years ago and who died shortly after his arrival."

"That was undoubtedly the real nephew," said the girl with the violin.

"An odd person does not realize the change there would be in a young man. She would expect to see a nephew to look as he did when he left England, and almost any big blond young Englishman would correspond to the picture she has carried in her memory all these years."

"What does Jack intend to do?" asked Miss Fairlie.

"Take care of her as long as she lives. It can't be so very long, poor soul, and she hasn't a cent. Jack says Providence has sent him an aunt and he shall do his duty by her. She admitted a day or two ago that perhaps she might not be his real aunt, but she was his negotiable h'unt. Of course the poor old lady hasn't the slightest idea of the meaning of 'negotiable,' but under the circumstances—the way she has transferred herself to Jack—you'll admit it's funny. He's upstairs now asking Mrs. Gray to go to see the old lady."

He turned abruptly to the music teacher, who had remained silent.

"What do you think of Jack's quixotism, Miss Stuart?"

"I—I think Mr. Hawarden is doing right," she said softly. "only he ought"— She stopped, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, for Jack Hawarden stood in the doorway.

"Alec," he cried reproachfully, turning to his friend, "you've told!"

"Jack," returned Bruce, spreading out his hands tragically, "I have—all except about the pill box—and that I'm going to tell now."

"Alec," protested Jack desperately, "you're really going too far—you've no right!"

"That's where your ideas of right differ from mine," said Alec coolly. "I have my instructions from the negotiable h'unt, herself, and I intend to carry them out. You see," he continued, turning to the interested little group, "I've called frequently on the old lady, and she has taken a great fancy to me as the friend of her dear Jack. Last night she gave me this little box and asked me to give it to the young lady of Jack's choice, with the request that she make use of it in furnishing a home."

He took from his vest pocket a tiny fat box of tin, hardly more than an inch square, and held it out on the palm of his hand. It was sealed by having a thin strip of paper pasted over the joining of the box and its cover.

"I suppose it never occurred to the old lady that a great, big, hulking leather head," lingering lovingly over the words, "like Jack had not dared to tell the young lady?"

No one spoke. Hawarden sat in horrified silence. Finally Kathleen Clyde broke out earnestly, "It's all a will, of course, leaving Mr. Hawarden a fine estate in England, and"—

Hawarden pulled himself together and came to Bruce's side, trying to smile.

"There's no one to leave me an estate but Clyde. I really haven't a relative in the world, and my parents were poor people. I think the old lady is not in her right mind. It really is that what Alec calls a box is really a sort of tin locket and probably contains a portrait of her lost nephew."

He paused as if to gather courage to go on, and his face paled.

"I'm sorry, you know," he said slowly, "that Alec has told the story, but there is only one truthful way for me to finish it."

He took the box from Bruce's hand and passed it to Miss Stuart, saying only, "Will you open the box?"

Her beautiful eyes filled with tears, and, with trembling hands, she tried to break the seal. Peace Gray handed her a palette knife, and as the cover flew off they all crowded around.

"It's nothing but a postage stamp!" cried Kathleen indignantly. "The horrid old woman! I'd like to throw it into the fire!"

Miss Stuart dropped the box and ran from the room, and if any one noticed that Hawarden followed her no one was silly enough to speak of it.

"Give me that stamp, Kathleen, quick!" commanded Miss Fairlie. "The old lady's mind is all right," she added after a careful examination, "and so is her gift. This is a four cent blue Mauritius of the issue of 1847 and is worth at least \$7,000. The negotiable aunt has made Jack an easily negotiated gift."

Hawarden heard the joyous exclamations that followed Miss Fairlie's announcement and came in, holding Miss Stuart, blushing and embarrassed, by the hand.

"Are you sure, Miss Fairlie?" he asked anxiously.

"Perfectly sure," she answered, with the confidence born of knowledge. "One was sold a few weeks ago in London for \$7,250."

"Er—I thought"— he stammered. "It is only right that our friends here should be the first to know that Edith and I are engaged."

"Two souls with but a single stamp," quoth Alec, with mock solemnity, but the unfeeling remark was lost in a shower of good wishes and congratulations.

Wilkie's Starting Point.

A story which shows the great effect which an apparently trifling thing will sometimes have upon a person's after life is told in connection with Wilkie, the painter.

One day, when Sir John Sinclair was dining in company with Mr. Wilkie, the artist was asked if any particular circumstances had led him to adopt his profession.

"Had your father, mother or any of your relations a turn for painting?" inquired Sir John. "What led you to follow that art?"

"The truth is, Sir John," replied Mr. Wilkie, "you made me a painter."

"I!" exclaimed the baronet. "Why, I never had the pleasure of meeting you before."

"No," responded the painter, with a smile, "but when you were drawing up the statistical account of Scotland my father, who was a clergyman in Fife, had a good deal of correspondence with you concerning his parish, and in the course of it you sent him a colored drawing of a soldier in the uniform of your Highland Fencible regiment."

"I was so delighted with this picture that I was constantly drawing and trying to color copies of it, and it was in this way, to the best of my belief, that my transformation into a painter was gradually effected."

No Sale Recorded.

The sad faced young man knocked timidly at the door of the suburban house, and presently it was opened by a woman with a stony eye.

"I—I beg your pardon," said the sad faced young man in confusion. "I see I have made a slight mistake. As a matter of fact, I have here a most remarkable work on 'How to Become Beautiful and Remain So.' Its price is 50 cents, and—but I can see, madam, that such a work would be useless to you; you have the secret already. Perhaps, however, there may be another of your sex in this house to whom the priceless book would be of value?"

"Yes," said she of the stony eye, "there is." And she disappeared. In a few moments she returned, and with her came a fifty pound bulldog.

The sad eyed young man slid down those steps like a thunderbolt in strict training, and as he flew he heard the voice of the stony faced woman: "This is the only one in this house your book's any good to. Next time you come talk to her, and don't try any of your daffery on me."

If You Would Be Well There Can be but One "Largest and Best Company"

You Must Keep Your Kidneys Well.

Help them to work freely. Help them to flush off all the body's waste and impurities.

Doan's Kidney Pills Are for this purpose only.

Have you suspected your kidneys as the cause of your trouble? If you have backache, swelling of the feet and ankles, frequent or suppressed urine, painful sensation when urinating, specks floating before the eyes, great thirst, brick-dust deposit in the urine, or anything wrong with the urinary organs, then your kidneys are affected.

It is really not difficult to cure kidney trouble in its first stages. All you have to do is to give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial. They are the most effective medicine to be had for all kidney and urinary troubles.

Mrs. Mary Galley, Auburn, N.S., was cured by their use. She says:—"For over four months I was troubled with a lame back, and was unable to turn in bed without help. I tried plasters and liniments of all kinds, but to no effect. At last I was induced by a friend to try Doan's Kidney Pills. After I had used two-thirds of a box my back was as strong and as well as ever."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box, or 8 for \$1.25. All dealers, or sent direct by mail on receipt of price.

THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO., TORONTO, ONT.

IT IS— The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York

Men of character and ability should become identified with it. There is always an opportunity for good men to make money and a reputation in its service.

Assets over \$401,000,000 Paid Policyholders over \$630,000,000 Apply to A. N. FRASER, Provincial Manager, Charlottetown, P. E. I. Nov 14 d 11

FOR SALE!

1 Cottrell Drum Cylinder, 6 Col. Quarto, Newspaper Press (in good condition.) Reasons for Sale.—Our circulation is increasing at such a rapid rate that we have found it necessary to instal a Web Perfecting Press. The above can be seen at any time. For prices and all particulars write

The Guardian, Charlottetown, P. E. I. 7, 12 d w 11

PARK'S PERFECT EMULSION DESTROYS COLDS.!!!!



Milled in a model mill for medical Canadian households.

The best, safest and most pleasant Anaesthetic Known to the dental profession today, is VITALIZED AIR.

We are the only firm in P. E. Island using this anaesthetic. It has no effect on the heart, causes no sickness and is pleasant to take. Can be given to young or old. Extracting free when plates are ordered.

BERLIN DENTAL PARLORS, Over Provse Bros. 211, 213 & 25 Phone 213.

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 the finest wheat. It contains all the nutriment of one, and the delicate flavor of the other. Unequaled for all kinds of family baking. At your Grocer's.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY

Axes, Horse Shoes, Horse Rugs, Horse Rasps.

In fact we can supply you with anything in hardware.

S. W. CRABBE, The Leader in Hardware

Kensington Sash and Door Factory. Planing Mills, Lumber Yard

If you contemplate building or repairing, give us a call. If you want an estimate on any kind of a building, give us a call. If you want hard or soft coal, give us a call. Better give us a call anyway. We keep in stock everything in the shape of lumber either rough or manufactured at prices that defy competition.

M. F. Schurman & Co.

ROYAL YEAST CAKES MOST PERFECT MADE.

SOLD AND USED EVERYWHERE.

E. W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

"BANNIGER" [pronounced like vinegar].

EDDY'S IMPERVIOUS SHEATHING. 3 ft. 6 ft. Rolls.

about 75 square yards in 3 ft rolls. "135" " " in 6 ft rolls. Ask your hardware dealer for it.

SCHOFIELD BROS. Selling Agents, St. John, N. B.

AFTER all, is there anything we all like better than a slice of good bread and butter—The kind of bread that's made from "Royal Household" Flour?

10, 15, 15

Cheap Insurance.

Do you want to know how to carry the most insurance for the protection of your family at the lowest possible cost consistent with safety? The Investment Annuity Policy issued by the North American Life has been designed for this purpose. Rates lower than straight life. Cash options in 10 15 or year periods. Let us explain it to YOU. PHONE 183 a.

Ross & Matthews.

BETTER BREAD



MADE IN THREE MINUTES

With The UNIVERSAL BREAD MAKER and RAISER

then can be made by hand in 30 Minutes. Hands do not touch the dough. Does away with hand kneading. Easy to clean. A child can work it.

SOLD BY FENNELL & CHANDLER.

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.

You Will Buy no Other



If you know anything about "ARTIC BRAND" BUFFALO ROBES, PERSIAN LAMB COATS AND BUFFALO ULSTERS. They are MOTH, WIND AND RAIN PROOF. These goods are sold under a guarantee. You will make a mistake if you buy a robe or coat that does not bear our trade mark.

—THE— Berlin Robe & Clothing Co., Ltd. BERLIN, ONT. 10-17 mwf & w 3m