

THE GUARDIAN POPULAR SHORT STORY

THE GIRL IN BLACK

By CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

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In a shaded spot just inside the entrance of Central park a girl was sitting. She was all in black, from the crown of her fetching little hat to her low shoes. Her face was pale with the paleness of a summer spent in the city, her brown hair rippled back from a smooth white forehead, her eyes were deep gray, steadfast and courageous. "And I have need of courage!" Cornelia Stratton murmured. For two months she had been hunting a position and so far she had not found one, although she had been able to substitute at a large commercial office for a week or two, and the pay she had received for that had, by careful hoarding, saved her from actual want. Yet as time dragged on her money dwindled and there seemed no hope in sight. "I shouldn't complain," she said valiantly, "it's the lot of many another girl who goes to a big city where she



THEY CAME FACE TO FACE WITH A PICTURE THAT HELD HER AMAZED. She has neither friends nor relatives to help her. But, oh, I do wish I could

find something. I'm so tired of disappointments." From where she sat she could hear the ceaseless hum and stir of the city. There had been hours when it seemed to call like a challenge, and her heart beat in answer to it. Now it frightened her. It seemed so vast, so overwhelming. There were so many problems to be met and mastered. One of them was clothes.

She had chosen to dress in black because it was the most economical. Her deft fingers had fashioned a chic but for a trifling sum, and for the rest she wore the same suit, day in and day out, taking such scrupulous care of it that she looked as well groomed as many a woman of means.

Each day, when she had searched for work till she was too tired to search further, she came to sit in the park, where everything was green and quiet, where squirrels frisked untroubled across the grass and where the clear liquid notes of birds lent a sense of the country. There were moments when the scene charmed Cornelia, but oftener she was too disheartened to care. "What am I to do in this state of affairs lasts much longer?" she mused on this stifling afternoon in mid-August. She was utterly despondent. Her hands were clasped listlessly in her lap, and she shut her eyes to keep back the tears. When she opened them again, she encountered the direct gaze of a man sitting on the bench opposite her. He was a well set up young fellow of about nine and twenty, broad shouldered and smooth shaven. As their eyes met the pity that was in his look changed to something deeper. "Take courage," the look said. "Life is a battle for all of us. Fight on."

Cornelia turned away her head, her heart fluttering strangely. Some one in all that vast city had seen, had cared. "It's simply nonsense," she told herself. "He's never seen me before, nor I him." Yet already she felt cheered. Unrolling a newspaper she held in her hand, she went over its want columns again. At the next office where she applied the business manager noted something bright and spirited in her aspect that argued well for her. "You're the happiest girl in the whole wide world," she laughed a few minutes later, for she had found a position at last.

The winter months sped quickly and pleasantly. There was so much to do and so much to see—the shops, the theaters, the surging throngs on Broadway and the great promenade on Fifth avenue at twilight, when countless carriages blocked the crossings and when all the fashion and beauty of the earth seemed to shine before Cornelia's delighted eye. It grew to be a custom with her in going to work from her work to search the faces of

the passersby in the half confessed hope that some time, somewhere, she should again catch a glimpse of the man whom she had seen in the park. It was a wish, however, that seemed destined to remain unfulfilled.

But one Saturday as she loitered in a crowded downtown art gallery she came face to face with a picture that held her amazed and spellbound, for it was a portrait of herself. Half trembling and turning the leaves of her catalogue with nervous fingers, she read its name, "The Girl in Black," by George Heathwood.

"And certainly the best thing you've done, George, old man," said a boyish looking fellow at her elbow. "It's the hit of the exhibition, and such a simple thing! Just a girl with a pretty flower-like face, sitting on a bench in the park. Oh, I remember! She's the one you once told me about. Have you found her yet, George?"

"Not yet," said a voice that made Cornelia's heart leap. "Not yet; but I mean to if I have to spend all my life in trying."

"And find her when you're at the tender age of forty! You needn't frown so savagely! I'm sure you've often heard her when you haven't in the least suspected it! Today, for instance, have you searched this room thoroughly? For you know it's a true saying, 'drawled the boy over his shoulder as he moved away, "that love makes people blind."

"What do you mean?" Heathwood began, and then, turning, caught sight of Cornelia. "You!" he said softly beneath his breath. "You!" Cornelia flushed. "I beg your pardon," he said quickly, "but since circumstances are what they are I am going to call a truce to convention and ask you: 'do me a favor. Will you please say, just where you are for two minutes? Promise me that you will not go away.' He evidently took her reply for granted, for he did not wait to hear it. But before half the allotted time was up he returned with a distinguished, gray haired woman, whom many people in the room seemed to know, for they bowed to her as she passed.

"It's Mrs. Heathwood," Cornelia heard some one whisper. "The mother of the famous young illustrator." Heathwood approached Cornelia. "Mother," he said, "I want you to meet Miss—Miss—"

"Stratton," Cornelia murmured. "Stratton!" rejoiced Heathwood, dwelling on the word.

The older woman smiled in appreciation of the situation.

"Miss Stratton, may I present my son, Mr. Heathwood?" Cornelia bowed. "And now that we've been properly introduced"—George commenced. "There is a Japanese tea room next

door," Mrs. Heathwood broke in, "where I am very fond of going at this hour of the day. Won't you join us, Miss Stratton?"

Cornelia assented gladly. It was all so sudden and bewildering that it seemed like part of a dream—a dream that was coming true. "For now that I've found you," declared George Heathwood, "I never mean to lose you again!"

As they moved slowly through the room the young fellow who had been Heathwood's companion half an hour earlier looked after them with twinkling eyes.

"It's easy to see," he chuckled, "that that picture of George's wasn't properly named, for the Girl in Black is going to be the Girl in White, with a tulle veil and orange blossoms. So runs the world!"

Two Intelligent Horses.

"I have heard many stories of the intelligence of animals," said a close observer of animal life, "but the actions of two horses the other day equaled if not surpassed many of the tales. The pair were fine looking beasts attached to a farmer's wagon and had been left outside a feed store on Kensington avenue. Just beyond their reach were several bales of hay. By some clever maneuvering the white horse, which was nearest the pavement, managed to get hold of some of the hay. His brown mate, not getting any of the hay, with almost human actions made the white horse understand that he wished to share the feast. To satisfy his mate the white horse took larger mouthfuls of the hay and turned his head in a way so that the brown horse could enjoy the feast. By the time their owner reached them nearly half the bale of hay had been consumed by the pair. When the owner of the hay was informed of the unique manner in which the horses secured their lunch he said that it was a good scheme and he would stand for the loss," Philadelphia Record.

Sermons by Time.

"I have attended church in a good many different places," said the southern man, "but I had to come to New York to see a man preach holding his watch in his hand. Down in our part of the country the pulpit orator is usually long winded. He has a certain subject in mind and has certain things to say concerning it, and he holds forth until he has said them all if it takes till bedtime to do it. Up here the time that can be devoted to the delivery of a sermon appears to be limited. In general to overstep the bounds several clergymen that I have heard talked lit down or stick it into a convenient pocket to be consulted occasionally, but

held it out face up as a constant reminder that time was fleeting and that other pressing engagements awaited them. That may be an excellent preventive of weariness in the congregation, but I must say it makes me uncomfortable to have spiritual advice measured by the minute and second."—New York Press.

Had to Concede It. "Well," said Subbuba, "I've just weathered a little labor trouble that's costing me seventy-five per week." "What?" exclaimed Citman. "Seventy-five dollars a week?" "No; 75 cents. Our cook struck for a raise from \$4.25 to \$5."—Catholic Standard and Times.

GOOD ADVERTISING.

"Good advertising is that which sells goods," and no other sort is "good advertising." This may sound unreasonably. But is it? I think not. One man will say that good typography is good advertising; another will say that clean-cut wording of the ad is good advertising; another is carried away with the idea of "eye-catching" illustrations is good advertising. None can dispute that good advertising is the kind that sells the goods, however.

Good advertising is built upon a little word of seven letters. It is spelled h-o-n-e-s-t-y. No matter how attractive an advertisement may be constructed, it is not good advertising unless "honesty" is its feature. There are those who will say: "Well, I know of advertising that was not honest and it produced results." The fellow who would make such a remark probably meant "temporary results."

It is impossible for temporary results to be construed into meaning "good advertising." The truth of my assertion is proven by the desire on the part of many advertisers to use such advertising as will produce results right along, even after the advertisement is withdrawn. "Honesty" is the only ground upon which such advertising can be constructed. Attractive advertising may catch the reader's eye, perhaps inducing him to buy, but it will not make him recommend the goods to some one else unless he got a square deal and believes the article deserved recognition. Honesty brings recognition and recognition sells goods. Perhaps, we should have said that "honesty and recognition" form the foundation upon which good advertising is built.

Not long since a big cigar store in New York city advertised to sell a certain brand of cigar as a out price. The advertising was attractive and convincing to the point that hundreds of people went to the store the day the advertisement appeared for the purpose of purchasing the particular brand of cigars advertised. The moment the customer asked for the cigar he desired, a slick tongued individual said: "We are selling this cigar (showing something different to-day in boxes of 25 for \$1.25. It is a great bargain and we are making a drive on them." When the other cigar was again asked for the flippant clerk produced them with the admonition that the customer was throwing away a chance to pick up good money by not buying the special box of cigars.

That sort of advertising is not good advertising; it is not honest advertising; it is not advertising of the sort that creates recognition. A sucker may be born every two or three minutes, but the advertising that is good advertising is the kind that influences recognition among a conservative, money-earning, money-spending advertisement reading people.

"Good advertising" means honesty all along the line. It does not mean pitting your wit against that of the buyer or in saying that your methods and your goods are the best. Every advertiser can say the same thing. Nor does it mean saying that your competitor is on the run. You take the first few steps toward good advertising when you let the public know that you are pleased to see that others are doing well. Bear in mind that common sense is yes prevalent among people who read advertising. "Good advertising" doesn't mean dragging another fellow down. Be pleased that other advertisers are making good. "The survival of the fittest" may sound all very well, but you are counting "good advertising" amidst pleasant hours, when the public is

CALENDAR FOR MARCH 1907

Table with columns for Day, Sun, Moon, High Water, and Low Water. Includes moon phases and tide information for March 1907.

IMPORTANT

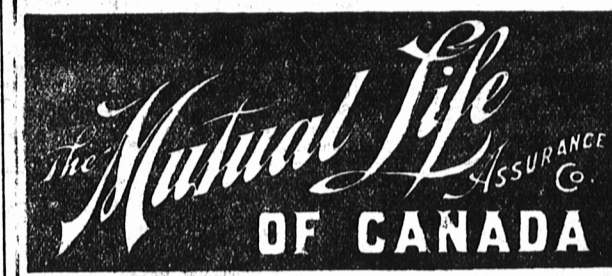
The Charlottetown Guardian is the only Prince Edward Island newspaper that places its circulation figures before the public. Prospective advertisers are invited to call and investigate the Guardian's circulation statement before placing their advertising elsewhere.

THE MEDICINAL VALUE OF FRESH FRUIT JUICES

One of the Greatest Wonders of the Age. Hundreds Have Been Made Well by Taking Advantage of an Ottawa Physician's Discovery.

Everyone knows how beneficial fruit is, when eaten regularly. Fruit is nature's laxative—the finest kidney regulator—and the ideal skin tonic. Unfortunately, the medicinal principle of fruit occurs only in minute quantities. In order to consume enough fruit to relieve biliousness, one would also consume a large amount of woody fibre or pulp, which would upset the stomach and impair digestion. An Ottawa physician discovered a way to get around these difficulties. He pressed the juice from apples, oranges, figs and prunes—and then forced one more atom of the bitter principle from the discarded orange peels, into the concentrated juices. This formed a new compound, having all the curative effects of fresh fruit—and

in a highly intensified degree. Then valuable tonics and internal antiseptics were added and the whole pressed into tablets. These are "Fruit-a-tives" the wonderful Liver Tablets you hear so much about. "Fruit-a-tives" cure the most obstinate cases of non-action of the bowels, biliousness, headaches, sleeplessness, nervousness, kidney trouble, rheumatism, sciatica and neuralgia. They are the greatest blood purifying medicine in the world, while their action on the skin, in clearing and beautifying the complexion, is nothing short of marvelous. Ask your druggist for "Fruit-a-tives" and see that you got them, 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50. By mail, postpaid, from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.



1906 shows large gains over 1905. New business amounts to \$5,503,547 in 3,026 policies; of this \$46,000 was written in Newfoundland and the balance entirely within the Dominion. The following are some interesting facts from the Company's 37th Annual Statement.

Financial statement table with columns for INCOME, DISBURSEMENTS, ASSETS, and LIABILITIES. Includes figures for premiums, claims, and company valuation.

The Company has a surplus on Government standard of valuation of \$1,552,364.26. The following are some striking gains made in 1906. In Income, \$115,904.22; In Assets, \$1,089,447.69; In Surplus (Company's Standard) \$251,377.46; In Insurance in Force, \$2,712,453.00. Send to Head Office, Waterloo, Canada, for booklet giving Annual Report and proceedings of Annual Meeting.

Robert Melvin, President A. Hoskin, K.C. Vice-Geo. Wegenast, Manager Hon. Justice Britton Pres. W. H. Riddell, Secretary

J. O. ARSENAULT, General Agent.

Advertisement for Alabastine Co. featuring an illustration of a woman and text: 'EASY TO PUT ON. So simple is it to handle, any woman can decorate her own home with Alabastine. Write to-day for our book "Homes, Healthful and Beautiful." It explains how Alabastine is the cheapest, most healthful and most luxurious wall-covering. Send ten cents for a copy of "Homes, Healthful and Beautiful," with many dainty, new ideas for the decoration of your home. Alabastine is sold by hardware and paint dealers everywhere—a 5 pound package for 50 cents. NEVER SOLD IN BULK. LTD. Ask your dealer for the card. THE Alabastine Co. 112 WILLOW STREET, PARIS, ONT.'

FATIGUE FROM A POISONED SYSTEM.

The tired, languid feelings of spring are the results of the winter's accumulations of waste products. The liver and kidneys alone can remove them and are quickened in action by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Very few people breathe as much pure, fresh air during the winter as is necessary to purify the blood and keep the human system in good condition.

As a result the blood becomes laden with poisonous substances, which, instead of aiding the functions of the bodily organs, tend to arrest them and give rise to pains in the limbs, backaches, headaches, and tired, worn-out feelings.

The liver and kidneys become clogged and sluggish and quite fail in their mission of filtering and purifying the blood, and it is because of their direct and specific action on these organs that

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS are so wonderfully effective as purifiers of the blood. No greater mistake could be made than to rely for purification of the blood on medicines which merely effect movement of the bowels. It is the liver and kidneys which filter the poisons from the blood, and on their action entirely must the blood depend for elimination of the poisonous impurities. The whole filtering and excretory system is quickened and invigorated by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills; the blood is purified, the digestion is improved and all the vital organs brought into healthful action.

Backaches and kidney pains disappear, headaches and biliousness are overcome, liver complaint and constipation, indigestion and bodily pains give way. Not because Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are in any sense a cure-all, but because they regulate the liver, kidneys and bowels as no other preparation was ever known to do.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT has a remarkable record of cures of eczema, salt rheum, baby eczema, scald head, and every form of itching skin disease, irritation and eruption. 60 cents a box, at all dealers.