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## BY "ROYAL EDWARD" CHAPTER OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE

### A Great Discovery

By John Reed Wade.

I first saw him in the smoking room of my hotel. No man could possibly have entered the room without noticing him, for his face and bearing marked him out as a man of exceptional intellect and deep thought.

Tall, upright, with deep-sunken, piercing eyes, and hair a clean silver-grey, he stood by the fireplace chatting to a companion.

At the majority of faces one does not give a second look, much less a second thought, but there are faces which keenly excite one's interest. His was one of the few.

So it was that when an opportunity occurred I made inquiries of the manager as to who the man with the striking face might be.

"Oh, I know whom you mean, sir," he replied. "Why, that's Mr. Julius Sinclair, the Government Explosives Expert; at least that's what he was but he made some wonderful discovery, and then had a mental breakdown and retired. Some people say he's not quite right in the head now, but he always seemed sane enough to me."

I thanked my informant and walked away. Having learnt so much, instead of being satisfied, I was anxious to know more of Mr. Julius Sinclair.

And as he was generally to be found in the smoking-room after dinner, and as we frequently had the room to ourselves, I soon became quite friendly with both Mr. Sinclair and his companion.

The latter, I think, must have been a professional companion, probably a medical man, and I judged him to be so by his quiet air of proprietorship over Mr. Sinclair.

We had been on speaking terms for some time when the companion asked me one evening if I were going to sit with Mr. Sinclair as usual. He himself had to go out, and he did not care to leave the old gentleman to himself.

I readily agreed and this is how I came to hear the great story.

Mr. Sinclair and I had been chatting close on half an hour; our cigars were down and the last of the evening was just passing. I had found him rather a dull conversationalist. Not that his talk in itself was dull, but he was obviously not interested.

But a chance remark of mine about a wonderful airship flight which one of the Wright Brothers had just made in France completely transformed the old man.

His deep-sunken eyes seemed to flash fire, and he answered with a vehemence of which I had not thought him capable.

"Wonderful you call it; what utter nonsense! Nobody can fly yet without toppling the earth after a mile or two. And they never will, until I show them how."

"You show them; how?" I questioned, wondering if at last the old man were going to burden himself with some great discovery.

"Yes, I, sir, and I'll tell you a story. Few people know it; one doesn't shout one's most dreadful disasters from the housetops, but tonight—I'll tell you."

I was all attention at once, and scarcely dared answer lest it should chafe his mind.

"Perhaps you may have heard I used to experiment with all kinds of new explosives for the Government, Shilinite, the most powerful explosive known, is my invention, and many others."

"It's not so many years ago, so perhaps you'll smile when I tell you that I was deeply and hopelessly in love."

"She was a most beautiful Russian girl, was Stephanie. She had masses of wonderful hair, and her dark eyes made her the fortune of any artist who could have transferred their beauty to canvas."

"She was many years younger than I was, but she had promised to be my wife."

"She used often to come down to a big shed I had built in the grounds of my house, and here I used to try some of my experiments. And she would sometimes help me by washing a test tube or by heading me bottles of chemicals."

"It was within six weeks of our wedding day. I was in the shed alone. I had discovered, so I thought, an exceedingly high explosive, more by accident, perhaps, than design."

"I have a very bad memory, and so, as I worked, I had jotted down on a piece of paper the various chemicals I had mixed in what proportions and how mixed."

"On the bench before me was a small bomb, in which a minute portion of the explosive had been placed."

"I wished to try to explode it by electricity and to note the result."

"I applied the current at a safe distance, then a queer thing happened. There was a very slight report, the bomb just fell apart, and strange to relate, the corrugated iron roof of the shed was nearly blown off."

"Naturally this puzzled me, for there had seemed to be no force at all in the explosion. So I tried the experiment again."

"This time, there being no apparent danger, I watched it closely and near to. The same thing hap-

### VICTORIA DAY.

Yes! We hear the air they're playing;  
Just the old familiar thing,  
But the words that they are singing  
There's an unfamiliar ring  
For we hear them say, "God save the King!"

And we miss the old refrain,  
The words our memories treasure,  
The dear, the well known strain  
As the old tune rises,  
Our hearts old years, I wean,  
Once more for the dear old anthem,  
With the words "God save the Queen!"

"God save the Queen!" what memories  
Are with those old words twined;  
The distant days of childhood  
Draw nearer with their sound,  
Visions of old-time gatherings,  
Memories of parting sad,  
Ah! both the pleasure, tears  
Of the long past years,  
Of old days, must ever seem  
To be entwined, bound up for us  
With our old "God save the Queen."

"God save the Queen" the old words  
Bring loved places to our mind;  
Echoes of silenced voices  
Come to us with their sound  
Ah! Remembrances and feelings;  
We perchance had mourned as dead,  
Arise, once more, within us  
As the well known words are said,  
Yes! The love and the dear lost faces

Of the days that once have been  
Some, again to cheer, to greet us,  
As we say "God Save the Queen,"  
"God Save the King," fresh young tones

With gladness note may sing,  
But still a shade of sadness  
To the older voice will cling,  
As we join in the old-time Anthem,  
Yet must say, "God save the King,"  
A DAUGHTER OF THE EMPIRE  
Charlottetown.

### HUMOR IS EVERYTHING.

Mark Twain's humorous advice to some burglars who broke into his house recently proves that he has the faculty of finding humor in the most unexpected places.

The following incident shows how strongly is the joker's instinct ingrained in him. A friend once took him to see a very beautiful and valuable piece of sculpture. It represented a young woman coiling up her hair, and the workmanship was such that the owner's other companions stood open-mouthed in admiration.

"Well," said the host, turning to Mark Twain for his verdict, "what do you think of it? Grand isn't it?"

"Yes, it's very pretty," said Mark; "but it's not true to nature!"

"Why not?" inquired everyone in surprise.

"She ought to have her mouth full of hairpins," replied the humorist, gravely.—"M.A. P."



MRS. MCKINNON.

Wife of the Lieutenant Governor and the Honorary Vice-President of the Royal Edward Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire—who has presented the chapter with a beautiful silk flag.

### "DIEU ET MON DROIT."

A GREETING.

To the "Daughters of the Empire" from the Royal Edward Chapter—P. E. Island—"Ever Royal" Royal Edward Chapter's Greeting To our sisters in each land; With those sisters we are meeting Heart to heart, hand clasps not hand And yet from tiny Isle, this greeting Joins to us this world-wide Band; Daughters of the Empire standing "Ever Loyal" hand in hand; Daughters of our Empire standing For old England, GOD OUR RIGHT! Sisters, ready ever waiting To maintain a MOTHER'S MIGHT! Daughters, of the Empire, are we! Banded in immortal cause we! To uphold for mother Country; Holy Patriotism's laws! Sisters, for our MOTHER, willing, To forgo each self sought right; Thus, by actions, true instilling Selfless Patriotism's might, you, From our tiny Isle we greet you, In our Mother Island's name! "Ever Loyal" we meet you, Heart to heart, for England's fame Ever earnestly entreat you, Sink ye SELF in country's name! And wide our standards rear them.

As of old the Beacon pyres, Stood on hill-tops, ready, waiting To send forth their blaze of fires, Should at any moment, danger Threaten Home lands of our sister— Idly waiting, maybe seeming, To the thoughtless passer's eye, Yet, should foe's menace, ready To blaze forth, light up the sky! Round the world our circle reaches; Sisters clasping hand in hand, Pass the glowing sparke of loyalty, Quick, electric, through the Band. Daughters of the Empire may we, Realize our mission high! To send up at country's need, Loyalties Beacons to the sky. Daughters of the Empire form we Round the world a cordon true Safe conserve the waves of loyalty Our dear Mother Land for you.— This our work oh! fellow sisters Daughters of the Empire true May we earnestly fulfill it Such our hope from us to you.

A DAUGHTER,  
Royal Edward Chapter,  
Charlottetown.

### SECRECYPROMISED.

Mrs. Brindle: "Now Mary, I want you to be careful. This is some very old table linen; been in the family for more than twenty years, and—"

Mary: "Oh, ma'am, you needn't worry! I won't tell a soul; and it looks as good as new, I'm sure."—  
Woman's Life."

pened, and I distinctly felt an upward gust of wind shoot past my face.

"A few moments' thought brought me to a most startling conclusion, I had made a world-changing discovery."

"But I wanted to test it again. So I placed my bomb under water and securely fixed, immediately over it, an upturned chemical jar, also full of water. My idea was to secure a jarful of the gas which would escape from the explosion of the bomb."

"Carefully I set to work, and again turned on the current."

"There was a vast bubbling in the water as the gas escaped, and once more the roof trembled violently."

"I sprang to the tank and saw that my jar, which was very firmly fixed was full of gas. Carefully screwing an airtight cover on the jar still under water, I proceeded to to unfix it."

"I grasped it firmly in my hands, but hardly had I got it unfastened than it slipped between my fingers, flew upwards, escaping my face by a fraction of an inch, and dashed itself against an iron girder in the roof, and shattered itself into a thousand pieces."

"So mad with delight was I that I took no heed of the falling pieces of glass which showed over me, for here I had discovered a gas which was a thousand times lighter than hydrogen. Hydrogen, as of course you know, is the lightest body known and if used in a balloon will lift it a far greater weight than ever coal-gas could."

"I had therefore made flight an accomplish fact."

"A small steel cylinder filled with this gas and hermetically sealed would lift any engine made of steel and would fly absolutely indestructible. Why, the gas would be strong enough to lift a motor-bus full of passengers!"

"An airship for war purposes need have no gas cylinder at all. It would suffice to fill the steel tubes of its framework with the gas to get a perfectly stable and steady vessel which could defy rifle bullets. If necessary, small bombs of the explosive, unexploded of course, could be carried for the purpose of making a gas which, travelling in the air in case of a steel tube be damaged."

"As the full impact of my wonderful discovery became plain to me I nearly went crazy."

"How the next few days passed I don't know. I scarcely took any food, I denied myself to everyone, shut myself in my shed, and made a rough framework which could be filled with the gas."

"I don't need to go into details of the filling of my machine; it was soon ready. I had secured it firmly to the floor, and when all was ready, not wanting to risk being lifted right through my own roof, I contented myself by sitting on the top of the captive machine."

"My weight seemed to make no difference to it, and I surveyed it with an exultation which few men could possibly feel and still retain their senses."

"Suddenly I was started violently by a hand being placed on my shoulder, while a voice I knew and loved well, said: "Julie, what are you doing and why haven't you been to see me for days? I've called four times, but they wouldn't let me see you, but I got the better of them today."

"It was Stephanie, my wife-to-be, who had come in, and in my concentration I had not heard her."

"After only a momentary misgiving I poured out the whole of my wonderful story to her, and her enthusiasm seemed to know no bounds."

"She plied me with all sorts of questions, and I only too eagerly replied. For half-an-hour we crooned together about our great discovery as I called it. Then she left me."

"I now wanted to reduce the lifting power of my machine so that I myself could sail comfortably a few yards off the ground in it. And for this purpose I slowly released the gas with a view to reducing the capacity of my framework tubes."

"Suddenly I became aware that the paper on which I had jotted down the formula for making my gas was not where I had pinned it. I searched high and low for it. It had gone."

"Stephanie must have taken it in fun; if so, it was too dangerous a form of humor to appeal to me."

"I hurried indoors only to find that she had been gone some quarter of an hour."

"There was nothing for it, I must at once go to her and recover the precious paper."

"When I reached her house I noticed there was a big car throbbing outside and the front door itself was open."

"Not waiting to ring, I went straight to the library."

"And then—and then—"

The old man had suddenly gone deathly pale. He reeled in his chair, tried to recover himself, repeated, "And then—" and fell to the ground before I could stop him.

I hastily ran for assistance, and just as we got him into the lounge his companion returned.

He ordered Mr. Sinclair to be immediately taken to his room, and, my offers of assistance declined, I was left to think over the extraordinary story I had heard. I was just thinking of turning in to bed when Mr. Sinclair's companion returned.

He wanted to know just how the old man's collapse had occurred, and, half guilty, I had to confess that I had perhaps been partly responsible by allowing him to tell the story.

And it was only after a great deal

(Continued on Page Four.)

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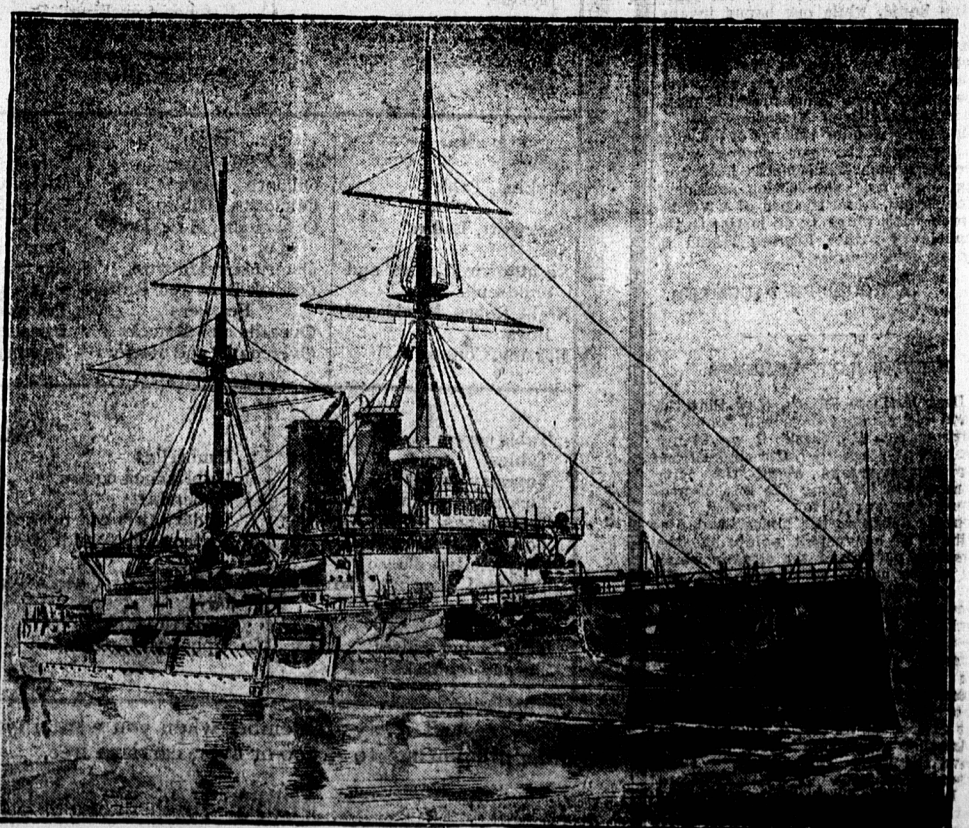
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