

DAILY FOUNDED 1881 WEEKLY (NOW TRI-WEEKLY) 1887

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, CANADA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1905.

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Devoted to the Literature, History, Folk-lore and best interests of the Province of Prince Edward Island.

THE MAGAZINE GUARDIAN

Succeeding the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE Issued Every Saturday Morning.

POLL TAX AND TAXED POLES

A Breezy Sketch of An Omnipresent Nuisance. By W. S. L.

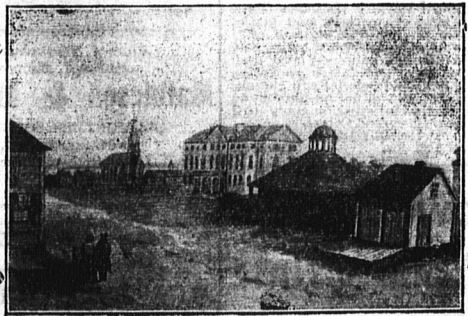


Queen Square 1905, laid out with over half a hundred poles.

Any citizen paying two dollars and ten cents poll tax, is entitled to vote at Civic Elections. This tax has to be paid in June of each year at City Hall, a cut of which accompanies this article. It is not, however, with the Poll Tax I wish to write a few lines, but to draw attention to the very much taxed Poles of our City and Country. In this very picture of the City Hall the reader may notice some of the many hideous telegraph, telephone and electric light poles of our City. Sometimes a single pole acts for these three uses and is heavily taxed. How these poles mar the look of streets, of buildings and when a serious fire breaks out prevent the firemen from working their best. How many poles would you say were planted upon the four sides and within the space called Queen's Square of

told a lie, but Gillett's Lye is recorded almost on every pole. If a man's hands and face are soiled by dust, etc., he is reminded almost on every side of Welcome Soap, Sunlight Soap, Comfort Soap, Eclipse Soap, Pearlina and Baby's Own Soap. If travellers are driving along the road to Charlottetown and feel a little dry, here again the poles remind them that they can get Hazzard's Tea, Primrose Special Tea, Vim Tea, Union Blend Tea, Liberty Tea, Tiger Tea and Red Rose Tea.

If a man needs tobacco here again is the advertised bill of fare on the poles, Red Fox Chewing Tobacco, Smoke Empire Tobacco, Smoke Admiral Cigarettes, Ivy Plug Tobacco, Bobs Tobacco, Smoke Bulls Eye Plugs, Comet Tobacco, Red Cloud Tobacco.



Queen Square 50 years ago. No poles there.

our Charlottetown? Would you think that there was 52 poles? Should not these poles be taxed. In many other cities by laws have been passed to have wires placed under ground in tubes.

The telephone wires and the electric wire buzz often get mixed up and one has to ring up Trouble Department for relief. I often think of that Trouble Department at Head Telephone office. I think they might say, "We have troubles of our own, don't mention yours." Hello Trouble Department could you give us a clear explanation of clause thirteen of the Prohibition Act? But whatever may be the condition of the pole in our City those in the Country are what one might say up against it.

Not only have these country poles to carry telegraph, telephone and open electric wire but many advertisements almost too numerous to mention.

They say George Washington never

If man or woman or beast is out of sorts, one is frequently reminded of a suitable remedy. Pink Pills, Mrs. Pinkham's Remedy, Strantons Internal and External Remedies, Preston's Influenza Pellets, Dr. Codrre's Infant's Syrup, Burdock Blood Bitters, Peruna, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, Minard's Liniment, Children Cry for Castoria, Dr. Fowlers Extract of Wild Strawberry, Johnson's Liniment, Maud's Condition Powders, Hercules Louse Killer, Clydesdale Heave Cure, British Troop Oil, etc., etc.

Then we have Fairbanks Gold Dust, Twins, Cow Brand Soda, Church's Cold Water Alabastine, Rising Sun Slices, Polish, Diamond Dyes, U. N. O. Will Make You Shine, Royce's Yeast, etc.

Royal Yeast seems to take the cake (at least that is what it should do) for greasing the most poles. Now I am not getting anything from



CITY HALL

Where the poll tax is paid and where you see a heavy taxed pole.

the Royal Yeast people, when I say it must be strong stuff, this Royal Yeast. Its rising properties must be wonderful, for most of the poles that were adorned with Royal Yeast, seemed to be lifted out of the ground and were leaning over to the side. Poor poles are they not to be pitied? Who knows more than they do, all about wire pulling and crossed purposes?



There's lots of room at the top.

A SKILFUL OPERATION Performed by Dr. F. P. Conroy's Uncle.

MR. EDITOR.

Some time since a child of mine aged 4 years whilst playing with others in a loft fell through a door, a height of nine feet, head foremost on an iron pot, the ear of which entered the upper part of the head over the ear, tearing at the same time the membranes covering the brain in such a manner as to expose that organ for the extent of 2 inches long and 1 inch wide. A portion of the brain instantly protruded larger than a pigeon's egg, on which each pulsation of the heart was distinctly visible. Surgeon Conroy (uncle of Dr. F. P. Conroy of Charlottetown) was shortly after in attendance, and removed the protruding portion with all the other parts

that appeared injured and also several small pieces of the skull which had sunk deep into the substance of the brain, dressed the wound and continued in close attendance. He has now the satisfaction to see his little patient enjoyment of perfect health, mental and bodily after the lapse of some months.

I think it due to the gentleman to publish the above circumstances which passed in presence of Mr. Douglas of the head of the river and many other witnesses and am, sir,

Your most obedient ALEX. HAYDEN. Ship Yard, Hillsborough River, Dec. 18th, 1881.



Trouble Department.



Where's That Man that tries to write poetry?

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE

The Story of the Death of a Little Child from Exposure at Bedeque.

On Monday the 5th. Inst., a little girl about 9 years of age, daughter of Mr. John Tucker, of Bedeque, was sent to drive some cattle out of a field. The distance was so short, that she went away without bonnet or mittens and dressed in a common druggist frock, such as she was in the habit of wearing. By some fatality she became bewildered, and penetrating too far into the woods, completely lost herself. Strict enquiry was made for her during the day, but without success. On Tuesday and Wednesday, the inhabitants of the settlement were employed in searching the woods for the little wanderer; and, although they frequently found her track, in a direction towards the Prince Town Road, they as often lost it, by reason of the hard crust that had formed upon the snow, and which allowed her to walk on the surface without receiving any impression from her feet. The persons who were engaged in the pursuit, to their credit be it said, were indefatigable in their exertions; and, by steady perseverance on Thursday they succeeded in finding her, but not until death had put a period to her mental and bodily sufferings, which must have been acutely severe. She was found hanging by her petticoats from some branches that surrounded a hollow stump, into which, it would appear, she was endeavoring to get as a place of shelter, and from which, in consequence of extreme exhaustion, she must have fallen, and in this position expired. She was discovered within 300 yards of the Prince Town Road, and about two miles and a half from the house of a settler by the name of Johnston, and must have travelled from 12 to 15 miles through the woods in snow, under every possible privation.—The Prince Edward Island Register, April 17th, 1884.



A FOREST SCENE AT BEDEQUE.

A VISIT TO ST. PETER'S ISLAND

(By Dr. Conroy.)

Off the southern shore of Prince Edward Island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence somewhat to the westward of the entrance to the harbor of Charlottetown, lies the little island of St. Peter's.

It is separated from the mainland of the Mother Island by a sheet of water two miles wide. At certain seasons of the year when the tides go low, this stretch becomes almost a dry shoal. Over this dune or "bar" so called there is a rise and fall of tide of from six to ten feet.

The little island is one mile long by half a mile wide. In form it is kite-shaped with its northern side parallel to the main shore. Communication with the mainland during the season of open navigation is possible at low water by horse and vehicle. This permits the few inhabitants to cross at one low tide and return at another. In winter the crossing is made upon the ice which forms thick and strong, sometimes grounding firmly upon the "bar".

There live on the island two families named Taylor, whose forefathers, years ago made their homes there.

The young men are enthusiastic sportsmen and have ample opportunity for keeping themselves in training as their little island is a real gunner's paradise. In the spring and fall wild geese and brant swarm to the waters around the island and are only allowed to depart after paying heavy tribute to the guns of the Taylor boys. In the months of March and April when these birds fly North and when the ice holds fast upon the "bar" the shooting is done from a blind built of ice and snow. Live decoys are placed amongst others of home manufacture. The gunners, covered with white clothing, await their luck. Presently a flock of birds is seen in the distance; the live decoys catch the sight and begin to call.

Nearer come the unsuspecting strangers until gently and cautiously they prepare to drop among their quail friends. Just as they are about to alight, their legs extended and their wings wide-spread, the order "now" is given.

Each man chooses his own bird. Another volley is fired ere they get out of reach. As many as ten geese and twenty brant are accounted an ordinary good day's shooting. Two persons in a blind are considered enough but sometimes a third is admitted by special invitation. The writer has more than once enjoyed this esteemed privilege.

The Taylors are hospitable to a degree, and no more pleasurable night can be imagined than one spent at the fire side of the Taylor home after a good day's shooting. The elder William Taylor, now deceased, used to delight in telling how some years ago, at one "rally" from a double-barrel muzzle-loader, he killed thirty-two brant and wounded many more.

Although the island is such a favored spot for sportsmen, its isolation is not an unmixt advantage to those who choose to live upon it. Of this I shall give an instance. During the week before Christmas of 1887, I was called to the island to see a member of the Taylor family who was suffering from typhoid fever. It was five o'clock in the afternoon of a cold day when I left Charlottetown in company with one of the brothers of the patient. After crossing a ferry and riding nine miles in a wagon we came to the point of land from which crossing is made to the island. Having exchanged our wagon for a high-wheeled gig (procured from a resident farmer) we proceeded, much against the advice of the owner of the gig, to attempt a crossing.

It was nine o'clock at night, the wind was blowing a gale and it was intensely dark. The expected beacon light on the little island was not to be seen, an untoward circumstance, due as we supposed to the misty darkness but we expected to see it after as we approached the other shore. The owner of the gig volunteered to bring his lantern to the beach so that it might serve as a guide to us from the rear.

Mounted insecurely on a high and narrow seat, in suppressed trepidation, we made out into the angry water with only the faint outline of the little island in front, and the lantern dimly burning behind us.

It was about the hour of low tide but he unexpected depth of water at our place of starting was disappointing. On we went, peering into the darkness, hoping to soon see a watcher's guiding light, but no light could be seen.

We had two miles of water to cross. Gradually the faint light of the lantern faded from our view. Fortunately we had one of the best horses that ever wore a collar. She was a strong dapple grey mare with lots of pluck and endurance. She seemed to size up the situation, straining every muscle and forging along with a determination that seemed born of reason.

As we drew out further the water became deeper. The driver expressed the fear that the tide had not sufficiently receded, (as is often the case in stormy weather) to allow us to cross and that it might have already begun to flow. About this time we were nearing the middle of the stretch and it did not matter much whether we went on or turned back.

The grey mare still manly struggled on. Many a time had she crossed the "bar" but never under such trying circumstances. Every now and again she would go down into a deep gully, almost beyond her depth, only to scramble out again with a snort from her drenched nostrils.

Trusting our lives to the instincts of our noble beast, we kept straining our eyes for a glimpse of a friendly bank.

At last the water began to get shallower: We could see the bushes on the little island, and finally after delving through deep pits, and riding over rough rocks, we made the shore, about half a mile East of the usual place of landing.

With many unexpressed, though fervent feelings of thankfulness, we made our way slowly to the patient's home.

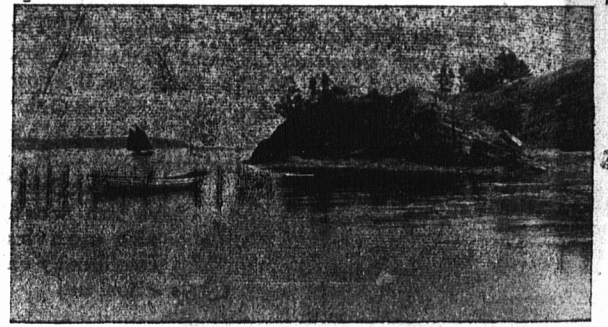
Our first greeting on entering was an expression of amazement from the patient's father "Where in the name of goodness did you come from?" said he. "You never crossed the 'bar' this night?" "Yes we did" said his son. "Well that beats all" said he. "If I had ever thought that you would dare to cross the 'bar' on a night like this I would have been down at the shore with a lantern." "But I did not do so lest it might lure you across." However "all is well that ends well."

After changing our clothing, and having some much needed refreshments we were soon made comfortable.

The patient was in a state of wild delirium sitting up in bed and with an imaginary gun in his hands was aiming at a fancied flock of geese, giving at the same time a most perfect decoy call. Having staid by the patient all night, it was my purpose to return home the next morning.

The following day being cold and stormy, no thought of getting away could be entertained. Another day and the weather was still worse. The severe frost of the preceding days had caused a solid rim of ice, a hundred yards wide, to form around the island. This made it impossible to cross on wheels. The heavy lobster-fishing boats, which are used for crossing at high water, were already up on the bank in winter quarters. There seemed nothing to do but wait until the ice made strong enough to cross upon.

The young men determined, on seeing



AT THE HARBOR'S MOUTH ON THE WAY TO ST. PETER'S ISLAND.

my anxiety to get home, to put me across on the following day by some manner of means. Accordingly, in the early morning they proceeded to launch a four-oared racing shell that happened to be among their sporting outfit. This was the only boat of any kind that was available. Three sturdy fellows carried the shell on their shoulders towards the Southern side of the island, where the open water seemed nearer the shore. Starting from this point would necessitate our rounding the Western end of the island. Having launched our boat in the midst of floating lumps of ice and slush we all took our places and pulled carefully towards the open water. By reason of the greater thickness of the "lolly" in shallow water, we were obliged to pull out much further than we had expected. Soon we were in the wake of the fast-ebbing tide. A heavy swell made it difficult for us to keep our cranky craft from upsetting, while the "lolly" although impeding our progress, kept the waves from breaking over us. Gradually we were being carried out to sea and were already a good half mile on the losing side.

On the high Western point of the island, signalling and shouting to us, were the anxious fathers of the crew. They shouted, but as we fell away we could hear them no longer though we watched their encouraging signals. If any accident had happened to us we were beyond the possibility of rescue.

We had by this time drifted into clear water and were making some headway. Over the crest of a high rolling wave and down into the cradle of the next one, our frail skiff scarcely above water was being steadily and cautiously forced along. We were now opposite the high projecting point upon which stood the sturdy old pilots who with their binocular glasses were watching our every move. There, as we passed we heard a cheer that bore no uncertain meaning. With smoother water we made our course for the mainland two miles away and with as much pride in our prowess as if we had been winners in an Oxford-Cambridge race, we safely made the land after an experience I should never wish to renew.

We stood on the beach and waved our caps at the watchers, who, we could see, were still standing on the point of the island.

We knew that our cheer was gladly returned.

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The young men determined, on seeing

A LOVER OF NATURE.

I love to wander by the sea And o'er the verdant hills, To read on Poles the Ads of Tea Of others, Patent Pills.

I love to climb the topmost peak That rises toward the skies, And see the signs that to me speak Of Louison's Hooks and Eyes.

I love to drive the Island o'er, And cast a soulful eye Upon bright cards that tell some more Of Gillett's famous Lye.

I love to live near by the East Raised close to grassy slopes, Hemmed in by Poles of Royal Yeast, And Wires, Tobaccos, Soaps.

And perhaps some day good Char- lottetown Will have the Poles all down Marconiograms and Wireless Phones. P. S. Will the reader kindly compose the last line, the writer has that tired feeling coming over him.

How's 't'his?

We offer one Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN. Wholesale Druggists Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.