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THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

MORNING Daily Catches All Early Morning Mails.

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CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1907.

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

THE MAGAZINE GUARDIAN

Succeeding "The Prince Edward Island Magazine". Issued Every Saturday Morning

Buniantown Notes!

The roads are good here at times when there is snow on them, but at other times there is no snow on them.

The school at Buniantown has not progressed any since it was built; it is still on the same spot where it was first built.

Miss Lina Coale gave a needle whist party to a few select friends this winter so that she would know all what was going on. She was going to give a prize of a silver thimble for the best sample of needlework, but she concluded she liked the thimble so well she kept it herself. All had a pleasant time.

It is rumored that Miss Ida Longwell will be married next spring, but we doubt it. Ida has given out the impression several times that she was going to be married, but somehow or other the wedding bells do not ring for her. It is said she can get married whenever she wants to. We doubt that, too.

Miss Jane Farr has sent out invites for a hooking party at her house next Wednesday afternoon. Seven people are invited, and as she didn't receive invites are sent.

Miss Tootie Browns had a spell of tooth-ache one day last week. She got her feet wet when she went down to the creek to see her beaver was fishing smelts.

D. Quackam hasn't had much to do of late in the stock line. He says that unless he gets more to do in his line, he will have to leave Buniantown and go where there are more stockmen. Let us all do what we can to keep him in our midst. For his sake we hope there will be more stockmen in our midst in the future.

They are still talking about building an Hall at Buniantown Corner. Some of them want a palace like the Charlottetown Market house. They have \$400 subscribed already for it. We don't know where they are going to get all the money for the hall at all unless they give debentures.

Mrs. Sweet has got a new boiler at her place—'a rumored it's a girl.

No deaths in our midst this week but the weather's very cold; we want warm weather—it keeps the men so busy cutting wood they can't get time to talk about the funeral.

Billie Rogerstone is sweet on one of the Wood girls at the Cross Roads ferry.

Blueberry jup is very plentiful here this winter. Look out for spring poetry.

We are pleased to see Phil Groan in 'our midst' after his severe illness from 'indisposition'. He was not able to do much mud-hauling or cutting wood this winter but his appetite was good.

Johnny Delong's mare balked on him going to the saw mill. He couldn't get her to go nohow so Johnny sat in the sleigh most all night in the snow. Long towards daylight the mare got hungry, and when she turned round and saw Johnny standing in his second rig, she got disgusted and went home. But Johnny says he will sell her cheap because she's hard on tobacco.

Phebe Gloss had supper with the Blakely girls on Friday, they had corn on the cob.

Bob Sody did not go to town last week and got drunk as usual, no whiskey to be got. He says Jenkins has the lid on pretty tight; too bad, Bob.

Mrs. Mary Measer, wife of Elder Measer, met with quite a loss last week she put four pies in the oven and then she forgot them; she found them done brown the next morning. The Elder feels very bad. Young girls should take warning, and don't forget their pies or their beaus will have to go home hungry.

We congratulate Miss Sophronia Squele on being left a large sum of money by her grand aunt in England. She can now take lessons in voice culture and some one else will have a show in the choir.

Old Mr. Grims was taken sick the other day. His daughter who is home from a hospital told him it was appendicitis but the old man said he guessed he knewed the old fashioned bul yache same as he used to have about an hour after he would hop over the neighbor's orchard fences when he was a youngster. But she said there was no such complaint as bellyache, that was vulgar.

The old man said he guessed he had lots of money in the Savings Bank to live appendicitis, but that he would not be operated on except by a doctor who had his own appendix cut out. His daughter has consulted a whole lot of doctors but they all say that the old man only suffers from bellyache.



MR. CASEY on POLICEMEN and INJUNS

"Well, Finnigan, my boy, wha's the news?"

"And didn't you hear about Clancy?"

"No! wha's the matter with him?"

"M'lord! sure he was fined \$30 or 40 days, this morn'ing, for not beating a policeman."

"Are you crazy, Finnigan?"

"I mean what I say. He was over in the court house and he got it into his head that there was no law against beating a policeman so he made up his mind that he would settle an old score he had against Dionie. He knew it was Tuesday morning on the Main street when he started in on his contract, but he asked what day of the week it was when he came to in the police station; also would they kindly tell him whether it was before or after dinner, and what his full name was and where he belonged. When he came up before the magistrates he argued that there was no law against beating a policeman."

would hate to disagree with you so I just give you \$30.00 or 30 days for not beating the policeman. Next!"

"Well, Finnigan, I am real sorry for Clancy, but it only reminds me that times are not like they were when we were boys. Just think of two boys being sent across the water for beating an Injun, and Clancy, soaked for not beating a policeman! Sure, when we were boys we would almost as soon think of beating a priest as a policeman and as for Injuns, - wouldn't a fellow be a hero if he shot half a dozen of them every day? Why if anybody would even mention putting a close season on Injuns he would be an enemy of individual liberty. Dear old Tim O'Connell! I wasn't called after you, but away down in my heart are garlands of honeysuckles and call-flowers twined around your memory."

"As Tommy Moore says, 'Fond memory brings the light of other days around me. It's a good thing for that Reverend gentleman's health, that be-

The Forest Fire

"The night was grim and still with dread; No star shone down from heaven's dome; The ancient forest closed around The settler's lonely home.

hind the baskets around the market we looked upon with contempt as not being real Injuns. Anyhow, Deadwood Dick wouldn't shoot a plucked Injun. He must save feathers on him.

"Will you ever forget the first time we piled the wooden Injun on Hughes' corner. We both dropped on one knee just like Deadwood Dick would do, but we had no unerring rifle to speak of. You know he rifle always speaks out in the novel. There was no mistake—he was genuine—'athers and all. We could swear that he had red paint on his ears—a sure sign of trouble.

"Says you: 'Tim he's treating us with contempt. He knows we're not loaded.'"

"Says I Mike, let us go round the block and get a squint at him around the corner, and we did. You, having the pistol, peeped first and whispered back: 'Hully-gee Tim; he's on wheels!'

"Yes, Finnigan, we found out he was only wood, and a big chunk of poetry fell out of our lives."

"Do you remember, Mr. Casey, when you fell in love with the little wooden squaw down in front of Riley's on Queen Street, and you used to wonder 'if there was a real live one just like her out handy Deadwood Dick?'

"Finnigan, you just distracted me from something I was thinking about. Why don't you talk about something sensible? I'll bid you good afternoon, Mr. Finnigan."

"There came a glare that lit the north; There came a wind that roused the night; But child and father slumbered on, Nor felt the growing light.

"There came a noise of flying feet, With many a strange and dreadful cry And sharp screams and leaped along The red verge of the sky.

"There came a deep and gathering roar, The father raised his anxious head; He saw the light, light a dawn of blood That streamed across his bed.

"It lit the old clock on the wall, It lit the room with splendor wild; It lit the hair and tumbled hair Of the still sleeping child.

"The signal fence, and rude log barn, It lit the room with splendor wild; It lit the hair and tumbled hair Of the still sleeping child.

"The boy was hurried from his sleep; The horse was hurried from his stall; Up from the pasture clearing came The cattle's frightened call.

"The boy was snatched to the saddle bow, Wildly, wildly the father rode, Behind them swooped the horde of flames And hurried their abed.

"The scorching heat was at their heels; The huge roar bounded them in their flight, Red smoke and many a flying brand Flew o'er them through the night.

"And past them fled the wildwood flames— Far striding moose, and leaping deer; And bounding panther, and coursing wolf Terrible-eyed with fear.

"And closer drew the fiery death; Madly, madly the father rode; The horse began to heave and fall Beneath the double load.

"The father's mouth was white and cold, But his eyes grew tender with long farewell. He said: 'Hold fast to your seat, Sweet-heart, And ride old Jerry well!'

"I must go back. Ride on to the river, Over the ford and the long marsh ride, Straight on to the town; And I'll meet you, Sweetheart, Somewhere on the other side."

"He slipped from the saddle. The boy rode on. His hand clung fast to the horse's mane; His hair blew over the horse's neck; His small throat throbbled with pain.

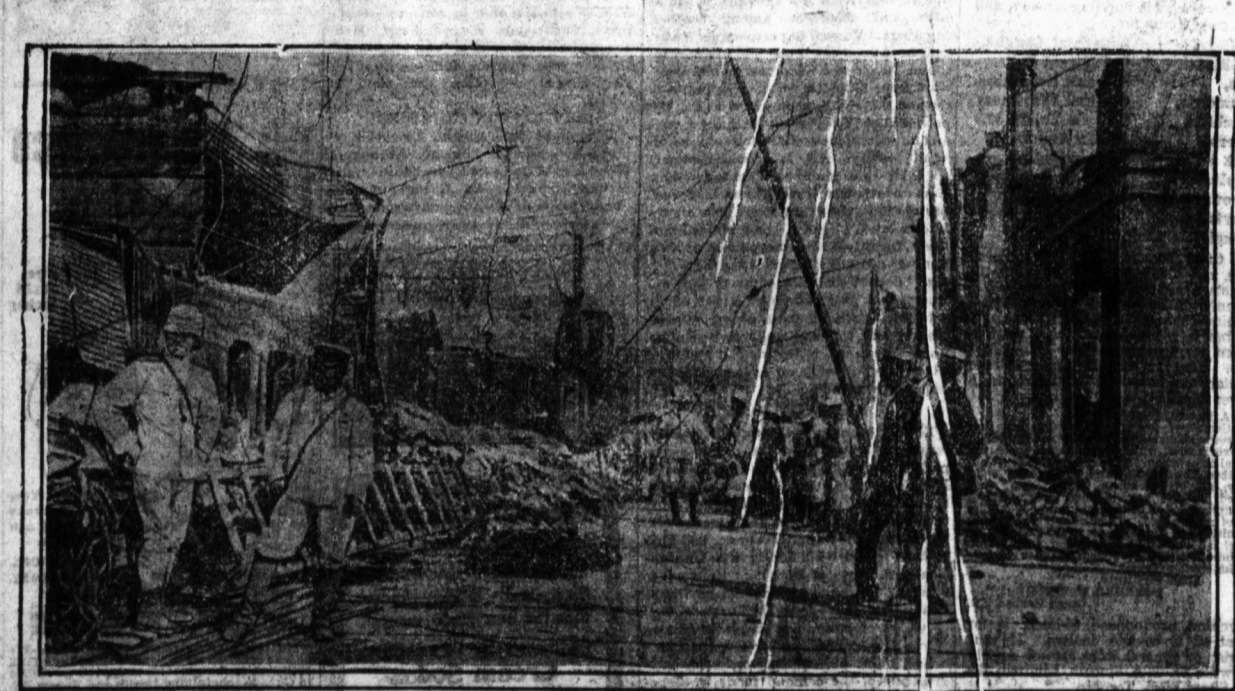
"Father! Father! he cried aloud. The howl of the fire-wind answered him With the hiss of scorching flames and crash Of shattering limb on limb.

"But still the good horse galloped on With slow brace and strength renewed. The boy came safe to the river ford, And out of the deadly wood.

"And now with his kinsfolk, fenced from fear, At play in the heart of the city's hum, He stops in his play to wonder why His father does not come."

—Charles G. D. Roberts.

Scenes in Kingston, Jamaica Just After The Earthquake



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Marines from the Indiana and Missouri, pitching tents for wounded

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