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STIRRING CAREER OF AN ISLANDER

THE following is the adventurous career of an Island boy, which is so full of incident as to be worthy of recital. Prof. Howlett is now Principal of the Plymouth Mass High School and has been visiting his parents Geo. and Mrs. Howlett at Dundas.

Prof. Howlett was born in St. George's thirty two years ago. He ran away to sea in a Gloucester fishing vessel when only fifteen, but on their first trip South the vessel was wrecked on Cape Cod, the crew having a narrow escape from drowning. Young Howlett then went to Boston and worked in a shoe shop for two years; he then spent another summer on the Island fishing, and went back to Boston where he worked at the trade of a carpenter for three years. He, however, determined to get a college education, and studied at Waterville, Maine, and at Colgate University, Hamilton, New York, from where he graduated as M. A. in 1900, making over 90% in all his studies. He has since taught at Waterville, Maine; Quincy, Mass; Farmington, New Hampshire; and Plymouth Mass High Schools; being Principal of the two latter schools.

Professor Howlett is a splendid speaker, having taken the Groat Prize for Oratory in his college, with a speech on the Hague Peace Congress. He has since delivered many addresses, and was selected to deliver the Memorial Day address to the Grand Army of Veterans at Farmington last year, and it was pronounced by the newspapers of that place as the most eloquent ever given there. Prof. Howlett is also a prominent Freemason, and Odd-Fellow, and a staunch lover of his native Island.

LET 'EM KNOW IT

If you feel that a fellow--it matters not who-- Has increased all your love for the noble and true--

Has extended his hand as a comrade should do, And has helped you to joy when conditions were blue-- Let him know it!

If you feel that a woman has brought you more cheer To the blessings and glories that strength, en and cheer, Has awakened your heart to the joy of life here;

And uplifted your soul into God's atmosphere-- Let her know it!

If you know of outsiders whose word or whose pen Has aroused up your courage to battle again,

Has unfolded your thought to the limitless kin And inspired you to la' o' for God and for men--

Let 'em know it!

-BOSTON JOURNAL.

WOODCOCKS AND THEIR EGGS By R. Jenkins.

A QUESTION asked by The Guardian some time ago: Do woodcock carry their young? having been satisfactorily answered by an eye witness of the feat, I would now ask: do woodcock carry their eggs?

Early in May of this year I was shown a woodcock's nest with four eggs. The mother bird was sitting on them at the time. I approached the nest and placed my hand within, I should say three inches of her before she flew away.

Some of the neighbours' boys reported that they had lifted the wing of the woodcock on the nest with a sapling and the bird did not stir. So I thought I would try it too. I cut a small switch and was just in the act of lifting her wing when she started off and seemed much alarmed, not returning for the remainder of the day.

But when I next visited the nest all the eggs had been removed.

It seemed to me a reasonable supposition that the woodcock had removed them herself, but of this I could not be sure, and would like to have the question answered.

I am pleased to know that this fine game bird is not so rare as we would suppose, I am sure they would be much more plentiful if so many of them were not shot when they come to drink at the pools after and before sunset. Its quite a common sight to see two or three and sometimes even a dozen drinking at a pool near the roadside in the dusk of the evening and the man who would shoot them under these conditions does not deserve to be called a sportsman.

The telephone and telegraph wires also are very destructive to these birds. They generally fly about fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, and these wires seem to be just in the right place to catch them, when on the wing. The bill which is very long strikes the wire which runs up and delivers a death-dealing blow and is more to be dreaded by the woodcock than the shot of the average sportsman, as a woodcock is generally quite safe, for a half dozen shots at least from any but a marksman that I have seen who have tried to bag them.

This bird, like many others can practice deception very nicely.

A few summers ago two young men of my acquaintance were roaming through the woods one day, and chanced upon what they supposed was a wounded woodcock, with back and wings broken and generally used up. One of them started to pick the poor bird up, but it would move away and when he came to the place where it was, it was not there, so they put on more speed but still could not catch it; finally one of them removed his boots and sprinted across the open field.

After running two or three hundred yards, the woodcock suddenly revived and started back to the bush, without a halt, leaving the young man standing with a very subdued look on his face.

I would like to ask if any of the readers of The Guardian ever saw a white woodcock called Albino. About thirty years ago I saw one nearly white. I have shot many hundreds of these birds and am safe in saying have seen thousands, but this is the only white one, (speckled) I ever saw and think they must be very rare.

TEA PARTIES

THE beauty of country homes and their nice surroundings has such an attraction for the people who live in them, that, with the exception of church, they seldom meet together in large numbers. But during the month of July, which is, perhaps, the pleasure month in Prince Edward Island, the people go forth, bent on real enjoyment. Of the different kinds of entertainment indulged in to make happy this part of the year, there is none more famous than the Tea Party.

The tea party, as near as we can find out, takes its origin in a little open air party where tea was served, something like our modern lawn party. The chief drink at that party was tea and as the old people were very fond of that drink

these parties grew in popularity as well as in size.

In the forenoon of one of these July days you take a horse and buggy and start to the tea party some five miles away. You could not wish a better morning. The freshness and growth of the grass, flowers, and trees, is beautifully contrasted to the dead heat of the great sun's rays. A nice cool breeze, gently stirs the trees and grasses and cooling and purifying the air. Everything seems glad. The people you meet wear a pleased look, in fact, some of the older ones are so happy about the weather that they cannot let you pass without giving vent to their joyous feelings by saying "A nice day."

The seat of the tea party is near.

is a beautiful green field with a grove of shady maples on the south and one of spruce on the west. In the wood are some tents and temporary buildings. There is a large crowd present. Old men may be seen talking who have not met for fifty or sixty years, and during that time have travelled over the greater part of the world, old women nursing and blessing their grandchildren, middle-aged men with their wives and young children, young men in the bloom of youth, young women in their gayest clothes gracefully walking round, or swinging in the dizzying dances. Children running to and fro with their little hands and mouths full of dainties.

The sports are called on. The racing is very exciting for a few minutes but it don't last long. The football and baseball games are interesting. The football, particularly is very lively at this time. The country boys show that they are made of good stuff. Besides this the band

is playing and the dancing going on lively. Over in the tents many are already taking their "tea." There, women are busy attending to the wants of their many customers. After the sports are finished other kinds of amusements are taken up and day passes on to evening.

In connection with a tea party the ladies who assist in getting it up generally bake a large pie or basket of cake and these are sold at the tea party. The auctioneer is a sharp looking man but his eye is no sharper than his tongue. The young ladies while he is selling these pies are waiting by their lovers, ready to let them know when their basket comes and ready to receive compliments from the auctioneer.

And now as the sun has dropped below the horizon and left behind the western sky filled with all the splendor of a setting sun and, as the shades of night are unfolding, the people withdraw to their homes and the tea party is over.

GLASGOW A CITY WITHOUT GRAFT...

HERE was a town council without corruption--at least we would smile at such irregularities as disturb the Glasgowian; a council which knows no party politics and elected a Conservative to succeed a Liberal as Lord Provost without a change in its political complexion. Here, too, was a city which knows no boss but itself; which takes the merit system as a matter of course, and without any law enforcing it; a city which keeps its officials in office as long as they will stay or as long as they serve the convictions of their constituents; a city which makes its enterprises pay, and pay big, and watches its finances as prudently as the most conservative banking-house.

a city in which it is the ambition of every citizen to serve without pay and without return save in the approval of his fellows.

Here, too, is a city which knows no favor, no friendship, no politics, in the choice of its servants. "Wanted, a Town Clerk. The Corporation of Glasgow," so the newspaper advertisement runs, "invites applications for the office of Town Clerk, which is about to become vacant. The salary will be \$10,000 a year." Here was the most important salaried office within the gift of the council, an office which combines the duties of the city solicitor as well as all the clerical duties of the city, hunting for the man, such as a German city looks for a lord mayor, or an American college or church searches for a president or a minister. The corporation was offering its influential post to the candidate from all Great Britain best qualified to fill it.

From "Glasgow," by Frederic C. Howe in the July Scribner.

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Here, too, is a city in which all citizens are united demanding efficient service and securing it; a city in which the privileged few who own the franchise corporations in America and the unprivileged many who are seeking a job are united with the city rather than against it. For Glasgow offers no franchises whose values run into the millions as a tempting treasure to gamble for.

From "Glasgow," by Frederic C. Howe in the July Scribner.

The CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN SHORT STORY

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for hemorrhoids and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press, and get your money's worth. You can also get your money's worth if not satisfied. Price 25c. Sold by DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

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Quality Versus Quantity

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

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Throughout the block it was known that Mrs. McGinnis was as unbecomingly as she was thrifty. While the other women leaned from the windows of the tenement and gossiped or hung clothes across the court and quarreled over the length of line, Mrs. McGinnis went quietly about her own business without a word to any of them. Indeed, some of her neighbors looked at her with awe, for in a tenement where everything is known, the news soon spread that Mrs. McGinnis went out by the day to wash for people who moved in high circles of society.

Life went very cheerfully for Mrs. McGinnis. She had many things to be thankful for. Her two rooms were as neat as energy and soap could make them, her husband was sober and industrious, and they were putting away a tidy bit in the bank each month. She was thankful, too, that there were no little McGinnises to be "potholing" about and musing up the kitchen. She was not fond of children. When any of the little red-headed O'Shaunessys, who lived across the hall, were particularly clamorous Mrs. McGinnis was wont to remark that she was glad she had none of "the lokes of them" to stay at home and take care of.

As it was, she set off blithely each morning with her scrubbing dress done up in a bundle and carried under her arm. Sometimes, through the generosity of her employers, she would return with a much larger bundle. Such occasions were gala nights, and Mrs. McGinnis could hardly wait to get home and open the wrappings on the kitchen table. There would be cuffs and socks and trousers as good as new for Mr. McGinnis, and such waists and skirts for herself that she was able to set the styles for the whole neighborhood.

Her only near rival in this was Mrs. O'Shaunessy, who appeared one Sunday in a red plush hat nodding with green plumes. The following week Mrs. McGinnis went to church in a pink satin waist that had once been the bodice of a reception gown. It was elaborately trimmed with chiffon and artificial rosebuds and had elbow sleeves which displayed Mrs. McGinnis' muscular arms, ruddy from much contact with strong sudas. Yet if there was anything ludicrous in the picture she presented she was entirely unconscious of it, and the gorgeousness of her apparel settled her supremacy as a leader of fashion.

But the feud, between herself and Mrs. O'Shaunessy, still continued. Mrs. O'Shaunessy used to strut up the aisle "for all the wurruld like an owl hen" with her numerous progeny trailing behind her, and she would shoot a glance over her shoulder at Mrs. McGinnis. Were not large families just as stylish as pink satin waists? One evening Mrs. McGinnis came home with a larger bundle than usual. "Shure, it's a whole new wardrobe we'll be having," she said breathlessly. "I'm that excited I can hardly cut the strings! Here's waistcoats for ye, Pat, and some neckties and a feline silk hat. Faix, you'll look like the mayor, himself in it! And here's a dress for me. Silk lined it is too! Oh, it's myself that will make a fine rustic when I pass that O'Shaunessy woman! And maybe there's a waist to go with it!" "Is it this ye mean?" said Pat, and held up something that neither of them had noticed--a small black velvet suit

with lace cuffs and a wide lace collar. There were little black silk stockings, too, and patent leather slippers with gilt buckles. Mrs. McGinnis looked at the outfit speechlessly. "Ye might sell it," said her husband. "Indeed, and I'll not," said Mrs. McGinnis. "Ye can give it to Mrs. O'Shaunessy, then," hazarded Pat. "T'will fit one of her youngsters." "Is it out of your mind you are?" cried Mrs. McGinnis. "To think I'd be giving this suit to the lokes of them! What would her red-headed spaticeps be doing with a lace collar and cuffs, 't'd look to know?" And Mrs. McGinnis snorted indignantly. To her mind these clothes were meant for a princeling, and none, but a princeling should wear them.

That night, as she lay sleepless, she was haunted by visions of a little figure in a black velvet suit. Now he sat by the kitchen table, his fair hair shining under the lamplight; now he was walking by her side to church, so aristocratic that none of the tribe of O'Shaunessy could hold a candle to him. Suddenly unguessed longings and tenderesses began to stir. She wondered how it would seem to have some one to cuddle in the twilight, to feel a drowsy head against her breast. It would be sweet, she thought, to wake him in the morning and see his face all warm and flushed with slumber, his curls in a tangle about his neck. Later, when he was older, he would go to school and stand first in his class, while the little O'Shaunessys would be always, always at the foot. And, soothed by this pleasant reflection, Mrs. McGinnis fell asleep. Yet even her dreams were broken by the patter of tiny feet in patent leather slippers with gilt buckles.

With morning came a resolve which she did not see fit to impart to Pat,

and by noon she set resolutely off on her quest, carrying a letter from the priest in one hand and dress suit case in the other. The sister at St. Margaret's Orphan asylum was accustomed to many startling requirements, but surely none were ever more astonishing than Mrs. McGinnis' demand for a boy to fit a black velvet suit! As to his age or parentage Mrs. McGinnis did not seem to care. So long as the suit fitted that was all she asked.

Then followed a strenuous half hour for some of the little orphans. There were many boys of assorted sizes. There were thin boys and fat boys, dark boys and fair boys, but a good fit seemed hopeless. Mrs. McGinnis watched the proceedings with a troubled eye. "Look at him," she would wail. "He's that chunky he'll be bursting the seams if he moves an inch!" or again, "Begging your pardon, 'tis no been pole I'm after wanting!" She tried two more asylums, with no better results. Despair settled down upon her. Was the surprise she had planned for Mrs. O'Shaunessy never to be? Must she go home baffled and defeated and give up all hope of the sensation she had planned to create? And a deeper feeling than all these tugged at her heart. The world seemed so full of children, and there was not even one for her! A sob rose in her throat as she began to fold up the velvet suit.

"I'll be saving you with many thanks," she said huskily to the sister in charge. "For there's not wan of them that fits the suit at all, at all!" And even as she spoke there appeared before her the vision of her last night's dream--blue eyed and with crisp curls of gold--only this child was dressed in a checked gingham pinafore instead of velvet.

The child smiled engagingly at Mrs. McGinnis, who felt a great wave of love and longing sweeping over her.

Such a broth of a boy! Here at last was one who would fit not only the velvet suit, but a niche that had long been vacant in her heart.

"What is your name, dear?" said Mrs. McGinnis tenderly.

"Norah," said the child.

It was not at all the answer Mrs. McGinnis had expected, and the good woman gasped. But there was a wistful sweetness about the child which was not to be resisted. The love light of awakening motherhood shone in Mrs. McGinnis' eyes.

"Will you be my little gurril, darling?" she whispered. The night that Norah finally arrived Pat was as delighted as his wife. He thought he had never seen a "prettier little colleen." The next morning was Sunday and the McGinnises entered church somewhat late. Pat in the lead, wearing a tall silk hat and stepping very jauntily, Mrs. McGinnis next, moving with a notable rustle, and by her side a beautiful little girl whose black velvet coat, heavily trimmed with lace, was the admiration of all beholders. It was a day of triumph for Mrs. McGinnis. She beamed on Mrs. O'Shaunessy when they met face to face on the church steps.

"The top of the morning to you, Mrs. O'Shaunessy," quoth Mrs. McGinnis. "It's well you're looking this fine day, and all your family. Shure, it's a large one, there's no denying it! But (with a glance of pride at Norah) it's myself that has always preferred quality to quantity!"

Gave Him His Time.

A Kentucky congressman tells an interesting tale of the execution of a noted desperado in that state some years ago. Just before the sheriff adjusted the noose he asked the usual question whether the man had anything to say.

"No, I think not," began the convicted one, when he was interrupted by a cheerful voice shouting:

"Say, Bill, if you ain't got anything special to say would you mind giving me fifteen minutes of your time just to let these good people know that I am a candidate for their suffrages, and--"

"Hold on, there!" shouted the sheriff. "Who's that?" volunteered some one, naming a rising young politician, who has since represented his state for a number of years in the house of representatives at Washington.

"Who did he say it was?" whispered the condemned man to the sheriff. "They say it's John Blank."

"I thought I recognized John's voice," the desperado calmly remarked. "Well, he can have my time, all of it, but go ahead and hang me first and let him talk afterward."--Lippincott's.

Glycerin Was Considered Useless.

No commercial commodity can show a greater increase in value, pecuniary or utilitarian, than glycerin. Originally a waste product eliminated in the manufacture of soap, candles and medicinal plasters, a nuisance to the manufacturer and a source of obstruction and pollution to river and sewer, it is now largely in request in almost every branch of industry. So great is the demand that the candle and other works can no longer yield the required supply of this commodity, and we now not only manufacture it on a large scale, but import it. It is used in medicine, in the arts, in perfumery, in the manufacture of beer, in calico printing, in the preparation of leather and as an antiseptic. Large quantities are annually absorbed in the production of nitroglycerin, dynamite and other explosives.

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