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The Jamestown Exposition

By Mark O. Waters

Norfolk, Va.—When the hour of noon, April 25, 1907, arrives, the President of the United States will press an electric button which will open to the inspection and admiration of the world a beautiful city on the shores of Hampton Roads...

completion, while work is being pushed on all the other Exposition buildings, proper, the Government and State buildings and the grand piers. Miles of streets and walks have been finished and with several thousand men at work, every day witnesses great advancement toward the completion of this, in many respects, the most magnificent Exposition ever held.

The Jamestown Ter-Centennial is to commemorate the birth of this great nation, an event which transpired when John Smith and his adventurous party, landed on an island thirty miles from the mouth of the great river of Virginia, and formed a settlement which they called "Jamestown" and the mighty river "James". Here on the thirteenth day of May, 1607, the axe was first buried in the trees and the first logs hewn for the first English settlement in the new world.

invited all the world to share in the event of the shores of Hampton Roads, Virginia, beginning at noon on April 25, 1907 and closing November 30 of the same year.

The United States Government has approved the celebration and endorsed its purpose with a large appropriation to insure its financial stability. Every executive department will make an exhibit; the Smithsonian Institute and National Museum; Bureau of American Republics; Library of Congress; and the Fish Commission. The Life Saving Service will give daily exhibitions and a separate building has been provided, at an expense of \$100,000, for an exhibit by the negro race. Alaska, Porto Rico and the Philippines will also be represented in the Government display.

The site of the Jamestown Exposition is all that could be desired and while Nature has lavished a bountiful hand in the distribution of her favors upon the location, the hand of man has taken up the contract where Nature left off and the result is one of the most beautiful settings for an exposition, the mind can conceive.



Narragansett Church in Wickford, R. I. approaching its 200th anniversary.



The Fence Surrounding Jamestown Exposition.

THE GUARDIAN SHORT STORY

ON BOARD THE FLIER By Marion Benton Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Parcells

"We'll take those three seats. I suppose it's the best you can do. Lawrence, you sit there. No, no—on this side. There's a draft on that side." "But I want to see the river," said the elderly man querulously and with a gesture akin to throwing aside a detaining hand, though his florid and over-dressed wife had not laid so much as a finger tip on his arm.

Close to fashionable mountain fastnesses on special orders. "You don't think anything will happen to Emily trying to cross the platform?" asked the man anxiously. "It's a vestibule-train!" shrieked his wife. "I told her to stay until all three of the dogs had been properly obtained. You remember the time we came—Oh, there she is!"

"There was much craning of necks as the third member of this interesting party came through the narrow passageway around the drawing room. Her advent promised further entertainment to travel bored passengers. Only one of the latter did not crane his neck. He simply sat staring at the girl, his hands gripped hard on the arms of the chair.

She was a slender, refined looking girl, dressed in black from her dull calico ties to her stilly tailored traveling hat. At her throat and wrists were fine linen bands. Marston recalled with a shudder that a maid who had opened the door for him at a fashionable Denver home had worn just such a black frock with white bands.

The girl carried a bundle of canes, umbrellas and golf sticks. As she tilted them in the corner beside the elderly man she said something to him which he seemed to hear, though she did not follow his wife's example and raise her voice. He settled back with a contented air.

"There's your chair, Emily," said the woman, waving her hand across the aisle. The girl turned, stepped across the aisle, looked at Marston, caught her breath sharply and sank into her chair, which she wheeled so that her back was turned squarely upon him.

By this time David had recovered thought and speech. He rose, deliberately walked in front of the girl and extended his hand. "Don't tell me that a mere trifle like a beard makes me unrecognizable, Emily. I should have known you even if you had dyed your hair!"

"The girl's hand lay limply in his, then she pulled herself together and withdrew it. "Oh, I knew you at once. But the shock—"

"Precisely. It was a shock to me to find you with them."

facing the river bank, their backs to Miss Emily's employer, who smiled in baffled curiosity and gazed their way through a jeweled lorgnon. "Oh, the story is short enough," said Emily bitterly. "Selling duds and teaching youngsters in a Colorado town and making good with your brush in New York city are entirely different propositions. I saw it was starvation or real work and so—"

"Belag companion to a woman of her caliber is real work, eh?" "She is really very kind at heart, and Mr. Maguire is just lovely to me."

At this juncture Mr. Maguire was shaken with a violent coughing spell. "Emily," exclaimed Mrs. Maguire sharply, "where's the cough medicine?" But Emily Hunt was already digging into her employer's bag.

"Daddy she poured the medicine and turned to bring a glass of water. Marston was at her heels, his own drinking cup filled to the brim. "Thanks, Mr. Maguire took such a dreadful cold while we were at Grotton lodge."

The invalid was recovering from the paroxysm and there was nothing for Emily to do but introduce David to her employers. "Mr. Maguire extended a trembling hand. Mrs. Maguire raised her lorgnon. "From Chicago? In pork, I suppose?"

David's eyes twinkled even as Emily Hunt's cheeks colored. "No, not exactly—in the law for pork men."

Emily bit her lips and, returning to her chair, stared hard at the flying scenery. "Forgive me, Emily, but I simply had to do it. She is impossible."

"But you are in the law?" "And for men in pork. I am going to Europe on my first big commission."



Hector McPherson, a Scotch youth, 18 years old, known as the "boy astronomer." Twelve months ago he published a book entitled "Astronomers of to-day" and in order to get accurate information learned the French, German, and Italian languages. His latest book "A Century's Progress" tells in an easy vein the marvelous progress that has been made in astronomy during the past hundred years. He is a member of several European astronomical societies.

white this afternoon, and we can't afford to have you sick on our hands now, with Maguire on the edge of pneumonia.

The piercing tones ran the length of the car, and there was smothered laughter up and down the lines. With crimson cheeks, Emily touched the button, but when the waiter arrived it was Marston who took the matter in hand and ordered a dainty luncheon.

Mrs. Maguire admitted that for a man "in pork" he knew how to order. It annoyed her that she could not communicate this discovery to her husband. Later she said something of the sort to Emily, who had brought Mr. Maguire an evening paper picked up at Poughkeepsie.

Emily did not seem to hear the patronizing remark of her employer. Her mind had leaped forward to that moment when the train should pull into the Grand Central Depot. Then she and the Maguires would enter the carriage held in waiting by liveried servants, and Marston would go his self-made independent way. When she returned to her chair, the dull foggy dusk was settling down on the river. Pretty soon on the broad six track way trains loaded with suburbanites would be shooting past them, suburbanites going home to cottages and firesides all their own, where women who had never dreamed of artistic careers waited for them.

The porter received Mrs. Maguire's curt comment on poor gas with abject apologies. "Butin's sure wrong, but we can't locate the trouble, but we'll soon be in town," he said and hurried on. He knew the Maguire type.

Emily started. Marston's hand was on her arm, not gently or as a reminder that he deserved her attention, but in a masterly, determined clasp.

"Emily, do you think for one minute I am going abroad and leave you with that—that sort of woman? I've got to sell in the morning. There is not

The Cup and Its Victim A Tale of the Past

Written for The Magazine Guardian. The breaking of the submarine cable connecting P. E. Island with the mainland reminds me of a circumstance which has not hitherto found a place in the newspapers; here are the facts:—

In the Autumn of 1852, if I rightly remember, a gang of men were employed as excavating holes between Charlottetown and Cape Traverse for the telegraph line. Well on in December when frost suspended the work, the men were paid off and discharged at a point some twenty or thirty miles west of the capital.

A few troops were then located at Charlottetown and among the men at work was a deserter, whom I shall here call Tom Aiken. The army is a bad school for morals and in nearly every instance

the youth on entering, follows the crowd in a current of wickedness; among other vices connected with a military life is the supreme course of drunkenness.

Not far from where the navvies were paid was a small country tavern, and here our soldier friend commenced a wild, reckless carousal which continued while there remained a drop in the locker.

The surroundings were largely a forest and poor Aiken, becoming delirious, took to the woods thinking that he was pursued by scouts from the army. How long he had spent thus as a fugitive I am unable to say, but at sunset on December 21st, a boy saw him entering the wood at a place now called Churchhill.

On reaching home the youth reported what he saw and urged a searching party to set out as the man was liable to perish; but excitement over Christmas festivities seemed to absorb general attention and nothing was done. The frost was pretty severe with only an inch or two of snow on the ground.

Next day a searching party set out and found the unfortunate man in the forest, uninjured except that both his feet were frozen nearly up to the instep; on being taken to the nearest house, his feet were placed in cold water but without beneficial effect. In process of time the toes turned black and ultimately dropped off one by one, but the joints from which the great toes had been severed projected about an inch, and these black stumps must come off ere healing began. On consulting a doctor, he said the bones must be broken off by nippers, when the diseased part would break from the sound.

Some time in July the deserter was taken to Charlottetown to have the operation performed. Anæsthetics were not then in common use and the pain of removing the diseased parts was excessive.

The operation over and the feet dressed, the maimed man was conveyed to a hotel and laid on a sofa till his protector would call when ready for home. In a couple of hours or so the man returned for his charge but Tom Aiken could nowhere be found; here was an awkward dilemma and the man had no other idea than that Aiken had been seized as a deserter on gaining the street. He searched and searched, but in vain.

At that time there stood nearly opposite the old barracks in Charlottetown a caravansary of low, ill repute kept by a person known as "Big Kate," a veritable giantess. The house was a rookery of the worst kind, ready to drop with age and infirmity, while the record of its inmates could hardly be worse. The patrons enjoyed much liberty during their mid-night carousals and the place was therefore a den in which the lowest congregated at will.

Finally the searcher called at this nest of unclean birds, little thinking to find the fugitive there, most likely to be recognized as a deserter was most likely to be recognized and nabbed. But his thirst for stimulants surpassed the difficulties of locomotion

and fear of being arrested, and the unfortunate man made his painful way to the old haunt where his protector found him, intoxicated of course, jumping and dancing in high glee while uttering an exulting "hook" every few seconds, expressive of joy at planting his maimed feet on familiar ground. After much ado the deaf man was got into a carriage and the two arrived home without signal event.

In process of time the feet ultimately healed after a fashion, and he could stomp along on his heels; like Mephiboseth, a grandson of King Saul, Tom ever afterwards was lame in both feet.

In Autumn of the same year he went to Badque where he worked at a trade he had acquired in the army, because in time a husband, but intoxicating drink was his lane to the last. For many years both he and his partner have been covered by daisies in summer and in winter by snow.

The unfortunate man was born and brought up in Glasgow, was about twenty-eight years of age when introduced to the reader. He was below medium stature, stout, well formed, prepossessing in appearance and of great vitality or he never would have survived the exposures in garments more fitted for summer than winter and without great-coat at all. A strange circumstance was that while intoxicating drink made him a cripple, and occasionally his death, he was thirsty for stimulants the very next day after having been found in the wood.

JOHN L. MCKINNES.

DISASTERS ON GOODWIN SANDS

LONDON, March 4.—Advice received from Dover today state that the Red Line steamer Vaderland which grounded on the Goodwin Sands last night got off safely today and proceeded on her voyage.

The fact that the steamer resumed her voyage indicates that she sustained no serious damage as the result of the stranding. Two or three other vessels have grounded on Goodwin Sands.

Many collisions are reported. The German steamers Marsala and Helene sank and eight of the crew were drowned.

Goodwin Sands is a range of dangerous shoals in the Strait of Dover. The Vaderland and the steamer Narworth Castle were in collision January 19, off the South Goodwin lighthouse. The Narworth Castle was sunk and three of her crew perished. The Vaderland suffered damage to her plates below the waterline.

The Admiralty Court on February 19 rendered judgment against the Red Star Line holding that the Vaderland was to blame for the collision. The Vaderland is a twin screw steamer of 12,017 tons; length 590 feet; breadth 60 feet. She carries ordinarily about 200 first class, 150 second class, and 1,900 steerage passengers. She is commanded by Captain R P Ehoff.