

Central Guardian

SHOP from Holman's Catalog.

"THE HOLY FAIR."—Hear what Rev. W. Bruce Muir has to say about Burns' "Holy Fair," St. James Hall Tuesday at 8 o'clock. Admission 50 cents. 7139 9 21.

DON'T FORGET WHIST in St. Joseph's Socially Hall, Wednesday night Jan. 13.

LEAVES ON RETURN.—Mr. Charles J. Monaghan, Montreal, Travelling Accountant for the C. N. R. Hotel system, who spent Christmas and New Years with his parents, left on return last week.

FUNERAL NOTICE.—The funeral of the late Winnie Macintosh, of Springton, Lot 67 will leave her late residence on Wednesday, 13th inst., at 11 o'clock. Service starting at 10:30. Interment Springton Cemetery.—Patriot please copy.

BADLY BURNED.—On New Year's Day, Margaret, the little three year old daughter of Mrs. Mary P. Weatherly, accidentally fell into a bucket of boiling water, receiving severe burns about the body. She was taken to the City Hospital where she is reported as improving.

MAYFIELD.—Mrs. Nelson Orr is making a good recovery after her accident of several weeks ago.

Dr. Charles W. Squires of Lynn, Mass., will preach in Zion Church on the Sabbath of the 17th and 24th insts. If possible he may remain here longer than those dates. The reverend gentleman is an author as well as a preacher and is a brother of the Ex-Premier of Newfoundland. He has a fine record as a minister and his coming to Zion will be eagerly looked forward to.

ZION CHURCH SUPPLY.—Rev. Dr. Charles W. Squires of Lynn, Mass., will preach in Zion Church on the Sabbath of the 17th and 24th insts. If possible he may remain here longer than those dates. The reverend gentleman is an author as well as a preacher and is a brother of the Ex-Premier of Newfoundland. He has a fine record as a minister and his coming to Zion will be eagerly looked forward to.

NEW CLUB STARTED.—On Saturday evening, January 2nd, a meeting was held in Marshfield Hall for the purpose of organizing a "Live Stock Shipping Club." Mr. W. E. Warren was appointed chairman and Mr. W. R. Godfrey, secretary. The following officers were elected:—President—George Boswall, Vice-pres.—John McFarlane, Secretary—To be elected by the directors. Directors: Leonard Court, Donaldson; James Hughes; Millmore; Walter Mullins; Tom Millhouse; A. C. Foster, Dunstaffnage; David Dover, Suffolk; Heath Peeter, Marshfield; Robert Chapel, Little York; Mont Hardy, Little York.

PERSONALS

Mr. Daniel F. Fraser, North River was in the city on Saturday.

Mr. J. B. Jones, Pownal, was a visitor to the City on Saturday.

Mr. Alex Kennedy, Tea Hill, is reported very ill.

Mr. J. T. Ferguson, Marshfield, is doing as well as can be expected after his recent accident.

Mr. Daniel McEachern, Hermitage, was a visitor to the city on Saturday.

Mr. Adam Livingstone, Clyde River, was a visitor to the city on Saturday.

Mr. H. Bowman, New Wilshire, was a visitor to the city on Saturday.

Hon. John H. Bell is at present in Washington and will spend the next few months in the South.

Miss Marjorie Brown, Marshfield, is in the P. E. Hospital suffering from appendicitis.

Miss Selma Myers and Master John of Carleton have returned from visiting Rev. E. S. Weeks and Mrs. Weeks of Bayfield, N. B.

The many friends of Mrs. J. D. Hume, Dunstaffnage will be pleased to hear that she is progressing favorably after an operation in the Prince Edward Island Hospital.

Their friends regret the illness of Mr. Robert Jones and Mrs. George Jenkin's both of whom are in the P. E. I. Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Livingstone, have returned to Cornwall from the Canadian West and are being warmly welcomed.

The many friends of Dr. Charles Edmonds, Vet. Surgeon, are pleased to see him home again after his long absence. Dr. Edmonds intends spending the winter months with Mr. and Mrs. P. J. D. Edmonds, Summersville.

Those old enemies, scab, scalding, pain and discomfort are soon knocked for a fore-thee well by Selgel's Syrup. Any drug store.

A GAME STORY

Of Fishing and Shooting in the Garden of the Gulf, by Lem. Mellett, Brother of Mr. Wm. Mellett, of Wetaskiwin and Mr. George Mellett of Union Road, P. E. I.

(Wetaskiwin Times.)

The following statements are facts and actual experiences of fishing and shooting on Prince Edward Island. My business for the past twenty years has been in Boston and about the first of August each year, there is a something comes over me and I almost forget my business. I call it the "game fever" and nothing seems to remedy this trouble but pick up and start for the promised land where fish and game are plenty. One day in company with a number of business men I told my experiences of my last trip to Prince Edward Island. The men seemed to be dumbfounded at the careless way I handled the truth; one of the gentlemen, a prominent furniture dealer refused to credit my statements and offered to bet any amount for expenses to take a party down to prove my statements were not true. At about this time, about the first of August, my temperature was not normal, and all indications of "game fever" were settling in, so the bet was made in this way: expenses for three persons to Prince Edward Island and return, the expenses not to exceed \$500. This money was to be spent by a vote of the party. The trip could be made for \$500 each. The first week day after landing on Prince Edward Island I was to kill or be the cause of the death of some game plover, partridge or duck, also the same day I was to be in the act of drawing or catching a speckled trout, within 30 minutes' time from leaving my native home and to weigh not less than one-half pound. If I succeeded in this capture, the Boston furniture man was in for the above expenses. If I didn't succeed I was in the soup. The bet was closed and there was no time lost. Two days found us with ducks and grips packed and well equipped for the eastern trip. The day came when the train pulled out from the island, and we moved along at a lively rate. The time passed pleasantly; among the crowd was the customs officer. We carefully took his temperature and pulse and found out what kind of medicine he required to make things smooth and agreeable. Our medicine was the best and did its work. The night was well spent and the crowd was one of the most genial gatherings that ever filled a smoker by the report of the train hands. We arrived at Point Umberto, and boarded the North River. We took the snake train for Royalty Junction, reaching there about 9 o'clock Saturday night. I was surprised to my parents as usual. We had hardly set down to a supper table before asking a few important questions regarding game and fish. Father's reply was more than pleasing. He said there was a large flock of black breasted plovers down in the pasture and had been for two days and the last catch of trout had been a good one, and that the boat was at anchor in its home old place. This was where I anticipated getting my first catch. My courage went away up and my friends' tune was somewhat changed.

You must remember they did considerable shooting at me all the way down from Boston as they were helping themselves to grasshoppers and crickets. I had to go and rouse up my friends and show them what we would convert into a nice plover pie for Monday's dinner. The people down there are very religious and it's very hard to please them all. However we couldn't seem to keep church or religious matters on our minds but little this day between working the glass and watching those birds' movements, and getting things in order for an early break on Monday morning. The birds were moving back and forth between the pasture and a neighbor's field making it interesting for the insects.

When they get within 50 yards I will attract their attention, and get their heads up; will give the signal to fire, and you take care of the ducks on your side of the flock and I will take care of the rest. When they came in reach I gave a whistle and then the signal to fire. The surprise was serious to the birds. They all stayed but not dead. "I said: "Be on your guard, old man," and as one arose I dropped him. The second one rose, "Nail him!" I said, and he stood there shaking as though he had the buck fever, and before I could get my third shell in the duck was out of reach. By this time the inexperienced duck hunter was getting his second wind and attempted to help the dog in landing them. He slipped into five feet of soft black mud and the more he wiggled and struggled the farther he went into it. Before I could secure a fence rail to help him out he was in the mud to his arm pits. I returned to my good stance in preparing him out. He was a sad and pit-

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good chance for me to retaliate for some of his 'cheap talk' previously. I asked him how about the bet, and said he would have to work in a few suit of clothes on the extras. He made no reply, and we bagged seven out of eight ducks which was not much credit to good gunners. We returned home about 3:30, and at this time everything looked favorable for a good trout evening. My friend, however, looked as though he was about ready to arrange for a most delicious trip—two hours later will tell the story.

The trout which I was going to try and catch to win the bet are my favorite. They are crossed between speckled brook trout. Their flesh is red like that of a salmon and of a most delicious flavor, and surpass anything I have ever salt water trout does not weigh over three and a half to four pounds, while the sea trout is much heavier. I cannot find those inlets anywhere but in the inlets around the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where they make inland in rivers and streams in the spawning season and become mixed with the brook trout. They are a long and graceful fish, with small heads. This reservoir where I was about to fish or lose on a catch of trout is about 15 miles from the country fish pole with bait and we started. The distance was soon covered and as I hitched the horse, I told my friend to step into the rear end of the boat and throw his line over into the channel. The boat near the tail end of the boat grabbed my rod and reel and stepped into the boat shoving away from the shore. Before I got twice its length, the old man raised up on his hind feet and produced a good imitation of an Indian war-whoop and said "I've over to you, my boy. Just the way I felt as if something surely would happen. Just the way nothing but a straight jacket and handcuffs would have held him down. I was obliged to grab him by the coat collar, placing him in the bottom of the boat, also keeping his line across the channel, which was all I could do. I stepped into at one time, I got the boat into shallow water, where the anchor was dropped and where the channel took a right angle turn, and both parties could fish with comfort. After controlling the old man's attention to what he had on the end of his line, I brought the fish up alongside the boat. My friend showed poor skill with the landing net, but good indications of wetting our clothes, so I flopped the fish into the boat by main strength. I called out time. Our watches were soon in sight and they proved it was seventeen minutes past five o'clock. The fish was a nice one, and weighed 1 pound and 3 ounces, being a winner.

"Old man, I said, "You have lost the bet and are in the soup." "I am proud of it you have won it like a soldier," he said, but we will play the game out." This was one of the evenings that was made to order, and a freak in trout fishing that is rare. They bit lively at both bait and fly at the same time, bait landing before the catch. This night I had considerable trouble in keeping my friend under control, and helping him to land most of his fish. He also proved he was no expert with the rod, as well as with the gun. The trout kept biting and we were kept busy. A handsome fish was weighed at sunset. The water was a continuous turmoil with the trout breaking for the flies. We kept landing them until we could not see them. At the point no better place for drowning trout ever wet a lake where the channel takes a right angle turn 15 feet deep and 30 feet wide. No one can imagine or describe the two hours' sport we had. I did justice with my brown hackle that evening, landing three parts of the catch. We gathered up our fish, they numbered 67 in all, the smallest one weighing half a pound, and the largest 3 1/2 pounds and no handsomer lot ever came out of the water. We returned home and was more than satisfied with our first day's sport. On our arrival we found a nice plover pie, hot and smoking, also a pair of those young black ducks, dressed seasoned and cooked, which certainly did make our mouths water. My kind old mother being an elegant cook, she had a supper prepared for us that was good enough for the Gods. After filling our shirts tight and polishing up the game bones, we returned to the kitchen to again examine those handsome speckled silver skin Mr. Boston

ments cleared off the kitchen table and laid the trout out in rotation. It was a grand display. My sister, being an artist, painted three of the largest life size, taking first prize at the Charlottetown exhibition. The next day opened up fine and beautiful although we were feeling somewhat drowsy from an over tax on our digestive organs. We felt like laying around and taking things easy and talking over farming business with the old gentleman. The plover flew high and wild and had not recovered from the shock they got the day before. We did not kill that day and had a good night's sleep. Wednesday came and from all appearances another fine day for a trout slaughter. My thumbs throbbed to reproduce the buzz from the deep water line on the reel and my fingers itched to dangle the trigger for plover. An early dinner finished, a hit-up was at our command. I headed the outfit north about seven miles from the stream empties into Cove Bay, the trout there being said some species as before described, red meat like that of the salmon. The tide almost reached the foot of the dam where there was good fishing above and below certain times. We started in the sun broke and brushed very cloud from the sky and the sh quit biting, so we set down in the dam with the owner of the mill having a chat. I was sitting in a position above the taste gate, and I could see the bottom of the basin. At this time the sun was very bright and not a ripple on the water below the dam, which took care of the surplus water from the wasteway. This basin was about 20 feet across, 12 to 15 feet deep, shallow at the edges. I spied a large object on the bottom of this basin. I looked like a log or large fish. The more I looked at it the more I became convinced it was a fish. Its tail was kept in constant motion and take a look at this. They decided to tempt him with a nice bait and got by friend's pole and me, and put an extra length of line on to be able to reach the bottom. I fixed up a very tempting bait, dropped it down in front of his nose. He would not even smell it. He turned his head to one side. I saw it was a large fish all right. "Now I will tickle your belly, old boy," I said. I brought the hook up and stripped the bait from it and carefully lowered it down alongside of him; when it reached the bottom I gave it a quick snap across his back. To our surprise as well as to the fish the hook took hold and in three seconds the still pool was converted into a raging white foam. He went around there as though he had the current of an electric plant attached to him. I kept a steady strain on my line; after a short time he settled down into the bottom of the basin again, a few seconds passed whilst we were staring at each other. I again gave him a little jig on the hook, he came to the surface and circled part out of the water; the hook had taken hold of him near the rear fin under his belly. As soon as he would settle down I would start him up. I kept thinking hard how to get him out of that hole. I saw he circled the same way and out to the edge. There I saw a board lying down below; it looked like one of the buckets out of the big wheel as it was about four feet by ten inches. I called to my Boston friend and placed the fish pole in his hand and told him not to move the line until I gave him word. I crawled down the bank and

got the board and placing myself at the edge of the basin, braced my feet on the ground, and gave him the signal to shake the line. No sooner said than done. Again the bold rascal came to the surface and circled as before. I allowed him to pass but once, I slipped the four feet of board into the water on the slant as he came around. He bumped his head against the board real hard and shot clear out of the water, striking me in the breast and knocking me on the broad of my back. At this I threw my arms around him. And then we had 40 nip and tuck. He tried hard to get me into deep water but I came out on land. It was a nice salmon weighing twenty-seven pounds, which had got up there in the fall freshets and could not get back into salt water. The mill owner enjoyed a good piece of fresh salmon, as well as we did. On our return home we stopped three partridges on the road side from the team, landing home with 22 trout, 27 pounds of salmon, and 3 partridges. Thursday came and for a change in program a brush hunt was chosen, where some hard work might be performed. Persons have to have a natural desire for hunting to follow me on some trips out land and on water. We started, the dogs seemed to read our minds, and knew our program. We put on our light weight shooting gear and considered our 12 gauge. There were four in the party. The first grove we struck was on the rear end of the home farm, nearly a mile from home. The game expected was partridge, rabbit and woodcock. We had no sooner entered the brush when the dogs started their music which indicates partridges. I was bagged in short form from the first cover, 2 woodcock and one rabbit were the contents taken from that grove.

We circled north, following a trout stream for several miles where the shooting was good on both sides, two of the party on each side. My Boston friend between me and the brook, as I did not know his movements in the woods. He did some bold shooting where the birds were lined up on logs and fallen trees. Several small flocks got tangled up with us. At this time some of the game had to be divided up to prevent the party from an overload, 17 partridges, 3 rabbits and 2 woodcock. The trip, not half done, was one that would test the endurance of a real sport. So we started along, turning a little to the northeast, and entering a spruce swamp where rabbits were plenty. The dogs started them up at a lively pace. We soon placed ourselves in wood roads and openings. The shooting started in at a rapid rate and was kept up for about 30 minutes when the little swamp was cleaned out of rabbits, 16 of them had turned the last somewhat and were lying at rest waiting for a conveyance to take them out.

Again the spring water near by, was frequently used to quench our thirst whilst a pair of partridges were broiled and served with said wiches. It was a delicious bite, as our appetites had gone up to a good pitch. We again started, my compass showing we were headed south-east, about the same distance air line from home as before, we entered a hardwood of several hundred acres. A good woodcock cover of small birches on the south-west. The dogs did some rustling and the woodcock did some fluttering and the shells were emptied at a rate, but few birds were obtained for the reason that the growth was too high. We headed into heavier timber where the guns were kept warm and the

shooting was good but the birds seemed to carry off more lead than usual, and at this point a poor red fox crossed the line and it took three of us to put him to sleep, so we commenced to think our hunting was about over as we were so tired we couldn't see straight. I had just signaled my friend who was about fifty yards from me, when my dog treed the best bunch of partridge for the day. I was careful to pick my under bird first, I emptied nine shells in less than three minutes, without moving out of my tracks. My friend tried hard to witness the scene but failed even to see the water but I came out on land. It was a nice salmon weighing twenty-seven pounds, which had got up there in the fall freshets and could not get back into salt water. The mill owner enjoyed a good piece of fresh salmon, as well as we did. On our return home we stopped three partridges on the road side from the team, landing home with 22 trout, 27 pounds of salmon, and 3 partridges. Thursday came and for a change in program a brush hunt was chosen, where some hard work might be performed. Persons have to have a natural desire for hunting to follow me on some trips out land and on water. We started, the dogs seemed to read our minds, and knew our program. We put on our light weight shooting gear and considered our 12 gauge. There were four in the party. The first grove we struck was on the rear end of the home farm, nearly a mile from home. The game expected was partridge, rabbit and woodcock. We had no sooner entered the brush when the dogs started their music which indicates partridges. I was bagged in short form from the first cover, 2 woodcock and one rabbit were the contents taken from that grove.

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Fashion Fancies



A very effective study in green has achieved above in this two-piece frock with high-collared overblouse and pleated skirt. The overblouse is made to come well down over the hips, as are most of the new ones. It is piped with dark green velvet ribbon, which is used in combination with a touch of yellow velvet at the collar, cuffs and pockets. The hat is a green felt, which is dyed to match the tone of the green flannel exactly.

DISILLUSIONED "I'm getting up a little poker game, Major," invited the friend. "Would you like to join us?" "Sir, I do not play poker." "I'm sorry; I was under the impression that you did." "I was once under that impression myself, sir."

The daily test

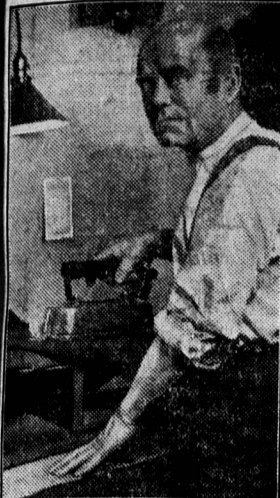
SUPPOSE you tested everything before buying . . . held it under searching light, examined it, turned it critically over and over. Not then could you feel so sure of it as of advertised goods you have never seen.

Wares advertised have already been tested. They have proved their worth under publicity that would have illumined defects. Thousands of buyers have tried them before you—and been satisfied. Without this satisfaction, they couldn't continue to be advertised goods.

That thousand-fold testing goes on each day. Advertisers invite it. They believe in their wares, and prove their wares justify belief by advertising to you daily.

Read the advertisements to know of the best—to protect yourself against unwise buying.

Advertised goods stand the test of Economy — they cost less in the end



QUICK EASY WAY TO HELP STIFF JOINTS

Tailor tells how to overcome stiffness in hands

A Philadelphia tailor has found a quick way of getting rid of stiffness in the hands and arms caused by constantly using a hot iron.

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