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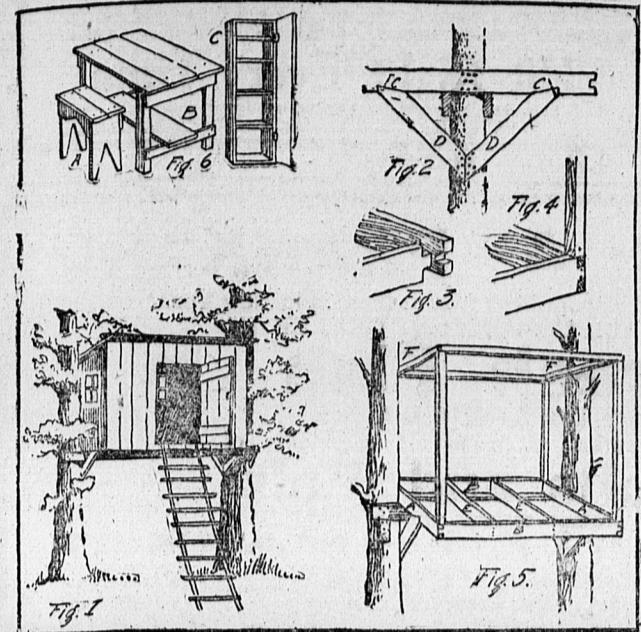
THE LATEST NEWS

CHARLOTTETOWN, CANADA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1910.

FIRST OF ALL

25c A MONTH BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE (\$2.00 PER YEAR BY MAIL IN ADVANCE)

Tinkering Tom's House Among the Trees



"GUESS we've got to call 'im 'Tinkering Tom,' now that 'e's crazy 'bout this scheme o' buildin' everything imaginable, by folsers' the instructions o' magazines," drawled Billy Mumford, captain of the "Bloody Robbers."

Skippy returned Billy's wink, while together they looked amusedly upon the handicraft of Tommy Bowes. But "Tinkering Tom," as he was now to be called, was so busy fashioning a new-fangled mechanical go-cart that the spectators went unnoticed. By way of entertainment, the two began talking about the affairs of the "gang."

"What's botherin' me is where we'll meet this winter," said Billy, thoughtfully.

"That's so," replied Skippy; "we don't want to go all the way to the Cove when it's cold. Jack Warner's folks won't let us have the barn since we 'most set fire to it; an' Shorty's people 're everybody else, for that matter, don't want us in the house, 'cause we make noise."

"Tommy even fashioned a bench and table (A and B) and a little closet (C) before he placed his house in the trees at the disposal of his comrades."

A glorious house-warming there was for the new home of the "Bloody Robbers." Only one tiny accident marred the success of the celebration. Several of the boys' sisters were invited to visit the house. They climbed the rope ladder only after considerable hesitation. And then, when all were bundled inside the tiny hut, admiring the cleverness of its construction, didn't some vindictive member of the "Bloody Bunch" steal up and jerk down the rope ladder!

The girls were in a sad plight; as were the boys. You see, the girls were by no means easy to climb. Finally, Skippy did manage to reach ground. They began a long search for a ladder. There wasn't any handy. More than two hours passed before Skippy could return and enable the girls to reach earth safely. As the hour was late when the girls mounted the rope ladder, and as it was still later in the evening when the loss of the "stairway" was discovered, you can imagine what the girls' parents said when the party arrived home.

"Of course," had to get the worst of it from all the folks, Tommy dolefully confided to Billy.

"Oh, well; we'll get even with the 'pirates,' as 'e always do," said Billy, hopefully. "an' we'll do all our plannin' in the tree-house they tried to shut us up in."

Bwana Humpto in Africa



"WITH A FIENDISH GRIN HE BEGAN TO GNAW AT THE ROPE"

By Raber Mundorf

PHOTO wished to take a snapshot, but couldn't because he was asleep. The night was cold and so was Photo. Heavy blankets he had donned, it is true; but his blankets persisted in slipping away from him. Very ungentlemanly blankets they were. He wouldn't have minded had he been able to take snapshots, for then he could have kept himself warm. (Snapshots are extremely heating). But he couldn't, because, as I said before, he was dreaming.

party had shot at Nalvasha, come to the rescue, splendid pelicans and Egyptian geese attacked the rodents in an endeavor to save Photo. Then the animals fled and all the birds disappeared except a gull with long red beak and legs and feathers of a beautiful slate blue. Photo longed to snap the gull, but he couldn't, because, as I've said twice before, he was asleep.

"Wake up, my boy!" some one shouted loudly.

It was the voice of Bwana Humpto, the good father of Photo and leader of the hunting party that was prospecting



"ON A LOFTY CRAG PERCHED A BEAUTIFULLY FORMIDABLE"

There were many exciting things to be photographed in his dreams, too. He had been dream-sympathizing with the warty rat. Other creatures, such as wicked rats, mice, moles and rabbits from the jack rabbit to the tiny mouse-like fellow—were making fun of Warty because he had two warts on his lower lip. Photo offered to tie horsehair round the warts and remove them. The other animals grow exceedingly angry and threatened to attack the lad. And they might have done so had not a number of birds, like those the hunting

into the wilds of British East Africa.

"Please, father, bring me my todak before I awake so that I can snap the beautiful gull!" pleaded the boy.

"You should never dream, Photo," said Doctor Pilo, sternly. "Here is a little verse which contains a deal of caution about dreaming and which I should like to have you memorize:

"While in so very high—
Leaves his ladder, stick at side,
Why do people say, 'It's said,
While's such a laazy boy?"

"While is so very good—
Leaves his ladder, stick at side,
Why do teachers of him write,
While seems a simple fool?"

THE ANSWER

"This may seem extremely queer
To you, Photo, but I explain,
Listen, then, while I explain,
While studied, not in vain,
While really was so good
As the trouble, then, would seem
All this happened in his life,
And at day he was so tired,
To make use of good acquire."

When the doctor had completed his verse, and Photo had copied it upon the white beam of his father's spare shirt, used for special occasions, such

The Rebellion of Little Miss Hawk Moth



THE last crimson ray of sunset vanished, and the glorious cloud tints of pearl and rose faded more and more, until the spreading twilight blotted out all color. And then stirred the winds of an autumn evening.

Little Miss Hawk-Moth, clinging closely to the gray wall, where her dull drab wings could not be distinguished among the moss and lichens, now fluttered restlessly.

"My friend," muttered she, "is it not time for me to reach the moon? In my reign, Miss Hawk-Moth likewise moved her wings. Shaking herself loose, she darted away, followed by her drum. They traveled far afield, and revealed in the sweet scents of night-blooming flowers.

As she rested upon a fragrant blossom, little Miss Hawk-Moth watched at night, the foolish moth rushed headlessly toward the flame.

It was a house such as the little moth had never seen before. A window screen barred the way, but finally she discovered an opening. Into the room she fluttered, directly toward the radiant light which so greatly fascinated her.

"Alas for poor little Hawk-Moth! The flames she admired did not treat her kindly. No sooner did she flutter against a hot glass surface than down she fell, with wings scorched. Still she rushed at it, and was burned more severely.

And then little Miss Hawk-Moth painfully winged her way from the house, pursued by a big man who sought to kill her. She had made the acquaintance of a man, as she afterwards learned from those same wise folk whose advice she had spurned.

The little moth-lady still sits upon the white blossoms in the evening and gazes at the moon. No more does she attempt to fly there, however, and no light can attract her too near it.

Through this fairylike region the expedition wended its way, until the base of the mountain was attacked. Soon a camp was made, and Trappo, the naturalist, and Taxidermo set traps for small mammals. Others spent their time in various occupations. Bwana Humpto, his obedient son Photo and Dr. Pilo being the only persons who chose to renew the climb. These three mounted valiantly. After some hours the going became very rough. "In one place the mighty hunter, who led, succeeded in attaining a foothold on a rocky pinnacle. Upon scrambling further up he loosened the rock behind him, thus giving Photo no place to rest his foot.

"Never mind, my boy; I shall haul you and the doctor by means of this rope, an end of which I now throw to you," said Bwana Humpto, cordily.

Photo tied the rope about his waist and his father tugged away. The lad was suspended many feet above the ground, when suddenly a hyena appeared from behind a boulder across the face of which the rope hung. He was an evil fellow, who had ventured up the mountain for the express purpose of doing harm to some hunter, should he find opportunity. With a fiendish grin he now proceeded to gnaw at the rope. He had a strong grip on the cord, so that Photo could by no means be lowered, and Bwana Humpto, who was with amazement. It seemed that in a few moments the poor lad must fall to the rocks below and perish, when, with a quick movement, Bwana Humpto took one hand from the rope, jerked out a revolver and

"Stop!" cried the Doctor. "In the event of Photo's death here is a little epitaph which I think it would be well to memorize:

"Photo, killed by a hyena,
Has no need of food or socks.
Let us plant a sweet verbena
Round his home among the rocks."

Bwana Humpto paused until the verse was read. Then he coolly raised his revolver, took careful aim and fired. The hyena died. Photo was saved.

"Thank you, father," said Photo, gratefully. "I might not have got back to college in time for football next year had you not shot the beast."

But Bwana Humpto had already forgotten the accident. Far beyond, perched on a lofty crag, stood a beautifully formed gazelle. Bwana Humpto raised his rifle, took quick but careful aim and fired. The gazelle died. But no one was saved. In fact, three other gazelles were slain. You see, when the gazelle turned it fell backward and bore with it three gazelles that were feeding below. Thus the four were sent careering down a steep precipice, at the bottom of which they lay killed.

"Ah, 'twas a wonderful shot!" said the mighty Hunter. Then he murmured hastily, "I must go back to camp at once and write a story of my remarkable killing while it is still fresh in my memory. Doctor Pilo, will you kindly skin these fine specimens and remove their horns."

So Bwana Humpto made his way rapidly back to camp, while Photo Humpto tried to take snapshots of sunbeams and rocks.

A Wish from the Spinning-Wheel Fairy



"YOU HAVE MADE A WISH THAT I HAVE GRANTED"

TWO crows alighted together upon the same tree bough. They nodded gravely, one to the other.

"Have you seen the prisoner today?" asked the first crow.

"Yes," croaked the other; "she was very sad, but I think my news of the outside world cheered her."

As he spoke a third crow paused in his swift, straight flight and joined the couple on their perch. He said, inquiringly:

"You speak of a prisoner. How interesting! Pray tell me about her."

"Ah, then you must be a stranger, and therefore entitled to the story," was the reply.

He who answered straightway began the following tale:

THE CROW'S TALE

Somewhere in the Welsh valley, that is at the base of Mount Snowdon, a tiny herd of black cattle grazed. A little girl, dark-haired and hazel-eyed, watched over them always and kept them from straying.

She grew more and more weary of

her task. And one day, as she looked far down the valley and up at the mountains and hills, she said to herself:

"I shall run away from my dreary work. In a land beyond the hills perhaps I may find a place where I shall have nothing to do."

The little girl stole toward home, leaving the cattle to wander as they willed. Her father was laboring in the fields and her mother did not see her tiptoe upstairs to her wee room in the loft. Soon the best clothes were donned; soon the lassie's flying footsteps put the cottage far behind her.

Fearlessly the maiden chose a path leading up the mountainside. After awhile the narrow path lost itself among closely growing trees and shrubs. The little girl kept going on.

Then opened a large space among the trees. In the middle of it was a quaint little cottage, covered with vines. An old lady with beautiful white hair sat busily spinning before the cottage. Without raising her eyes she said:

"Go into the house, little girl, and eat the bread and honey and drink the sweet, cold milk you will find there."

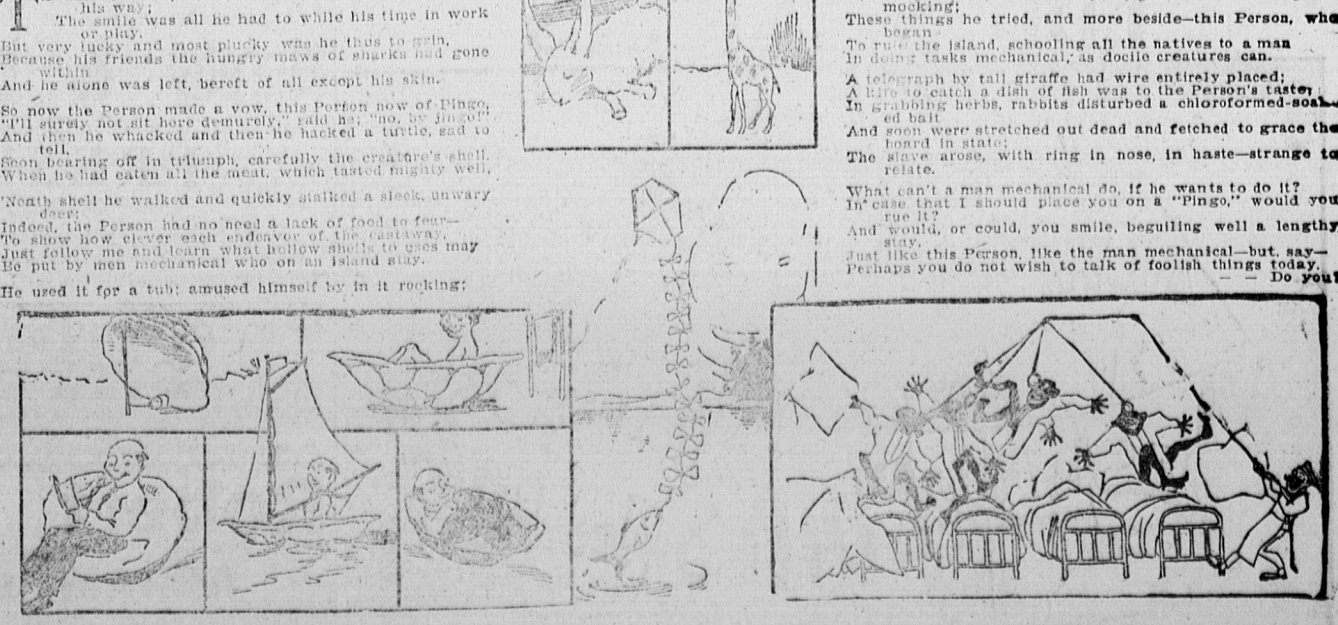
The lassie counted her thanks and did as she was bidden. The bread was of good wheat and light, the clear golden honey was fresh and no one could have been better. Besides, she was very hungry. So the miss enjoyed her meal greatly. When she had finished eating she came to the door to thank the kind lady and to watch the spinning.

"I wish that I could stay in this pretty place all the time and drive no cows nor do any other kind of work," sighed she.

"You have made a wish that I, the Spinning Wheel Fairy, have granted," said the white-haired lady. "You wish idleness, therefore you shall have it. From this day you will constantly watch me spin; nor can you ever leave me unless I remove the spell I have cast upon you."

At first the little girl was pleased. "So now, you see, my friend," concluded the crow, "how eager and grateful the prisoner must be for the news we bring. Would you not be sad if you were she?"

The Mechanical Person of Dingo



TO PINGO ISLE, with cheery smile, the Person made his way.

The smile was all he had to while his time in work or play.

But very lucky and most plucky was he thus to grin, because his friends the hungry maws of sharks had gone and he alone was left, bereft of all except his skin.

So now the Person made a vow, this Person now of Dingo, "I'll surely not sit here demurely," said he; "no, no, in Dingo, I'll show 'em what I can do, and then he hacked a turtle, and so on."

Soon bearing off in triumph, carefully cracked a shell. When he had eaten all the meat, which tasted mighty well, north shell he walked and quickly snatched a sleek unwary dove.

Indeed, the Person had no need a lack of food to fear. To show how clever each endeavor of the caterpillar, just follow me and learn what he'llow shells to give and to be put by men mechanical who on an Island stay.

He used it for a tub; amused himself by in it rocking;

He slung it for a hammock, hung it high, the serpent mocking;

These things he tried, and more beside—this Person, who To rule the island, schooling all the natives to a man in doing tasks mechanical, as docile creatures can.

A telegraph by tall giraffe, had wire entirely placed; in grabbing herbs, rabbits disturbed a chloroformed-salad.

And soon were stretched out dead and fetched to grace the board in state;

The slave arose, with ring in nose, in haste—strange to relate.

What can't a man mechanical do, if he wants to do it? In case that I should place you on a "Pingo," would you true it?

And would, or could, you smile, beguiling well a lengthy stay.

Just like this Person, like the man mechanical—but, say—perhaps you do not wish to talk of foolish things today.

Do you!