

Other Days

by JEAN AUTUMN

The English church was born in Crapaud in 1831. Lady Westmoreland was its mother. She built Saint John's Church all herself. She then gave sixty acres of land to the parish. Then the Church Missionary Society in England sent out Parson Reid, a young man, to preach in it and paid him for his church services. Mr. Reid then went to work and built a church school-house out of church money at Crapaud Corner. Mr. William Lowther gave a lot to build it on. At this time Crapaud had no public school and the church let the School District have the use of it for an every-day school for twenty five years free of charge. And when Parson Panther came he put in it a public library, a great lot of books all free. That library was open every winter on every Wednesday night. Oh, my! I will never forget those winter nights—a good lecture or a debate from ministers of all churches; and doctors; sometimes a priest; and school masters; all free. And Doctor Potts was always at his post as chairman.

In those good old days the young and old had a longing for knowledge. I well remember G. Palmer, Thomas Nicholson, John Moore, John McWilliams, and Doctor Potts, the leading men of the Library. Those good men are dead, and the Library has gone to pieces. I think I am the only one that remembers the good precepts and instruction about farm work laid down to us. I do remember we were innocent boys in the happy days of long ago; no dancing, no playing cards, no plays on Sundays, no drinking rum on Sundays, no killing people with their cars on Sundays, no sea bathing and swimming on Sundays, all the day long; no coasting up in the air on Sundays; no fishing on Sundays. It was all church going on Sundays. The churches would be full on a fine Sunday, and our minister would preach against all these sins.

Oh, there is no room for mirth or trifling here, For worldly thoughts or heinous fears; For our lives will be gone, And then we will have to stand at the door, And give account of all our deeds and sins, now and before. Next installment: "My Memories of Kelly's Cross."

MT. STEWART AND VICINITY

Miss Sadie Farquharson, Bridgetown, spent the week end at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Farquharson, Canavoy.

Miss Hazel Corbett, Savage Harbor, spent the week end visiting at Head of Hillsborough.

Heartiest congratulations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. Fred G. Leard of Pisquid, on the birth of a bonnie baby boy.

Mr. Artemas Jardine, Charlottetown, was a visitor to Mount Stewart on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Warren and Mrs. Earl Warren, Savage Harbor, were visitors to the city recently.

Mrs. W. F. Jardine, Head of Hillsborough, recently spent some time visiting at her home in Murray Harbor.

Mrs. James Campbell, Mount Stewart, spent Sunday at her home in Savage Harbor.

Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved family of the late Mrs. Samuel A. Coffin, who passed away in Brookline, Mass., on Sunday, November 22nd. She leaves to mourn her sorrowing husband and five children. Mrs. Coffin was very well known and highly respected in this vicinity and will be greatly missed by a wide circle of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Daniels, were visitors to Mount Stewart recently.—X.

NEWSY NOTES

BY AGRICOLA

A CHRISTMAS ANTHEM

Choirmasters who are on the lookout for an anthem for Christmas will do well to try out Elvey's "Arise, shine, for thy light is come". It is based on the 60th chapter of Isaiah and though shorter than most anthems it is very good. The triumph and ring of the dominant chords in the opening bass, Arise, arise—the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee, is most effective, while the second section "Behold darkness shall cover the earth" is made almost oppressive by the use of unison, the minor mode, and the pianissimo expression. The musician skillfully breaks the tension by a trumpet call in the major—"But the Lord shall arise!" comes back at the last to the original theme, and at the end lengthens the notes to produce the sensation of accomplishment and finality—"Thy light is come."

Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. Doc., was organist of St. George's chapel, Windsor, Eng., and while he does not appear frequently in our hymnals, he will always be remembered as the composer of the harvest hymn, "St. George's double" and the hymn tune "Diademata"—to the words respectively, "Come, ye thankful people, come" and also "Crown Him with many crowns." "Arise, shine" is to be had I believe, from Novello Ewer and Co., music publishers, London, England. It is possible that Ditson and Co., of New York, may have it as well, but remember that "Empire trade" is on the tapis!

THE PLANET URANUS

Saturn, erstwhile the most brilliant object of the evening sky, has now passed far to the westward and fall below the western horizon but is still in his old position near the constellation Sagittarius. Mars and Venus also are near the sun and fall below the western horizon at sunset. Uranus is now occupying the centre of the stage, but on account of his great distance from the sun—he is roughly one and three-quarter billions of miles away he appears about the brightness of a sixth magnitude star, and is consequently visible only through the telescope.

Let us hear what the astronomers say of this distant member of the solar family. It (to be impersonal) was first seen by Sir William Herschel in 1781; Sir William then thought it was a comet, but when it was found to be moving in a nearly circular path, its true nature was presently recognized. Herschel named it "Georgium Sidus"—the "throne of George" (the then king); foreign astronomers called it Herschel; but Bode, in accordance with the classical nomenclature of the other planets, christened it Uranus and this name superseded the others.

It was the eccentricities of the nearly circular path of Uranus that led to the discovery of its outer neighbor, Neptune. It was found difficult to keep track of the wanderer. Bouvard suggested that some exterior body was pulling our planet from its appointed course from time to time. Adams, an English, and Leverrier, a French astronomer, unknown to each other, made calculations as to where the perturbing body was likely to be. The great telescope at Cambridge, England, handed by Professor Challis, and the refracting telescope at the Berlin University, under Dr. Galle, a friend of Leverrier's, simultaneously observed the planet now known as Neptune, on Oct. 31st 1846. The credit of the discovery is therefore divided between Adams and Leverrier. There can be little doubt that our earth is "pulled at" in the same fashion by other planets and that this is the cause of earthquakes and other phenomena.

Although Uranus is a large planet, with a calculated diameter of about 33,000 miles, under the telescope it shows only as a little greenish disc, 4 seconds of arc in width. To realize this, we may conclude that 460 such discs might be placed in a row across the apparent disc of the full moon. Uranus has

its moons, too, four of them which have been named (in outward order) Ariel, Umbriel, Titania, and Oberon. Night on the planet will be very interesting, with these satellites weaving about the sky—if there are any spectators. A singular fact about these moons is that instead of moving (as others do) from left to right in the front part of their orbit, they move from bottom to top. Uranus like the rest of the planets, shines by reflected sunlight and we should look for its light to be of a yellowish cast. It is thought that some very rarefied and unknown element in the upper strata of its atmosphere renders the light greenish, a view which is confirmed by spectroscopic analysis.

Uranus has been in opposition to the sun for a full month now, and this is easily understood when we know that its year "comprises 30-687 days!

FEED THE BIRDS CONTEST

A request has just reached me for the rules governing this contest, and as there may be others in the same position as the young lady—who has mislaid her regulations—I will give a brief resume.

1—Begin to feed at once. Write to the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, for free bulletins on "Attracting the Birds."

2—Keep a daily record of the number and species of the birds that you feed. If you don't know your birds, get Chester Reed's "Bird Guide, Land Birds."

3—Do not feed crows, grackles nor domestic ("English") sparrows, but news of their abundance or otherwise, the earliest dates in the spring when you first see them and any peculiarities of habit, etc., will make your letter more valuable.

4—Include in your letter a description of your "feeding station", and state what food you put out, and what you found most attractive.

5—Each letter must be countersigned by the teacher of the school which you attend, and mailed to "The Editor, Feed the Birds Contest, The Charlottetown Guardian." The contest will probably close in April, but this will depend on the season.

Should it be necessary to make additions or alterations to these rules due notice will be given you in this column. Infractions of the above rules will disqualify contestants.

COMMUNITY GARDENS, II

In the last "Notes" I gave an idea of the beginning of the allotment gardens at Newcastle-upon-Tyne and the methods employed in carrying them on. Now I propose to give a medley of observations made during my occupancy of No. 96, of the Nun's Moor Allotments.

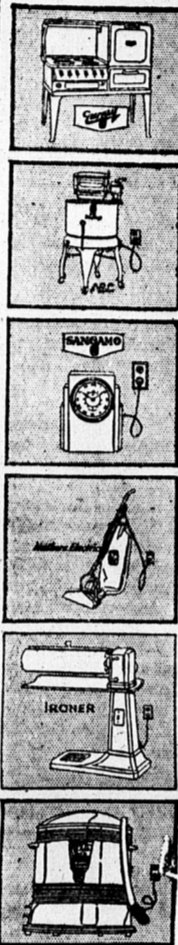
I have called attention to the fact that the gardeners were a very mixed crowd. My four neighbors were: a carpenter, a greaser, (who oiled the machinery at the Electric Power Station), a bank manager, and an old gentleman, then retired who had been in his youth an operative in a factory in Germany. Outside the allotments each moved in a different circle—"the classes and the masses"—but once inside the main gate they fell into the freemasonry of gardening and discussed their problems like members of a united family.

When the call came for volunteers to fight the Boers, a number of our gardeners cast away the spade in favor of the rifle, and alas some never returned. Enteric fever, more deadly than the enemy's bullets, claimed most. One young gardener of my acquaintance survived both, and after three years absence, came back with a couple of metal trunks filled with—cacti! These he had toiled around South Africa and over the six thousand miles of water to his native city. His old father had a hothouse and helped to pot the "trophies" which made a most imposing display. The old gentleman was rather fond of natural history; he had, I recollect, a live hawk which he had trapped

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in the gardens and chained to a perch. It was a savage brute and bit a piece out of his hand as he was incautiously feeding it.

One of my visitors was a good-humored South German by name Karl Schmidt. He was a furrier in the city, and was always immaculately dressed—silk hat and all the rest of it. Karl was fond of a "choke" and liked to visit my garden, partly because I teased him quite a piece. When we discussed the political rivalry of our respective countries Karl would ejaculate "Chairman won't fight!" and it is certain he believed it. He was ingenious as the following will show. One day on going out of the main gate I saw a hedgehog sitting in the middle of the road. He must have been a sick hedgehog, for I ran and put my cap over him and carried him back to imprisonment in the hothouse. A hedgehog is about the size of a medium sized domestic rabbit, but instead of hair he is covered with strong conical spikes about an inch in length—being a sort of first cousin to the porcupine. Sad to say on the second night of his captivity he blundered into an open tank filled with water for the plants and was drowned. Karl was at the garden the next day and seeing the victim said, "Gut him to me I'll make something." He skinned the hedgehog, used his spiky skin for the sides of a round cap and put a piece of fur in for a crown. This fearsome looking headpiece, reminiscent of the vikings of old, sold for five shillings.

My neighbor the greaser was a very different character. I question whether he had ever worn a collar; Sunday and week day he had a red scarf knotted round his neck, and his cap a little over one eye. He was, I found, the support of a widowed mother and lived in the poorer part of the city. Politically he was a socialist and believed that everything should be divided equally among the workers. Besides his garden he had another hobby—oil painting; in happier circumstances he would have been ap-

preciated as an artist. He had a small shack in his garden for a studio and painted on the Sundays; for he had no other opportunity. I went round to see his picture of the "Temptation in the Wilderness."

Christ sat on one of the rocks in that arid land. Before Him stood the Devil, a powerful dusky figure with wings like a bat's. He was pointing to a stone at his feet. The face, full of evil force, was based on the features of John D. Rockefeller! Poor John D.! For all that, the artist was one of the kindest hearted men in the gardens and never tired of giving a hand in any difficult task.

It will be seen that there was always something of interest in our allotments, but all things paled before "The Raid". In late summer

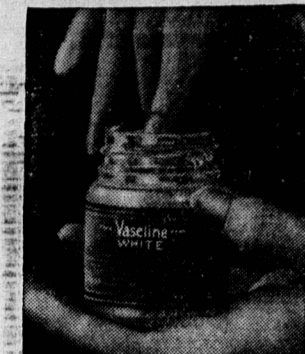
the "Temperance Festival" was held on the Town Moor, not far away. The gathering was a large one, and attracted a crowd of gypsies, fakers and others of the like kidney. During the night some of these gentry "the rampart wall had scaled" and taking a diagonal course across the gardens, had broken into the buildings and taken whatever was portable and of value. I was relieved of a good set of scales and weights. One of my neighbors had left his watch in the old waistcoat he put on for working; he never saw the watch again. The lamentations were loud and long, but the culprits were never discovered. After that the police had orders to "give an eye to the gardens" and the raid was never repeated.

Burma Wants Autonomy With British Empire

(By James A. Mills) LONDON, Nov. 27.—(A. P.)—Far off the road to Mandalay, the political leaders of Burma, clad in fanciful silks and redolent of exotic scents, met today to begin the formulation of a constitution to make Burma an "Autonomous province within the British Empire." The muffled boom of "Big Ben," tolling the hour of assembly, might almost have been the tinkling bells of Pagoda far away in the East as the twenty-three delegates gathered in the robing room of the House of Lords to hear the opening address by the Prince of Wales.

MERCURY HOSIERY advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman in a long dress and stockings, with text describing the quality and fit of the hosiery.

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The headmaster entered the classroom and beckoned to little Tommy Brown.

"I was very surprised," he commenced, "to see a boy like you throw a stone at a little bird this morning. That was a thing I could never do."

A look of innocence came over the boy's face.

"Oh, it's very simple, sir," he replied. "It only needs a bit of practice."



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Advertisement for MILBURN HEART NERVE PILLS, featuring a heart-shaped logo and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

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