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THE MAGAZINE GUARDIAN

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POST OFFICE, SUMMERSIDE.

The Laughter of Childhood

THE laugh of a child will make the hallest day more sacred still. Strike with hand of fire, O weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair, fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys; blow, bugler, blow, until thy silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves, and charm the lovers wandering 'mid vine-clad hills. But know your sweetest strains are discords all, compared with childhood's happy, laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy.

O rippling river of laughter! thou art the blessed boundary line between the beasts and men, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care.

O Laughter, rose-lipped daughter of Joy! there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.



CODFISH DRYING ON FLAKES North Shore, Prince Edward Island.

A TALE OF THE POLICE

To Charles Palmer, Member of the Historical Society of Prince Edward Island. SIR—Accompanying this letter you will find a volume which I ask you to place in the archives of your Society for the benefit and instruction of future generations. It possesses no intrinsic value, and but little antiquarian interest, but it is historical in its character and may hereafter supply a fund of information not obtainable elsewhere. It contains a faithful record of the doings of our Police authorities, and with a single eye to the claims of veracity, it registers the hours of duty of the Police Officers, their waking and sleeping moments the hours they are on duty, off duty, and unit for duty. How it came into my possession, it is not necessary to inquire. During the silent watches of the night,

between the hour when the God of Day sinks beneath the western horizon, and the silly calm of that supreme moment where he appears again in the east to enlighten our planet with the resplendent rays of his countenance, a lonely traveller strayed into the sacred precincts of the Police Station. All was quiet and serene, and the stillness of the night was only broken by the snoring of the officers, who wrapped in the embrace of Mophus made night hideous with their deep and sepulchral grunting. I have kept the precious volume ever since that midnight adventure transferred it to my custody, and I now hand it over to a society for whose welfare I have the very best wishes.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

SIMON MITCHELL,
Mjama

HOW ANIMALS SWIM

ALMOST all animals know how to swim without having to learn it. As soon as they fall into the water or are driven into it they instinctively make the proper motions and not only manage to keep afloat but propel themselves without trouble.

Exceptions are the monkey, the camel, the giraffe, the llama, which cannot swim without assistance. Camels and llamas have to be helped across water and giraffes and monkeys drown if they enter it. Now and then both of the latter species manage to cross waterways when they are driven to extremities, just as human beings occasionally can keep themselves above water through sheer fright.

A funny though able swimmer is the rabbit. He submerges his body, with the exception of the head and tail. The latter

sticks away up in the air, and his hind legs make "soap suds" as he churns the water madly to get away. But, with all his awkwardness, he is a swift swimmer, and is beaten only by the squirrel among the land animals.

The squirrel swims with his heavy tail sunk away down in the water and his head held high. He cleaves the waves like a duck, and a man in a rowboat has all he can do to keep abreast of the swimming squirrel.

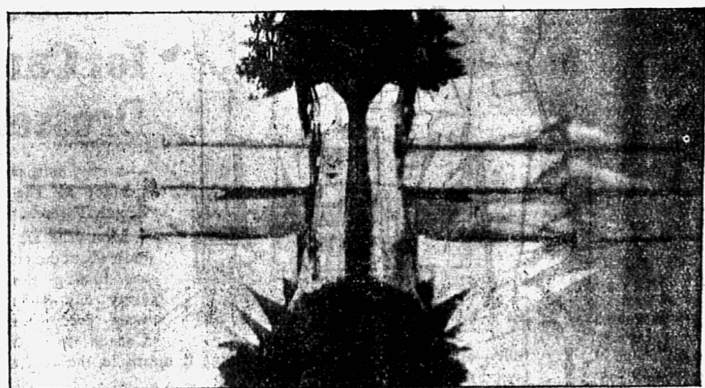
One thing that none of the land swimming animals does is to dive. No matter how hard pressed a swimming deer, rabbit, squirrel, or other purely terrestrial animal may be, it will remain above water. But the muskrat, beaver, ice bear, and otter dive immediately.

THE STORY OF THE GLADE

BY A DAUGHTER OF THE MEADOW.

SPRING had been a masking all through April and played the part of a fantastic snow-draped witch, luring one out by her warm noons and chilling one with her frosty nights. In the late twilight of one of those nights, the Girl first saw the cause—a mother fox quietly stealing along a deep furrow and between her slender jaws she held the neck of a Plymouth rock hen, and the Girl being well versed in woodland lore knew by the furtive glances that a den was near and being "down the wind," kept still knowing also that a fox's sense of smell is keener than her sight, to quickly be rewarded by a gentle little half yelp, half purr from her new acquaintance and to see scrambling to meet her three of the most beautiful little creatures of all the woodland folk. The Girl also knew that the plump old hen belonged to the Monster a great coarse uncouth boy who lived next farm, between whom and the Girl was a deadly feud. He knowing her fondness for the wild kindred, it was always his pleasure to frighten when he could not kill and the Girl not being over fond of such tame stupid things as domestic fowl, straightway made up her mind that the little family in the Glade should be well fed, and many a night while the monster slept in the sweet consciousness of having well closed the hen house door it would be quietly unlatched and always in the morning there would be one less for him to count, while the babies in the Glade grew strong and

went further a field to meet the pretty graceful mother who never failed them. It was the Girl's delight to watch them, and once the little ones snuffed her shoes and dress, after that they conceived a poor opinion of human folk and felt comparatively secure. But one sad night just after the evening star had set her exquisite lamp gleaming against the after glow and the summer moon had not yet risen above the harbour, the Girl stole out to see the family in the Glade but a strange stillness prevailed, there was no almost noiseless shuffle to hide and no sly peeping out again. Wondering she went nearer, thinking the cunning mother had removed the small ones as is their custom when disturbed, but instead the little ones were then, dead, quite dead, ah! and the Monster had been there too, and left the little limp pathetic bodies for the Girl to find. It was with many a tear she muffled the pretty forms in leaves and ferns and hid them under the moss, and often after when the darkness closed out the landscape the Girl would hear the mother's long lonely wail across the stillness, and as she called a deeper sadder tone crept into her voice as her loneliness grew more bitter and distracting. But when the nights grew longer and colder the wailings ceased and the Girl knew another of her wild folk had gone out of her life, and that when next the mother fox hunted it would be many miles from the little graves in the Glade.



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Executor's Notice.
The undersigned Executors of the last Will and Testament of John McGowan, late of Parley, Township Number Eighteen, in Prince County, Prince Edward Island, Farmer deceased do hereby notify all persons indebted to the Estate of the said deceased, to make immediate payment to either of themselves, and all persons having claims against the said Estate are hereby required to present the same duly attested to them, within twelve months from this date.
Dated this Seventeenth day of July, A. D. 1906.
GEORGE B. MCNUTT, Darnley.
JAMES G. McCALLUM, Brackley Point.

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