

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

MORNING EDITION

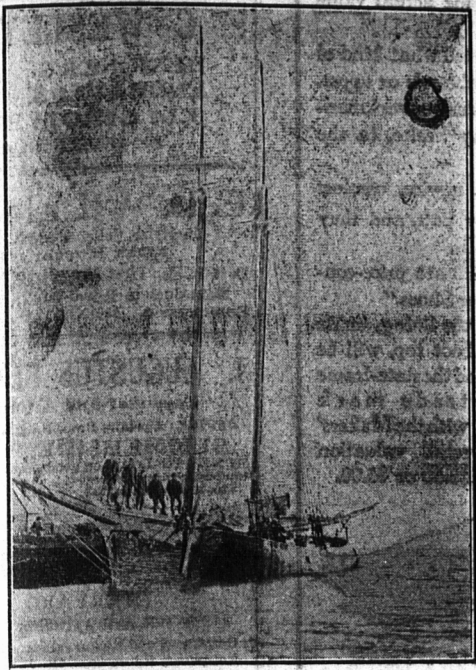
CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, CANADA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1905.

35 CENTS PER MONTH SINGLE COPY TWO CENTS

Devoted to the Literature, History, Folk-lore and best interests of the Province of Prince Edward Island.

THE MAGAZINE GUARDIAN

Succeeding the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE Issued Every Saturday Morning.



THE CANADIAN SCHOONER Three Bells That Ran the Blockade.

Sounds rather pretty doesn't it? The very name of bells sets ones thoughts a-ginger. At this season, we naturally think of sleigh bells, the snow, the prancing horses and the crisp frosty air. Others doubtless will bring to remembrance the

dear little church near the old homestead, where they were christened or perhaps married. There are some that are reminded by the toll of the bell, of loved ones departed, and, not even the Christmas Chimes,



help one from feeling sorrowful. Ring out the old, ring in the new Ring happy bells, across the snow, The year is going, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true. Ring out false pride in place and blood, The civic slander and the spite; Ring in the love of truth and right, Ring in the common love of good. Ring out the want, the care, the sin, The faithless coldness of the times; Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes, But ring the fuller minstrel to.

Twilight and evening bell, And after that, the dark And may there be no sadness of farewell When I embark.

The Three Bells, about which I wish to write a few lines, is nothing more or less than a 92 ton schooner, which was recently loaded by Wright Bros., Victoria, P. E. I. with 4,300 bushels of island potatoes for the Boston market. Now there does not seem to be anything wonderful or historical about this circumstance, and yet, follow along until I explain. Having a

pocket kodak with me, Mr. Boswell introduced me to Captain Gault Murray, and from whom I became acquainted with the following information.

The schooner Three Bells left Nova Scotia during the Spanish American War and ran the blockades with provisions etc. You will notice a picture of the Three Bells and her entire crew of five men near bow of vessel. The Spanish Government captured the Three Bells at Santiago, and the Canadian Captain fearing court-martial and being shot, jumped over-board and was drowned. For nearly a year the vessel remained in Cuban waters and her bottom becoming rotten, she had to be docked and repaired. The Three Bells again sailed for Canada, where she was sold to the present Captain and crew for \$1,500.00. So far so good.

But bear with me reader a little longer, I have more to tell you. Did you ever hear of a Captain and entire crew being brothers? As you look at these fine big strapping fellows taken in their working clothes on board their own ship, don't you think that interesting enough to take a picture of, and relate the circum-

stances to others. If you don't do, now the imagination is apt to run off here and wonder if these brothers are all sick at the same time, when its rough, and if upon a long trip, do they all get homesick on the same days; and, anyway reader, which is the worst feeling, being sea sick or homesick! There's the other side of it. When these five lads are away, which one does the father and mother and sisters miss the most? Which would you think? The captain is in the middle of the group. Do you suppose such a thing would happen as a mutiny on board the Three Bells, under present conditions? Let us hope that brotherly love may continue and that captain and crew may be spared many years to share each others joy or sorrows.

Here with we give you the names of the five brothers whose father and mother, hale and hearty, Lewis and Mrs. Murray, live at Port Richmond C. B. near the strait of Canso. Capt. Gault Murray, John Murray, William Murray, Leslie Murray, Olonzo Murray. These brave lads have four sisters



THE FIVE BROTHERS Crew of the Three Bells.

living with their parents as follows:- Bessie Murray, Tena Murray, Harriet Murray, Nettie Murray. Now my story is done. I trust this little historical sketch will interest islanders as much as it has the writer. Pretty name "Three Bells" for a ship. It makes one think of "Crossing the Bar" that beautiful poem by Lord Tennyson. Do you like these lines

Sunset and evening star, And one clear call for me; And may there be no moaning of the bar When I put out to sea. For though from out this bourne of time and place The flood may bear me far, I hope to meet my Pilot face to face, When I have crossed the bar.

AN ISLAND KOREAN CLERGYMAN AND MINISTER

The following is taken from the Hawaii Herald and the Rev. J. W. Wadman referred to is a native of this Province.

Hon. S. H. Yoon, vice-minister of foreign affairs of Korea, and Rev. John W. Wadman, pastor of the Methodist church in Honolulu, arrived overland from Kawaihau on Tuesday having visited the plantations where Koreans are employed, and in some instances where they are not, along the route. The object of the visit is to learn the conditions of the Koreans, of whom there are about 6,000 in the islands. "I found them generally contented," said Mr. Yoon to a representative of the Herald, "especially so where a little consideration is given the fact that these people are new to the country and, consequently, ignorant of the laws and conditions. Where a little kindness is shown by the employers, and profanity eliminated from the vocabulary of the lunas, the Korean, I have ascertained is contented and gives satisfaction."

Mr. Wadman is making his first visit to this island and, like Mr. Yoon, expresses himself as delighted with his experience. Mr. Yoon is a linguist and can travel almost anywhere without needing the services of an interpreter. As vice-minister of foreign affairs he holds an impor-

tant office with his government, and it was on account of his ability as a diplomat that he was selected for his present duties. Mr. Wadman was fifteen years in Japan engaged in missionary work and thoroughly understands the Japanese language. He has been in Honolulu only a few years and the Methodist church there is growing under his ministry.

"There is so much bad in the best of us, And so much good in the worst of us, That it hardly behooves any of us To talk about the rest of us."

BE KIND. When friends we've always counted true Betray the confidence we show; When in our hour of need we find That to our interests they are blind, For they've betrayed our sacred trust, We'll have revenge—We think we must! What useless worry do we find— Just stop and think, and then be kind.

When we have used our utmost might In being square and doing right, And are misjudged and oft misused And by the ones we trust abused, We feel like giving up the race And moving off the earth in space. Don't be with foolish cares entwined

Make greater efforts to be kind! When cares like billows of the sea Are surging high 'round you and me, And the contentions of the world Have all their icy banners furled, While darkest clouds obscure the day And troubles hide you from the way, Just change your course and leave behind The troubled seas; and still be kind.

When patience with its boundless store, Has suffered much—will stand no more; When earthly goods are swept away And pain has racked you all the day; When weary with your load of woes And bearing more than mortal know, Be the Great Hero of your Kind! By keeping sweet and being kind.

When duty calls be not afraid, Speak out the truth in sun and shade; What matters it what people say If you have done the right to-day? And when the noiseless evening shade Is gathering over hill and glade, The consciousness will fill your mind That you've been paid for being kind. From a "TRAINED NURSE".

CANDLE LIGHT A Ballad of the 16th Century.

The mystic light a gentle halo casts Upon the watching sinner, And he can naught of hatred feel, nor have A thought that's harsh, nor bitter. Just see the candles gleam!

The dancing shadows on the hearth and wall, Are hopes and fears fantastic, And all pretensions worldly pleasures pall, All knowledge seems pedantic. Just see the candles gleam!

Brave daring plans for life, and work, and love, Are fashioned from its lighting, And every-man's a loyal friend and stanch, And fate will ne'er be slighting, Just see the candles gleam!

When duty calls be not afraid, Speak out the truth in sun and shade; What matters it what people say If you have done the right to-day? And when the noiseless evening shade Is gathering over hill and glade, The consciousness will fill your mind That you've been paid for being kind. From a "TRAINED NURSE".

TO MAKE FARM POETRY

Good serviceable farm poetry, all wool and a yard wide can be made in spring summer, autumn or winter. Almost any one can make it with the aid of a few simple lessons which can be learned at home in odd spells. A strong and durable kind of poetry is what is known as common meter, four-line verse, also called eights and sixes. We speak of this variety as excellent for farm purposes, and it will keep well even in summer time if laid away in a cool dark place, say in the dairy or potato cellar.

Well, we started out to give a few easy lessons on how to make farm poetry, of the common metre variety in four line stanzas, first and third, second and fourth lines warranted to jingle, with the down stroke heavy and the up-stroke light throughout. In order to fix all these points in the young poet's mind the following plan has been found to work well: Make 28 stakes, each about a foot long and sharpened at one end. Select a level plot of ground in the back yard, and drive these stakes in the soil each about six inches, making four rows about four feet apart, and set the stakes about four feet apart in the row, eight in the first line, six in the second line, eight in the third and six in the fourth, in the following order:

- 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

The poet is now ready to take his first lesson. This is to give him an idea of the pace, and the true poetic timing. Prose is plain straight-away walking. Poetry has ups and downs and starts and stops, and should bring up with a jerk at the end of each line. To impress this difference on his mind he should walk over the stakes he has set, starting from the ground on the left to right, going over each line in succession, step by step, always placing the left foot on a stake and the right foot on the ground. As he steps on the stake at starting with his left foot he should say "One" in a low tone, and as he follows with his right on the ground say "Two" in louder voice, and so on throughout. The up and down motion and the soft and loud tones, the measured steps and spavined gait will give him a true conception of the measure and motion of poetry. The emotion will come later. He should practise on the stakes for at least three hours daily. This will teach him to avoid mistakes in measure, accent or rhythm.

There can be no real poetry without imagination, and the young poet may now begin to cultivate his imagination. Let him imagine himself a goose. This is no very great stretch of imagination. Besides there is a great deal of rural fitness and beauty in such a conception. The goose for instance, can swim and fly, and wears a ready-made suit of feathers, so that there is something buoyant and elevating in the thought, "I am a goose." Let the poet now go over the stakes again, imagining himself a goose, and he will find his thoughts naturally taking shape somewhat as follows:

I am a goose, I am a goose, I long to fly away; Oh let me loose, Oh let me loose, I cannot, cannot stay.

At this stage in order to bring his whole being into action, the poet should go over the above stanza a second time singing the inspired words and accompanying his voice with a flapping motion of the arms and hands as if attempting to fly. Other stanzas will follow in rapid succession and the poet will soon be able to produce verse by the bushel. It should be worth all the way from ten to fifteen cents a bushel, if guaranteed to keep well. A good plan to test its keeping qualities is for the poet to keep it to himself for about five years. Of course no one should undertake to become a poet unless he is sound in mind

and limb. HOMER. ATTENDING N. T. A. MEETING AMHERST, November 21.—J. R. Lamy and A. B. Eiler, who have been members of the National Trotting Association for many years, are attending the annual meeting of that body in New York.

1780 THE LEADER 1905 FOR 125 YEARS Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate 45 Highest Awards in Europe and America ABSOLUTELY PURE A perfect food, highly nourishing, easily digested, fitted to repair wasted strength, preserve health, prolong life. A new and handsomely illustrated Recipe Book sent free WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD. DORCHESTER, MASS. BRANCH HOUSE 86 St. Peter St., Montreal, Can.

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We are busy but there will be time for YOU to come up and have your photos for Xmas. Only a few weeks left. See our samples up stairs. Gauvin, Gentzel & Co PHOTO. J. A. S. BAYER, PROP.

THIS MAN MEANS WHAT HE SAYS He Says Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Cure Stomach Troubles and Gives His Reasons for Saying so. "Yes, I mean what I say about Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets," says Henry A. Coles of St. Mary's River, Guysboro Co., N. S. in a recent interview. "I had stomach trouble for about five years. It got so bad I was taken to my bed and the doctor was called in. He couldn't reach the trouble however and I was suffering very bad, and not knowing what to do when my wife said, 'Let us try Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.' 'Well, we tried them, and the result was that I used seven boxes and the stomach trouble left and has not troubled me since. Do you wonder I recommend Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets?' 'If you can't digest your food don't worry. Get a box or two of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and they will do it for you.'

WANTED At once, an experienced clerk for general country store. Apply in own handwriting giving references and stating salary wanted etc. J. T. WINDSOR, New Mills, N. B.

EMIGRANTS OVER HALF CENTURY AGO

The Colonial Heralds of the Forties contain extensive advertisements selling out the attractions of Prince Edward Island—"the granary of North America," as it was then called, to the emigrant. One with the signature of Wm. Doune, land agent, after dilating on the location of the Province, its soil, and the value of the land which then ranged from 15s. to 25s. per acre for wilderness lands, and £2 to £3 for improved farms, proceeds as follows:— To the Emigrant, even though but a small capitalist, Prince Edward Island offers many advantages—First, its general prosperity, which is sufficiently proved by the increase of its exports, and its steadily improving revenue. Second, a healthy climate. Third, a plentiful supply of good water throughout the whole island. Fourth, the fertility of the soil, and its freedom from all taxes, burthensome to the Settler. Fifth, the convenience of settlement, whereby the ruinous expenses which are sometimes incurred,

by having to travel hundreds of miles, after finding, to a place of location, are almost totally avoided. Sixth, a certain remuneration for the labours of the Agriculturist, by a sure market, and a fair price, for all the surplus produce of his farm. Seventh, the labourer readily meets with employment, and receives liberal wages. Eighth, to the British Emigrant it offers the enjoyment of the benefits to be derived from the laws, language, customs and manners of his native land; and he preserves in himself an identity of interest with that of the parent state. Ninth, Prince Edward Island is now only thirteen days' travel, by Cunard's line of Atlantic Steamers, from England; and if a Colony affording regular opportunities of speedy intercourse with the mother country, and possessing the advantages before enumerated, be desirable, the Advertiser, who has spent twenty years in the Island, thinks he may safely venture to invite such individuals as have resolved, or shall

determine to emigrate, to pay it a visit; and should they be induced to establish themselves and families here, in preference to a foreign state, they will have the satisfaction to know that their posterity will be scions of the British Empire.

Don't wake baby Did you know you could give medicine to your children while they were soundly sleeping? You certainly can. It is called Vapo-Cresolene. You put some Cresolene in the vaporizer, light the lamp, and place near the bed. The children quietly breathe-in the vapor. There is nothing equal to it for whooping-cough, croup, colds, cough, sore throat, and all other troubles of the throat and chest. It is economical, pleasant, safe. Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists, or sent express prepaid on receipt of price. A Vapo-Cresolene outfit, including a bottle of Cresolene, complete, \$1.50. Send for free illustrated booklet. Lescage, 215 St. Louis, St. Louis, Mo. Agents, 208 St. James St., Montreal.

Notice to Debtors We hereby notify all persons indebted to us that we have an office—for a short time only—at the old stand Sunnyside to receive all amounts due and will be pleased to have a prompt settlement. We have to thank those who responded so quickly to our request for payment and to remind the slow ones that we intend very soon to make use of the County Court to assist us in collecting. F. PERKINS & Co. 11-23d2w