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# THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, CANADA, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1906.

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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.

### MONTH OF JUNE By a Daughter of the Meadows.

To live a June morning in the country one must be a field at the first glimmer of dawn. Just when the morning leas over the East, then hear the birds and breathe the air and learn that the essence of life is divine. Oh! the beechwood, the field! God, how beautiful! But under the joy that is felt is the infinite joy of loving. To them who made all this receive my thanks.

And I am not the only creature out in the early morning. Don't be startled, little rabbit! I won't frighten you from your luscious bunch of clover.

But hush! the sound of a stealthy tread and through the leaves is the glint of red fur, and a naughty face, oh raynard, don't you hear the clarion call from Jennie's chicken house, go get your breakfast then.

You saucy squirrel why chatter so loud; 'twas but a suggestion and you little chipmunk with your sweet bird-like voice, are you laughing too!

Well, well! I'll leave you now and go look for the black-jack's nest near the frog pond. What laughing again. Well perhaps, I'll find it this time.

Ah! another sound and a sweep of great white wings why did you come you great beautiful bird! The woods hold no magic for you, go back to your restless waves and sea-haunted rocks, leave the meadows for me.

Now the sun has flung his streamers all across the sweetness and I hear a whistle but not one of my winged friends; 'tis but the farm boy on his way through the pasture; and that other sound,—ah! Juddy why rattle the bars with your impatient horns, Barn will soon come with his gay laughter and many promises to milk you first of all. Six o'clock already! How loud the whistles sound across the

In June, nature is bedecked in her most beautiful array of the year. In this latitude no other month possesses such a wealth of beautiful vegetation, deeply fresh and green and lavishly bespangled with the various wild flowers peculiar to field and forest.

To the eyes, wearied by the constant sight of city brick walls, no view is more restful and pleasing than that afforded by the month of flowers.

Of all the months, none offer so many popular forms of recreation as does June. The witching call of the waters and the wild woods in June finds quick response from the toilers and the idlers alike; for the themes then are of fishing, boating, camping, yachting, canoeing, touring, target, all of which are wholesome forms of enjoyment and recreation.

Particularly is June dear to the heart of the angler; for the fish then are in great abundance through a great scope of country at every point of the compass; the waters sparkle with a merry June glint, denoting that the biggest fish of the season is but a few steps further on; and there are beauties of landscape worthy of admiration at every turn of the stream.

To the campers, every nook by river, lake or creek, provided that it is reasonably remote from fixed habitations, is a potential home for the while that they can escape from the artificial life of the city. Pure air, sunshine, song birds and the pleasing pictures of nature quicken the energies, restore the frayed mind and body, and revive the interests in life's affairs to a degree far beyond the scope of the medicine man's nostrums.—Forest & Stream.

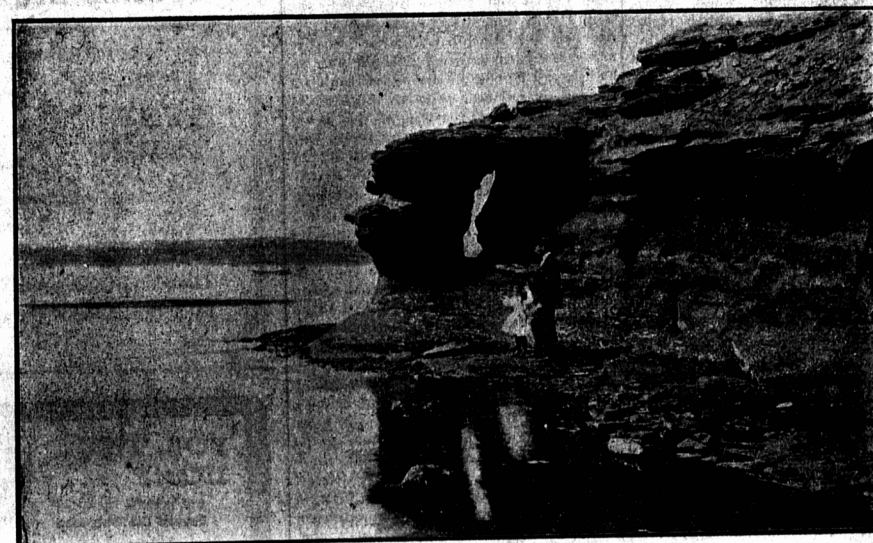
harbour—and on the lambent I count six strokes of the city clock.

### SOME SUMMER SCENES IN CHARLOTTETOWN



"There came the jolly Summer, being clad  
In a silky cassock, colored green."

THE GOLF LINKS, CHARLOTTETOWN.



"The air with landward perfume swoons,  
The haven waits though wild the tide."

SCENE IN CHARLOTTETOWN HARBOR.



PUBLIC GARDENS, CHARLOTTETOWN.

### THE BEST WILL EVER WRITTEN

THE most sensible will ever written was made by an insane man. He was Charles Lounsberry; once a prominent member of the Chicago bar, who in his latter years lost his mind and was committed to the Cook County Asylum, at Danzing, where he died penniless. If he lost his mind he had kept his heart, or at least, in his last moments he was endowed with a lucidity that was higher than logic. For this strange man, penniless though he was, knew that he was yet rich, and he made a will, which, as the Chicago Record-Herald said, was "framed with such perfection of form and detail that no law could be found in its legal phraseology or matters." Inasmuch as poor, mad Charles Lounsberry knew gold from dross, we here reprint his will:—

I Charles Lounsberry, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament; in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

That part of my interest, which is known in law and recognized in the sheep bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of none account, I make no disposition of in this, my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

ITEM: I give to good fathers and mothers in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the needs of their children shall require.

ITEM: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every, the flowers of the fields, and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night, and the moon, and the trail of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereafter given to lovers.

ITEM: I devise to boys jointly, all the useful, idle fields and commons where ball may be played; all pleasant waters where one can swim; all snowed hills where one may coast; and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate, to have and to hold these same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof; the woods with their appurtenances, the squirrels and the birds and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places where may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all the pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance, and without any encumbrance of care.

ITEM: To lovers, I devise their imaginary world with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, and aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

ITEM: To young men, jointly, I devise and bequeath all bolsterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave to them the power to make lasting friendships, and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively, I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

ITEM: And to those who are no longer children, or youths, or lovers, I leave

memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poems, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully without title or diminution.

ITEM: To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.

### WELCOME HOME.

BY THE LATE EDWARD A. RAND.

A welcome home to all who come  
From mountain, lake or sea;  
And pilgrims from the prairies wide,  
With sweep of wind so free!

No place like home! What touch so soon  
Our pain can soothe away?  
What joys are found like those at home,  
That sparkle every day?

What crown of gold can be so dear  
As Love's own hearty praise?  
The sympathy of those at home  
Will lift o'er roughest ways.

Now in the door they wait for you,  
And "mother" stands between;  
Of all the pictures rare on earth,  
Give me that precious scene!

God grant that when our pilgrimage  
From earth to heaven is o'er,  
We see our loved ones waiting us,  
And mother at the door!

THE woodcock, it is said, has been known to carry away her young when threatened with danger. She places them on her spread feet, pressing them beneath the toes and the breast. A naturalist says many woodcocks also carry their young down to marshy feeding grounds in the evening, returning before dawn. In fact, they have no means of feeding their young except by carrying them to their food, for they cannot convey their food to them. Can any reader of The Magazine Guardian tell us anything on this subject. We have from time to time received articles on woodcock, but this point has never been considered.

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