

AN ISLAND VERSION OF THE BABES IN THE WOOD

The Fourth of a Series of Island Stories Reprinted From an Old Sketch Book.

Among the earliest parts of Prince-Edward Island to be settled were the lands adjacent to Brudenell River, which empties into the harbor of Georgetown. The people to whom I refer in this narrative had been settled some years, and stock and had abundance of good, homely fare.

In one respect they were far from contented; they had no regular ministry, and religious ordinances in their estimation constituted the foundation of society, of morals and of whatever was excellent. It is true they had prayer-meetings on Sunday, but the ordinance of baptism could only be dispensed by a clergyman and the fact of their children growing up without the initiatory rite disturbed them exceedingly.

At length an Episcopal divine became settled at Charlottetown, then a mere village, and several heads of the Brudenell families frequently spoke of going to have their children baptized; true, the man did not hold to the church of their fathers, but they decided not to stick at subordinate points.

Time after time they talked over the matter but could not agree on a date; like martyrs, they were true to conviction but recoiled from the stake. It much be confessed the scheme was attended with extraordinary difficulties, where as the thought of bringing the person to Brudenell seems never to have occurred to them.

Faally in autumn they definitely concluded that as soon as the various products of the soil had been gathered and preparations for winter complete, they would start and have the thing off their minds. The distance to be travelled each way was twenty-seven miles at least, nearly all through forest and only a path for most of the way; and if the trip be at all undertaken, they had oxen for field labor, but oxen were no good on a journey, it must be on foot.

As to the personnel, the expedition was to consist of three men with their wives, and six children. Though several of the youngsters were able to trot alongside of their parents, the greater number were in that difficult stage, rather too large to be carried and too feeble to walk. It was also necessary to take a supply of provisions, so that views from every point, the undertaking required good management to prevent a mishap.

After preparation the expedition set out on a Tuesday morning the first week of December, the weather clear, calm with light frost. The way being through forest, the fallen leaves rustled pleasantly under their feet. The forest is delightful any time of the year; in summer a mass of soft green, at the time of our story the leaves were a carpet.

The first day passed without any event of importance; about dusk when more than half way on their journey, the pilgrims reached a settlement the people of which they formerly knew; here they were welcome, and scattered among a number of houses they remained for the night.

On Wednesday they were early astir and reached their destination in time to have their mission accomplished, to get the children baptized. Thursday morning they turned towards home and in the afternoon reached their half-way friends with whom they lodged as before.

Overhead the storm is still raging, and snow falling fast; in the foreground, an immense fire, its unsteady blaze forming light and shade in the wood; behind the fire and thrown in relief against a green, cave-like enclosure, a group of men, women and children partially observed by steam from their garments—what a subject for art!

It was probably midnight ere the party retired, which they did by reclining on a slope bank of green boughs, the men keeping awake turn about to replenish the fire.

Soon as daylight appeared there was a general movement; a council was held as to what course to adopt; should the expedition set out as before, or should the men proceed homewards, bring back their oxen and finish the pilgrimage in some kind of a state? At length the men were tired enough reaching their homes; by the time they had eaten some food and yoked their steers, the day was pretty well spent. The return journey was slow, the women were busy surmising what could have caused the delay, and they were glad enough on hearing away back in the wood the calls which men make to oxen that are slow in their gait.

After turning the animal's heads towards home and getting the live cargo adjusted, the pilgrimage started and arrived at home before daybreak.

The expedition which at one time threatened to end in disaster supplied a subject for winter-night conversation in years when newspapers were little known in the colony and interesting recitals were few. One generation rolled the facts down to its successor till finally they came to the writer, and now pleasant reader we transfer them to you.

Friday morning was dark and ominous, portending a storm with the wind from north-east. Their friends of the night urged the pilgrims to lengthen their stay, as a storm was approaching and with such a numerous train it would be most inconvenient to be caught in the wood; but urging was useless, old and young seemed to have only one idea, to get home before night.

What fascination is connected with the idea of home; seemingly the more humble the greater the attraction.

After a reasonable number of good byes and good wishes the party set out. They had not proceeded far when there began to fall a fine variety of hail which pricked the skin like sharp needles; this gradually changed to rain which froze as it fell and soon covered the pilgrims with ice.

The wind from north-east was steadily rising and their line of march being east, they had virtually to face it. The children were particularly distressed and declared their discomfort in a boisterous way. Conditions were becoming worse every hour, the rate of progress slow, and in the absence of houses the situation was dismal.

By noon the wind had increased to a tempest, the rain gradually changed to snow and before long a snow-storm was raging, backed up with frost. The feet and hands of the children (soaking wet) were in danger of freezing and as a final expedient the men unbuttoned their own garments and placed the hands and feet of the little ones against their bodies as protection from frost.

The women's stiff, icy garments retarded advance while the weight was exhausting; there were indeed but few elements wanting calculated to increase their distress, and all realized that without some change in the outlook the feeblest must perish. Their homes were at least seven miles away and by no degree of endurance could they arrive at the goal; it was therefore resolved to camp.

A desirable location having been reached, the women took the babes in hand and the men set to work; one undertook to kindle a fire, another cut materials for a camp and the third began building. In those days every traveller carried a steel, flint and tinder, also an axe; those preparations omitted, often caused disaster. Under the circumstances, kindling a fire was not an easy task, but once started, birch bark together with dry wood soon made a blaze.

The camp was of evergreen boughs, its back to the tempest, a huge fire in front, green boughs also served as carpet, many layers in depth, and a harby moment where more than half way on their journey, the pilgrims reached a settlement the people of which they formerly knew; here they were welcome, and scattered among a number of houses they remained for the night.

The men cut and carried along a heap of dry fuel, for they would never do to let the fire get low. They ate what remained of the food, and procured water from a rivulet nearby. An hour before they were in a state of serious anxiety, but they are quite happy now.

Overhead the storm is still raging, and snow falling fast; in the foreground, an immense fire, its unsteady blaze forming light and shade in the wood; behind the fire and thrown in relief against a green, cave-like enclosure, a group of men, women and children partially observed by steam from their garments—what a subject for art!

It was probably midnight ere the party retired, which they did by reclining on a slope bank of green boughs, the men keeping awake turn about to replenish the fire.

Soon as daylight appeared there was a general movement; a council was held as to what course to adopt; should the expedition set out as before, or should the men proceed homewards, bring back their oxen and finish the pilgrimage in some kind of a state? At length the men were tired enough reaching their homes; by the time they had eaten some food and yoked their steers, the day was pretty well spent. The return journey was slow, the women were busy surmising what could have caused the delay, and they were glad enough on hearing away back in the wood the calls which men make to oxen that are slow in their gait.

After turning the animal's heads towards home and getting the live cargo adjusted, the pilgrimage started and arrived at home before daybreak.

The expedition which at one time threatened to end in disaster supplied a subject for winter-night conversation in years when newspapers were little known in the colony and interesting recitals were few. One generation rolled the facts down to its successor till finally they came to the writer, and now pleasant reader we transfer them to you.

THE MODERN MOLOCH

By James Maxwell Murphy

Life Story of Mabel McFarland

A sordid story of love's breathless visions levelled to the dust by the insidious wife of the "dope monster" was revealed by pretty nineteen year old Mabel McFarland from her cell in the Duluth county jail on December 15th.

It is the heart rending story of a trusting sweet young girl who gave her youth, her beauty and her heart to the keeping of a drug slave—of the shocking discovery of her husband's loathsome servitude—of a bitter fight to save him and her love, and finally of a gradual descent to a fate as bad as that which her husband suffered in the slimy coils of the Morphine serpent.

She came to the door of her cell, a slender lovely, blue-eyed slip of a girl and facing her questioner with a look of shame and humiliation in her eyes sobbed out the bitter history of her short life, "to save," she cried, "countless innocent girls from the living death that was mine."

"I was born in a city in North Dakota," she began, "and until I was eighteen years old lived the normal happy life of the average American girl in comfortable circumstances. Father was an instructor in the conservatory of music, but he died when I was only nine to a temper, the rain gradually changed to snow and before long a snow-storm was raging, backed up with frost. The feet and hands of the children (soaking wet) were in danger of freezing and as a final expedient the men unbuttoned their own garments and placed the hands and feet of the little ones against their bodies as protection from frost."

Recovering herself she continued, "I was brought up a Christian Scientist," she said. "I went to public school, and was just finishing high school at the age of seventeen when mother died. After graduating I lived with my sister until I was eighteen enjoying the happy innocent amusements of my girl and boy friends and making up my mind as to what should be my career in life."

It was then I decided to come to Wisconsin to take up the study of nursing at Mendota state hospital. Eight months later I met David Foy. He was 24. A handsome personable young man—He wooed me—I returned his affection and the indescribably poignant joy of the great love entered my life for the first time." She stopped and her features contorted with pain. "Had I only known! she cried, "that those tender eyes was slave to the devilish commands of the drug urge, and that David was under going at the time the reduction cure for drug addiction. But I could not know, and with every happy anticipation on my part we were married on February the 15th of this year in Minneapolis."

It was then my awful misery began. He left me on our bridal night to renew his drug supply. He wouldn't work—Finally disillusioned and desperate I returned to my sister who in the meantime had moved to Superior, Wis.

I had only been home a few days when word came that Dave was in jail in Minneapolis. Despite his wretchedness I loved him and my place was at his side. I went to Minneapolis, hired lawyers to defend him, and took a position as a waitress in a downtown restaurant to defray expenses of fighting his case. He was sentenced to 60 days in the workhouse. While he was in prison I slaved night and day to get together a little home where we could start life anew when he got out.

He was released, insisted upon moving to Duluth and got a job with the Edison Electric Co. here. But alas he quickly slipped back into the grip of the "monster," refused to work—and degenerated rapidly. He became ill—I was desperate! no money! nothing to eat and I couldn't get a job. There was no money for food and medicine! I took the only way left open—I went out into the streets.

Here her voice broke brown completely and great heart racking sobs issued from her tortured throat. "I didn't last long. The police soon picked me up, and my husband as soon as he heard of my arrest ran away from Duluth. But he didn't get far. I heard yesterday that he was picked up by the police and is in jail in Janesville, Wis."

"Please tell my story to all the girls and boys," she said, "so that they may be saved from a fate like mine."

"MILLBANK"



10 For 15¢

25 For 35¢

THE QUALITY CIGARETTE

IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED.



Old Dutch
Soft and flaky.
woit scratch.

Contains no lye or acids.

Goes further, does better work.

Cleans all thru the house.

Made in Canada

THE COACH'S JOB

Something of the taskmaster, the general and the diplomat, and a lot of the doctor must be hidden away in the man who would be the coach of a successful football or track team.

Emergencies of all kinds are his daily routine. A thorough knowledge of first aid is as essential as a knowledge of the game played by his men.

Bumps, bruises, strained ligaments and muscles are every day happenings, but the coach never becomes contemptuous of them. He knows that if neglected, they may result in anything.

Trainers everywhere keep Absorbine Jr. in their lockers. They use it not only for sprains, cuts and bruises, but for the skin and blood protection of its disinfecting properties. In one convenient container it combines the functions of a number of preparations.

It is the first of all the First Aid requisites in use in all of the leading athletic clubs.

And there are just as many everyday uses for Absorbine Jr. in the homes of Canada as there are in the training camps. Always keep it in the home where you can "jump to it" in case of emergency.

\$1.25 at your druggist.

TO MAKE GLOVE FINGERS LAST

After wearing gloves once, turn the fingers inside out, and apply bits of court plaster to each tip. This prevents the thread from ripping and prolongs the life of the gloves wonderfully.

THE CHOICE OF ROYALTY

WHEN H. R. H. the PRINCE OF WALES visited Banff, "Canada's National Park," a beautiful

WILLIS ART PIANO

"Canada's Best"

was specially selected for the entertainment of the Royal guest during his stay at the famous C. P. R. Hotel.



Purveyors to Royalty

H. R. H. Prince of Wales.
T. R. H. Duke and Duchess of Connaught
T. E. Duke and Duchess of Devonshire

We will gladly show you the Willis Piano "The Choice of Royalty." Call today.

A. E. TOOMBS

167 Queen Street
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Boxing Bouts Held at Windsor

WINDSOR, N. S., April 18.—The first boxing match here for some years was staged by the War Vets in their hall on Tuesday evening.

The main bout was a six rounder between P. Salter and C. Hoyt. Although no decision was given, Salter was the winner. The first two rounds were even. Salter won the third and fourth rounds. The fourth round was even Salter won the fifth and sixth.

W. Pottipas and W. Graham battled to a draw. C. Smith won from G. Sealing in two rounds. The boxers in the "prelims" were between the ages of eight and ten.


Albert Smith refereed the bouts. Fred Sealing will meet Jack Mousher here on Thursday in a ten round exhibition.

Another member speaking in the Legislature the other day referring to the political millennium of surpluses and good roads which is now upon us, (although we know it not) made abundant use of metaphor and spoke of the streamlets purling with delight and the mountains clapping their hands for joy. In this he went one better than the prophet Isaiah, who venturing on his ukelale and go to organs as it were, is that this spring songy she is spoke" could indeed be furnished in interesting variety from the Legislative debates of the past few weeks, although these linguistic gems do not often appear in the journals or reports. They must be heard to be appreciated.

A song in a heart-breaking tenor voice, or to be told that the hours I spent with the dear heart are like a string of pearls to me. Hot Dogs! In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, sayeth the poet, but for the love of Mike, son, do your love lifting on single wire. All the world loves a lover, especially if they can listen in."

Thanks, Old Man, for Telling Me About DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

It has given me back my old time vigor and made me strong and well.



This is the way people feel about DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD. It lifts them out of the tired, nervous, helpless condition resulting from exhausted nerves, restores health and vigor and makes life worth while.

COULD NOT SLEEP
Mr. A. W. Foster, 178 Le Breton St., Ottawa, Ont., writes:—"For almost a year I was troubled with 'nerves,' was restless, especially on retiring, when I would be unable to sleep for hours. I was easily fatigued, or excited and very irritable. A neighbor recommended the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, but I neglected doing so until one day when in a drug store it was again recommended. I bought a box immediately and before the first week had passed I was enjoying a good night's rest every night. I gained rapidly in every way while taking this treatment, and my general state of health is now very much improved."

HEALTH RUN DOWN
Mr. Charles E. How, R. R. No. 5, Aylmer, Ont., writes:—"My system became generally run down, and I suffered from dull, heavy headaches. I was nervous, could not sleep at night, and my muscles used to twitch. My appetite became poor, I had indigestion and weak spells. I consulted a doctor who gave me a tonic, but it did no good. I used other remedies, too, before finally trying DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD. I found that this did me more good than anything I had ever taken. I can heartily recommend it to anyone for weak nerves or run down system. I have also found DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT splendid for cuts, bruises, etc."

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD
THE GREATEST OF NERVE TONICS

TO KEEP HANDS WHITE

If it is necessary to have your hands in water a great deal, keep a perfume bottle of vinegar handy. Shake a little on your hands each time you dry them. It will keep them white and smooth.