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THE MAGAZINE GUARDIAN

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A TALE OF THREE VILLAGES

Being a history of Annandale, Bridgetown and Dundas, P. E. I.

(By George E. Saville.)

ABOUT seven miles from the mouth of Grand River, and about as far up as it is navigable, the river takes a sharp turn to the eastward for about two hundred yards, when it again turns north to flow through Grand River Bridge. Here, on the western bank of the river stands the village of Bridgetown, a village that its patriotic inhabitants claim is unequalled for beauty of situation in the whole land.

In the year 1850, Capt. Edward Saville, a native of Gloucester, Mass., but then residing in Portland, Maine, started on a coasting voyage to Prince Edward Island for the purpose of trading New England manufactures for juniper knees. The vessel which he commanded was called the "Blue Rock." One fine morning he entered Grand River, and without a pilot, worked his way up as far as he could find water to float the schooner, or somewhere opposite Bridgetown, the site of which was then covered with forest as in fact was also much of the surrounding country. Whether it was because of the opportunity for trade that he saw existed, or whether it was because he fell in love with a daughter of the late Dr. Clay, I cannot tell, but anyway shortly after his return to Portland he decided to start doing business at the head of Grand River. So he wrote to Thomas Clay, and asked him to procure material for a shop. This was done, and in the summer of 1851, Capt. Saville returned with a vessel load of merchandise and selecting a site a little west of where Matthew & McLean's store now stands. Thomas Clay and himself chopped down the woods and erected the first building in the village. Shortly after this Capt. Saville married Emeline, the only daughter of Dr. Thomas Charles Clay, and made his home at Bridgetown. To them were born the following children: Frank, residing in California; Edward S., the father of the writer, in Mount Selman, Texas; George, in North Dakota; William B. in Michigan; Harry, in San Francisco; and Ada, the only daughter, is married to Dr. A. K. Shockey, of Kaw Kawlin, Michigan; in 1854.

Riley & McDougall, started shipbuilding at Bridgetown. The first vessel built being called the "Reciprocity." But here we might say that the first shipbuilding was not done at Bridgetown, for John Moore Johnston and Murdoch and Neil McLeod, the fathers of John N.

and John Murdoch of Poplar Point, built further down the river, between 1850 and 1860; the McLeods being the first builders on the river that I can find any information of. Capt. Saville built the "Wave Crest" in 1855, and the late James Jenkins, Esq., of Little Pond, started building in 1866 and carried on the business extensively for many years until he retired from business to engage in farming at Little Pond on an estate which he purchased from the widow of the Hon. Joseph Dingwell.

Mr. Jenkin's wife is still living at Annandale, hale and hearty, and his children's names are: Francis, living at Little Pond; Charles, at Little Pond; Robert, who was drowned and whose son William resides at Annandale; William, who lives near Annandale; Mary, the wife of Henry Jones, Hazel Brook; Amy, the wife of Edwin McFarlane, Annandale; and Margaret who resides with her mother at Annandale.

The largest shipbuilding business was carried on by John McDougall, and Mr. Jenkins, but it was engaged in on a small scale by Richard Burdett, Edward Vickerson, Stephen McKean and by Capt. Saville in partnership with his brothers-in-law, Henry and Darius Clay. Until the early seventies everything was prosperous. There were hundreds of men employed in the shipyards at good wages, while hundreds more were engaged in searching the forests for suitable timber for ships which, when secured they hauled to the yards and sold; sometimes taking in payment goods at prices 100% higher than what we can buy the same articles for to-day.

Early in the seventies calamities began to come thick and fast upon the village. On Christmas Day, 1872, the schooner Emeline in command of Capt. Saville, who was accompanied by his two brothers-in-law, Henry and Darius Clay, sailed from Bridgetown bound for Bay of Islands, Newfoundland.

She reached her destination in safety where she was loaded with herring. But on the return voyage while trying to run down the light on the East Point of P. E. I. (which owing to some unfortunate mismanagement was not burning) she struck on the East Point reef. The masts and rigging were swept away; the schooner capsized, and Capt. Saville and his crew died sailors' deaths amidst the icy breakers. As far as I can learn only one body was ever found, that of a sailor named Macdonald, and a seaman's coat belonging to Capt. Saville together with his boots which he had evidently taken off in the water, as the buttons had been all ripped off the coat.

The good people of East Point ploughed the shores for miles in a vain effort to find the bodies but without success although it was at one time rumoured that they had been found and quietly buried, but I can not verify it, and doubt the story.

The vessel escaped with little injury and was found adrift off the Cape Breton coast a few days afterwards. In charge of a new capt. and crew she returned to Grand River at least once after her fatal departure.

About 1875 ship building began to decline. The building of the P. E. Island railroad cut off a lot of the produce trade to the fall, and from 1880 to the present time the village has made little growth. Many of its pioneers are either dead or abroad in other lands. The McDougalls are all dead; Vickerson is dead; Stephen McKean is in the Southern States; Dr. Clay is dead. Thomas Clay is about the only man who assisted in building the village that is residing near it today, and it is rather a remarkable coincidence, that while almost all those who resided in Bridgetown forty years ago are dead Mr. Clay who framed the first building in the village is still living.

As the ship building declined, greater interest was taken in agriculture, and only a few yards from the village we come to the splendid farm of William

McLeod, one of the old ship-yard smiths. His fine home, large and convenient barns, fertile fields and thrifty herds show that he has been equally successful as a farmer as he was while swinging the hammer on the glowing iron.

Close at hand lie also the well tilled farms of T. J. Wigginton (perhaps the most fertile farm for miles), and the old McDougall farm now owned by Jas. A. Stewart.

About a mile from the village we find the residence of Charles Clay, Esq., who, when in active life, was considered the best farmer in the township.

But for some years his two sons, C. B. and Henry Clay have been in charge of his farm, while he has led a retired life.

Messrs Phillip and Nathan Acorn and Simon Cantelo, also have splendid farms a short distance from the village.

There is only one store in the village but it is a good one—a branch of Matthew & McLean's business in charge of W. E. Leard who in season and out of season has faithfully attended to the wants of his customers for many years.

There is one church the Methodist, and one blacksmith, Mr. Lauchlan Morrison, in the village proper, while just across Grand River bridge, on the Dundas side of the river, James McDonald does a large blacksmith business. A carriage shop conducted by Lauchlan McKay is a busy manufacturing concern in the village.

The school, while on the Dundas side of the river, is rightfully Bridgetown's, because it was originally situated on Mr. William McLeod's farm. A large saw and crut mill business is carried on about one mile from the village by Lewis Ross & Sons.

The village hotel and post office is conducted by James G. McLeod a native of Ulster.

With railway accommodation Bridgetown would be a first class place for tourist trade as there is splendid sea trout fishing all along the river, and we understand that the fish and game association intend placing salmon fry in the river during the coming summer.

Now as I find my space pretty well occupied I shall close by expressing my thanks to James Eaman of Upton, from whom I received most of the historical facts contained herein. We also trust that as a result of the steamship service lately established and the building of the Dundas railroad in the near future that Bridgetown will renew its growth and

SAY SOMETHING GOOD.

When over the fair fame of friend or foe The shadow of disgrace shall fall, instead Of words of blame, of proof of thousand so, Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet May fall so low but love may lift his head; Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet

If something good is said, No generous heart may vainly turn aside In ways of sympathy, no soul so dead But may be awoken strong and glorified, If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown, And by the cross on which the Saviour bled, And by your own soul's hope of fair renown, Let something good be said!

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

before many years become a place of much greater importance commercially than it is at present, and, while conscious of its imperfections, we ask the good people of Bridgetown to accept this sketch as a small token of the writer's and of the Guardian's esteem and good will toward them.

OUR NATIVE TREES PINES AND MAPLES

THE PINES.

ABOUT the great there is simplicity. We are sensible of this when we stand before these grave inhabitants of the forests—the pines. They have lived long on the earth; in fact; coniferous trees knew the world in one of its earliest geological ages. The pine ranks among our first forest-trees, and is more largely used for building purposes than any other wood. The white pine reaches a height of from one hundred to one hundred and eighty feet, with a diameter from two and a half to six feet. So much of our pine on this continent has been shipped to Europe and other countries, that in large tracts where this timber was once abundant it is now scarce. Pines in general have not the formality of the spruce and fir, being less symmetrical. These send out their branches in whorls, gradually tapering to a fine point, while the pines are round headed. These leaves are in compact clusters, containing from two to five while those of the fir are arranged singly

along the branch or around it. The pine needles or leaves with their many points and edges, even in a gentle breeze, produce a deep, solemn murmur, and when the storm is abroad and tempest high— "The loud wind through the forest wakes, With sounds like ocean's warnings, wild and deep. And in yon gloomy pines strange music makes."

THE MAPLES.

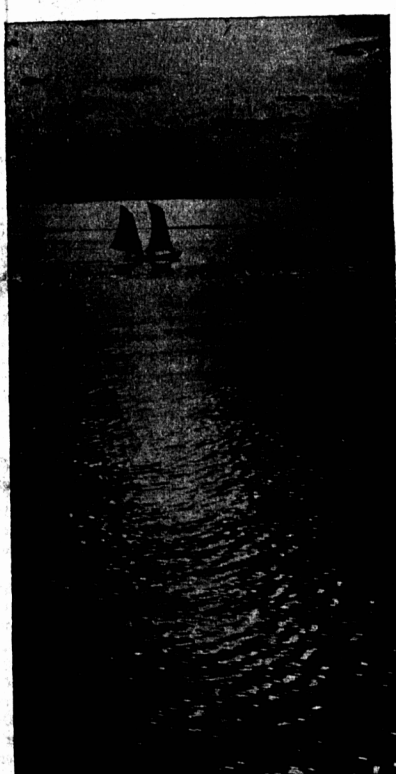
The maples justly claim to rank first among our trees for value and beauty. Their lines are sharply cut, and there is an entire freedom from stiffness. They are hardy, easy to cultivate, and have a wide range of growth. The sugar maple forms a dense, broad-based, round-topped head, of deep green foliage. The tree is clean and free from insects than the majority of our deciduous trees. It is the most valuable of its species—not alone for its sugar, but its wood is the best for fuel and is hard, heavy, strong, close and fine grained and has a silky lustre when polished. Its leaves are large and beautifully marked. The flower appears with the foliage. It is generally found mixed with beech, hemlock, ash, butternut and wild-cherry trees. No tree that grows in our country can approach the sugar maple for the glory and variety of its color in the autumn. The ash produces two or three deeper shades, but it lacks variety. The red or soft maple has a wider range of growth, prefers a damper soil, and is generally found in swamps and on the border of streams. It makes a more rapid growth than the hard maple, and is generally preferred as a shade tree. Its blossoms come very early and are of a deep scarlet. The striped maple, a tree of singular grace and beauty, prefers to grow in the forest rather than the field. The leaves are large, broad and deeply cleft. It is one of the earliest trees to flower. The cut-leaf maple is now grown chiefly as an ornamental tree because of its slender pendant branches and clustering leaves, calling forth the admiration of tourists as they visit our cities and villages.

A NEW THEORY OF LIFE

By H. CHARLTON BASTIAN, Author of "The Beginnings of Life," Etc.

IT has been said over and over again that a present-day de novo natural origin of living matter is contrary to the experience of all mankind—that we see everywhere living things, coming only from pre-existing living things. That is perfectly true in regard to the question of the origin of all the living things that come under our observation; but it is absolutely devoid of all cogency in reference to the question of the de novo origin of living matter, seeing that the origin of living matter, like the origin of crystals, can only take place in fluid or in semi-fluid media, and that in each case the initial molecular combinations would lie far beyond the region of the visible even were the observer aided by the most powerful microscope ever made. If all the forms of life that have ever existed upon the surface of the earth have been derived from the primordial forms which first took origin by natural synthetic processes in an incalculably remote past, no adequate and consistent explanation would be forthcoming of the undoubted existence, at the present day, of the treming multitudes of such lower organisms as have been referred to. For if the assumed gradual development of higher forms of life during all past geologic ages has been largely due to the intrinsic mutability of living matter, as the evolution hypothesis assumes, would it not be a stultification of that hypothesis to suppose that such primordial forms

as bacteria, tortulae, monads, amobae and ciliated infusoria have remained practically unchanged and in these low grades for untold millions of years? If instead of believing with Darwin that "all the living forms of life are the lineal descendants of those that lived long before the Cambrian epoch," and that "all the organic beings that have ever lived on this earth may be descended from some one primordial form," it should be admitted that life originally started from multitudes of centres (as the uniformity of natural phenomena would demand); that from the earliest stages of the earth's history up to the present time new starting points of simplest forms have been "ever taking" place all over the surface of the earth, we may see, not only how many of the facts concerning "persistent types" may be explained, but also how the time needed for the whole evolution of life upon the globe may have been far less prolonged than most biologists have hitherto supposed.—Extracted from an article in the World Today.



Summerside Harbor in the Moonlight.

THAT STAB-LIKE PAIN IN THE SMALL OF THE BACK COMES FROM THE KIDNEYS AND CAN BE CURED BY DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

It is not the back that is aching, but the kidneys which are situated beneath the small of the back. Therefore, dull pain in the back, or sharp, quick twinges, are warnings of sick kidneys—warnings of kidney trouble. Plasters and liniments will not cure a bad back, for they cannot reach the kidneys which cause it. Doan's Kidney Pills reach the kidneys. That is what they are for, and that only. So, if you would be free from backache, swelling of the feet and ankles, frequent or suppressed urines, painful sensation when urinating, specks floating before the eyes, frequent thirst, brick-dust deposit in the urine, or anything wrong with the urinary organs or bladder, you must keep your kidneys well. Help them to work freely, and help them to flush off all the body's waste and impurities. Doan's Kidney Pills are made from the purest roots and herbs, and have a remarkable healing and toning effect on the kidneys. Mrs. Barling, 25 Locomotive Street, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "I had been troubled considerably with my kidneys, using many remedies, but finding no relief, I tried Doan's Kidney Pills and found them to act directly on the kidneys, and making them strong again." Price 50 cents per box, three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.



LIKE ALL OF 'EM. Clara—I thought you said Mrs. Snodgrass wrote fiction. Jack—So she does. Clara—Why, she's the author of a cook book. Jack—Well, that's full of fiction.

FOR SALE Rosebank Farm Situate on the south side of Hillsboro River opposite the city, one mile from Charlottetown, containing 180 acres, 130 acres cleared and in a high state of cultivation, Terms liberal. For further particulars apply P. McKENNA, Charlottetown, Queen Street Aug 4, 1893 tu, wed, fri, sat 17

THIS WEEK'S INSTALLMENT of the "Voyage of the Brig Fanny" is held over until next Saturday. The story will probably be concluded in two more chapters.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

Let the mother take Scott's Emulsion for the two; it never fails to benefit them both. One can eat for two, but nourishing two is a different thing. It calls for a degree of internal strength that the average woman lacks. People of luxury are not very strong by habit; overworked people are weak in some functions from exhaustion or their surroundings. Scott's Emulsion can be depended upon to overcome such conditions. It is a wonderful food for a mother and child.



HIS PAINTINGS CONDEMNED HIM "Vandyke Brown (the artist)—And pray tell me, madam, why you think I'd better not go out today! Mrs. Flutte (the landlady)—Well, some men were asking for you and they said they were the hanging committee."

Don't Neglect a Cough or Cold

IT CAN HAVE BUT ONE RESULT. IT LEAVES THE THROAT OR LUNGS, OR BOTH, AFFECTED.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP IS THE MEDICINE YOU NEED.

It is without an equal as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Quinsy and all affections of the Throat and Lungs. A single dose of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will stop the cough, soothe the throat, and if the cough or cold has become settled on the lungs, the healing properties of the Norway Pine Tree will proclaim its great virtue by promptly eradicating the bad effects, and a persistent use of the remedy cannot fail to bring about a complete cure. Do not be humbugged into buying so-called Norway Pine Syrups, but be sure and insist on having Dr. Wood's. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cts. Mrs. Henry Saabrook, Hepworth, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup in our family for the past three years and I consider it the best remedy known for the cure of colds. It has cured all my children and myself."

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