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# THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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

## THE MAGAZINE GUARDIAN

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Issued Every Saturday Morning

### THE HAPPY LITTLE FROG.

LET us for a moment turn our study to a creature or a tribe of creatures nearer home and with which we all are more or less familiar. You have all both seen and heard them. They make their homes by thousands in Government Pond and the swamps near Brighton Road. A few weeks ago they were all asleep, buried deep in the mud at the bottom of the pond. But when the warm sunshine had melted the ice, taken the chill off the water and clothed the banks with green, they arose to sing and enter upon the renewed activities of frog life. You may despise him, my reader, but a very wonderful creature is this same Mr. Frog. He is first hatched from an egg in the waters and starts life in a very small way as a fish. At this stage he lives wholly under the water. If you remove the little tadpole or pollywog from the water to the land he will die as quickly as any other fish. For he has no lungs—only gills such as other fishes have. He has no legs, either, his long tail serves as a propeller, and he can swim quite swiftly. He lives by swallowing the minute animalcules which like himself have their homes in the water. So for some months he passes a happy childhood. By and by a strange feeling comes over him and he longs for a higher and better world than that into which he was born. He betakes himself to the shore, the mysterious border land between the two worlds.

the lower world of water and the upper and better world of air. In the language of frogs he goes the way of all frogs, as his father and mother went before him. There, where the air and waters join their boundaries he undergoes a wonderful and mysterious change. He sheds his tail; he grows four legs and, more wonderful still, he develops a pair of lungs to breathe the air of the new world to which he is going. Presently he emerges upon the land into the brighter sunlight amid the grass and flowers. And in the joy of his new life he lifts up his voice to sing. In due time he finds a mate among the fair young virgins of his tribe. But his new and larger life is not exempt from trials and vicissitudes. The glowing summer wanes to golden autumn and this in turn gives place to rigorous winter. There is no longer grass or insects to eat and the frost bites bitterly. What will become of the poor frog now? What will become of the entire tribe? But the divinely implanted instinct does not fail them. One and all betake them, selves to the bottom of the pond and simply and trustfully go to sleep. For four or five months they repose in sweet unconsciousness, while we are cumbered with the cares of life and big coal bills, the cost of keeping warm. In all that time they do not eat, they do not breathe. But in due time they awake and sing again.

### FISH CULTURE

THE importance of fish culture is pretty generally recognized today says the May number of "Rod and Gun in Canada" and to Canada with her wonderful system of waterways, the subject is one of overwhelming importance. Many inquiries have been received from the States, and quite a number of the different States have adopted the policy of Canada in this respect. Everything done in this way assists others, for in fish culture there is still much to be learnt, and new methods are being adopted, and carried out, as experiments, by careful observers who are deeply interested in the work. Reports have been received from different sections of successful fishing conducted in lakes where, prior to the turning out of fry from the hatcheries no game fish were to be found. This has been particularly noticed on Lake Memphremagog where salmon were caught last fall, having been

planted from the Magog hatchery five or six years before. In Sharbot Lake, Ont., a small supply of salmon fry were planted three years ago, and last season a few of these fish were caught. Mr. C. H. Simpson, of St. Alexis des Monts, Que., deeded to the Department free of charge his private hatchery, and about twenty acres of land as well as a number of retaining pounds. The hatchery is being used exclusively for hatching of speckled and Margate trout. A short run over the work done from Prince Edward Island to British Columbia may not be without interest even to the general reader, while to the fisherman, who likes to know all he can about the fish with which he spends so many hours, it should be of special interest. Around Prince Edward Island they are cultivating and propagating oysters and lobsters, and making the harvest of the sea more productive and valuable every year. From Nova Scotia there are reports from three hatcheries—Bedford, Bay View, and Margaree. The first distributed no less than twelve hundred thousand salmon fry in nineteen rivers and streams of the Province, and 13,000 speckled trout in Mattland stream and Mount Henly Lake; the second no less than 175 millions of young lobsters (the finest for many years) around the sea shores of the Province; and the third 502,000 fry in the rivers and streams. One extract must be made from the report of Mr. A. G. Carmichael, of the Margaree hatchery, which reads as follows: "Local historians inform us that our first settlers found the Margaree River literally filled with salmon. I am satisfied that with proper and intelligent effort to increase the production of fry in this hatchery, a liberal re-stocking of the river would follow. With the nets removed out of its tidal waters, or restrictions placed on their use, the greater respect for the fishery laws and their vigorous enforcement will also ensure its productivity." This same officer points out that applications are sometimes made for streams that are not adopted for salmon fry. He pleads for a free hand for officers in this matter as after bringing fry through with so much hard labor and expense it appears too bad to throw them away.

### A DIFFERENCE IN LUNGS.

In the Edinburgh University three human lungs lie side by side. One is of an Eskimo and is snow white. In life, this would be ruddy with rich blood. Another is that of a coal-miner and is black. The other is of a town dweller and is a dirty slate gray, as are the lungs of most city residents. That's why consumption thrives in cities. One reason why Scott's Emulsion does so much to keep down consumption is because it helps to keep the lungs clean and supplies them with rich, red blood. It makes the lungs germ-resisting. If the body is run down and health is at a low ebb Scott's Emulsion will build it up quickly and permanently. SCOTT & BOWNE, Toronto, Ont.



"In Prince Edward Island Nearly Everybody Reads The Charlottetown Guardian."

### NEW ENGLAND'S DARING FISHERMEN

EVERY Newfoundlander has the profoundest admiration for these Yankee fishermen,—first, because of pride of class, which makes sailormen brothers the world over; then, because of the respect for seafaring courage which their exploits evoke in a people themselves renowned for their nautical prowess; and, finally, because of actual kinship, great numbers of the fisherfolk who crew these American fishboats being natives of this "Terranovan Isle." The New England fishing fleet comprises about 400 vessels, crewed by some 6,000 men, and probably one-fourth are New Foundlanders, and as many more Nova Scotians, and the remainder Scandinavians, Portuguese, French, and native-born Americans. Probably none, among all those who go

down to the sea in ships follow an occupation so surcharged with hardship and peril, so nerve-racking and strength-snapping, so pregnant with disaster and death, as that in which those men are engaged. The great majority of the fleet operate along the Atlantic seaboard, from the Delaware capes, where they first strike the elusive mackerel, northward past "the dreaded shoals of Georges", with its cusk, hake, and haddock, to the famous Grand Banks of Newfoundland, the home of the lordly cod. This is a ocean area every mile of which is crossed by steamers great and small,—liners, freighters, trampers, and vagabonds, inbound and outbound, on all kinds of courses. The fishing-grounds are often veiled in fogs or swept by storms, during

which conditions, or in the gloom of night collisions are frequent, and the racing, towering monsters run down and shatter with their steel-clad prows the midget fishing smacks which may lay across their road. Farther north the peril of iceberg and ice is encountered by the schooners which work their way up towards Labrador and then along to distant Greenland for fares of the tasty halibut, which they wrest by sheer pluck and daring from the frigid polar seas, facing the menace of an arctic nip amid the floes or a stroke away at intervals. Those which remain are a portion of the natural increase. A few years since Mr. Chaddock, of Boston, who was on board a vessel that was wrecked at that dreary place, and remained through the whole command of an inclement winter, made such representation to Governor Westworth of Nova Scotia as induced him to recommend to the legislature the making of a permanent establishment at the Island—compensating a person as a constant resident and keeping him supplied with a good stock of provisions, clothing, etc. The legislature cheerfully conformed to the philanthropic suggestion. A house and other buildings were erected and arrangements made which continue to this day. Much suffering has been prevented and many lives saved." Mr. Hancock, notwithstanding the claim of the Palladium, was by no means the first to stock the island with animals. So long ago as 1518 history relates that Baron de Lery attempted a settlement there and left animals upon it. In 1598 Steur de la Roche touched at Sable Island on his way to "New France" in a vessel manned chiefly by convicts, and left there forty of those miserable people. For five years they remained on the island and subsisted on the wild cattle, the progeny of the animals left there by Baron de Lery in 1518. In 1633, when an expedition came

### REMINISCENCES OF A NONOGENARIAN.

IN the Magazine Guardian, of the 17th March, under the above heading were given some reminiscences furnished by James Farquharson of this City. The incidents related and recalled have proved so interesting that in response to many enquiries for more, a further instalment is herewith given. The old gentleman whose ninety years of light upon him has very vivid recollection of the conditions of life on Prince Edward Island when he was a youth. Speaking of education, the old gentleman recalled that the method adopted to make the young idea shoot was to get, when possible, ten or a dozen children together—that is if it could be accomplished without scouring too great an extent of the country. Then a St. John's fisherman

or some other peripatetic scholar, temporarily unoccupied, would be engaged for the winter months as schoolmaster. (In the summer children had to work, and strange and wonderful in some cases was the knowledge imparted by these in a double sense, wielders of the rod. Occasionally however a real schoolmaster would strike a settlement and then all men wondered that "one small head could carry all he knew." To these masters the children would come in winter over the frozen roads, from within a radius of ten miles, while the father and elder brothers worked in the woods. The farm work in the milder seasons was no less rigorous. Most of the settler's owned, or possessed leases to, certain areas of marsh lands from which they cut hay for winter feed for their stock. The

uplands they slaved at to make into perfect fields—the stumping and clearing frolics were everyday occurrences and must have been things to remember. What a pity that some rustic quill driver did not invoke the aid of Otto and leave us writ for history's page some details of the little incidents which filled in the day devoted to such work. We can imagine the zest with which these "freemen" of a new country labored in the pride of their health and strength to hew out of the forests a home in which to settle down and bring up a family in the fear of the Lord, for on the whole the pioneers were a devout class of men who loved simplicity and walked circumspectly according to their lights.

(To be Continued.)

### THE APACHES THE BAD INDIANS.

SCARCELY a tribe of American Indians but what have engraved their record of crime and infamy high up on history's wall, yet above them all is the Apaches. From 1840 to 1853 New Spain and Mexico carried on a so-called warfare with these people. The Apaches were vastly outnumbered by the Mexican soldiers, but what they lacked in numbers was more than made up in courage and craftiness. The Apache ever had a thorough contempt for the Mexican soldiers, and in later years, when they were fighting with firearms as well as arrows, they would not waste cartridges on the Mexicans, but would kill them with arrows, spears, and stones, saving their cartridges for other and more worthy foes. When this Southwest region became a part of the United States the Apaches were a serious problem with which we had to contend. Our Government vacillated between a smug peace policy and the other extreme, their extermination. Their zone of wandering being intersected by the international boundary-line further complicated matters. They

would raid down into Mexico and then rush back with the plunder on our side of the line, out of reach of the pursuing soldiers. Next, it would be a raid on the Arizona side and a fight into the wild mountains of Sonora. The Mexican Government attempted to assist their interstellar army by giving a scalp bounty, and for years they paid out their gold coin for Apache scalps. Scalp hunting became a recognized industry. The horror of this was that to the Mexican officials, all scalps looked alike, whether from the head of a hostile or a friendly Indian. The price was one hundred dollars for a man, fifty dollars for a woman, and twenty-five dollars for a child. It is small wonder that the tribe sank deeper into savagery than ever, when we stop to think that the man knew there was a price set on the scalp of their wives and children; and there was a horde of human fiends, white in color, but more savage than the savage himself, who were hunting them as they would a cougar of the mountains.—From "Vanishing Indian Types—The Tribes of the Southwest," by E. S. Curtis in the May Scribner's.

### SABLE ISLAND

IT is generally supposed that the ponies on Sable Island came from stock originally placed there by the Nova Scotia government. On several occasions domestic animals have been placed on the island to afford sustenance to shipwrecked mariners. It is probable that the horses now there are descendants of those, which were sent from Boston before the Revolutionary war. The Boston Palladium is quoted as the source of this information as follows: "In the last Palladium we mentioned that eighteen wild horses had been brought to Halifax from the Isle of Sable. Some time before the American revolution (rebellion) Mr. Hancock (uncle of John Hancock, the supporter of Samuel Adams in his intrigues against the British government), a very eminent merchant of Boston, knowing that very many vessels were wrecked at the Isle of Sable, then an uninhabited island, and that there was little or no food on the spot for human beings, sent a schooner under Capt. Atkins with a number of cows, horses, sheep, etc., which were duly landed there. Some inhuman persons, however, soon afterwards carried off all the animals except the horses, a few of which have besides been taken away at intervals. Those which remain are a portion of the natural increase. A few years since Mr. Chaddock, of Boston, who was on board a vessel that was wrecked at that dreary place, and remained through the whole command of an inclement winter, made such representation to Governor Westworth of Nova Scotia as induced him to recommend to the legislature the making of a permanent establishment at the Island—compensating a person as a constant resident and keeping him supplied with a good stock of provisions, clothing, etc. The legislature cheerfully conformed to the philanthropic suggestion. A house and other buildings were erected and arrangements made which continue to this day. Much suffering has been prevented and many lives saved." Mr. Hancock, notwithstanding the claim of the Palladium, was by no means the first to stock the island with animals. So long ago as 1518 history relates that Baron de Lery attempted a settlement there and left animals upon it. In 1598 Steur de la Roche touched at Sable Island on his way to "New France" in a vessel manned chiefly by convicts, and left there forty of those miserable people. For five years they remained on the island and subsisted on the wild cattle, the progeny of the animals left there by Baron de Lery in 1518. In 1633, when an expedition came

to take them away, only twelve remained alive—clad in skins, with shaggy hair and beards to their waists.

### A Crimean Incident.

(Bayard Taylor.)  
"Give us a song!" the soldier cried,  
The outlet trenches guarding,  
When the heated guns of the camp  
alled  
Grew weary of bombarding.  
The dark Redan, in silent scorn,  
Lay, grim and threatening under;  
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff  
No longer belched its thunder.  
There was a pause. A guardsman said  
"We storm the forts tomorrow;  
Sing while we may, another day  
Will bring enough of sorrow."  
They lay along the battery's side,  
Below the smoking cannon;  
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,  
And from the banks of Shannon.  
They sang of love, and not of fame;  
Forgot was Britain's glory;  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang Annie Laurie.  
Voice after voice caught up the song,  
Until the tender passion  
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—  
Their battle-vee confession.  
Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,  
But as the song grew louder,  
Something upon the soldier's cheek  
Washed off the stains of powder.  
Beyond the darkening ocean burned  
The bloody sunset's embers,  
While the Crimean valleys learned  
How English love remembers.  
And once again a fire of hell  
Rattled on the Russian quarters,  
With scream of shot, and burst of shell  
And below of the mortars!  
And Irish Nora's eyes are dim  
For a singer, dum and zory:  
And English Mary mourns for him  
Who sang of Annie Laurie.  
Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest  
Your truth and valor wearing;  
The bravest are the tenderest—  
The loving are the darest.

**DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c CATARRH CURE**  
Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Break the neck, clear the passages, never dropping in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

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