

were wanderers from the surrounding wilds, others were seekers for fortune in the uttermost parts of the Boundary Country,—but nearly all were Islanders. They came together for a Christmas feast, with elation and with the feeling of kinship strong in their hearts. A sumptuous repast had been ordered, and it was a joyous company that gathered around the festive board that Christmas night. “Mine host” was a genial gentleman named Flannagan, and his memory will be green for many a day in the grateful hearts of his visitors—even if they were not, all of them, his fellow-countrymen.

Toasts were freely drunk to “The Island,” so dear to them; to “The Islanders in South Africa”; to “Cape Breton—the other Island”; and to “The Maritime Provinces—the land of granite-block diamonds, good sailors, and good fish.”

Then followed the jolliest part of the evening’s entertainment. Supper over, a programme of songs, recitations and humorous anecdotes was carried out. Most of the items on this programme were full of local significance, and the applause came in “gusts.” Particularly good was the man from Kinkora, whose hilarity was catching.

And now, as the personal interest of your readers will be centred in those who were present on this occasion, I will give you their names and the places whence they came. They were: R. B. Fraser, Belfast; Daniel O’Connor, Clifton; J. Carson and R. Carson, Brookfield; W. W. Rogers, North Bedeque; Daniel McBeth, Kenneth McBeth, and C. McBeth, Kinross; John McInnis, Hartsville; Felix Hughes, Kinkora; Marcus Martin and E. E. Nicholson, Dundas; Thomas Kelly, Kelly’s Cross; Alexander Finlayson, and Roderick McPherson, Grandview. Also, we had Harry L. McQuaid, formerly connected with The Charlottetown Woollen Mills; and Doctor Gordon, a Nova Scotian by birth, but well known in Charlottetown and in Alberton. The Doctor figured quite prominently on the foot-ball ground of Prince of