

ponents can look, not only without severe criticism, but with a certain measure of national pride in his achievements. Friend and foe can join in saying, as was said of Othello, "He has done the State some service." His

Queen thus spoke when she conferred the honor of knighthood upon him, making the ensign of 1825, on and after the 24th of May, 1892, Sir Oliver Mowat, K.C.M.G.

RED ALECK.

A sketch of life in Prince Edward Island, three-quarters of a century ago.

BY RUFUS CYRENE MACDONALD, M.D.

"YOU'RE ha coward, and don't dare to fight me!"

These words were spoken by a man whose round, close-shaven head was set, without any apparent neck, upon a pair of huge shoulders which terminated in massive arms which reached almost to the owner's knees. His coarse, broken-nosed face was fixed in a savage sneer as he gazed at the person to whom his words were addressed. This was a young man whose tall, lithe form was surmounted by a head and face shapely and beautiful. He did not appear to be daunted by the savage aspect of his accuser, and, although his face flushed till it was as red as his hair, he contented himself with saying:

"Weel, mon, it may be that I am a cooard, but I ha'e too much sense to fight wi' the likes o' you, just to mak' sport for the crood!"

It may be well to explain the cause of this episode. To do so we must transport ourselves back, well nigh three-quarters of a century, to a newly settled district of Prince Edward Island. Here John Yoe, a typical Englishman, had opened a ship-yard, in which, when they were not tilling their farms, many of the Scotch Highlanders who had settled in this new country found work. There were in the yard many Englishmen, and, as was to be expected from the still bit-

ter national animosity, there were continual hand-to-hand fights, in which the Scotch always came out victors. This stirred the pride and anger of the English ship-builder, and he swore to bring out from England a man who would thrash the Scotchies, one by one. For this end he had had sent to him a noted prize-fighter called "Surly Tim." He it was who used the words with which our story opens. He had been in the ship-yard but two weeks, and in that time he had thrashed a round half-dozen of the best fighters the Scotch could produce, till it came to pass that the Highland pride, which had soared so high, was now abased even to the dust.

The young man of whom I have spoken—"Red Aleck"—was, with one exception, the strongest man, although but twenty years old, in the settlement. On him the Scotch depended to raise up their fallen pride. He had not been expected at the ship-yard till the fall ploughing was over, and, in his absence, his friends made great boasts of his prowess. Surly Tim seized the first opportunity, after Aleck's arrival, to pick a quarrel with him, but, to the great astonishment of his friends, Red Aleck, who was generally eager for a fray, and, in fact, could rarely get one on account of his well-known strength, appeared strangely quiet under the insults of the Englishman.