

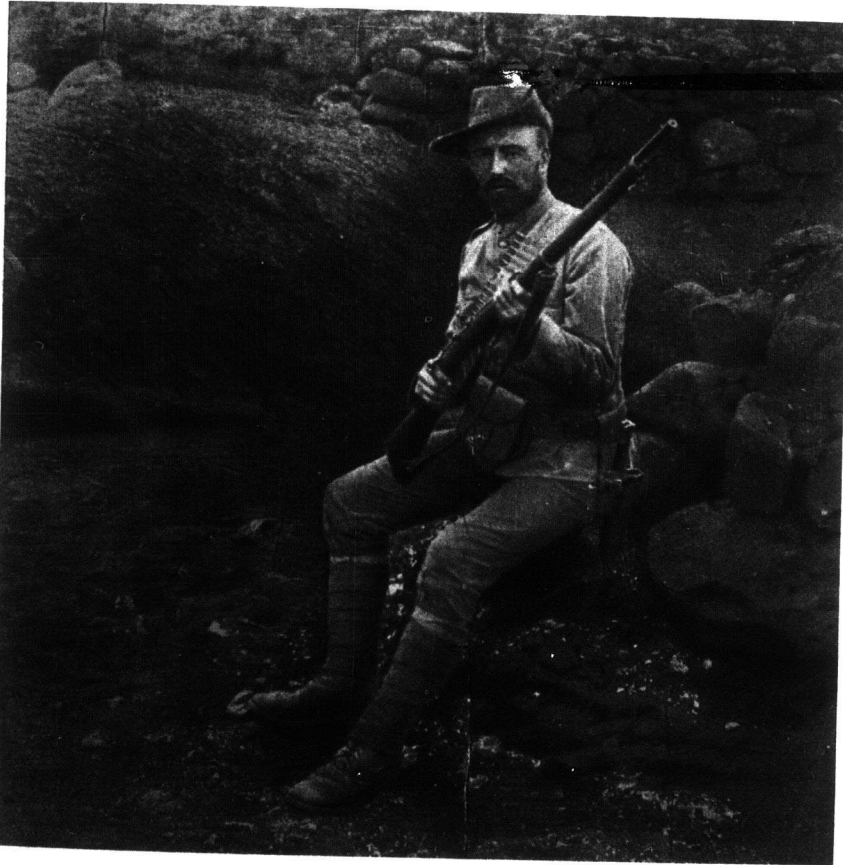
OUR ISLAND MILITIA==Illustrated

T B C
Prince Edward Island
MAGAZINE

VOL. II

APRIL, 1900

NO. 2



A P. E. ISLANDER IN SOUTH AFRICA—RICHARD J. FOLEY,
OF THE FIRST CONTINGENT

(From photo taken at Belmont)

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The Prince Edward Island Magazine.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS—Articles on any subject likely to prove interesting to our readers are respectfully solicited. It is important that contributions should not be made too long.

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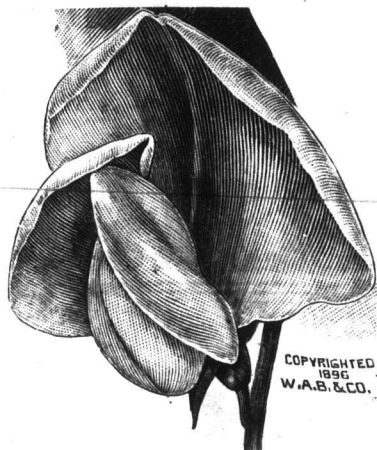
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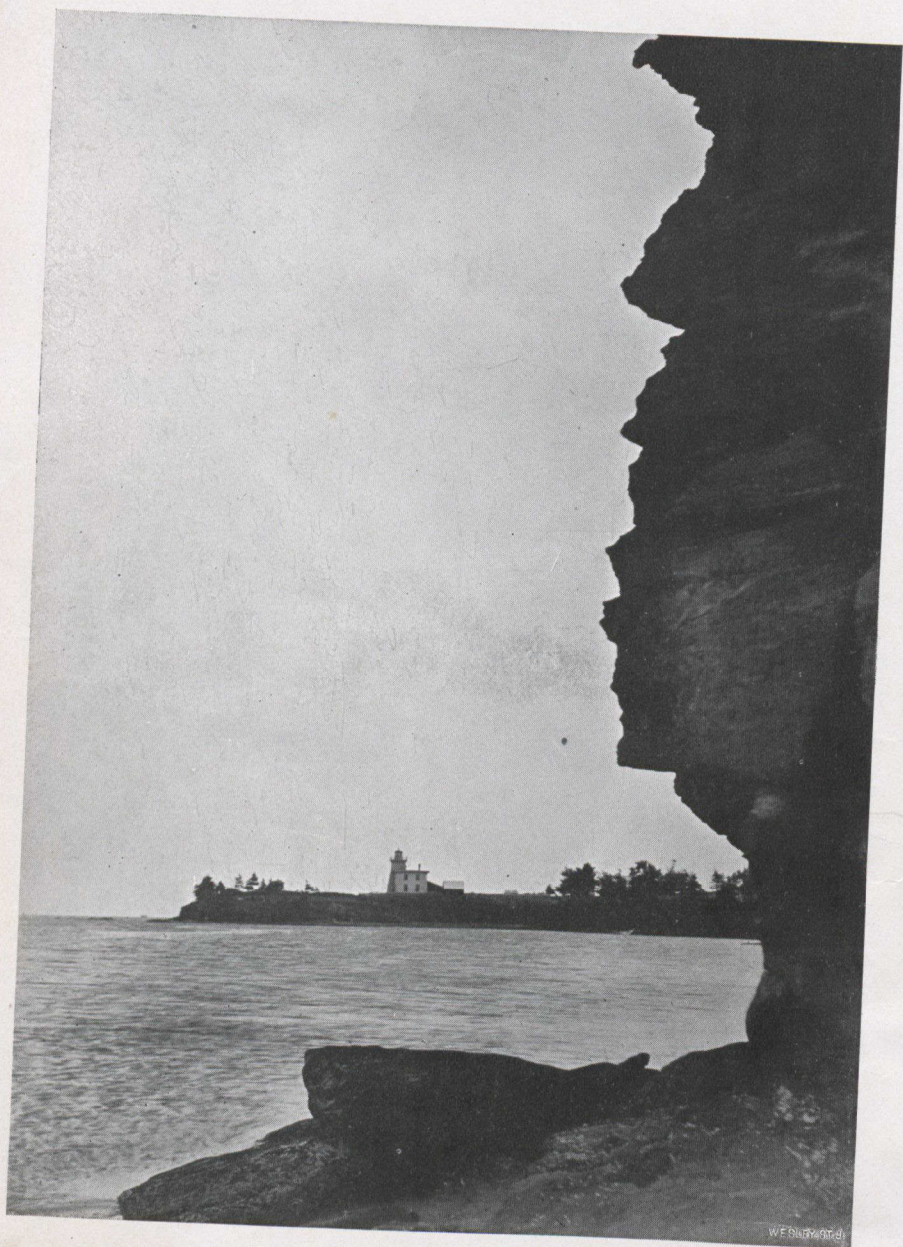
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"THE BLOCK HOUSE," AT ENTRANCE OF CHARLOTTETOWN HARBOR

From photo by Mr. C. Drew, Charlottetown

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Prince Edward Island Magazine

Vol. II

APRIL, 1900

No. 2

THE EMPIRE—(Stages in its Progress)—I.

BY A. B. WARBURTON.

THE Transvaal war, the despatch of Colonial troops to assist the British forces in South Africa, and the brilliant part taken by them there compel attention to the marked progress made, of late years, towards unity of the Empire. This movement looking to unity has been going on, almost insensibly, during the last third of the century and of late has become very pronounced. It would seem to be the great political development of the latter half of Her Majesty's reign, and the one, of all movements in the history of the Empire, bound to have the most far-reaching and important consequences. What these consequences may be, has not yet been thoroughly grasped. It is questionable if any living man has yet fully realized their import. They are taking shape and that with ever increasing rapidity. But their very vastness, possibly surpassing that of any other political movement known to British History, is such that it can only be appreciated by degrees. In fact it must grow upon people. That vastness and the portentous results which may have their origin in this movement are such as to almost stun the mind. At present the idea is somewhat like the old mythology of the North, a thing of

“gigantic though shadowy grandeur,” which takes more or less nebulous or dreamy shapes in men’s thoughts. These shapes are, however, gradually and surely taking on a more fixed form, and are much clearer to-day than they were even one year ago.

While the march towards solidarity is the great resistless movement marking the progress of the Empire in the last third of the 19th century, it might be well to consider what events or movements characterized the preceding periods. Such an enquiry may help towards understanding why this movement is now going on, why it is possible and why it did not take place before now. It may also explain certain positions taken by by-gone generations of British statesmen, which were irritating and often puzzling to colonists.

The political history of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, during the present century and the later years of the 18th, is something like the geography of Ancient Gaul. It may be divided into three parts. The first may roughly be described as the period covered by the Napoleonic wars and by the public lives of the men who took part in those wars. The second by the period beginning about the time when those men ceased to be potent influences in Imperial politics and closing with the time when the great reforms in the United Kingdom’s domestic legislation had been accomplished. Roughly speaking that would be the middle third of the century. The third is that now nearing to its close and marked by the drawing together of the nations over which the Queen holds sway; a drawing together which means the solidarity of the Empire, perchance of the Anglo-Saxon races and of those over whom these races rule.

FIRST PERIOD—STRUGGLE FOR NATIONAL EXISTENCE.

The first period was in many respects the most momentous in modern history. The long tyrannies of Louis XIII and Louis XIV, the reign of Louis XVI and his silly queen, unfortunate victims of their own training and of their predecessors’ oppressive rule, had resulted in the wild outburst of the French Revolution

and in the extraordinary excesses and successes which attended and followed that outbreak. This period covered the time till Napoleon became Consul and Emperor, till his final overthrow, and for a couple of decades beyond that event. Practically during the earlier half of this period, Great Britain and Ireland were at war with the might of France, a might wielded, during a great part of the time, by the ablest adventurer of whom history tells. Not only that, but from time to time, Napoleon was able to force the other powers of Europe to unite with him and join their forces to his. The great Corsican, with the intuition of genius, well knew where his greatest and most to be dreaded foe was to be found, and for years put forth the most determined efforts, happily without success, to humble the British pride.

A favorite subject in the old debating societies of my boyhood was "Which was the greater general, Napoleon or Wellington?" Judging from newspaper reports, the same old question is still a favorite. It is well that it should be. I have heard and read discussions on this subject many times, but do not remember hearing or seeing it thoroughly debated, except incidentally, on the basis, after all the fair one, of the relative opportunities of the two men. To form a just opinion on that question, which is but an academic one, it should be borne in mind that Napoleon had absolute, uncontrolled command of all the resources of his Empire, no one to interfere with him in their disposal; while his rival, seldom properly supported by the authorities at home, was almost always short of men and hampered by a scarcity of supplies.

This looks like, and is, a digression from the subject I had in view when outlining this article. The reason for the digression is to call attention briefly to the circumstances which prevailed in the closing years of the last century and the early part of this, as well as to the two foremost figures of that era. Everyone can fill in the sketch.

In the opening years of the 19th century Great Britain and Ireland, sometimes with allies and sometimes almost without, carried on a desperate struggle. Omitting a few brief interludes, more in the nature of truces than of peace, this struggle was carried on without intermission till Waterloo. It was not a mere

war between Great Britain and France, though in the main it took that shape. In its origin, it was a struggle between the oppressed peoples of the old lands of the European continent and their oppressors, i. e. the monarchs and ruling classes of France and other nations. In one form or other the struggle has endured to the present day and is not yet ended. For the time it culminated in the excesses of the French Revolution and in the extraordinary successes which, on the Continent, attended the armies of the Republic, the Consulate, and the Empire.

It is outside the scope of this paper to refer further to these matters except to call attention to this well-known period, so that the drift of this article may the more readily be comprehended.

So far as the United Kingdoms were concerned, the struggle, during a great part of its continuance may, not ineptly, be called an almost single-handed contest, not only for their own existence but also for that of a thankless Europe. And Napoleon, at least up to 1812, meant France and, to a very large extent, the power and resources of Continental Europe as well. True it is that the different nations, Prussia, Austria, Russia, &c., sometimes kicked against their master, but the great commander usually kicked them back into his ranks and the brunt of the fight was borne by our mother-lands.

Had our forefathers failed in that conflict, not only would Great Britain have gone down, but the liberty and freedom, not only of our own people, but of the European world would have gone down with her. To borrow an expression I have somewhere seen,—“They would have been wrapped in her shroud and been buried in her grave.”

This fight for the liberties of Europe, this fight for the freedom and greatness of our mother-land, was waged by great men. They did a wonderful work. They were a grand generation. They conserved our rights and our freedom. They saved Europe. We read about Greece, we read about Rome and the wondrous performances of the great men of those old States. Can either parallel the struggle made by Great Britain in the early years of this century? Did the men of ancient days surpass the men of Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, the Nile, Copenhagen, Trafalgar,

Waterloo? So far as my memory serves me, the nearest parallel to it is to be found in Rome's struggle with Hannibal, while the events in the ancient republic, after the second Punic war, to some extent bear out the parallel when compared with events in the United Kingdoms, subsequently to the Napoleonic wars. The men who had carried this contest to a successful issue had done their work. They were great men. They had earned the right to lie back and take their ease. They had saved the country, but they could not see the country itself. They did not and could not see the need of ameliorating the condition of the masses. They did not and could not see that the old order must give place to a new. They did not and could not see why it should be so. They thought everything satisfactory as it was. They could not understand the need of a change.

And they had earned the right to do and think as they did. They had done a great work, had accomplished marvels. They might see much domestic misery and trouble in the home-kingdoms, but they could see no remedy for them. Passing troubles were inseparable from the lives of nations as from those of individuals. To their minds the inevitable mutations of mundane affairs were responsible for these, and not the system under which they occurred. The fact was—their great work of preserving the Empire had exhausted their powers of initiative. That generation was to a large extent incapable of new departures. A preserved Great Britain with a saved Europe thrown in, was enough for them. They could see no need for anything further. We cannot blame them. They had done great things and were entitled to their rest.

During the war period, prices of agricultural products had gone up until they became almost fabulous. Farmers' receipts grew and grew as the price of wheat kept bounding up. They were making money rapidly. Rents went up too and the rent-rolls of the landlords grew to huge proportions. Such extraordinary though fictitious prosperity was accompanied by extravagant and reckless expenditures.

With the close of the war prices began to fall and kept falling. But rents did not follow them in their downward course. The good times changed to bad. As prosperity passed away,

farmers found more and more difficulty in making both ends meet and soon were unable to do so. But the rents kept up for long. At length they too had to come down. The condition of the mechanics, employees in manufactures and other laboring classes became desperate. The franchise and popular privileges were very restricted. Discontent was rampant and in various parts the populace were ripe for insurrection. Riots broke out. There was a time of dire distress and trouble.

But by this time a new generation had risen which did not live upon the glories of the past, and we come to the second great political period, the period of internal reform.

Plant Life in Winter.

BY LAWRENCE W. WATSON.

WHAT is the lot of outdoor plants in winter, when all the wide landscape is shrouded in snow, when leafless branches, like agonized mortals, wave their gaunt arms, sadly wailing the while?

The myrtle-hued spruces and their cone-bearing confreres seem scarcely less lifeless tho' robed in warm green,—the vesture of plant life—as they bend low their branches,—full burdened with snow wreaths—and heavily sway them in rhythmical sympathy with the moan of the winds. So few are the evidences of life, one is almost tempted to exclaim “surely this is not sleep, but death.” Faith alone foresees a resurrection.

But have they ceased to live, or do they merely rest? Let us think it over for a little while and understand!

While you and I last summer were captivated most by fairy forms of blossom and subtleties of exquisite scents, the plants affording these were at the same time occupied with much more serious things: like rare individuals in the highest order of created beings, who, as they work, radiate all surroundings by their cheerful countenance and kindly mien.

Even the annuals, completing the whole cycle of life's work

in one short season, sprang from seed, built up their fabric, wooed and wed, provided for the continuance of their race, and died. But not without leaving the world a little the better, or a little the worse, for their having been in it (just as their human fellow-citizens of Nature's kingdom do!)—for none of them are without their excellent parts, altho' by asserting their own selfish claims to the detriment of others, they may have been a nuisance and even the source of discomfort or pain. And, as "like begets like," there lies under the snows many a seed of good plant or bad, ready, when warm moisture shall urge latent energy to spring into life, to bud out and thrive.

We point to the ant as the busiest of creatures;—she is not half as busy as any one of the green plants. While annuals clothe themselves and manufacture their food, they are busily storing up provision for their offspring. Take, for example, an ear of Indian corn. Here are not only a number of plant germs, for each is enshrined in a storehouse of food, evaporated, concentrated, condensed.—the life's work of thrifty parents, the heritage of their progeny.

But all this, and more, we find in those plant-forms which live over one winter or through many years. The former,—the biennials—remain bachelors and spinsters for the first period (a year) of their existence, thriftily storing away their earnings and substance for the time when, later, they marry and enact their due part in the drama of plant-world. Many of these store up their food in underground cellars,—in tubers, in root-stalks, in bulbs or in shortened stems,—from which it is withdrawn and expended in the second year's growth for the maturing of the flowers and the seed. Then, they, too, pass on into the majority and a new generation arises from seed.

Could we but see subterranean plant life, silent, deep-buried under the snow,—the seeds and the garnerers with their hibernating inhabitants, should we then speak of the desolation of winter? Is it not rather the season of rest, and of promise and hope?

But what of the trees, the shrubs, the bushes? Here the facts are the same though the storehouse is not in the cellar alone. When, last year, the leaves had manufactured the food

store, flowers, fruits and seeds had been in turn produced and had fallen, the same concentration of nutriment was made. As the liquid material was withdrawn from the leaves, they withered and fell. Now, stored deep in the branches, it rests there, ready when the warm days shall have come to be carried by the moisture absorbed by the roots to be expended in clothing the tree with new foliage, and to repeat in the new year the history of the preceding one.

One other point, and our study is ended. Examine the twigs and notice the buds. The plants are no sluggards,—they are ready for work when the season of activity returns. Inside the buds are new branches, tight-folded, protected in some cases by warm blankets of hairs, covered without with a coating of varnish, frost-proof, rain-proof, shedding the moisture. Pick off a bud, now, from a twig of the Elder, and there you will find a miniature bouquet; the florets are there, each perfect and ready, for they should be in full bloom very early in June, when the fertilizing insects will visit them, and their berries will ripen before the summer birds wing their flight to spend next winter in some warmer clime.

Did I hear you speak of plant 'death' in winter? Easter is coming! "I look for the resurrection of the 'dead.'"

Our Share in the Empire's Battles.

BY R. E. SMITH.

IN connection with the abundant and well-merited praise that is being bestowed upon our gallant volunteers at the front, I notice that very often our contingent is referred to as the first in which our little province has sent her sons from their homes to fight the battles of the Empire. I am of the opinion that this is not quite correct, although I may be mistaken.

In 1812, we find the "garden province" sending her sons to battle in the war of that date. In that year one hundred volunteers left Queen's Wharf on one of H. M. Ships-of-war en route

to the scene of conflict. They were, almost without an exception, of splendid physique, and—as their conduct during the war proved—of dauntless courage. It was the boast of many of the old residents who witnessed their departure, that a finer lot of men could not have been picked in the whole British Empire.

They distinguished themselves in the bloody battle of Lundy's Lane and also suffered severely. Among the number killed was John McEachern, who had formerly been a sergeant in the barracks in this city. He was killed while fighting side by side with his brother-in-law, Peter R. Smith, also of Charlottetown, who, for his services during the war, received his commission as Ensign in the British Army.

Peter R. Smith was not among the one hundred who left here in 1812, but had joined the British Army some time before, as a volunteer. In this battle of Lundy's Lane, he met his brother Richard, whom he had not seen for twenty years. Richard was well-known throughout the provinces as "One-armed" Smith, he having lost an arm in the battle of Lundy's Lane. The former, for many years after the war, was the owner of a packet that plied between the Island and the mainland. He was the father of H. B. Smith, Esq., of Charlottetown, also of Peter and John Smith, both of whom served with distinction in the war with China. Peter also fought in the Peruvian army and with the Federal Army in the civil war of the United States.

In the Crimean war, quite a number of Islanders fought in the British ranks; some went from the Island and others enlisted from different parts of the world. In fact, wherever Britain's battles were being fought, whether in the Crimea, beneath the walls of China, or the battlefields of Europe and America, there might be found the sons of the "Garden of the Gulf" fighting valiantly for their sovereign and the Empire.

Memory.

(From the Turkish.)

The characters the slight reed traces
Remain indelible through ages;
Strange, then, that Time so soon effaces
What Feeling writes on Memory's pages!

Cavendish in the Olden Time.

No. 3.

BY WALTER SIMPSON.

THE history of the social and industrial life of a community, and of their manners, customs, and amusements, give us a very clear insight into the character of its people. In looking back from the dawn of the Twentieth Century, over the more than a hundred years that have elapsed since the "Fathers of this Hamlet" began to hew out homes for themselves, we can form some idea of the heroic effort and dauntless courage it required to be a pioneer in those early days.

They fought for us the bloodless—but none the less valiant—battles that converted the wilderness into this beautiful country, dotted all over with productive farms, and smiling homesteads—a veritable land of peace and plenty.

The privations they suffered were such as are inseparable from the lot of all pioneers. But we must not think that they did not enjoy their life and work. Their manners were simple and their social system informal, but we know that they entered into all their work and amusements with a zest that we are strangers to in these more artificial times. Every stump that was removed gave place to a few hills of potatoes, or enlarged the bounds of the grain fields, and what a great pleasure it must have been to them to see their clearings enlarged, and their herds increased, as a result of their hard labor.

The first half of the century here would correspond with what Dr. Josiah Strong in his "Twentieth Century City" calls the "Homespun Age." The farmers did most of their own manufacturing. Their agricultural implements were few and simple. A few iron plows had been brought from Scotland by the settlers, but most of the plows were wooden, made by some handy man among the farmers, and fitted with irons by the village blacksmith. The harrows were of wood with spike teeth, and with the plow were the only implements used in putting in

the crop, and the reap-hook, cradle and scythe did duty in harvest time.

This was before the day when the Ontario manufacturers sent the smiling machine-agent down here to tell us what we wanted, and insist on us buying it too, so great and disinterested was their love for us. Farming in these early days was a simple business. But it required sinews of iron to swing the scythe or cradle all day in heavy grain or bend the back with the reaping hook.

Farmers, besides being their own carpenters, were also their own shoemakers and kept a kit and spent stormy days, and sometimes the evenings, after a hard day's work in the woods, in making or mending the shoes of the family. Oftentimes I have heard the old folk tell how they got up at four o'clock in the morning and repaired to the barn, to thresh with the flail to get straw to feed the stock during the day while they were working in the woods, and how, after working till dark, come home, get tea and take some more "flail exercise" to give the cattle their supper. The whip-saw was an article greatly used by the early settlers. The first frame buildings erected here were covered in with boards, many of them from two and a half to three feet wide, that were cut with the whip-saw, the logs being often squared with the broadaxe to make them lighter to get up on the saw pit. Sills a foot to fourteen inches square were made by quartering logs with this saw. Just think of this, you young farmers who wear kid gloves and store clothes, who ride on binders, tend the thresher and separator, ride to the rotary with your load of logs, and stand gazing and in wonderment at the marvelous speed with which a thousand feet of boards are cut. You ride on your harrow and seeders, and carry on your farm work with the modern conveniences that are now available, forgetting what fearful muscular effort was required on the part of your immediate ancestors to clear the farms, and erect the buildings that were necessary.

The woman's share of the work in this homespun age was also very important. The mothers made the clothes for the family. Carding, spinning, weaving, dyeing, fulling, and at last tailoring. Many a "Hodden grey" suit she turned out which

was as highly prized by her husband or son, as a suit of English broad-cloth is by the dude of to-day. Besides their other duties the women took a hand in the field with the reaping hook, and were as expert in manipulating it as their granddaughters now are in fingering the keys of piano and organ.

Such stern duties as these demanded spells of relaxation, and our forefathers had a way of combining work and pleasure, which had the effect of making the work light on account of anticipated pleasure to follow. Thus the "thickening frolic," came to be an institution of the olden time. During the first hours of the winter evening the men worked heroically round the thickening table till the hostess pronounced the web completed. Then an adjournment was made to a carpetless room, and the most of the remaining hours of the night spent in shuffling through the mazes of the country dance. I remember witnessing one of these frolics—about the last held in these parts. It was in the early fifties. There were no fiddlers available, and the dancers kept time to the strains of "The girl I left behind me," and other equally popular melodies, as they were delivered from the vocal chords of Tom Graham. We have often wondered at Tom's endurance on these occasions. He would occasionally get hoarse, but the wonder was that the vocal chords were not rasped off altogether. But Tom was good-natured, and the dance must go on at all hazards, and he was always willing to sacrifice himself for the public good. Such services were always required of him whether it was a wood-hauling, stumping, plowing or thickening frolic, and he got to be quite a character in the community—an indispensable commodity always kept on tap, and all without any salary attached, and with few and small donations. Such geniuses work for the enjoyment it gives themselves and the benefit they confer on a common humanity, and their greatest reward is the appreciation of their contemporaries. As the hero of a hundred frolics we take this opportunity to introduce you to a well-merited fame, as we think you more worthy to wear the laurel crown, than the hero of "A Reckless Adventure," whose only great achievement in life was building a coffin, which came near being the means of depriving the world of such a literary light as friend Fletcher.

In the olden time clergymen were scarce, and magistrates were often called on to perform the marriage ceremony. They generally used the form in the Anglican prayer-book—or as much of it as they considered necessary to make a binding contract. A rather good story of a marriage which took place long ago in the vicinity of Cavendish has been told me by parties who were present at the ceremony. The contracting parties were broad Scotch and so was the officiating magistrate, who unfortunately for the solemnity of the occasion had been imbibing rather freely that day. However the ceremony must go on at all risks, and the youthful lovers stood up before him supported by the best man and maid. After reading at the marriage service for some time, and coming to the bottom of a page, the magistrate unfortunately turned over several leaves of the prayer book by mistake, and continued right on reading the burial service, till when he was about to utter these solemn words "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," he was stopped and his attention called to the mistake by the best man, thus; "Tut mon ye're intil the beerial service," just in time to avert fatal consequences.

The wedding in the olden time was a big affair. Everybody was invited, not representatives of each family, but all of the family. And this let me say was not with the idea of getting wedding presents—they were not thought of then, but the idea was sociability to all. Wedding presents are a modern institution, and often make people dread being asked to a marriage, or even dread getting married. But the old fashioned wedding was a social affair and lasted two days. The bridegroom instead of giving the bride a present, had to supply the stimulating drink for the whole crowd. We have an account of a wedding which took place in Cavendish about sixty-nine years ago. Our informant who was present at it says that there were fourteen gallons of spirits provided for the occasion, besides considerable wine for the ladies. And still it is claimed that there was no drunkenness or fighting. The liquor must have been somewhat different from what is dealt out over the counters of Charlottetown rum-shops to-day. There are a good many fights in that number of gallons of it. But this wedding, which lasted

two days, the first at the home of the bride, and the second at the home of the groom—dancing being kept up till the close of the festivities—passed off without any serious results, and was but one of many such celebrations that helped to enliven the monotony of the long winters of the olden time. But enough for this time.

Down the Fraser.

We packed our skiff for the portage
And into the swirl we slid ;
There was Alex and I and Angus,
And Hector, the half-breed kid.

We "cached" our "dust" in the locker,
I handled the steering oar,
The kid with the grub and blankets,
We stowed in the bow before.

Then Alex and Angus paddled
And down in the flume we sped,
The wallowing wake behind us,
And the muddy foam ahead.

We rushed by the rocks of Spuzzum,
The place of the Siwash war,
Where the waters foam and eddy
On the sands of Boston Bar.

We shot through the roaring Hellgate,
By the cliffs of Seabird bluff,
And over the pools and shallows,
And over the smooth and rough.

We threaded the Alder Islands,
The marsh and the fragrant lea ;
And sniffed, in the breeze before us,
The brine of the salty sea.

We came where the river widens
With slow and majestic flow ;
Where the trees are large and lofty,
And the banks are green and low.

And the rancher sees the river,
 And frowns at the rising flood ;
 The driftwood strands in the pasture,
 And the trees are smeared with mud.

Till the Fraser finds its freedom,
 And the stream the ocean shocks ;
 And the foam of the cloven billows
 Goes twisting among the rocks.

But, oh for the days departed !
 The days of the pan and pick,
 When the coward laughed at danger,
 And the sluggard's blood leaped quick.

I hear the dip of the paddle,
 The oath and the laugh of joy,
 The creak of the rude old rocker,
 The cheers for the lucky boy.

And oh, for the friends departed !
 Like men they have found their fate,
 My " pards " of the golden Fraser,
 In the days of 'Fifty-eight.

WEBSTER ROGERS.

In Which Century are We?

CONSIDERABLE doubt appears to exist in the minds of people, not only in this community, but elsewhere, judging from what we see in the press, as to whether we are still in the nineteenth century or the twentieth. The object of this short article is to place before your readers the facts as they appear to the writer.

All will admit that a century is made up of one hundred complete years: consequently the first century ended at midnight on the 31st December, 100. It is a simple matter to follow the centuries down to midnight on the 31st December, 1900, when it will be found that we have arrived at the end of the nineteenth century.

Therefore the twentieth century will begin at midnight on the 31st Dec. 1900.

F. W. H.

IN MEMORIAM.

Alfred Riggs and Roland Taylor.

KILLED IN BATTLE AT THE MODDER RIVER, SOUTH AFRICA, FEBRUARY, 1900.

On Afric's blood-stained veldt they lie,
Who, fighting Freedom's battle, fell
'Mid bayonets' gleam and scream of shell—
The sons we sent to do—to die.

The patriot's part to do and dare:
The warrior's hot baptismal fire
May make him blench who fights for hire:
But these had breathed a purer air.

Great hearts were theirs—the young in years
Yet old in courage, strong in deed—
To whom we yield the hard-earned meed
Of bitter, unavailing tears.

They may not sleep with kindred dust—
Above the graves we may not weep
Of those who lie in slumber deep—
Who fought *our* fight 'gainst laws unjust.

A world-wide Empire's loud acclaim,
A broad Dominion's hymns of praise,
Their Island home's green crown of bays
And cypress wreaths, their deeds proclaim.

—J. McK.

"Here to the line let the chips fall where they may."

CHIPS.

THE College Yell. We did not have one in our day. I doubt if our old Professor would have appreciated it. He came from Scotland direct, and might have thought it was the half-breed's imitation of the war-whoop of the North American Savage. He objected to savagery pure, or diluted, and his hand was firm enough to repress what he objected to. We had learnt that from experience; and possibly our dread of his objection induced us not to attempt any of the throat-rending yells now so distinguishing a mark of the higher scholarship.

Of course I speak of the sixties. It was then conceived that respect for authority was not necessarily unmanly. And though our ranks did not bulge out with saints there were few sneaks, and there was a code of schoolboy honor, which when broken left a bad mark against the transgressor.

In that primitive day the schoolmaster was respected and obeyed. The skins of the boys were possibly tougher, but the lessons inculcated forbade the belief that discipline was not part of the school curriculum; and we recognized strength in the Teacher—that of the strong man who keepeth his house in order. But,—we had not the college yell, nor its civilizing influences.

Stranger still we had no "Commencements." Those great gatherings of the people to hear these resonant yells without cessation, these glorious peals of triumphant scholarship!! The uplifting expression in few choice words of the height to which polished studentship has attained! echoed and re-echoed by every lover of his Alma Mater. Alas, we had but a gathering of friends, and had addressed to us a few kind encouraging words from the Principal, the Lieut. Governor, and perhaps a learned scholar or two, whose graceful diction was pleasant to our ears—though we had no cry to reward them with.

If we had only known how to shout out, in the middle of one of the Governor's most polished periods, "What's the matter with the Governor?" and then be answered, "He's all right," and to answer back "Who's all right?" and then to join in one

frantic roar "The Governor," what a pleasure it would have been to him and to us.

Or if we had varied it with "What's the matter with Johnson's soda water fountain?" with the answer, reply and yell, how it would have helped him in his address and strengthened his appreciation of our intelligence and courtesy, and of the strength, character, and fitness of our masters?

How often have I sighed when comparing those days with these. Those, when the head of the high school, firm, masterful and capable had other notions of what a student's behaviour should be at public gatherings and when our hard and sad fate it was to have to conform to such notions. These, of unrestrained liberty and college yells, when to turn the laugh at the Principal, or his most honoured guest gives zest to the play of pungent wit, and sharpens scholarship.

Poor old forty years ago.

* * * * *

"The rich man also died and was buried." There is, you will remember, no mention of the burial of the beggar Lazarus. It is told of him only that he was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom.

He had possibly no burial worth the recital of.

The stately function, with all its pageantry of woe, was given to the rich man's body, after we are told that "in hell he lift up his eyes being in torments."

There is here something specially distinctive, which one hardly likes putting into words. We might indeed shrink from the gorgeous hearse with plumes and sable mountings, and the silver-handled coffin, if we did.

But these trappings look so well. And he who was clothed in purple and fine linen in his life should surely in his death have 'satin finish' and a polished burnished coffin, and caparisoned horses, black and well-matched, without tarnishing spot of any kind.

Yes, I think so. I would not rob the rich in this world's possessions, of the last function that pertains to wealth.

But what about those who have not this wealth. O! that I could say with authority to the sacrilegious hands which would

dare to trick out their bodies with the emblems of eternal woe. "Avaunt! ye wretched mockers of God's revelation! On your knees! and pray that the Almighty has forgiven you your base thought to the dead,—now our hope is—in Abraham's bosom. See to it that in the records of heaven there is no mention of the burial!"

Oh, when will the black trappings give place to a true expression of the Christian's hope of an everlasting dwelling with "our Father which art in heaven"? When, will the heathen rite give place to Christian burial, bright, exultant in the promise of a joyful resurrection?

* * * * *

Your tenant league articles are not worthy of your Magazine. They are inaccurate and worse, they covertly attempt to excuse wrong doing.

The person named in the March number was an undoubted law-breaker, and the note of interrogation after the word thus describing him, is simply an ill-concealed sneer at the law which he defied and infringed.

He was a "law-breaker" and not a "victim." Let us be true to the facts.

But to a writer who speaks of the calling out of the *Posse Comitatus* on that occasion as "one of the most ridiculous exhibitions of tyrannical power ever perpetrated in any part of the world, *but more especially in a civilized Christian community*"—the italics are mine—it would be useless to argue. His knowledge of exhibitions of tyrannical power, the world over, would probably be commensurate with his understanding of the institution and use of the 'posse comitatus.'

That its institution was to enable the people to enforce their own laws, obedience to the *Kings Writ*, and observance of the *King's peace*, so that life and property might alike be safe from lawlessness and crime; a right secured by our forefathers before the Great Charter was wrested from King John,—would doubtless be a matter of surprise to him. Equal fully to my unfortunate ignorance of the whereabouts of that specially "civilized

Christian community" of which he writes as not being on this terrestrial sphere.

Now, for one of the writer's inaccuracies. He says that at Southport "the good old song, the bonnie "White Flag" was "struck up, and lustily sung by the entire battalion."

There was no such song sung there,—if indeed there is any song by that name, 'good and old' or otherwise, except in the writer's imagination,—and 'the entire batallion,' as he calls those assembled, did not join in the few words which were sung, as most, if not nearly all of those so assembled had no sympathy with the 'law-breaker' in any guise.

What did happen was that a gentleman on horseback started a rather foolish travesty of one of the bright songs of the Southern Confederacy,—the outcome of the American civil war.

What he sang was :

" Hurrah, hurrah for tenant rights, hurrah,

" Hurrah for the bonnie blue flag

" That bears the single star,"

and my memory is that it was a solo ; but as that gentleman, now one of our oldest and most respected citizens, is still living, I will leave him to give the incident in its fullest details, should he desire.

There is in this article also a reference to "a little gentleman dressed in the latest style," etc., which is calculated to hurt the feelings of many in this community—his direct descendants. The description leaves no doubt as to who is referred to. I do not hesitate to say that the account of the accident to him as there given is grossly untruthful.

Strange ! I sat beside the late Daniel Jackson Roberts on the way over the river to Southport, to see the Posse start ; and he said to me, " Young man, this will be something to tell your grandchildren of." That would be pleasanter than correcting a writer, who, alike ignorant of the facts, has missed the lesson taught by them, and has alone succeeded in maligning the dead.

CELT.

ELEGY

Written on the Death of Thomas Alexander LePage, Professor in
Prince of Wales College—November, 1889.

The life has gone. The soul has passed away
Unto its Maker. This, that lies so pale,
Is but an image, stamped in mortal clay,
His spirit made, ere yet it fanned the gale,
On spreading wings, above our world to sail.
Divine that shape, indeed, for God it gave;
But it is not *Himself*. We needs must fail,
If here we search for him in the cold grave;
Nor can we from this dust the life essential save.

As when we print our hand on potter's clay,
And, when withdrawn, its perfect likeness see;
So here: life's genial fires no longer stay;—
An empty grate alone is left; and we
Go out on spirit pinions after thee
O Friend departed. Happy mayest thou rest!
Thy little life on earth hath been the key
That opened to our view the regions blest
Whither thy soul hath flown, like bird unto its nest.

In him had ever selfishness a place?
Ask those who knew him! When a helping hand
Amid the darkness where we seek the face
Of *Truth* (and catch at best a golden sand
Or two she drops upon this earthly strand
From the Eternal) much amazed we asked,
Did he refuse? or as indifferent stand?
Ah, no! Sore griefs had he, but them he masked.
His master-soul sustained; and in his smile we basked.

As we have seen a sudden summer storm
Rush on the dusty earth and shrivelled grass.
Loud-swelling roars the wind: the clouds lose form:
In torrents comes the rain from their black mass:
The thunder rolls, the vivid lightnings pass
And cross, like swords, upon the ebon sky.
The Heavens are cracked, as if a vault of brass,
And, through the seams, we see the glory high.
Supernal brightness gleams. One almost wills to die.

But soon the morning breaks. The beams of day
Are born. Each leaf with purest silver drips.
The sun on broken clouds pours out his ray;
Celestial colours paint the mountain tips.
New life and beauty panting nature sips.
From that storm bath which seemed to be her doom
She standeth forth—a smile upon her lips.—
And thus did he too wear, in mourning's room,
A smile; and, joyous, now has gone beyond the gloom.

Of the Great Teacher whom we strive to follow
 The example poorly may the best assay.
 The man who drowns in works of love his sorrow—
 Knowing to-morrow's woes, yet goes his way,
 And grieves not o'er his lot, nor wastes to-day,—
 Such was our friend. His soul no sham could bear.
 Unlike those Pharisees, whose grim array
 Of dogmas Christ so shook in empty air,
 To shew them their own hearts, that all was rotten there.

How shall we judge a man? Or by his life
 Or his profession? Or shall we judge at all?
 But this we know, that, in a world of strife,
 His was a manly mind that did not fall,
 A gentle heart awake to mercy's call.
 His work is done. But shall survive in brains
 Which he first taught to think. The funeral pall
 Covers not that, nor the dark tomb restrains;
 But, down the halls of Time, it goes, and never wanes.

—F. W. L. M.

St. George for Merrie England.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY, APRIL 23.

WE will find the legend of the founding of the Order of the Garter in nearly all our British histories; but as to the origin of its patron saint they are all silent. According to some writers, "St. George" was a pork-butcher, but Gibbon suggests that he was the turbulent Arian heretic who was killed in a riot in A. D. 361. This is highly improbable. There seems now to be no doubt that the St. George chosen by Edward III., in 1330, was the Roman tribune martyred under Diocletian at Nicomedia, A. D. 303. He was born at Lydda in Palestine, but how he became credited with all the marvelous adventures none—save Gelasius—can give us any clue to the source whence the legendary stories connected with him sprang.

The Arians of the fifth century displayed great literary activity, availing themselves of every channel for diffusing their views. Their story of St. George is that he was arrested by Datianus, emperor of Rome or Persia, by whom he was in vain ordered to sacrifice to Apollo. The addition of a horse and dragon to the legend was made by mediæval writers. The dragon represents the devil, and was suggested by St. George's

triumph over him at his martyrdom. The horse was added during the Frankish occupation of Constantinople, as suitable to his rank as a military martyr. St. George was depicted on horseback as early as 1227, according to the History of Byzant, where will be found a strange tale concerning a picture in a palace at Constantinople of St. George upon a horse, which neighed in the most violent manner whenever an enemy was about to make a successful assault upon the city.

The earliest trace we have of the legend of St. George and the dragon, and the king's daughter Sabra, whom he rescued, is in the Golden Legend of Voragine, A. D. 1280, and in the breviary service for St. George's day, till revised by Clement VIII. Thence it became the foundation of the story as told in Johnson's "Seven Champions of Christendom."

St. George and his story was well known in England from the seventh century, probably through the Roman missionaries sent there by Gregory; accordingly we find St. George has a place in the Anglo-Saxon ritual of Durham, assigned to early in the ninth century. His special fame however, in England, arose after the Crusades. William of Malmesbury tells us that, when the Crusaders were hard pressed by the Saracens at the seige of Antioch, in 1089, the soldiers were encouraged by seeing "the martyr St. George hastily approaching from the mountains, hurling darts against the enemy, but assisting the Franks;" this timely apparition at the very crisis of the battle led the Crusaders, among whom were numbered a large contingent of Normans, under Robert, the son of the Conqueror, to adopt St. George as their patron saint.

At the battle of Arsuf, won by Richard the first, St. George appeared to the king, as under the circumstances was only appropriate, for the battle gave Richard possession of Lydda; to saints birthplace; and the result of the victory was that Lydda was re-named St. George, and St. George was then selected as the patron saint, and at the Council of Oxford in 1222, his feast was ordered to be kept, and his flag displayed at the national festival; and St. George became for a time the English war-cry.

The "war-cry," or "word of onset," is of remote antiquity, and from it is generally derived the motto beneath the heraldic

shield. Like the war-hoop of the red Indian, it served to terrify the enemy, and at the same time by its peculiar sound to animate the courage of the friends and guide them to the point of danger.

The modern British war-cry is the cheer that is nearest expressed by "h'ray"—not "hooray"; there is no "hoo" in the genuine British cheer, and is just as effective and much more simple than the old "St. George" of merrie England, or "St. Andrew!" of bonnie Scotland, or "St. Patrick!" of old Ireland, which it has almost superseded.

Some of our early British war-cries were much too elaborate for popular consumption, and in the heat of the fight could never have been used except in a shortened form. During a battle in the reign of Edward the Confessor, the British cry at the onset was "Holy Cross, God Almighty!" which, as the fight proceeded was dropped altogether and replaced by the cry of "Ouct, Ouct!" out, out. The latter cry, probably, originated in the habit of defending their standard and central post with barricades and closed shields; and thus, idiomatically and vulgarly signified "get out, get out." At the battle of Hastings in 1066, the war-cry was "Harold and the Holy Cross."

The early Plantagenet kings adopted "St. Edward" as their war-cry. St. Edward, though quite English, was not a very warlike saint; and after the battle of Sluys in 1340—the first great fight of the British navy—it was thought advisable to replace the Confessor by some more active patron, and, after much thought, St. George was chosen, as being fully efficient on land and sea.

The battle of Cressy was won by "St. George," and at the great fight at Poitiers the Black Prince, led on his men to victory under the cry of "St. George! Guyenne." By a statute passed during the reign of Henry the Seventh, all other shouts of war were forbidden, and only the national cry of "St. George" was permitted, the result of the interference being that even the "St. George" dropped out of use altogether.

In these days of long-range guns and skirmishing order the war-cry has almost received its death blow. We would that grim war itself were passing away with its ancient slogans, and heralding in an era of peace with honour.

J. EDWARD RENDLE.

Our Island Militia.

BY LIEUT.-COL. F. S. MOORE.



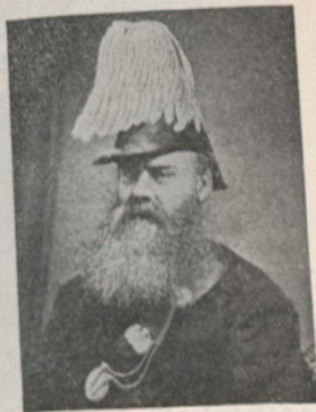
ERIC WARBURTON
Aged seven years.
Bugler of No. 1 Co. 82nd Battalion.

THE history of the corps composing the present military force of Prince Edward Island, dates back, in the case of some of the companies, many years prior to Confederation.

About forty years ago a wave of patriotic feeling seemed to pass over our province, and in all the leading towns and villages volunteer companies were organized and equipped. So great was the interest taken that the officers and men provided their own uniform, and had to provide armouries, fuel, light, etc., and care for arms and accoutrements—services which are now paid for by the Militia Department.

Many of the readers of this Magazine can recall the fine stalwart, soldierly body of men who composed these companies. They were dressed in scarlet, blue, grey or green, as the taste of the majority of the company dictated, as there were no dress regulations in those days.

The companies were generally named from the locality, as Brown's Creek Company, and sometimes they took the name of some prominent personage as Little York or Colonel Gray's Company, the Prince of Wales Company, the Dundas Company, in which, as a lad of sixteen, the writer received his first lesson in military drill under the late Colonel, (then Captain Henry



COLONEL MCGILL
Who Commanded one of the Early Companies

Beer), and a company "All dressed in green to serve their Queen, the Irish volunteers." What recollections are stirred as



ARTILLERY FIRING SALUTE AT VICTORIA PARK

we recall the old drill instructors—Cropley, O'Brien, Campbell, Cartmill, and many others,—men who did their country good service but who were too quickly forgotten.



SURGEON JENKINS AND CAPT. F. W. L. MOORE

At Confederation the military resources of the Province were transferred to the Dominion of Canada, and the isolated companies were drawn together into Battalions, of which there were

three, viz., one in each county. In 1875 the 82nd Battalion was organized. At first it comprised the companies in Queen's



PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND'S FIRST CONTINGENT FOR SOUTH AFRICA

- 1—Herbert Brown. 2—Hurdis L. McLean. 3—Arthur B. Mellish. 4—T. Leslie McBeth. 5—Lawrence Gaudet. 6—Hedley V. McKinnon. 7—Joseph O'Reilly. 8—J. Edward Small. 9—Frederick Way. 10—Frederick B. McRae. 11—Leroy Harris. 12—James S. Walker. 13—R. Ernest Lord. 14—Lorne Stewart. 15—Thomas Ambrose Rodd. 16—Frederick C. Furze. 17—Nelson Brace. 18—James Matheson. 19—Michael J. McCarthy. 20—Joshua T. Leslie. 21—Richard Joseph Foley. 22—Major Weeks. 23—Reginald Cox. 24—John Archibald Harris. 25—Ernest W. Bowness. 26—Artemas R. Dillon. 27—John Bouderault. 28—Roland D. Taylor. 29—Necy Dorion. 30—Alfred Riggs. 31—Walter Lane.

County, but after a time the two companies remaining in Prince County were attached to the Battalion, which was at that time under command of Lieut. Colonel Honorable Henry Beer.

The Charlottetown Major George L.

The 4th Regiment was organized in 1882 Major Jas. D. Irving. posed of two companies and one at George created by converting Souris and Montague into artillery companies.



CHARLES HINE—Substitute for McBeth, First Contingent.

Engineer Company under the command of Dogherty.

Canadian Artillery under command of It was at first companies at Charlottetown town, afterwards infantry companies at

the envy of scores of their comrades who would gladly have taken their places.

The conduct of our noble contingent from the day they left our shores until the present, has been such as to call forth our warmest praise. They have performed their *whole* duty—at first guarding the lines of communication, surrounded by a wily foe and exposed to great privations and the monotony of camp life week after week, and then the forced march, under a tropical sun over the burning sands, exposed to rain and cold at night, sleeping with nothing but the soldier's blanket between them and the stars, and then, trusted by the commanding general and given that which they most craved, an *opportunity* to show what Canadians could do, how nobly they did their duty, "*charging an army while all the world wondered.*"

Brigaded with the Gordons they did not require the Scotch brigade to show them, but shoulder to shoulder they advanced until the enemy, compelled to look into the muzzles of rifles grasped by Canadian soldiers, not more than eighty paces distant, unconditionally surrendered. Thus on the anniversary of the terrible disaster of Majuba, by the bravery of "our boys" Majuba was avenged. While we rejoice over the splendid deeds of our "Soldiers of the Queen," we mourn over



LIEUT. COL. F. S. MOORE, D. O. C.

the loss of two of the brightest and best—Roland Taylor and Alfred Riggs—who fell while manfully fighting in the front

rank. Our hearts go out in sympathy to the bereaved friends of the noble dead as well as to those of the wounded.

It used to be said of our militia men that they "were for ornament," but they have given the Empire to understand that they are "for use" and they have assisted the Tommies of the old land in wiping something off the slate in South Africa.

The number of men furnished from this small province is :

	Officers.	Men.
First Contingent - - - - -	1	30-31
Reinforcements - - - - -	1	15-16
For South Africa - - - - -		47
For Garrison duty at Halifax - - - - -		28
		<u>75</u>

In addition to the above a number of Islanders enrolled in other places for service at the front.



REV. T. F. FULLERTON,
Chaplain.



MISS G. POPE,
Head Nurse.



MAJOR WEEKS.

WHO WENT TO AFRICA WITH THE FIRST CONTINGENT.

Scottish Associations in P. E. Island.

(CONTINUED)

BY HON. SENATOR MACDONALD.

JOHN LEPAGE, the Island Minstrel, in the second volume of his poems tells us that the first public gathering of the Clans was held on the Barrack Square in Charlottetown in Sept., 1863. This property at that time belonged to the Imperial Government. It consisted of the parade ground and the site of the barracks, but it was shortly after this date transferred to the Local Government, laid out in building lots and sold to the highest bidders. Owing to the removal of the regular troops the grounds were at this time used by the citizens for holiday purposes. All the Highland pipers in the Province were invited to attend on this occasion and hold a competition in pipe-music. A very interesting trial of their musical talents resulted. The judges awarded the first prize to William Gillis, the second to Alex. Macdonald, the third to Donald McFadyen; while all others were paid for their time and attendance, in order to encourage the practice of playing the bagpipes.

The Island Minstrel in a poem of some seventy lines has commemorated the event by a dialogue between "Sandy," the representative of the Scottish sentiment, respecting the national music, and John the "Sassenach," wherein Sandy says:—

"Oh! saw ye the crowds in their wonder surrounding
The major and staff on the auld Barrack square?
And heard ye the bagpipes' wild melody sounding,
When Donald and a' the braw pipers were there.
They blew like the brave, when a citadel storming,
Each Scottish heart dancing wi' national glee;
Ye should hae been there man, the weather was charming,
And the fine bonny lassies were pleasant to see."

I must refer the reader to the second volume of the Island Minstrel for the full dialogue. Suffice it to say that it was John's opinion that the bagpipes

"Would frighten a horse from his rations of hay."

In the following year many new members joined the Society.

Lieutenant Governor Dundas became chief ; Hon. J. H. Gray was elected President ; Hon. Patk. Walker, first Vice President ; James Duncan, 2nd Vice President ; J. W. Morrison, Treasurer ; Neil McKelvie and W. G. Sutherland, Secretaries ; with Neil Rankin, Dr. Sutherland, J. D. Mason, Morin Lowden, Neil McLeod, Adam Murray, W. R. Watson, John McEachern and A. L. Brown, as a board of directors. In the list of members who joined during the year we find the names of George Munro, William Cameron, Wm. H. Wilson, Andrew Mitchell, James Peebles, Alex. McBeath, Jas. A. Macdonald, John Ross, Gilean Campbell, Jas. Purdie, Jr., James Anderson, Alex. McKenzie, Colonel P. D. Stewart, John Cairns, Jas. Walker, Wm. Robertson, James Stewart, Robert Young, Allan Macdougall, John Gillis, John Bell, D. McRae, Lemuel McKay, Francis Andrew, Joseph A. Macdonald, Alexander McKinnon, Daniel Macdonald, James Macdonald, George Rankin, John Matheson, W. W. Irving, John Robertson, (James' son), John Nicholl, Alexander McLeod, John R. Robertson, Alexander Robertson, Martin Martin, James Robertson, John C. Leitch, John Forbes, Malcolm Murchison, Neil Blue, Donald McPhee, Alexander Robertson, John A. McLaine, Major D. Fraser, Alexander McMillan, J. McLauchlin, Michael McCormack, Colin McLellan, A. C. McDonald, John Sutherland, Wm. McLeod, Donald McLeod and David Ross. Donald Ross, President of the Highland Society of Halifax, and Hector McMillan of Pictou, were elected honorary members.

The constitution of the society was revised and amended, the membership limited to Scotchmen or their descendants in the male line. It was decided to hold, whenever practicable, annual public competitions in the national athletic field sports peculiar to Scotland. Lieutenant Governor Dundas granted the use of a part of Government House Grounds for the purpose, and on the 16th August the members of the Club, with the officers of the Benevolent Irish Society formed in procession at the Masonic Hall, headed by their pipers and followed by a great concourse of people, and marched out to view the games. The city was thronged with visitors, many of them from the adjoining Provinces. The games were keenly contested. A prize given for the

best Gaelic poem was awarded to John Campbell. Mrs. Dundas distributed the prizes to the successful athletes, for

" Taught by their sires, the children know
The Scottish games of lang ago,
Cabers and stones and hammers throw
About the plains;
While lustily her pipers blow
Their martial strains."

A dinner on St. Andrew's day was held in the Masonic Hall which was decorated with the national standard of Scotland and the gorgeous silken banners presented by Mrs. Dundas, Miss Duncan, and other ladies. The principal toasts were spoken to by Honorables Messrs Coles, Haviland, Whelan and Duncan, Colonel McGill, Mal. McLeod, Esq., the President and several others.

The next annual gathering was held in 1865, but as Government House grounds were not then available, a field was hired from John Williams, and there the sports were held. Prizes in hammer-throwing were offered, open to competitors from abroad, and it was on this occasion that R. R. McLennan, then a young man from Alexandria, Ontario, gave the Island athletes an exhibition in this event, when he threw the 16lb hammer a distance of 180 feet. This gentleman is now a prominent member of the House of Commons, representing the county of Glengary. We are not aware that anyone has yet beaten the record he made on that occasion.

In 1866 a company of Her Majesty's 4th Regiment was stationed at Charlottetown, and the officers assisted the Club at the annual gathering by sending a squad of their men to guard the field, with a bugler and drummer to assist at the games which were held on Government House grounds. It was in July of this year that a great conflagration destroyed one hundred buildings in the town, and left many families destitute. Those who were so fortunate as to have escaped the fire came forward generously to their relief. The Caledonia Club devoted all its spare funds to the same purpose, and the Highland Society of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, forwarded them the sum of eighty dollars in aid of the sufferers.

As these gatherings entailed large outlay in order that they should be successful, it was decided to withhold them now for a

time, owing to the distress consequent on the fire and other causes, but at the regular meetings in the autumn and winter evenings, readings, songs and recitations were given, and the music of the bagpipes enlivened the time of the members.

Notes and Queries, Correspondence, Reviews

P. E. Island Newspapers.

In the May number of the Prince Edward Island Magazine will appear the first of a series of articles on the newspapers of Prince Edward Island and the editors, written by Mr. J. H. Fletcher, for some time editor of the *Island Argus*. The writer recalls many old events now almost forgotten, and many reminiscences of the men who in times past wielded the editorial pen in P. E. Island.

* *

Chocolate Rabbits.

It has been asserted that Rabbits (Hares) of an uniform chocolate colour are to be found in this Island. The Secretary of the Natural History and Antiquarian Society,—Mr. Lawrence W. Watson—will be indebted to any one who will kindly send him particulars of any such rabbits having been seen or shot at any time. Specimens which may be secured in the future would be most gladly received.

* *

Acadian Dykes.

The excellent article on Acadian Dykes by Rev. W. H. Warren, M.A., which appeared in your March number, should not pass without comment, for there are two entirely different kinds of dyke which are known by the same historic name. Those which Mr. Warren describes are almost identical with what we know to be French dykes along the reedy shores of the Basin of Minas, but with us they are not nearly so numerous nor so interesting as the others. Many of our so-called "French Dykes" are great moraine-like mounds of earth piled up around jutting points of land along the river courses, and enclose perhaps not more than a quarter of an acre. Readers who know only these, and there are many, would be surprised at a man of Mr. Warren's ability thinking that man had made them for purposes of economy; so it is fitting that someone explain. As to how or why such dykes were made, even Sir William Dawson has not convinced us; Francis Bain supposed they might have been shoved up by running ice in prehistoric times, but the clay is different from the mud-bed of our rivers. One ingenious writer thought they were thrown up ages ago by natives as shelters from behind which wild-fowl might be speared at short range or shot with bow and arrow; for my part I do not accept any theory yet, though they would do for lateral moraines if they only had the water-worn stones. Hoping to be helped by others to a conclusion.—Jeremiah S. Clark.

From Phœnix, B. C.

"I have been much pleased through receiving several copies of the Magazine. There are several Islanders in this vicinity which is fast becoming an important mining district. Cannot you get some contributor to write an article on the Bel-fast riot which took place on the Island, I think in the year 1849."—Webster Rogers.

* *

From Columbus, Montana.

Publisher P. E. I. Magazine,—“I have received your December number and have found it so interesting that I will look with pleasurable anticipation for each successive number of your valuable Magazine.

“I was greatly interested in the article on Cavendish, my birthplace, from the pen of my talented cousin, Walter Simpson. The illustrations help me to recognize many spots which I supposed would be so changed in eighteen years as to be unrecognizable by me. Bay View is the same old place. The wharf, the store and the warehouses, and the house on the hillside and the approach to the bridge. I read with pleasure the articles on “Tenant League” and “Memories of the Past.” I see in your ads. the names of some with whom I was acquainted in the “auld lang syne.” Yours truly, Geo. H. Simpson, Columbus, Montana.

* *

From Berwick, N. S.

“Through the kindness of a friend I received the Christmas number of your excellent Magazine. I was greatly pleased with the appearance and contents of the number. The general make-up is excellent. The illustrations and press work are very fine; and the contents racy and readable. I was especially pleased with the illustrated article on Cavendish. How vividly those pictures brought to my mind the words of Longfellow:

“Visions of childhood, stay oh stay,
Ye were so sweet and mild,” etc.

D. H. Simpson, Berwick, N. S.

* *

An Islander in Kootenay.

The following extract from the letter of an Islander in East Kootenay may interest the readers of the Prince Edward Island Magazine. It describes a visit on Christmas Eve to attend the devotions at an Indian Mission:—

“On leaving the railway line we drove about six miles. There in the heart of the mountain lay a lovely valley, the site of the Eugene Mission. We found a beautiful church surrounded by a hospital, a school house, a priest's residence and village of Indian houses, with the St. Mary's River passing between them and the mountains. Benediction service was just about to begin, so we went right to the church. The palings outside were hung with the hats, boots and rubbers of the Indians inside the church. We went to the gallery which was reserved for strangers, and found the whole floor below us filled by Indians who were then kneeling, and all were reciting together the Rosary in their own tongue.

When they had finished, Father Cocola preached a sermon in French and called up an Indian to interpret it to the others. This he did without any hesitation, no matter how long the sentences might be. Benediction then followed, and the Indians all joined in singing the hymns, after which Father Cocola spoke to them in their own language. We paid a visit to him after the service. He told us that some of the Indians present had come seventy miles to attend the Christmas service and were from all the villages within that distance. He shewed us many letters received from his Indians with Christmas greetings. The church

and other mission buildings were erected from the sale of the St. Eugene mine, which he and an Indian had discovered, and it is one of the most beautiful churches I have ever been in. Before the midnight Mass began the Indian band played the Hosannah outside the church door, and after each verse they fired a volley from their rifles. During the mass they sang in their own peculiar chant and after an address from Father Cocola, all received Communion.

First came the Indian boys and girls from the schools, then the older people. It was pleasing to see the orderly and devotional manner in which this was done. The squaws with their many coloured head-dresses, and many of them with paposes on their backs, and the men, many of them old and white-haired, with their blankets of all colours, formed a very interesting sight as viewed from the gallery. They shewed more respect and devotion at the service than one could expect from the same number of white people. After the service was ended they had a chant in their own language, which for volume of sound beat anything I had ever heard."

*
* *

Literary Notes.

Friends of Charles G. D. Roberts will be pleased to know that he is fast climbing the ladder of literary success. Of the many comments on his latest novel we quote the following:—"Fiction these days is adding a host of new characters to its store, drawn from the animal world. We have had Kipling's wood people, Thompson's wild animals, and now Charles G. D. Roberts comes forward with some forest creatures who have the hearts and instincts of men and who win us as no other humanized beasts ever have. Mr. Roberts differs from his fellow authors in giving us a novel instead of detached tales, and his "Heart of the Ancient Wood," which appears in the last (April) "New Lippincott" is the fullest and sincerest work devoted to this fascinating theme. His chief character is Old Kroof, the bear, who becomes part of a deep woods household and protects the mother and daughter who people the remote cabin. There is love, pathos and tragedy, but the grandeur of the ancient wood pervades all. The plot is unguessable, and the characters are real people, even the beasts."

We acknowledge the receipt of the fac-simile title of the forthcoming "North American Notes and Queries" — similar in type and scope to the well-known London "Notes and Queries." It will be published monthly and each number will contain some important historical or interesting papers, by our best authors, some notes and queries, topics of general interest, a list of the most notable books of the month, etc., etc. In the initial number will be found the following papers: "Acadians in Louisiana," by Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D.; "An Episode of the War of 1812," by Lieut.-Col. Ernest Cruikshank; "Canada's First Baby Boy," by George Johnson, of the Statistical Department; an historical paper by Miss Mary Agnes FitzGibbons, secretary of the Women's Historical Society; one characteristic poem by the celebrated author of "The Habitant", Dr. W. H. Drummond and several other papers. The notes and queries department will be open to all, and queries and replies having a general interest will always be received with pleasure.

The ninth of the series of twelve leaflets on Canadian History, published by G. U. Hay, of St. John, N. B., contains the following:—Explorers of Canada, Benjamin Sulte, F. R. S. C.; Newfoundland as it is, Rev. M. Harvey, LL. D.; The Heroine of Vercheres, Sir James M. Lemoine; The Return of the Acadians, J. Vroom; Location of the Acadians in Nova Scotia, Annie M. McLean, M. A., Ph. D.; The Loyalists in Old Nova Scotia, Rev. W. O. Raymond, M. A.; The Assault of Montgomery and Arnold on Quebec, 1775, Sir James M. LeMoine.

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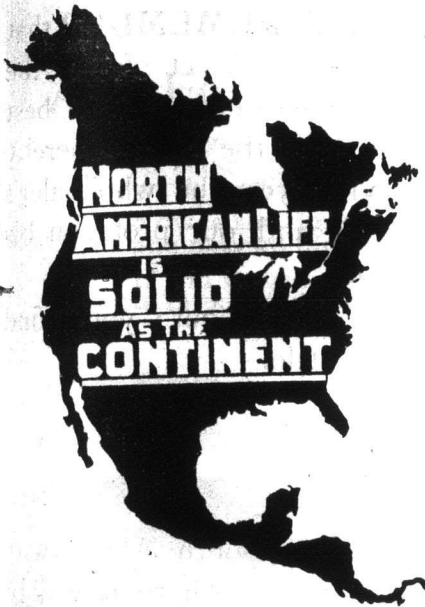
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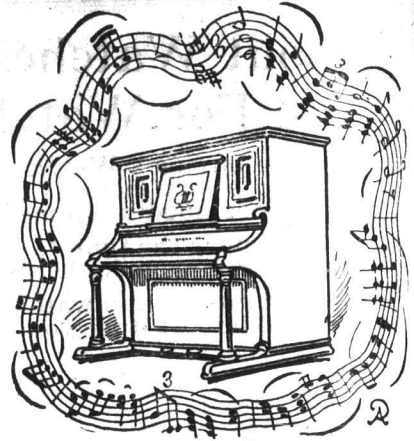
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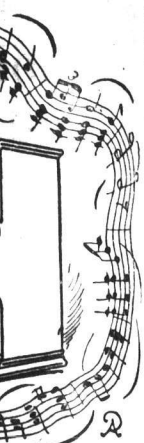
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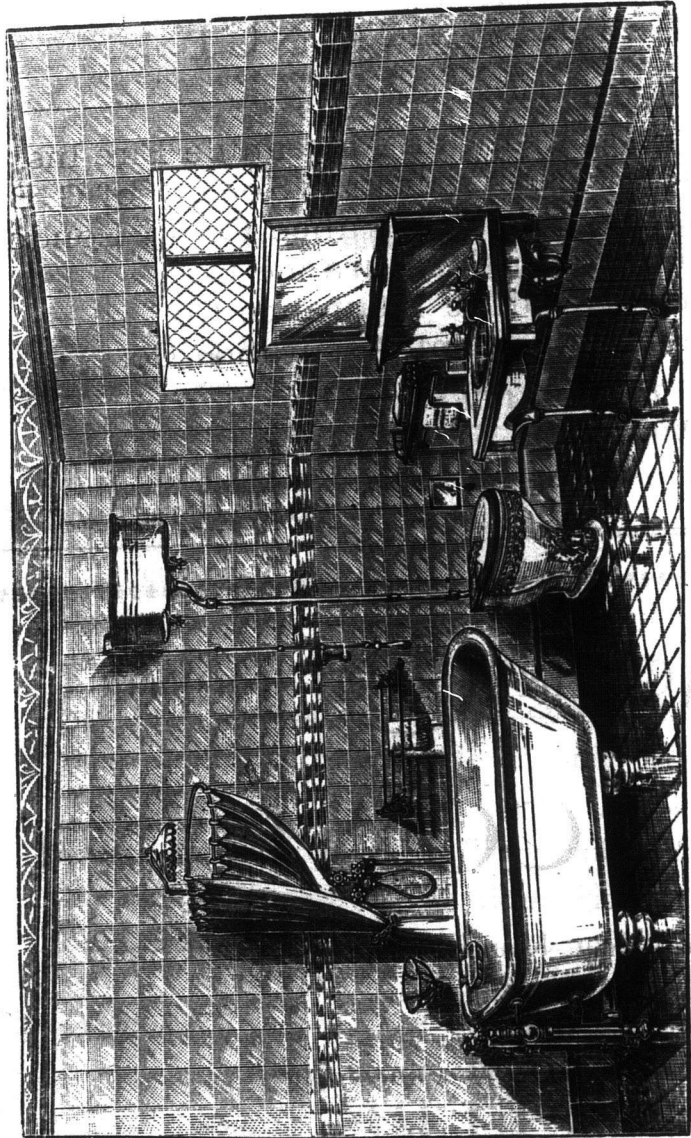
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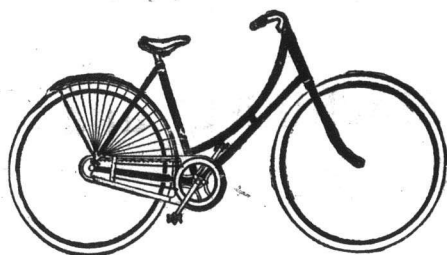
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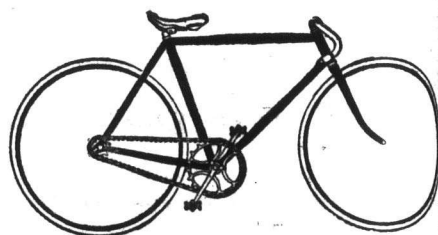


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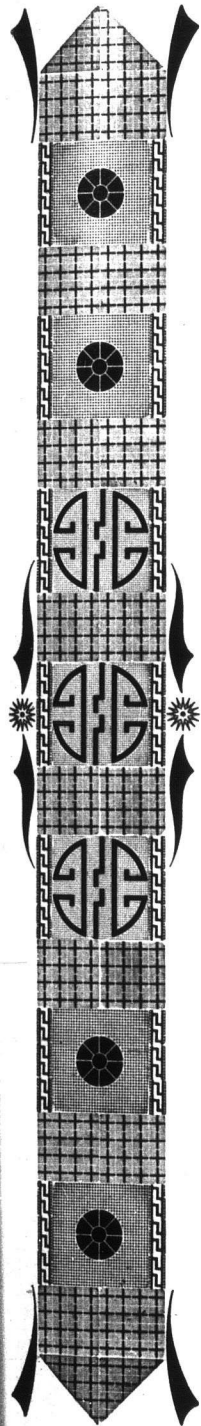
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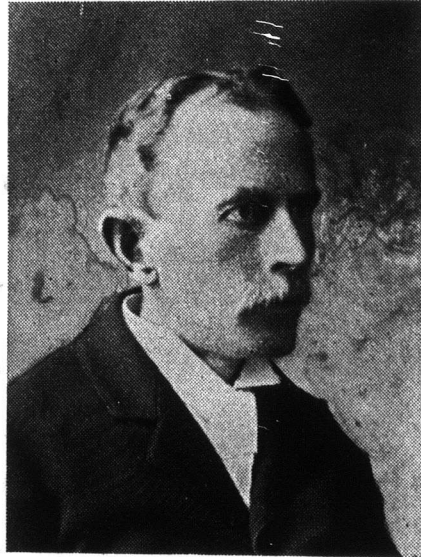
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