

Foresters

VIETY

d them.

from disease or

, when all pay-

per \$1,000 and
the Ordinary

Age	Per Month	Sick Benefits
37	1 50	51
38	1 56	52
39	1 62	53
40	1 68	54
41	1 76	55
42	1 84	56
43	1 92	58
44	2 00	60
45	2 08	62
46	2 18	64
47	2 32	66
48	2 50	68
49	2 70	70
50	2 90	75
51	3 10	80
52	3 30	85
53	3 60	90
54	3 90	95

ED and VERY
s, but MATHE-
thly court dues

H.C.R., Crapand
Coun, Summerside
bedeque
, Charlottetown

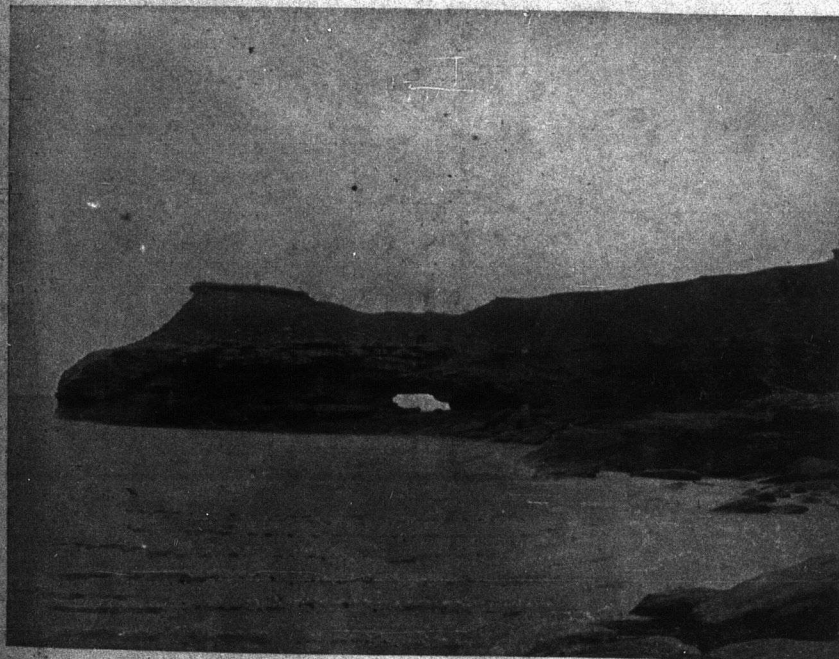
THE

Prince Edward Island MAGAZINE

VOL. II

JUNE, 1900

NO. 4



CAPE LEFORCE, CAVENDISH, P. E. I.

Single Copies 5 Cents.

Subscription, One Year, 50 Cents.

Address all correspondence and subscriptions to the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE,
P. O. Box 698, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

The Prince Edward Island Magazine.

* Contents of this Number. *

	PAGE
North Side Queen Square, a Generation Ago - - -	Frontispiece
My Forte - - - - -	Jeremiah S. Clark 101
Sea Trout of Fortune - - - -	John F. Robertson, Jr. 104
Newspaper Life and Newspaper Men—II. (Illus.) -	J. H. Fletcher 107
Scottish Associations in P. E. Island -	Hon. Senator Macdonald 113
Bedeque and its People—I. (Illus.) - - -	L. U. Fowler 117
What Constitutes a Gentleman? - - -	John Maclaren 125
The Empire (Stages in its Progress)—III. -	Hon. A. B. Warburton 129

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.

The Prince Edward Island Magazine is published about the first of each month of date of issue.

SUBSCRIPTIONS—The subscription price is fifty cents a year, for which it will be sent post paid to any address in Canada or the United States. Remittances may be sent in stamps or by postal note or money order.

ADVERTISING—The rates for advertising are: Three dollars for a whole page; half page and quarter page in proportion.

The Prince Edward Island Magazine is printed at The Examiner Job Printing Rooms, Queen Street, Charlottetown.

Address all correspondence and subscriptions to *

The Prince Edward Island Magazine,
P. O. Box 698,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

azine.

PAGE

Frontispiece

S. Clark 101

rtson, Jr. 104

. Fletcher 107

Macdonald 113

U. Fowler 117

Maclaren 123

Varburton 129

Holiday Reading



Magazines, Latest Books and Novels.

Souvenirs * *

HAMMOCKS IN VARIETY
To have the greatest comfort you must have one.

Photographs of P. E. Island Scenery on Chinaware, Views, etc.
A full line of Fancy Goods, Stationery, etc.

Books and Papers ordered by mail and promptly forwarded to customers.

GEO. CARTER & CO.

Queen Street, Opposite Market House.

ve interesting to our
should not be made

of each month of

ar, for which it will
ittances may be sent

s for a whole page;

Job Printing Rooms,

and Magazine,

TETOWN, P. E. I.

Kent Street Livery Stables

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND



W. F. ROBINS, PROPRIETOR

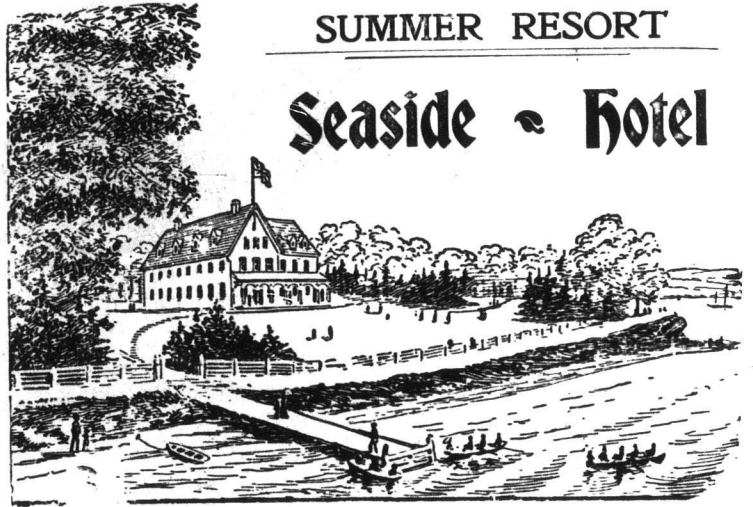
HORSES, COACHES, BUGGIES, BAROUCHES & OPEN WAGONS ON HIRE DAILY

TERMS REASONABLE

TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

SUMMER RESORT

Seaside Hotel



Rustico Beach, P. E. Island.

JOHN NEWSON & CO.
PROPRIETORS.

Surf & Still Water Bathing. Covered Ball Alley
Croquet and Tennis Grounds, &c.

Coach will leave Charlottetown for the Hotel every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, calling for guests. Returning Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings.

Trains leave Charlottetown for Hunter River at 7.35 a. m. and 3.10 and 5.00 p. m. Summerside to Hunter River at 6.55, 8.35 a. m. and 7.35 p. m.

Trains run on Eastern time, which is an hour slower than local time.

Address all correspondence to

JOHN NEWSON & CO.,
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Stylish Turnouts



FOR DRIVING

I have good horses, good carriages, and you can get them at reasonable hire.

You will enjoy a drive if you get one of my teams.

You can call me up by telephone. We'll send to your house; give you a driver if you want one.

JOS. K. STANLEY

Livery Stable Keeper.

Great George Street, between Kent and Grafton.

Tourists Islanders Abroad Everybody



It is an acknowledged fact that tailor-made clothing can be had at a lower price on P. E. Island than in almost any other place in the world.

And the best place on P. E. Island to have a suit of clothes, or a coat, or a pair of pants, made is at D. A. BRUCE'S.

When visiting the Island it will pay you to visit our store, see our goods and get our prices. Then leave your measure—spend your holidays as pleasantly as you possibly can—and when you are ready for home we will have your clothes for you.

Our store is on VICTORIA ROW, directly south from the Post Office.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS—What you want in this line you want nice. We can please you, and our prices will please you too.

D. A. BRUCE

Merchant Tailor
Gentlemen's Furnisher

Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

Tourists Tourists

WE WELCOME YOU TO THE
GARDEN OF THE GULF



*You will find OUR STORE on SUNNYSIDE, or
north of the Public Buildings.*

We are the acknowledged headquarters for

SOUVENIR GOODS

PHOTOGRAPHS OF ISLAND SCENERY AND
FINE STATIONERY

We also sell everything nice in Fancy Goods.

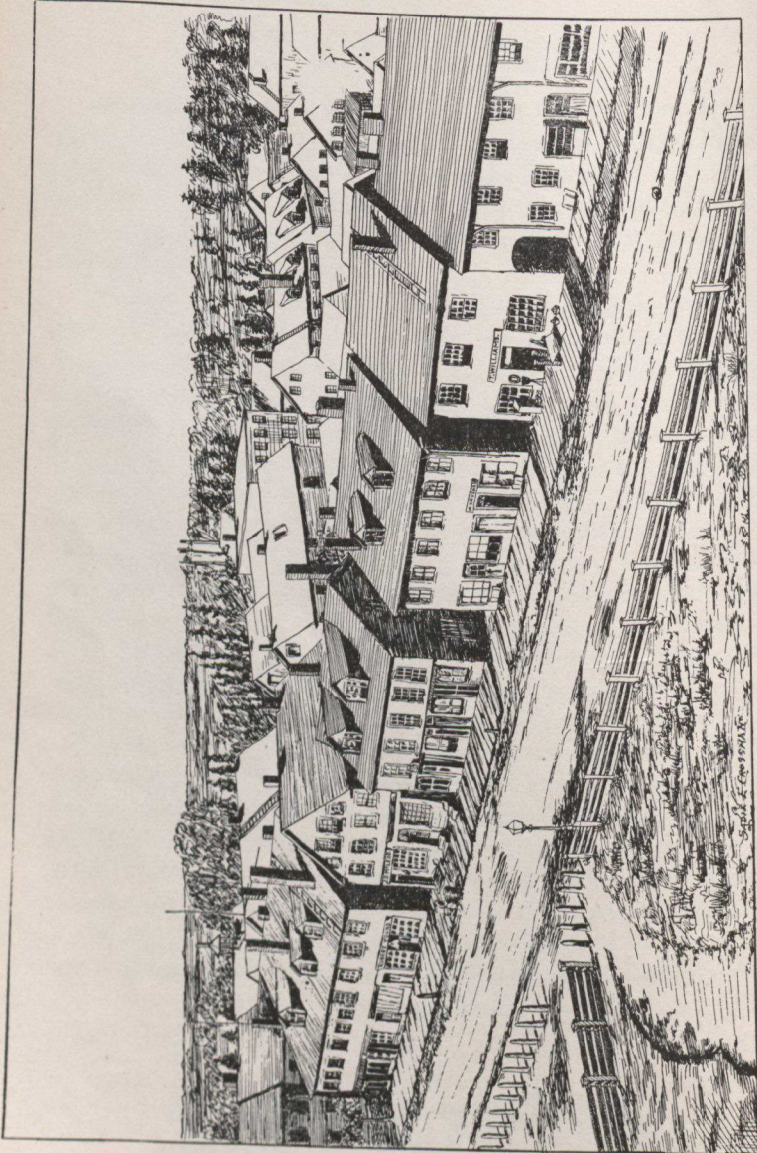


*We do a  Little Printing and do it in a
first-class style*



*During the season we shall show you many pretty
things in BLOOMING FLOWERS, such as Sweet Peas,
Choice Cactus, Dahlias, etc.*

 **Haszard & Moore**



NORTH SIDE QUEEN SQUARE, CHARLOTTETOWN, A GENERATION AGO.

From an old photograph.

- THE -

Prince Edward Island Magazine

Vol. II

JUNE, 1900

No. 4

My Forte.

I.—THROUGH STORM AND STRESS.

“ If any man in any way would be
The one man, he shall be so to his cost.—*Tennyson.*”

MY forte, my strong point, either for defence or advance in the struggle of life ; is it true that it must cost, if any man would follow his bent in any direction, or even dare to stand alone ! We believe it to be so, and are ready to first give an honest equivalent if we would gain full possession of anything, whether it be character or outside appendages ; and yet, regardless of the cost, have you not heard on every hand that this age is becoming more and more an age of specialists in every department ; and in our common conversation there is always some train of thought, which, if followed up, would readily reveal to the close observer just what is or is not your forte and mine.

The weary toiler has often murmured at the good luck of his neighbour, but why should he do so ; you and I are not asked to be successful, but faithful ; and ‘ luck ’ is only the body of ‘ pluck ’ after the head has been removed,—then do not let us cry out for a mere body, when we may have the living reality if we will. Nor do we gain anything by talking about the aristocracy of genius, for genius itself is only an infinite capacity for taking pains. Workers we are, all of us, with an endless variety of qualifications, and confronted with infinite problems that have

baffled the greatest minds for ages ; we glory in our heritage and manfully press into the work which has awaited our coming.

Now, it is readily admitted that men and women of varied ability are not equally at home in every department of life, and the question need hardly be considered as to whether or not singularity is really desirable ; but are we ready to accept the conditions of isolation as laid down by our last laureate? We find that we must do so, and it becomes us each to look to our equipment, and use our strength wisely and well if we would be true to our best selves. But equipment is so variable, and no one can see far enough into the future to know just what preparatory special circumstances shall demand as they gradually unfold themselves ; so there are many of us who march to our first contests arrayed in King Saul's glittering armour, thus courting defeat, when a smooth stone and a strip of leather would have proved equipment really more becoming, and in every way more desirable. Nor is this the only lesson we may learn from the sweet singer of Israel, the shepherd who became a king.

That was a beautiful custom practised by the young men of all the aboriginal tribes of North America ; a youth, when struggling to solve the problem of his life-work, would wander for weeks in the forest, every thought a prayer to the Great Spirit, until the answer of the Unseen became burned into every fibre of his existence ; then he returned, strong in the possession of a settled conviction, and therefore ready for life. We in these days are so hedged about with evident duties that we think we cannot take our forty days in the wilderness or the forest ; indeed if an intellect is in any way erratic, or inclined to soar, the poor possessor is soon so belaboured with hard facts by his dearest friends that he hastens to take refuge in insanity or utter dependency, for the body, the beast-part of man must be preserved at any cost,—is it not so written in the records of Bedlam?

Were it not better to live and die
As thousands who never righted a wrong,
Than to struggle and cause a faction?
What right, sir, have I to blacken your sky,
To ruin the weak and baffle the strong,
With the dust-clouds of immature action?

Let the youth struggle and cry out, however wild his words

may be ; he is but living over again the experience of the race, and in his moments of extreme exhaustion, he may complacently reflect that after a time his muscles will be the stronger for struggling, and by this means too he has acquired appetite, which is evidence of capacity for something.

But where shall the youth find help in solving the problem of his life-work ? Can the college man consult a specialist in this department, or can the labourer place confidence in the advice of his associates ; is a man to follow the vagaries of his own erratic inclinations, or shall he choke down every aspiration, and yield to the urgent request of parents and friends ; or indeed, shall he in utter despair make a soup of all the ingredients and fall into it hopelessly, thus becoming a byword for the vulgar.

Let us be careful, too, what trees we shake in our quest for the golden fruit of wisdom, or we shower on our unprotected heads the experience of those who fought for a score of years against preaching, or plowing, or punching a bronco, until their manhood gave way and they succumbed to the inevitable. Such statements lead us to speculate as to whether we may not later live by stealing, or slandering, or some such remunerative calling which we now fight against most vigorously. And yet a man needs help, for he must decide, or fall into line somewhere, if he would live at all. Or shall he stubbornly ponder on until he is starved into submission, and at last give over the battle, as so many others have done, when, his ambition being gone, the power of his life is lost.

Many of us, most of us have sought at the source for guidance, we believe that God is leading us, and we would follow carefully ; but He works through agents, and these agents may be either our own opinions or the opinions of others. Is it not a weakness for a young man to persuade himself that he has shelved all responsibility on his Maker while he stubbornly though unconsciously follows his own selfish inclinations ? Just where are we to draw the line between implicit trust and fool-hardy perversity ?

Are you angry at the continual recurrence of the same note in this wild music ? Kindly forbear, and do not hastily condemn the young man who after a night of struggling turns eagerly to

the dawn of a new day for his answer, suffering on in silence, while he smothers his too anxious soul beneath the mask of bovine indifference. What progress has been made,—what is my forte,—my strong point? is it simply the power to ask bothersome questions, and confuse readers who might otherwise have escaped, and existed supinely without even approaching the borderland of that desert which lies between nonentity and achievement?

And yet if we do not question, and think, we are never to rise above the beasts or birds who have no forte at all, and are each equally deft at working out the teachings of the Soul of nature. Have the beasts been civilized? Then let us not be ashamed to question whether we have found our place or not in relation to our fellow-men and our Maker; above all let us be teachable, and if we approach the problem in the right spirit, it is none of my business what answer you get, and I claim the same indulgence for myself, as we stand shoulder to shoulder, proud to assert that we are the heirs of all the ages, and as desirous as any to help advance in whatever way we can the best interests of mankind.

O, there's confidence and danger in the vigor of a youth,
Such mighty possibilities for error and for truth,
That we pause on manhood's portal, and we seek a guiding hand:
For we would not waste our powers; do not blame us as we stand.

JEREMIAH S. CLARK.

Sea Trout of Fortune.

BY JOHN F. ROBERTSON, JR.

AT last after a sixty-mile journey and a good dinner my chum and I were ready to go fishing. Before us lay Bay Fortune, a land-locked sheet of water about a quarter of a mile wide, and extending five miles into the country with as many twists and turns as the Prince Edward Island Railway. The day was dull and calm, too calm for sport on such water. We caught a few but they were small.

In the evening we tried De Graw's Spring above Fortune

Bridge. After fishing for a while I wandered up stream—or rather bay—and cast at a gap in the eel grass. Like a flash a big trout went up into the air. He missed the fly but got it a second afterwards and then—oh ye gods! The tip straightened out like a part of the line, the reel went click, click, as he made his first wild rush, and I felt in my wrist that tingle, a little of which—perhaps not more than three hours a year shows a fellow that life is really worth living, and gets him up for his work again. First I gained line then he did, but at last he tired, and I drew him on the sand. I had seen larger fish and caught larger, but most of them were fresh water; and how can one compare those flabby things with the silvery sea-trout with firm red flesh and enough fight for any bull-dog.

Below Dingwell's mill at the head of the Bay the channel, almost empty when the tide is out, at the full overflows the adjacent hay-covered land to a depth of about a foot. Here on a little point my chum had the greatest run of luck I ever saw. One, two, and often three fish rose at every cast. To get a lively fellow on a string—we had forgotten the creels—without using a net and while standing almost up to the knees in hay and water, is by no means an easy task. However, if an occasional one did get away there were lots more where that came from. Getting excited he rushed those trout out of the water in a way that was marvellous to me who am of a somewhat cautious temperament.

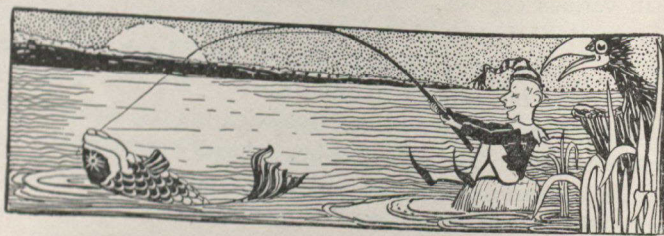
Talking about rushing fish it can be done in various ways and in various degrees. On one occasion we were trying our luck near the bridge with a native fishing about fifty yards above us. Suddenly we heard a shout of "Look out? Can't you see where the thing's hauling me?" He was within five yards of us, coming like a locomotive with his rod held at right angles to himself, The poor "thing" hardly touched the water but trailed out behind like the tail of a kite. We had not the presence of mind to move, so the man turned inland, and the way the fish jumped over the stones was marvellous to see.

One afternoon about two o'clock I was lying on the wharf lazily casting into a ripple. It was fearfully hot and the sun was simply broiling me. I cannot say that I expected to catch

anything, but, being there to fish, I was going to fish. Something rose at the fly but hardly broke the water so I did not pay much attention to it. However, at about the eighth rise I saw the trout and was wide awake like a shot. I hooked him the next time and in fifteen minutes had him in my creel. He was the biggest of the trip. Now, this illustrates the great beauty of fishing—you never know what to expect. If each spring you were given a nice little list of your next summer's catch with weight, dates, etc., there would be no fun in it at all.

Another illustration of the same principle is a trip my chum and I took in the "Gospel Ship," an almost unmanageable punt sometimes used to convey people to church. We anchored the said punt amidships so that she swung round and round and we fished the same water with identical flies. While he got thirteen trout of almost exactly the same size—as pretty a string as I ever saw—I did not get even a rise.

There is never a rose without a thorn and this outing although so pleasant has deprived me of another pleasure, not so great to be sure, but still considerable. I have lost my old satisfaction in mill-pond fishing. I can still enjoy it after a fashion but it is not what it used to be. My great aim at present is to get up to Fortune about the middle of May during the first run of the fish when report sayeth that they will eat bare hooks.

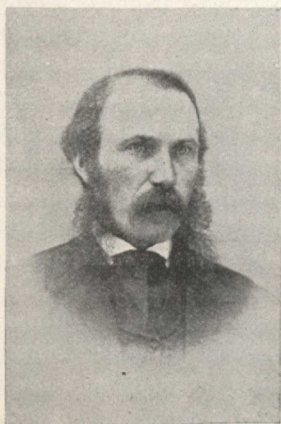


Newspaper Life and Newspaper Men.

(CONTINUED)

By J. H. FLETCHER.

ANOTHER writer connected with The Patriot at this time was Mr. Patrick Reilly. I do not know that he was a paid assistant on the editorial staff, but I do know that he was a regular contributor to its columns. Mr. Rielly was not without ability, but his best efforts were marred by his unfortunate habit of dipping his pen in gall and lashing without mercy those he did not like. He was an adept at calling names and hurling venomous philippics against his enemies. His style was closely modelled after that of the Irish agitators of 1848. He would have made an effective writer if he had had a little more consideration for the opinions of his opponents. But like every



THE LATE DONALD CURRIE.

other man of violent temper and strong convictions, he failed to realize how those who did not see eye to eye with him could be honest. He belonged to the same school of politics as Mr. Currie, and like him was probably sincere and honest. While Mr. Laird used to get the credit for the ability manifested in some of these articles, yet he had often to suffer the penalty for their abusive and unwarranted attacks on the character and actions of those they assailed. Speaking for myself, I never charged Mr. Laird with the

authorship of the violent articles that at that period appeared in his paper. The milder articles I always attributed to Mr. Laird, the personal ones to Mr. Currie and the vitriolic ones to Mr. Rielly.

Of Mr. Laird I always held a high opinion. Personally, I liked the man. Politically I did not. He was a man of high

character, great independence and remarkable cleverness. Although he used handle me pretty roughly at times, yet I always respected him, believing that he was honest in his utterances and sincere in his convictions. More than once in the midst of our warfare I came to his rescue. While I was willing to strike Mr. Laird as heavy blows as I could, I didn't want anyone else to do it. In the issue of *The Argus* of Nov. 29 1870, the following editorial appeared. "We entirely disapprove of the savage attacks made upon our neighbor, Mr. Laird, by a writer in the "Islander." Notwithstanding some little difference of opinion that exists between Mr. Laird and ourself on political matters we know him to be an honest and upright man, and we respect him as such, etc."

For some years *The Argus* was published in a building adjoining *The Patriot*. During that time there was an incessant political fight between both papers, but never an angry word between the proprietors. Indeed, we borrowed from each other and bought of each other, and never had a word of disagreement. At one time we purchased a power press together, and for over a year it turned off both *The Patriot* and *The Argus*. After a time I sold my interest in it to Mr. Laird and purchased a new one for myself. This would not have been done but for the reason that *The Argus* moved into a more commodious building.

I remember an episode that occurred when we were printing our papers on the same press and in adjoining buildings. It always furnished a subject for laughter when we referred to it afterward. It was this; I was presenting the readers of *The Argus* with a series of political portraits—that is I was showing up the peculiarities and characteristics of the members of the House of Assembly. In touching up Mr. Laird, who was then a member, I said that some people accused Mr. Laird of not being over particular in the observance of the Seventh Commandment; I should have said the Ninth Commandment. The Ninth Commandment refers to the habit of bearing false witness against thy neighbor. But the paper went to press in that way. Mr. Laird, luckily, happened to be in the press room at the time, and picking up *The Argus* began to read his "portrait." "Why," he shouted, "what is this he has said about me? He accuses

me of having violated the Seventh Commandment." Then he rushed in to where I was, and roared out. "What do you mean by saying that I violate the seventh commandment?" I saw he was both excited and indignant, and I replied. "Mr. Laird, they do say that you sometimes bear false witness against your political opponents." "Well," said he with a roar that came pretty nearly shaking down the plastering, "what has that got to do with it. You insinuate that I have been charged with adultery." The thought flashed to my mind in a second that I had made a mistake, and I rushed into the press room, and began taking out the type. So I said to Mr. Laird what is the number of the commandment I should have referred to, and he thought for a moment and then added, "the Eighth." Being, as I thought, an authority on the subject, I substituted the "Eighth," for the "Seventh." But not more than one hundred copies were struck off than I heard Mr. Laird coming again like a pile of brick from a steep roof. "Why," said he in thunder tones "You've got that wrong again; I've turned the Commandments up, and I find you should have said the "Ninth," The Eighth Commandment refers to stealing. Why you might as well say I am a thief outright. It's too bad." "Bless you, Mr. Laird, its not my fault this time; its your own. As an elder you should have known better." "So ought you in the first place," shouted the irate editor—change it again—change it quick—there's no time to be lost." So I ran in again, stopped the press and had it changed to the "Ninth," but not before a hundred copies or so were run off. When I returned I found Mr. Laird sitting down in a deep study. Looking up, he said in the most mournful tone. "It was a miraculous escape." When I got alone and thought the matter over, I used to laugh to think how that edition went forth, some of the papers insinuating that the good man was an adulterer, some that he was a thief and some that he was a bearer of false witness against his neighbor!

If Mr. Laird had been a vindictive man, he might have taken one of the first papers that came off the press, and had me arrested for libel. But he knew how it all came about, and he afterward laughed over it as heartily as a man could.

Mr. Laird was not as good a writer in my day as he was a

speaker. His style was neither polished nor fluent, but it was versatile, rough and strong. But I always regarded him as one of the wittiest and most convincing speakers of the day. His voice was unmusical, his manner awkward, his language frequently uncouth, but there was a naturalness about his style, an originality in his thoughts, a keenness in his thrusts, a force in his logic and a scorn in his laugh that gave to his sledge-hammer speeches a power that for the time being seemed to overwhelm his adversaries. He had few equals in repartee and his strong Scotch accent, ready wit, and comical humor rendered him particularly forcible on the political platform. While not a graceful speaker nor an attractive orator he was nevertheless bold and original and never failed in riveting the attention of an audience.

I remember one occasion when political feeling ran high that he seemed to be at his best. It was Nomination day, and the hustings was erected on Market Square. The great question under discussion was the terms that he had secured at Ottawa as a condition of the Island entering the Canadian Confederation. The people were furious. Mr. Laird was the target of the day. He tried to show that the terms which had been offered were the best that could be obtained and that they ought to be accepted. "Suppose," shouted the orator in stentorian tones, "that I was about to trade a horse with Mr. Davies that merchant yonder." "What has a horse to do with Confederation," yelled some fellow in the crowd. "Suppose," repeated Mr. Laird, "that I was going to trade a horse—" "What has a horse got to do with the question?" shouted the fellow again. "Well, then," roared Mr. Laird, in a voice loud enough to crack the firmament, "we will say an ass, as you will be better able to see the point." This sarcasm evoked the loudest roars of laughter even from the speaker's enemies, and the fellow seemed to have crawled into a hole and then plugged up the entrance.

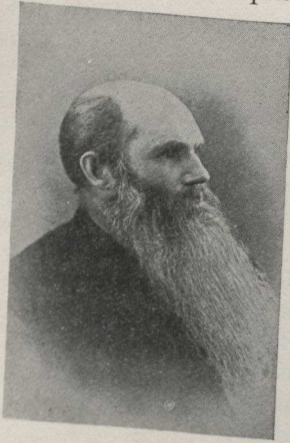
On Sep. 19th 1871, a gentleman passed away who was not only intimately connected with the press but who actually formed part of the Island's history. In his day, no man was better known and it was said that he knew more people than any man on the Island. For many years John Arbuckle was Superintendent of Schools, and from travelling round the country

became acquainted with nearly every family in it. He could call all the old men and women, all the young men and maidens by their given names. He could tell to whom they all were married, how many children they had, when and where they were christened, what part of the "old country" they came from, what year they arrived on the Island, the color of their hair, their nicknames, financial standing and other characteristics. At one time he wielded a powerful influence with country voters, and no man felt safe in running an election without first trying to secure his support. But his advocacy of Confederation and close intimacy with Col. Gray and other prominent confederates greatly weakened his hold upon the people. Mr. Arbuckle was a very sociable man, a great story-teller with an abundance of Scottish humor and considerable oratorical ability. He soon became a regular visitor to The Argus office, and made it his business to keep the editor acquainted with the inner workings of the political machines. He was an industrious gatherer of local news and family gossip, and he retailed what he had gathered with a zeal that was commendable. In earlier years he and Donald Currie were fast friends, and really they should have been, for they had much in common. But Confederation separated them as it did many other life-long friends, and for ever after each gave the other a "wide berth" whenever they chanced to meet. Mr. Arbuckle was an exceedingly sociable man and always addressed me familiarly as "James," and invariably spoke of Hon. Fredk. Brecken as "Fred" and Hon. T. H. Haviland as "Heath." He was always a great friend to the newspapers, and in his day furnished them with more gossip than any man on the Island.

Another gentleman who wrote a great deal for the newspapers in those stormy days was the late Archibald McNeill, C. H. A. He took an extraordinary interest in politics and was an active champion of Confederation, the Railway, and all the measures instituted by the Conservative party. Mr. McNeill was not a polished writer. He paid little attention to the rules of composition, but dashed off anything he had to say in a careless and perhaps rather slovenly manner. But he possessed untiring energy, ready wit and splendid gifts as a platform speaker.

His fine presence, powerful voice and ready flow of language made him a valuable acquisition at political gatherings. He enjoyed a joke, and while not a humorist in any sense, had still the faculty of producing a laugh when he so desired. Few men had greater power of invective, and many an opponent was made to wince under it. Mr. McNeill was one of my earliest teachers, and although he often handled me without gloves, yet he was so affable and agreeable at times that he always occupied a prominent place in my affections.

I have a distinct recollection of a meeting that was once held in the old Athenaeum to discuss the question of "Better terms" that had been offered the Island by the Dominion Government. Mr. McNeill and the party to which he belonged, were in favor of accepting them. Hon L. H. Davies and the



MR. HENRY LAWSON.

liberals were opposed to them. Both parties rallied their forces for the occasion. After several hot speeches, Mr. McNeill succeeded in gaining the platform. He began by roasting the antis in his best style. He at length paused and then said, "I will now ask you anti-confederates a question. Are there any terms that can be offered that you will accept?" There was no answer. Everything was as silent as a graveyard. Raising his voice until the rafters fairly cracked again he repeated the question: "Are there any terms which can be

offered that you will accept? I pause for a reply." Silence again reigned. And then in louder tones than ever he thundered, "Ah, ye dumb dogs!" This expression set one half of the house in the wildest rage and the other half roaring and shouting. The uproar became so great that the meeting had to be adjourned without coming to any vote on the question.

About this period there were published at Charlottetown, *THE EXAMINER*, edited by P. R. Bowers; *The Islander*, edited

by the late Judge W. H. Pope ; The Patriot by Hon. D. Laird ; The Herald, by Edward Reilly, Esq. Shortly after, The Islander became the property of Mr. A. E. McDougall with Mr. Jos. F. Brennan as editor ; The Herald passed over to Professor Caven and THE EXAMINER to W. L. Cotton, Esq., its present editor. Mr. Bowers then established The New Era, and the Rev. Stephen G. Lawson appeared above the journalistic horizon with The Presbyterian. When Mr. Laird was appointed governor of the North West territory, Mr. Henry Lawson succeeded him as editor and publisher of The Patriot.

Scottish Associations in P. E. Island.

(CONTINUED)

BY HON. SENATOR MACDONALD.

THE officers of the Club in 1876 were Hon. Patrick Walker, Chief ; Dr. W. G. Sutherland, President ; John A. Macdonald, first Vice President ; Col. McGill, second Vice President ; J. W. Morrison, Treasurer ; James McLellan and Jas. D. Irving, Secretaries.

The annual gathering was held on the 3rd August, which proved to be an exceedingly hot day, when the farmers were in the midst of haymaking, but a couple of thousand people formed into procession on Queen Square headed by Galbraith's band and four Pipers. They were led by President Sutherland in full Highland costume, and marshalled by Col. McGill to the field on Government House farm where the games were sharply contested.

International contests in throwing the hammer and putting the stone drew several athletes from abroad to take part. Hugh McKinnon, of Hamilton, Ontario, was winner of both events and carried off first money, \$250, besides the medal and championship. The second prize for hammer throwing was won by John

Morrison, of Dundas, and Roderick Macdonald, of Murray Harbour road took second money in putting the stone.

In the evening, the Charlottetown Amateur Dramatic Club under the patronage of the Society gave a performance of the Historical Drama "Wallace, the Hero of Scotland" which brought the pleasures of the day to a pleasant close.

St. Andrew's day was spent in social mirth and enjoyment at the St. Lawrence Hotel. Gaelic songs were sung with great applause by A. B. McKenzie and James Macdonald Esqs., while speeches and songs in English were contributed by other members.

In 1877, the Hon. James Duncan was Chief, John Andrew Macdonald, President; Colonel McGill, first Vice President, and John A. Macdonnell second Vice President; J. W. Morrison, Treasurer; A. A. MacLean and S. R. MacLean, Secretaries. A committee on games was appointed to assist the officers and consisted of John A. Macdonnell, Col. McGill, D. A. Macdonald, A. McNeill, N. J. Campbell, D. McIsaac, A. A. Macdonald, A. B. McKenzie, Donald MacKinnon, Joseph A. Macdonald, R. J. Campbell, John Harley, A. C. Macdonald, A. R. Beaton, Hector McMillan, Colin McLennan, Hugh L. Macdonald, John Ross and Murdoch McLeod.

The annual gathering was held on the 15th August, in J. C. Pope's field at St. Avards, and owing to the energetic work of the committee it proved to be most successful as about five thousand admission tickets were sold and the net proceeds exceeded four hundred dollars.

Among the invited guests present on this occasion besides Lieut. Governor Hodgson and his worship the Mayor, were General Butler and Judge Bond of the United States.

During the intermission in the games, General Butler gave an address in which he referred to the advantages that would accrue to the Province from a Reciprocity of trade in natural productions with the United States, an arrangement he was very desirous to accomplish. Judge Bond also spoke but in a lighter vein, and was followed by Hons. Messrs. F. Brecken, G. W. Howlan and others.

The Hon. Patrick Walker, member of the Legislative

Council who had been for several years an active member of the Club and who had held the offices of President and Chief died on the 27th November, 1877, and the Club walked in procession at his funeral.

At a special meeting afterwards convened a resolution was adopted and recorded in the minutes, expressive of their condolence and sympathy with his widow and relatives, their appreciation of his worth and of the loss sustained by the community by his demise. A committee was appointed who waited upon Mrs. Walker with a copy of this resolution.

In 1878, Hon. James Duncan being chief, Hon. A. A. Macdonald was elected President ; J. W. Morrison first Vice President and Treasurer ; A. A. Maclean, second Vice President ; R. J. Campbell, John McPhee and Joseph Macdonald, Secretaries.

The gathering was held near the Railway crossing, where a grand stand was erected for seating fifteen hundred persons. A party of two hundred and forty came from Nova Scotia and there was a very large attendance from other sections. His Honour the Lieutenant Governor attended, accompanied by C. J. Brydges, Esq., Hons. John Longworth, P. Sinclair, and W. D. Stewart.

Several persons wore the Highland dress. Among the number were James McLeod, of this city, and his three sons, Edward, Henry and Charles. The youngsters were awarded prizes as the best dressed boys in Highland dress.

The Marquis of Lorne with H. R. H. the Princess Louise, were to arrive at Halifax on 27th November to assume the duties of his appointment as Governor General of the Dominion

This event stirred up the National spirit of the Caledonians and a committee consisting of Col. MacGill, A. C. Macdonald, M. P., John A. Macdonald, John Caven, A. J. McCormack, H. V. Knight, A. J. Ross, Finlay McNeill, John A. Cameron and David McLennan was appointed to proceed to Halifax as representatives of the Scottish Nationality of the Province to welcome them on their arrival.

The delegates were accompanied by three Pipers and were kindly received at Halifax by the North British Society, where they took a very prominent part in the reception of the Marquis and Princess.

The Highland Society of Antigonish, N. S., united with them in the address of welcome which they presented and to which they received a suitable reply. This event is thus referred to in an editorial article in the Examiner of that date.

"Colonel MacGill and his co-delegates of the Caledonia Club deserve the thanks of the community for not allowing Prince Edward Island to be quite forgotten by the Governor General and the Princess Louise. The address they presented was one of the warmest and best we have read. Their allusion therein to the brilliant and statesmanlike scheme of the later policy of the Empire, was decidedly apt and original. Coupled with a ready perception of the fact that in a Princess of the Royal blood being entrusted to our care we have a practical evidence of the specially high regard the Mother country entertains for this Canada of ours, it was splendid.

"The way in which they alluded to the illustrious Highland House of Argyle, and the thousands of gallant Highland hearts beating between the Lochs of Cape Breton and the shores of Vancouver was also very handsome, but their address will be specially gratifying to the people of this Island because it was the means of drawing from His Excellency the pleasing intimation that he will take an early opportunity of forming a wider acquaintance with them."

His reply, to quote the New York World, was "Skillfully framed and showed tact and sense. It recognized the high compliment paid them in having at considerable personal inconvenience come so great a distance for the purpose of bidding them welcome."

The annual dinner on St. Andrew's day was held at the Revere Hotel kept by Mrs. McNeill. James Reddin, Esq., President of the Benevolent Irish Society was the guest of honor. The principal speakers were Col. McGill, Robert Shaw, William Kennedy, J. D. Irving, Jas. Reddin, John Caven, P. R. Bowers, John Lawson, Wm. McKechnie and W. L. Cotton.

In 1879 Hon. James Duncan was chief, A. A. Macdonald, President; Robert Shaw, first Vice President; James Macdonald, second Vice President; R. J. Campbell, Norman Campbell and

R. J. McCormack, Secretaries, when His Excellency the Governor General fulfilled his intention of visiting the Province.

The Vice Regal party arrived in the Government steamer *Druid*, escorted by H. M. S. *Bellerophon*, *Tourmaline* and *Griffon*, and the U. S. Ship of War, *Kearsage*. On the 14th Nov. the members of the Club in plaid and bonnet, with their Pipers marched in procession to the wharf and united with the other societies and public functionaries in the reception.

The annual sports and gathering were held on the following day in honor of the Marquis and Her Royal Highness. A handsome pavilion had been erected on the field from which they could view the games. The Marquis came out early in the forenoon and returned again in the afternoon with the Princess Louise. They received a most enthusiastic welcome from the assemblage. Two little boys in Highland costume (Reginald and Frank S. Macdonald) presented a bouquet of flowers to the Princess and had the honor of shaking hands with her. The Marquis himself went about among the people and many of them were introduced to him.

On the following day the Club went in procession to the Railway station as a guard of honor to the Vice Regal party as they were leaving by train for Rustico.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Bedeque and its People—No. 1.

BY L. U. FOWLER.

THE history of Bedeque is the history of the Schurmans, the Hoopers, the Wrights, the Robins, the Murrays and the Coles. Other families through their relationship to these will be woven into our history.

Bedeque is that part of Townships or Lots No. 25 and 26 which borders on the Summerside harbor, and contains about 15,960 acres, while the total number of acres in Lot 25 is 17,516, and Lot 26 contains 18,543 acres.

As early as 1751, the French were settled on what is now

known as Howatt's shore, in small dwellings rudely built of unhewn logs. The little church where they worshipped was near the shore on the farm now owned by Mr. Thomas Montgomery. A cemetery, some ghastly evidences of which still exist, formed part of their village. In 1752 there were eight families with a total population of forty-four. In 1753 there were eighty-five people. They had 74 cattle, 56 pigs, 11 sheep, and four horses. They had ten acres of clear land, and sowed that year two bushels of wheat, three of oats, and two of peas.

Many people believe that they dyked the marshes on the rivers, as the farmers are now doing. But this is very doubtful, although Rev. W. H. Warren in his excellent article on the "Remnants of Acadian dykes," published in the March Magazine, adduces very reasonable proof that these dykes were built by the French. But we have it from the oldest settlers that these dykes, or margins, are as large to-day as they were many years ago, showing that, contrary to part at least of the French building theory, they are not wasting away. Mr. Abraham Schurman says "if the French built the dykes they liked work much better than the French do now who live here."

The increase of the population during the next ten years was slow, caused in part, no doubt, by the war then raging between England and France. In 1763, when peace had been restored they all left the shore, some going to the French Village in Lot 17, others to Nova Scotia and Quebec.

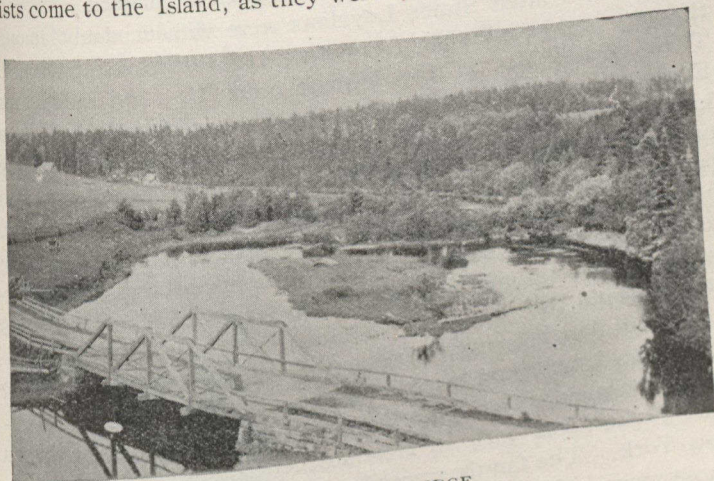
There are many old people who still believe that they buried their treasures somewhere in the vicinity, before they bade adieu to their little settlement, and considerable digging has been done at different times by the credulous, with the hope of finding the hidden wealth. The bell from the little church is buried near the spring on the farm of Mr. James Montgomery,—so it is said,—but although several attempts have been made to unearth it, its final resting place still remains a mystery. One resident maintains that these people had a saw mill on the Dunk River, but his proofs are not sufficient to induce me to give it as a fact.

Some historians give the date of the first English settlement here as 1785. There is, however, abundant proof that the first families came late in the summer of 1784. Messrs. Hooper,

Schurman, Wright, Robins and other United States Loyalists had left the American States, and come to Nova Scotia. There they read the proclamation of Governor Patterson, offering lands to settlers.

These men addressed a humble letter to the Governor, stating that they were loyal subjects of His Britannic Majesty, that they had forfeited their lands and houses in the States because they had fought for the King, and asked that lands be given them on the Island of St. John. (A copy of this letter will be given in a succeeding chapter.)

Governor Patterson was as anxious to have the U. S. Loyalists come to the Island, as they were to come. In 1783, writing



DUNK RIVER BRIDGE.

to a Mr. John Stuart, (who had been appointed in 1781 London agent by the Assembly,) he said: "I do not as yet hear, notwithstanding my efforts, of any loyalists coming this way. They have all gone to Nova Scotia, through the influence of Mr. Watson. I will not, however, as yet despair of having a part. I am sending a person among them on purpose, and at my own expense, to carry out terms and to invite some of the principal people to our lands. If they will but come,—and depend on the evidence of their own senses,—I am certain they will prefer

this Island to any of the uncultivated parts of Nova Scotia." Wherever he intended to give those emigrants lands, he certainly could not at that time give either Lots 25 or 26, for these lots with others had been lotteried away in London in July, 1767. Lot 25 was won by A. Kennedy and James Campbell, and 26 by Lieut. J. Stewart and Major Gordon.

The Loyalists came here, however, expecting free lands, but not until they had made improvements did they discover that they had to settle with the proprietors. I am well aware that Governor Patterson afterward obtained possession of some land, but how he came by it, and in which way he disposed of it is another question which does not belong to my subject.

Those United States Loyalists were without doubt among the very best people that the continent of America had produced. Their loyalty was of the highest order, they had fought for England and lost their cause. Relatives and friends had been killed or wounded in battle, and rather than remain in a country over which the Union Jack did not wave, they chose rather to begin life over again on English soil. They were industrious, honest, God-fearing men and women. Mr. Stewart in his history referring to them, says: "These settlers distinguished themselves by raising more wheat than any equal number of settlers on the Island."

I will first take up the history of the Schurman family, and if permitted, will have something to say about the others. William Schurman, whose father's name was Jacob, and his mother's Jane Parker, was born in New Rochelle, Westchester County, New York. The family traces back to one Harman Schuerman, whose name is found in the records of New York State in 1649.

The family who then spelled the name Schuerman, sided with the King in the Revolutionary War, and Jacob, a brother of William, with other persons, was taken in arms and imprisoned in the common jail of Kingston, N. Y. Philip, a cousin, was taken by the American Army at Boston. This man, after the usual troubles of war, retaining his loyalty and suffering the consequences, was married to Sarah E. Rhilander, and was reported in St. John, N. B., in 1783.

William's first wife was Jane Bonnet. This lady came of a

very old family, which claims among its ancestry the historic Antoine L'Espenard, the French Huguenot.

The children of William Schurman and Jane Bonnet were :

Peter, born 1770, married Mary Bremble.

Mary, born 1773, married Elias Tompkins.

Isaac, born 1775, married first to Mary Baker, second to Jane Lefurgey.

Jacob, born 1777, married Penney McKendrick.

Mrs. Schurman having died after the birth of their fourth child, Mr. Schurman in 1778 married Elizabeth Hyet; and it is from this lady that many of the descendants get that wit and satire so characteristic of them.

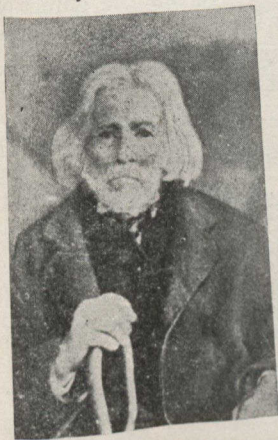
The second family were :

Benjamin, born 1780, lost at sea in one of his father's vessels in 1799.

Caleb, born in 1782, married to Mary Lefurgey, a sister of his half-brother Isaac's wife.

Mr. Schurman, with his wife and their children, and the three boys of the first family—being five boys in all—came from Nova Scotia to the Island in 1783.

Peter was then thirteen years of age. He lived to a greater age than any other of the name, being in his 99th year at the time of his death. Two years before his death a photo was taken of him. The crooked cane in his hands is well preserved by his grandson.



PETER SCHURMAN,
Born 1770, died 1868.

Mary, who married Thomas Tompkins, never came to this country. Miss Mary—known as Aunt Mary—daughter of Peter, in 1842 visited her aunt at New Rochelle, and while there was presented by her cousin Elias with a gold ring made expressly for her out of an English sovereign. During her absence a son had been born to her sister Sarah, Mrs. William Wright. On her return Aunt Mary was asked to name the boy, which she

did, calling him "Elias Tompkins." This boy is one of the leading farmers of Middleton, Elias T. Wright, Esq. This ring I have seen several times, which is highly prized by Mrs. Peter Barwise, *nee* Jane Tompkins Schurman, to whom Aunt Mary gave it before her death in 1891.

Mr. Schurman and family brought with them two negroes, "Bill" and "Soot", who had been their slaves in the U. S., (of these we will speak again.) They settled first in Tryon, and during that winter of 1784, it was with great difficulty that the family was able to make ends meet. The father, with the boys and "Bill", sawed the great pine trees, so plentiful there then, into boards in a saw pit, and in March and April, over the crust on the snow, hauled the boards on handsleds out and around by Crapaud, over the ice to Charlottetown, and sold them to buy the necessaries of life.

How little we now think when going to the city in first-class cars, or driving in covered buggies, or upon bicycles, of the hardships and privations endured by our forefathers in carving out of the forest primeval what we now so proudly call the garden of the Gulf. The heroes of our day never braved such dangers, nor suffered such hardships as did those worthy men, some of whom have not even a stone to mark their last resting-place.

In the fall of 1784 the family came from Tryon to Bedeque in an open boat, and took up 350 acres of land, which is now the farms of Messrs. Abraham Schurman, Joseph Rogers, Willard Green, and Miss Mary J. Schurman. The land had been roughly surveyed at first, but not until 1820 was it legally done. There is before me the original plan made by Surveyor Fox, dated January 13th of that year. This would be when the property was divided, just four months after Mr. Schurman's (senior) death. Rent was paid for years and years. A number of the old receipts are before me. The following is a copy of one :

Feb'y 2nd, 1858.

Received from Mrs. Mary Schurman, widow, the sum of six pounds nine shillings and ten pence, being for rent due Messrs. Thompsons, of Belfast, Ireland.

J. R. BOURKE, Agent.

The Bakers came here soon afterwards, and settled on the adjoining farm where Mr. Nelson Enman now lives. And now we have, after nearly a century and a quarter, a descendant of the Schurman family, Willard Green, whose mother was Annie Schurman, and his wife Annie Baker, a descendant of the Baker family, living in a beautiful home on the lands first occupied by their forefathers.

Mr. Schurman built a log house near the marsh on the farm now owned by Mr. Abraham Schurman. A cavity in the earth shows yet where the old cellar and well were. This house was burnt in 1793, and thirty years after a silver spoon was ploughed up. It had a monogram with the letters J. B., most likely for Jane Bonnet. The finder had it converted into a scarf pin which is now in possession of Mr. Peter Schurman, Summerside.

For the three hundred and fifty acres, Mr. Schurman agreed to give fifty pounds, and to pay this sum in ten years. An agreement was made between him and the agent of Messrs. Thompsons of Belfast, Ireland. Thompsons were nephews of Major Gordon, one of the original proprietors.

Each party had a copy of the agreement. The burning of the house left the family almost destitute. They had saved their money, account book, and a few other valuables. Mr. Schurman walked to Charlottetown, and tendered to the agent the £50 in payment of the lands. "What is this money for?" asked the agent. "To pay for the land I bought," replied Mr. Schurman. "We did not sell you any land." "But you did, and I got an agreement saying so." "Show me your agreement," said the agent. "I am sorry that I cannot, for my house has been burned, and with it nearly all I owned in the world, the agreement with the rest." "We never sold you land nor will we now, but we will rent it to you."

After much talking and bartering, he agreed to lease the land for 999 years, at eight pence sterling per acre, per year. This was considered a very low rent. No doubt Mr. Schurman made the best bargain possible with the agent, who knew very well that the land had been bought in the first place. Others who rented land adjoining paid as high as a shilling per acre.

The lease was a hard and fast one, all on the side of the

proprietor. The occupant was not to sell his interest in the land without the consent of the landlord. If he wished at any time to sell, he must give the owner the first offer. No mills were to be built, but the occupants of the land must always patronize the mills of the proprietors.

Mr. Schurman built a frame house near the Dunk River. It was remodelled fifty-six years ago, the work being done by the late Alexander Lefurgey. The nails used were all hand-made, some of which the writer has in his possession. There are other very old houses here, but this Schurman house, at present occupied by the family of Mr. Alex. D. McKenzie, is without doubt the oldest.



THE OLDEST HOUSE.

What Constitutes a Gentleman?

(CONTINUED)

BY JOHN MACLAREN.

IF one attempts to deceive others by an exterior which is affected, he should remember that no one is more easily deceived than the deceiver. Truthfulness of character is a virtue which compels even an enemy to respect its possessor. Virtues are admired even by those who do not practice them, and firmness of principle will ever command the encomiums of the intelligent. Sterling worth, genuine character, may be misrepresented by some—the envious and the malicious,—and misunderstood by others,—the indifferent, the unreflecting; so that in the event of their possessor failing to inspire the confidence which he really merits, he has at least the paramount satisfaction of having an approving conscience. The man who puts conscience above advantage will adopt the words of Henry Clay,—“I would rather be right than be President.” Such a man avoids all base, servile, underhand, sneaking ways; he will rather part with anything than with integrity and conscious rectitude; he does not employ duplicity and call it shrewdness; nor wrong-heartedness, and call it long-headedness; he never seeks to obtain or bolster himself up in a position to which he is not entitled. His is not the feeling of the grasping; of one who cares for no one but himself, and whose motto is—“Each man for himself, and bad luck take the hindermost.” He needs no hypocrisy, for his soul is sincere; only the hollowness of a false soul requires such gilding.

Integrity is a chief stone in the foundation of all that is high in character. Only the low-minded and unprincipled will sell themselves. A gentleman is never for sale; he cannot be bribed; his conscience is as steady as the needle to the pole. Man, as the world looks upon him, is rated by his gold or influence; but a gentleman permits no such low estimate of his character. A gentleman is possessed of inflexible integrity; he neither panders to prejudice nor courts “popularity.” If what he conceives to be his duty pleases others, he is pleased; but if

his opinions or acts do not meet with popular favor, he yet holds to his high purpose through good and through evil report, even at the risk of loss of position or influence, if he commands either. The penalty attached to adherence to duty may be, and very often is, loss of "popularity;" yet the true man's watch-word will ever be *duty*.

A man of character, a gentleman, has a keen sense of honor, and acts upon it. He is conscientious. He scrupulously avoids mean actions. His conscience goes into his words, actions and thoughts. His greatest treasure is a stainless life, which he is bequeathing to his country and his age—"A model for the nation to form itself by in all time to come." Intellect, skill, and genius are worth possessing; but honor, integrity, truthfulness, goodness which are the essence of manly character; a clear sense of duty, and the consciousness of having done one's duty, constitute nobility of character. The spirit of duty is a commanding element in character and imparts to it vigor, unity and compactness. Duty is based on a sense of justice. "Duty is not a sentiment, but a principle pervading the life." An abiding sense of duty, is the very crown of character. It injures no one, and does full justice to all. A high and honorable resolve inspires every gentleman. His determination is that of the old Danish hero—"to dare nobly, to will strongly, and never to falter in the path of duty."

A man of principle, a gentleman, is he whose conscience is his guide to duty; who scorns to take a short cut to success; and rather than do a base act would willingly act on the admonition of Heintzelman,—“Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and disloyalty; be without place or power, while others beg their way upward; bear the pain of disappointed hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have in your own cause grown gray with unblemished honor, bless God, and die!”

The name of Socrates has become a moral theme for school-boys and rhetoricians; that enchanting "cup of hemlock" is

constantly held up before us that it may produce some magical effect ; but from the obdurate nature of fallen humanity it seems a failure as a moral influence. For there are weak-minded, sour, crabbed, detestable men, who are never so happy as when nursing an old grudge ; they bristle up, snap, snarl, and dig up bitterness because of some financial wrong ; they make the worst of everything, giving vent to petty revenge, gratifying their fiendish spirit, pour the vials of their vengeance on the person whom they dislike. They are veritable porcupines. There is, however, one consolation—such people die some time, and that is the best thing they do. A gentleman is a stranger to such vices. Gentlemen

“ Do noble things, not dream them, all day long,
And so make life, death, and that vast forever, one
grand, sweet song.”

Self-respect is the noble garment with which a gentleman clothes himself, for this virtue tends to suppress the evil and to evoke the good elements in his nature.

A gentleman is not of the milk-and-water type of character ; he is a man of decision. “ There is,” says Hazlitt, “ nothing more to be esteemed than a manly firmness and decision of character. I like a person who knows his own mind and sticks to it ; who sees at once what, in given circumstances is to be done, and does it.” Says Gilpin,—“ I hate to see things done by halves. If it is right, do it boldly ; if it is wrong leave it undone.” A gentleman is never a vacillating demagogue or trimmer.

A gentleman has true charity ; he is slow to take offence and endeavors to put a favorable construction on other's faults and failings. A spirit of kindness and goodwill animates his breast. He is magnanimous. In the spirit of the poet he sings.

“ I will not willingly offend,
Nor be soon offended ;
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
And bear what can't be mended.”

We must not, however, confound charity with imbecility of character which some people take for gentleness and kindness. Imbecility of character is a fungus, devoid of solidity, and is to be despised. Character is power, not weakness. A gentleman

is gentle ; but gentleness is not timidity. Timidity is a deformity ; fear is repulsive. Courage is graceful and dignified and resides within the breast of every true man.

A gentleman possesses self-control. This is a virtue which forms a chief distinction between man and the mere animal, between a physical and a moral life,—a distinction which forms the primary basis of individual character.

Social courtesies should emanate from the heart. Their worth consists in their being the sincere expressions of the inner feelings. Modesty and politeness are attributes of every gentleman ; modesty never parades itself, but he who assumes airs of importance exhibits his credentials of insignificance ; he puts on politeness only when he pays a complimentary visit ; and being so unaccustomed to wear it, he generally makes himself ridiculous.

A gentleman is conspicuous for his cheerful disposition. By this I do not mean the ability or the disposition to excite hilarious mirth ; nor do I mean the man who is all smiles and who never frowns ; who for cheerfulness presents only a sickly sentimentality,—but him who has sunshine in the heart.

“ A gentleman is a human being combining a woman’s tenderness with a man’s courage.” He is a true man ; no more, no less ; a man who possesses excellence of character. A gentleman is gentle, modest, courteous ; slow to surmise evil, and one who never thinks it ; a man faithful in all the ordinary duties of life, steadfast in friendship, moderate to his enemy, true to his word, strong in heart and rich in spirit. If he shows one a favor, he does not regard the act as a condescension on his part. He subjects his appetites, refines his tastes, subdues his feelings, controls his speech, is of clean lips, and deems every man as good as himself. A gentleman is one whose nature has been fashioned after the highest models ; whose essential attributes do not depend on fashion or manners, but on moral worth,—not on personal possessions, but on personal qualities. He is one “ that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.” A gentleman values his character, and just so much does he respect that of others. He never profanes his powers by employing them for ignoble purposes. He neither

prevaricates, shuffles, dodges, nor skulks. When he says *yes*, it is law; when he says *no*, he means it. He acts upon the belief that character is the best capital; that capital is not what a man *has*, but what he *is*; that character is made up of small duties faithfully performed. In brief, a man—not a mere male specimen of the *genus homo*, but—a gentleman, is one whose character is not short in measure or weight, but which measures thirty-six inches to the yard and weighs sixteen ounces to the pound every time it is measured or weighed.

One may possess many sterling qualities not enumerated here; but if he can truthfully claim as his those mentioned, he is, in the opinion of the writer, *a gentleman*.

THE EMPIRE—Stages in its Progress.

(CONTINUED.)

THIRD PERIOD—IMPERIAL UNITY.

THE statesmen who accomplished these reforms have passed away. Their places have been taken by men of more Imperial instincts. These came into public life when the great questions of domestic policy had been pretty well settled. There is not now the same need, the same occasion, why legislators should devote their undivided energies to purely domestic affairs. The new men have outgrown the questions to which their fathers, almost perforce, devoted their lives. They have to grapple with questions of vaster moment—questions, the settlement of which must be watched with profound interest, and must be followed by results of magnitude almost beyond comprehension. Yet it seems as if the settlement of these questions may be due rather to a series of happenings, all tending with irresistible force towards a common end, than to the guidance of Statesmen. Their Statesmanship would appear to consist in taking advantage of and making the best use of these happenings. And this likely is the wisest course, as any effort to force matters by untimely legislation, would, to some extent at least, almost certainly defeat its own object.

It does not follow from this that the present men are of an

inferior order to those who went before. On the contrary, as all-round, shrewd business men and practical statesmen they are probably superior. It is a common habit to compare our own contemporaries with those of our fathers to the disadvantage of the former, when impartial inquiry shows no disparity. It looks as if in Imperial affairs the present leaders of public opinion had more business aptitude and experience than their forefathers. They are possibly more calculating, possibly colder-blooded—and for that reason better adapted to meet the new and changing conditions than could any of the great men who, in former days, guided the destinies of the Empire. Indeed, it is doubtful if the older men could have appreciated the problem now being solved, much less have been able to work it out.

The key-note of the later years of Her Majesty's reign is "Imperial Unity." The growth of this idea and its gradual development into a practical shape are due to several causes, but may fairly be said, as stated above, to be largely the result of happenings. For instance, it happened here in North America that the friction between Upper and Lower Canada, and their supposed divergent interests, made the government of the old united Provinces almost impossible. It happened about the same time that the Maritime Provinces, for divers reasons, contemplated union among themselves. It happened that these different movements, taking place about the same time, afforded an opportunity to bring about a union of the several sections into one Dominion. This in itself was the initial and a very important step in the progress towards the larger Federation; though at the time it was not looked upon in that light.

During the thirty years of its existence the scattered members of the Confederation have had time to become firmly knit together in one homogeneous whole. A like movement is taking place in the Australian Colonies. In South Africa the tendency has for some years been strong in the like direction, and it is certain that after the smoke of battle clears away and men revert to their ordinary pursuits, this tendency will gain additional force until it ends in South African Federation. The happening of the war in South Africa has brought the scattered forces of the Empire together. The Mother Country now knows infinitely more of the Colonies than she ever did before. She now knows

their strength, their great resources, their loyal spirit. The Colonies also now know more of the old land than formerly, though they always knew more about Great Britain than Great Britain knew about them. All these movements are in the same direction—that of consolidation. The tendency is universal throughout the Colonial Empire. Its origin is largely due to circumstances, or happenings, guided by the statesmanship of able men. The movement cannot fail to gain momentum as the different movements making up the general one are consummated.

Then again, for two-thirds of the century, the Empire has had for its head a sovereign in whom has centred not only the traditional, inbred loyalty of her subjects, but also another and personal feeling perhaps not less strong. This personal feeling is difficult to define. I am not sure that it can be defined. Yet we all understand it. It may be said to derive its existence from a variety of sources. The Queen has occupied the throne so long that only old men can remember any other monarch, and her subjects can scarcely conceive the idea of there being any other wearer of the Imperial Crown. In a sense, and throughout her dominions, she is part of the daily life of the people. This feeling may be partly due to the very length of her reign. Then there never was a monarch whose personal character, quite independently of her position, commanded such absolutely perfect respect. This goes far to account for the feeling. Again, owing to her well-known goodness of heart and thoughtfulness and to her thoroughly womanly nature, there has grown to be a deep-rooted affection (apart from loyalty) for the Queen, implanted in the hearts of her subjects. Further there is that intense sympathy which all men must have for the royal lady, bereft of her husband and of several of her children, who, owing to her exalted rank, is in a great measure isolated from the rest of humanity. Reasons might be multiplied. They combine to create that personal feeling for the Queen to which I have referred. One effect from it has been the creation of a bond among her subjects in all parts of the Empire, drawing them closer together than perhaps could have been the case under a less revered monarch. This must have a powerful though subtle influence for unity among these subjects.

The Jubilee in 1887 did much to bring people from all parts of the Empire together in the centre and gave a powerful impulse to a movement which was already stirring in thoughtful minds.

Infinitely greater in its effects was the Jubilee of 1897, in which the Colonies and out-lying parts of the Empire were the marked features. The movement since then has been gaining strength and momentum at an increasing ratio.

Then again the greater Colonies, having thrown off their swaddling clothes, begin to feel that it is scarcely fair to depend upon a navy and army for protection, the cost of which is borne by the United Kingdoms. It is dawning upon the colonial mind that, as integral parts of the Empire, the Colonies ought to share in the Imperial burdens.

Add to these the inheritance of a similar system of law, of a common literature, of common traditions and the immense and rapidly expanding commerce between the various parts of the Empire and we have forces which are irresistible in welding these parts into closer union.

The dawn of the day when Imperial Union will be an accomplished fact may already be seen in the political horizon. The war in South Africa has hastened its coming. The Colonial troops sent to the Transvaal may not form a large force but they emphasize facts fraught with enormous potentialities. Neither Great Britain nor the Colonies can yet more than guess how vast these potentialities may be. These troops represent but a small, a very small, fraction of the strength which, in time of need, the respective Colonies can put forth. They constitute a great object lesson.

The time is but short since other nations did not take the colonies into consideration when calculating upon the weakness or strength of Great Britain. Henceforth they must be a mighty, though from a foreign point of view, an uncertain factor to which anxious thought must be given should conflict with Great Britain be contemplated. The war in Africa comes at an opportune time. It has clearly shown that the day has already arrived when a blow at any part of our Empire will not be returned (to borrow Emperor William's expression) by the "mailed fist" of Great Britain alone, but it will be returned by the "mailed fists" of the congeries of nations of free peoples who compose OUR UNITED EMPIRE.

Imperial unity is no longer a dream, and it is no longer a dream to hope that some day the other great Anglo-Saxon nation will be with our Empire, not under one flag, that is not necessary and perhaps not desirable, but in one common bond of friendship to carry out the mission of our common race. Be that as it may, now that the day has come when the whole Empire strikes with its "mailed fists," at those who strike it or any of its component parts, a vast advance has been made towards Imperial unity and also towards that reign of "Peace on earth, good will towards men," of which we are told. And when, under these auspices, peace comes,—she—will—have—come—to—stay.

A. B. WARBURTON.

FLORIDA HOTEL

POWNAL, P. E. I.

TOURISTS' RESORT

This Hotel is situated at the foot of a beautiful hill, from which there is a fine view of the sea and surrounding country. Only seven miles from Charlottetown.

Coach meets all Plant Line Steamers and conveys guests to Hotel free of charge.

Beautiful bathing, boating, fishing and gunning.

RATES—\$1.00 per day ; \$5 to \$7 per week.

For further particulars apply to REVERE HOTEL, Charlottetown, or to

WM. BROWN, Proprietor,
Pownal, P. E. I.

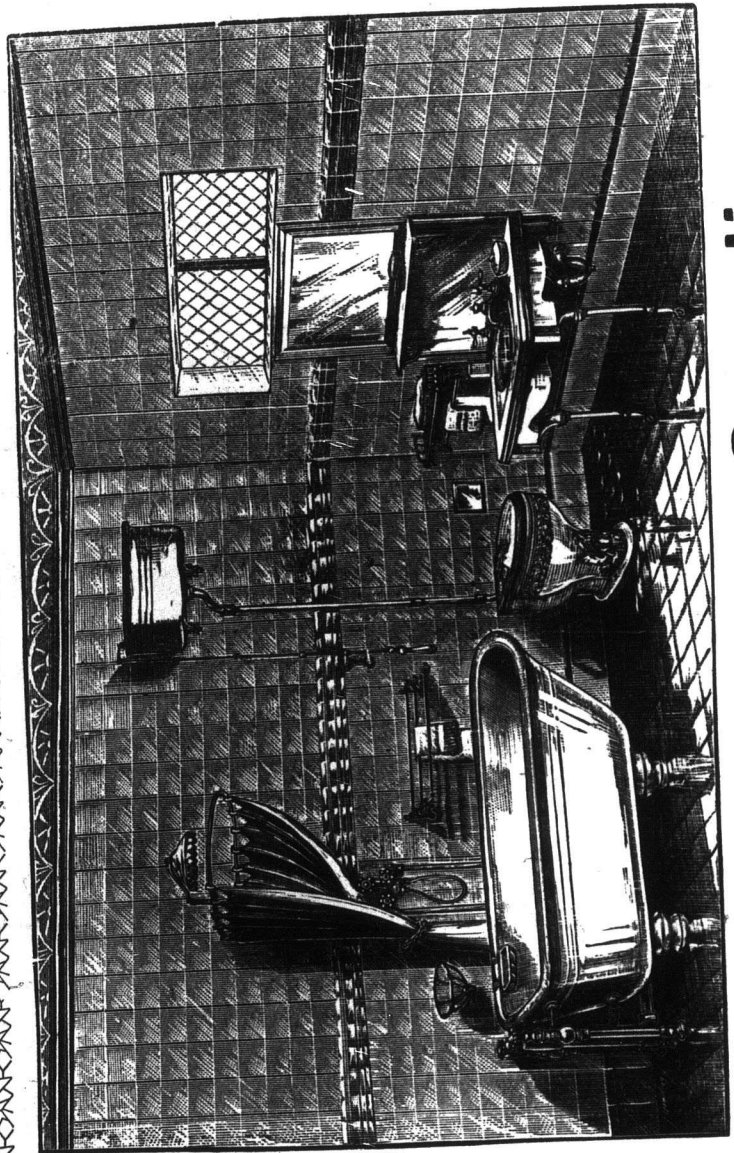
Acadia Coal Depot

WE KEEP ALL KINDS OF **COAL** CONSTANTLY ON HAND

Hard, Nut, Round, Run of Mine and Slack.

Acadia Nut and Old Mine Sydney a specialty

 **C. Lyons & Co.**



Bath Room Supplies

(See opposite page.)

T. A. MACLEAN

Iron Founder, Machinist, and
Boiler Maker.

Plumbing, Steam and Hot Water Heating

SPECIALTIES

A full line of Plumbers' and Steam Fitters' Goods always on hand.

Call and see our "up-to-date" BATH ROOM SUPPLIES. The largest stock on the Island to select from.

Get our prices before closing contracts, as we give you good goods and at right prices.

A large staff of experienced workmen employed.

All work guaranteed.

We also carry a full line of Mill and Dairy Supplies, including the world-renowned **De Laval Separator**.

Address—

T. A. MacLean

Office and Store, Masonic Temple.

Works, Spring Street.

Farmers, See our Non-slopping Milk Cans — 10, 15 and 20 Gallons.

Bath Room Supplies
(See opposite page.)

DR. H. L. DICKEY

(Late Clinical Assistant at Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorfields, and Central London Throat and Ear Hospital.)

Specialist—Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

Office—Cameron Block.

Residence—Water Street, opposite Hotel Davies.

Office Hours—9.30 a. m. to 1 p. m., 2 to 4 p. m., 7 to 8 p. m.

EYES TESTED AND FITTED WITH GLASSES

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

Kodaks

Load in Daylight with Film Cartridges for two, six or twelve exposures as desired. For work at home then, as well as for one's outings, the Kodak becomes more convenient than the glass plate camera.

No dark room except for development, no bothersome plate holders or dark slides.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

CATALOGUES FREE AT THE DEALERS OR BY MAIL.

Rochester, N. Y.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON, AGENTS

WHENEVER you want something printed nicely—tastefully and neatly—something you will not be ashamed to send out as a representative of your business, bring it to us.

We are sure that we can turn out a job that will please you.

We'll do it when we say we'll do it, too.

We print Visiting Cards, and you would hardly know them from the engraved ones.

Gentlemen's, 35 cts. a package.

Ladies', 40 cts. a package.

THE EXAMINER JOB PRINT

Queen Street, - Charlottetown

WELL DRESSED MEN

LIKE A NICE HAT



- ✿ *and the nicest hats in the city*
- ✿ *are at RAMSAY'S.*
- ✿ *That's a straight fact.*

We have always had a great reputation as stylish hatters, and this season have imported more largely than usual ; so now we can confidently say that you have a better chance to suit yourself with a hat at the **Model Store** than any other store in Charlottetown.

And CAPS

of every color, style, size and price.

Our Caps are "just what you want."
And when you come to wearing Straw Hats, we will surprise you with the multitude of styles we will show you.

R. H. RAMSAY & CO.

Stylish Hatters.

"SUNNYSIDE," CHARLOTTETOWN.

nic Hospital,
Hospital.)

throat

es.
7 to 8 p. m.

you want some-
printed nicely-
ly and neatly-
ing you will not
nd out as a repre-
r business, bring

that we can turn
ll please you.
en we say we'll do

siting Cards, and
y know them from
es.

35 cts. a package.
. a package.

KAMINER
PRINT

- Charlottetown

The * Independent * Order * of * Foresters

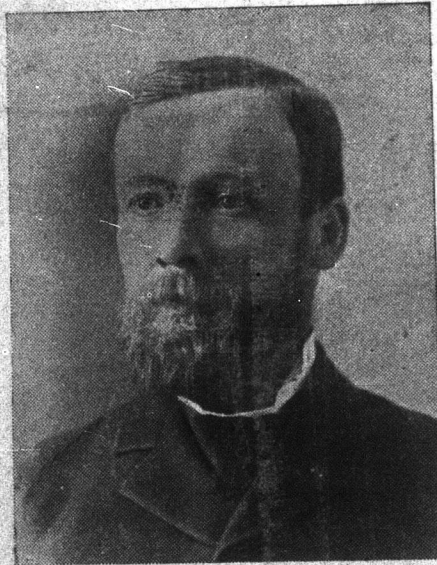
ASSESSMENT SYSTEM

"THE BEST FRATERNAL BENEFIT SOCIETY
IN THE WORLD."

Because the members receive benefits when they need them.
From three to five dollars per week when sick.
From \$250 to \$2,500 when disabled permanently from disease or
accident.
From \$50.00 to \$500.00 pension or annuity after 70, when all pay-
ments cease.
From \$500.00 to \$5,000.00 at death of member.

SOME SOLID FACTS

46 Societies
represented at
the Fraternal
Congress held in
Chicago, in Oc-
tober, 1899, had
a membership
Dec. 31st, 1898,
of two millions,
and a surplus of



J. M. CLARK,
SUMMERSIDE,

Past High Chief Ranger, P. E. I.

ABOUT THE I. O. F.

six and one half
million dollars.
The Independent
Order of Fore-
sters had thirt-
per cent. of the
membership and
fifty per cent. of
the surplus.

Those Premium Rates are CAREFULLY GRADED and VERY
MUCH LOWER than those of the Old Line Companies, but MATHE-
MATICALLY SAFE. In addition to the above, monthly court dues
from fifteen to thirty cents are charged.

For Literature fully explaining the order, apply to

DR. H. W. ROBERTSON, H. C. R., Crapanza
CHARLES MURPHY, H. Coun., Summerside
L. U. FOWLER, H. Sec., Bedeque
JOHN H. BELL, H. Treas., Charlottetown

VOL.

Single

Address all