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Prince Edward Island
MAGAZINE

VOL. I

FEBRUARY, 1900

NO. 12



A WEST RIVER FARM

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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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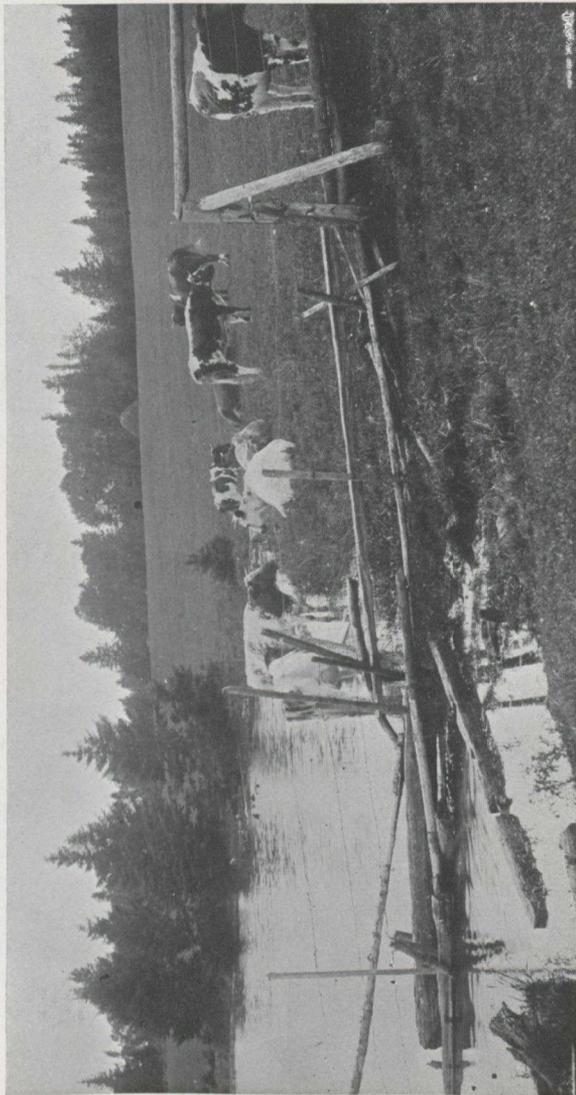
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A SUMMER AFTERNOON

Reproduced from photo by Mr. A. W. Mitchell.

Taken near Cornwall, P. E. I.

- THE -

Prince Edward Island Magazine

Vol. I

FEBRUARY, 1900

No. 12

The Queen's Own.

BY REV. T. H. HUNT.

NO apology is needed, none, at least, will here be made, for attempting a small contribution to the military history of our Island home. There has been a tendency in some quarters to regard our militia as something like the toy soldiers children play with ; pretty to look at, but not to be taken seriously into account as part of the defence of the Empire. Recent events have gone far towards exploding this notion, which the writer takes leave to call a very mischievous one. For if once such an idea were to become universal, or even very widespread in our country, then good-by to any chance of good men enlisting in the militia ; of capable officers putting themselves to the trouble and expense entailed by being properly instructed, and afterwards devoting their time to the force ; or of any real interest being taken in the less showy but not less necessary parts of a soldier's training.

War is a calamity, unjust war is a crime, but none the less it will be a sorry day for Canada if ever we have to proclaim to the world that we have not manhood enough in our country to defend our hearths and homes, and to take a part in the defence of Queen and Empire.

With these remarks as introduction, the readers of the Prince Edward Island Magazine are invited to transport themselves back

some forty years in the history of our Province, to take a glance at the history of the Queen's Own Rifles.

In or about the year 1859 Sir Fenwick Williams, the hero of Kars, paid a visit to the Governor of the Province. Sir Fenwick while in Charlottetown advised the Governor to encourage the formation of Volunteer companies where such did not already exist, and this was accordingly done. The informant to whom is due the above account of the origin of the company which is to be described, as well as most of the information contained in the rest of this article, says nothing of the two eastern counties, but confines himself to what fell under his own observation.

In the fall of 1859 there were at least six companies formed in Prince County alone. It may not be amiss to remark in passing, that the captain of the company at Cascumpec was that veteran Militia officer, afterwards well known in Canadian literature, the late Col. John Hunter Duvar.

It is however, the company at St. Eleanor's, then the county town, to which those who read this are now to be presented. Towards the end of 1859, a meeting was held in the Court House, presided over by James Campbell, Esq., for the purpose of taking steps towards forming a company of Rifles. The matter was enthusiastically taken up and a good number signed the roll then and there. At this, or another meeting held soon after, the officers of the company were chosen as follows; Captain, Albert Casswell; Lieutenant, John Haszard; Ensign, (now called 2nd Lieutenant) James Campbell. Captain Casswell was not a novice in military affairs, having served for six years in the Royal Wiltshire (England) Yeomanry Cavalry, now known as The Prince of Wales' Regiment Wiltshire Yeomanry Cavalry. The company roll when signed was sent to the Adjutant General, Col. P. Stewart, who returned it for the signature of the Captain elect. This omission having been supplied the company was authorized under the name of "The St. Eleanors' Rifle Company, Letter F." This was in December, 1859. The name, however, was afterwards changed by request, by Lt. Governor Dundas, to "The Queen's Own."

It may be, the writer's information is somewhat limited, that the militiaman's path even now is not strewn with roses, but it is

not beset with the difficulties which at that time had to be met. There was no serving out of serges, khaki kits, Oliver equipments, etc. No ; privates as well as officers had to fit themselves out with uniforms,—possibly had to decide too what that uniform was to be. At any rate here is its description in general. Dark green uniform, with red facings, and silver lace for the officers. In our own day the pay of the Militia, while not perhaps very much, is at least a recognition that they are giving their services for the public benefit. Formerly this was not so. It was a case of “nothing a day and find yourself.” Not only did the men of the Queen's Own provide their own uniforms, not only did they give their services for nothing, but they had actually to find board and lodging for their drill instructor, and to convey him from place to place. The first of these instructors



A MEMBER OF THE QUEEN'S OWN

was Sergeant John Ross, (late of the 79th Regiment) who presented a letter to Captain Casswell in June 1860, appointing him to drill the company. He seems to have been pretty busy as he had to train the companies at Malpeque (Captain H. S. McNutt) and Bedeque (Captain McLeod) in addition to that at St. Eleanor's. The latter, and probably the others as well, had drill at that time once a week. After him came a man named Adamson, —belonging to the 62nd Regiment then stationed at Halifax,

with a detachment at Charlottetown,—who remained two weeks, drilling the company three times a day.

One thing the company did get from the government, perhaps because it could not be got any other way. The captain was summoned to Charlottetown where the authorities handed over to him fifty stand of arms for his own men, and advantage was taken of the opportunity to send also fifty rifles for Captain Duvar, and fifty more, with one brass gun, for Captain J. C. Pope. As for armoury or drill shed they had to provide them for themselves. For these they were indebted to the public spirit of Lieut. Haszard who gave the use of a room in which to store the rifles, and provided a large room over his warehouse for drill purposes.

In 1861 the Queen's Own lost its first company commander ; Captain Casswell then retiring and going to England. It may interest some of the readers of this Magazine to know that Major Casswell (his present rank) is now living at Belleville, Ontario. He was succeeded in the captaincy by Lieut. Haszard, and Ensign Campbell was promoted to the vacant lieutenantcy. Harry Compton was appointed Ensign.

The information at the writer's disposal does not describe the later fortunes of the Queen's Own. It shared the fate of other Volunteer Companies, the arms having been all called in and the Company disbanded, probably at Confederation in 1873, when this Province came under the general Militia Act of Canada.

If it be true that "happy is the country that has no history," then that particular section of the Province may almost be said to be happy, since Confederation, from a military point of view. A company of militia did exist in Summerside for a while but was disbanded a good many years ago. At the time of writing this article the newspapers announce that an attempt is being made to roll away—shall we say—the reproach from that town. All friends of the militia will heartily wish it success. Summerside and its neighborhood ought certainly to be able to keep up at the very least one efficient company, able and willing to be a credit to the town and to the Province.

Herewith is given the
MUSTER ROLL OF THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES, ST. ELEANOR'S,
P. E. I., MARCH 21ST, 1861.

Captain Albert Casswell	Private James Reid
Lieutenant John Haszard	" Henry Welsh
Ensign James Campbell	" J. S. De B. Carvel
Sergeant Wm. T. Hunt	" Thos. Ramsey
" George Compton	" Stephen McNeill
" Alex. E. Holland	" Isaac Jeffery
Corporal Benj. Darby	" Samuel Green
" Caleb Schurman	" Isaac Schurman
" John Sharp	" Neil McCallum
Bugler Alfred Fraser	" James Brehaut
Private Harry Compton	" Neil McKelvie
" Hubert Compton	" Benj. Tanton
" Wm. Henry Favence	" Henry Scales
" Dugald Hunt	" Charles Andrew
" John Rogers	" Fred R Craswell
" Sannel G. Jones	" George Sharp
" Chas. Betts	" Wm. Green
" Thomas McKay	" Wm. R. Craswell
" George Green	" Andrew Gay
" G. W. Gay	" Wm. H. T. Buckerfield
" Charley Harvey	" Arthur Craswell
" Wm. Gay	" James A. Bearisto
" Jas. R. Linkletter	" Wm. Wiggins
" Wm. Craswell	" Donald McIntosh
" Thos. D. Tanton	" Edward Rayner
" Samuel Tanton	" Benj. S Mills
" Henry Lawson	" Wm. Williams, Jr.
" Richard Murray	" Wm. Cannon
" Charles Compton	
" Wm. Tanton	HONORARY MEMBERS.
" James C. Darby	Ven. Archdeacon Read, D. D.
" Thomas Cannon	Thomas Hunt, Esq.
" John Linkletter	H. J. Massy, Esq.
" Jas. Wiggins	Major B. Darby
" Jas. Jones	Daniel Green, Esq., M. P.
" Richard Hunt	Wm. Williams, Sr.
" John Reid	James Holman, Esq.

NOTE.—The information contained in this article is principally drawn from papers furnished by a late officer of the Company described.

Pioneers of Tryon and North River.

BY W. H. WARREN.

AMONG the many attractive and progressive communities belonging to Prince Edward Island few are more worthy of note for their social history or for their agricultural advancement than Tryon and North River. The names of these localities are linked together because of the kinship existing between the leading families residing there. Their growth in population and in prosperity has many elements in common; and they trace their success to the worthy pioneers who laid the foundations of social life in these places. In the present paper an attempt is made to furnish a little helpful information respecting those early settlers.

Through the courtesy of A. E. Holland, Esq., of Centreville, there lies before me a quaint and most interesting document belonging to the last century, and bearing date April 25, 1768, from which valuable data regarding the early occupation of Tryon may be obtained. It consists of "Articles of agreement indented and concluded between Captain Samuel Holland, Surveyor-general for His Majesty's Northern District of North America, on the one part; and William Warren, Jacob Stagman, Henry Gouldrup, Daniel McCann and Thomas Shatforth, on the other part," conveying to these persons a tract of land lying on the eastern side of Tryon River. The document was drawn up and executed at Quebec, where the parties concerned seem to have been residing at the date mentioned. From its contents we gather that the grantor's title to the property referred to was still incomplete. In company with others, he had petitioned George III. for the possession of certain lots and settlements on the Island of St. John's, and the request had been granted. The Board of Trade and Plantations had informed the petitioners that the distribution of lands had been made by drawing lots, and that Lot 28 had fallen to the ownership of Capt. Holland. Letters patent had not, however, arrived as yet; and the conveyance was made anticipatively to the new purchasers. Among the

curious conditions connected with the agreement, it was specified that the grantees should not in any case erect grist mills, but should always patronize the mills owned by the proprietor of Lot 28. The purchasers were also bound to donate to the landlord one quintal out of every hundred quintals of dry fish they might from time to time be able to secure, and one barrel out of every hundred barrels of pickled fish.

It is presumed that the persons purchasing this tract of land came shortly afterwards to occupy and cultivate their estates at Tryon. The history of each family would be of great interest ; but space compels us to confine our attention to the first and, in many respects, the most prominent name.

Captain William Warren—for such is the designation by which he was known—came to Tryon in 1768, and took up his residence near what is now called the Aboiteau. Remains of the old cellar over which his house stood are said to be still visible. He vigorously prosecuted his farm work and soon made for himself a comfortable and thrifty home. In social and political affairs he filled an honored position. From 1779 to 1790, he represented in the Colonial Legislature Prince County, which, during that period, composed one electoral district. He married the widow of John Gouldrup, a lady of French-Canadian extraction. She brought to his home her first husband's two children, John and Charlotte. And it may be noted here that this John Gouldrup subsequently married a widow, Farrow, by whom he had a number of children known by the familiar names of Jacob, James, Charlotte, Lydia and Betsey. The daughter married John Lord, to whom were born John, William Warren, James, Joseph and Charles. William W., known as Hon. W. W. Lord, became a successful merchant in Charlottetown, and occupied a prominent position in politics.

A large and sturdy family grew up in the home of William Warren, whose names were Polly, Nancy, William, James, Joseph and Martha, the lives of whose offspring it will be interesting briefly to indicate.

Polly Warren linked her destiny in marriage with John Foy, whose familiar homestead at Tryon is still an object of note in the locality. To them were born Jane, Nancy, Phœbe, James,

Rachel, Mary, John, Joseph and William. How intimately their names are connected with present residents of the community may be readily seen in a brief statement of their matrimonial connections.

Jane Foy was united in marriage to James Woods; Nancy became Mrs. McKinnon, whose daughter was the late Mary Henderson; Phœbe became the wife of Joseph Robinson; James married Elizabeth Callbeck; Rachel assumed the name of Mrs. Benjamin Boulter; Mary was known as Mrs. Samuel Thomas; John took Mrs. Henderson to wife, Joseph married Phœbe Callbeck, and William made Edith Farrow his bride. The descendants of these couples are almost numberless.

Nancy Warren became the wife of Philip Morris Callbeck, an intelligent and enterprising farmer residing at Tryon. Their children were William, Philip, James, Henry, Kitty, Jane, Maria, Charlotte, Phœbe, and Matilda. Philip chose his cousin, Eliza Warren, as a partner for life; James married Miss Lowther; Henry chose Charlotte Robinson, and became an honored merchant in Charlottetown, whose sign "H. J. Callbeck," was for long years seen on Sydney Street; Kitty married Joseph Baker; Jane became the wife of Joseph Silliker; Maria married Samuel Newsom; Charlotte became Mrs. Lord; and Phœbe flourished under the name of Mrs. Joseph Foy.

William and Joseph Warren, after remaining on the paternal homestead for many years, gathered together their effects and removed, about the beginning of the present century, to North River. In the absence of public roads they were compelled to travel in winter around the ice margin of the south coast to St. Peter's Island and thence to their destination. An expanse of ice having unexpectedly drifted from the shore during their journey, they had the misfortune to lose a valuable horse and a sleigh-load of useful furniture, the driver barely escaping by means of floating masses of ice. They took up their residence near the present site of Warren Grove Mills, and in the midst of the primeval forest set about clearing little patches of land for cultivation. Very marked have been the changes in that picturesque and thrifty locality since these veteran pioneers first laid

axe to the roots of the pines and the hemlocks. Years of privation and unremitting toil have turned the wilderness into a garden.

William married Ann Robinson, whose relatives occupied so prominent a place in the early history of Charlottetown and Rustico. A family of energetic and promising children sprang up in their home, all of whom now sleep with their forefathers. Their names, familiar to many readers, were William, James, George, Joseph, Thomas, John, Eliza and Maria. William married successively Betsey Cole, Jane Reagh, and Mary Harper, and left a son and four daughters. James became the husband of Priscilla McDonald, having five sons and two daughters. He was the proprietor of Warren Grove Mills for many years, and filled the position of local magistrate until his death. George married Grace Pollard, now known as Mrs. James Howatt, Crapaud. He was a man of great physical strength, and the stories of his prowess are both interesting and marvelous. He left two sons. Joseph chose Margaret Cole for his spouse, and left a family of eight children. Thomas was married to Matilda Gardiner; and his children also were eight in number. John became the partner of Ann Pollard, to whom six daughters and two sons were born. One is a merchant at North River. Eliza united her destiny with Philip Callbeck, and their children were seven in number. Maria married Joseph Callbeck, to whom were born four sons and two daughters. A number of these families remain at North River. Others are found at Tryon; whilst numbers of their descendants are scattered over Canada and the United States.

Joseph Warren, of the original family, formed a matrimonial alliance with Ann Pollard. The old home is still seen on the summit of a fine hill at North River; but the children are dispersed in various directions, or sleeping in the dust. Their names were Jane, Frederick, Edward, Nancy, Elizabeth, Sarah, Martha, Charlotte, Priscilla, and Peter. Jane became Mrs. Thomas Gardiner, of South Shore, Bedeque; Frederick married Margaret Wilson; Edward formed an alliance with Mary Howatt; Nancy became the wife of James Newson; Elizabeth married Capt. John Scott; Sarah became Mrs. Jno. Oxley; Martha was married to

Peter Scott; Charlotte became companion of George Lord; Priscilla married William Worth; and Peter became the husband of Elizabeth Webster. Large family groups gathered around these parents, whose influence is felt in every department of our Provincial affairs.

The elder James Warren migrated to Ontario where his descendants are still to be found. His sister Martha married William Vickerson, of North River, and became the progenitor of the families bearing the same name in that neighborhood.

To the enterprise and intelligence of these family lines Tryon and North River owe much of their success and progressiveness. The worthy representatives of the original families have passed away; but they have left many scions to fill their places and to aid their fellow colonists in promoting the best interests of our country.

The Fair Miniota.—A Micmac Legend.

BY J. EDWARD RENDLE.

LONG years before the advent of the white man upon the Island, the province was traversed by the trails of the redmen. Through the forest primeval they found their way to their destination, unaided by blazed tree, mound or stone; trusting all to their keen eye. The rivers were the highways for those who travelled by canoe, and many scenes, strange and sad, were enacted on our waters. Those Indian highways constituted a singular net-work over our Island, and many braves started from their camp-fires and lodges who were destined never to return.

If these scenes of former years could be revived what strange emotions would thrill our hearts? The Micmacs have nearly all gone from us, and much of their history has died with them. Their arrows are broken, their wigwams are dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out, and their war-cry is fast receding to the untrodden West. Slowly but surely they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun.

So soliloquised Ralph Thompson, as he stood one summer

morning in the year 18—, on the summit of one of the high banks at the entrance to Charlottetown Harbor, in the vicinity of the old French Fort. He was that morning "monarch of all he surveyed;" or at least he thought so. In front of him lay the still and placid bay, and all around him the almost unbroken forest. His mood left him perfectly unconscious of where he went; he had entered a path, admiring its scenery, but not thinking where it led, or what place he sought, when a huge stump, or gnarled root suddenly appeared before him and awoke him from his trance. Outlet there was none. All around him towered stately pines, their tops reaching as it seemed to the skies. The path was so winding that, as he looked round amazed, he could not even imagine how he came there. To go back seemed quite as difficult as to proceed. There was but one way, and that was to climb over it. This he did, and found the beaten track before him. Following the path brought him to a small creek running out into the harbour. Stopping here to rest, he discovered by its side a conical-shaped stone of a peculiar color, and weighing about thirty pounds. A circle was made in the earth around it, and in it there lay maize and Indian ornaments of various kinds. Thinking he had found a curiosity relating to the Indians, he attempted to collect the ornaments and remove the stone, but had hardly grasped it when his attention was called to two Indians, a little further up the stream, who were going through some kind of gesticulations to attract his notice. As they drew near to him, and passing the stone, they laid some bunches of berries inside the circle surrounding it, and entered into conversation with him.

To the Indian, the material world is sentient and intelligent. Birds, beasts, and stones have ears for human prayers, and are endued with an influence on human destiny. The stone that he had found was one of the famous Micmac "medicine stones," and was held by the two Indians in great reverence, and on asking the oldest of them concerning it, he related to him the legend of the Fair Miniota.

A great many moons ago, a great Souriquios chief named Kiotsaton, who was a great warrior, and had come from Oon-amagik (the name Cape Breton is known by to the Micmacs),

dwelt for a time with his brethren on the Island of St. John. During his stay among them, he at one time fixed his wigwam near this stream *(Minnewauken—mysterious water) as it was called by the Indians, because of the malignant monsters that dwelt therein. His family was comprised of three persons, his son Sunfells, his fair daughter Miniota, and his wife.

He told his son Sunfells not to go upon the creek when out on hunting expeditions, but always to return by land, lest the monsters should attack him. For some time Sunfells obeyed the wishes of his father, but one day as he was returning home very late, being tired and hungry, he came to the margin of the stream, opposite his father's camp, and ventured to cross in his canoe. He had gone about half-way across the creek, when strange rumbling noises were heard from the bottom, the creek began to rise and become turbulent; and Sunfells became terribly afraid. He paddled for the opposite bank with all possible speed, but his canoe was over-turned and he was precipitated into the waters, where he soon perished. The chief was deeply enraged at the disobedience and loss of his son, and vowed eternal vengeance upon the *manitous* of the stream. Miniota was almost frantic with grief, and hardly could be restrained from throwing herself into the creek which was now lashed to a foam by the creatures within.

The father determined to watch for a favourable opportunity in the morning to carry out his threat, when the monsters would leave the waters and seek repose upon the mossy banks.

At the break of day, he took his bow and arrows and went to the creek to execute his project. Lest he should be detected he hid himself in a hollow pine tree, near the bank. Not till noon did the monsters issue forth, and laid themselves down upon the soft, warm moss, where, not being used to the heat of the sun, they were soon overcome by a deep sleep. The chief now took careful aim with his bow and flint-pointed arrow, and seriously wounded one of the water deities. Aroused from their sleep, they were terribly enraged, and plunged into the water,

*Now a small creek lying to the N.W. of the old French Fort and flowing into Warren Farm Cove.

which they agitated until it arose, overflowed the banks, carrying everything away in its course.

Kiotsaton took refuge, in company with Miniota, on a high bank near by, and waited for the subsidence of the waters, which had washed away his wife and camp. While deeply meditating upon his losses, he saw Glooskap, the "*kind manitou*," speeding towards him, who informed him that the spirits of the stream would have to be appeased in their wrath by the offering of his daughter, the fair Miniota. The father entreated the *manitou* to allow him to give himself as an offering, instead of his favorite daughter, but without avail. The *manitou* had spoken.

Miniota, who through weariness had fallen asleep, was now awakened by the sobs of her father, and not knowing of the visit of Glooskap, inquired the nature of his great grief. Kiotsaton unfolded to her the decision of the *manitou*, and, after performing some Indian rites, she urged her father to allow her to offer her life as a sacrifice to the angry monsters; and as the grief-stricken chief covered his emotions and tears from her, she silently slipped from the banks to the troubled waters below. The monsters at once carried her to the bed of the creek, near where her father's wigwam once stood; where she became the unwilling bride of the chief *manitou*, Ossossane.

The rage of the monsters of the stream being now appeased, the waters sought their original level, and flowed as smoothly as before the onslaught on their sacred persons. Kiotsaton, who could not bear to be away from the place, the scene of his awful calamity, rebuilt his wigwam near the site of his old one, and became a noted sorcerer of his race; Glooskap again appearing to him and telling him that the spirit of his loved Miniota would come back to this world again, and reside in a great stone near the stream, where her spirit would minister to the afflicted of her race, continuing her deeds of mercy, till the stream became dried up.

For some years afterwards Kiotsaton lived with his brethren on the banks of the Minnewauken, and many were the cures that he effected, by the aid of his famous medicine-stone, containing the spirit of Miniota. He was at last stricken and

died, leaving the spirit of Miniota encased in stone as a lasting tribute to her memory, and for the healing of his brethren. The stone was sacredly kept and guarded by the Indians, being in the custody of the medicine-men of the tribe, and handed down, the one to the other, and placed by them at stated seasons by the side of the stream for the healing of the people.

Such was the legend of the fair Miniota as told to Ralph Thompson by the aged Indian. The story was fascinating, and though in many ways crude, it reveals a wealth of imagination, and strength of intellect that points to a period of culture and years of enlightenment in the history of the noble red man "who sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the winds."

Our October Trip up Lake Muskoka.

BY E. P., TORONTO.

WHAT a pleasant novel sort of a trip of it we had, we three friends who declared one day that we would try the camp at Sandy Point, Muskoka Lake, for a week in this bracing month of October. One of our small party who was something of an invalid and under doctor's orders, yearned for these "flesh pots of Egypt," viz., the game which these bountiful woods at Muskoka always provided at this autumn season, and he was assured that with the Muskoka partridge and fish fresh drawn from the Lake he would soon get former strength up again, so armed with "game bag, powder horn and gun," and a few other necessaries, we left Toronto early one cold October morning, and took the train en route to a certain camping ground owned by friends up the Lake.

How weird, yet grand, this big lake looked as we sailed up in one of those comfortable boats provided for the numerous tourists. Past picturesque small islands we sailed, a short month ago all gay and festive with the presence of the enterprising summer tourist, gaily painted bungalows, stripped now of all their adornments of flags, hammocks and such like, and only

boarded-up windows and a general air of desolation left to show what had once been the scene of life and gaiety. But the grandeur of that autumn sunset on those lonely islands, and the beauty of that changing foliage showing up red, brown and golden against the sky, then dipping down to the water's edge in many places, was well worth the late trip up the Lake to see. Stately



A SCENE IN THE MUSKOKA REGION

and grand stand those many-hued trees clad in all their autumn glory, and one wishes they might remain always so and be spared the destruction of the settler's axe.

At one of the smallest islands our steamer landed us bag and baggage, rather unceremoniously, it is true, and away on up the lake she steamed again in the fast gathering darkness. Here our hostess met us, having rowed herself from Sandy Point Camp about a mile off, and into a small boat we were again packed, arriving at our destination, cold and hungry enough to be very appreciative of the big glowing fire of logs that met our

view in the picturesque open fireplace of the bungalow at Sandy Point Camp. How we did enjoy the tempting hot meal prepared for us travellers, especially when the tasty Muskoka partridge was brought in for our special consumption.

It was rather late in the season, our hostess informed us, to risk sleeping out in camps, indeed all the tents had been folded and laid away for this year, but we enjoyed our night's rest just as much in the rough-boarded shanty attached to the bungalow and fitted up as a bedroom for my friend and me. Our invalid was given a "shake-down" not far from the glowing-fire, for there nights are very keen so far up the Lake, and one needs to be in good condition to stand the sudden change of temperature from a house in the city to the open life in the bush.

And then those evening rambles over lake and through wood, away off to the primitive little post-office at Torrance, where one of the Lake boats calls every evening with the mail, not always at the same hour it is true, but these settlers for the most part are an easy-going lot and are quite content to gather in at the cosy post-office, some for hours perhaps before the welcome sound of the steamer's whistle is heard first, far down the lake. The postmistress is a pleasant-faced chatty young woman and seems quite disposed to discuss any little bits of news with anyone who comes along. My friend undertook to row two of us across the lake one rather autumnal early evening when the water appeared cold and rough, but as we were all anxious to get our mail that night, we left, saying we would be back before dark, we hoped.

After rowing for about a mile, we drew our boat up on the opposite shore, then set off for a brisk walk through the woods to Torrance. Sometimes we dipped into dark silent woods where the trail would almost be lost amid the thick brushwood and fallen trees obstructing our way. Then again suddenly out into a clearing where the enterprising settler had been hard at work on his land, and here a tiny bit of a house testified to human habitation. Through the woods we would catch sight every now and then of a certain brownish speckled object, perched maybe on some old stump, but at our approach there would be a fluttering of wings, and with a whirr, away would fly a plump part-

ridge. We could only follow its flight with regret that we had not induced our invalid friend, the sportsman, to have brought his gun thus far and to have given us the benefit of his steady aim. When we arrived at Torrance we found, as was usual, that there was no boat in sight, though then past the hour. So for two hours we waited in our small quarters, trying to exercise the necessary virtue of patience, but a keen wind was blowing and the evening fast closing in, so that by the time those long-delayed mail bags were handed in and sorted, we found to our dismay that it had become quite dark and wild-looking. How to get back to our boat was the next consideration, for none of us were quite sure of that trail through the wood by which we had come, and in this black darkness we felt afraid to venture beyond the limits of that friendly post-office. In our dilemma we appealed to two small boys who had come some distance for their letters, and who seemed much interested in watching the movements of us "city folks."

"Would they undertake to pilot us through the wood path?" we asked them somewhat tremulously. They grinned in a most aggravatingly unconcerned manner and informed us then that no one could see their way through the wood path at that late hour, but as they were going themselves back by the government road about two miles we might go along with them. Somewhat relieved, off we started, we three girls, linked arm in arm for protection, and our two very small guides in front, and that was a walk to be sure. Through inky darkness on we stumbled, rushing along, one moment trying to keep up with our most energetic escorts for fear of losing sight of them altogether, then stumbling up against some tree or bush, breathlessly trying to regain a footing on the uneven path, so afraid were we of being left alone for one instant, to be completely swallowed up in the surrounding weird darkness on every side. In order to keep those small boys near us, we had to resort to holding on to their very attenuated coat-tails; somewhat difficult work for one of us even, at the rate at which they would fain have taken us along. Needless to say those sturdy youths enjoyed the situation much more than we did, and did not seem to mind wind and cold and such discomforts, but we three mentally resolved that on our next

expedition for that mail, we would choose an earlier hour in the day for our venture.

When at length a solitary light dimly shone out every here and there in the darkness, we knew that we were near human habitation, so our spirits revived accordingly, and when our cheerful guides pointed out, just ahead, the somewhat angry-looking lake, we were glad enough to dismiss the boys with thanks, push off in our boat and make for the cheerful lights shining out over the dark waters from Sandy Point. The wind blew and the waters danced quite a bit, but with one pair of oars my sturdy friend pulled long and strong till at last, cold, wet and hungry, we arrived at our destination, right glad of the warm shelter and bountiful meal which had been kept for us by our rather anxious hostess and family.

Our next tramp through those woods was following our gallant sportsman, who, attracted by our partridge story, was after the same with all possible speed.

And so we returned at the end of that week, to city life and civilization, but all four of our party sorry to leave the delights and fascinations of that life in those woods at Muskoka. Indeed our healthy appearance and those extra pounds of flesh we had put on in that short week, and the complete recovery of our invalid friend all testified to the bracing air and healthy surroundings of that wonderful Muskoka region.

“Our Canadian Contingent.”

RESPECTING the members of the Canadian Contingent that recently left our shores to battle for freedom and equal rights in distant South Africa, much has been spoken, and much has been written. From every quarter their generous and disinterested loyalty has elicited words of praise and commendation. All feel that the heroic step they have taken has most fully demonstrated to the world that between Canada and the Motherland there exists a feeling of kindredship that is only strengthened and intensified as the years roll by. It is now more

manifest than ever before in our history that Canadians of all nationalities and creeds feel that the prosperity and advancement of their country depends upon the maintenance of an indissoluble relationship with that Empire, whose glory, whose traditions, whose wealth and whose power is to-day viewed with jealousy and hostility by the other nations of the earth.

The benefits to which a strong and vigorous patriotism gives rise are incalculable. An eminent writer has said that in the absence of such a patriotism "the heart of a country is cold, cramped and sordid, her arts of no enduring impulse and her commerce of no invigorating soul." Oh! the significance which that magic word "patriotism" imports. Down the centuries it has come to aid mankind in wringing from unwilling oligarchies its treasured concessions. For ages the human race has burnt at its shrines the incense of admiration and reverence. Most beautiful are those pages of history whereon its deeds are recorded. The song of the poet is sweetest when he tunes his lyre in harmony with its whisperings; the voice of the orator is most potent, when his words are in symphony with its music.

In the upbuilding and welfare of a nation patriotism constitutes a most important factor because it flows out to that which is the most precious and dearest of earth's possessions—our native land. This to a Canadian and a British subject has a meaning,—for Canada to-day is a land of human dignity and human freedom. Her fields and her forests, her rivers and her lakes, her seas and her mountains, her mines and her institutions have claims upon us and are well worthy our loyalty and our love. In Canada the common fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man are recognized doctrines. In Canada all men are civilly and politically equal. All enjoy the same rights. All wield in the ballot the same mighty arm of defence. The sole condition of power and of right is simple manhood. It is the enjoyment of such liberties that gives to life its sweetness and to power its development. In reading the history of the world we find that humanity never ceased to dream of liberty, and its possession was mankind's greatest aspiration. Occasionally its refreshing breezes came to caress humanity's brow. Slowly but surely, however, the waves of democracy arose and washed away those

principles of oligarchy that characterized the early governments of the various European countries.

In 1867 Canada started on her career. Her prosperity has exceeded the most sanguine hopes of those who brought her into existence, but the proud boast of Canada to-day is not her resources or her advancement, but it is that she alone, of all the countries in the world, began her career fully recognizing the rights and dignity of man. Rich and poor of every race and creed had a voice from the very beginning of Canada's career in making her laws, and the result is that she stands to-day as the symbol of human liberty and human rights.

For Canadians therefore the word "Country," has a meaning. To have the flag of Britain waving over us and her strong arm to aid us, is indeed a heritage much to be appreciated, because that flag and that arm guarantees protection to our homes, our altars and our dearest interests. To be a Canadian has to-day a significance the world over. Unfortunately our fellow British subjects in South Africa are denied the rights and privileges we are enjoying. To restore to them these rights and their manhood is our country's contention and strong resolve. It may be that this emergency, through the wisdom-like dispensation of Providence, has arisen to test British and Colonial patriotism to the highest pitch. From a national and imperial point of view it may be well, for patriotism long dormant might become diminished in strength, in the absence of resolute action to awaken and call it forth. The emergency has arisen, and the patriotism of Great Britain and, Ireland, and her colonies stands as sentinels in the watch towers. From the historic city of old Quebec, the Sardinian sailed away, carrying with her one thousand brave Canadians, who have voluntarily gone forth to assist the Motherland and to assure her that they and the whole Canadian people are now ready to espouse her cause and to aid in redressing the grievances and disabilities of their fellow British subjects when necessity requires it. Soon the Union Jack will triumphantly wave from Cape Town to Pretoria.



Scottish Associations in Prince Edward Island.

BY HON. SENATOR MACDONALD.

“E'en in Prince Edward's distant hame,
Her sons remember whence they came,
And zealous for their Mither's fame
From year to year ;
Kindle the Caledonian flame
Wi' muckle cheer.”
—*J. Lepage.*

BETWEEN the years 1770 and 1775 a number of Highlanders immigrated to this Province and settled here under very favourable auspices.

They were led by Glenaladale the chief of their clan and joined at a later period by his kinsman Keppoch, also chief of another branch. They brought with them their chaplain and physician, both men of high attainments. Many of them were related to these chiefs by ties of blood, or connected by marriage. They had among them representatives of the best blood of the Highlands of Scotland, and formed an ideal colony for the settlement of a new province.

At the opening of the nineteenth century they had increased in numbers, and spread over a wide section of the Province. The ties of blood and friendship helped to keep up that spirit of clan-ship which prevailed in the old land, and the customs and festivals which they had there were still followed in their new homes.

At Hogmanay or “Choolican,” they drummed out the old year by beating on a dry hide around the house, and had to

“Sing at the doors for Hogmanay,”

or repeat an impromptu rhyme before admission in the first hour of the New Year. On Handsel Monday the servants received a Handsel from their employers but at Halloween they

“Together did convene
To burn their nuts and pou their stocks
And haud their Halloween
Fu' blithe that night.”

It was however on the festival of Scotland's patron saint that

they held their chief gathering, where they recounted the doughty deeds of their forefathers in many a hard fought field, or the wanderings of Prince Charlie among the hills and glens of Scotland, that they knew and remembered so well; or re-told again the story of the bloody massacre of Glenco in which so many of their relatives had so tragically perished.

It is unfortunate that we have no written record of the first public celebration of St. Andrew's day here, but tradition tells us that at a very early period in the life of the colony it was the custom of the Highlanders to assemble for the celebration of this festival at the residence of the chief of Glenaladale. A bountiful repast awaited the arrival of the expected company, which comprised representatives of the principal families then in the province. Glenaladale, as the leading chief, presided, and Keppoch held a seat of honor. There were McEachens and McIntyres, McPhees and McIntoshes, Beatons, Morrisons and Grants, but Macdonalds were so numerous that they were addressed by the title of their family seat as "Garahallia," Gherinish, Bornish, Rhetland, Allisary, Tulloch or Keppoch as the case might be.

Some of the men had served valiantly in that company of the Royal Highland Regiment which Glenaladale had raised here, then recently disbanded, and as the martial spirit still pervaded them, the King's Wars were a subject of interest scarcely less absorbing than the latest letters from Scotland. It was long past midnight when all for whom beds could be found retired, and a huge field bed was improvised for the others until next morning when after breakfast and a "Deoch an dhorris," or stirrup cup to their next annual meeting, all left for their homes. But many were the calls or "ceilidhs" held on the way, for none should pass a friend's house without calling to relate all the news of the important event they had just participated in.

A few years later, as population centred at the seat of government, it became a more convenient place for these meetings, and the St. Andrew's Society was regularly constituted to celebrate the day in a suitable manner at Charlottetown. The early records can not now be found although they are believed to be still in existence, but we find the society in a flourishing state in

1824. William Johnstone, Attorney General, was then President, Ewen Cameron and John Stewart of Mount Stewart, Vice Presidents; and Dr. MacKieson, Secretary. The annual dinner was held at Mrs. Bagnall's, then the leading hostelry. Colonel Ready, Lieutenant Governor, S. G. W. Archibald, Chief Justice, Robert Hodgson (afterwards Sir Robert) then just elected member for the city, and Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald, parish priest, were guests of the society. The toast list included The King, The memory of the pious St. Andrew, The Army and Navy, The Lieutenant Governor, the Chief Justice, The President and Vice Presidents, The Rev. Father Fitzgerald and the newly elected member for Charlottetown.

Speeches, songs and recitations enlivened the evening and a majority of the company kept the merriment going until cock-crow, while,

"In bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
That the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet,"

they sang "Auld lang Syne" until the beams of the morning sun lighted their homeward way.

At the dinner given in 1825, it was noted that many distinguished Scotchmen then held high positions in the provinces, the Earl of Dalhousie being Commander-in-Chief; Sir James Kempt, Lieut. Governor of Nova Scotia; Sir Howard Douglas, Lieut. Governor of New Brunswick; Sir T. J. Cochrane, Governor of Newfoundland. An original song or poetical composition was an invariable feature of these occasions, but none of the earlier ones have come to hand. A Highland piper in national costume, probably Donald McFadyen, always attended and played at the dinners which were kept up pretty regularly in the succeeding years.

In 1837, owing to correspondence with the Highland Society of London, G. B., it was decided to affiliate with that body, and a commission was received from the Earl of Aboyne, Marquis of Huntley, constituting the Society here a branch of the Highland Society of London with the title of the Highland Society of Prince Edward Island which was adopted with some other amendments to the original constitution. In 1838, Sir

Charles Augustus Fitzroy, Lieutenant Governor, was chief; Donald Macdonald, Charlottetown, President; William McIntosh and George Dalrymple, Vice Presidents; John McGill, Treasurer; Wm. Cullen and Charles Stockdale, Secretaries, when the following members paid their dues, viz., R. S. Cumming, W. W. Irving, Robert Brown, Donald Macdonald, (Glenaladale), Wm. McKay, Georgetown; Angus McDonald, Brudenell Point; Colin Macdonald, Georgetown; Hugh Macdonald, Georgetown; Peter McCallum, St. Peters; William Clarke, Darnley; John Small Macdonald, West River; John Ramsay, Rose Hill; Con Douly Rankin, Belfast; Donald Campbell, Malpeque Road; Malcolm Darroch, West River; James Thompson, Tryon; Charles McNeill, Cavendish; Andrew Duncan, Alexander Brown, William McGill, Donald Beaton, Duncan McGregor, Patrick Walker, J. S. Dealy, John McNeill, James Purdie, Hugh McLean, Joseph Macdonald, Neil McKay, William McKay, William McCulloch, Kenneth McKenzie, Charles Young, J. B. McCormack, all of Charlottetown. The annual dinner on St. Andrew's day was held at Mrs. Miller's hotel, and Wm. McIntosh, Dr. Cumming and Charles Young were the stewards.

In the course of the next decade we meet with other names of well-known men of the period who were members of the Society, viz., Donald Montgomery, M. P. P., John Brown, John C. Macdonald, Joseph Wightman, John Nicholson, J. W. Morrison, Alexander McLean, James Dewar, Allan Fraser, W. R. Watson, J. D. Macdonell, John Arbuckle, Donald McIsaac, Robert McKinley, Alexander McDonald, J. W. Cairns, David Wilson, John McGill, Joseph Macdonald, John Scott, Archibald Macdonald, David Fraser, Ewen Cameron, Neil McKay, Robert MacKie, Angus McDonald, (shoemaker), Robert Barker, Donald McFadyen, Neil Rankin, Angus McIntyre, Dr. Potts, Alexander McNeill, P. F. Irving, Ronald McDonald, George Fraser, Thos. McEachern, John McPhee, North River; Lauchlin McLaine, James Arthur, George W. Owen, James Carmichael, George Dalrymple, John Davison, John Kennedy, James Robertson, Alex Robertson, Frederick Norton, Captain R. Campbell, Edward Irving, Ninian Patterson, Archibald McNeill, George Allan, D. Bethune, Duncan Cameron, Joseph McHardie, James

D. Mason, W. C. Hodgson, John McKinnon, C. H. Smith, John Andrew Macdonald, A. A. McKenzie, George Fraser, Dr. Stratton, R. N., David Stewart, John Brown, (Bombay) and others.

In 1839, Hon. Donald McDonald, Glenaladale, was elected President, and Charles Young, Vice. Dinner was given in Mechanics Hall, and provided in Mrs. Miller's best style. His Excellency Sir Charles Augustus Fitzroy, and many other guests attended, and twenty-three toasts were on the standard list each followed by an appropriate sentiment. In the following year additional vigor was imparted to the national associations owing to the visit to this province of Sir James Macdonell K. C. B., and K. C. H., Commander of the Brigade of Guards in Canada. The Highland Society waited upon him in a body, with an address in which they refer to his services at Waterloo, and express their admiration for his daring deeds of arms, and received a suitable reply. Another address was also presented to him at St. Peters where the King's County or Castle Tioram Regiment of Militia, commanded by Lieut. Col. R. C. Macdonald. was presented with a set of colors by his lady who was Glengarry's daughter and Sir Jas. Macdonell's niece. The colors were composed of blue, white, and crimson silk beautifully emblazoned with appropriate figures and devices. One had the arms of the Glengarry and Glenaladale families quartered, surmounted with their crests and supported by two Highlanders—one dressed as a soldier and the other as a husbandman. The second colour contained a crown above the thistle surrounded by a laurel wreath with the title of the regiment in gold letters inscribed thereon. On presenting the colours, Mrs. Macdonald is said to have "addressed the Regiment in glowing language worthy the race from whence she sprung, and to have told them she knew they would if called upon prove themselves worthy sons of Scotland, and uphold their country's glory." The Colonel on behalf of the Regiment returned thanks for the presentation and with three times three cheers from the men, the ceremony terminated while the piper played a martial strain.

It is strange but true that Marshall Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, one of Napoleon's most noted Generals, who died at

Courcelles in France in 1840, should have been a member of this society. It seems that when R. C. Macdonald was in France in 1836, he called on the Marshall who evinced great interest in the Highlanders of this colony some of them having been his relatives. He presented Mr. Macdonald with a portrait of his son, sent a contribution to the society and was elected an honorary member, and hence his death was commemorated by the members and noted in the records.

(To be continued)

The Angelic Message.

Does the angelic benediction fall at the dawn of the 20th Century as the veriest mockery of human unrest, or does it awake a respondent harmony from a Life triumphant?—“A Query”—December Number.

IN seeking an answer to the above query another immediately presents itself. Does peace necessarily involve rest?

Being, apart from action is utterly unknown to us. Our densest minerals, the most inert materials known to us, are composed of atoms which, though confined within definite limits, are therein pulsating with restrained energy. Enforce inaction and matter would cease to be.

* * * * *

Awed by the perfect stillness, the watcher alone beneath the stars, involuntarily restrains his breath lest by breathing he should introduce an element of discord upon the scene. To him Peace reigns absolute. Yet, beneath the apparent calm, stupendous forces are expending themselves. The globe on which he stands is hurtling through space at a thousand times the speed of the fastest express train. The magnitude of the forces of Gravity and Cohesion, upon which depend the stability of the universe, transcends human conception. All around, tree and plant, insect and animal, are quick with busy life which thrills and throbs throughout their several members. Verily, he stands in a huge power-house surrounded by whirling mechanisms innumerable; yet he is filled with a consciousness of peace.

Whence comes it? Does it not proceed from the fact that he is in harmony with his environment?

Consider the same scene under another aspect. Listen to the war of the wind as it seeks to dash to the ground everything that opposes itself to its fury. Feel the solid earth tremble under the impact of those mighty billows which threaten to engulf it. Man's heart fails him and he shrinks from such a scene of turmoil and strife. Yet no new element has been imported. The forces engaged are the same, but their present form of expression is such that he cannot adjust himself to it, and hence there arises a sense of conflict and discord.

* * * * *

In seeking to secure new combinations, to obtain new compounds the chemist finds it necessary to break up existing relationships. During the process, until a new condition of equilibrium is secured, strain and stress are inevitable. Similarly, as long as man is in a condition of development; as long as his relations to the physical world in which he is placed; to his fellow men with whom he associates; and to his God, in whom he lives and has his being, are not harmonious, so long must human life be lived amidst struggles and conflict, until the dominant forces obtain control and a perfect adjustment is secured.

* * * * *

“On earth Peace, Good-will towards men.” What meant this? Were pain and suffering to become a thing of the past? Were wars and tumults to cease? Nay! Did not Christ himself declare, “I come not to bring peace but a sword?” No matter how tremendous the struggle, how direful the suffering, he is a traitor to Peace who would cease from effort until the sought-for condition is secured, the needed adjustment effected.

Was, then, the Angelic message “a mockery of our hopes”? Nay! It was the blissful assurance of a veritable fact. The birth of the Babe of Bethlehem was the introduction to earth of that re-adjusting power which will eventually bring the will of Man into conformity with the will of God.

It is possible even now, by prophetic vision, to realize somewhat of the condition that will be his when body, soul and spirit become conscious expressions of the Divine Intelligence, and

therefore possible, even in the midst of our bitterest struggles to re-echo the triumphant acclaim, "Glory to God in the Highest."

"Love which is sunlight of Peace
Age by age to increase.
Till anger and hatred are dead
And sorrow and death shall cease.
"Peace on earth and Goodwill,"
Souls that are gentle and still
Hear the first music of this
Far off, infinite Bliss.

Peace not at first ; not yet ;
Our earth has to forget
Burden of birth and travail of slow years
But now the dark time done
Daylight at length begun
First gold of Sun in sight dispelling fears.

—*Edwin Arnold.*

UNCLE TOM.

Tenant League Results.

BY JOHN ROSS.

THE agitation went on for several months, growing in intensity, until it reached such a height that the whole country was in a blaze of excitement. As an evidence of the commotion existing among the Tenantry, a large body of men crossed the ice in sleighs and on horseback, from Southport to the city, on St. Patrick's Day, 1865, and proceeded along Queen St. towards the Colonial Building, where Parliament was in session. As the procession was passing Apothecaries Hall corner, the Deputy Sheriff, Mr. James Curtis, attempted to arrest Mr. Samuel Fletcher of Alberry Plains, from the ranks, but being driven off, failed to secure his man, which on being reported to the authorities, the following Proclamation was immediately issued by His Excellency Governor Dundas.

PROCLAMATION.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY GEORGE DUNDAS, ESQUIRE, Lieutenant Governor and Commander-in-Chief, in and over Her Majesty's Island Prince Edward, and the territories thereto belonging, Chancellor, Vice-Admiral and Ordinary of the same, &c.

[L. S.] GEORGE DUNDAS, Lieut. Governor.

WHEREAS it appears that divers persons in certain parts of this Island have associated, or leagued together for the purpose of counselling, aiding and assisting one another in resisting the payment of certain rents, which they became legally bound to pay, as Tenants on certain Townships in this Island.

AND WHEREAS, it has been brought to my notice, that an officer of the Law has recently been violently obstructed and prevented from discharging his duty by persons who have so combined as aforesaid. Now I have thought fit to issue this, my proclamation, warning all parties concerned in such unlawful combinations, that in attempting to carry out such purposes, they do oppose themselves to Her Majesty and the Laws.

And I do command and enjoin all such persons, immediately to abstain from all such unlawful associations.

And I do further command and enjoin all magistrates, sheriffs, and other ministers of the Law, and all constables, and peace officers, and all other loyal subjects of Her Majesty, to discourage by every means in their power such unlawful combination, and to give their prompt aid and assistance, when lawfully required in opposing, preventing, and resisting all persons whomsoever, who shall take part in any such unlawful combinations, and in arresting and bringing to justice any such persons offending or having offended as aforesaid.

And I do further solemnly warn all persons that it is my duty to see that the Law shall take its course, and that I shall cause it to be obeyed and respected throughout the Island.

Given under my hand, and the Great Seal of this Island, at Charlottetown in the said Island, on this twenty-second day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, and in the twenty-eighth year of Her Majesty's reign.

By Command,

WM. H. POPE, Col. Secy.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

An order immediately following the foregoing Proclamation, was issued by the Governor, to call out the yeomanry of the County, known in Great Britain by the name of the *Fosse Comitatus*. About 200 men composed principally of citizens of Charlottetown who were supposed to be in sympathy with the Tenantry, were summoned to attend upon the High Sheriff of the County at Southport, on the morning of April 7th, and accompany him to Vernon River, to capture the body of Samuel Fletcher, of Alberry Plains.

The following lines on the "*Posse Comitatus*," were composed by the late Mr. John LePage.

The Tenant League with bold intrigue,
 Rent-paying unbelievers,
 To organize and raise supplies
 All winter worked like beavers.
 A mail-clad man, was at their van,
 Who should receive applause sir,
 For teaching well how to rebel,
 Obedient to the law, sir.

They often met their wits to whet,
 And after consultation,
 With one consent to pay no rent
 Came to determination.
 St. Patrick's Day a long array,
 The saint be praised, whatever,
 From Southport shore, some twenty score
 Came tooting o'er the river.

They through the town marched up and down,
 Their horns defiance sounding,
 While overhead, their banners spread,
 With loyal words abounding.
 But at their van, we missed the man,
 Erst foremost in the cause, sir
 Who taught them well how to rebel,
 Obedient to the law, sir.

Essay'd in vain with might and main,
 Their Prussian horns they sounded,
 And with their tins brought to his pins
 The acting sheriff wounded,
 By flags displayed and speeches made
 They loyalty could utter,
 But rudely snub the sheriff's sub
 And tramp him in the gutter.

Said Johnny Ross, the printer boss:
 I told you last October
 How things would be, and now you see,
 Why was not ——— sober,
 And wherefore try those measures high,
 To pay is not convenient,
 When Sheriffs may be kept away
 By men to laws obedient.

Ben Davies, he—well let me see,
 What did he say? why truly
 The Bard that clearly did not hear,
 The noise was so unruly,
 For here and there and everywhere
 The stir was most surprising,
 Men's pulses beat at fever heat
 The mercury still rising.

The Posse bold agreed to hold
 A public consultation,
 And wide awake their steps to take
 With wise deliberation.
 For some well knew, it would not do
 To shirk the sheriff's levy,
 Right out to blow they would not go,
 As penalties were heavy.

But all about the grand turnout,
 The morning embarkation
 Of calvacade and light brigade,
 And varied operation.
 Some future time, if "fit o' rhyme,"
 Come o'er his "noddle barmy,"
 The Bard may tell, meanwhile farewell,
 "The Gin'ral and the Army,"

(To be Continued)

Notes and Queries, Correspondence, Reviews

Appreciation.

Some one was kind enough to send me a copy of your magazine, No. 10, which interested me very much, as a wandering Islander. A periodical on the lines chosen ought to be a great success, as very many Islanders now in other lands must naturally like to take up the almost forgotten threads of the history of the early times, necessarily running into bits of genealogical history forgotten even by those of the blood. I unfortunately only just now learned of the existence of the magazine by the chance thought of a friend or I should have been a subscriber from the start.

Sincerely,

CECIL T. BAGNALL.

Turner's Falls, Mass.

* * *

Letter to Mr. Walter Simpson.

New Glasgow, Pictou Co., N. S.
 Dec 15 1899.

Thanks for the Christmas number of the P. E. Island Magazine, for I presume it is to you I am indebted for it. It is altogether a very creditable number, but of course it is your article that is of special interest to me. You have done your work well so far, and I will look with pleasure for the forthcoming of the remaining chapter.

I am really glad that you have secured and put in such good, readable form the facts of the founding of Cavendish settlement in which our good forefathers figured so prominently. I suppose I have heard the story before, but as I have a

poor memory for genealogical lists, I am pleased to have it in black and white where it will henceforth be available.

It is news to me that Parson McGregor was the first pastor of Cavendish Presbyterian Church. What McGregor do you mean? You may be correct—I presume you are—but I would like to know what Parson McGregor you mean.

Again thanking you for your well executed work, and for sending me a copy of the same, believe me to remain, Yours very truly,

ALLAN SIMPSON

* *

A Question Answered.

Rev. R. B. McDonald writes from Rustico as follows:—In the December number of your valuable Magazine, I observe that a correspondent from Revere, Mass., seeks information with regard to the property owned by the Macdonalds in Lot 25. In response to your request, I am happy to be able to furnish the following information for the benefit of your correspondent.

Capt. Ailan McDonald (Rhetland), of Morar, Inverness Shire, Scotland, purchased from Sir Alexander Campbell 10,000 acres of land in the one half of Lot 25. It was his intention, after having disposed of a portion of his estate in Scotland, to purchase the remaining half of the Lot, and settle thereon his tenants and followers. He was, however, shortly after drowned, whilst crossing from the Isle of Skye to the Mainland in an open boat, which was struck by a squall and upset. The project of settling the land in P. E. Island was, after the Captain's death, abandoned, and his son, Alexander, invested with the power of attorney, was sent out to dispose of the property.

Alexander, commonly known as Sandy Rhetland, sold 6,500 acres to William Schurman, the ancestor of the Schurmans at Bedeque, and 500 acres to John Campbell, a former Treasurer of the Island and an uncle to the Hon. William Campbell, M. P. P. This property was recently owned and occupied by the Hon. Alexander Laird, of Wilmot. When Alexander came to the Island, he was accompanied by a brother and two sisters of his father, viz.; Ronald, Isabella and Margaret. To each of these he gave 1000 acres. Ronald remained but a short time in Bedeque, when he moved to the East Point, where he purchased 500 acres of land and settled on it. The late John Baker of North Bedeque, occupied the shore front of his property. Isabella and Margaret both married and lived and died on their portions. D. H. McDonald, Esq., of Bedeque, and John A. McDonald, M. P. P. of Indian River, are grandsons of Isabella, the former living on the front of his grandmother's property, whilst his neighbor Thomas Harker, occupies the front of that of Margaret, and John McDonald of Mill Valley, a grandson of Margaret, occupies the rear of her portion.

Alexander Macdonald, after having disposed of his property on Lot 25, crossed over to Cape Breton and purchased a large tract of land in Judique, which still remains in the possession of his descendants. The descendants of Captain Allan McDonald, above mentioned, are to-day the rightful heirs to the large and valuable Estate of Morar, Scotland, and they are now actively engaged in making good their claims.

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First Settlement of Three Rivers.

The second article on "The First Settlement of Three Rivers," by Professor Caven, will appear next month.

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End of Volume One.

With this issue is completed Volume No. I of The Prince Edward Island Magazine. To those whose articles have filled our pages we tender here our sincere thanks. It will doubtless make them glad to know that the success which has come to the Magazine is much greater than was expected when the first number was published—and this we attribute to the quality of the work of our kind contributors.

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