

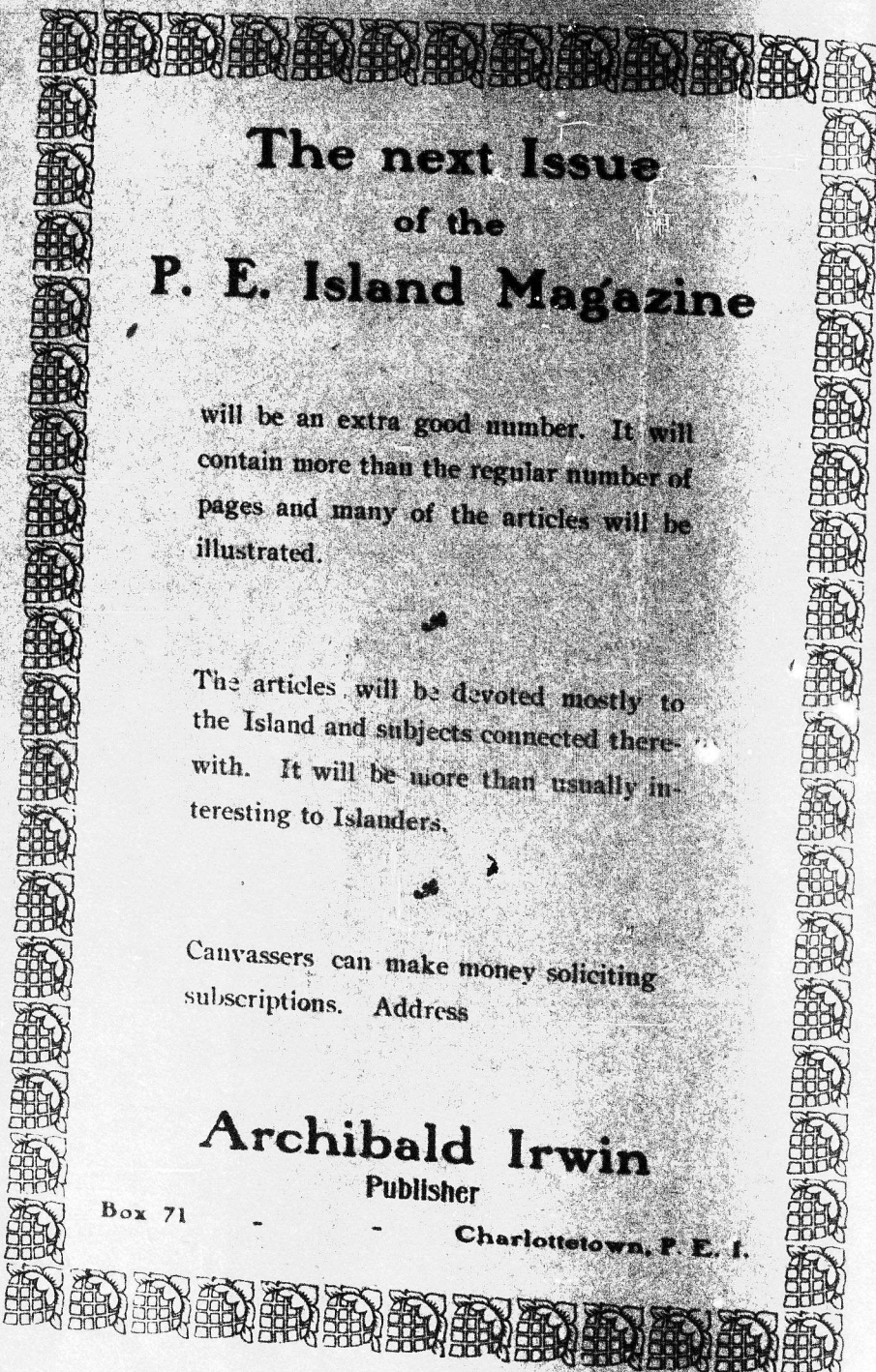
THE PRINCE EDWARD  
ISLAND MAGAZINE



AUGUST, 1903

VOLUME 5

NO 6



**The next Issue**  
of the  
**P. E. Island Magazine**

will be an extra good number. It will contain more than the regular number of pages and many of the articles will be illustrated.

The articles will be devoted mostly to the Island and subjects connected therewith. It will be more than usually interesting to Islanders.

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THE

# Prince Edward Island Magazine

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**SUBSCRIPTIONS.**—The subscription price is SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS a year, for which it will be sent, post-paid to any address in Canada or the United States. Remittance may be made in stamps (Canadian or U. S.) or by postal note or money order.

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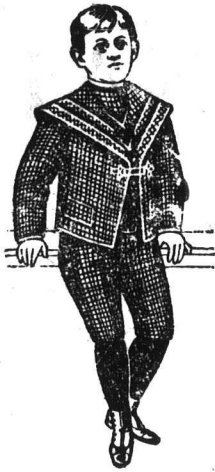
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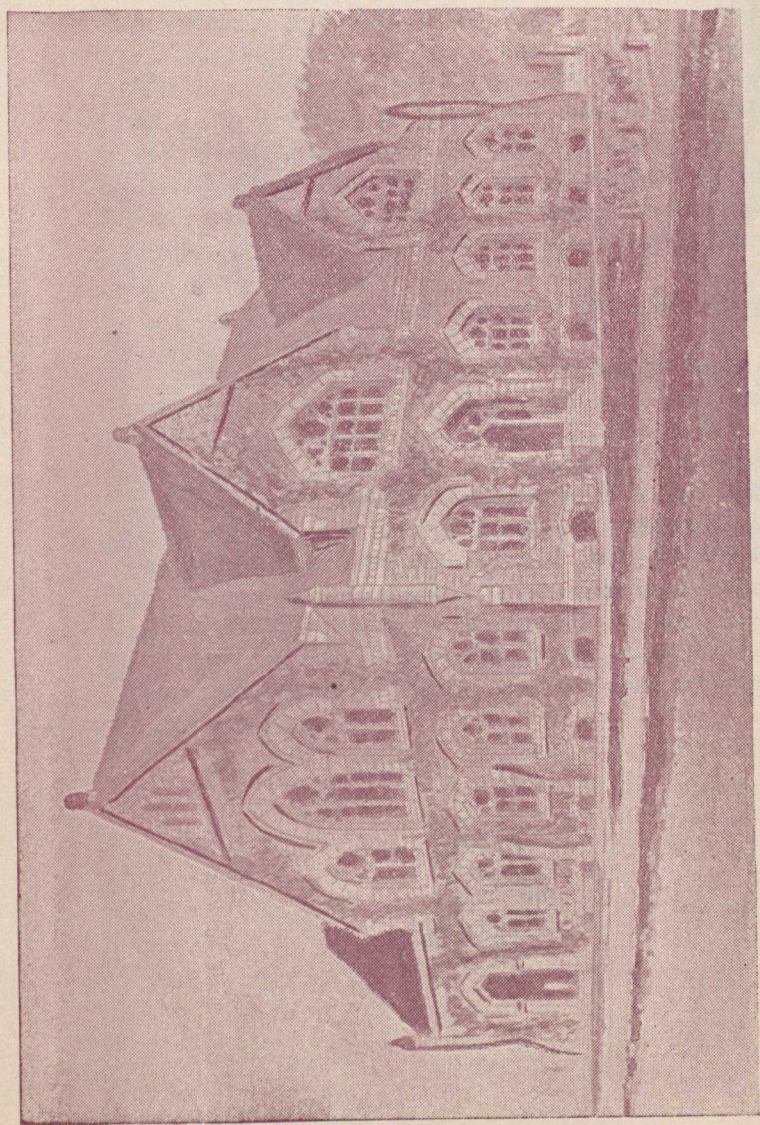
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# The Prince Edward Island MAGAZINE

Vol. 5

AUGUST, 1903

No. 6

## The Californian Association.

BY JAS. D. LAWSON.

**T**HROUGH the kindness of Theophilus Moore, Esq., Assistant Collector Inland Revenue, of this city, we lay before the lovers of P. E. Island reminiscences some interesting papers of his much respected father, George Moore, Esq., long since deceased, relating to the Californian Association, whose worthy accountant he had the honor to be:—

“Having been requested to furnish ‘The Californian Association,’ now about to sail from this port in the brig Fanny, with a certificate, which, it has been thought may prove useful to them during the progress of their enterprise:—I hereby certify all whom it may concern, that a residence of nine winters in Charlottetown enables me to bear testimony generally to the steady, sober and industrious character of the members of the Association whose names are on the annexed paper. The Messrs Moore, Owen and Pope are personally known to me, as the sons of persons holding responsible offices in this Colony, and as highly respectable in every point of view. From the character of the parties and the testimony of the



numerous persons connected with them in this town, I can have no doubt in believing the objects of the Association to be simply such as are stated in the annexed paper to which I have affixed my signature and I have therefore no hesitation in commending them to the favourable consideration, kind offices, and, if need be, assistance of any of Her Majesty's officers whom they may choose to meet.

Given under my hand, at  
Charlottetown, Prince  
Edward Island, Gulf of  
St. Lawrence, this 6th  
day of November, 1849.

“HENRY WM. BAYFIELD, Captain R. N.  
Surveying the Gulf of St. Lawrence.”

---

“ ‘PROPERTY.

- “ ‘Brig Fanny 240 tons, coppered and copper fastened.
- “ ‘A large Boat, 28 feet long; 9 feet beam.
- “ ‘A Lighter, 32 ft. long; 7½ ft. beam.
- “ ‘2 Houses, 36x38, 18 ft. post, or 2 stories high.
- “ ‘1 do 36x30, 12 ft. do, or 1 storey and ½.
- “ ‘1 larger building not framed.
- “ ‘10,000 Bricks; 300 feet Pine Lumber.
- “ ‘Boxes of Tin for Roofs. Lime and Laths.
- “ ‘Tools of all kinds. Heads to plan and hands to work.
- “ ‘To proceed to San Francisco, to dispose of and erect for the purchasers the two large houses, to obtain a convenient site on one of the rivers and erect the other house and store for themselves. While part of the company are thus employed, another part to proceed to Oregon or elsewhere with the ship for lumber, etc., etc.; a third party to go up one of the rivers or to the placers if it shall be deemed expedient.
- “ ‘The business of the Company is managed by seven

directors, any one of whom may be displaced for improper conduct, and another elected by a majority of not less than two thirds of the Association.

“Twelve of the Company are on the ship's articles to qualify them to take charge of the ship on her arrival out. The captain and first mate are engaged for three years, the second mate and five or six seamen are shipped only for the run, for which they receive £5 each.

“The Fanny has a set of the best charts that could be procured at Boston, a set of Marriat's Signals, Chronometer, Marine Barometer, 3 or 4 Compasses, a set of new spare sails, £100 worth of new spare rope, etc., etc., and £800 to £1000 in specie.’”

“The above is the statement, and on the other side hereof is the List of Names referred to in the annexed certificate.

“HENRY WM. BAYFIELD.

“Charlottetown, 6th Nov. 1849.”

---

“Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Nov. 8th, 1849.

“Mr. George Moore being about to leave this Island with a view of seeking employment elsewhere, we hereby certify that we have known him for several years and some of us from his boyhood, that he has for the last ten years filled the confidential situation of chief clerk and accountant in the establishment of James Peake, Esq., the most extensive in the Colony, and has invariably conducted himself in an exemplary and correct manner, and we with confidence certify to his ability to perform any duty that he may undertake.

“Given under our hands this day and year before written.

“T. H. HAVILAND, Colonial Secretary.

“JOHN BARROW, A. J.



- “HENRY W. BAYFIELD, Captain R. N., Surveying the Gulf of St. Lawrence.
- “R. HODGSON, Her Majesty’s Attorney General for Prince Edward Island.
- “DANIEL HODGSON, Clerk of the Crown.
- “J. SPENCER SMITH, Colonial Treasurer.
- “G. R. GOODMAN, Contoller Customs and Navigation Laws, P. E. Island.
- “JOSEPH POPE, Speaker House Assembly.

---

“Mr. George Moore referred to in the foregoing certificate has been my confidential clerk and accountant for the last ten years in my mercantile establishment in this Island and has during that period faithfully and to my satisfaction performed the duties required of him and in every particular his conduct has been correct, and I can with confidence certify that whatever may be entrusted to him will be faithfully fulfilled.

“JAMES PEAKE.”

Amongst the papers of the late Mr. Moore is also a well-drawn map representing the voyage out from La Plata to California, showing each day’s progress or retrogression. It is worthy the production of a skilled artist. We wish we could reproduce it.

On arriving at California the Association was dissolved, the members thereof not being able to agree. The voyage took seven and a half months. The following dissolution paper was duly signed by all the members:

*“To all to whom these presents shall come.*

*“We residents of Charlottetown, in the Island of Prince Edward, severally send greeting:*

*“Whereas the said several parties hereto, together with John Orr, of the said Island, Shipwright by indenture, bearing date the ninth day of November, now last past, did mutually covenant and agree with each other to form a co-*



partnership company on a voyage to and from California, under the name of the Charlottetown Californian Association, subject to the provisos and conditions in said indenture contained, and did severally bind themselves to each other in the penal sum of five hundred pounds (£500) currency of said Island, for their faithful performance of the same, as by said indenture reference being thereunto had, may more fully appear.

“And whereas on the arrival of the said Company at California aforesaid, it has been found impossible to carry out their intentions under the provisions of said indenture, and it has therefore been considered beneficial to all parties interested in the said co-partnership that the same should be forthwith cancelled, or dissolved by their mutual consent, and that the said parties should severally release and discharge each other in the manner hereinafter contained.

“Now therefore know ye that the said several parties first above named, for, and in consideration of the premises, as also in consideration of a similar release and discharge at the same time made and executed by the said John Orr, conjointly with and to each and every of said parties first above named, Have and each and every of them Hath remised, released and for ever quitted claim, and discharged, and by these Presents, Do and each and every of them Doth remise, release and for ever quit claim, and discharge the said John Orr, his Heirs, Executors, and Administrators of and from the said partnership, and also of and from all and every account, reckoning, liability, claim and demand whatsoever on account of same; and also, of and from the said penal sum, and all other penalties, and from all and every action at law or suit, arbitration or reference, for on account of the same, as fully and effectually as if the said partnership had never been entered by him as aforesaid.

“In witness whereof the said parties, first above named, have hereunto severally set their Hands and Seals, at San

Francisco, Upper California, this — day of — in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty.

“Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of——”

Here follow the signatures of the several parties in their own handwriting.

At the beginning, instead of *We residents*, the names were given. For brevity we made the change.



## Argentina—Area, Natural Features, Flora and Fauna.

BY JOSEPH READ.

“South America expands,—  
Mountains, forests, rivers, lands.”

**I**N the old Irish National Series of school books which obtained in the P. E. Island schools when the writer was a boy was a poem by, I think, James Montgomery, in which the couplet quoted above commenced a stanza to which we will refer later for reasons that will then appear.

The Republic of Argentine is one third the size of Europe; its length is two thousand three hundred miles, its breadth five hundred on an average, it is two dozen times the size of the Maritime Provinces of Canada, three and one half times the area of the five eastern Canadian Provinces combined, whose competitor and antitype she is in a certain sense; for both are largely agricultural, each have a great water way; they severally occupy the eastern and polar side



of their Continents, and are respectively wholly within the North and South Temperate Zones. Mulhall the great statistician, gives the area as one million two hundred and twelve thousand square miles. Within the year, however, there has been an adjustment of boundaries with Chili, which does not materially affect the result. The actual boundaries are: Beage Channel on the south (half the Island of Tierra del Fuego is Argentine) the Andes divides it from Chili on the west; an imaginary line drawn from the foot of the Andes in twenty-six forty-five of south Latitude to the Pilcomayo river separates it from Bolivia; Paraguay has the Parana between; from Brazil it is dis severed by the rivers Yguazu and Upper Uruguay; the Lower Uruguay river with Rio de La Plata separates it from the Banda-Oriental as the Republic of Uruguay is generally called here; from the mouth of the La Plata to Staten Island, the southern limit of the Republic, the South Atlantic washes its shores.

Within these limits is to be found a diversity of soil ranging between the saline desert and the alluvial pampas; between the howling wilderness of Patagonia and the vine-clad valleys of Mendoza; between the stony declivities of the majestic mountains and the sandy region of the Atlantic seaboard.

Perhaps the most prominent natural feature besides the rivers to which I have before alluded, is the Pampas or great alluvial plain. It is quite beyond my powers of description to convey an adequate idea of the fertility, arability and predial value of this cornucopia—this horn of Amalthea—this land flowing with milk and honey. For hundreds of miles a plough could be run in a straight line without striking a root or a rut, and in that distance you could not "find a stone to pelt at a dog." A land without winter, requiring neither manure, drainage, irrigation or stumping—a land where sheep were driven into the brick



kilns as fuel in the times of the Spanish—a land where two men only are required to mind two thousand head of cattle—a land where the ordinary estancia (farm) has ten thousand horned cattle or horses or one hundred thousand sheep—a land where each rural man, woman and child is represented by eighty-one sheep, eleven cows and two horses, which means nearly one hundred times as many sheep, eighty times as many cows and nearly six times as many horses as our rural Canadian can boast, in short a land “Where every prospect pleases and only man is vile.” Alas, there is another side to this picture. Here I show you the “mermaid’s head,” later if time and space permit I shall show you the “Dragon’s tail.”

There are three mountain groups: the Andes which make the western boundary, but whose eastern slope is Argentine territory, the Sierras of San Luis and Cordoba—one of the former, Tomalasta, being seven thousand feet, and one of the latter, Cordoba, seven thousand six hundred feet high. Lastly there are the Patagonian chains of Tandil, Guamini and Curumalan, the highest sentinel of which, Ventana, is only three thousand three hundred and sixty feet above sea level.

Flora: although the great Pampas and the Atlantic seaboard generally are practically treeless, except where the Gum-tree (Eucalyptus) and other alien woods have been planted with success, yet over vast areas in the interior, particularly on the Andine slopes, in the Gran Chaco, (Indian territory) and in the states of Cordoba, Corrientes, Entre Rois and Santa Fe there are vast forests; as a rule, however the timber is not so well adapted for the building of houses, barns, sheds and the like as the North American lumber of which there is an enormous importation. There will be an increasing demand as the country develops, and it behooves the people to protect their forests, at least not wantonly to destroy what must be in the not distant future



a great source of wealth. A very large trade is now done in the pitch pine of the Southern United States, but that supply is limited.

The most important native timber is the Quebracho, which is exported in large quantities. It is very heavy, weighing eighty-four pounds to the cubic foot and very hard. Germany is by far the greatest consumer, using it for a dye and for tanning leather, as it is very rich in tannin; other European countries use it for making table-wine, like log-wood (*campeache*). Quite recently it has been introduced into the United States where it is used in the manufacture of leather with great success. It is red in colour and is a good ship timber.

Another valuable timber is the Lepacho, a white, heavy, strong, hard wood especially useful where strength is the essential requisite; it is largely used for local ship-building.

Nandubay is a smaller tree, very strong, hard and imprevious to rot, unrivalled for fence posts: the civic authorities of Buenos Aires erected posts of this wood in 1612 on both sides of the streets,—every post three feet apart to protect the people on the sidewalks; these were not finally removed till 1863, when they were yet fairly sound.

Oak is found in the mountain valleys and is said to grow four hundred feet high with a diameter of seven feet at the butt. Laurel is frequently found seventy feet high and ten feet in diameter. Beech grows to a great size, and great Birches, of which there are several varieties, flourish; one of these latter is an evergreen, it is called the Winter-bark, and grows in the far south, particularly in Fuego. Cebil is especially esteemed for its bark which is very rich in tannic acid and used in the preparation of leather. Palms of various varieties abound in the north, one of which—the Pindo—yields a yellow fruit called *Ibapita*, “as dainty as the date;” another called *Yatay* the fruit of which is used to fatten cattle and from the kernels of which brandy



is made by the natives; a third is called Bocoia and its fruit is "considered the very best," while a fourth, the Coronday, has a bark used for roofing houses. Cedar grows to an immense size and is used for making dug-outs (log canoes) and various purposes. Timbo is used like Tetane for house rafters. Algarroba yields a fruit something like a plum and is also, like most of those above mentioned, useful for ship-building, as are also Peteribi, Urunday, Yverapinta, Yuivaro, Cypress, and many others. Some of the finest woods for furniture making are found here, notably—Rosewood, Walnut, Mulberry, Guaybey, Nangaripu, Mahogany, Ignavira, Aguayguazu, and many others. Espinillo is a large tree and makes good timber; the Mistol yields fruit and its bark is a superior soap; the Pata furnishes a kind of plum while from its bark a coffee-coloured dye is extracted; the Puma is a soda yielding tree; the Chirmoya or custard-apple is one of the most delicious fruits known; the Araucaria Imbricata, a kind of pine, produces a toothsome nut; the Nopal supplies a fruit from which brandy and molasses are made; Quinces grow as large as a man's head in some places, and a delectable jelly called "Membrilla" is manufactured in such large quantities from them as to become an article of commerce; the Pita or flowering-olive has prickly leaves and is planted in places for defense against wild Indians, hogs, dogs and what not, it makes a most efficient dead wall; and there is a shrub that yields indigo. Then there are the Chanar, Yuchan, Calabate, and Guayaba whose fruit is good for man or beast. Pine, fir and ash grow in the remote mountain valleys and in Fuego, but the difficulties of getting these out make them no competitor of the northern hemisphere. Amongst other trees may be mentioned:—the Tala, Magnolia, Tarco, Piguinilla, Mimosa, Calden, Ceibo, Barrigon, Moille, Malapari and Guayacaru.

The above enumeration of the trees found in the Argentine forests is by no means complete; but it should suffice



to show that the whole country is not treeless as might be imagined from the immense imports of Canadian and United States lumber which is being shipped from the Pacific Coast, Montreal, Three Rivers, Saguenay, Chaleur, Miramichi, Bridgewater, Yarmouth, Digby, Annapolis, Bear River, Parrsboro, St. John, Calais, Portland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Wilmington (N. C.), Brunswick, Fernandina, Appalachicola, Pensacola, Mobile, Pascagoula, Ship Island and Sabine Pass year after year.

Besides the forest trees all the fruit trees of the Northern Temperate Zone have been introduced and grow luxuriantly; the fruit however is not as a rule so luscious as the northern product, apples especially being dry, hard and woody. Cherries, plums, damsons and such as flourish in Canada have not the delicate flavour of our fruit, unless grown in the southern departments, but pears, peaches, pomegranates, oranges, limes, lemons and olives do splendidly. I might say in passing that the small fruits such as strawberries, currants, and the like, are found here both wild and cultivated, they are best in Patagonian Argentine. Bananas, figs, pine-apples and the tropical fruits are good and plentiful in the north.

Ornamental trees have been planted and thrive vigorously; poplars, willow and acacias are to be seen about the homes of most "estancieros." Over a quarter of a century ago the writer visited a Buenos Aires merchant at his country house thirty miles from the city, he was then shown some Australian Eucalyptus trees which were astonishingly tall and stout, although only planted six years previously. Since then millions of these trees have been planted.

There are thousands of plants besides those named above,—in fact so rich is the Republic in flora that it would be impossible in the limits of a magazine article to enumerate them; besides only a portion of them are yet known; in the



State of Tucuman alone there are thirty-nine different species of trees and plants used for making dyes. Six principal textile plants of that State are Afata, Sacha-huasca, Cotton, Chagral, Silver Ramie and Yuchan already mentioned. Oil producing plants are numerous, and besides the trees before noted as rich in tannic acid there are twenty-six others serviceable for tanning leather.

The best known poisonous plants are Hediondilla, Nio, Lechenon, Chusco-Chamico, Cola de Caballo, Sacha-col, Sacha-membrillo and Sandia del Diablo. Medicinal plants are too numerous to mention, complete collections of these are to be found in the Produce Museum at Buenos Aires.

Water plants are plentiful and beautiful.

Not less than forty different herbs and grasses are good for fodder, the "pasto fuerte" of the pampas being the chief.

Fauna: Excepting bird-life the fauna are neither large nor diverse; there is the Puma or American Lion, found only in the remotest regions; the American Tiger is quite plentiful, but like most of the wild animals is very much hunted and will soon be exterminated; Tiger-cats, grey Wild-cats and Pole-cats abound in the north and south respectively.

The Biscacha or prairie-dog is esteemed by some as an article of food; Wild-dogs go about in packs like wolves, but owing to their ravages will soon be "numbered with the dry bones of the mighty past;" the Red Fox, remarkable for its big head, and the Silver Fox are not yet extinct.

The Corpu or Nutria, or as it is sometimes called, the South American Beaver, is valuable and numerous, it yields a nice fur which is exported in a small way. Carpincha is a kind of river hog, and makes a good roast. The Wild-boar is here, but not such as he that was hunted by Adonis. Not that

"Foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,



Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave."

The Hares of Patagonia are very large, twenty-five pounds being the weight of many of them.

The Tapir, or Ant Bear, is frequently shot; the writer has a skin of a full-sized Ant Eater in his house at Summer-side; it is seven feet long. This is a peculiarly shaped animal,—its legs are very short, strong and furnished with heavy claws, which, with its long, strong, sequacious, cartilaginous snout, enables it to go through an ant hill at one fell swoop. Its tail is half as long as its body, very bushy and strong; it would turn the eye of the Canadian Beaver green with envy except for the coarseness of the hair. The skin is thick and tough, which enables it to withstand the attacks of its victims. The Armadillo has two or three representatives; the Peludos and Mulitas, being table delicacies, are hunted nearly to extermination.

The Weasel here is a marsupial, he or she loves eggs better than live prey. Guinea-pigs, Squirrels, Rats, Mice, Moles, Frogs and a nasty venomous Toad called Escuerzo are found.

The Llama, a sort of camel, has been domesticated and transformed into a beast of burden. It can carry one hundred pounds fifteen miles per day. Its wool makes a strong cloth and its flesh is good for food. The Alpaca of the same family has a finer wool and is now being tamed also,—some English Argentines having large flocks of them which are being raised with success, as the wool is valuable. The Guanaco is of the same family as the two last mentioned but is still in the wild state, it is found pretty much all over the country. A pretty, graceful, deer-like animal is the Vicuna which is fast being hunted to extinction. Its skins are largely exported to Europe where they are prized as floor rugs.

The domestic animals of the northern hemisphere were not indigenous to South America and were introduced at



and after the conquest. To-day as elsewhere intimated, there is a superabundance of them, for as they need no winter shelter (snow having fallen but twice in the century in the city of Buenos Aires) they multiply exceedingly fast.

Birds are so varied that a detailed list of them, even if it were in my power to give it, would be uncalled for. From the Nandu or Rhea, an ostrich, to the tiny Humming-Bird there is a gradation in size that includes five hundred different varieties; the degrees in grace and appearance between the pretty Widow and ugly Carancho is quite as marked. We can hear the deafening calls of the wild green Parrot and almost inaudible chirp of the common Grey-bird; have to listen to the screech of the Toucan; the grating saw-like sound of the red-crested Guan or the sweet song of the fiery hooded Cardinal. For our dinner we can roast Wild-Goose, fricassee two varieties of Partridge, boil Batitu or make a stew of Horned-Plover. Like the ancient Egyptian one may worship the Ibis or like a modern gunner devoid of humanity, kill the cute little Paroquet, notwithstanding "Little Peter" is easily the most loving and interesting pet that ever blessed an old maid. If commercial considerations warrant the bagging of the Pelican, Chimango and flaming feathered Flamingo, surely we might spare the Orioles, Oven-birds, Calandrias, Urracas, Robins and the other hundreds of their feather.

Serpents are not exceedingly numerous but are still uncomfortably ample for all human requirements. The Vivora de la Cruz (Snake of the Cross), so called from a black cross marking just back of the head, is a large, savage and fatally venomous reptile. I noticed the skin of one hanging upon the wall of the American Consulate in Monte Video, it was eight feet long if I judged correctly, but from the stories the natives had told me about the 'black snake of the cross' I confess to a prejudice against him which may have disqualified me as a good judge.



Here are also the Boa-constrictor, Rattle-snake, Blind-snake, Coral-snake, Iguana, Lizard, Ututu, and others.

Insect life is unfortunately too numerous and varied, some of them at times threatening to extirpate man and beast,—the Locust in particular (but we shall have to write of him later). Though the Centipede is harmless the Scorpion is venomous, but, as Shakespere says:—

“There is a soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out;”

So the Argentine insect is not an unmixed evil; the Honey-bee makes wax and gathers nectar in large measure; the Silk-worm spins his fine thread in quantities that employ the loom; an ant secretes a wax used in the manufacture of candles; the Cochineal is gathered in large quantities and is a considerable source of wealth; to the useful we can add the beautiful Tucos, Glow-worms and Butter-flies of rare sizes and exceeding brilliancy.

“Thus may we gather honey from the weed,  
And make a moral of the devil himself.”

I had almost forgotten to mention the marine animals. The Sea-wolf and Sea-lion (a large fur-bearing seal), and a smaller fur seal are very plentiful and are a large source of wealth, they are captured all the way along the shore from Cape Horn to the Brazilian boundary. At the mouth of the Plate is an island called Lobos or Sea-wolf, which has been leased for over a hundred years (I believe) for the Seal fishery. How many are now taken yearly I have not learned, but the number must be great, as we have passed and repassed the island scores of times and never without seeing seals in considerable number. At the end of last century the average yearly export from this locality alone was over two thousand skins, to say nothing of oil, etc. Otters as well as seals are found up the rivers.

Fish are plentiful and good, both salt and fresh water varieties. They are little sought after as the people live almost entirely on meat.



## The Member From Senaraka--A Tale of Watha.

BY KATHERINE HUGHES (KAIANERENSTHE).

**M**EN and politics in the land of 'Watha are very like to men and politics in Canada, I am told. But judge for yourselves: here is a tale from Watha:

Kanatio is that young nation's seat of government. It is a bright, new, wholesome place with picturesque spots here and there, and a splendid pile of state towers and turrets massed at its sunset end. Its well-satisfied inhabitants have come from every corner of the land, as is the way in a nation's capital. But each newcomer, no matter how remote his original territory may have been, quickly acquires the naively-conscious attitude of superiority that is characteristic of a true Kanatian.

Early in May one year Charles Butler, a wholly-adapted politician of Kanatio, was seized with one of his periodic brilliant mental flashes, and, immediately, set out to see Geoffrey Smithson. Butler, who had come years before from a very remote corner indeed, was a clever and amiable little man of many ideas, from which personally he had not derived much benefit, nor cared to. Smithson, the powerful alchemist who transmuted poor Butler's ideas into popular political levers, was a trained and brilliant lawyer, and a member of Watha's lower house. Socially, Smithson was much sought after, because he was a bachelor, middle-aged and well-to-do, with a touch of outward cynicism that deceived no one; while Butler's company was more in demand in clubs and committee-rooms.

When Butler stepped into the Haliburton chambers' elevator that May day, and involuntarily turned to the mirror, he nodded pleasantly—confidentially—to his face reflected there; its subconscious jubilation reminded him of

the great idea he was bringing to Smithson. A moment later he was knocking at the door of Geoffrey Smithson's handsome bachelor suite. Another moment, and he was stretching himself comfortably in a low arm-chair before the wood fire, watching Smithson in a twin chair at the other side of the hearth.

Smithson, slightly rotund, was diving with apparent effort to the lowest shelf of a revolving bookcase near his chair. He brought up a box of cigars and passed it to his visitor. Butler took a cigar with a cherubic smile of content, for he realized that over one of these perfectos Smithson's mood was likely to be both receptive and responsive.

"This fire makes your den awfully comfortable, Smithson, even in May," he remarked by way of opening up the talk. "It must strike you as particularly homelike, after the taste you've had of campaigning. \* \* \* But what's the news from the field, old man?"

"Charlie, don't ask me to particularize yet. I want a sleep and a smoke first. I was actually limp and disgusted when I reached home this morning. Four weeks of it, man! And it's the same old sameness it was twenty years ago when I started in. \* \* \* I am confident we are going to carry that section, though," he added with a quick change from grumbling to business.

"Good! that assurance from you is worth while," said Butler.

"Well, I don't know that it is worth the campaigning," Smithson returned, whimsically. He smoked his cigar contemplatively a moment, then, "Butler," he said, "people may question our motives as much as they have a mind to, but I believe nine out of ten of us have ideals of one kind or another, or we would not work so persistently in the same old round."

"H'm! political sanctums, committee-rooms, the stump;



and committee-rooms and sanctums over again! Just as you say, the same old round."

"And the same dear old gullible public," Smithson added. The two men laughed.

"Seriously, Smithson," said Butler presently, "I've never known federal elections to be so dull before. It is time something turned up."

Smithson looked up inquiringly. There had been a peculiar ring in Butler's voice—a tone that Smithson knew and appreciated.

"You've got something on your mind, Charlie."

Butler nodded knowingly.

"Out with it, man. We can stand monopolies in steel and oil, but not in your ideas."

"Well, you know Mr. Aniatario. He is a man of some ideals I should say. He is giving up banking—retiring because he is past fifty and rich, and has pains over his eyes sometimes, I believe."

"How can he do it?" Smithson asked with quick interest. "He is in excellent health; he is good for ten years yet, and he has his general manager's duties down to a fine point. How can he throw it all up?"

"I don't know, unless it is that he is an Indian and has relics of the primitive man's clearness of vision in him. He believes that when a man has enough of anything there's no use in his slaving away for what he does not need. Besides, he says he is keeping back some ambitious young man who would make a good general manager."

"He has the wisdom of a philosopher."

"So has his race. You know our Indians are actually akin to the orientals, and in crossing the ocean—or was it the lost Isthmus of Behring?—they forgot none of their philosophy nor their diplomacy. . . . They lost a good many of the amenities of life, though," he added musingly.

"But what has all this to do with the elections?"

Smithson asked, and looking in Butler's eyes caught the look Butler had seen reflected in the mirror.

"Can't you see, man? Aniatariio is one of the three prominent Indians in Watha. Why shouldn't he come out now—to represent his race, we'll say? At the same time our party would have a new drawing-card as well as a splendid organizer. Aniatariio has university degrees and all that sort of thing to his credit, too. Half a dozen constituencies would be glad to return him."

"One will do." Smithson was sitting erect now, cool and alert. "Senaraka is the most suitable district; we can arrange that," he said with easy assurance. "But what does Aniatariio say to the plan? Have you spoken to him yet?"

"Not likely. I know my own limitations, Smithson. I can talk on the hustings, but I could not persuade Mr. Aniatariio. He has a great deal more depth than I."

"Well?"

"I thought you might do it. You can, if you say you will."

"But what party does he follow?"

"None at all yet. An Indian does not easily understand why there should be two parties. Remember, Smithson, he's an Iroquois, and when Ayounwatha organized a government that we could take lessons from he stipulated that unity should be the ground-work of the Six Nation's politics. Their emblem was the national Long-house; that was simply four or five houses joined together, with a common meeting-place at the great fire-place; and, by Jove, that political Long-house kept honorably to its first principles. It was marvellous. The Iroquois' internal government was simply perfect as a brother-loving democracy." Butler spoke with an earnestness that was impressive.

"By George, that would make one believe there was something worth while in those people. I must confess I know nothing of their past or present. But I know our



people could never agree in that way. Some day a Helen or Napoleon would bob up, and then how many moons before we'd see lightning rip up the old roof of the Longhouse and the Furies sail in! I believe there should be inherent powers of organization in a people that could live as you say. And Aniatariio comes rightfully by his."

"Well, then, you will speak to him?"

"Tomorrow."

"That's right. We need to set to work at once, and perhaps you may find some rather stiff work. But there will not be such another interesting personality in the whole field. People enjoy novelty in everything."

"And Aniatariio will surely be a novelty if he can bring us back to the brothers-under-one-roof age."

"He'd be a miracle-worker. In those days, you know, there was no treasury and no budget; the times have changed."

#### CHAPTER II.

The people of Senaraka, as Charles Butler had predicted, were glad to elect Aniatariio as their representative. They returned him with an overwhelming majority of votes. During the campaign his opponent's agents could make no real progress in their canvassing. "It's not for politics we are putting him in: it's not for money, nor for the few words he's said to us. It's just for himself and what he is, and because he chose to trust himself to our constituency," the people of Senaraka said, and the agents declared they could not fight against such an unbusinesslike stand.

At the opening ceremonies of the Wathian parliament that year, when the members of the House of Assembly came flocking into the Upper House at the summons of the Honourable Occupant of the Red Chair, the Member from Senaraka was pushed well to the front by his enthusiastic

fellow-members. In their own chamber, where he was introduced by Geoffrey Smithson, a tempest of applause greeted him on the floor of the House, while a perceptible buzz of remarks spread across the galleries.

"He looks like a king coming to his own—a fine, stately old king, too. How superbly he carries himself! I believe Aniatariio's career here will be worth following. Ah! Geoffrey Smithson was always astute," clever little Mrs. Poyntsett whispered to her neighbor, who was the wife of the First Man in Watha's government. But the First Lady was so interested in watching proceedings below that she merely nodded a reply.

Aniatariio had turned to take his seat. His dark eyes, lit with intense feeling, vivified his dusky, statuesque face. They swept over the House in a comprehensive glance that amply conveyed their owner's thanks; then fell upon a heap of pink and yellow roses that lay upon his desk.

Aniatariio regarded these for a moment with open delight. He quite guessed their import before he found the birch-bark card that carried the giver's message; yet what he read on the card stirred him, and his quiet face went radiant with the swift, beautiful smile of his people.

The message was written in Mohawk:

"Aiawens ne Niiio ahasarine nonkwatatekenah Aniatariio raonontonnionsera tanon ne raowenna, nonen etho Kanonsowanenneh ne Kakorasera, oni aotienase ne Ayounwatha raottokhatsera!

"Ii, ne satatekensera Rotiskerewaken naotitaroten, ne neeh iakwatan."

("May God direct the thoughts and speech of our brother Aniatariio in the great house of government, lending him the wisdom of Ayounwatha! We, your brethren of the Bear Clan, say this.")

"Mr. Butler told me to watch for those flowers," Mrs. Poyntsett said to her neighbor. "Pink and yellow are the



Iroquois' colors for joy and feast-making, and our new Member's election has certainly delighted his people. He is a brother of the Chief of the Bear Clan. Isn't it all delightfully interesting?"

"It is quite beyond anything I had imagined," said the First Lady, contemplatively, as she lowered her glass after a critical survey of Aniatariio and his roses.

\* \* \*

Early in that session of the Assembly Geoffrey Smithson and others of Kanatio began to read up something of the native American nations. Smithson was led into it by the unconscious Aniatariio. His own trumped-up arguments about Aniatariio's responsibility and duties toward his undeveloped race had touched the core of the Indian's inward being. There was an instant response from his strong natural affections. He believed Smithson had been inspired, and thereafter his faith in the politician's Indian sympathies was as absolute as a child's.

Soon, however, intimate talks with Aniatariio and a personal delight in his companionship impelled Smithson to actual sympathy with the Indian race. And then, that Aniatariio might never discover his former ignorance, he began to study some of Butler's books on the question. The result was the inevitable one—a new convert to belief in the Indian and his possibilities.

But Smithson was not alone in his new interest; and as people read of Massasoit and Powhatan, Osceola and Philip, of Tecumseh and Red Jacket and Garangula and Brant, they learned that oratory and diplomacy and often virtues of a high order were characteristics of Indian chiefs. They began to look to Aniatariio for some oratorical outburst. Might it not be Watha's good fortune to produce a statesman from the ranks of the real Americans? men asked themselves.

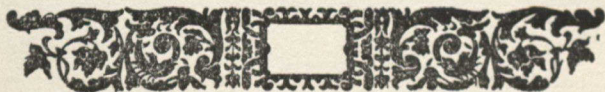
Aniatariio, however, declined to move the address in

reply to the speech from the throne, or to take any active part in debates. He seemed content to watch proceedings. His desk was well up to the front, an object of interest to both House and gallery, and day after day people marveled at his tranquil manner there. It suggested eternal repose—apathy, indifference or lack of intelligence, according to the mood of the man who tried to read it. Few realized how carefully every detail of parliamentary life and debate was being weighed in the active mind behind Aniatariio's impassive face and quiet eyes.

Even when Indian affairs were brought before the house he preserved his attitude of an onlooker, rousing himself occasionally to make brief inquiries or still briefer comments. It was only after men had thought over this part of the sessional work—usually a hurried and uninteresting portion—that they realized how astute and to the point Aniatariio's questions had been, how enlightening the comments were, and how subtly the trend of the discussions had been influenced.

\* \* \*

*(To be Concluded.)*





## WHAT THEN?

**W**HAT then? Why, then, another Pilgrim Song,  
And then, a hush of rest divinely granted;  
An then a thirsty stage, ah, me, so long!  
And then a brook, just where it is most wanted.

What then? The pitching of the evening tent.  
And then, perchance, a pillow rough and thorny,  
And then, some sweet and tender message sent  
To cheer the faint one for to-morrow's journey.

What then? The wailing of the midnight wind,  
A feverish sleep, a heart oppressed and aching;  
And then, a little water-cruise to find  
Close by my pillow, ready for my waking.

What then? I am not careful to inquire,  
I know there will be tears and fears and sorrow;  
And then, a loving Savior, drawing nigher,  
And saying, 'I will answer for to-morrow.'

What then? For all my sins, His pardoning grace,  
For all my wants and woes, His loving kindness;  
For darkest shades, the shining of God's face,  
And God's own hand to lead me in my blindness.

What then? A shadow-valley, lone and dim,  
And then a deep and darkly-rolling river;  
And then, a flood of light, the morning hymn,  
And God's own smile forever and forever.

## Surnames.

BY REV. A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.

**F**EU DALISM was introduced into England by William the Conqueror in 1066, and into Scotland by David I. in 1124. This lordly system, by which kings dealt with the lands of the countries ruled over by them as if they were their own private property, not by a fiction of law but in reality, made surnames convenient, fashionable, and necessary. There may possibly have been a few surnames in England and Scotland prior to the dates mentioned, but they must have been extremely rare; probably there was none that could really be regarded as a genuine surname, or a hereditary family name added to the baptismal name.

Surnames may be reduced to four large classes:—Surnames derived from personal names; surnames derived from the names of places; surnames derived from offices or occupations; and surnames derived from personal characteristics or peculiarities, under which may be included surnames derived from nicknames.

When personal or baptismal names are used as surnames the words son of are either used or understood. In Mac Donald, son of Donald, Donald is in the genitive case being governed by Mac, whilst Donaldson is for Donald's son. When we throw away both Mac and son and use Donald alone as a surname, it really means son of Donald, the words son of being implied though not actually used. In such English or Welsh surnames as Jones, Peters, Hughes, Williams and Roberts the suffixed s is the sign of the genitive case, not of the plural number. Paul Jones is really for Paul Jone's son. Jone is simply an old pronunciation and spelling of John.

Some personal names have given quite a number of surnames. William, for instance, is responsible for Mac-



William, Williams, Williamson, Wilson, Willis, Willet, Wilmot, Wilkes, Wilkie, Wilkinson, Bill, Gillot and other names. Roger, again, has produced Rogers, Rogerson, Prodger, Hodge, Hoggin, Hodgett and Hodgekins, the last of which has been lovingly converted into Hotchkiss.

Surnames derived from the names of estates or places of residence require of or at before them to bring out their original signification. Barton or Burton is from Bere, barley, and tun or ton, an enclosure, and means a barley-croft. As a surname, however, it means of the barley-croft. Thus, then, John Barton means John of the barley-croft, or rather John, the descendant of a man who once had a barley croft in England. Banks means at the bank; Boggs at the bog; Byatt at the gate; Barnes at the barn; Caldwell at the cold well; Gladstone, originally Gledstones, at the stones visited by the gleds or kites; Mills at the mill; Nash, from atten ash, at the ash-tree; Pitt at the pit; Peel at the peel, or little fort; and Waddell of the wood-hill. Richard de la Haye sounds well, but it means simply Richard of the hedge.

Bruce was originally the name of a place in Normandy, probably Braose, now Brieuse. Robert de Bruce, that is, Robert of Braose, or whatever the name of the original seat of the Bruces may have been called, came over to England with William the Conqueror, and received from him, as a reward for his services, Skelton and other manors. William was a sensible politician and never tried to convert enemies into friends by bestowing favours upon them; he took good care, however, to reward his supporters—but not out of his own pocket. Robert de Bruce, son of the Robert who came from Normandy, received from David I. of Scotland the lordship of Annandale, and, by settling in Scotland, introduced Bruce as a surname into that country.

Among the names derived from the office or occupation of persons are Abbot, Prior, Clark, Deacon, Sheriff, Trotter,

Stewart, Chamberlam, Hunter, Fowler, Fisher, Tanner, Turner, Weaver, Webster, Fuller, Walker, Tucker, Taylor, Suter, Mason, Smith, Fletcher, Wright, Herd or Hurd, Tupper, or Tup-herd, Baker, Baxter or Bake-ster, Brewer or Brewster, Cook and Butler. Grand names are very good, but grand brains are much better, and surely Daniel Webster, Adam Smith, Richard Baxter, James Cook and Joseph Butler had brains enough.

Personal characteristics or peculiarities have given rise to such surnames as Armstrong, Crookshanks, Long, Little, Lowe, Auld, Young, Black, Swart, White, Gray, Meek, Gay, Hardy, Sweet, Merryman, and Lightfoot. As nicknames which have risen to the dignity of surnames require to be handled with care, I pass them by.

According to Lower's "Patronymica Britannica" the following were the most common surnames in England and Wales in 1853:—Smith 253, Jones 242, Williams 160, Taylor 124, Davies 113, Brown 105, Thomas 94, Evans 93, Roberts 78, Johnson 69, Robinson 67, Wilson 67, Wright 63, Wood 61, Hall 60, Walker 59, Hughes 59, Green 59, Lewis 58, Edwards 68, Thompson 60, White 57, Jackson 56, Turner 56, Hill 52, Harris 52, Clark 51, Cooper 48, Harrison 47, Davis 44, Ward 46, Baker 44, Martin 44, Morris 43, James 43, King 42, Morgan 41, Allen 40, Moore 39, Parker 39, Clarke 38, Cook 38, Price 38, Philips 38, Bennett 36, Shaw 36, Watson 35, Lee 35, Griffiths 35, Carter 33.

The figures denote thousands. Thus, Smith 253 means that there were 253,000 persons who rejoiced in the name Smith.

Taylor is just tailor in a new dress. Wood means at the wood. It is a good thing that names were imported into this country. Had they been made here the most of us would be today, not Woods or Atwoods, but Inwoods, unless indeed, to conceal our origin, we should have changed



Inwoods, first, to Ingwoods and then to Ingots. Hall means at the hall, a hall which would be superior to the turf-house or log-house, but not exactly equal to the halls described by Sir Walter Scott. Walker is not just what it seems to be, it means one who thickened cloth by kicking it. Green means at the green, and Hill at the hill. Ward means at the ward, a guard or watchman. Martin means son of Martin, a personal name which owed its popularity to St. Martin of Tours, the apostle of the Gauls. Morris means son of Maurice, and also the Moorish or dark-skinned man. There are thus two classes of Morrises. King is, at least in some cases, of nick-name origin. Morgan is a Keltic word and means sea-white; not, as some think, sea-born. Whatever the name means, some of the Morgans have shown a strong disposition to dethrone Neptune and place themselves in control of the sea. Sir Henry Morgan took charge of the Carribean Seas for a time, and now another Morgan wants to take charge of the Atlantic Ocean all the way from New York to Liverpool. Moore means at the moor or heath; at any rate we find John atte Mor in the county of Norfolk in 1273. Price is from the Welsh Aprice, and means son of Rhys, which is pronounced reece, and signifies extreme ardency. Bennet means son of Bennet or Benedict. Shaw means at the shaw; Lee at the lea or pasture, and Griffith or Griffiths, son of Griffin. The other names most common in England and Wales require no explanation.

Bethell, Davies, Evans, Bevan, Edwards, Griffith, Griffiths, Hughes, Pugh, Howell, Powell, Jones, Llewellyn, Lewis, Lloyd, Meredith, Morgan, Maddock, Owen, Bowen, Parry, Pennant, Prothero, Price, Preece, Pritchard or Prichard, Rice, Reece, Thomas, Vaughan, Williams and Watkins are all common names in Wales. Tregear, Trelawny, Tremain, Trevail, Trevelyan and Vivian are Cornish names. Queen Elizabeth and Oliver Cromwell, whose real name was Oliver Williams, were both of Welsh origin. So also was the famous John Bunyan. Perhaps the best known Welshman of the present day is Stanley, the African explorer, whose mother tongue was Welsh.



## Should Governments Fit Out Parties to Explore the North Pole?

BY MINOR SAXON.

THE question has been often asked, and for a question covering so wide a range of thought, it is peculiar that so little has been said about it. Perhaps the contemplation of immense fields of ice, studded copiously by enormous icebergs, which rear their majestic heads into the ethereal heavens, as they pass before the visionary eye of the would-be writer, coagulates his intellectual acumen, and almost renders him a mental nullity.

Much might be said, by those who enter upon an elaborate study of the subject, in favor of either an affirmative or negative answer, but the writer desires no more than to suggest a subject of universal interest, or to awaken thought to a subject which has engrossed the attention of our ancestors for many a day, and which derives its present interest from future prospects, and future generations of knowledge.

Since the inception of human knowledge man has had a desire to know. If we had a perfect knowledge of everything in existence, still our knowledge would be limited. We have no idea of what does not exist. The extent of God's power of transforming chaos into essence is unlimited. It is beyond the comprehension of man to have even the slightest knowledge of what it might please the Almighty's fiat to call into existence. With us duration follows existence naturally, and with us life is the central idea of the whole. If there be other worlds in illimitable space they may each have their own original central idea from which all others evolve.

We may seek knowledge and gain it, but its benefit to mankind is the measure of its utility. Will the knowledge

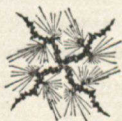


acquired by the discovery of the North Pole be of any very material benefit to mankind? Many will propose the advantage of completely knowing the globe on which we live, and certainly they have a very plausible reason for sanctioning the government's sending out exploring parties. If we discover the North Pole will we gain anything but bare knowledge? Will the discovery open up navigation to new lands, or increase the benefits of commerce? Will we be able to utilize an uninhabitable, barren, and almost un-navigable dominion of ice and snow? We will certainly gain knowledge, but will utility be attached to it? Will it be knowledge positive, knowledge of some use, knowledge of no use, or knowledge which we would be better without? It may give us the why and the wherefore of many effects, but shall the knowledge be applicable to our exigencies or to those of posterity. It may facilitate navigation and commerce by explaining the wonderful magnetism which attracts the needle of the mariner's compass. It may furnish a new hypothesis for many a scientific argument. It may crown the discoverer and the age that gave him birth with a lustre of immortality as gorgeous as that which sheds its rays along the hollow passage of long-forgotten years, and which floods with brilliancy the glorious conqueror of worlds as he wept like a child on the western hills of Macedon. It may do all this, but its utility may be as evanescent as that of Alexander's. No great geographical discovery has ever been made by those who loiter along the paths of ease and comfort. Great enterprises are always attended by deadly dangers, and often entail untold miseries and suffering on those who are adventuresome enough to grapple with them. This is especially so with the discovery of the North Pole. Indeed, so much so that it is doubtful if the reward of effort is worth the expenditure of toil. The perils of the ordinary individual encountered in every necessary work are formidable enough, but meagre when

compared with those which surrounded intrepid Franklin.

Many theorists have given preference to the theory that hardy characters are cultivated by heroic enterprises, but we are rather inclined to think that heroic enterprises grow out of the intrepidity of brave, daring, and resolute characters, and that if there were no North Pole to be discovered, they would still find a way to fully exercise their stalwart powers. Indeed, it would seem from the continued failure of former expeditions, and present circumstances, as if it were folly for men to exhaust their energies in so laborious and futile a work.

Again, the Pole may be discovered and the discovery may be of vast service to man, but before that time arrives man will have to invent some transcendent mode of transportation. The flying machine, which by the end of this century will be as familiar to our eyes as the automobile is today, may be destined to accomplish this noble work, but even then it is doubtful if some climatic or atmospheric state will not impede its motion. Man may have to first learn to bridle and control many of the destructive elements of nature, and even then,—Columbus' discovery was of incalculable benefit to mankind, Stanley's discoveries were of inestimable benefit to mankind, and Cook's discoveries were of great benefit to mankind, but it still remains a question if the discovery of the North Pole will be of any benefit to mankind.







## When Aboard the Albatross.

BY B. F. MESSERVEY.

**R**OLLING billows past me speed;  
 Shifting waves about me toss;  
 Little danger do I heed,  
 When aboard the Albatross.

Chorus: When aboard the Albatross, —  
 Our good yacht, the Albatross;  
 Little danger do we heed,  
 When aboard the Albatross.

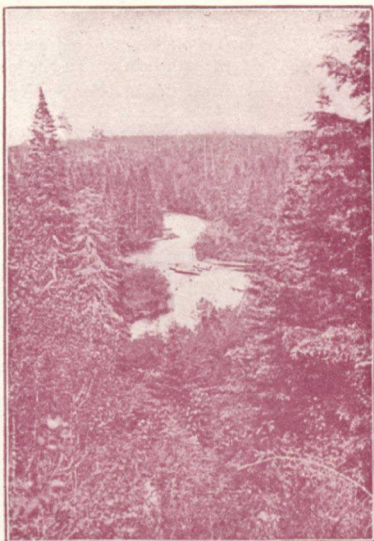
Thrills my heart with untold joy;  
 Shine my eyes with keen delight,  
 When we pass the outer buoy,  
 Where the broad bay lies in sight.

Salt sea breezes fan my cheek;  
 Storm clouds burst above my head;  
 Ocean's roaring do I seek,  
 Without tremor, without dread.

Pelting spray flies through the air;  
 Seething foam about me forms;  
 There's a rapture that is rare,  
 There's a grandeur in such storms.

Sunset o'er the stars appear;  
 Moonlit waters grace the scene;  
 Onward still our course we steer;  
 Hope supports my soul serene.

Seattle, Wash., Aug. 1, 1903.



## The Point of View.

W. S. LOUSON.

**U**NDER favorable conditions the panorama camera, the wide-angle lens and the human brain are so constructed as to take in a wide range of impressions.

These impressions are more or less influenced by light, time, and the point of view.

There are thousands of snap-shots, likewise snapped-thoughts, ill-timed. Both are liable to leave bad impressions.

All other things being equal, the Tripod Foundation gives the best results.





The human eye is the most wonderful wide-angle, self-focussing lens in the world. The delicate films of the brain are susceptible to the slightest impressions. In order to picture these to others it is of vital importance that we have the right foundation.



Faith, Hope, Charity, these three make a good tripod to work upon amid the many scenes of life.

Dark room experiences are necessary in order to retain the clearest and brightest impressions.

The developing and retouching should be controlled by a masters hand.



"THE MASTER'S TOUCH."

In the still air the music lies unheard;  
 In the rough marble beauty hides unseen;  
 To make the music, and the beauty, needs  
 The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great master, touch us with thy skilful hand;  
 Let not the music that is in us die!  
 Great sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,  
 Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie!

Spare not the stroke; do with us as thou wilt;  
 Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;  
 Complete thy purpose that we may become  
 Thy perfect image, thou our God and Lord!

A photographer anxious to make a good picture of a talented lady, attended to all the details of the sitting. Just before pressing the bulb, he stepped forward and asked the lady to raise her chin a little and look at a point on the wall, near the stove-pipe hole. The following instructions followed:

"Not so serious, please."

"There, that's better, now, steady, a moment,"—click—  
"thanks, that will do, you looked very pleasant."

When the plate was developed the photographer was rather surprised to find that in his anxiety to have the lady look pleasant, his face had been obtruded into view and he had taken his own picture, which bore an expression of anxiety.

MORAL—When we give others advice how to look pleasant—when we, as it were, preach to others, and give expression to our views, these should be reflected in our own lives.



Not many years ago, a lady asked a gentleman for his photograph, stating she would like to place same on the bureau beside her other gentlemen friends pictures, near the looking-



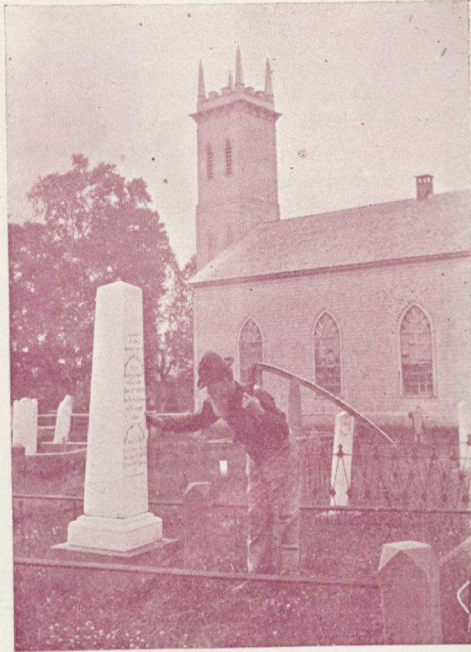
glass. The young man stated he was a little bashful, and did not care to have a photo of himself looking at a lady attending to her toilet. However, the lady smiled, and persisted in having a photo. The gentleman in question had a picture taken of himself with the back of his head to the front of the picture, under which he wrote these words: *I'm Not Looking at You.*



The strangest incident I ever heard of in the photographic line is as follows, and is perfectly true: A young man came into a studio and asked if they took pictures of a dead person. He was informed, yes, under certain conditions. Asked if the remains were at the house, he replied no, that they were buried in the cemetery for the past four months.

Continuing, he stated that they did not have a photo of his brother at home, and wanted to get one by digging up the remains and opening the coffin.

Beneath these rugged elms, that  
yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a  
mouldering  
heap,  
Each in his narrow  
cell for ever laid,  
The rude fore-  
fathers of the  
hamlet sleep.



Needless here to remark the photographer made the excuse that he was too busy to leave the city and attend to this special order.



Have you ever thought how strange it is to take up a likeness of oneself, and calmly look at the picture. Do we really see ourselves? And, are the impressions favorable? Would it be of any benefit to see ourselves as others see us? What is our chief aim in life? Is the world any the better for our living in it? The light and shadows of our life, what kind of impressions will these leave behind?



## Notes, Queries, Reviews, Etc.

**T**HERE have just been held two celebrations, centenaries of the coming of settlers to two points in Prince Edward Island. In the year 1803 New Perth and Belfast were settled, by Scotch people principally, and this summer saw the one hundredth anniversary of that event most suitably commemorated. Of the settlement at Belfast an account has been given in this Magazine, and with regard to New Perth the history of its settlement will be taken up later.

THE New Perth centenary was commemorated on beautiful Brudenell Island, where a fine monument was unveiled in the little cemetery, which was so prettily told about in the story "The Little Island of the Brudenell," in the issue of this publication for July, 1900. The gathering on the day of the unveiling was composed principally of descendants of the pioneers who settled in that part of the country, McLarens, Gordons, and others. A very fine address was delivered by Dr. J. A. Gordon, who now lives in Quincy, Mass. From those who are interested in the subject of the history of New Perth, we beg to ask co-operation in the task of getting together data for a series of articles on the subject shortly to appear.

AT Belfast the descendants of the Selkirk settlers of 1803 were called together by means of a celebration in the nature of a picnic and reunion held at Orwell, and presided over by the Rev. A. McLean Sinclair, who has done much to foster a proper and becoming pride for their forefathers on the part of the descendants of the pioneers who settled in the Belfast district. A very pleasant day was spent. Addresses were delivered by the Lieut. Governor, the Premier, D. A. MacKinnon, M. P., Judge Macdonald, A. A. McLean, K. C., Alex Martin, Esq., and others. Gaelic songs were sung, among others the "Oran Imrich" le Callum Ban Mac Mhanainn, which was published in the December, 1902, issue of this Magazine. A very large number of people attended and from the funds secured as proceeds of the picnic and from private subscriptions a monument will be erected at Belfast.



There was much to afford subject matter for reflection at the gathering at Orwell. Certainly the appearance of the descendants of the emigrants who embarked on the Polly, gave ample evidence of the fact, touched upon by all the speakers, that prosperity had rewarded the work of the pioneers. And this fact bore out a very sensible remark made by Premier Peters in the course of a short address—namely, that our people could do better on their native Island if they would only work as hard as they have to work when they leave home to seek a fortune abroad. This observation of the Premier's was, we are glad to note, received with approbation, and we hope his words will be borne in mind.

For our frontispiece this month we give a picture of the new market house, Charlottetown, as it will appear when completed. It will be finished this autumn, and those who remember the old market houses that preceded it will be obliged to admit that the City Fathers of Charlottetown have done well in the matter of the new market house.

We would like to see public attention focussed on the natural charms of our Island Province. It is, as we have never missed an opportunity of saying, a great pity that our people do not take the trouble to exploit these charms by means of advertising the Island as a summer resort for tourists. That we all feel a patriotic pride in our native province is taken for granted. We should like to see this pride more actively employed—say in regard to the beautifying of homes, the planting of gardens, the removal of unsightly objects in towns and villages; the protection of shade trees, which should be an object dear to every person who has any love for the beautiful. In the case of the destruction of trees that have been planted for ornamental purposes our people seem to be too easygoing, and the punishment of parties known to be guilty of such ruffianism should be insisted upon.

Both the objects mentioned above might be accomplished by the organization of a Prince Edward Island Development Association, after the manner of some of the New England cities and States. We have received a handbook issued by the Manchester Development Association of Manchester, Vermont. This Association was organized on February 23rd, 1901, to further the development of Manchester Village as a summer resort and bring to general notice, by such ways and means as the Association may have power to do, the advantages



of their village, both as a permanent and as a summer home. The membership is composed of both residents and summer visitors to Manchester. The Association is supported by an annual subscription of \$2 and such further amounts as may be voluntarily donated.

The handbook published by the Association is amply illustrated, and printed in first class style. It is sent anywhere on request. Fifteen thousand copies were distributed in 1901, and ten thousand in 1902. It is about the best means of advertising Manchester that could be imagined.

It should not be hard to establish a similar association for Prince Edward Island. At any rate the suggestion is here given and we will do all we can to bring it to the notice of those whom we think should be interested in the matter. Everyone appears to admit that the tourist trade is of value to our Province; but it is also felt that until some method of providing for the comfort of the tourists is arrived at all efforts to make an increase in their numbers will be in vain. It is in the hope that some move will be made towards grappling with the subject of tourist travel that we make these remarks.



As an example of how "development" results in profit we may mention the fact of the energy of Captain Craig, the popular commander of the S. S. City of London. Our East and West Rivers were no prettier this year than they have ever been, yet in the years past but very few availed themselves of the opportunities to sail upon them. Why? Because the boats that plied upon them were uncomfortable and dirty, their dates of sailing were never advertised and no provision was made for the comfort of passengers. Now all this is changed, and Capt. Craig during the past summer has carried full loads of excursionists in his comfortable boat, and his manner of treating his passengers has made the City of London excursions the most popular trips we have.



Canadians of all men should rise above petty provincialisms, and attain mental altitudes that would command the broader view. We own Canada; ours is an era of industrial conquest, the opportunity is given to emulate Arthur, who

"Cut down the forest, and let in the sun,  
And made a realm and reigned."

While ours is THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE we do not forget that we are Canadians; we rejoice in Canada's prosperity; we welcome the tens of thousands who throng our shores, passing within hailing-distance as they go on to the Granary of the Empire. We think it beneath broadest-minded patriotism for budding states-



men to be continually clamouring for our rights, whether regarding representation, communication, or any other matter. He who rises to his 'privileges' will find that his "rights" have generally taken care of themselves. There seems to be a growing feeling of selfish distrust between the Provinces if 'special correspondents' are to be trusted implicitly, we hope it is not so. We are brothers, we are men; and we are ready to bear our share of the burdens of citizenship. There is the other side to the problem, but have we not heard too much of it in our newspapers?



SUMMER SONGS IN IDLENESS is the title upon a small volume, written by Katherine McDonald Jackson, a Brockville lady, if we mistake not. There is a sweetness and optimism in all the contents of this little book that makes the reading thereof particularly restful and pleasant. And this pleasure is derived from the fact that the heart is reached, and touched, and made glad all at once by the sincere goodness of the sentiment governing the thoughts of the singer of the songs. These, to be exact, are not in that class of tiresome poems which we are asked to admire on account of style, or involved metre, or strained metaphor. They are true little heart-songs; many of them deserving to become Canadian home-songs. Perhaps the poem "Life" shows the writer at her highest plane.

#### Life.

Light-ships afloat on a misty Sea  
 With pain in store.  
 Anchored by Love from Eternity  
 To Time's bleak shore.

The ropes that moor them to Happiness  
 Are cobwebs frail:  
 Ill can they bear the strain and stress  
 Of Sorrow pale.

The cable of Hope from the anchor slips  
 All worn by tears.  
 And out to sea drift the frail white ships  
 Mid doubts and fears.

But as Death's cold tide in the cruel night  
 Bears them away,  
 Who knows where they go as they pass from sight  
 Into Distance grey?

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## CULLED FROM EXCHANGES.

### The Burial of Ginger James.

A SPELL, I had to wait  
Outside the barrick gate,  
For Ginger James passin out as I was  
passin in;

'E was only a recruit,  
But I give 'im the salute,  
For I'll never git another chance of givin  
it ag'in!

'E'd little brains, I'll swear,  
Beneath 'is ginger 'air;  
'Is personal attractions—well, they wasn't  
very large;

'E was fust in ev'ry mill  
An a foul mouthed cur, but still  
We'll forgive 'im all 'is drawbacks—'e 'as  
taken 'is discharge.

'E once got fourteen days  
For drunken, idle ways.  
An the colonel said the nasty things that  
colonel's sometimes say;

'E called 'im to 'is face  
The regiment's disgrace,  
But the colonel took 'is 'at off when 'e  
passed 'im by today.

For days 'e used to dwell  
Inside a guardroom cell,  
Where they put the darbies on 'im for a  
'owlin savage brute,

But as by the guard 'e went  
They gave 'im the present;  
The little bugler sounded off the "general  
salute."

The band turned out to play  
Poor Ginger James away,  
'Is captain and 'is company came down  
to see 'im off,

An thirteen file and rank,  
With three rounds each of blank,  
An 'e rode down on a carriage, like a  
bloomin city toff!

'E doesn't want no pass.  
'E's journeyin first class;  
'Is trav'lin rug's a Union Jack, which



— 5 —

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**Simon W. Crabbe**

### CULLED FROM EXCHANGES - Con't

est work to get it. They are apt, especially the City Bank, to discriminate against the feller who looks Rocky in favor of the Rocky-feller. Clothes do not make the man! If they did Hetty Green wouldn't be where she is, and Russell Sage would be in the Old Ladies' Home. If Uncle Russell had to travel on his shape, he never would see much of the world. Yet beneath that ragged coat there beats a heart, which as a beater can't be beat—a heart as true—(so the Standard Gas people say) as true as steel.

"But, after all, banks and trust companies do a lot of good in a quiet way, especially to their directors in a quiet way. It would sometimes be mortifying for these directors to have to attempt to borrow money on certain securities, in institutions with which they were not connected, because, instead of getting the money, they might get six months."



#### Tra-La-La Loo.

I CANNOT sing the old songs,  
Though well I know the tune,  
And I can carol like the bird  
That sings in leafy June.  
Yet though I'm full of music  
As choirs of singing birds,  
'I cannot sing the old songs—'  
I do not know the words.

I start on 'Hail Columbia'  
And get to 'heaven born band,'  
And there I strike an up grade  
With neither steam nor sand.  
'Star Spangled Banner' throws me  
Right in my wildest screaming,  
I start all right, but dumbly come  
To voiceless wreck at 'streaming.'

So when I sing the old songs;  
Don't murmur or complain,  
If 'Ti, de ah da, tum de dum,  
Should fill the sweetest strain.  
I love the tiddy um dum di do,  
And the trallala cepda birds,  
But 'I cannot sing the old songs,  
I do not know the words.

—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.



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### CULLED FROM EXCHANGES - Con't

Deaths of great men all remind us  
There are great men still about us;  
When we leave the world behind us,  
It will get along without us.

. . . . Time gallops under the spur of  
the moment.

It is sad to think that so many of the famous historical sayings—the fighting watchwords, the expiring utterances—that capture the imagination of the people have had the glamour rubbed off them. Wellington's "Up, Guards, and at them" has been reluctantly given up by truth-loving writers; Nelson's "A coronet or Westminster Abbey," it is to be feared, never ranked higher than a blameless invention; Pitt's dying speech, "Roll up the map of Europe," is now abandoned in favour of a much less impressive but better substantial request for a particular brand of pork pie. We wonder if the disillusionment is to take place over the Colonel's speech to the Gordon Highlanders on the slopes of Dargai. It was the laconic statement, "The Gordon Highlanders will take it," that stirred the British blood, but the written despatches that arrived in this country do not put the speech so pithily or so happily. One version has it:—"The General has selected us to charge the position, which must be taken at any cost. Will you follow me?" Another account says the Colonel made a short but telling speech. "He said he had orders to take the position at all costs, happen what might. There must be no hanging back, and the ridge should be captured in sight of the whole division." Plague on these prosaic correspondents, the public at home will be apt to exclaim. Still, whatever the precise form of words used, the speech must have been a good one, because all agree that the effect of it was to make the Highlanders spring from under cover "with a howl."





**JOHN . T MCKENZIE**

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