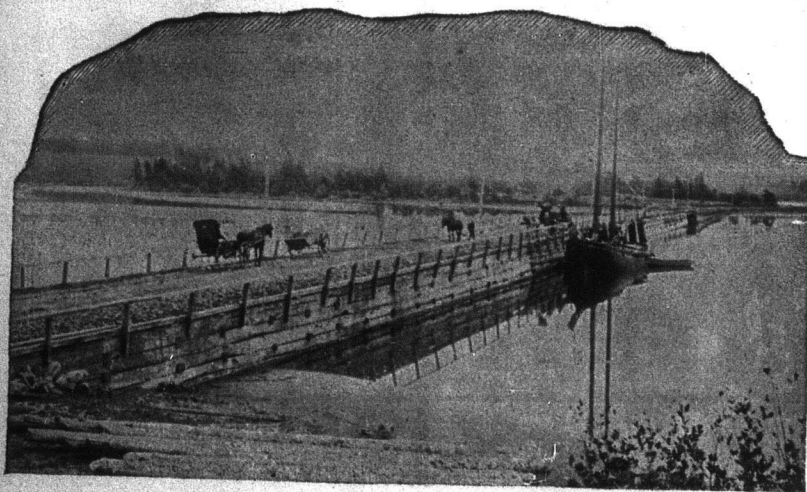


THE
Prince Edward Island
MAGAZINE

VOL. II

MAY, 1900

NO. 3



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The Prince Edward Island Magazine.

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

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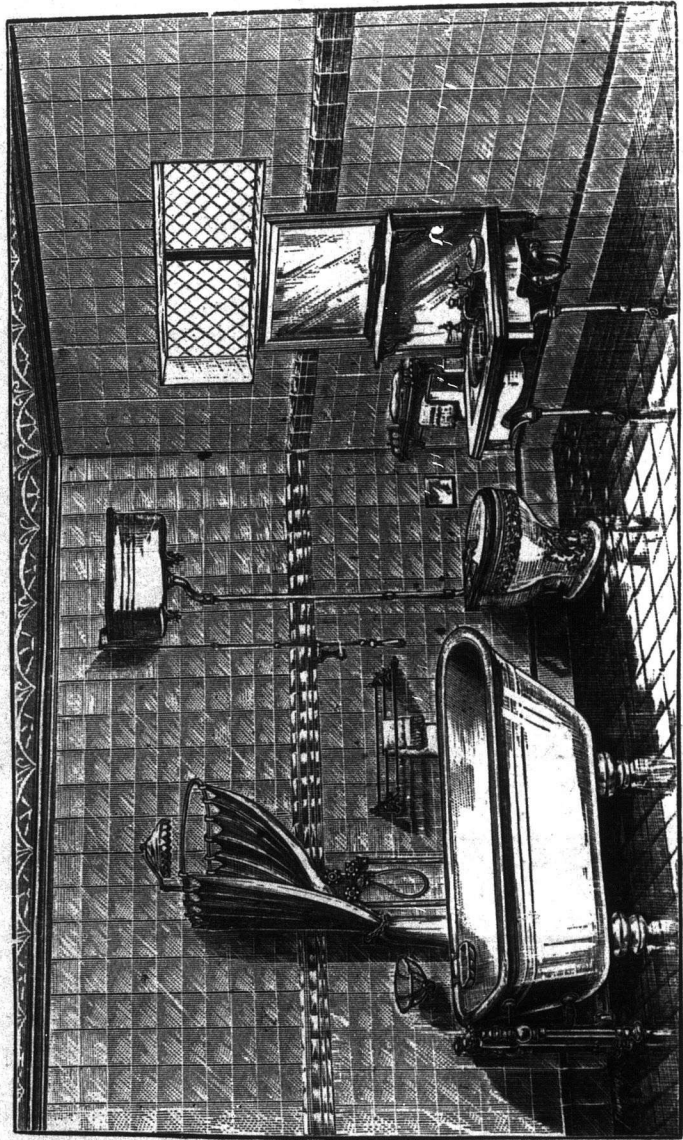
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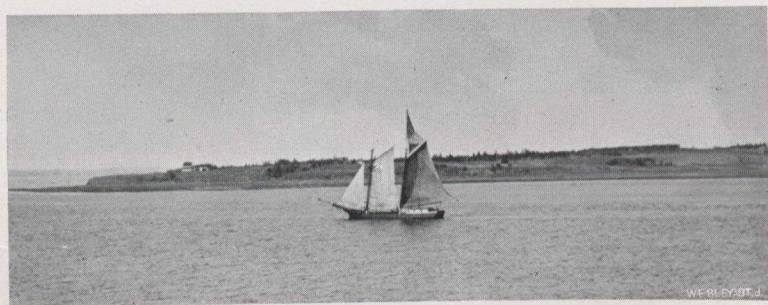
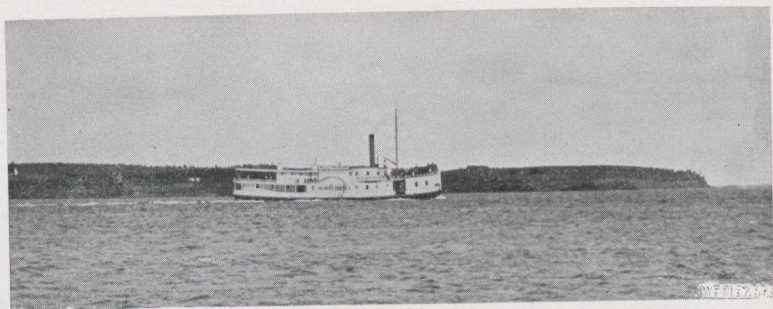
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SOME P. E. ISLAND SHORE SCENES

- THE -

Prince Edward Island Magazine

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Newspaper Life and Newspaper Men.

BY J. H. FLETCHER.

FROM the earliest days of my boyhood I had a great fondness for newspapers. About the first money I ever owned I invested in a subscription to a newspaper. That paper was THE EXAMINER, owned and edited by the late Hon. Edward Whelan. I loved the paper, read every word of it every week, and came to believe that its editor was the greatest man that lived on the Island. And I am still of the same opinion. As I grew older I became a Liberal of the Liberals. I could not see how a sensible man could be anything else. The Liberals of that day were the friends of the people. They had given the country all the measures of reform it ever had—Responsible Government, Free Education, the Land Purchase Act, Manhood Suffrage, etc. And the gaining of these measures cost them many hard and heroic struggles. But they stood by the struggling poor through abuse, misrepresentation, religious fanaticism, contumely and reproach. Why then shouldn't a farmer's son stand by the men who stood by the poor and the oppressed?

I am now convinced that I was a bigotted and narrow-minded Liberal, for I loved everybody who called himself a Liberal and disliked everyone who did not. I thought everything the Liberals did was right, and everything the Tories did was wrong, for I felt that do good thing could come out of Nazareth.

In after years when I saw the very men who opposed Coles

and Whelan—who absolutely fought to a finish every measure that was introduced for the relief of the people—who had for years worked with their faces to the whipple-trees and their backs to the ends of the shafts—who believed in the “divine right” of a faction to rule the country—who were dyed-in-the-wool obstructionists, and so fossilized that even an autumn rain couldn’t penetrate the mossy thatch that covered their backs—I say when I saw these men calling themselves Liberals and proclaiming themselves the friends of the people, I thought it about time for me to change quarters. And I did. Party names in my young days had some significance. In after years they lost their meaning. Progress I discovered, like Job’s gold, was where you found it.

I always had a desire to be connected with a newspaper. When but twelve or thirteen years of age, I went around with my pockets crammed full of papers. When my mother saw me coming, after being out working at something, she would always say: “Here comes old Abercrombie Willock.” Abercrombie Willock was a very eccentric but highly intelligent old gentleman who went around the country with his pockets filled with papers, telling the people the news of the world and proclaiming the merits of the once popular doctrine of Escheat. He was a ceaseless talker, with an astonishing command of language and a boundless fund of knowledge, and when my mother saw me with my pockets stuffed with papers I always reminded her of Abercrombie Willock, so she said. This nickname greatly annoyed me but I clung to the papers nevertheless.

After I quit teaching I went into the milling business at Orwell. I was very fond of working among machinery. I came by this honestly. Whenever you came across a Hayden on the Island, you came across a man who owned a mill or two. My grandfather, James Hadyen, Esq., of Vernon River, was said to be one of the best millwrights on the Island in his day. He was also one of the best story-tellers, and I think possessed the greatest fund of natural humor of any person I ever knew. Although I had a grist, carding and saw-mill, I generally found time to scribble some nonsense for *THE EXAMINER*, and on more than one occasion I felt highly honored in receiving a communication from

the Hon. Edward Whalen, suggesting improvements in my style of composition. I had a strong desire to own a newspaper myself, but could never see how that could be brought about. I had also considerable doubts about my ability to run one, but thought that I would like to try.

Finally the way was opened to me. I one day received a letter from Mr. H. A. Harvey, offering me the plant of *The North Star* at a pretty reasonable figure. It was probably the worst paper I could buy with the hope of making the venture successful. *The North Star* was started by Mr. John Ross for the avowed purpose of advocating annexation to the United States, and its patrons and subscribers were largely people whose sympathies ran in that direction. My feelings ran in the direction of Confederation with Canada. I was led to take this view because it appeared to me that in no other way could the rent-paying farmers of the Island be transformed into freeholders. Beside, confederation was attainable; annexation was not. But I knew that the moment I announced my views I would lose many of its subscribers and much of the paper's former patronage. My prediction turned out to be correct. So I went to my mother as I always did when I was undecided and perplexed over any question, and I laid the proposition before her. Her reply was characteristic: "Why, yes, Abercrombie ought to have a paper of his own. If I were you I would buy." On the strength of this advice I went to the city next day and closed the bargain, and so I became the proprietor of a newspaper.

Up to this time I had a very vague idea of newspaper work. I scarcely knew the name of a thing in a printing office. I did not know how to read proof. I knew there was to be a part of the paper devoted to news, a part to selections, a part to advertisements, a part to correspondence and a part to editorials. It was a big venture for me to take, especially as I had all my mill property on hand, and it seventeen miles from the city. But I determined not to give up the mills until I saw how the newspaper venture would turn out. At first the paper did not pay expenses. Many people threw it up when its policy was changed; few people advertised in it because they thought it wouldn't last many months, and nobody came to it with news because they

feared no one took it. But the mills yielded me a pretty fair profit and these profits were put against the losses on the paper, and so I held my own.

The other papers did not give me a very cordial reception. Some of them thought it was quite presumptuous in a country boy to attempt to run a paper in the capital city. And it did look a good deal that way to myself. I felt this very keenly, and when anyone introduced me to another as an editor, instead of swelling my head, it seemed to humiliate me. I was not ignorant of my defects, and I supposed these people had sized me up as I had sized myself. It imposed on me a title which I often found it inconvenient to uphold. And it was little wonder that I felt so, for among the editorial writers of the day were the Hon. Judge Pope, of the *Islander*, Hon. David Laird, of the *Patriot*, Professor John Caven, Donald Currie, Henry Lawson and Patrick Reilly, Esquires. But I had many friends in the country, and they used to say to me: "Your paper is just as good as any of them—stick to it." And I did.

Quite a number of the prominent men of the city, after a few issues of the paper, rendered me good service and substantial sympathy. Among these I might name Hon. Benj. Davies, Neil Rankin, W. R. Watson, Robert Shaw, W. E. Dawson, William Heard, A. McNeill, Hon. Donald Ferguson, Col. Gray and a few others. I had much to learn, and I set about it as though I was entering school for the first time. The most difficult and important task I sought to accomplish was to conceal my own ignorance.

The first issue of *The Island Argus* appeared on Nov. 4th, 1869, and the last in 1882. I believe the period during which *The Argus* was a factor—from 1870 to 1883—was the most important period in the history of Prince Edward Island. It was during this period that imprisonment for debt was abolished; that the compulsory Land Purchase Bill—a measure by which the rent-paying system was done away with—went into operation; that the railway system was inaugurated; that confederation with Canada was accomplished; that the change of currency took place, and many other reforms were effected. In connection with these important events *The Argus* played a prominent part.

I always endeavored to keep the paper in the van of progress. The first editorial that ever appeared in an Island paper, favoring the construction of a narrow-gauge railway on the Island appeared in *The Argus* on Nov. 15, 1870. The first article advocating the abolition of imprisonment for debt appeared in *The Argus*. One of the first papers to see that Confederation was inevitable was *The Argus*. One of the first and firmest supporters of a compulsory Land Purchase Act was the *Argus*. One of the first to call for a decimal currency—to substitute dollars and cents for pounds, shillings and pence was *The Argus*; and one of the first and most strenuous advocates for the abolition of the Legislative Council—the one vital reform it ever championed that failed—was *The Argus*. I really feel a degree of pride when I look back and think that my unpretending little sheet helped to roll along the car of progress.

I do not state these facts in a boastful spirit. Neither do I claim that *The Argus* exerted a great influence in bringing these reforms about. I merely state the facts. I suppose they would have come about if *The Argus* never existed. But I do claim that it was always in the fight, that its face was turned in the right direction, and that it was never happier than when using the little power it had in trying to roll away the stone from the sepulchre of progress. And in the advocacy of progressive measures the editor of *The Argus* often suffered much, and was often compelled to part company with many of his best and warmest friends. These were the most trying ordeals through which he had to pass. To bear the contumely and reproach of men who were not yet ready to accept radical reforms was comparatively easy to bear, because the day when the golden beam would incline to the side of perfect justice was sure to come. But to incur the displeasure and forfeit the friendship of old-time friends and near relatives, is a matter that tries men's souls and harrows the feelings as nothing else can. Many an hour of pain and anguish did I pass, asking myself what should be done. On the one side there would be duty; on the other the severance of friendships, the breaking of party ties. Any one who thinks that it is an easy thing to break away from a political party with whom he has worked for many years, and join another that he

has decried for the same length of time, has only to try it to be convinced that it is one of the most desperate struggles that a man has to overcome. But to a conscientious man there is no retreat. If a man's duty is plain he must perform it, let the consequences be what they may.

The Argus at first was only a six-column paper. When it successfully reached one year's existence, it was enlarged to seven columns, and a year later to eight columns, then as large as any paper published on the Island.

One of the first men I ever had an editorial encounter with, was the late Donald Currie, one of the editorial writers of the semi-weekly Patriot. Mr. Currie was a very bitter anti-confederate and anti-railway man. Like a great many Island politicians of that day he could see nothing good in a political opponent. If a man didn't see exactly as he saw, there was no good in him whatever; if he did it was nearly impossible for him to do wrong. The test of every man's worth was gauged by his politics. If he died in the anti-confederate faith, the gates of Paradise swung open to receive him. If, to this, he added a hatred to a railroad, St. Peter himself would dwarf in his presence. But if he died in the belief that confederation was right and a railroad a necessity, there would be no clapping of cymbals on the occasion, no Gospel promises would light up his darkness, no chariots would come down on the other side to convey him to the eternal city. If a man changed his views on any of these great questions, he was either bought or had some mercenary object in view. He could make no allowance for new light or from the education our mind receives from its contact with other and larger minds. Such was Mr. Currie when I first knew him. That he was honest in his convictions I have not the least doubt. The trouble with him was that he permitted his prejudices to warp his judgment and to cramp his intelligence. As he grew older he became more liberal. As soon as he began to mix up in the society of those he once so fiercely denounced, his harsh judgments began to relax, and he became more kind, considerate and companionable.

Mr. Currie was an able controversialist. He was well informed and ingenious in debate. His style was more forcible

than elegant. While not eloquent, he was always pungent and cutting. He possessed great industry, and had a remarkable faculty for prying into the secrets of his opponents. Naturally suspicious, nothing seemed to escape his vigilant and inquisitive mind. He was ubiquitous and audacious in his methods of ascertaining the plans and secrets of his enemies, and would have made an ideal reporter for a Chicago paper. He was vindictive towards an opponent and sometimes unscrupulous in the means he employed to squelch him. And yet he was generous and open-handed, and, when out of the editorial chair, one of the most entertaining and agreeable of companions. If he had only one loaf of bread in the world he would divide it with a friend, and perhaps with an enemy. The more you got acquainted with the man the better you liked him. He was a genuine Scotchman and possessed many of the generous and noble traits of that splendid race.

When the Liberal party came into power in Canada, Mr. Currie was appointed Collector of Customs for Charlottetown. He made an upright and competent official, and I believe won the esteem and confidence of all parties. His early death was regretted by no one more than by the writer. I trust that when he fell

“ He fell with all his weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope from darkness up to God.”



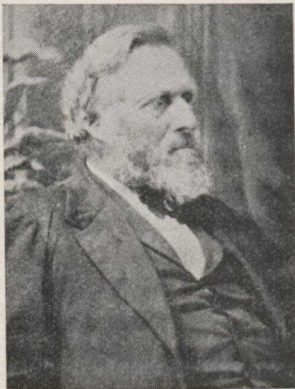
Scottish Associations in P. E. Island.

(CONTINUED)

BY HON. SENATOR MACDONALD.

IN 1871 the Benevolent Irish Society held a national festival and sports on St. Dunstan's College grounds and the Caledonians were then the guests of their Celtic brethren. It is needless to state that the best of feelings has always existed between these two societies. Whenever one of them has a "dinner" or "high festival," the officers of the sister society are always invited and welcome guests.

It would occupy too much of your valuable space if we enumerated all the members who joined the Club, or detailed the business of the intervening years up to 1875, when another public gathering was held on Government House grounds. Hon. Patrick Walker was then Chief; Dr. Sutherland, President;



THE LATE HON. JAMES DUNCAN.

John Andrew Macdonald, 1st Vice President; William McGill; 2nd Vice President.

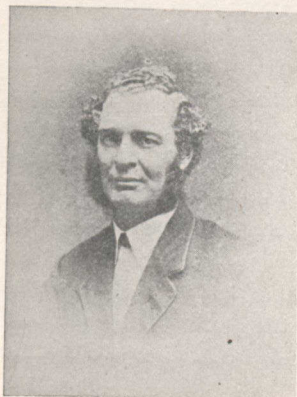
The Caledonians, headed by their piper and the city band, formed into procession on the public square and accompanied by many hundreds from all sections of the Province, marched out to the front of the grand stand where Colonel McGill, the Marshal, addressing His Honour the Lieutenant Governor, presented him with a bunch of Highland Heather in the name of the

Club, and informed him that the Clans had assembled in the name and honour of Her Majesty, whom they recognized as the head of all the clans, and he now requested His Honour's permission to proceed with the games. This His Honour readily granted, the sports began and nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the friendly contests.

Lieut. Governor Sir Robert Hodgson and Miss Macdonell

occupied the central position on the grand stand. With them were the Right Hon. Hugh Childers and Mrs. Childers, His Lordship the Bishop of Charlottetown, and a number of clergymen of different denominations, besides members of the Bench and Bar.

Among the Caledonians present who were then holding official and other prominent positions in the Province were Hon. Herbert Bell, President Legislative Council; Hon. Colonel Gray, an ex-premier; Hon. P. Sinclair, M. P.; Hon. P. Walker, M. L. C.; Hon. James Duncan, M. P. P.; Hon. Emanuel McEachen, Commissioner Public Lands; W. D. Stewart, M. P. P.; James R. McLean, M. P. P.; Hon. D. Ramsay, M. L. C., Colin McLellan, M. P. P.; A. C. McDonald, M. P.; Donald Currie, Collector of Customs; James McKechnie, Supt. P. E. I. Railway; A. A. McDonald, P. M.; W. W. McLeod,



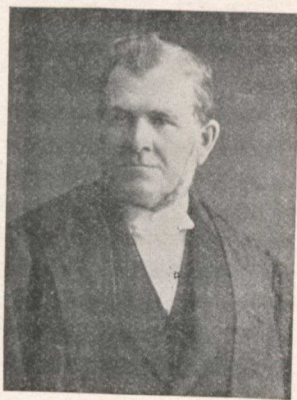
THE LATE JOHN ANDREW MACDONALD

P. O. Inspector; Neil Rankin, ex-Mayor; Jas. Currie, City Councillor; Duncan Campbell, Historian; John Caven, editor Herald; Geo. McLeod, Cashier U. B.; William McLean, Cashier M. B.

A visitor from abroad, to whom these gentlemen were presented, remarked that the Caledonians here as elsewhere appeared to get their full share of the plums in the social pudding.

Noticeable among the visitors as the finest-looking man on the grounds and dressed in the full Highland costume, was Douglas McLeod, Esq., Chief of the Scottish Society of Nova Scotia.

St. Andrew's Day was celebrated by a dinner at the St.



THE LATE ARCHIBALD MACNEILL.

Lawrence Hotel, then kept by Miss Street. Duncan Campbell, who wrote the history of Prince Edward Island, responded to the toast of the day and all who honour it. A. B. McKenzie and John Ross sang a Gaelic song which was composed by the grandfather of Major Rankin for a similar festive occasion in London, G. B., in the last century. Addresses were given by Major Rankin, Col. McGill, A. A. McDonald, A. McNeill, Robert Shaw, Neil McLeod, Alex. Beaton and others.

A lecture was given in the Public Hall by Rev. Dr. MacDonald, under the auspices of the Society, in December, 1875, on "the early history of Scotland, and its conversion to Christianity." Dr. Sutherland, the President, presided, and the club attended in full regalia. The Market Hall was crowded on the occasion and the lecture was very interesting and highly appreciated.

Twice during this year had the club turned out with draped colours and marched in procession to the funeral of a deceased member. One was the Hon. Emanuel McEachen, the other Alex. Robertson.

Cavendish in the Olden Time—IV.

BY WALTER SIMPSON.

ONE of the most exciting scenes to be witnessed in the early days was "The Bear Hunt."

If any of the settlers lost a sheep, or little pig, bruin was accused and a "Posse" at once organized, armed with "Queen Anne" muskets to track him to his lair and avenge the theft.

The plan of campaign generally followed, was to have part of the posse scour the woods in search of the enemy, while others occupied vantage positions at the openings, to shoot him if he broke cover. Often in the encounters bruin met with just retribution, and the hunters were rewarded with his skin, and some choice "bear steak," besides possessing a feeling of thankfulness that they had one enemy less. Bears were quite plentiful

during the early days of the settlement, but they had all disappeared before the original settlers laid their armour by— though bear stories were told for many a day afterwards, and were a terror to the youths in their nightly wanderings.

In the "Olden time" when men were not so highly educated, and had ruder ways, instead of discussing questions which would naturally arise among them, with their tongues, and convince their antagonist by a brilliant display of rhetoric, they often discussed them with sticks, or with any other convincing medium that was at hand.

As a result of this combativeness, so inherent in human nature, and which requires so much education and training to overcome, there were a good many assault and battery cases for the magistrates of these earlier days to settle.

These cases though tried in Cavendish, mostly came from outside the settlement. Squire McNeill was generally the magistrate to issue the documents, and dispense justice between the combatants. I well remember hearing him tell of a case which gave him a great amount of trouble to get settled so that it would stay so.

The parties in the strife belonged to that nation that is proverbial for its love of fight. They were named respectively Tim and Jerry. They lived some three or four miles from Cavendish, and used to quarrel very often, and use such convincing arguments as sticks, and plow coulter, to strengthen their case. On one of these warlike occasions, when the plow coultter had been used as a sword with telling effect, the parties both started to run to the squire's to lodge complaint. It was a race for life and no "let up." Each thought everything depended on getting his story told first. This time Tim arrived first, almost breathless, with just enough wind left to utter the following exclamation "Mr. McNall I faint wid the shame two brothers goin to law like we are, but he cut me big toe wid the knife of the plow."

By this time Jerry had arrived on the scene, and though he had not heard Tim's accusation, he must certainly deny it, and he exclaimed "Its all a lie Mr. McNall." Our readers can imagine what a difficult task it was for the "justice" to settle a family

feud like this, when the evidence was so conflicting. But in this instance, the magistrate adopted a very summary process, and seizing the poker he drove them both out of the house, telling them they ought to be ashamed of themselves and that if he ever caught them here again on such an errand, he would use the poker on both of them. It is said that they agreed better after that.

As a sample of the amusements and diversions of the youngsters on festal days in the olden time, we might mention an episode that happened on a St. Patrick's Day away back in the century. The principals in this case were two sons of Erin—Fairbairn and C——. A crowd had gathered to do honor to Ireland's patron saint and enjoy themselves generally. As usual on these occasions the "poteen" flowed freely. This day some of the boys suggested a duel, which was brought about after a little fuss and altercation between the aforesaid principals, only one of whom however was in the secret. The boys persuaded C—— that he had grievously insulted Fairbairn, and that as he had been challenged to a duel by the said gentlemen, there was no alternative but to fight, and of course if an Irishman has one more tender spot than another it is his honor, so the duel was arranged and the challenged chose pistols for weapons. The ground was measured off, and the combatants faced each other ready to do or die, as honor demanded or fate decided. C—— took it as a serious matter, and you can imagine his feelings as he stood there in fear and trembling for the result. The seconds took their places and the lot decided that C—— should shoot first. This he was loath to do, as he had no desire to injure his friend. He hesitated for some time, and then indicated that he would fire in the air, when the stern words came from his antagonist, with an assumed gravity of which he was quite capable: "If you don't shoot me I will shoot you." C—— taking this as an ultimatum that was not to be trifled with, fired at once and Fairbairn fell mortally wounded. His attendant raised him and tied a bloody handkerchief round his head to give the impression that his wound was there. C—— was by this time frantic, and was seized by several men who discoursed to him on the fearful consequences of his act, till his reason had almost fled.

Then they told him the joke, and that there was only powder in the pistols.

After a few more tastes of the poteen, matters again resumed a peaceful aspect, and no doubt, "Ireland's Patron Saint and Apostle of peace" excused all parties concerned for the strange manner in which they chose to celebrate his natal day.

Everything has changed in the last half century, but nothing to my mind has undergone greater change than the manner of conducting public worship. Especially is this true in regard to the time consumed in the exercises. Most of my church-going youth was spent in listening to long discourses on the "Abrahamic Covenant" and fine-spun theories in explanation of some of the prophecies of Daniel or Ezekiel, which were no doubt very able disquisitions, though not of thrilling interest to the younger—nor, for that matter, to the older—portion of the congregation. The preaching was theoretical rather than practical—a long labored argument in support of a theory. As an instance of this kind of preaching we will relate a case in point. On a certain Sunday the minister took his text from Ezekiel where he speaks about "A wheel in the middle of a wheel." A good old Scotch lady on being questioned about the sermon after she went home said "She did not ken much about it. The text was a wheel within a wheel and the meenister wheeled it and wheeled it till he wheeled it all out o' my heed."

Among the writers earliest recollections is walking three miles to Cavendish Church on Sundays. As it then appeared to me a holy stillness filled the place, You would see the different families seated together in their family pews looking very devout. In a little swallow's-nest pulpit fastened to the wall—which appeared to my young and unsophisticated mind to be in instant danger of falling over—stood the minister of the day. The services which never varied began with a long selection from the Scotch version of the Psalms which was fitted to such old standard tunes as "Coles Hill," "Irish," "Bangor" or "Old Hundred," the congregation remaining seated. Then followed the opening prayer, which was always twenty-five minutes long, and often appeared longer as the congregation had to stand with backs turned to the preacher during its delivery and also on

account of its coming so soon after a long walk in the heat. Another psalm followed—there were no “human hymns” allowed in these times—the metre of which perhaps did not always agree with the tune selected, which often necessitated drawing out the last syllables of such words as salvation to such an extent as to make them tiresome.

Then followed the sermon. The text was not always long, but it was invariably the excuse for an hour and a quarter discourse, which was listened to with a patience which the church goer of to-day is not called upon to exercise. But this was not all of it, for after a few minutes intermission during which pastor and people partook of some light refreshments we had to go through it all again. The second service was generally shorter, but whether this was in consideration of the feelings of the people, or on account of exhaustion on the part of the preacher we never knew.

Mt. Albion Reminiscences.

SITUATED in Lot 48, distant from Charlottetown about nine miles in an easterly direction, is Mt. Albion, now a thickly settled and prosperous settlement. Sixty years ago a waste, barren country, and to-day looking at the snug farms and farm houses, one can scarcely imagine that from such rude conditions and surroundings, so pleasant and desirable a community could be raised.

Mt. Albion was formerly called “Burnt Hill,” and names, like bad habits, are hard to get rid of as even now it sometimes goes by that name. About eighty years ago a great fire swept over the place carrying barrenness and loss in its pathway, as it was thickly studded with fine timber, leaving nothing but smoking rampikes and blackened soil. Hence the name “Burnt Hill.” On the low ground excellent pasture was to be had; and farmers from Lot 49, after carefully marking their young cattle would turn them out in the spring and perhaps not see them

again until the next fall, when they would return home (bellowing as they came) rolling fat; the owner in many cases not knowing his own but for the mark. Occasionally some speculative individual would mark his flock by taking both ears off about mid way. This was called "Rogues mark." Whether or not this was the reason for choosing this mark, it is hard to say; but it is feared that with the lost half of the ear many a poor man's means of identifying his animals had disappeared, and as there seemed to be no special mathematical problem at stake, the ear was frequently taken off very close to the head.

The first settler at Mt. Albion was N. Robertson. Eight or ten years later Thomas Murphy settled about three quarters of a mile further on. Mr. Murphy informs me that he got the boards for his first house sawed at Lund's Mill, near Johnston's River, had them hauled around by Lukes' Corner (now MacKenzie's) and along the Lot 48 Road to Jenkins' Hill. This was as far as a cart road went, there being only a foot path the rest of the way which led through to Monaghan Road. Mr. Murphy carried the boards on his back to his house which was about one and one quarter mile distant. He also tells me that he has often seen Irish women who lived on Monaghan Road, ten or twelve miles distant from the city, walking to town and returning the same evening with perhaps fifty to seventy-five weight of provisions on their back. This work was often left to the women, as the men were generally absent from home, spending most of their time in the woods, lumbering.

Farming was done in the most primitive way. Potatoes and grain were put in with the hoe; grain was cut with the reaping hook, and later the scythe; hay raked with hand rake; grain threshed with a flail, and I think we can say what perhaps no others in the province can, that mostly any stormy day in winter on approaching Mr. Murphy's barn you can hear the measured beat of the threshing flail at work. Mr. Murphy is eighty five years of age and still adheres to the original method of farming—cutting grain with reaping hook and scythe, and raking hay with hand rake. I received considerable information about the way wool and flax was manufactured; but as Senator Ferguson has already treated that subject with much more ability

than the writer could hope to, I leave that subject as already told. I can myself remember, when quite a little boy, of wedging my way in between the men gathered at the "thickening table" and doing, as I considered, my important part to produce the desired result viz: thickening the cloth. But I suppose I did my part more faithfully in thinning the garments, after the cloth was made up, which fact I have no doubt my mother would give ample proof of. And I can still remember a fragment of one of the rude songs they used to sing when passing the cloth from hand to hand. It was "Hero! shero! pass it along." I cannot be responsible for the spelling, nor yet would I agree to write the music.

Wild animals were numerous and game was plentiful. This is one of the reasons why the writer would say the former days were better than these.

Some thrilling tales are told of narrow escapes and daring feats, many of them true, but some I fear need "boiling down." My mother tells me when returning one evening from her home in Lot 49, carrying a young child, coming by the old Georgetown Road, near N. Jenkins', a wild cat was on one end of the bridge while she entered the other. Providentially he moved off and did her no harm.

At Birch Hill, one harvest day, a pig was heard squealing, and some of the residents went to see what was the matter, and found to their surprise that he had been seized by a bear who had two half-grown cubs with her. She, however, left the pig and made after the intruders, but both men and bear escaped. One of the cubs was shot, and next day the other was killed near Tea Hill.

Mr. Horton tells me that one night he heard a racket amongst the sheep, and on going out to discover what it meant, saw what he supposed to be a man standing on the roadway, and of course did not fire. But what was his surprise on seeing the supposed man bolt into the woods. It was wonderful how many bears escaped. Sometimes the men would return home, having got so close to "Bruin" that they could see the moss rising up after his tread. It seems as if they got more excitement out of the escapes than if they had really killed him. But this story is, for the present at least, long enough, so with your permission, Mr. Editor, I will say "to be continued."

ROBERT JENKINS.

THE EMPIRE—(Stages in its Progress.)

SECOND PERIOD—INTERNAL REFORM.

THE men who now became prominent in public affairs were cast in a very different mould from that of their predecessors. They were equally as great, in some respects greater; but their greatness was entirely different in kind. The older men had been trained and tempered in the rough school of war. The younger knew little of war but by hear-say. They came to their work with unbiased and impressionable minds. They were men of extraordinary powers and energies, but, owing probably to the changed circumstances, the direction given to these powers and energies was towards peace and the amelioration of home conditions. They, too, had to carry on a long continued struggle but it was against monopoly, vested interests, class legislation and the thousand abuses rendered venerable by age, which were characteristics of their fathers' Great Britain. The Teutonic races are naturally very conservative, the Anglo-Saxon branches not less so than their kindred. This is the very quality which renders their progress in civilization and enlightenment so stable. It may be slow but it is sure. "What we have we'll hold," the motto of Miss Earle's well-known painting, holds as well when applied to reforms achieved as when applied to territories gained.

In its way this struggle was as determined and as protracted as that with Napoleon. The older men might be compared with the Consuls and Commanders of the old Roman Republic; the younger may be more appropriately likened to tribunes of the people, though in neither case would the comparison be a very close one.

With these men were Grey, Brougham, and a few of the older men, who, in years, belonged to the previous generation. But they had been trained in the school of Fox, and were not imbued with the spirit, or even the traditions of their contemporaries in age. Among the new men we meet the great names of Bright and Cobden. Peel was but seventeen when Waterloo was fought. Gladstone's great works belong to this period.

These men saw that reforms must come. They saw that the

condition of the masses must be bettered and that those masses must have some say in the affairs of the common country. The extent of that say was not likely realized at the time. That idea had to be a thing of gradual growth. It may now be said to have attained to maturity.

Agitation to this end, though long suppressed, had long been going on. The classes, entrenched behind the ramparts of privilege and of the powers exercised by them throughout centuries, were not composed of the men to surrender without a stern resistance. Had they been such, it is questionable whether the reforms so determinedly opposed by them, would have been permanent when won. Their great natural gifts and qualities, gifts and qualities probably the creations of centuries of ascendancy and over-lordship, transmitted from generation to generation, were just of the kind to make them tenacious of what they looked upon as theirs almost by divine right. These grand qualities were just those to ensure the most determined resistance to any attempt to curtail supposed rights. But the same qualities made it certain that once their possessors accepted a change, the changed order of affairs would be loyally observed and there would be no going back. This disposition has been a characteristic of the very best of England's ruling classes for ages. Readers of English history will remember that when that very great monarch and statesman, Edward I, was forced, desperately against his will, to agree to the confirmation of the Charters, by which his own prerogatives were curtailed, he burst into tears of wrath, but he ever loyally respected his compact. The same spirit existed at the time of which I am writing and still exists. Should it ever die out, it is unlikely the British Empire can long survive.

The resistance to reforms derived immense strength from the great personality and reputation of the Duke of Wellington, one of the most conservative of men, and one of great common sense. His military career was in some respects a parallel to his course on the questions of reform. His opponents in war were the most daring, original and brilliant offensive commanders of the age. The Iron Duke undoubtedly possessed the power of the offensive in a very eminent degree, as shown by his operations

on those far-between occasions when opportunity to strike was given him, but his great strength was shown in the defensive. In vain French marshals and their great master hurled legion after legion against him. He stood calm, firm, imperturbable and threw them back. His greatest military performances were in defence. This was probably owing to the exigencies of his position and the paucity of his material resources, as no one who reads his life, can doubt his capacity to take the offensive brilliantly and effectively when occasion presented itself. He also knew when the defensive ceased to be practicable. He opposed reform with all the strength of his great name, his great personality and his great reputation.

Earl Grey came into power at the close of 1830. His first Reform Bill was carried in the Commons by a majority of one. He went to the country and came back with an overwhelming majority and his Bill was carried by 136. It was rejected in the Lords by a majority of 41. The state of the country then was most critical. There were two extreme bodies, one for and the other against the Bill, in a state of excitement which was very close to civil war. The Ministry and the calmer body of Englishmen stood between and happily prevailed. Grey and Brougham got the King's permission in writing, to create new peers to swamp the opposition. It became unnecessary to resort to this power, as the great Duke saw that resistance was no longer practicable and, at his instance, opposing peers absented themselves from Parliament and the measure became law. This course was dictated by the great common-sense of the Duke. It is doubtful if any other man could have influenced the peers as he was able to do.

This was the beginning of a series of reforming measures, which continued up to a few years ago. It is questionable if Lord Gray was himself strong for reform, except in a comparatively limited sense. He happened to be leader and he swam with the stream.

The thin end of the wedge was now entered and reform followed reform. There were, from time to time, further extensions of the franchise, Catholic emancipation, the abolition of the corn laws, and innumerable other social, fiscal and economic reforms.

It will be observed that the efforts of the men of this period were almost entirely directed to home, internal or domestic legislation. They devoted comparatively little thought to the Empire outside the United Kingdoms. In fact they had ample scope for the exercise of their great powers at home without unduly concerning themselves with outside affairs. They were bent upon peace, —peace at almost any price. So thoroughly did this idea become impressed upon Europe that the Crimean war is believed to have been indirectly due to it. The Emperor Nicholas was convinced that Gladstone, Bright and their followers were all-powerful in Great Britain, and that under no circumstances would they suffer the United Kingdoms to go into war, and so he went into the struggle which ended at Sebastopol.

Be that as it may, this reforming generation did wonders for the people at home, but its leaders could scarcely see beyond their sea-girt homes. The Colonies were looked upon as incumbrances, almost as nuisances. In 1852, a prominent English statesman, (who, however, in later life, in the zenith of his powers became strongly Imperialistic in his views) spoke of them as "those wretched colonies," and about their "being a millstone round our necks." True the colonies of that day were very different from the nations which have since grown out of them, and half a century ago, this growth in so short a time could scarcely have been foreseen.

These men had a great work to perform and they performed it well. Like the preceding generation their power of initiative in new lines was exhausted and they did not and could not see the great possibilities presented by the colonies scattered throughout the world. Like their predecessors the statesmen of the middle time had done their work and were incapable of new departures in unfamiliar directions. In a word they were Little Englanders. In writing thus the objection may be taken, and I am not forgetting it, that Mr. Gladstone, to the close of his career, was ever initiating new schemes and new reforms; that the older he grew the more versatile and radical he became. Most men become more conservative with added years; he became the more aggressive in his radicalism. All this is true, but there are two answers to the objection. One is that even granting Mr.

Gladstone to be an exception, yet in treating of a generation of men one must necessarily find many who are not on the same plane with the majority of their compatriots, and in discussing periods, a writer must look to the general trend of opinion during any one time and not be governed by the exceptions. Many of the greatest men have had little weight in their own day, but their influence has been felt long after they were gathered to their fathers. The second and real answer is that Mr. Gladstone was not only no exception, but he was a very strong illustration of the correctness of the contention. True, as already said, he was most fertile and versatile in conceiving and promoting new reforms and was never afraid of new departures, but they were always in the same general line, the line of domestic policy. He was imbued with the Little England spirit. He was the greatest of the Little Englanders. When, after the Majuba Hill catastrophe, the Transvaal was in Great Britain's power, no one but a Little Englander would have given it up, a surrender to which the present war is due.

It is difficult, except in a negative way, to institute a comparison between Gladstone and his great rival, Lord Beaconsfield. One was the antithesis, perhaps I should say the complement, of the other. One cannot imagine Disraeli, at least in his later years, parting with the Ionian Islands. It was a pleasure to Gladstone to give them up. Disraeli would feel little interest in many of Gladstone's far reaching domestic reforms. Gladstone's sense of the eternal fitness of things British must have been shocked by the acquisition of Cyprus and by the purchase of Suez Canal shares. Could we imagine a man in whom were combined the Liberal leader's sympathy with, and insight into home affairs with the Conservative's grasp of foreign relations, an ideal Imperial statesman would be pictured. Humanity seems scarcely capable of producing a man in whom would be blended such seemingly antagonistic talents. Possibly the many-sided genius of Julius Caesar,—orator, author, soldier, statesman,—may have been endowed with the rare gifts which would be requisite to the make up of so phenomenal a statesman.

This again is a digression. It was necessary that such a generation of great men, great in home affairs, should exist and

they came at the right time. The Empire as it now is, and more particularly the united consolidated empire, now almost within sight, could not have a being if it were not for the home work of these men. If the condition of the masses in the United Kingdom had not been radically changed for the better, as it was changed by the statesmanship of this School, it does not seem possible that there could ever be a drawing together, such as we now see taking place, of the component parts of the empire. A free and contented people at the centre was essential before there could be a free and united Empire bound together, not by the bands of material force, but by the bonds of mutual respect, mutual self-interest, mutual loyalty to a common head, mutual inter-change of products and ideas, mutual assistance in case of need, and by the mutual intermingling of the people of all classes such as we are now beginning to see and of which we shall see more ere long.

A. B. WARBURTON

A Treasure Hunt.

BY D. MCKENZIE.

THE belief that a large amount of treasure had been hidden in different localities around Prince Edward Island, was very prevalent some forty years ago. Indeed the idea exists to some extent among us even yet. We were not and are not singular in this delusion.

As a matter of fact, even to-day thousands of dollars are being invested in efforts to locate hidden treasures. The craze seems to prevail among the people all along the Atlantic coast from Labrador to Florida. Sometimes it is Captain Kid, or some other rover of the seas that has buried his ill-gotten treasures. Another notion more ridiculous still is that the Acadians hid their wealth when the British became masters of Canada.

Undoubtedly more holes have been made in different localities throughout the Island in the search for such mythical treasures than have been dug in Klondyke for the real stuff.

As a short account of one of these treasure-hunting expeditions may interest your readers, I will give it as concisely as possible. Some forty-five years ago I was in the habit of visiting a family who resided about ten miles north of Charlottetown. The attraction was a certain Maggie, the daughter of the house.

On one of these occasions I noticed that Maggie's brother, Norman, seemed disconcerted and ill at ease. As he was a great chum of mine I could in no way account for his manner. But I was not left long in suspense, for in a little while three stalwart neighbors entered the house with little ceremony. I soon saw that they were surprised and annoyed at seeing me there. However, after a good deal of whispering, they left the room and went to another. That gave me an opportunity to question the faithful Maggie as to their mysterious conduct. After some hesitation she told me the momentous secret.

It seems that one of the men, whom we shall call the Dreamer, had dreamt on three consecutive times that a hoard of wealth was hidden near the ruins of an old mill at Curtisdale, about six miles from the city. This mill had been operated by a Frenchman before Fort la Joie had been taken by the British. Tradition says that on that occasion he buried his money, left for parts unknown, and never returned. Another story that had many believers was that pirates used to sail into Charlottetown harbor, anchor there, and send their treasure in boats up the North River to the head of navigation, burying it with blood-curdling ceremonies.

The Dreamer was somewhat hazy as to which of these mines of wealth was to come into his possession, but he was sure of one of them. He had been to Pownal the day before my tale opens, and purchased a divining-rod from a man who lived in that classic village and made a specialty of making them. In passing I may observe that this divining-rod was merely a forked stick cut from a particular tree that grew in that locality.

While this information was being given me, a serious discussion was going on in the next room. Norman and one of the others wished me to be let into the secret, be one of their party and share in the spoil. To this proposition the Dreamer emphatically objected. He contended that he had a vested interest in

the wealth on account of his dream and that it would be very unfair to him to have an interloper come in at the eleventh hour and share in his good fortune. Finally they all agreed with him except Norman, who said that since they were so grasping he would not go with them at all, so they went without him to dig their treasure.

As I was rather skeptical on the buried money question, I was pleased with the turn affairs had taken. But Maggie was by no means satisfied that neither her brother nor I should have any share in the bonanza.

After some talk it was decided that Norman and I should follow the others at a distance and watch results. This we did, coming close to them at the bridge over the Curtis Brook, (where they had halted to complete arrangements.) The Dreamer was then like a general laying down rules for the guidance of his men. One of them, an Irishman named Wickham, who used to go around the country making sod dykes, was to handle the pick and the shovel; the other was to carry the lantern, necessary on account of the darkness of the night; the Dreamer of course was to manipulate the divining-rod and direct operations. There was to be as little talking as possible, no profane language to be used on any consideration, and above all the leader was to receive implicit obedience.

Then they moved on along the road at a slow pace, while we followed just as slowly. We expected to see them turn off the road into the bush in the direction of the old mill. At that time the bush was very dense, and indeed it is so still. The Dreamer with his divining-rod held straight before him kept marching along the road.

At length they came to a school-house on the Lower Malpeque Road about three hundred yards from the bridge. There the Dreamer halted, and told them the rod was beginning to work. After going around the schoolhouse, the leader's stick pointed to a spot at the northeast corner of the building.

By this time we had crept very close to them, as we could easily do, for the night was dark, and their light helped us. We could see and hear everything that was said and done.

According to directions Wickham commenced to dig where

the rod pointed. After he had been digging some time, and had got down to some depth, a screech-owl, that ill-omened bird of night, probably disturbed by the light and the unusual operations, gave voice to his horrible scream. Wickham, who heard it for the first time in his life, jumped out of the hole exclaiming: "Holy Mother of God! what is that?" Indeed we were all startled, although the rest of us had often heard it before and knew what it was.

However, after a warning from the Dreamer and some explanation, Wickham resumed work, and dug as if he was in a hurry to finish the job. The rod continued pointing downward and inward under the building, until the excavation threatened the foundation of the school-house.

This farce had been going on for over an hour, when Wickham, steaming with sweat, threw down his shovel and asked how the money was to be divided when they got it. The Dreamer said of course it would be share and share alike. "If that's so," replied the Irishman, "Be Jabers, you'll have to help dig it out."

Immediately the humbug who held the mineral rod pointed it toward the heavens, and stated that it was no use digging any more as Wickham had spoiled the job by using profanity. Poor Wickham was roundly abused for his laziness, although he was the only one who had done anything in the shape of work.

While the wrangle was at its height, the owl gave another scream, apparently directly over our heads. The treasure-hunters waited no longer; but started for home, running as though the ghosts of fifty pirates were after them. Norman and I followed them, imitating the screech of the owl as nearly as we could. It was not our object to catch up with them, but we could not have done so if we had tried.

As it was now long after midnight, I accompanied Norman to his home, and stayed there until morning. While he was preparing to go to market next morning, I espied an old iron pot—whose usefulness had gone—in the yard, which the spirit of mischief prompted me to put in Norman's cart, telling him to throw it into the hole as he was passing the schoolhouse. This he did, the consequences assuming serious proportions some time afterwards. But that is another story.

The reader may judge of the excitement in the school-house when teacher and pupils, arrived at the usual hour. There was a deep hole, an empty pot, and one corner of the building undermined.

A meeting of the trustees and ratepayers was called for that evening, and steps taken to invoke the majesty of the law for the punishment of the depredators who had carried off the treasure and nearly overturned their temple of learning.

* As the Dreamer left the Island a few days afterwards with very little leave-taking, it was assumed by his confederates that he had returned the same night, dug up the treasure, taken it with him, and never said anything about it. I believe that poor Wickham died in that belief, although there is no evidence whatever that money was ever hidden or found in the vicinity of Curtis' Brook.

No doubt many will think this narrative too ridiculous for belief, but a large number of respectable persons would be willing to substantiate the main incidents. Indeed, although the old schoolhouse has long been removed, and a new one built on another site, the hole that was dug on that occasion may still be traced.

To a Mayflower.

Sweet humble flower, first harbinger of the Spring,
 Wreathing each mossy knoll in pink and white,
 When babbling waters first announce stern Winter's flight,
 And Earth in joy away her ermine cloak doth fling ;
 What endearing memories do about thee cling
 Of halcyon days and visions of delight,—
 Of silver streams bedecked with sunny jewels bright,
 And emerald groves where whistling songsters ring.
 Dear blossom, upon the earth so lowly trailing,
 Yet first of all your tender beauty to unfold,
 Even while with dying Winter's tears thou'rt washed,
 Thou hast a worth, thy fragrance sweet exhaling,
 Higher than may be found in richest treasured gold
 Or brightest gem to gain that falchion ever flashed.

DISCIPULUS.

Our Feathered Friends.

BY JOHN MCSWAIN.

ONE of the earliest arrivals amongst our migratory birds is the Song Sparrow. Of the birds of the field and grove it is the first to come and is soon followed by Junco and the Robins. This spring, however, both the Song Sparrow and Robin came the same day or rather night, for they, as well as the greater number of birds migrate by night. Junco followed a few days afterwards. The Robin is known to everybody; in size, song, habits and color it is quite distinct from our commoner birds, and is found here in greater numbers than any other land bird. The female Robin is larger, plumper and lighter in color than the male bird. The nest is built of mud, small twigs and grass, and is lined with moss or feathers. It is built in the fork or crotch of a tree, often in orchards. The food of the Robin consists of insects and worms, a very great number of which are consumed even by a single pair in the course of a summer. In this way they contribute much towards reducing and keeping in check the insects which are injurious to fruit and fruit trees. If the Robin does take a few cherries and strawberries of which he seems to be very fond, he amply repays the owner of garden and orchard by consuming the pests which would do infinitely more injury, and which by their destructive ravages lessen very much the yield of garden, orchard and farm.

Junco is also pretty well known and is easily recognized by his colors; above, slate colored down to a line across the breast, from this line it is white underneath. The bill is a light orange and the outer tail feathers are white and plainly exposed in its flight. It has no song, for I do not think that its simple unvarying chip, though sometimes rapidly and many times repeated, can be called a song. Its nest is built on the ground, often under an overhanging bank of earth or beneath the boughs of a small tree. It is generally known here as the bluebird, but it is not the bluebird. This bird, though common enough in the Eastern part of the United States as far north as Maine, and sometimes seen in the other two of the Maritime Provinces, has never, as

far as I know, been seen here. It would be readily recognized, for it is blue,—a genuine blue above, and chestnut underneath. Our bird should not be confounded with the blue bird. It should be called here as it is elsewhere, Junco or the slate-colored Snowbird. Junco is the first or generic part of *junco hiemalis*, its ornithological or scientific name; while the other name sometimes given to it, refers to the general slaty coloration of the bird and its early arrival, which occurs before the snow has disappeared from the regions which it visits in its spring migration. Of these two names which are commonly given to this bird, the first, namely, Junco is the more preferable as it is the shorter and commoner name.

The song sparrow is not so well known as Robin and Junco. It is one of the birds commonly known as "gray birds" of which there are several species visiting the Island. Anyone who has once heard its song will readily know it even by that, so different from the song of any of the other sparrows. This spring while walking along the outskirts of a grove I heard its song—the first heard by me this year—and looking back, saw it perched on the branch of a spruce tree near which I had passed. It would have escaped my notice if I had not known the song. It makes its nest on the ground, rarely on a low tree or bush. The nest is composed of rootlets and leaves and is lined with fine grass.

It is not easy to give such a description as will, in identifying the song sparrow, be useful to a person unacquainted with the vocabulary of ornithology. It is so much like several other sparrows which we see during the summer, that some experience and a knowledge of terms is almost essential. A few hints must suffice, and for a careful observer will be all that are really needed here.

The song sparrow comes in March or April. The other sparrows do not reach here on their way north before May; some not until May is well advanced; others, not until June. If you see a gray bird in March or April you may conclude that it is the song sparrow, particularly if marked as follows: above, grayish-brown, the dull bay crown bounded by ashy-white

lines ; below white, the breast with a dark blotch surrounded by brown streaks.

I append a table showing the time of arrival of the three birds just described.

	1895	1896	1897	1898	1999	1900	Av'rages
Song Sparrow	Ap. 7	Ap. 11	Ap. 9	Mar. 19	Ap. 8	Ap. 14	Ap. 6
Robin	Ap. 13	Ap. 12	Ap. 12	Ap. 3	Ap. 6	Ap. 14	Ap. 10
Junco	Ap. 13	Ap. 11	Ap. 16	Ap. 3	Ap. 22	Ap. 21	Ap. 14

What Constitutes a Gentleman ?

BY JOHN MACLAREN.

A REPLY to the question which heads this article was given in the following words :—

“ A gentleman is a being whose father was born before him and accumulated a competency. The son goes to college and spends all the money he can get, regardless of how his father got it. When he graduates the greatest knowledge he has acquired is how to dress well, play foot-ball, and the college yell. That is what constitutes the gentleman of to-day.”

Another definition of a gentleman given is,—

“ A man with plenty of money, well educated, moving in the front rank of society, a good entertainer, good dresser, and of regular habits. Should be tall, well-built, square-shouldered ; hands slender, medium size ; feet of graceful shape, long and narrow ; faithful in his engagements ; soft and low voice ; honest, sober, well cultured and of a moral disposition ; surroundings of the latest ; fads which must be kept in the best order.”

The first definition may be regarded as the reply of a cynic ; but apart from its apparent cynicism these are the only qualifications which many “ beings ” possess which entitle them to the sobriquet of *gentleman*. But if one, or both, of these be taken as the true definition, it will be at once perceived that the only

things necessary to constitute a gentleman are a few showy accomplishments; that moral character and manly virtues hold a rather inconspicuous place in his make-up. Slender hands of medium size, long and narrow feet, and a well-attired, graceful form may afford gratification to some fastidious eyes; but neither these, nor to have a grandfather or father who had accumulated a competency is sufficient to constitute a gentleman; and since blood degenerates, neither the tailor nor the toilet can make a gentleman. Good clothes are not good habits.

Riches and rank, as the world knows them, are not necessarily associated with gentlemanly qualities, nor elevation of character. In general they are the cause of their corruption and degradation. "Wealth and corruption, luxury and vice, have very close affinities to each other." Silver is silver without the mint's impress. So "rank is but the guinea's stamp." The "stamp" adds nothing to its intrinsic value, it merely makes it current. So with rank in its relation to character. Titles, princely wealth, great talents, and graceful accomplishments may be desirable acquisitions, but they do not constitute their possessor a gentleman. On the other hand comparative poverty is compatible with character in its highest form. A man may be uncouth, knowing little of social etiquette, homely and poor, yet he may belong to the uncrowned aristocracy. His face may be blackened in the forge, whitened in the mill, or bronzed in the field; his hands may be large and hard; his vest may be patched, and, like Joseph's coat, it may be of many colors; his brow may be wet with honest sweat; yet, if he is upright, honest, truthful, polite, temperate, courageous, cheerful, virtuous, industrious, frugal and self-respecting, he may stand in the front rank of true manhood; he may be a gentleman. A gentleman possesses dignity; dignity is found in labor, and there is no dignity without labor. He who looks scornfully on him who is compelled to labor, is like Hermes, who had a mouth and no hands, and yet made faces at those who fed him—mocking the fingers that brought bread to his lips. Such a one is no gentleman. Robert Burns says of his father,—

"He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne'er a farthing,
For without an honest manly heart no man is worth regarding."

The dandy, the well-dressed idler, is merely a dry-goods sign, not a true man, therefore not a gentleman, for his passport to "society" circles is not moral worth, honor, or virtue, but dress. A dandy is the shiniest of beings, in general has no sense, and is, as Dr. Holmes says, not good for much.

Superior intellectual culture is not necessarily related to excellence of character. Intellectual capacity, "culture" in society parlance, amounts to little, for it is sometimes found associated with the meanest moral characters, abject servility to those in high places, and arrogance towards the poor and needy. "A handful of good life," says George Herbert, "is worth a bushel of learning." Not that learning and culture are to be despised, but in order that they may attain their highest powers they must be allied to goodness. One may be accomplished in art, literature, and science, and know nothing of honesty, truthfulness, or virtue. Hence such a one is not a gentleman. Mind without heart, intelligence without conduct, cleverness without goodness, are powers only for mischief, and we can admire them only as we admire the dexterity of a pickpocket or the horsemanship of the highwayman.

"No man," says an author, "is bound to be rich or great—no, nor to be wise; but every man is bound to be honest." "An honest man's the noblest work of God," said Alexander Pope. The honest man is not guided by expediency. "Honesty is the best policy," said Ben Franklin, and this aphorism has been lauded as "that good old maxim," "the truth of which is upheld by the daily experience of life." But the truth is, that "the daily experience of life" proves in the great majority of business transactions that honesty is directed only by policy. In the opinion of the writer such a sentiment as being honest from the low motive of policy, is vicious: for he who is honest merely because he thinks it good policy, is not more honest than the rogue who, if he does honest things, does them, not from principle, but from fear of detection and punishment. The man whose purposes, besides, being honest, are inspired by sound principles, and pursued with undeviating adherence to truth, integrity and uprightness, lives on a higher plain. Principle, and not

expediency or policy, is the compass and rudder that guide a *gentleman*. A gentleman is a man

" Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill."

A gentleman is never found at the street corners, in the saloon or playhouse, at the loafers' rendezvous, or on the idlers' promenade ; for he turns his steps in the highway of noble aims and earnest work ; for he is not too lazy to work, nor too proud to be poor. He is willing to eat only what he has earned and wear what he has paid for.

"Lies are an ugly soot from the smoke of the pit," says Ruskin, "and it were better that our hearts should be swept clean of them, without our care as to which is largest or blackest." Lying, in all its various forms, is loathsome to every pure-minded man ; therefore no gentleman permits a lie to pass his lips. A gentleman speaks as he thinks, believes as he pretends, acts as he professes, and performs his promises. His word is his bond. Duplicity of life is quite as bad as verbal falsehood, for actions speak as loud as words. A gentleman is never found just on the verge of truth. Diplomacy, expediency, mental reservation, equivocation, moral dodging, twisting a statement so as to convey a false impression, a serpent-wise shirking of the truth and getting out of moral back-doors in order to hide ones real opinions, are all different forms of lying ; a kind which a Frenchman once described as "walking round about the truth." A gentleman never wears the name, Mr. Facing-both-ways. He divests himself of all prejudices, sophistry, subterfuge, chicanery, and disguise. He represents things as they are. A man is untruthful when he makes pretensions to what he is not, when he assumes merits which he does not possess. Truth is the manliest of virtues ; it is a chief stone in the foundation of all true manliness and personal excellence. A gentleman is always himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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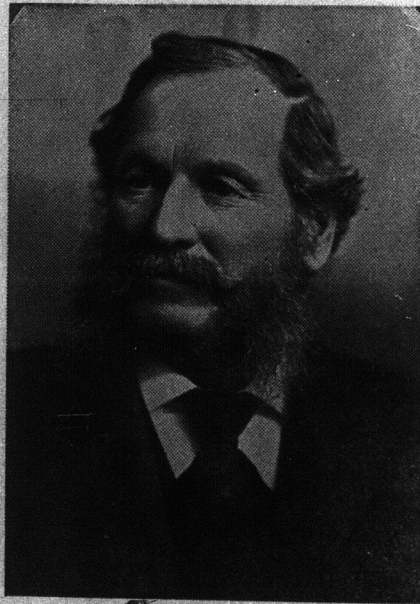
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