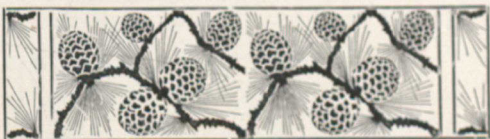


LEAVING HOTEL.

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The Prince Edward Island MAGAZINE

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No. 8

Till We Meet Again.

ALTHOUGH my feet may never walk your ways,
No other eyes will follow you so far,
No voice rise steadier to ring your praise
Till the swift coming of those future days
When the world knows you for the man you are.

You must go and I must stay behind,
We may not fare together, you and I;
But though the path to Fame be steep and blind,
Walk strong and steadfastly before mankind,
Because my heart must follow till you die.

Steadfast and strongly scorning mean success,
Lenient to others—to yourself severe.
If you must fail, fail not in nobleness;
God knows all other failures I could bless
That sent you back to find your welcome here.

Surnames.

BY THE REV. A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.

AITKEN, Atkin, Aikens or Atkins, son of Adam.
Aikenside, at the side of the oak trees.

Alley, at the alley or narrow lane.

Archibald, son of Archibald or the extremely bold man.

Ball, son of Baldwin, the bald, or at the ball, that is, at the ball used as a sign. Thus, then, John Ball means John the son of Baldwin, John the bald, or John who lives at the ball. As a general rule, Ball means the son of Baldwin.

Balderston, of Balderston, or Balder's ton or enclosure.

Barth, Bartlett, Bartley, Batts and Bates, son of Bartholomew.

Bell, son of Bell or Isabel, the handsome, or at the bell, the inn sign. William Bell of Blacket-House, Annandale, was the most important man of the name in Scotland in 1404.

Blake, the black or swarthy.

Calvert, the calf-herd.

Chaufin, Caffin, or Coffin, the bald.

Copeland, of Copeland or the land at the top of the hill.

Cotton, of Cotton or Cotun, at the cots or at the enclosure.

Coles, son of Cole, a shortened form of Nicholas.

Dick, Dicks, Dix, Dixon, Dickson, son of Dick.

Dobb, Dobbs, Dobbin, son of Robert.

Dodd, son of Dod or Dodde, an old Saxon personal name.

Douce or Douse, son of Douce or the sweet girl.

Dow, Daw, Dawson, the son of David.

Dunn, the dun or dull brown.

- Durward or Dorward, the door-ward.
Ede, Eadie, Edison. son of Ede.
Ellis, Elliott, son of Elias.
Emms, son of Emma.
Ewart, the ewe-herd.
Fish, Fisk, or Fiske, the fish.
Fitch, the polecat.
Foster, the forester.
Gardyne, at the garden.
Geldert, the geld-herd.
Gibb, Gibbs, Gibson, Gibbon, son of Gilbert.
Gill, at the gill or ravine.
Gurney, of Gournai in Normandy.
Hackett, son of Hake or Hacon.
Hassart, Hassard, or Haszard, son of Hassart.
Hicks, Hickie, Hickson, Higgs, Higgins, son of Hicks,
which, like Dick, is a short name for Richard.
Hobbs, Hobson, Hopkins, Hopkinson, son of Hobs,
a short name for Robert.
Holm, Holmes, Home, at the holm, a river island, a
piece of flat land beside a river, low flat land.
Horn, Horne, son of Horn, an old personal name.
Hugh, Hughes, Huet, Huggan, Huggins, Hutcheson,
Hutchinson, Hughlett, Hullin, son of Hugh.
Hulbert, Hulburt, son of Albert.
Ings, of the ing or meadow.
Ives, Iveson, son of Ive.
Jenkins, son of John.
Jubb, son of Job.
Kaye, at the quay.
Kendall, of Kendall or Kent-dale.
Kerr, Carr, at the kerr, carr, or meadow.
Kirk or Kirke, at the kirk or church.
Kitson or Kidson. son of Christopher.
Kitchener, the kitchen-man or cook.

- Larkin, son of Lawrence.
 Longworth, of Longworth, that is, the long enclosed homestead.
 Mitchell, son of Michael.
 Moody, the brave or resolute.
 Musgrave or Musgrove, of Musgrove or Mossgrove.
 Nelson, son of Nell or Eleanor, also son of Neil.
 Neweall or Newall, at the new hall.
 Norie, at the north ey or is'and:
 Nott, son of Cnut or Canute.
 Notman either Nutman or Canute's man or servant.
 Northup, of North-thorpe.
 Oakes, at the oak.
 Osler, the hosteler.
 Oates, son of Ada.
 Oxley, of the ox-meadow.
 Palmer, the palmer or pilgrim.
 Parkin, Perkins, Parkinson, son of Peter.
 Patton or Parker, son of Patrick an English surname.
 Paton, son of Patrick, a Scottish surname.
 Peake, at the peak or hill-top.
 Percy, of Perci in Normandy.
 Peters, Piers, Pearson, Perowne, Perrin, Perrott, son of Peters.
 Philips, Phelps, Philkin, Phillpot, Philson, Phipps, son of Philip.
 Popkin, Popkins, Popkiss, son of Robert.
 Power, the poor. John le Poer is mentioned in 1273.
 Priestley, of Priestly, or the priest's meadow.
 Pyke, at the sharp-pointed hill.
 Quarles, of Quarles in Norfolk.
 Reid, Reade, Read, Reed, Rouse, Russel and Russell, the red-haired.
 Robin, Robins, Robinson, Robison, Roblet, son of Robert.

- Rutland, of the red land.
 Sharp, the sharp, the quick to notice.
 Sim, Simes, Simkin, Simon, Simmons, Symonds, Simpson, son of Simon.
 Spurgeon, son of Sprigin, an old Scandinavian personal name.
 Stanley, of Stanley, or the stony meadow.
 Sumner, the summoner.
 Stokes, of Stoke, or the place enclosed by stocks or piles
 Strickland, of Stirk-land in Westmoreland.
 Styles, at the stile.
 Sommers, son of summer.
 Sutcliff, of south cliff.
 Sutton, of the south town.
 Swindle, of swine dell.
 Swinburn, of swine brook.
 Tennyson, son of Dennis.
 Terry son of Theodoric.
 Thomas, Thomson, Thomasin, Thompson, Tompkins,
 Tomlin, Tom.
 Tooker, the tucker.
 Tooms, son of Thomas.
 Townsend, at the town's end.
 Tozer, the-wool-carder.
 Trueman, the true or trustworthy man.
 Tye or Tighe, at the tye or common pasture.
 Tyler or Tylor, the tiler or tile-maker.
 Tyndale or Tyndall, of Tynedale, or the valley of the
 river Tyne.
 Underwood, at the lower part of the wood.
 Unwin, son of Unwin.
 Upcraft, at the upcroft.
 Usher, the usher.
 Vail, of the vale.
 Vaughan, the little, from the Welsh *vychan* small

Venn, at the fen.

Vickers and Vickerson, son of the vicar.

Wagner, the wagoner.

Walters, Waters, Watts, Watson, Waters and Watkins,
son of Walter.

Wesley, of Westley, of the west meadow.

Weeks, Wickes, or Wykes, at the wike or wick, that
is the dwelling or village.

Weir, Wear, or Weare, at the weir, ware or dam.

Wetherby, of Wetherby or the wether's dwelling-place,
a market-town in York.

Wolf, the wolf, also the son of Ulf or Wolf.

Woodbury, of Woodberry or Woodborough.

Woodhull, at the wood-hill.

Yate, Yates, Yeats, and Yetts, at the gate.

Yeo, at the yew tree.

Young, Yonge, the young.

Yuill, or Youll, son of Yule, a name given to a child
born on Christmas day.

Zachary, son of Zachariah.



The Kindred Spirits Club.

THE man with the red goatee had been missing from his usual loafing-place at the end of the wharf for some evenings. The Kindred Spirits were also absent. On my third visit I discovered the cause of their disappearance. They had moved into their club-house, a roomy shack further up the wharf.

"Come in," said the man with the r. g. as I vulcanized through the open door. "It's getting cool now in the evenings, and we've moved into our club-room. Sit down and admire."

I sat down and admired the room, the warm fire, and the Kindred Spirits who were smoking Nickey & Hicholson's and looking as happy as tom cats in the sun.

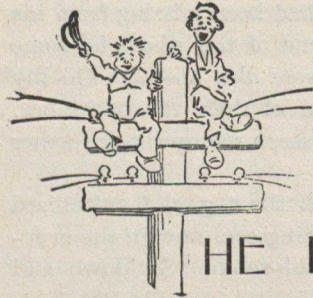
"What's that you were saying, Tommy, about Lord Dundonald, when Stranger appeared," said red goatee to one of the Spirits.

Nothin' 'bout him—but I was sayin' as how that 'Merican feller I was speakin' about was a-smilin' and a-makin' his remarks about tin-soldiers and that sort of thing, when Dundonald was a-passin' him on the street."

"Well," said red goatee, "p'raps from his p'int of view he was all right. You see it all depends on the p'int of view Lord Dundonald did his fighting in the open field; General Shafter did his in bed. Lord Dundonald invented some kind of a galloping gun, while a Yankee General invented the water cure. The water cure killed hundreds of more men than the galloping gun and hurt them cruel bad besides. Dundonald, thank God, ain't it with that kind. It all depends as I said before, on the p'int of view—

"But—"

"That'll do, just now," said the man with the red goatee. "As President of the Society we will now proceed to initiate the Stranger. I promised him last summer that he could come in. Inside Sentinel, guard the door! Steward, bring forth the other kindred spirits!



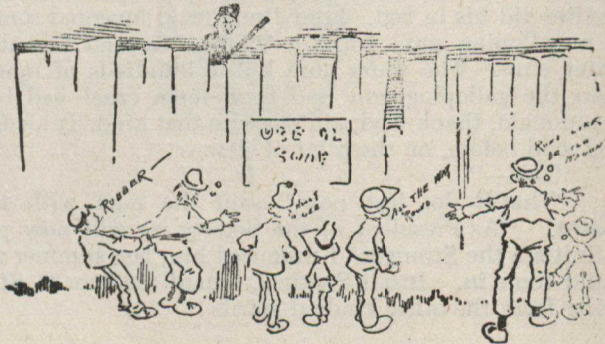
THE EXHIBITION

As Seen Through Tommy Hawke's Telescope.

CHARLOTTETOWN like other provincial cities and towns, generally trots out an annual Exhibition. The Exhibition is an institution which is now looked forward to as regularly as the Spring Thaw or the American Fourth of July casualty list.

Seeds planted in the ground in early Spring are supposed to not do a thing but struggle on and grow big, in glorious anticipation of being the bright and particular high chief whopper at the happy Exhibition time.

Oh! What would the farmer do without seeds? They are generally admitted to be as essential to farmers as the

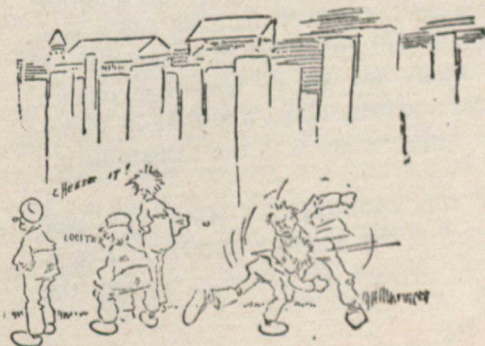


everyday gate post—from the fact probably that both will prop-a-gate.

Have you ever strolled around outside the enclosure which prevents the Exhibition from spreading itself all over the outlying landscape? We've been there in our more youthful days. It's an interesting place to visit. The excitement of trying to steal in over the fence is a feature with which no entrance fee admission can compare. To see the watchman—on the fence like a dubious elector on the eve of a general election—sending out double slugged threats to the not-to-be dismayed small-boy; with the latter calmly waiting below for some excitement further up the line to call the watchman away from his post, is an interesting and time-honoured feature of the Exhibition, which should always be sustained. Sometimes the boys have little "scraps" outside, which are really much more interesting, than those seen around the "thumping" machine inside. Our illustrations here give an idea of a sight behind the scenes at the Exhibition races which are called the "gait" receipts.

The Exhibition is over. The animal which wore the blue and red tag needn't worry again for a year, and the animal that didn't get a card need not worry at all. He'll not likely go back.

No wonder the beets in the big building turned red



when they heard such praise lavished upon a few big squashes, which thought they were the whole show.

While the phonograph at one end of the building was ringing out the over-done "Hiawatha," another class of the population were taking in a band by the kine brigade. The music for the occasion was of a class which the small boy would make no mistake in terming "bully."

The flavor of Island cheese which greeted the visitor going in by the western entrance calls to mind all we've heard of cheese within the past year. The Island cheese now is as good as any. In some places they use a certain make of cheese cured in Germany. If it really was cured there it must have taken a relapse coming over. The P. E. Island article is good enough for those who care about cheese.

We met one old lady who got kicked while milking a cow and ever since she maintains a hatred for everything connected with dairying. She started buying milk from a milkman, but owing to poor measure, and quality which wasn't rich either, she gave him up, claiming that the milk of human kindness was skimmed. She absolutely refused to take a free sample of baking soda because there was a picture of a cow on the package. In travelling through this world you will meet eccentric people.

A great many people were very anxious to see the balloon ascension. The first attempt to fill it was a failure. It's strange the difference between a balloon and a man. When a balloon is full it will go up; when a man gets full he goes down—very likely for \$4 or ten—first offence. Probably the reason the rain came down like that on Thursday afternoon, was in order to see why the balloon hadn't gone up.

Why, what's all this shouting? "Have you seen Brown? What Brown? Why George Brown! Everyone's talking about him. If you haven't seen George, the

human snake, you missed the greatest sight of your life. There's nothing to compare with this great show. Come in and be convinced!"

"Everybody come this way," cries another voice, and see the wonderful five legged dog. The most marvellous



sight ever seen in this country, and it only costs a dime. This way, ladies and gentlemen, the wonderful five legged dog only 10 cents. You'll never regret it.

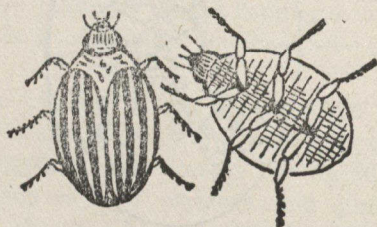
"The wheel of fortune, young man, here's a chance for you to make an easy dollar. Give 'er one turn and wherever she stops the money's yours. Be a sport: that's right, sonny, turn it yourself. There you go!—if it had gone one more you would have been in half a dollar. I told you. You'll try again, that's right. You see its just your luck.—Turn it any way you like—now, you see if it had stopped one inch this way you'd have made a dollar that time—you can never tell—anybody else——" and his voice is lost in the general bedlam, as you move along to see the next trap for catching fools.

It's terrible this gambling—even the animals have

acquired it—before the lambs were put in their pens they could be seen gamballing o'er the lea.

In the vegetable exhibit there were no small potatoes. There was one feature which was almost enough to bring tears to the eyes of any potato, and this was the fact that no one had thought of bringing a few specimens of these shiny-backed gentry to stand guard athwart each exaggerated spud, in case anything should crop up. Think of a large, healthy-looking potato bug standing with a red card attached to his ear.

Yes! Just think!



A Dream.

I went to sleep, and dreamed that I
Had climbed the ladder fame,
And that the world was praising me
And honoring my name.

But when I woke I found the dream
Was happily untrue,
The world was still before me, and
The glorious things to do.

—Frank H. Sweet, in "Lippincott's."

How Lieutenant Trevelyan Saved Newfoundland --A Tale of the Final War.

BY F. FRANCIS LOVEGROVE.

ADMIRAL Sir Weatherby Francis sat in his cabin on board H.M.S. Victorious, his head resting on his hands and his elbows resting on the table, while about his face there was that gray look, which only great trouble or imminent danger can paint on the face of man. And truly the Admiral was weighed down with responsibility and care. Four months before, at the outbreak of hostilities between England and the three great Continental powers, Russia, France and Germany, he had been given the command of a strong North American squadron, composed of four line-of-battle ships, five cruisers, and several other smaller craft. His orders were to protect as far as possible the eastern coast line of Canada, and also that of the United States, who were our allies in the war. Yet, on this June morning, as his flagship and the rest of the fleet lay at anchor in Halifax harbour, he was obliged to confess that through the slowness of the larger vessels under his command he had been absolutely unable to prevent a small but fast German fleet from harrying the American coasts as much as they pleased. He had, however, always hoped that his time would come till earlier that day, when a wireless telegraphic message had arrived ordering him to join as quickly as possible the Channel fleet, who were even then engaged in repelling an attack made on England by the combined French and Russian squadrons.

A knock at the door aroused the Admiral from the reverie into which he had fallen. A marine entered and

presented him with another telegram. He opened it and glanced at its contents.

"My God!" he muttered, then turning to the marine, "You may go. There is no answer." When he was alone again, he began to slowly read over this second wireless telegraphic message. It read thus:

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

20 June, 190—

"German fleet in harbour—obliged to surrender the town and colony—help us if——"

The message here came to an abrupt termination, but the sense of it was only too apparent. Half an hour afterwards "the Victorious" signalled to the rest of the squadron. All the captains of the fleet were ordered to immediately attend a court martial to be held in the admiral's cabin.

When all were assembled the admiral rose and read the two telegrams received by him that morning:

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "you will understand how the matter stands. We have practically done nothing during the last four months but chase the enemy. We are now ordered home. Can any of you suggest means by which we could, without any material delay to the fleet recapture Newfoundland? Naturally, the safety of England must ever come first, but at the same time I don't like to leave Newfoundland to its fate if there is the slightest chance of saving it. It was the greatest mistake to take away the colony's garrison."

Silence reigned for some minutes and then the officers present began to discuss the question together. No solution to the difficulty could be found, however, and the court-martial shortly afterwards broke up.

That afternoon a smart young officer in the uniform of a first lieutenant was rowed up alongside "the Victorious." The thin aquiline features, piercing gray eyes, and well

set up slim figure all bespoke a man born to command. Indeed, Lieutenant Trevelyan, since he had been given command of the torpedo destroyer "Snake," had greatly distinguished himself on several occasions. The new arrival requested to see Sir Weatherby Francis and was soon closeted with the latter in his cabin. Half an hour afterwards they appeared on deck together, the admiral in quite good spirits, the younger officer grave and serious. A muster of the crew was immediately made and then Lieutenant Trevelyan called for volunteers for a very difficult and dangerous enterprise, the only condition being that the candidates must be first class swimmers. All the sailors present offered their services. Was there ever a time when Englishmen were not ready to risk life and limb in a forlorn hope? It took some time to select the best swimmers, but finally the lieutenant left with six picked men from the flagship. Sir Weatherby Francis shook hands with his junior officer just as the latter stepped to the gangway. "God bless you, Trevelyan!" he said, in a husky voice. "We shall shortly meet again in Newfoundland."

"Or in Heaven, sir," replied the lieutenant, as he turned on his heel and began to descend the steps.

The next morning broke fine and calm with a gentle breeze from the east. At eight o'clock, H. M. S. Snake steamed slowly out of harbour with half a dozen men above her usual complement on board, and six submarine mines stowed on the deck aft. Once in the open sea, her commander rang for full speed ahead, and very soon the smoke began to issue forth in clouds from her four funnels, as the little vessel gradually attained her topmost speed. She took the usual course steered by vessels from Halifax to St. John's, for absurd though it may seem, to this small torpedo destroyer had been entrusted the recapture of Newfoundland from the whole German fleet. Two hours out from Halifax Lieutenant Trevelyan, as he was pacing his little quarter

deck, espied a trail of smoke on the north eastern horizon. He very soon had his glass fixed on the vessel, which was evidently coming in his direction. After a quarter of an hour's scrutiny he shut up the glass with a bang.

"Clear the boat for action, and get the machine guns ready," he shouted. "Load the torpedo tubes."

The vessel coming up was a large German destroyer, evidently sent out to reconnoitre, and the lieutenant's face paled, as he thought of what would happen if a shot struck any of the submarine mines on deck.

Another half an hour and the two destroyers were within one hundred yards of one another. On they came, the smoke belching out of their funnels in great black clouds, as they seemed to almost fly through the water in their mad haste for the conflict. Behind each stretched a long foaming wake like a huge hissing sea serpent, while nothing broke the summer stillness but the screams of the seagulls and the throb, throb, throb of the engines. Eighty yards; sixty yards—a flash from the deck of the German destroyer, and a perfect hail of bullets whistled above Trevelyan's head.

The latter raised his cap.

"Aim for their bridge," he cried, "and show the devils how Englishmen shoot!" An almost instantaneous flash followed, and the German officer fell. Forty yards.—Trevelyan rang his engines dead slow.

The wisdom of this course was apparent, for at that moment a gentle ripple seemed to start from the side of the German destroyer, and come quickly and silently towards the starboard bow of "the Snake."

"A torpedo, as I expected," muttered Trevelyan, signally his engine room hard astern.

He stood and watched the torpedo pass harmlessly by five yards in front of the Snake's bow.

"Give her a torpedo," he yelled, at the same time

ordering the engines to be set full speed ahead again.

The torpedo was immediately discharged. As the two vessels came within fifteen yards of one another, Trevelyan turned to the steersman:

"Let her fall off," he said.

"The Snake" began to gather way on her new course, presenting as she did so her stern to the enemy. The latter was trying to head away in the opposite direction from the torpedo.

(To be Continued.)

Poet's Blessing.

IN the olden times it was the custom in the Highlands for some one to meet the bride as she came out from her chamber accompanied by her maidens on the morning after her marriage, and to salute her with a poetical welcome called "Am Beannachadh Baird," or "The Poet's Blessing." When the Rev. Donald MacLeod, of Greshovnish and minister of Duirinish married, no one was prepared to meet his bride with the usual salutation, the practice having by that time fallen into desuetude. The Rev. gentleman, however, determined that the time honoured custom should not be dispensed with on the occasion of his marriage. He then composed the following pretty lines full of wisdom and sage counsel, and saluted his bride himself as she came forth from her bridal chamber on the first morning of her wedded life.

Mile failte dhut led'bhreid,
Fad do re gu'n robh thu slan;

Moran laithean dhut le sith,
 Led' mhaitheas' 's led' ni bhi fas,
 A chulaidh cheutach a chaidh suas,
 'Stric a tarring buaidh air mnaoi;
 Bi-sa gu subhailceach ceutach,
 O'n thionnsgainn thu fein san stri
 An tus do chomraidh is tu og,
 An tus gach lo iarr Rìgh nan dul,
 'S cha'n eagal nach dean thu gu ceart,
 Gach dearbh bheachd a bhios nad' run,
 Bi-sa fialaidh ach bi glic,
 Bi misneachail ach bi stold,
 Na bi bruidhneach sna bi balbh,
 Na bi mear no marbh 's tu og,
 Bi gleidhteach air do dheagh run,
 Ach na bi duinte sna bi fuar,
 Na labhair air neach gu h-olc,
 'S ged labhrar art na taisbean fuath,
 Na bi gearanach fo chrois,
 Falbh socair le cupa lan,
 Chaidh don olc na tabhair speis,
 'S le do bhreid ort mìle failt.

The translation of which in English is:—

Oh, now that matron curch proclaims thee mine
 May health without alloy be ever thine !
 Long be thy days, and undisturbed thy peace;
 Still may thy virtues, still thy stores increase,
 Oft in that dress in which thou'rt now arrayed
 Have women's brightest virtues been displayed,
 May thine be so ! and as thou hast begun
 In life's gay spring, thy wedded course to run
 To Heaven's High King each morn thy prayers address,
 And hope from Him all that thy days can bless;
 Learn to be hospitable, not profuse,
 True spirit show and yet due caution use,
 Talk not too much, yet be not always mute;
 Thy years, nor giddiness, nor dulness suit;
 From sudden friendships guard thyself with care,
 And yet of coolness and reserve beware,
 Speak ill of no one, and should it be thy fate
 To be reviled never give place to hate,
 When fortune frowns, be to thy lot resigned,
 And when she smiles lift not too high thy mind,
 So every virtue shall thy path adorn,
 Thus, thus, I hail thee on the bridal morn.

The Rev. Donald Macleod married Ann Maclean, September 6th, 1728. He died in 1760. His mother was a daughter of Maclean of Coll.

Our Prominent Men — Hon. Benjamin Rogers.

SIXTY-SEVEN years ago, in the town of Kintleth, in Wales, the subject of our sketch was born.

Two and a half years later, in the year 1839, his father, Jonah Rogers, came to Prince Edward Island, and settled in Bedeque in Prince County. In the "Old Country" Jonah Rogers had been a machinist and a manufacturer of cutlery; his former occupation, upon arrival at Bedeque, was somewhat modified to suit the conditions of this young country, and for fourteen years he conducted a blacksmith's business—dividing his time between that and the management of his farm.

In the meantime his family, consisting of six sons and three daughters, grew up, and in due course Benjamin, the youngest child, went to school. His education was derived from the country schools until the year 1854—when he moved to Charlottetown.

Here, at the age of 17, he entered into business life as a clerk in the hardware store of Mr. Thomas Dodd, who did business, at that time, on Pownal Street, his shop being situated where now stands the residence of Mrs. S. W. Dodd, opposite St. Joseph's Convent.

Here the young man acquired that experience which, combined with his business aptitude and ability, fitted him so well for the successful career which he afterwards showed himself fully qualified to achieve. In the short space of four and a half years Benjamin Rogers was made a partner with his former employer, and the business began to rapidly and steadily increase.

In the year 1867, success had so far rewarded the efforts of Messrs. Dodd & Rogers that the large three story building on Queen Street in which the business has ever

since been carried on, was moved into. And even then the growth and prosperity of the firm continued, making it necessary from time to time to so enlarge and improve the capacity and accommodations of the store, that at the present day it is as up to date in appearance and convenience as any in the Dominion.

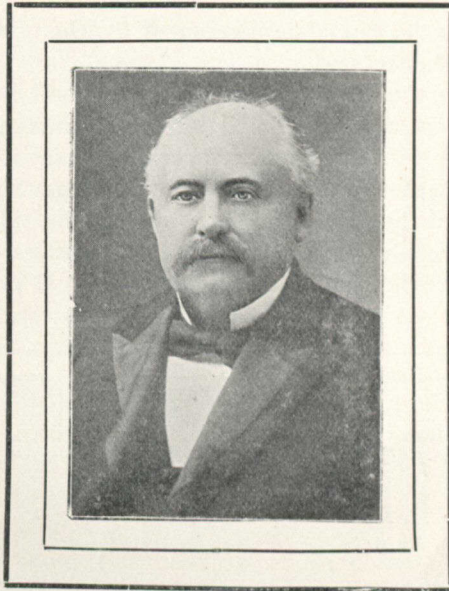
In the year 1892, after a partnership existing for thirty-three years. Mr. Rogers bought out Mr. Dodd's interest, and since that date the business has been altogether in Mr. Rogers' control. Up to the present day it has unceasingly developed. A large brick warehouse on Richmond Street in rear of the store has been added, the growth of the wholesale trade rendering such an extension indispensable; and even now with all their accommodation their capacity is not more than sufficient for the requirements of a trade that is probably, in its particular line, one of the largest in the Lower Provinces.

Mr. Rogers has in the course of his business career, travelled all over this Province, the Magdalen Islands, and over parts of Cape Breton and Nova Scotia in the interests of his house, and the connections he has established in this way have been vigorously kept up and continued by the firm's travelling representatives.

Mr. Rogers, married in 1866, Miss Mary L. Trenaman of Rochester, New York, and his family consists of one daughter, Mrs. R. B. Shaw; and three sons—George J., Thomas, and Benjamin, who are associated with their father in the business.

Of course it was inevitable that a man who was occupying such a prominent position in the commercial life of Charlottetown should be approached by members of "the body political." Mr. Rogers has always been identified with the Liberal Party, and in the year 1893 he consented to be put in nomination as the representative of the property-holders of Charlottetown in the Local Legislature. His

election followed almost as a matter of course, and for eight years he remained in the House, a conscientious, dignified,



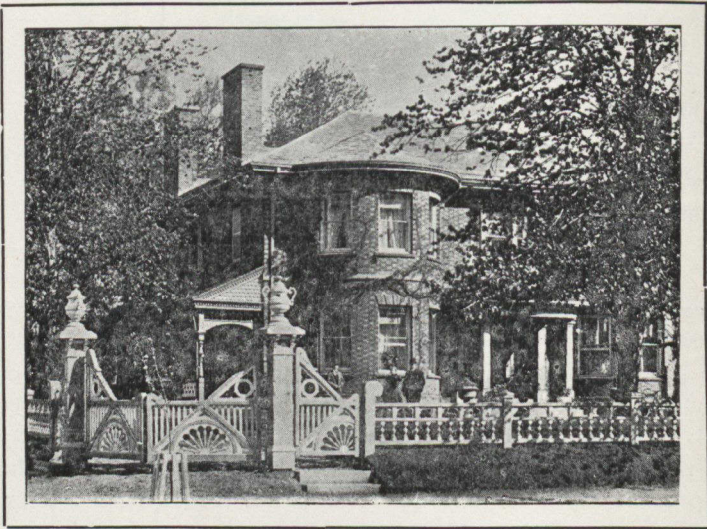
HON. BENJAMIN ROGERS.

and respected representative of the citizens of Charlotte-town.

We have our doubts whether Mr. Rogers' heart or mind inclines him towards taking up a position in the fierce light of active politics. The blatant humbug and hypocrisy so generally indicative of the successful politicians of the present day seem to be qualities not inherent in his character. He has worked for his Party in other ways, and with more success than if he had been thrusting his personality always into the forefront of local and political affairs. Consequently when we find him—about the close of his second term in the Legislature—far away in Europe doing

the Continental Tour, we are not unprepared for the fact that he was indisposed to interrupt his well earned holiday by returning to take part in an election. His seat was occupied by the candidate nominated by the party as Hon. Mr. Rogers' successor.

This trip to the other side of the world was a fitting reward for one whose life had hitherto partaken almost so completely of work as to exclude opportunities for a holiday on an extended scale. For eight months Mr. Rogers, accompanied by Mrs. Rogers, enjoyed the pleasures of foreign travel—visiting nearly all the countries of Europe, spending two delightful months in Cairo and on the Nile. This prolonged holiday ended, Mr. Rogers returned much



"FAIRHOLM."

benefitted by the change, and resumed his responsibilities, with all his old time vigour and interest.

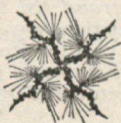
Besides his own business Mr. Rogers is identified with

many of our leading enterprises. He is president of the P. E. I. Telephone Company, a Director of the Charlottetown Steam Navigation Company, and in all that makes for the welfare and improvement of the Island and its people he is deeply interested and a willing worker.

He is a good citizen of Charlottetown. His handsome store on Queen Street is one that will compare in equipment and appearance with any in Canada, and the business is conducted in a manner that leaves no room for criticism.

Of his connection with the Free and Accepted Masons Mr. Rogers is, with reason, proud. Of that body he has been for many years a leading member. He is a Past Master of St. John's Lodge, and at the present time enjoys the distinction of being the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Prince Edward Island. In religion Mr. Rogers is a member of the Methodist Church and is a staunch adherent of the First Methodist Church Congregation of Charlottetown.

In the social life of Charlottetown Mr. and Mrs. Rogers are prominent. In their splendid home, Fairholm, on Upper Prince Street, surrounded by its ample and tastefully laid out grounds, a generous and warm hearted hospitality is dispensed by the graceful mistress of the house. The master and mistress of Fairholm are popular—their friends comprise a large and sincere number—and if, as it is hinted when the matter comes up in conversation, Mr. Rogers should be the man next to assume the dignity of Lieutenant Governor of this Province, there will be very very few who will not say he is deserving of, and well fitted for, the honour.



EDITORIAL

Notes, Queries, Reviews, Etc.

THERE is talk of securing the Hotel Davies and of providing a hotel that will in some way supply the need of accommodation for tourists visiting P. E. Island during the summer months. It is a hopeful sign, at last, to see that some people,—other than the newspapers, which have been for years agitating the question—are taking some interest in a matter that is of far more importance to this community than the citizens of Charlottetown appear to realize. In every town in the Provinces that has set out to attract tourists the result has been that the towns have been enriched. But in Charlottetown nothing has been done. The reputation of this city, and of this Island has suffered because of the reports circulated about our lack of suitable hotel accommodation, and there appears to be nothing doing in regard to this save that now and again a futile letter appears in the Press, saying that a hotel should be built. That sort of thing is not going to build a hotel. In Summerside they deserve credit for their admirable Tourists Association. they are ahead of Charlottetown there; and if they should erect a hotel we would be glad to see them rewarded with the best of the tourist trade that comes to the Province.



In our last issue we outlined a plan for the formation of a municipal development society, after the manner adopted by the city of Manchester, Mass., U. S. A. A correspondent has lately written us from that city as follows:—

“Apropos of your remarks: I have a very nice letter from Mr. Orris, Secretary of the Manchester Development Association. Among other things he says their *grand list* has increased about \$200,000 since 1901, when the Association was formed, and cottages that formerly rented for \$500 now rent for \$1000; and new ones are being built each year. He certainly makes a good showing for property-owners, and says they have seen *direct results* from the expenditure

of advertising, and that it has been a good investment for Manchester. I fail to see why Charlottetown should not derive the same results."

Cannot something be done ?



On page 238 of this issue we publish, by request, a poem that years ago appeared in *The Examiner*. The letter that accompanied it said : "In asking you to republish this poem I do no wish to insinuate that our people are as bad now as they were in the days when these lines were written, but I pray that all to whom the poem alludes will carefully read it, and abstain from conduct that would again merit such scathing reproach." Hear ! Hear ! but our correspondent is too delicate. There are just as many thick-skinned citizens now deserving of the sentiments expressed in the poem as there were years ago—and we hope they will read the poem and that it will do them good.



The great improvements recently made in *Outing*, place that magazine well in the lead of those publications which preach the outdoor life. Its illustrations are superb.



Those who want to read original humor of a quality to make the grumpiest reader smile, should read John Uri Lloyd's 'Sam Hill' stories now appearing in *The Criterion*.



In "A House Divided," which is the complete novel in the last issue of *Lippincott's* we have a story that is deserving of even more serious attention than the usual run of *Lippincott* novels receive. It is a tale that more nearly approaches Dickens than anything we have read, and so story readers will by a large majority be delighted with this tale. All the contents of *Lippincott's* are grand—one short story, "The Girl with the Banjo" is about as good as a short story could be. It is hard to say which is most amusing, the regular laughter-providing "Walnuts" at the end of the book, or George Moore's "Avowals." There is more humor and less twaddle about the "Walnuts," and we vote in their favour.



Of all the excellent articles that have been published in the *Canadian Magazine* the History of the War of 1812 is most interesting. We make no apology for extracting the following description of the most historical naval fight of the war and advise our readers if they

take a proper interest in their country's history to read all of the history as published in the *Canadian* :—

"Only four single ship engagements took place during the year 1813, in two of which the British were successful. The most important of these, which was between the British frigate Shannon, Capt. Broke, and the United States frigate Chesapeake, Capt. Lawrence, took place six leagues east of Boston light on the 1st of June, 1813, at 5.40 p. m., the Chesapeake having left Boston the same day at noon to engage the Shannon. In the other frigate actions in which the Americans had been victorious they had immense superiority, but here the combatants were more evenly matched. The Chesapeake carried 50 guns, 26 in broadside, 28 long 18's on the gun deck; on the spar deck two long 12's, one long 18, eighteen 32 lb carronades and one 12 lb. carronade. The Shannon carried 52 guns, 26 in broad side, viz., 28 long 18's on the long deck, and on the spar deck four long 9's, one long 6, sixteen 32 lb. carronades and three 12-pound carronades. The respective force of the ships may be seen by the following table:—

	Guns in Broad- side.	Weight of Broad- side.	Number of Men.
Chesapeake	26	582	379
Shannon	26	544	330

"The American vessel was thus superior both in weight of metal and number of men yet she was captured by boarding after an engagement which lasted just fifteen minutes. The Chesapeake had 61 killed or mortally wounded, including Capt. Lawrence and Lieut. Ludlow, and 85 severely and slightly wounded. The Shannon had 33 killed and 50 wounded, Capt. Broke being among the latter. The Chesapeake was taken into Halifax, and the large fleet of pleasure boats and yachts which had attended her down the bay to see how readily she would "whip the Britisher," had to return grievously disappointed.

"Capt. Lawrence, who fell in the engagement, had been the commander of the American ship sloop Hornet, which, on the 24th of February previous, captured and sunk the British brig Peacock off the Demerara River. The Hornet carried eighteen 32-pound carronades and two long 12's, so that she threw a broadside of 300 lbs. Her crew numbered 142 men. The Peacock carried sixteen 24-pound carronades, two long 9's, one 12-pound and one 6-pound carronade. Her broadside weight of metal was 210 lbs., and her crew numbered 122 men. With such odds against her, the defeat of the Peacock is easily accounted for, although it was made worse than it need have been by the bad gunnery of her men, who, instead of being drilled at the cannon were kept most of the time polishing brass work in order that the vessel might retain the title of "the Yacht." Her foolish martinet of a captain, Wm. Peake, was killed in the action with seven of his men, and 28 were wounded. The Hornet lost only one killed and two wounded. The Peacock sunk almost immediately after her surrender taking down with her nine of her own men and three of the Hornet's crew.

"On the 14th of August the American brig sloop Argus, which had been committing depredations in St. George's Channel, was encountered and captured by the British brig Pelican, Capt. Maples. The Argus carried 18 24-pounder carronades and two long 12's, and her crew numbered 121 men. The Pelican carried 16 32-pound carronades, two long 12's and two long 6's as stern chasers. The action lasted 45 minutes, the American brig hauling down her colours as the Pelican's men were in the act of boarding. The British vessel had but two men killed and five wounded, the Argus had ten killed and fourteen wounded."