

Devoted to the Literature, History, Folk-lore and best interests of Prince Edward Island

THE MAGAZINE GUARDIAN

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An Islander's Trip North Of Hudson Bay

Extracts From the Diary of Trooper Leslie Sellar, Royal North-West Mounted Police

Written for the Magazine Guardian. [continued] We camped about 12 miles. We shall have to stop here tomorrow and patch up some kind of an arrangement to proceed with. Things look very blue tonight as I write this. We have no sleigh; nothing that will boil water; the alcohol is finished; my patent lamp will only burn on one side, and it has to go all night to melt snow so that we can have enough water to ice the sleigh, and get some kind of a breakfast on warm water, coffee and hard tack. Saw some deer today; guess we won't starve. Frozen deer meat uncooked goes good when one is hungry.

able to go tomorrow, weather permitting, we will make a big try for the Wager. We finished the sleigh after some very nasty work, and if we have luck should hold out for a few days at any rate. March 4. Very stormy day. Could not move out. Cooked our meals by wood fire. Lupelock went out for a short time during a lull to see if he could strike a deer. Didn't see any. Looks as if we were here for a few days, as it is still storming out tonight. It has been very cold in the night to day. March 2, Monday. Broke camp at 6 a. m. it being a lovely morning. The travelling was fair, considerable hills to climb. Arrived at Wager Bay about 2.30. Soon after Harry sighted a bear. He and Lupelock went after it, and did not come back till late. It was after 10 o'clock before we had supper—quite a stretch since breakfast at 4 a. m. to-day. March 5. Got out of our course and struck the Wager near mouth. Had to take to the land and go up ten miles or so. Very cold work. Travelled 30 miles. March 6. Early start; kept the land for 7 miles due west and struck the Wager again at 12 and crossed it, about 8 miles across at this place. It took us 5 hours;

terribly rough ice. All of us mighty tired tonight as this has been the hardest days yet. Dogs are fairly good. Saw many bear tracks today. The land very high on both sides of the Wager. March 7. Travelled very light today as we



made a cache of about 200 lbs. We had only our luggage and three days grub, so made good headway spite of hills and soft bottoms. Deer tracks very numerous and dogs frantic after some we saw away off. We have been on short rations of biscuits for some days but finished the supply today. Dog food supply finished also but they are good for two days. We hope to kill a deer for them tomorrow. Until the tenth they continued traveling under the same rigorous conditions. On the 10th they experienced the coldest day Trooper Sellar had felt in that country. Until the 14th they were stormstayed. On the 14th a short run was made but the 15th was stormy and they had to stay in their snow house all the day. On the 17th they broke camp and shot three deer which gave them a good supper and made them feel better. On Wednesday, 21st March, the 29th day out the following entry appears in the diary: Bad storm but not so bad as yesterday Harry and Lupelock travelled all day, and found natives about 3 p. m. They are ten miles from here to the north east Harry found out from him that the ship we are after is at Mel-a-ku-ae-to, the

natives are to bring in a supper of dog meat. Harry got enough from them to feed the dogs. March 22. The natives came with lots of uncooked seal skins and deer meat. Have decided to go on the ship—it cannot be more than 100 miles. Have had native woman sewing today. Nearly all our footwear is done up. She is an Irlick. Storm as bad as ever. Deer meat our only diet. Sunday 25. A red letter day. Broke camp and made 10 miles on our journey before the sun was up. Travelled hard, picked up a native who helped us find the trail. We made the ship about 7 p. m. after a hard, long, weary days work of over 50 miles. We were hungry, we were wet, and weak from poor food but as soon as we stopped Captain Murray came out and made us go aboard when we were soon comfortable, enjoying an immense supper. None could be kinder or more hospitable than the Captain. There is still another portion of the narrative well worth relating which space will not permit appearing in this issue. The conclusion will appear next Saturday.

RAGWORT AND SCIENCE

BY MR. CASEY. Written for the Magazine Guardian. "How are you Mr. Casey?" "Very well, thank you, Finnigan, and I'm glad to see you; almost as glad as if I saw Farrell, who said he'd call round and settle his bill to-day. "Finnigan I'm studying Science now and I'd like to try my ideas on you before I tackle Clancy and the rest of the boys." "But, Mr. Casey, did you see in the paper that the rats, bad cess to them, ate 120 copies of that elegant book, P. E. Island Before and After?" "I did that same, but are the rats dead?" "I don't know." "The paper, cardboard and other ingredients of the book might come easy to a rat but the yarns—no rat could swallow the wonderful stories in that book and breath easy." "Find out if there is an alarming deficit of rats at the Railway station. If there isn't first say Rats! when any one mentions the story. No, Finnigan, no rat of intelligence would run the risk." "That interruption of yours took me down from the lofty foundation stone of Science. Do you take any interest in Science?" "And what's that, Mr. Casey?" "Science, Finnigan, is made up mostly of weeds, bugs and theories but you might understand my definition, so I'll give you an illustration. Once on a time good people roasted one another for religious scruples, but after a while religion got like cold cabbage on their hands and they took to pillages. They held popular favor and gave a reasonable cause for broken heads until the supply of government jobs gave out, but now it's Science that's the bull's eye. As its only glory the scientists are hungry for, and that's an article which is likely to hold out we may as well jump in and get our share. Remember that the eyes of the Vox Populi are on the scientists. Finnigan, I am a convert to science and I feel it all through me. My boots are full of it and I want to preach its doctrines. Did your youthful anticipations ever dream of anything grander than to be a scientist?" "Well, Mr. Casey, I often thought that I'd like to be a King or an Emperor or perhaps a Millionaire." "Finnigan, beware! In my mind I see a picture of the Emperor of Russia. There he sits on a pile of bones with a barbed wire fence around him. A crown as big and beautiful as a butter skin is on his head, and just outside the wire fence are his dutiful and loving subjects, with bowie knives and razors ready to perform an operation on him for appendicitis. It reminds me I saw either in the Bible, Shakespeare or The Guardian the words—'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.' I often ruminated on these words, especially after admiring the

picture of a king with an extra display of knobs on his crown. Just you try sleeping with your head in a pot, the nearest thing in palace of comfort to a crown and you will understand the beauty and force of the words I quoted, and you'll be forced to go back to your own old job and your right cap; and as for being a millionaire—did you hear that the deputy sheriff and posse are after Rooky fellow, and as my illustrious friend Mr. Dooley would express it, John D. has taken to the tall timber; but I was talking about Science when you distracted me. "Scientists may go gunning for each other but so far as making money out of their fad is concerned they needn't worry about having the sheriff after them if they are hooked. I'm trying to explain to you what Science is. If I have a theory that there are microbes on Mars and it gets astray on me and you find it wandering around, and in tenderness of heart adopt it without any reference to its parents or guardians, you are liable to get into trouble. The proper thing to do is advertise your find in The Guardian. Don't make any hints that my theory is spavined, or don't say you don't want any of my glory, meaning that you don't want any unless you get the whole of it. In fact, Finnigan, when dealing in Science keep your mind on your don'ts. Now I have completely explained Science to you, and I hope your mind is clear enough to understand it. I'll tell you how I got interested in it.

"Of course you read about ragwort. Till the Big Book and the late storm come up, weren't we eating and drinking ragwort. Didn't The Guardian give us ragwort before breakfast and the other papers laid it across us as they put us to sleep. "Well, Clancy got reading about it and of course came to me to be put right. Being an authority on almost everything, I hated to say I hadn't the latest literature on the subject, so I ventured the opinion that it was a cross between a burdock and an onion and though it might not bear a strong facial resemblance to either it tasted and smelled like both. "I thought it was only a passing reflection of Clancy's," and that no harm would come of it, but didn't he set out with that stock of information to become a scientist, and he ate nearly every weed from Mr. Monaghan's farm on the North River Road to the old lime kiln seeking for that delicate flavor I described. "They found the poor fellow shaking his head and babbling like a ram and it's sheep poison the doctors say he's after being eating. He is in the Hospital and getting better but wouldn't it sound poetic to say that Pat Clancy died a martyr to Science. "When I speak authoritatively on European politics no harm is likely to result to anybody, but Science is a different thing and before I render another decision I intend to study ragwort myself but not from the same aspect as Clancy's. "Good afternoon Mr. Finnigan."

DR. HERRIDGE'S NEW BOOK

THE ORBIT OF LIFE by Rev. Dr. W. T. Herridge, of Ottawa [Revell Company, Toronto, \$1.00 net] is a collection of ten essays, or "Studies in Human Experience," as the sub-title states. The book is by no means an ordinary one. It contains much fresh and subtle thought, and there is an elevated literary distinction about the style which is quite unusual. A fine feeling for the right word is everywhere manifested; there is also much brilliant phrasing, and in addition Dr. Herridge is unquestionably a man of learning, being equally at home in both ancient and modern languages. He is also a literary artist in the

truest sense, for, not only are his words finely chosen, but he shows the rare instinct of the dramatist in the arrangement of his sentences and his matter. There are no lapses in either thought or language; the paragraphing is almost faultless; the chapter heading echoes in every sentence, and each essay works steadily forward to a strong and convincing climax. But apart from its fine literary qualities the book possesses the great additional merit of being sound in teaching. Dr. Herridge is a prophet. His only creed is truth. He does not wrest facts to bring them into line with his thesis;—indeed one of his greatest qualifications as a

teacher is that he has no thesis; and by this much he is therefore the safer guide. His mind is of the chronically judicial type; he tries everything—but fairly—and he even has a chapter "In Defence of Xanthippe." This quality of fairness is the most notable thing about the book. Though one feels that he is doing violence to a work of great art, a few sentences, in illustration of the above estimate of the book, may be given. Take this from the first essay—that on Perspective:— To flash new light upon old subjects, to break the thralldom of effete superstitions, to plant the standard of truth at little nearer the unattained heights of the ideal—this is what the world needs most, even when it seems least to want it. In the chapter on Appreciation one finds the brilliant and remarkably suggestive sentence,—"East End and West End are met together; Aristocracy and Democracy have kissed each other." Under the heading Self-Mastery is this:—"Though Sins and its Decalogue may be wanting, almost every people will try to devise something like it for themselves. It has been felt from the earliest times and among the least enlightened races that right and wrong are not to be heaped together in indiscriminate confusion, and that some effort should be made to prevent human nature from running about on deshabille."

A Prayer God of the lonely soul, God of the comfortless, God of the broken heart—for those, Thy tenderness! For prayers there be enough Yes, prayers there be to spare, For those of proud and high estate; Each hath his share. But the beggar at my door The thief behind the bars; And those that be too blind to see The shining stars; The outcast in his hut, The useless and the old; Whoever walks the city's streets, Homeless and cold; The sad and lone of soul Whom no man understands; And those of secret sin, with stains Upon their hands. And stains upon their souls: Who shudder in their sleep, And walk their ways with trembling hearts, Afraid to weep. For the childless mother, Lord, And ah, the little child Weeping the mother in her grave, Unreconciled— God of the lonely soul, God of the comfortless, For these, and such as these, I ask Thy tenderness! Whose sin be greatest, Lord: If each deserve his lot; If each but reap as he hath sown— I ask Thee not. I only ask of Thee The marvel of a space When these forgot and blind may look Upon thy face. Ella Higginson, in the December Scribner.

Why Sailors Wear Black Ties It is not generally known that Nelson's death was the origin of the black silk handkerchief which the sailor wears under his broad blue collar, tied in a loose knot in front. The scarf, or handkerchief, was first worn as mourning for the great Admiral, and by some means or other it was retained and eventually became a part of the naval man's uniform. The white stripes around the broad blue collar are unintelligible to the average individual, but they have a very significant meaning. They represent the victories at the Nile, Copenhagen and Trafalgar.

Sultan and the Empress The Sultan of Turkey, who never leaves the Kiosk except to go to prayers on Friday at noon, proposed to send various high dignitaries to receive the Kaiser as he stepped on the shore of the Bosphorus at the official landing place (on his visit to Constantinople). The Kaiser required that the Sultan must receive him in person; and the Sultan had to yield, for he keenly desired the glory in Mohammedan eyes of having a European sovereign come to pay his respect to the Commander of the Faithful. The Sultan was waiting, then, to receive the Emperor as he stepped from his boat, and two carriages were in readiness one to convey the two sovereigns and one for the Empress. The Kaiser returned the arrangement by putting the Empress into the front carriage with the Sultan, while he himself occupied the second. So the Sultan endured the indescribable humiliation of driving through the streets of his own capital, before the eyes of his Mohammedan subjects, sitting side by side with a Giasur woman. Nothing could be more humiliating to the Sultan than that situation, and the most effective counterblast to his Pan Islamic propaganda would be to circulate through all Islam the description of that carriage drive, if any Mohammedan could be induced to believe it.

Thy Father's Flocks. In summer-time the wee lambs browse, The loch lies blue in shadow, An' little breezes tell thy name To a' the ferny meadow. When mither left me, pair lone lad An' a' the world was dreary, Sae kind thou cam'st to comfort me Wi' blue eyes soft and cheery. It is no wise to love me weel, An' thou so grave an' tender, But when thy blue eyes pitted me 'Twas a' a'ne holy splendor! An' I but tent thy father's flocks, An' Angus Donald's laddie, Sae meanly glad the bitter wind Sweeps through my scanty plaidie. I maun's weel try to gain a star As thy sweet lips my dearie, I maun's weel try to sleep the cross Of gold on Kirk o' Mary. —Garnet Noel Wiley, in the Bohemian.

The Spring Written for the Magazine Guardian. While rambling through the country, one beautiful day one summer evening some three years ago, I came upon a most beautiful spot. Hidden in a clump of tall dark firs, deep set in the red rocky soil, was a spring. From the side of the bank—which was covered with a network of knarled and knotted roots—gushed a stream of crystal with a soft, musical cadence on the rocks below. Another larger stream issued from the base of the bank, and the two, uniting, found an outlet, and, emerging from the trees, flowed down the valley, a rippling, laughing brook. The sun was fast disappearing, the shadows grew longer, and a mysterious darkness crept over all. The waters were blotted out, and as I sat on the soft velvet of the bank, their gentle splashing, the sighing of the wind, and the answering whisper of a thicket called me into a dreamy slumber. But now all is changed. The embowering trees have been cut down, the velvet turf has been plowed over, the jewel has been robbed of its setting and its mystic beauty is gone forever.

Chy Father's Flocks. In summer-time the wee lambs browse, The loch lies blue in shadow, An' little breezes tell thy name To a' the ferny meadow. When mither left me, pair lone lad An' a' the world was dreary, Sae kind thou cam'st to comfort me Wi' blue eyes soft and cheery. It is no wise to love me weel, An' thou so grave an' tender, But when thy blue eyes pitted me 'Twas a' a'ne holy splendor! An' I but tent thy father's flocks, An' Angus Donald's laddie, Sae meanly glad the bitter wind Sweeps through my scanty plaidie. I maun's weel try to gain a star As thy sweet lips my dearie, I maun's weel try to sleep the cross Of gold on Kirk o' Mary. —Garnet Noel Wiley, in the Bohemian.