

Old Home Week and Carnival, Charlottetown, July 24 to 31. Write A. Irwin, Sec.

12 PAGES
1 to 4

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

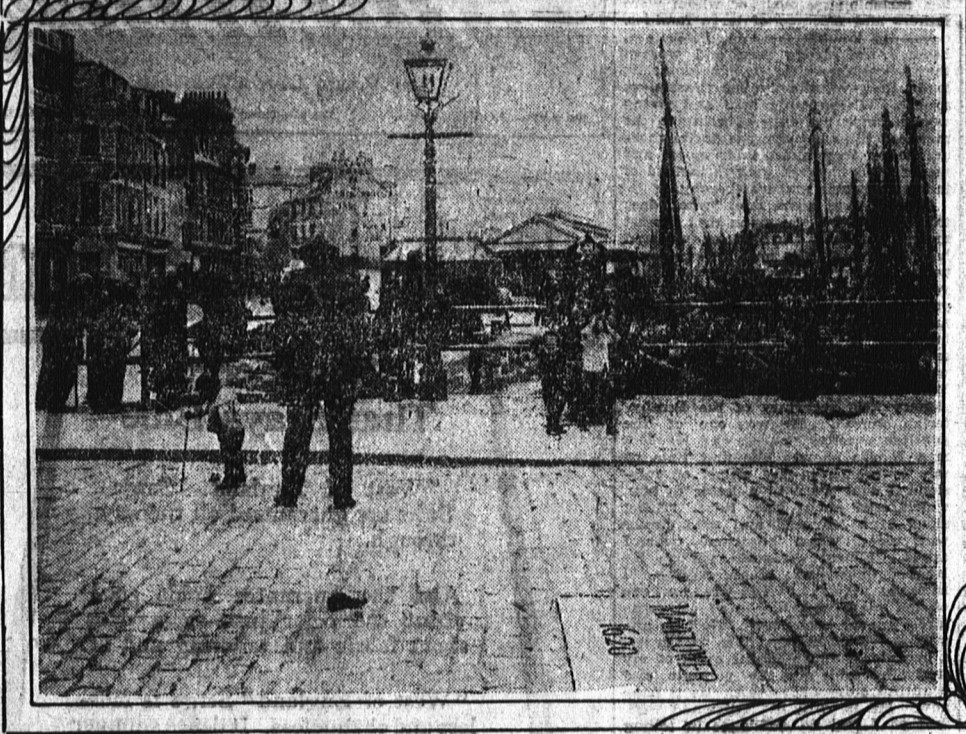
MORNING EDITION

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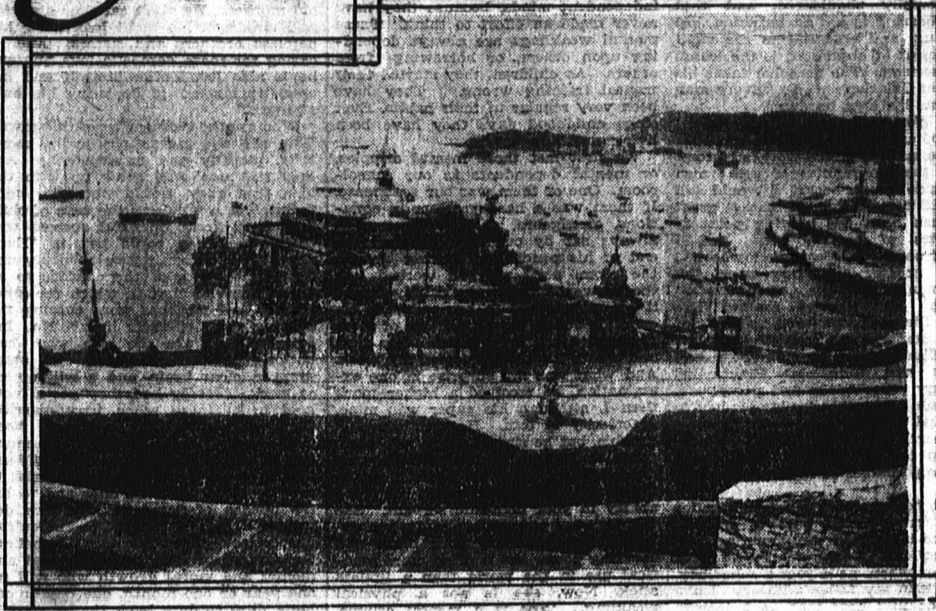
CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, CANADA, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1905.

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At The Mouth of the Plym



THE MAYFLOWER STONE, PLYMOUTH



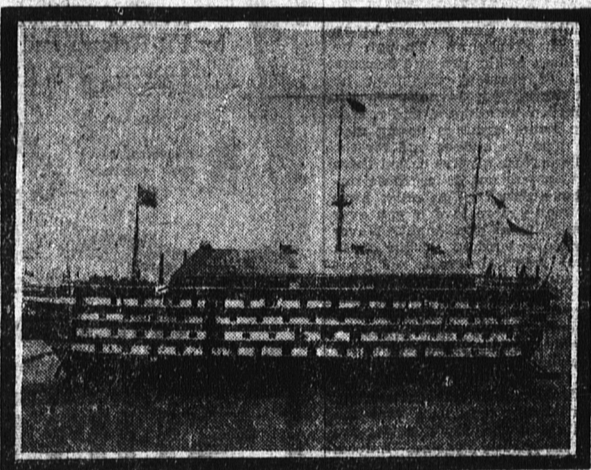
RECREATION PIER AND SOUND, PLYMOUTH



ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH
OF STONE, PLYMOUTH

Plymouth, Spring, June 1.—Your correspondent sprang ashore yesterday from the gangway of the great ocean liner, to find this serene island in the throes of four national holidays—the Bank Holiday, Shakespeare's Birthday, Easter Monday and St. George's Day. The two latter are religious observances, but the Bank Holiday is secular, occurring once in each of the four seasons, when all workmen solemnly lay down their tools and rest, by playing as hard as they can—running, cricketing, jumping, boxing, picnicking, boating, horse-racing and exercising with unusual vehemence and violence. Then, feeling much relieved and refreshed, they go to work again. On this blessed Bank Holiday, not only do all the banks shut their doors, but so do all other English institutions except churches and bar-rooms. An early president of the Bank of England had the patriotism and presence of mind to ordain that the anniversary of his important demise should be constantly celebrated—thus originating the decree that fills the island with leisure.

This Plymouth is one of the most attractive and beautiful of English cities. If I had been one of the Mayflower Pilgrims, I wouldn't have left. Some pictures of its lovely and spacious harbors will be sent you in time to appear with this letter. Here also is the granite memorial of the sailing of the English fleet to encounter the Spanish fleet of Philip in the good old times of Elizabeth; the fine monument to Sir Francis Drake, who was playing "nine-pins" here, when the cry came that the "Invincible Armada" was in sight, but who was not privileged to meet it, because, as inscribed upon the monument, "He blew with his winds and they were scattered." I send you also photographs of a church here built of cobblestones, a regatta in this harbor, with a corner of the fine Recreation Pier and the old Bellerophon, which kidnapped Napoleon and now lies here a schoolship for middles. It is much colder than usual here this spring, but vegetation seems, indeed, brilliant to one just from New York, and on the Hoe, a superb park on the very brow of the city facing the sea are two or three acres of gorgeous



OLD SHIP THAT FOUGHT IN THE REVOLUTION

flowers ranging from roses to verbenas, and entirely unprotected.

Plymouth has a wonderfully picturesque water front, easily lending itself to commerce, pleasure and defense. Perhaps, its apparent pugnacity leads all other features. It is one of the hundred minor Gibralters which England maintains in different quarters of the globe. Every promontory and point of vantage bristles with steel. There is a section of the British Army here, just as there is a section of the ditto everywhere. Battleships and armoured cruisers and protected destroyers lumber in the offing. There is a naval school here and a naval hospital and a naval dockyard and a naval laboratory and a machine barracks and a lot of other salt-water contrivances.

Yesterday we rode on the trolley out to Saltash, a suburb of Plymouth—whose young women are the terror of the saline sportsmen. These fisher damsels blunty refuse to acknowledge the physical su-

periority of the "male man," as Queen Anthony calls him. About a quarter of a century ago some of these ambitious girls concluded that they would like to win the prize in the annual regatta, especially as it was a loving cup of gold and silver and would hold a gallon. They made a cellar skiff, dressed in serviceable kilts, settled down to practice, gallantly sent word to all the Devonshire boys that they were in it for business; toed the mark on racing day, and, as the merchant said, who told me of it, "I'll be angel, sir, hef they didn't capture the jewelry and carry it away to their den!" Devonshire was astonished; but the girls insisted that it was no accidental spurt, and since that time they have won about half of the regattas in front of the town. Every year they send up the college yell "E-r-s-hill! We are coming!"

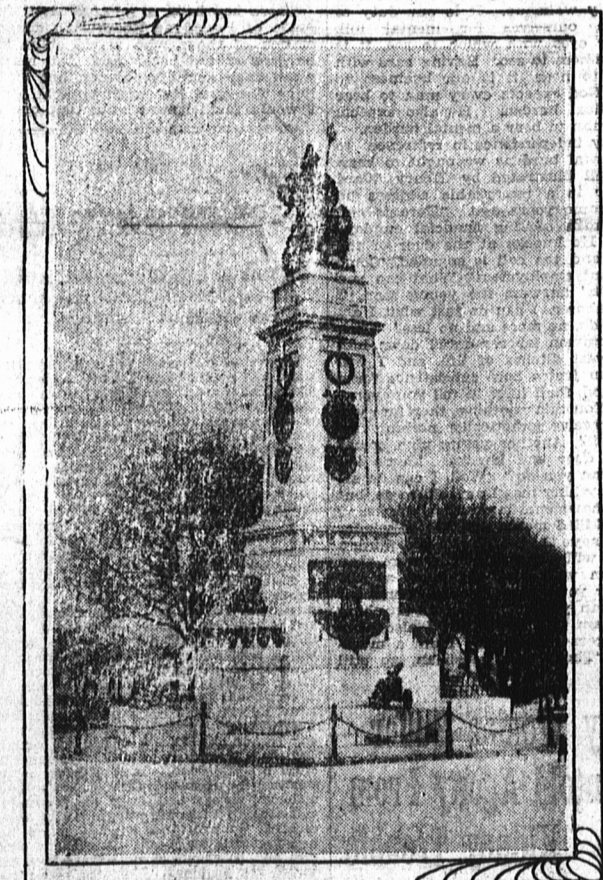
"No! Go way! Haven't anything for you!" exclaimed a Chicagoan, sitting with his wife on a couple of chairs in St. James Park the other day. The remark was addressed to an obvious beggar approaching and extending his hand without the obsequiousness of mendicancy, but in a peremptory manner: "Haven't a penny for you! Go way!" was repeated, for the speaker now saw that the bold supplicant was one of the licensed beggars of London.

"But I am authorized to collect a penny from every person who takes a chair in this park," explained the beggar, persisting.

"I know blamed well you are," said the visitor; "you are one of the King's professional beggars. It is an outrage to license you to plunder the public. I won't pay you—not a cent!"

"Wery sorry, hi am," replied the sturdy cadger; "wery sorry, it hatn't much, but I'm authorized to collect it, an' hi shall have to stay by you till we meets a policeman an' then an' you an' usadam hover to him!"

"You are an impudent scoundrel and plunderer!" persisted the American. "an' you can tell the King I said so. You're no better than a highwayman, lying in wait to rob people passing through the public park. That's what you are!"



ARMADA MEMORIAL AT PLYMOUTH

But he rose from the chair, fished two coppers from his pocket, handed them to the beggar and, with a final exclamation of "all such despotic tricks," indignantly left the park to its victorious custodian. Now, was that worth while? Why, of course not. The tourist did exactly the wrong thing. He got red in the face, not under the collar, and, without abolishing the custom, lost his penny, his temper and his dignity.

A good many things here are "different

to" what they are at home.

The first railroads were invented and constructed here and in the United States at about the same time. The result was that each country independently devised names for the various parts and functions of the compound vehicle, and these names are quite dissimilar. Our locomotive is called here an "engine," our fireman a "stoker," our engineer a "driver," and our car a "carriage"; our rails are called "irons," our switch a "shunt," our baggage "luggage," our conductor a "guard," our baggage car a "baggage van," our trunk a "box," our buying a ticket "book-ing," our depot a "station." Instead of shouting "all aboard!" the guard says, "take your seats." Moreover, the freight train is known as the "goods train," and the accommodation train is "the parliamentary." The switch-tender becomes the "pointman."

Here is certainly variety enough to cause lively controversy as to which is best, and even contention. Why not compromise on the conclusion that both ways are good and neither is best!

Of course, the unfamiliar phraseology is sometimes confusing and puzzling to the visitor in either country. The Boston woman who went out in London to find a dry goods store and buy a few yards of calico and a spool of thread was amazed and dizzy when she could find neither. She ultimately learned, however, that the dry goods store is a "haberdashery" on Regent street, that calico is "prints" and that a spool of thread is a "reel of cotton." She also learned that her accustomed coal was "coals," that her native forest was "a

wood," that a sugar bowl is a sugar "basin," that canned tomatoes are "tinned," that candy is "sweets," that crackers are "biscuits," that linen cuffs are "wrists," that a druggist is a "chemist," that an overcoat is a "topcoat" and a vest a "waistcoat," that rare meat is always "underdone," and that to be "sick" in England is to be nauseated.

Of course, here is stimulant to endless disputation if parties are unamiable. The Englishman is much inclined to stand up for his own uses of language as being obviously correct and entirely superior on the ground that England is older than America. At which the argumentative Yankee resorts to etymology and philosophy, and brazenly calls attention to the fact that the word "sick" is used 78 times in the Bible and Shakespeare and not once in the English sense.

Yes, it is by all means wiser to imitate the Romans when one is sojourning on the Tiber. Perhaps I have said that already in this series of letters. Never mind if I have. It cannot be whispered too often into the earflap of the American tourist in England. Nothing so makes for peace as to pour into the joints of a conversation the amicable oil of acquiescence.

I must not close this letter without a word about the Barbican. This is a cluster of fish wharves on the seaward side of the city. Fish are there in great plenty and in marvelous beauty, and fish women, muscular and crying the cries of their tribe. And under their shuffling and muddy feet is a grey paving stone some three feet square, bearing the legend "Mayflower, 1620." For this is the very spot where the Pilgrims took ship or far-off New-England—the British "Plymouth Rock." They hated the rod of persecution because they were at the wrong end of it, and they bravely faced the ocean and the winter and unknown land and panthers, wolves and Indians, that they might enjoy the blessed privilege of doing as they had been done by. Men and women who endured all these things they were, and each other, and as my foot pressed the British Plymouth Rock, I thought of several things.

GAMBLER SLAYS PREMIER.

ATHENS, June 13.—Theodore P. Delyannis the popular premier of Greece, was stabbed and mortally wounded by a professional gambler named Gherakaris at the main entrance of the chamber of deputies at 5 p. m. today. The premier died within three hours. The assassin, who was immediately arrested, said he committed the deed in revenge for the stringent measures taken by Premier Delyannis against the gambling houses, all of which were recently closed.

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J. H. ESTABROOKS, St. John, N. B.
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