

A Chapter In Our Island History

Text of a lecture delivered by the Very Rev. Dr. McDonald at the Mackenzie Hall, at Charlottetown, on Jan. 27, 1931.

(Continued from yesterday's Guardian)

Before taking leave of my subject the important question may be asked: Have the descendants of those people, whose immigration to this country I have been describing, made progress for the last hundred years more than we would expect? After making every possible allowance in their favour, such as the backward state of the colony on their arrival, the long and arduous journey they had to undergo with their almost entire ignorance of ordinary farming—farming being in fact a thing they had to learn, while those from other countries came out here ready-made farmers—after, I say, making all due allowance in their favour, I unhesitatingly say that many of them at least have not within the last hundred years made that progress which they might and should have made.

You will, perhaps, say that those of the present generation are more comfortable in style, and are better educated than their forefathers were. But we cannot close our eyes to the fact that too many of them are neither so comfortable nor independent at the present day, as their grandfathers were sixty or seventy years ago. And as to the progress they may be supposed to have made in articles of dress, for my part, would be equally sceptical on this point.

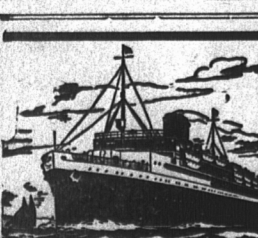
We leave the Kilts and Millbagg out of the question, for after their defeat at Culloden the poor Highlanders were forbidden to wear that dress which they considered the only dress worth wearing, and the loss of which formed the subject of some of the most plaintive Gaelic lyrics of that period. There were other articles of dress which also distinguished the Highlander of that day, and with which the law in its mercy did not interfere; namely, the hair, which the men wore remarkably long, and which, plaited into a long queue, fell gracefully over their manly shoulders; and also the time-honoured Scotch bonnet.

The Highlanders of old were always known to "secure" their bonnet, as they called it, before going into battle—that is, they pulled the bonnet close over their brow, the better to protect the head and prevent the bonnet from falling off in the mêlée of battle. As long as he had his old Scotch bonnet on his head he did not look for helmet or coat of mail, or any such protection. But when the English laws so far as the head dress was concerned, we find that both the queue and the Scotch bonnet had for a long time quite disappeared in this country, and were superseded now by a fur cap, now by a Kossuth, and now by a Glengarry. Some of the good ladies, and to their credit be it said, they were not without a spirit of patriotism and good sense; they have donned the long cast-off and half forgotten Scotch bonnet, but their good sense seems to call it by the high sounding name of a Tam O'Shanter.

Of course, we could not expect that our venerable forefathers could have known their everyday headgear by that classical name, for the simple reason that the immortal author of Tam O'Shanter was only a mere toddling child at the time they came to this country. Tam O'Shanter is therefore only another name for the good old Scotch bonnet of our great grandfathers, and if the good ladies find it to be such a duck of a bonnet, and they are, of course, the best judges in such

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(matters) I leave it to yourselves to say in what direction the so-called progress tends. Is it in a backward or forward direction? Again, in point of intelligence, the present generation may be more flippancy in talking about politics and that sort of thing, but as regards real intelligence and sound knowledge, founded on good common sense, I would not venture to say that they have much, if anything, to boast over the average run of those who have gone before them.

It is also a very notorious fact that many of the present generation do not appear to succeed in making an independent living on the very farms which their forefathers bought and paid for, at a time when farms were sold at an unreasonably high price, and on which they nevertheless lived like independent gentlemen. How come all this? It is for those personally interested to look to it. The fact is self-evident, and stares them full in the face, and if through want of energy and honest industry and with eyes open they allow themselves to go to the wall, they will scarcely deserve out pity. Many of them never allow themselves to be carried away by the vain, but too common delusion of aspiring to public offices of emolument and government patronage. For the moment they place themselves and their prospects at the mercy of any government party, ever changing and changeable, that moment they sacrifice their true independence and manhood and enter upon a precarious course, which may last for a whole lifetime, and in which they will find themselves placed like honest Wilkins Mcawber, always "waiting for something to turn up."

Let them also take precious good care that through their own recklessness, some of them do not wake up some fine morning to find themselves the mere surfs of grasping Shylocks, slimy and slippery Uriah Heaps, and unscrupulous rascals.

We every day listen to parties expatiating eloquently on the necessity of importing a better class of farmers, and asserting that until a great part of the land of the Island passes out of the hands of the present occupiers, into those of a better class of farmers, the Colony can neither thrive nor prosper. No doubt the arrival of a class of Old Country farmers, possessed of ready capital, would be the signal for the closing of many mortgages, and the transfer of many old homesteads into the hands of strangers; and it is also quite possible that a class of farmers imported fresh from the Old Country would be more tractable and subservient in the hands of those amongst us who fancy themselves born to rule. But, as I have said already let those interested look to it, and look afar for there are breakers ahead. Let them act their part manfully and they will find that, under Divine Providence, in their own hands rests the opportunity of religion and patriotism, will naturally, as a matter of course, imbibe such lofty sentiments as we find embodied in the following lines of Sir Walter Scott:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead, Who never to himself has said, This is my own, my native land; Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd As home his footsteps he hath turn'd From wandering on a foreign strand; If such there be, go mark him well, For him no minstrel raptures swell, High though his title, proud his name, Boundless his wealth as wish can claim; Despite those titles, power and pelf, That wreath'd, concentred all in self, Living, shall forfeit fair renown, And, doubly dying, shall go down To the vile dust from whence he sprung, Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung."

I might here, perhaps, be asked: What, would I place politics under a ban, and deny my fellow colonists the right to take any interest whatever in the great public questions that may from time to time be ushered into existence? Would I deny them the free exercise of their native rights as free-born citizens of a great and free country? Most certainly not. Nothing could be more foreign to my principles, or more shocking to my feelings, than to see any man exercise his birthright of freedom to its fullest extent, and discuss freely all questions touching both private and public interests, but at the

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same time let it be done in the enlightened spirit of true patriotism, and not in the blind, cramped spirit of prejudice and bitter faction. A man who is honest and industrious, and who attends to his business, can realize himself in the social standing of his neighbors. There is in our great Dominion an ample field for all their talents, and for all their energy. A man may enjoy his position, and command the esteem and respect of his fellow-men—in fact, he may be a "solid man" even if he never aspires to prominent positions, for which kind nature, perhaps, never intended him; for, in the greatest and best disciplined army, every soldier of the line, however brave, does not claim the right to be an officer on the Commander-in-Chief's staff. Let them, in a word, remember that true love of country does not consist in the mercenary love of the fleshpots of office. And here I

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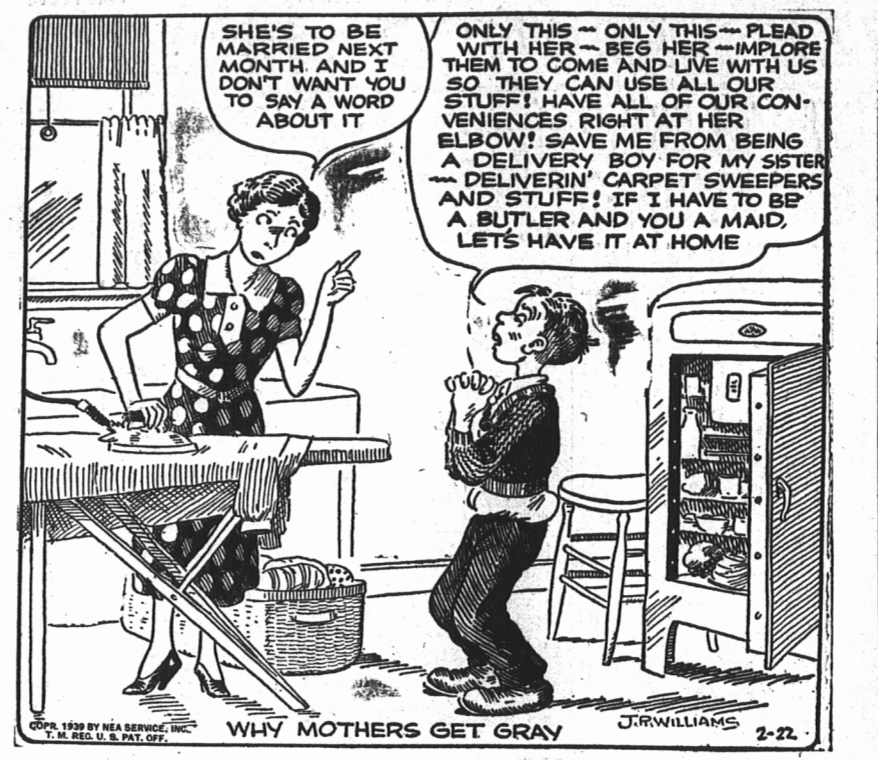
HAMPSHIRE The Hampshire School is progressing favorably under the careful direction of Mr. Millar McFadyen. Mrs. Chester Edwards, has returned home from visiting her daughter, Mrs. Wendell Wood, Royalty. A number of hockey fans attended the game of hockey in Oornwall rink Monday night between the Cornwall O.C. and North River Linds, which resulted in a score of 5 to 3 in favor of Oornwall. Great interest is being taken in skating and hockey by both girls and boys in this vicinity. Splendid ice and lights are made possible by the boys of the community and many nights this healthful

pastime is enjoyed by a great number both near and far. Mr. Cecil J. Stewart, Director of the Holstein Friesian Association, returned Saturday evening from Toronto, while there he attended the annual meeting of the Association. Master Lawson Tremere's many friends are pleased to see him out again, after his severe sickness of pneumonia. A Valentine dance was held on Tuesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Easton, and a most enjoyable time was spent. Music was supplied by Donald McDonald on the piano, accompanied on the Piano by Mrs. Easton and daughter. Refreshments was served by the hostess and all returned home in the wee small hours, hoping to have the pleasure over again in the very near future.

Mrs. Judson Clow Jr. has returned home from the P. E. I. Hospital where she underwent an operation for appendicitis. The many friends of Mrs. God. Kilsom will be pleased to learn that she is improving after her recent operation in the P. E. I. Hospital. EAST ROYALTY SCHOOL January, Half-yearly Exams: Junior: Grade I-4, Maurice Walsh, 3. Florence Henry, 3. Gladys Henry, Grade II 1.-Allison Holmes, 2. Pauline Morrisey, Grade III-4, Allison Moore, 2. Claire Morrisey, 3. Leonard Hynes, Grade IV-1, Robert Clements, 2. Lena Stewart, 3. Elvia Robertson. Grade V-1, Velma Andrew, 2. Ada Robertson, 3. Thelma Hynes.

Senior: Grade VI-1, Elsie Walsh, 3. Albert Holmes. Grade VII-1, Kathleen Rayson, 2. Shirley Darrach, 3. Ethel Roper. Grade VIII-1, Bernice Morisey, 2. Mona Gray, 3. Doris Clements. Grade IX-1, Ralph Robertson, 2. Donald Holmes, 3. Harold Clements. Grade X-1, Lila Morrisey, 2. Ursula Morrisey, 3. Keith Gray. George Matheson, Junior, Gordon Douglas, Principal. PASADENA, Calif., Feb. 20.—Still unconscious and suffering from a brain concussion, Captain C. T. I. (Pat) Roark, veteran Irish-born polo star and British Army officer, remains in a critical condition today after falling during a polo match between England's international cup team and California's wick high goal quartet.

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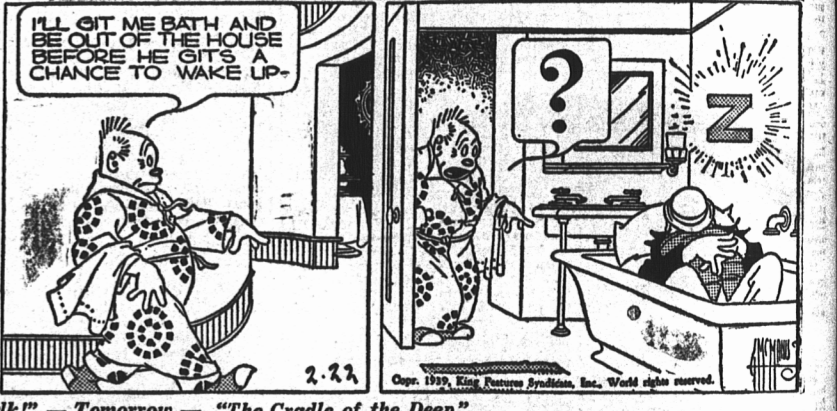


YES, HE HEARS YOU, MAJOR

BRINGING UP FATHER



BRINGING UP FATHER



THIMBLE THEATRE, STARRING POPEYE



THIMBLE THEATRE, STARRING POPEYE



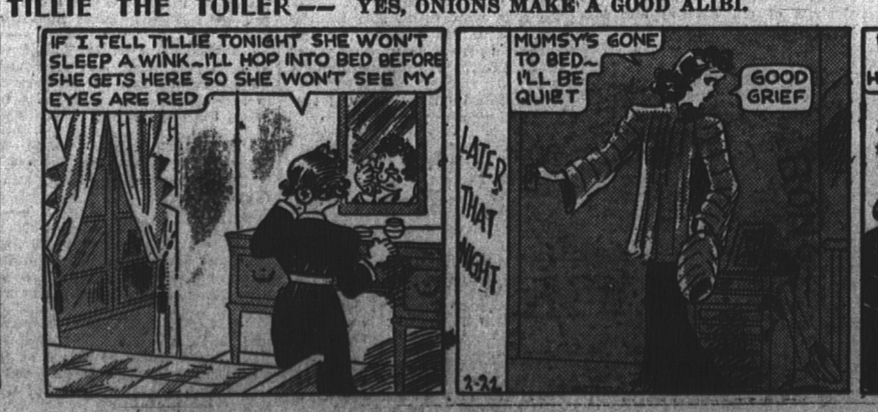
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