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A WESTERN LETTER

By KATHERINE HUGHES

(Conclusion) prince of good-fellows, Mr. George Ham, conveyed another section by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

All North American tourists—and many of Great Britain are aware now what delights there are in a Canadian transcontinental trip with the glistening splendors of the Rockies at the end of it.

There were always officials of governments of cities and railway corporations, newspaper men, even a venerable Bishop once and a Governor. Among other unofficial people was Mr. Nolan, the Calgary barrister who is known as the "witziest man in the west."

For this at last was the real west, that begins after you leave Winnipeg—the land of the cowboys and Indians that used to thrill us in earlier days.

It is a real experience to ride all one day through a district of growing grain, and the next to waken to a country apparently as limitless—open, sunny, horizon-bounded, with immense herds of cattle ranging on the hills.

fertile lands of New Ontario. Back where they only need that long-promised Georgian Bay and Ottawa Canal, with a little more British capital, to rival even the West's advance.

But we first began to grasp the idea of what western wheat means to Canada when at Fort William we looked on the immense grain-elevators, some of them the largest in the world, upon the great coal docks; upon the network of railway tracks and the shipping there.

But if Sturgeon Fall and Fort William gave fine passage of western growth—Winnipeg, the great western Metropolis, was a revelation! I shall never forget how we were impressed with the scene in the rotunda of the C. P. R. depot on our arrival there.

Winnipeg's main streets carry out the promise of the railway station. One of them, seven miles long over the old trail to Ft. Garry, is in the downtown parts, simply alive with people—strong, self-reliant Canadians with many Americans and more timid Europeans who will be Canadians.

The city that 30 years ago was a mere trading-post, though a historical one, and that five years ago had 45,000 residents, has now about 100,000. Paved streets, lined with new residences, many of them handsome are running out to what two

years ago was open prairie; to what a few decades ago was the camping ground of the ancient owners of the west.

The affairs of the Indians in western Canada are supervised still by a man whom they learned years ago to be a disinterested friend, —Hon. David Laird, Commissioner of Indian Affairs. There is no more interesting figure in all Winnipeg than this venerable statesman of the old school of Confederation days, patriotic, disinterested and splendidly upright.

In Winnipeg the club was entertained by Lieut. Governor and Lady MacMillan, the Hon. Robert Rogers, representing the provincial government and by the civic council. This first experience of western hospitality, whilst on a scale befitting the dignity of Winnipeg, was but the initiation to a series of hospitalities as varied as delightful.

If they have been in the country 10 or 12 years they are prosperous and contented; if they have but recently arrived they believe that in a few years more of work they will be in a comfortable way too. Hope is the keynote of the West.

This is not an isolated instance. The Pope farm nearby was bought eight years ago by Mr. J. C. Pope, formerly of Prince Edward Island, for \$8 an acre, and was mortgaged for the purchase money. But in eight years of western life much happens. Mr. Pope refused \$100 an acre for his farm not long ago.

Outside Calgary, Indian Head and Brandon there were similar stories of prosperity. The man who bought railway or improved lands for a few dollars an acre, 10 or 12 years ago, finds its value now to be from \$25 to \$100 per acre, if it was then at all near a town.

We were glad to observe that though the west may be very busy making money it certainly does not forget the children. This army of radiant young Canadians receive every attention apparently.

This hope in the next generation was touchingly apparent in a group met on a Winnipeg street near the foreign quarters one Sunday. A young Gallician couple were out for a Sunday promenade. They still wore the European clothes that distinguished them as Gallicians, but the little wife was pushing along a modern baby's go-cart from which His Majesty the baby in a new Canadian calico frock and sailor hat looked about with some show of interest in the passing through

A Holiday Hero

Now he is coming back From his vacation, With an enormous stack Of information! Anecdotes by the score Into your ear he'll pour. He is the greatest bore In all creation.

Quite half of what he says Is iteration, Yet he can talk for days Without cessation! Tell you of table d'hotes, Dives, rides and sailing boats, Dotted with various notes Of admiration!

Oh, the wild yarns he'll weave Of some flirtation, Which you may well believe With hesitation; What he did, where he went, What lots of cash he spent, Now back without a cent, Same old collation!

Best not take too much heed Of his narration, For his tales always need Verification! Would he but always stay On a long holiday! No! There he comes this way! Oh! botheration!

The girlish mother's face was radiant under her kerchief-cap; the awkward young father beamed on the up-to-date baby, and the world generally; together they meant to make a Canadian out of this young personage and to start him with no handicaps. It was a little incident; but the truest indications lie usually in small things; however.

But from babies to land again—to the land that in its vastness is always demanding attention. The southern section of Alberta and Saskatchewan are no longer left to ranchers only. They have proved to be excellently adapted to dairy farms, mixed farming and winter wheat. Irrigation is supplied at many points by large companies as well as by the C. P. R. at an almost nominal cost yearly.

With growing settlement of the land, manufacturing are being built in the cities to meet the demands of the settlers. Edmonton with its good coal-beds and three transcontinental lines to pass through, is pluming its wings for an ambitious industrial flight. Lethbridge in Southern

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NATAL REBELLION

By F. W. L. MOORE

Victoria Club, Maritzburg. July 25th, 1906.

Several of my old friends at home have written me asking for some information as to the rebellion among the Natives in Natal and Zululand; and indeed considering the rigid press censorship and the often misleading reports published in the English and Colonial papers this is scarcely to be wondered at.

It struck me that a few lines from one who had been five years doing police work among the South African Natives and who has had an intimate official knowledge of affairs in Natal in particular for the past two years, might be of interest to your readers, and give them a better idea of the real facts than the crude conclusions jumped to by Mr. Keir Har-

die and some other members of the Imperial Commons, who may know something of affairs in their own parish but certainly are woefully ignorant of the existing circumstances in Natal.

I notice an item in your issue of 1st June last in which you compare the present campaign with the one we fought against Getaway and his impis in 1879. Whilst the comparison holds very fairly well as regards the manner of fighting of the Zulus it does not do so at all respecting the way we are fighting them. The Zulu is the same brave and reckless warrior rushing in the excitement of the charge to the very muzzles of the guns and still clinging to his beloved assegai and shield and his old crescent shaped form or attack, as in the days of Tshaka and Dingaan. They had a limited number of modern rifles, and a great lot of old muskets and elephant guns; but the spear was the arm on which they relied, and the overpowering rush of numbers upon a smaller force their only battle tactics.

Had we employed similar tactics to those used by the Imperial troops in 1879, there cannot be a doubt that similar results would have followed; we should have had another Isandhlwana, which

might or might not have been redeemed by a Korke's Drift and Ulundi. For it common knowledge that practically the whole million Natives in this Colony were only waiting to see how the cat would jump; and had they inflicted on us such disasters as happened in 1879, would have been up in arms to a man, and then the unlucky 100,000 whites would have had a warm time indeed.

But we faced them on different lines. Instead of English, we sent out our Colonial Militia led by Colonial Officers, who instead of waiting in laager for the enemy to gather in overwhelming force and then, carried the war into the bushy, rocky fastnesses of Zululand, and beat them out of the very strongholds which the great-grandfathers and fathers had boasted to be impregnable to the whiteman's attack. This could only have been done by men who knew the country they were fighting in and the foe they had to meet and his wiles. The result has been so far from what we expected that we have had a loss of about a score killed, but have swept the rebels up, never giving them time to recover after a defeat, but smashing them again wherever the showed head. They have lost about 3,000 killed and a similar number captured. (To be continued.)

Alberta has cheap coal too; it stands at the gateway of the rich mineral district about Crow's Nest and Kootenay—and it is blessed with the balmy Chinook winds that never permit winter a real foothold here.

Calgary with its rich grain and cattle country about it, is rapidly becoming a distributing and wholesale centre. Medicine Hat with its stores of natural gas and cheap coal to supply motive power extends open arms to manufacturers. It even supplies natural gas to them at 5 cents per 1000 feet.

Indian Head with its line of grain-elevators rising from the prairie is content with its name as a centre of the hard wheat belt, with its superb horses and an Experimental Farm that is the boast of all Saskatchewan. On this farm we drove for miles through leafy avenues, where 15 years ago there was not even a shrub. At that time people said trees could not be grown successfully on the prairies. But the seeds were sown under the supervision of Angus MacKay, the Superintendent; they flourished and now the farm supplies thousands of seeds and cuttings free to farmers who have the good taste to desire trees about their home.

Edmonton, that ten years ago was a trading post and five years ago had less than 3,000 people has now over 10,000. Settlers were coming in here so fast in the early summer that they could not find houses or hotel accommodation at first but contented themselves with tents, as was done at Saskatoon, the most ambitious young town in Saskatchewan. To those who benefited by the classes in the old Prince of Wales, it will be of interest that a former Science Professor there, is now Deputy Minister of Agriculture in Alberta. Albertans say enthusiastically of Mr. George Harcourt that he has done more for the agricultural development of the two new provinces than any other one man.

In Edmonton and Regina our receptions were elaborately planned and thoroughly enjoyed. At Regina it included a civic luncheon, a reception at Government House, another at the barracks of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police—the headquarters of one of the most efficient and picturesque forces in the world. In Calgary we grew frivolously young again at a picnic on the banks of the Elbow at Mr. Peterson's noted ranch. At Lethbridge one Saturday night the men—clever men—opened the doors of social life in the west. No frontier reception this, but one in evening clothes and quite as convenient as one could wish for.

At Cardston, the frontier Mormon town that is not many miles away from the Sweet Grass country of Montana, the reception program planned for Lord Grey last summer was repeated for us—the band, the civic holiday, the broncho-busting and all. The cowboys, among whom were the famous Anstia brothers, were just as skilful horsemen, just as picturesque and as naively entertaining

as the pictures of western life have led us to believe. They were not one whit disappointing—but we decided that broncho busting is not the glorious sport we expected, when we saw the broken "outcast" slip away at the end quivering, dispirited, and—this is what hurt us—with telltale crimson stains on his gray sides.

The Mormons in Canada are not permitted to practice polygamy. They assert that they no longer believe it an essential practice of their faith which is by the way, composed mainly of the ordinary tenets of denominational Christian belief. In fact one could easily believe that these Mormons had run away to Canada to get rid of their polygamous relatives. Their large sugar-factory has a capacity of 10,000,000 pounds per annum, and at Magrath they brought 200 bright, intelligent school-children to the station to greet us with flags and shower-bouquets of prairie-flowers. Cardston was first settled seven years ago by Mr. and Mrs. Card, the latter being one of the several dozen children of the late "widely lamented" Brigham Young.

A great many people from the Maritime Provinces have settled about Calgary, Medicine Hat, Edmonton and Prince Albert. Such names as Ings and Desbrisay, Pope and Hyndman bring a whiff of Island sea air with them even to the prairies.

The trip throughout was one of revelation: people must actually go west if they would have any adequate idea of what the Lone Land of the last century is

developing into; and they will assuredly return better Canadians. The culmination of our tour was Banff. They probably are, as we are told, more beautiful spots farther in the Rockies, but for first acquaintance Banff was enough; we learn to know mountains as we make friendships—very slowly. The new organized Alpine Club of Canada will proceed in this way to explore and climb the Rockies' higher peaks. This summer they met at Field and spent over a week in and about the beautiful Yoho Valley. Swiss guides were with the party. The secretary of the Club, by the way, is also an Islander.—Mr. David Laird a nephew of Hon. David Laird and a successful young lawyer of Winnipeg. We awakened one morning to step out into a world of mountains of glistening white peak and misty valleys. And we felt that this alone was worth a journey across Canada. That afternoon six of our party chose to stride on cayuses, while the rest of the party went for a long carriage-drive. Our mounts picked their way a long the bridle-trail as warily as foxes, and climbed up and up to the more rarified air of the mountain-top, past streams snow-bordered—up into the teeth of a wind that chilled our hands and feet and resolved itself into fluttering snow-storm as we stood on the summit with the "eterna snows" at our feet.

For the view of the summit Bow Valley below, with the enfolding mountain about it—there are no words. We assimilate

(Continued on page 5.)

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