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

THE MAGAZINE GUARDIAN

Succeeding 5/6 PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE Issued Every Saturday Morning.

To the memory of the two members of the Prince Edward Island Contingent who, six years ago, fell at Paardeburg. It was the privilege of Prince Edward Island to send to the Mother Country a splendid body of men in answer to her call for aid, and it is her glory to record that two of her sons sealed with their blood the compact which all would willingly have died to keep.



ALFRED RIGGS Killed Feb. 27, 1900.

IN MEMORIAM.

Alfred Riggs and Roland Taylor.

Killed in Battle at the Modder River South Africa Feb 1900.

On Africa's blood stained Veldt they lie Who, fighting Freedom's battle fell 'Mid bayonet's gleam and scream of shell— The sons we sent to do—to die.

The patriot's part to do and dare: The warrior's hot baptismal fire May make him blench who fights for hire:



TABLET ON MONUMENT ERECTED IN QUEEN SQUARE CHARLOTTETOWN.

But these had breathed a purer air. Great hearts were theirs—the young in years Yet old in courage, strong in deed— To whom we yield the hard earned meed Of bitter, unavailing tears. They may not sleep with kindred dust— Above the graves we may not weep Of those who lie in slumber deep— Who fought our fight 'gainst laws unjust. A world wide Empire's loud acclaim, A broad Dominion's hymns of praise, Their Island homes green crown of bays And cypress wreaths, their deeds proclaim.

J. M. K.



ROLAND TAYLOR Killed Feb. 18, 1900.

TALE OF 3 VILLAGES Being a History of Annandale, Bridgetown and Dundas, P. E. Island.

By Geo. E. Saville. ON a headland, separating Blackett's Creek from Grand River and known as Banks Point, there lies that compact group of cottages, stores and warehouses known for the last half century as Annandale. The place was so named by the late James Johnston, Daniel McAulay and Robert Howlett. Before receiving this name, which is that of one of the territories in Scotland of which King Robert the Bruce was overlord in the good old days, the whole settlement at the mouth of Grand River was known by the not very distinctive name of "The Wharf". This portion of King's County was settled about the year 1800 by the Blackett family, who took up land on the east side of the small river that still bears the name of Blackett's Creek. They were Englishmen. John Blackett, the first of the family settled in the colony, and lived to a good old age. His son, William, lived to the patriarchal age of one hundred and two years and six months. The writer remembers seeing him fishing mackerel in his one hundredth year, and it is probable that he killed more wild geese than any other man who has ever followed that branch of sport in this province, having shot them every season for ninety years. A history of his exploits while shooting geese would be well worth reading, but we will leave it at present for want of space. Three of his sons are still living—Daniel, on part of the old farm, Robert in Souris, and William in Lunenburg. A man named Carpenter was the next settler. As he left no descendants I can find out very little about him, save that he cleared the land on which the village now stands and the cellar over which his house was built almost a century ago can still be seen in Henry Norton's field. George Banks, a son of a Virginian Loyalist arrived about the same time as Carpenter and settled a little west of where John Howlett's store now stands. There he made his home and there he died; he was likely the first man to plant an orchard of apple trees in that section. He had an orchard of large trees over three score years ago, when the grand-father of the writer was a small boy. About 1830 Robert Howlett, senior, and Joseph Chiffy settled here. Mr. Howlett married one of George Bank's daughters

and settled on part of the Banks estate, Mr. Chiffy settled on Chiffy's Point. About 1845 Stephen McDonald built the first house in the present village of Annandale and started business. But in a short time he gave way to Andrew McInnis, and he in turn to Ralph Brecken who came down from Charlottetown with a supply of goods. He, however, did not like the place and sold out to John Frost who did business a mile from the village, close to where George Banks, Jr., now resides. Mr. Frost did a large and profitable business here for many years, and accumulated considerable wealth. His hospitality to the stranger is still remembered by many of the older people. About 1850 the first permanent business house was established by Daniel McAulay and James Johnston. Since then the business has been conducted without a break by the same firm, first as McAulay & Johnston, then by James Johnston, then by Edwin McFarlane, then by McFarlane & McPhee, and since Mr. McPhee's retirement from the firm a few years ago, by Edwin McFarlane again. About the time McAulay & Johnston started and for twenty-five years thereafter the place rapidly rose in importance, and it bid fair to become the business capital of King's County. During this period stores were opened and conducted with varying fortunes by Edward Goff, George Bosdit, George Wise, Robert Howlett, senior, A. A. Macdonald & Bros., Ronald Walker, S. P. Conroy and Thomas Taylor. Several vessels were built, and a large trade in cattle and produce to Newfoundland and St. Pierre was developed by the Howlett Bros., the firm being composed of John, David and James Howlett. Their vessels were sailed by William B. Howlett whose exploits and hairbreadth escapes still form a fire-side topic on many a stormy night. Captain Howlett was drowned in the spring of 1877, while trying to get to a dory that had blown to sea. The death of James Howlett from the effects of an accidental out-reveling in their ship yard, and the death of David Howlett a few years later broke up the firm of Howlett Bros. Robert having retired to his farm in the meantime. John Howlett sold the firm's vessels and devoted his time to agriculture also. Although during the last few years he has again opened up a store a short distance from the village he still

expends most of his energy managing his splendid farm. About twenty-five years after the advent of McAulay and Johnston, Annandale was hindered in growth owing to the building of the P. E. I. Railway, for on account of the inexcusable neglect of the representatives of the place in the Legislature the line was allowed to be built many miles to the north instead of being carried through the centre of the county from Mount Stewart which would have caused it to run through Dundas, a point sufficiently near to have probably resulted in a short spur line being built to Annandale. As a result of the neglect to secure the advantages of the railroad Annandale has made very little growth in the last twenty years. George Howlett, Albert McMillan, and Caleb Robertson, who had opened stores were forced to close them in a few years owing to trade being diverted to the Railway points. The only firms there now are Edwin McFarlane, general storekeeper, produce dealer and lobster packer, A. A. McDonald & Bros., who do a similar business, and John Howlett who keeps a general store. There are two churches—the Presbyterian, and the Baptist—about a mile from the village. There are two forges owned by William Jenkins and Caleb Robertson; and perhaps the best equipped country or village school in the Province. Jas. Robertson and Mrs. McAulay conduct two good village hotels. The village and the large farming district across the river known as Launching are connected by a ferry between Annandale Wharf and the point of Grand River Beach. Years of agitation have resulted in securing a steamship service to Pictou, Souris, Georgetown and Bridgetown, the Madagen S. S. Company having entered into an eight years contract for this service, and it might not be out of place to say that to the late R. J. Leslie is due much of the credit for the establishment of this service. The placing of Range Lights to mark the entrance to the harbor a few years ago has also resulted in much benefit to the mariners and fishermen of the place. The customs house is in charge of Peter McMillan, the village shoemaker, while William Jenkins holds the position of wharfinger and harbor master. As this history has grown much more rapidly than the village during the last

few years I must now bring it to a close by stating that I have been forced to exclude several important matters because of the lack of authentic dates. I may say that besides those families mentioned above others such as the Nortons, (Jas. and William), the Swallows, Robertsons, Tassels and Taylors have also done much to build up the place. I trust that anyone who reads this sketch and finds that his forefathers have not received due credit in the story of the village's growth will remember that owing to the lack of authentic records it is not nearly as easy as one would imagine to picture the happenings of even one half a century ago and my main object in writing this article has been to, if possible prevent the names of the chief actors, and the principal events, being lost in vague tradition, and perhaps total oblivion. I wish to do this because the village was my boyhood home, many happy hours having been spent by me within its borders; and sometimes when I remember what plans for achieving fame my playmates and myself used to evolve, roaming along the shores and trudging to the old Big Run school house I long to be back with my boyhood comrades again for just a little while. But that can never be. Many many of them who were merry and happy a few short years ago now sleep their final sleep in the old Church yard. Those of us who remain must work, worry and battle with life in all its strenuous phases, our boyish dreams of times forgotten,—until our Mother Nature, bids us also fold our arms in our last long sleep to be laid away beside those who have gone before us, where the restless sea shall chant a constant requiem long after those we have written about, and that which we have described, shall have been forgotten.

FEBRUARY



CRANKHAVEN NOTES

THE Natural Hysterical Society of Crankhaven last night had an interesting debate on the subject now apparently enthralled the minds of the people of the Metropolis. Is the sun hot? Prof. Nockemistiff in the chair. In his introductory remarks he denounced the question at issue as insane, puerile and absurd. "Of course the sun is hot," he said, "not as hot in dog days, or poll-tion in election times, hot as a horseshot when the smith is welding on the trolley. I know." (Cheers) Then Schoolmaster Sleepplate rose to argue that the sun was not hot, but that we got an impression of light and heat from our optic and sensory nerves. It was all a matter of wave lengths and atmospheric resistance he said, and he believed the Chairman was out of order. This riled Mr. Nockemistiff, who heaved his two hundred pounds avoirdupois into the air, waved his arms, clenched his dukes and wanted the schoolmaster to understand that he was as sound a man and as well a man as there was in the Hysterical Society, and expressed his desire to prove this to Mr. Sleepplate if the latter "would come to the fore." Mr. Sleepplate subsided under this fitting rebuke and order being restored, Mr. Mildman said it seemed to him that heat was heat and light was light, whether the one came from a stove with a good fire in it and the other from a burning lamp, or both came from the sun. (Cheers) What had distance to do with it? Much he said. Sit by your fire and you are warm. Sit closer and you might burn yourself. Sit forty feet away and you perhaps feel cold. Wave lengths he argued had nothing to do with it. Where was the wave length when your hand touched red hot iron? The middle of the fire was the hottest place of all. That was where the blacksmith put the iron to bring it to a welding heat, as had been referred to by the learned chairman in his opening remarks (Cheers) (Hear Hear from Chairman Nockemistiff). An indignant remark of young Mr. Knowitall, who had been at College to the break-up of what promised to be an interesting and informing discussion. He argued that there were no such entities as light, heat, color, sound and so on; that they were simply effects produced under certain conditions. Color, he said, was merely the result of dividing white light, itself merely an impression produced on

the optic nerve. If there were no optic nerve there would be no light, if no aural nerves there would be no sound. He added that he did not think the Chairman's "big stick" had shed much light on the discussion. (Groans) Here the Chairman sternly called order. He said he would not sit there to be insulted by a pack of nitsoompops who knew no more about science than a rattlesnake did about true religion. If the young college man thought there was no such thing as light or color he himself, old as he was would undertake to make him see sparke and at the same time put a little color on his optics. The Chairman here left the chair and strode down the hall in the direction of young Knowitall. The latter fled out into the night, overturning the stove in his flight. It was then carried out and dumped into a snow-bank, to cool off. Somebody extinguished the lamps, while the cold wind swept in at the door. So there was neither heat nor light at the sudden adjournment. The Cosmopolitan Magazine is an exponent of advanced ideas, and deals with the great questions of the day in a fearless manner. Probably the most striking article of the March number is the intrepid attack upon the Senate of the U. S. by David Graham Phillips. Under this title Chauncey M. Depew comes in for a merciless exposure. The other features of the Magazine establish it in a high place in relation to literature, art and the

sciences. It is forging rapidly ahead as a leader among the monthlies. If any reader of this page has a photograph of the old Asylum building which formerly occupied a site near the Lewis farm on the No. 4 River, The Magazine Guardian would be glad to know of it. The Scrap Book for March is Volume 1. No. 1 of a new and promising serial issued by the Frank A. Mansey Company, New York. Its 300 pages are full of matter interesting to the mind and heart. There are four serial stories by good writers and there is philosophy, review, science, art, poetry, wit humor, pathos, satire, the weird, the mystical,—everything that can or cannot be classified. There is not anything in the world just like the Scrap Book, and it will doubtless soon find a wide world of readers. Subscription \$1.00 a year. Not many persons, rambling during Summer and Autumn through our woods and by-ways bestow much attention upon the different species of fungi which are to be found with very little searching. Yet it is doubtful if any other class of plants furnish such instructive subjects of study to the common observer, or are of more interest to the trained botanist. At a meeting of the Natural History and Antiquarian Society, Rev. Robert Peckham, lectured upon the Fungi of Prince Edward Island, and most thoroughly and delightfully treated the subject. DAY BY DAY. I heard a voice at evening softly say, Breathe not thy yesterday into to-morrow, Nor load this week with last week's load of sorrow. Lift all thy burdens as they come, nor try To weight the present with the by and by. One-step and then another, take thy way— Live day by day. Live day by day. Though autumn leaves are withering round thy way, Walk in the sunshine. It is all for thee. Push straight ahead, as long as thou canst see; Dead not the winter whether thou mayst go. But, when it comes, be thankful for the snow. Onward and upward. Look and smile and pray— Live day by day. Live day by day. The path before thee doth not lead astray. Do the next duty. It must surely be. The Christ is in the one that's close to thee; Onward, still onward, with a sunny smile Till step by step thou stand in mile by mile. "I'll do my best," unto my conscience say, Live day by day. Live day by day. Why art thou bending toward the backward way? One summit and another thou shalt mount. Why stop at every round the space to count? The past mistakes if thou must still remember, Watch not the ashes of the dying ember, Kindle thy hope. Put all thy fears away. Live day by day. —JULIA HARRIS, in the Atlant