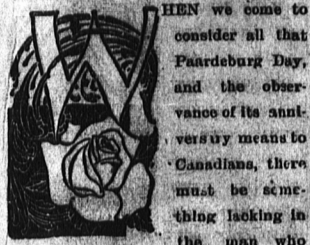


Devoted to the Literature, History, Folk-lore and best interests of Prince Edward Island

THE MAGAZINE GUARDIAN

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SAINT GEORGE'S DAY



When we come to consider all that Paardeburg Day, and the observance of its anniversary means to Canadians, there must be something lacking in the man who does not feel that that the occasion is one which is deserving of more than ordinary recognition.

Here in Prince Edward Island the memory of that day, when our sons bravely distinguished themselves as they fought for their Empire, and left as hostages of their devotion to the Mother-land, two of their number to fill honored graves in Africa's wild, will ever be borne in mind. The recollection of the part borne by the island contingent can be recalled with pride, and as the years pass the annual celebration of the day when Orange was forced to surrender, should be observed on an increasing scale, and the dinner which brings together the veterans who fought, and those who admire them, should draw ever increasing numbers so that the event will become one of the chief observances of the year.

The date hits in at a particularly happy time—between the Burns Anniversary, St. Patrick's Day and St. George's Day, and would bring together the men of the three nationalities who bore an equal share in the vicissitudes and glories of the South African Campaign.

The Guardian to-day, in memory of the deeds in which the Island Contingents bore well their parts, devotes space to a description of the events leading up to and including the overthrow of the Boer Republic.

SON OF THE OCEAN ISLE

Son of the ocean isle! Where sleep your mighty dead? Show me what high and stately pile Is reared o'er G'ory's bed.

Go, stranger! track the deep, Free, free the white sail spread! Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep, Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains, By the Pyramid o'er-ways'd, With fearful power the noonday reigns, And the palm-trees yield no shade.

But let the angry sun From heaven look fiercely red, Unfelt by those whose task is done! There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might Along the Indian shore, And far, by Ganges' banks at night, Is heard the tiger's roar.

But let the sound roll on! It hath no tone of dread, For those that from their tolls are gone;— The e slumber England's dead!

Loud rush the torrent-floods The western wilds among, And free, in green Columbia's woods, The hunter's bow is strung.

But let the floods rush on! Let the arrow's flight be sped! Why should they reck whose task is done? There slumber England's dead.

The mountain-storms rise high In the snowy Pyrenees, And toss the pine-boughs through the sky, Like rose-leaves on the br. eze.

But let the storm rage on! Let the forest wreaths be shed; For the Roncesvalles' field is won;— There slumber England's dead!

On the frozen deep's repose 'Tis a dark and dreadful hour, When round the ship the ice-fields close, To chain her with their power.

But let the ice drift on! Let the cold-blue desert spread! Their course with mat and flag is done, There slumber England's dead.

The warlike of the lakes, The men of field and wave! Are no the rocks their funeral piles, The seas and shores their grave?

Go, stranger! track the deep, Free, free the white sail spread! Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep, Where rest not England's dead.

Lady Tiphaine's Vision of The British Empire

Conan Doyle in "The White Company," Chapter 29, has a remarkable description of the gift of second sight by the lady of a French castle, who foresees centuries before, the ultimate destiny of both the French and English speaking nations. The lady of the castle is supposed to have gone into a trance and here is made the selection:—

"I would, Lady Tiphaine," cried the lady Rochefort, "that you would use your power to tell me what hath befallen my golden bracelet which I wore when hawking upon the second Sunday of Advent and have never set eyes upon since."

"Nay, lady," said Du Guesclin, "it does not benefit so great and wondrous a power to pry and search and play the varlet even to the beautiful chateleine of Villagraneh. Ask a worthy question, and, with the blessing of God, you shall have a worthy answer."

"Then I would fain ask," cried one of the French squires, "as to which may hope to conquer in these wars betwixt the English and ourselves."

"Both will conquer and each will hold its own," answered the Lady Tiphaine. "Then we shall have Gascony and Guienne!" cried Sir Nigel.

The lady shook her head. "French land, French blood, French speech," she answered. "They are French, and France shall have them."

"But not Bordeaux!" cried Sir Nigel excitedly.

"Bordeaux also is in France."

"But Calais!"

"Calais, too."

"Woe wert me, then," and the hall to these evil words. If Bordeaux and Calais were gone, then what is left for England?"

"It seems indeed that there are evil times coming upon your country," said Du Guesclin. "In our fondest hopes we never thought to hold Bordeaux. By St. Ives, this news hath warmed the heart within me. Our dear country will then be very great in the future, Tiphaine?"

"Great and rich and beautiful," she cried. "Far down the course of time I can see her still leading the nations, a wayward Queen among the people, great in war, but greater in peace, quick in thought, deft in action, with her people's flashing in triumph. You hear her, Sir Nigel—and she never yet said word which was not sooth."

The English Knight shook his head moodily. "What of my own poor country?" said he. "I fear, lady, that what you have said bodes but small good for her."

The lady sat with parted lips, and her breath came quick and fast.

"My God," she cried, "what is 't's that is shown me! Whence came they, these peoples, these lordly nations, these mighty countries which rise up before me! I look beyond, and others rise, and yet others, far and further to the shores of the uttermost waters. They crowd, they swarm. The world is given to them, and it resounds with the clang of their hammers and the ringing of their church bells. They call them many names and they rule them this way or that, but they are all English. For I can hear the voices of the people. Oa I go, and onward over seas where man hath never yet sailed, and I see a great land under new stars and a v. ranger sky, and

still the land is England. Where have her children not gone? What have they not done? Her banner is plan ed on log. Her banner is scorched in the sun. She lies athwart the lands, and her shadow is over the seas. Bertrand! Bertrand! We are undone for the buds of her bud are even as our choicest flower." Her voice rose to a wild cry and throwing up her arms, she sunk back white and nerveless into the deep oaken chair.

"It is sover," said Du Guesclin, wearily, as he raised her drooping head with his strong brown hand. "Wise for the lady, squire. The blessed hour of sight hath passed."

DESERVINGS.

(Full Mail Gazette.)

This is the height of our deserts; A little pity for life's huris; A little rain, a little sun, A little sleep when work is done.

A little righteous punishment, Less for our deeds than their intent; A little pardon now and then, Because we are but struggling men.

A little light to show the way; A little guidance when we stray; A little love before we pass To rest beneath the kirkyard grass.

A little faith in days of change, When life is stark, and bare and strong; A solace when our eyes are wet With tears of longing and regret.

True it is that we cannot claim Unmeasured recompense or blame, Because our way of life is small; A little is the sum of all.

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Crossing at the Capes.

THE BONNIE HIELAND HILLS.

Oh! the bonnie Hieland hills, Oh! the bonnie Hieland hills, The bonnie hills of Scotland O! The bonnie Hieland hills.

There are lands on the earth where the vine ever blooms, Where the air that is breathed the sweet orange perfume; But nair'er is the blast the lane shepherd that chills, As it wantons along o'er our own ain Hielan' Hills.

There are rich garden lands w' their skies ever fair; But o' riches or beauty we mak' na our care; Wherever we wander as vision aye fills, Our hearts to the buratin'—our ain Hieland hills.

In our lone and deep valleys fair maidens there are, Though born in the midst o' the elements war; O sweet are the damsels that sing by our rills, As they dash to the sea frae our ain Hieland hills.

On the moss covered rocks with their broadswords in hand, To fight for fair freedom their sons ever stand; A storm-torned bold spirit each warm bosom fills, That guards frae a danger our ain Hieland hills.

Oh! the bonnie Hieland hills.

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY

The 17th March has come once more. It is the feast day of the sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle and the spirit of St. Patrick's day pervades the atmosphere. Irishmen celebrate the day as it is set aside for the glorification of their patron saint, and if they be in the land of Erin—land which is green, but also barren and desolate, or if they have come here to Canada to till a rich soil and build up another country; if they be across the border in the United States, or in another part of the world the little spray of Shamrock will be proudly worn, if fortune, perhaps, has not so favored them, and they have not a spray of the emblem, then a small knot of green, will take the place of the shamrock and a thrill will come to the hearts of the faithful few who have remained in the "old land" and to the many who have emigrated to another country.

There are a large number who ask why the shamrock and St. Patrick are associated together, several reasons are given in reply, but the one which is supposed to be correct is that when the young priest was preaching the gospel to the pagans he had great difficulty in making them understand the doctrine of the trinity. Inspired with a bright idea, he stooped to the ground, and picking out of the earth a sprig of shamrock, exhibited it to his auditors. By his action, it is said, several were converted, for they saw how easy it was for three to emanate from one, and sometime after his death the shamrock was worn as a honor, and has been to this day.

Looking back at the past and peering into the future, there is reason for the joy which to-day comes into the hearts of the sons and daughters of Ireland, for new days, long sought after by the lovers of the shamrock, may come if the words of the ruler of the United Kingdom bear fruit.

Several different versions are given of the birthplace and life of St. Patrick. By some it is claimed that he was born

in France, while some Irishmen still believe he was born in Ireland. There can be no doubt, however, but that Nemthur, now Deimbarton, Scotland, was the place of his birth, which occurred in the year 373; his father being Calpornius, a magistrate of the place, which was then a fortress garrisoned by Roman troops. The youth Succat, for such he was called at the time of his birth, was captured in a raid by the Picts and Scots and carried on to the north of Ireland, where he was sold to Milinn, a chieftain in Antrim. There he remained in slavery for six years tending cattle on the mountains. He seems to have been of an enthusiastic temperament and was much given to prayer and meditation. One bright day, however, he escaped from his master and made his way to the nearest seaport, where he was taken on board a vessel bound for Bordeaux. He appears to have conceived the idea that his mission in life was to convert the Irish, and determined thereupon to devote himself to missionary work. Going to Tours he studied there for the priesthood under St. Martin, and at the end of four years of study, and still bent upon his mission to the Irish, in spite of friends who besought him to remain, he sailed for the Emerald Isle. Before doing so, however, he was consecrated and took the name of Patricius. He landed at a river near Wicklow, in the county of Dublin, but was there met with a hostile demonstration. Later he is found at Strangford Lough, where he preached until he had converted the entire province of Ulster. Many are the narratives told of the saint during his mission among the pagans, of the many miracles he worked and the banishment of the snakes which were so prevalent in Ireland. He died at a ripe age.

The date of St. Patrick's death is uncertain, but it is supposed that he died in 460 at St. Paul, near Downpatrick, as it is now called, and here, until the reformation his relics were preserved. His tomb near the cathedral is marked with a large boulder, on which is simply carved "Patrick." There are not many relics preserved of the Irish saint, but a present family in Belfast in the early century claimed to be in possession of his jawbone.

NEW IRELAND.

A Letter Written Home to Kerry on St. Patrick's Day, 1906.

Greetin' I send to one and all, There's no "Poor Padly" now; He's independent in the west, His hand upon the plow, In the prairie land ther's chance galore Great fortunes for t' sin An' faith, beyond comptin' There's millions pourin' in!

Kerry, y' wouldn't know me In th' great Canadian west! Houlin' down me own 'estate', An' comminglin' wid th' be't; An' faith, livin' like a glattem u, No landlord t' be seen; Me th' owner of waste acres Reachin' out a flower-decked green!

Room? a hundred million acres Is yawnin' f'r th' plow, Room? yes, f'r pig an' childre, Fifty acres f'r each cow; An' there isn't any office Bars a man b' cause of creed Or of country, fax, an' Injia Here my boist his blood an' breed!

Och! tis th' country f'r a MAN! (God save it from all foes!) 'Tis a summer land of flowers An' there's sunshine on its snows; 'Tis a land of peace an' plenty Land no creed or color bars, An' och, if y' saw the mountains Reachin' up t' touch th' stars!

Alanna, there's th' wide grain fields Wavin' like cloth of gold; There's th' raper's joyous singin' When th' harvest story's told;— There's th' whistle of th' herder Makin' music in th' land; An' och, Machree, 'tis here y' see Outreached th' welkin hand!

Th' thatch grows neck high, muddin', Th' spit of Kerry's sheen; An' in it's hear-r-t three fairy leaves Th' little Shamrock green Brightens all th' wide, wide prairies Seedin' every wind that blows; An' shure, this must be New Ireland, Where th' purty Shamrock grows!

M. M.

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