

# THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

The People's Paper Read by Everybody

COVERS PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND LIKE THE DEW

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## PEN PICTURE OF THE EARLY DAYS OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

### Some Reminiscences Of The Early Days Of "The Island"

The Evolution of Prince Edward Island, its Transition from the Pioneer Days to its Present Position as a Province of the Dominion.

J. E. B. MCCREADY

Prince Edward Island as a province of the Dominion and Charlottetown as its capital city have each some peculiar features which may be mentioned at the outset of this article. The name of this province is the longest attached to any province of Canada. Think, too, of all the trouble we had to get it and change it and settle it. And if it is true that nothing is settled until it is settled rightly, then it would appear that some further work in nomenclature yet remains to be done.

As everybody knows who knows anything about this province its true and proper name is that by which the people who live there call it, and that is simply "The Island." That is what Island-born people, whether at home or abroad, call it. Unfortunately the majority of those who were born here have chosen to reside abroad—a great mistake on their part, for this is a good land to live in. Many of those who live abroad come back to see us in our ideal summer time, for they love the island and like to revisit its red shores and rolling uplands. "Yes, we've come back to the island," they say as they greet us. And many who have gone away in their youthful springtime and failed to come back living, have made a last request that their final repose when their life journey was over should be in some country churchyard in the Island. These at least come to stay; while other native born sons and daughters, when they come to visit us, arrive a little later than the birds in the springtime, and take their departure before the birds wing their flight southward in the autumn. But this by the way.

Speaking of names for the Island reminds the writer that a local poet has said or sung of it that "three nations gave it names of old." We presume the three nations were the Miemac, the French and the British. The Miemac name, before the predatory white man came, hither, was

Abegekwit, a name still retained by one of our famous athletic clubs. "Resting on the wave" is given as a more or less accurate interpretation of the mellifluous Miemac word. France gave it the saintly name of Isle St. Jean. After the British conquest it was known for a time as The Island of St. John, which was merely a translation of the French name. But because there was a St. John, New Brunswick, not very far away, and a St. John's in Newfoundland, and postal troubles arose in consequence, it was decided by those in authority again to change the name of the Island. Just then we had a narrow escape from having it designated "New Ireland." Think of that. But we must remember that there was then a New England under the British flag, also a New Scotland under its Latin name of Nova Scotia. Why not a New Ireland, if only to duplicate in the new world the United Kingdom of the old world?

But destiny forbade, and New England in time became hostile to Old England. The thoughts of those in authority also changed in regard to names. Whether they became less devout than before, or more enamored of royalty, we know not, but this they did: they relegated saintly names to the background and resolved upon a princely designation, Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, was of royal blood and although they did not know it then—he was destined to be the father of Victoria, the Great and Good, which has since proved to be a sufficient title to distinction if other claims thereto were wanting. Perhaps had they known of this they might have shortened the name by one word and one-third, and simply made it "Prince Edward," which would have saved tons of ink and reams of paper also in writing and addressing letters since their day.

When it came to naming the three counties into which the Island was divided, the idea of doing honour to royalty was still

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SIR HARRY LAUDER

Who expounded his philosophy of life before Toronto Kiwanians, and who said the great things of life were God, love, home and a kindly neighbor over the garden wall. He urged thrift, sacrifice and adaptation to all endeavors and success would come in the end.

### Grandfather Born in 1701

(By Dominion News Service.)

ROYAL BRIGHTON, Jan. 25.—Mrs. Dill, mother of Dr. J. Gordon Dill, of Hove, who has just celebrated her hundredth birthday, can claim an extraordinary, if not antique distinction of family longevity.

Mrs. Dill's grandfather was born in 1701, her father was born in 1762, and she herself first saw the light in 1823. These three successive lives, therefore, cover a span of 222 years.

Her father, General Sir Charles Wale, K. C. B., was born before Napoleon, and lived in the reign of Louis XV. He served during the historic siege of Gibraltar.

Mrs. Dill, who is a stately old lady, is naturally proud of her ancestry and her personal links with the past. Until quite recently she was able to get out and about every day. Now, however, frailty confines her to her house, but she is still in good health and enjoys a ruminant chat.

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### Interesting Recollections Of a Private Secretary

The Near Tragedy of Bowell's Glass of Water—the Premier who Couldn't Spell and Never Remembered Names—Sir Richard Cartwright's Sarcasm.

(By J. L. Payne)

Sir MacKenzie Bowell was essentially an office man. He lived very largely at his official desk, and was a model head of a department. He was very much a politician too; yet he took scarcely any part in the campaigns of his party. He was a convincing speaker, a good analyst of the factors in a question under debate, and impressed only by his sincerity; but he was far from being an orator. He was utterly lacking in those pretty tricks with words and phrases which pass for eloquence, or which, at all events, give men the reputation of being good speakers. Nor had he any organizing genius. Therefore, he seldom appeared in public outside his own constituency.

I have said that he was popular with his fellow journalists. He began life as "printer's devil" in the office of the Belleville Intelligencer, and lived to own and edit the paper. He was a partisan; but not an offensive partisan. He made friends really and held them, which I conceive to be a gift more valuable than genius in the realm of politics. He was a self-educated man, and the newspaper office in which he worked was the principal school and the only university he ever knew. He could write effectively in a partisan groove, with a natural tendency to sarcasm, but he seldom flayed an opponent. He never coined an epigram in his life, nor wrote a line that lived; yet he was able to bring a convincing common sense to bare on any topic under discussion and was a most useful public man. The highest education could not have given him much more effective equipment. But I want to show how the loyalty of his friends of the press once saved him in an emergency.

Late one night in Parliament, when his estimates were being put through, he was being badgered by the late M. C. Cameron, of Huron. Then Cameron, there was not a man in the House who could put more sting into his words nor raise bigger welts with his verbal lash, Bowell belonged to that school

which believed in giving a Roland for an Oliver, which is another way of saying he never shrunk from a scrap. Cameron had said something which cast doubt on Bowell's word, and had repeated it when challenged to take it back. "Does the honorable gentleman call me a liar?" asked the minister in high dudgeon. Cameron replied that he had nothing to retract, whereupon the impulsive Bowell seized a tumbler which stood on his desk, and lifted it as if to throw it across the floor of the House at the head of his tormentor.

### A TRAGEDY AVERTED

That tumbler was full of water and immediately behind Sir MacKenzie's desk, with his head resting on his outspread arms, fast asleep, sat an odd character named Henry N. Paint, representing Richmond, Nova Scotia. The water in the hastily raised glass shot down the back of the sleeper, who, thus suddenly roused from his dreams, started to give a wonderful imitation of a man swimming for his life. A burst of laughter from the House diverted Bowell for just that moment of time which enabled him to recover his dignity. The sputtering Paint had turned a tragedy into a farce. What material was there for the Opposition press? But the boys of the Gallery talked it over, and the incident now appears in print for the first time, when it can do no harm to anybody.

Sir MacKenzie Bowell was an Orangeman. His connection with the Order had a good deal to do with his election to Parliament in 1867, and still more with his being called to the Macdonald Cabinet in 1878. He held the highest offices to which a man may attain under the banner of William of Orange within the British Empire. Yet I want to say that he was no bigot. Scores of times issues arose in the matter of appointments or promotions, with the choice to be made between an Orangeman and a Roman Catholic, and not in a

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INDIAN LADIES TO BECOME NURSES  
The first two Indian girls to England, Lady Reading, wife of the Viceroy of India, is keenly interested in hospital work.

### Woman on Footboard

(By Dominion News Service.)

LONDON, Jan. 25.—Climbing along the outside footboard of a moving express train is not a common hobby, but a woman who persisted in doing so during a journey from Eastbourne to London, claimed it as her pastime.

She was the third passenger in a compartment containing J. King and H. O. Leighton, who told the story to officials when the train reached Victoria Station in London. They first became aware of her, after leaning out of the window the strange "hobby" when the window so far that she almost overbalanced, suddenly opened the door. The two men pulled her back in time, whereupon she told them a pitiful story of having been driven "nearly frantic" by her husband's absence in Canada.

Later the men heard the door open again, and saw the woman poised with one foot on the footboard. Again they dragged her back.

This time she burst into laughter, and explained that she was an acrobat. She was watched until the train reached Victoria, where she disappeared in the crowd.



### PREPARING TO TIE UP THE RAILWAYS

Ballot papers being mailed from the headquarters of the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers at Hampstead, London, in preparation for the vote on a general strike. The vote was in favor of a strike and it may be called this week-end. The tie up of the British railway system is dreaded universally in the United Kingdom.