

mania. Their good deeds are legion and it is no untruth to state that no one in the service, from the humblest boy to the mightiest Admiral, is unfamiliar with them.

The family possesses an amazing intelligence system of its own. The arrivals and departures of all H.M. ships are known by them for weeks beforehand and no matter which part of the globe ships choose to visit (except the islands.—Ed.)—"Harry will find a way."

APPENDIX.

Appendix to Chapter V, being some metrical impressions and expressions of things referred to in the early part of the chapter. Printed with permission and for private circulation only (you bet!!)

THE BARON.

It was the Cruiser "ORION"
That sailed the Southern Sea,
The lads expected the Baron there
To keep them company.
Big is his heart like a big balloon,
His pockets a bottomless pit,
And he gives away with a lavish hand
To the lads who think he's "Ir."

But up spake one old sailor
Who'd been this way before—
"I pray you list to the tale I tell,
The Baron ain't no more.
The last ship here, they collared him
With their fingers round his neck,
And they bit and kicked his life away
Till the Baron fell on t' deck."

He ended up his story
And sat down with a sigh,
But the tale it was so old and aged
That no one did a cry.
The ship sailed in St. Petersburg
One bright and sunny day
And the boys looked forward to seeing him
And the Baron came to stay.

We went to all the dances,
We sure did have "big cats,"
And the people made us welcome
And the movies gave free seats.
But the lads they stung him badly,
And got a strangle hold—
They did the same as the ships before
And left the old man cold.

EPITAPH.

Pick up the body and wheel it away,
Bury it deeply and there let it stay.
Toll the bell slowly and sing a sad lay
The poor old Baron has faded away.
He did his work gladly and with a good heart,
We'll sure miss him badly just like a sweetheart,
But his motto is "Dichard," maybe he's not done
But just playing possum until we are all gone.

R.O.M.F.T.

THE BURIAL OF THE BARON.

We buried him sadly on Monday night,
The ground with our tears we were wetting,
Amid the flickering neon lights
We drank to his memory, regretting.

CHAPTER VI.

BERMUDA AGAIN.

WE "exercised" on our way to Bermuda by easy (!) stages and secured alongside the now too familiar wall at 0830 on March 28th. "Starboard side to as usual" barked those with cabins on that side, and relapsed into an injured cursing of their fate, while the others just enjoyed the "joke." We found "AJAX," fresh from England for a new commission, already there—in quarantine. Measles or the palsy was their lot. This was quite annoying for us too, because we wanted to meet her. But we had to wait.

Returning to Bermuda, was now rather like coming home. We had got so used to it, and it was a welcome change after the hectic life of a cruise—and such a rest. Hammocks were now slung at quite a reasonable hour and were left next day with perhaps a little less reluctance—if that is possible.

Our new "Chief" began by doing us a kindness, and arranging for us to stay alongside for a while. There was something wrong with the ship's "works,"—what it was, we don't know—but then a layman isn't expected to understand these things. Of course some one had to start a "buzz" that this would mean going home to England, and dates of our arrival in Guz were even given with absolute definiteness, and paradoxically enough, the flagship buzz started again and ran simultaneously.

On April 8th, "AJAX" free at last from the "plague" came alongside and was berthed on us bow to bow. But she wasn't quite as free as she thought. Another case—this time of mumps—appeared onboard and she once

again became a pest ship. There was a cry of "unclean, unclean," and with that she slipped from our side and slithered out to anchor until after Easter in Grassy Bay—friendly and alone.

This being the only time of the year when the whole Fleet is in company it is naturally the time when most Fleet Athletic meetings and competitions take place, as well as the Regatta. Of that we have already spoken in another place, but some of these other events stand out in our memory. One of them is the occasion when our Rugger XV beat a XV made up of members of both Yale and Princetown Universities, and beat them 6-3. Another is the never-to-be-forgotten occasion when our XV beat "APOLLO" (the holdeis) by nine points to five, in the final of the Nicholl shield and brought the trophy triumphantly back to the ship. That was a great day. "APOLLO" had been so sure that they were going to win, but they had begun to get that "paying off" feeling, for they had less than a month to go. We must also mention the Fleet Boxing Championships which were fought in the sail loft (otherwise known as the Dockyard Cinema) during the week beginning May 9th. The "YORK" carried the day, but we came a very good second with great hopes of the future. The ship produced many surprises in the way of boxers and it was quite a treat to watch them. The Fleet Marathon had taken place on the last day of the previous month and despite our heroic efforts over a 3½ mile course "APOLLO" got there first, and we were third. However, it was comforting to know that "AJAX" and "EXETER" were behind us. But the Fleet Race was not nearly such fun as our own inter-part Road Race which preceded it, and the Topmen for once succeeded in being the top-men (joke).

On April 13th, the hands went to evening quarters at the usual time and then proceeded to double round the dockyard as part of the Commander's "fitness" campaign. On the following day "APOLLO" berthed alongside to try to restrain us a little and in her company Good Friday and Easter passed off satisfactorily. On

the 18th H.M.C.S. "VENTURE" arrived again and we were able to renew many acquaintances we had made in January—although on this occasion she anchored off Hamilton, which cramped our style a little.

But to return to more serious things. On Monday, April 25th, after nearly a month alongside, we went to sea for exercises with "YORK," "EXETER" and "AJAX," doing their annual refits, laughed. One small diversion occurred to break the routine when we were ordered to search for a small boat containing a fishing party. We did not find them but eventually they appeared, none the worse for their experience, to tell how they had caught more than they had bargained for and had been towed by a whale out of their course. Eventually they cut free and came into Bermuda from the opposite direction to which they had gone and in which they had been last seen.

Speaking of fishing parties, of course, brings to mind almost immediately visions of the Paymaster Commander, the Surgeon Lieutenant Commander, Messrs. Brokenshire, Haley, Hamilton, Morton J. Brown and others—many others. But in a world which at one stage of the commission came perilously near to developing what the vulgar term fishing "rats," those names stand well to the fore. To them "Five Fathom Hole" was heaven, and a barracuda one of the angels thereof. And they are still unrepentant, and never does an opportunity present itself but that these, our piscatorial giants, will take advantage of it. But those were great days in "Five Fathom Hole" and the fishes were so good about it!

We may say that "APOLLO" and "ORION" had become real "chummy" ships and now at last, and with very real regret, we were to come to the parting of the ways. "APOLLO's" personnel had changed considerably when she returned to England in November, but we had still many great friends on board. And now her time had come, she had done her commission and was due to go home to pay off. Our regret at seeing that "paying off" pennant go up on the Sunday morning was

not unmixed with envy—but it was not our turn yet by a long way. And her departure too, marked a stage in the history of our commission, in that, at the same time, our family was to be broken into. One had always thought (in one's ignorance perhaps) that on a foreign station, far from home, ships' companies remained more or less intact for the duration. Whether one was wrong about that does not matter, but the rapid expansion of the Service made such a state of affairs unpractical now, and we had to part with a certain number of our trained men and receive new recruits in exchange. We had already lost Master-at-Arms Ryder who had been invalidated home in January, and Able Seaman Terrence Janion (now Sub. Lieutenant) had also gone to pursue his career elsewhere. One or two others in addition had also faded from our midst. But on Sunday, May 1st, a draft of 17 Seamen, 4 Signalmen, 12 Stokers, 3 E.R.A.'s and 1 Cook went to "APOLLO" as part of the homeward movement, and we received back from her 1 Seaman, 2 Seaman boys, 2 Boy Sigs, 3 Boy Tels, 1 Ord. Tel, 3 Stokers, 3 E.R.A.'s and 1 Leading Cook.

We went to sea next day for exercises, and in the evening we had our last look at "APOLLO" as she sped by in the fading light with that pennant streaming behind her—it seemed a mile. Again we cheered her and we meant it. Next morning we put into Grassy Bay to continue the shifting of personnel. This time we were to receive and not give. The "ORBITA" brought us our new "Jaunty," M.A.A. Paul, and the R.P.O., who had borne the burden and heat of the day for four months, breathed again. At the same time there joined 1 S.P.O., 1 Leading Tel., 2 A.B.'s, 2 Ord. Sigs., 23 Ord. Seamen and 24 Stokers 2nd Class. To show them that we meant business and that this wasn't a pleasure cruise we straight-way put to sea and did a full calibre shoot—which, of course, they enjoyed. Next day our changes finished when we discharged to the "OROPESA" 1 Leading Seaman, 1 Leading Tel, 6 A.B.'s, 7 Stokers 1st Class, 1 Stoker 2nd Class and 1 Tel—the remainder of our homeward draft.

At the end of that week we returned to the Dockyard and, on the Saturday, "AJAX," cleansed at last, took up her berth alongside us.

A somewhat startling entry appears in the log for Monday, May 9th. It is as follows "0600 Hoisted out Copper Bunt; oiling gear placed on jetty." Well, Dicky, we live and learn, but we would never have believed that you would get as "oiled" as all that—and onboard too!! We'll have to watch that Torpedo Office in future. "Blackers" I suppose?

We had now less than a month to go before we began our next cruise. Rumour had been stemmed at last by the publication of the facts. It was to be Montreal—oh boy! "Are we going to meet the Baron there?" "You bet we are!"

But we must not anticipate things too quickly. We had to beat Retreat first, and this was done by the massed bands of the Fleet on Moresby Plain on May 18th, at 6.30 pip emma. They did it again on Saltus Grammar School playing field two days later. At the former the Commander-in-Chief and all the Navy was present; at the latter the Governor, the C-in-C, all Hamilton and quite a lot of the Navy.

Then we met the German Training Ship "HORST WESSEL" and made quite a number of friends. We were quite sorry when she left. As to work, we did some "oiling at sea" trials with our old friend the "ORANGE-LEAF," quite a new departure. The "Bootnecks" had their turn, too, on June 3rd, when they were inspected by the F.R.M.O. and acquitted themselves well. There were to be one or two changes more. On May 27th, Paymaster Cadet R. J. Bell Finlay joined us from "EXETER" where he had taken sanctuary while we were at sea. On June 9th, the "OROPESA" brought us Midshipmen A. A. Catlow, R. R. Whalley and J. C. Luke. The next day Midshipmen T. D. Brougham, D. E. Barton and M. E. P. Ratcliffe, almost Acting Sub. Lieuts., left us and then we slipped to sail for St. John's, Newfoundland. Where we ready to go? Not much!



THE "ISLAND QUEEN."

CHAPTER VII.

SUMMER CRUISE, 1938.

WILLIAM Alexander Keith Napier Cayave, Lieutenant Commander, Royal Navy, gnashed his teeth. From the depths of the Wardroom's most comfortable armchair he snarled "I always said you were a blasted Jonah, Priest. Thank God we don't have parsons in 'tubes'."

Elsewhere in the ship, vain superstition was rearing its ugly head.

"There's a Jonah on board." "This is a Jonas ship." "Who's the Jinx?" "It is that Parson again. Never did know a ship that was any good that carried a Chaplain." "There's a curse on her. This is the second time and these things always run in threes." "She was christened with cider, wasn't she? What can you expect?" "Jeep!! Jeep!" These and many other expressions of a similar nature, but quite unprintable, rent the air.

And what was the reason for all this tumult? The weather was quite calm—in fact the sun was shining and beat down in luscious rays on to an azure sea beneath. Everything seemed peaceful. Added to which it was a Saint's Day, but you would never have thought it.

Someone had strained the crane whilst doing maintenance trials—that was the trouble—and it was essential to put back to Bermuda for repairs. It looked as if the cruise was ruined at the start, and we felt too full for words. It would take at least a fortnight and that meant missing Montreal. "You bet they don't cut out any of our time down in the Islands."

But it wasn't too bad after all. Montreal was promised to us and the Dockyard worked overtime and all night on the job so that we were ready for sea again in six days. Two smaller places, Hawke Bay and Cornerbrook, were cut out of the cruise and we didn't mind very much about that. So on June 16th, once more we sailed, still leaving the rest of the Fleet in Bermuda.

We also left behind the "Duke of Somerset," as Paymaster Lieutenant Mowl soon came to be called, wrestling with the affairs at "Malabar," but his place was well and ably filled by Squadron Leader Coaker, R.A.F. "Slim" was to be with us until we left Montreal and he was a very refreshing addition to the life of the ship.

Our programme was altered slightly, we were now to go to Montreal first and St. John's, Newfoundland, was to wait until a week or so later. The weather was fine and warm, our spirits were high and everything in the garden was lovely. But although our spirits remained very high (and how could they be otherwise with Montreal and "Gens" almost within our grasp?) the weather was soon to become bleak and cold. By Saturday afternoon we were in the fog and "blues," and for the first time since the immortal trip from Chatham to Devonport, we were enlivened by the joyful note of the siren. On Sunday evening as we began to round into the St. Lawrence Channel, we almost froze and leapt with alacrity into our top coats. Nevertheless it was a welcome change from the climate to which we had become so accustomed and was almost English.

The River St. Lawrence amazed us by virtue both of its size and of its beauty. It is from source to mouth over 700 miles in length, and at the mouth is over 75 across. Naturally we did not travel its full length, but Quebec was not reached until 2 p.m. on the Tuesday, which will give perhaps a better idea of the distance covered than mere figures. Apart from its vastness, the landscape reminded us very much of home. It was marvellous to see really green fields again, and churches with spires popping up at

intervals. The country on the north side of the river is of course, almost entirely French both in language and in the way it is developed, but we were not close enough to notice that. It was difficult to realise that this vast and swift-flowing river is ice-bound for so many months of the year, and that Quebec and Montreal and all the smaller towns in the basin are quite cut off from any approach by water.

By the time we arrived at Quebec, the weather had changed, and we found it necessary to go into whites again. We must remember that not only had we been going inland all the time but had also been doing so in a very pronounced southwesterly direction. Having passed the Montmorency Falls and anchored at Quebec, we looked round. It was a city of which we had all heard so many times at school at least, and which we associated particularly with the names of Wolfe and Montcalm. And so, not unnaturally, we looked first for the "Heights of Abraham." "Are those the 'Heights of Abraham'?" many of us gasped in disappointment, deciding that either our history books had lied or that we were suffering from an optical illusion. Actually something much higher had been suggested to our youthful minds—but still, they were fairly high up, although we reverted afterwards to calling the spot by its other title of "The Plains of Abraham." As no leave was given (except to the Captain's Secretary who, of course, had to go for a run ashore) we were able to spend a harmless evening imagining Wolfe scrambling up the "goat path" or wondering exactly what was inside the Chateau Frontenac—while the Canadians among us rubbed their hands in anticipation of leave.

Next morning at the ghastly hour of 0455 we shortened in to two shackles and five minutes later weighed the port anchor and moved towards the land of our dreams. By 0900 most people were up and able to take in the points of interest as we went along. Apart from the cows, peacefully, and quite calmly, chewing the cud instead of standing smartly to attention as we passed, the first of these was Three Rivers, which is the name of a town

and large industrial centre. Here many of our number, certainly those who had not been with us at Panama City, Fla., had their first glimpse and smell of a pulp mill. This was a point of interest which forced itself upon us. Almost simultaneously, we were the victims of an optical illusion—a real one this time. A low slung span of High Tension cables across the river barred our path—or so we thought. We literally held our breath and waited for the foremast to hit. "Were they blind on the bridge?" But speed was not reduced, and we did not make a hit—we cleared the "barrier" with ease and yards to spare.

The same evening at 1640 we berthed alongside Laurier Pier (STARBOARD SIDE TO), a historic spot hallowed by the shades of "NORFOLK," "APOLLO" and "YORK," who had berthed there in days gone by. It was Wednesday, June 22nd, 1938.

From our berth we gazed in dumb amazement at the landscape—a huge grain elevator—and for the remainder of our stay, were the victims of a good deal of chaff. "So this is Montreal!" "Is this what we've come to see?" "Was this the largest city in the Dominion?" "Roll on my twelve." But they were wrong again. We were four miles from the centre of things, but ten cents, a street car, and a chat with the conductor thereof, who always spoke French when we spoke English, and English when we tried to speak French, soon altered that. The ship emptied very quickly that evening, and Yeoman Brown—and others—snooped off on the 2345 train towards Toronto, not to be seen again for a week.

What can we say of Montreal? The writer of "NORFOLK'S" history describes it as "a large and frivolous city, scattered with night clubs, cabarets and theatres." "APOLLO'S" author, having read "NORFOLK'S" history, says exactly the same thing, the plagiarist!! Our "YORK" friend also obviously had the book in his possession, but tries to pretend he hasn't. We, too, will be original.

Montreal is a large and frivolous city, scattered with night clubs, cabarets and theatres. People smile there, which is more than they do in Quebec—the people there must still be grieving over poor old Montcalm. These night clubs, cabarets and theatres are open all night, which meant that most of the ship's company did not sleep for the whole eight days we were there, and towards the end of the stay they had visited so many, and got the times of the floor shows calculated so perfectly, that it was possible to go from one to another and see at least five in one "run ashore."

It was here that we established a record from which we have never looked back. In three days we consumed more beer than any other ship had done in the course of her visit. "Oh mothers, if you could have seen your sons then!"

Meanwhile, the Boys went to Camp, which was the best place for them. Most other people, being on forty-eight hours General Leave, amused themselves in their own way and on their return Laurier Pier bore a striking resemblance to Sidi-bel-Abbes on an "off" day. The Captain spent some of his time flying to Ottawa—on business. A beer barrel trophy (empty) marks the Officers' prowess at Golf. Much sailing was done, and ten members of the ship's company contributed, with very little persuasion, to the revenue of the Canadian Government. Also worthy of mention—the Torpedomen's cat gave birth to kittens for the "n'th time of asking.

Almost at the end of our visit Captain "Micky" Rogers, R.M., of H.M.S. "APOLLO" came from England to be married to a lady whom he had met the previous year (so far, we have no "casualties" in Montreal) and was well and truly dealt with by the Officers, who attended the wedding in full force. "Slim" looked really marvellous in the full-dress uniform of a Squadron Leader, R.A.F., and "Jerry" made an excellent best man.

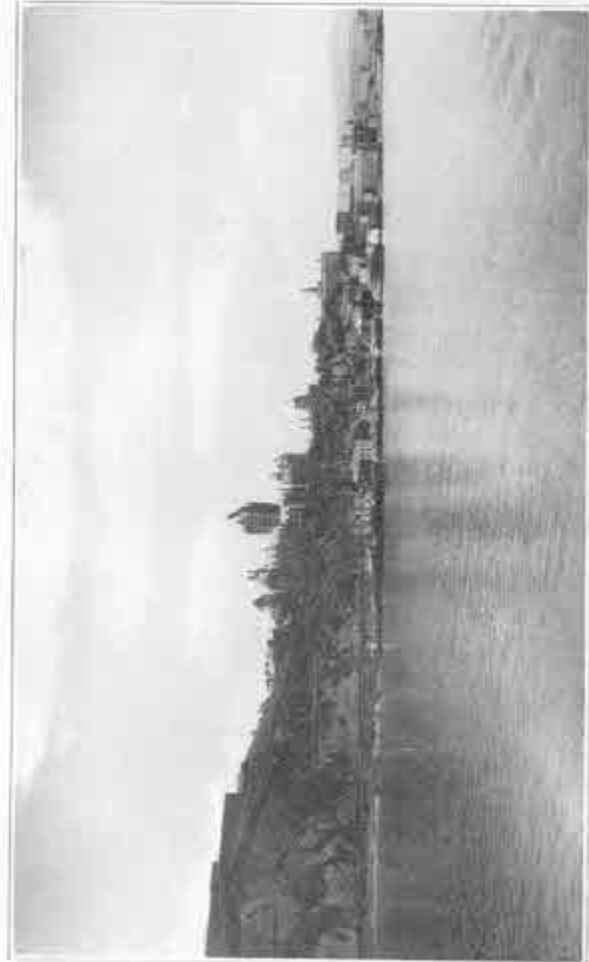
But we had to leave at last, and without "Slim," who had gone to Hollywood. Our stay had passed all too quickly, the hospitality had been overwhelming, and we were grateful. We tried to show our gratitude in some small measure by giving a dance on board and almost as the strains of the last dance died away we sorrowfully slipped from the pier.

"Good-bye, Montreal! Good-bye "Paradise Grill" "Chat d'Or" and "Top-Hat." Farewell "Silver Moon," "Shanghai Grill" and Molson's Brewery. You will, none of you, be forgotten.

Meanwhile, we took with us three R.C.N.V.R. Seamen to remind us of Canada—temporarily.

During our stay in Montreal, some, but not many, of us had the good fortune to visit Niagara Falls, and found that it was indeed "a great and mighty wonder." No less a wonder is the fact that man has been able to harness these falls as a power force, and as evidence of this stands the enormous generating station of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission. The author visited the spot in company with his Aunt "Mabel" and this statement should now damn for ever the scurrilous rumours which appear to have circulated in the Ward Room as to the reason for his absence from the ship. Before we leave Niagara and district—and we think we ought to, since it was the port of call of little more than half a dozen of us—it may be of interest to some to know that it was hotter there than it was subsequently in Jamaica. That probably takes a bit of believing but it is none the less true!

As we moved back again down the river towards Quebec we passed the same scenes and landmarks, and the same milch cows grazing in the fields who, this time, noticed us to the extent of leisurely turning bored glances in our direction. "Poor muts" they thought as they contemplated us. "What do they think they're doing?" (and perhaps simultaneously the same question, though very differently expressed, was welling in the hearts of many on board) and then without further mental effort they continued placidly to chew the cud.



[the F.A.A.]

QUEBEC FROM THE RIVER.

Photo by]

At length we approached one of the sights of the river, which only a few of us saw on the way up to Montreal because of the earliness of the hour at which we passed it then. We had heard of Quebec Bridge but we had not seen it. Now we were to do so and to be treated to an optical illusion which put even that provided by the High Tension cables in the shade. It seemed quite impossible for us to pass under without carrying our topmasts away—yet, even as we held our breath, we passed under with plenty of room to spare.

At 1712 on Wednesday, the twenty-ninth, we secured alongside the north end of Empress Wharf, in Wolfe's Cove, PORT SIDE 70, and looked out on to a gathering of gaping natives. We had some fun getting alongside and parted a grass during operations, but otherwise we clewed up in due time.

We had already gazed on Quebec from without, now we were to sample it from within. As a result many of us for the first time realized the utter truth of those words about distance lending enchantment to the view. Naturally these were the people without souls, who have no appreciation for the beautiful (unless it is animate) and whose historical sense is numb.

Quebec is indeed "a city set on an hill" and from the river appears to be entirely dominated by the Chateau Frontenac. This building is architecturally of a distinctly French flavour and, while being no sky-scraper, succeeds in dwarfing all other buildings completely. But when we got ashore we found that there was more of the city than just the Chateau. We arrived the week after the Canadian International Eucharistic Congress which had kept the Roman Catholics of Canada in high festa for a week. Most of the decorations were still up, but regrettably they were of such a type as not to add to the beauties of the city. We found a city predominantly French in every respect from the cobbled streets to the common language. Far from being in the city from which Canada took its birth it seemed that we were on the continent of Europe. Beyond the usual outstanding evidence such

as the flags on the citadel and elsewhere, the coinage and so on, it was difficult to realise that we were on British territory at all. But that is so with all this part of Canada which was once under the rule of France. Although it is part of Canada and the British Empire, it has retained all its old French characteristics and is still governed according to the old Napoleonic Law. But while French is still their Mother tongue most people are bilingual, and they are not nearly so French in outlook as many would have us imagine.

The older parts of the city are intensely interesting, and among Churches, the Anglican Cathedral, the Roman Basilica and the churches of S. Anne de Beaupré and S. Matthew are outstanding. The Citadel has more living space below ground than above. Among the many convents and monasteries there is one convent which has a large "Letter Box" in its walls, not for mails, but to admit the unwanted babies of misguided girls. A basket inside the flap receives the children and no questions are asked. And of course, we must not forget the Plains of Abraham—the battlefield on which the fate of Canada was finally decided. Many relics of this battle in the form of cannon, cannon balls, etc., still serve as a reminder of this historic event, and the goat path by which General Wolfe made his ascent on to the Plains is always full of historic interest. If we did not visit the Museum we saw Wolfe's Statue which occasionally, though rarely now, is tarred and feathered by those who still bear Montcalm in honoured memory.

Among many distinguished visitors during our short stay there are to be numbered the Venerable Archdeacon F. G. Scott, who was the Senior Chaplain to the Canadian Forces during the Great War and who is greatly loved throughout the whole of Canada by the older generation; (his book, "The Great War as I saw it," and his poems have deeply interested some of us), and His Eminence Cardinal Villeneuve, the head of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada.

But, despite its beauty and its historic interest, for the majority of us Quebec was not a success. There was, of course, the language difficulty; there was also a lack of hospitality; and these, added to the fact that the memory and the lure of Montreal still remained—and proved too strong for many judging by the number of cars containing sailors which were seen making in a westerly direction—tended rather to depress us.

But there is at least one for whom Quebec will always hold happy memories and he is Commander Brooke, who was disturbed in the middle of a lunch at the Garrison Club on July 1st, to be told of his promotion. For him Dominion Day, 1938, was a very pleasant one.

On Saturday morning we left, and as someone remarked at the time "If we don't come here again, it will be too soon." Our journey down the river was without incident except for the fog from which we now began to feel we were quite inseparable. A liner leaving Quebec for England on the previous day ran aground in the river, but we did not see her and her name is forgotten. To the accompaniment of our siren we headed for Prince Edward Island, and on July 4th, we moored ship off Charlottetown, the capital.

On setting foot on shore one would never believe that one was in the most densely populated province in Canada. This is, of course, due to the fact that the population is distributed more evenly over a wider area than it is in the other provinces and that there are no large towns. Beside being the most densely populated province, it is also the smallest, being only 150 miles long and 35 wide, and is singularly flat, having no point which exceeds 300 feet in height. It has been nicknamed "The Garden of the Gulf," probably because at least two-thirds of the island's area is under cultivation, and Charlottetown is known as the "Garden City." The natives, whose ancestry has a strongly Scottish flavouring, devote themselves very largely to agriculture and fishing. In 1887 they evolved and began the fox-breeding industry, and

until quite recently the breeding of black, silver and grey foxes for their fur was quite a thriving business. But a slump has come and fox farming has fallen off considerably. Nevertheless, quite a number of fox ranches are to be seen and smelled throughout the island and blend pleasantly with the odour of an occasional skunk.

Historically the island is interesting. It is alleged that it was discovered by Cabot of Bristol in 1497. It is also said that Champlain, the founder of Quebec, paid a visit on Saint John's day, June 24th, 1608, and named it Isle S. Jean after the saint. No permanent European settlers took up their abode there, however, until Nova Scotia ceded to England in 1713, and in 1760, when the island was formally handed over to us, it contained over four thousand inhabitants. In 1769 it became a separate province, but did not assume its name until 1789, when it did so as a compliment to Prince Edward, Duke of Kent. The province joined the Dominion of Canada in 1873, seven years after the conference at which the project of that Confederation of all the provinces first took definite shape, had been held in Charlottetown.

But we will leave the beauties of the island and its capital, its history and its red soil, and descend to the study of more mundane things. The place was "grim" and it was "dry"—probably it was the former because of the latter—who knows? Dame Prohibition had, in the uncivilised days of the western hemisphere, laid her hand heavy upon Prince Edward Island, and, like Mrs. Grundy, she would not budge. And so, alone among all the provinces, the easternmost of them is still by law "dry." Alcohol can only be obtained as a medicine, on production of a "chit" from a doctor. Of course the doctors don't mind and do quite a trade in "chits;" and their clients don't mind either, if they can afford it, because they can always plead that they are taking it "as a medicine." A lot of our company went "sick" while we were here, and a "bootlegger" was greeted as a brother.