

ing the period when the weather permitted the Stanley managed fairly well but 10 degrees below zero seems to be the limit that bounds the steamer's performance on the route. The endeavor to make trips at so low a temperature has, during the latter part of January, resulted in the steamer being imprisoned in an ice floe which has taken her hither and thither in its drifting about the strait, and surrounded her with an element of danger that is regrettable, to say the least. Meantime the Minto has been making with fair regularity single trips daily between Georgetown and Pictou—and we have been receiving our mails every other day. Room for improvement—as we suggested last month.



A Correspondent in New York writes to the editor as follows:—

Dear Sir,—Among other papers sent to me from Charlottetown is the P. E. Island Magazine. I must say it is an attractive and well written book, with nice clean type. Judging from what I have read in it things in general must be changed since I left there in 1887. And after looking over the familiar names of people I knew I am surprised to find that it has created a positive desire in me to visit Charlottetown again.

No one can correctly describe these thoughts and longings for home unless they have been away among strangers for many years. One may succeed in many ways; make new friends and feel happy; but there is still the longing for schoolboy scenes, the boyhood chums, and the simple things which amused us when we knew nothing of the continual wear and tear of business life. Dr. Moran of Boston who is a close friend of mine, once told me of a beautiful place he found wherein to spend the summer (imagine my surprise when he said it was P. E. Island) where they had real butter, fresh eggs, and the best roast spring lamb in the world. He was painting such a picture that I had to be very modest in telling him it was my home.

As another time, while at luncheon in a New York restaurant two gentlemen came in and took seats at my table. The conversation ran to vacations. One, answering the question of where he went in summer, said: "I go away down East where I get good food, lovely weather, and the further I go the better it gets until I reach Charlottetown P. E. Island where I stay for a month."

When I hear these expressions of praise from strangers, I feel like saying to the young men who take the opposite view of P. E. Island that they are too inexperienced to judge, and that it all rests with themselves to make it a good place or a poor place.

I am yours truly,

New York City

JAMES WOODS



Dear Sir :

The question ("or was it Robert?") on page 353 of the December No. of your magazine took my attention, as I felt sure I could get the