

"A search party was sent to find them, and when they appeared, looking very unhappy, the King inquired the cause of their illness. Feeling too ill to disguise their disobedience, they confessed all."

"Then the King said that they deserved most severe punishment, and as a ball of glycerine soap had been the cause of their disobedience, as a continual reminder of their fault, the only place the guilty elves might have as a home henceforth should be the inside of a soap-bubble. The minute the bubble burst, their wings would shrivel up, all their beauty would fade, and the miserable elves would be glad to hide in any dark corner till another bubble was blown. Then their wings spread again, and during the life-time of the bubble they could once more be happy and gay, as in the days before their disobedience."

During the tale all the children had listened eagerly, and when grandma finished, scarcely stopping to thank her, they all trooped off with greater enjoyment than ever, to make homes for the poor elves.

How and Where I Spent My Holidays.

BY GEO. J. M'CORMAC, CARDIGAN BRIDGE, P. E. I.

When at my daily labors I breathe the invigorating atmosphere of Cardigan, a charming little village in the eastern part of the "Garden of the Gulf," Prince Edward Island. Cardigan is a delightful summer resort, and is visited every summer by many pleasure-seekers from Uncle Sam's domains, as well as by many from the neighboring provinces. The scenes of Cardigan and the surrounding country being so delightful to behold, and such that the mind never wearies of, nor the mind or imagination grow tired, I decided to spend the first half of my two weeks' vacation here—just here where I could behold this beautiful combination of land and water—the babbling, almost musical river, the fertile hills rising gently from its shores and presenting a majestic scene that could not but fill an artist's soul with ecstasy.

For the next and last week of my vacation I decided on a change of scenery. On Monday morning I took passage in the comfortable little mail steamer, St. Oalf, for the "Kingdom of Fish," the Magdalen Islands, a group some fifty miles north of P. E. I. The day was beautifully clear, a gentle swell on the sea and a soothing breeze from the south-east. Presently we arrived at Amherst (named after Lord Amherst), the most southerly of the group. Here there is a village of about 65 houses, with two churches, an hotel, and many neat little stores. As my chief object in going to the Magdalen Islands was to study its physical features, resources, et cetera, as well as to enjoy the pleasure it afforded—and it afforded abundance in the form of boating, gunning, fishing, and sea-bathing,—and as some of my cousins may be uninformed as regards this interesting group of rock-walled islands, I will benefit them with some of the knowledge I have gained on my visit, both by observation and by conversation with the chief men of the Islands. The group consists of thirteen islands: Amherst, Grindstone, Entry, Deadman, Coffin, Alright, East, Byron, Grouse, Wolf, Gannet Rock, Little Bird Rock, and Gull Island. They assume the form of a horseshoe, about forty-five miles long, and at the widest part thirteen miles wide. The Islands are connected by sandbars. Sometimes two sandbars join one island with another, forming a shallow sheet of water or lagoon between the two bars.

The Islands were discovered by Cartier, in 1534, and in 1603 the Company of New France granted them to Sieur Doublet, a mariner of Harfleur, France. In summer the fishermen came from France and used the Islands as a fishing station, but in the fall they returned to their homes, leaving the Islands destitute of persons for the winter, the undisputed kingdom of the walrus and seal. In 1757, four Acadian families came to the Islands from St. Peter's Bay, P. E. I., and made it their permanent home. Now the Islands have a population in the vicinity of 3,000.

The chief source of wealth is the fisheries. Sealing is one of the chief occupations of the inhabitants. The seals are valuable for their skins, which are salted and shipped to Europe (chiefly to England), and for the oil, which is obtained by rendering the fat, which is done by placing it in large tanks and leaving it to the action of the sun. There is a great extent of marsh-land or *Barachois* on the Islands. On these marshes grow immense quantities of cranberries and boxberries, for which a ready market is found in the Maritime Provinces.

On nearing Amherst, one of the first scenes to attract the eye is Deadman's Island, a small island which very much resembles a corpse laid out for burial. From Amherst Island I went by carriage to Grindstone. At low tide there is a very good roadway on the sandbars. Amherst, Grindstone, Alright and Entry enclose a beautiful sheet of water called Pleasant Bay. At Etang-du-Nord, on Grindstone Island, there is a large lobster-canning factory, and a very pretty little church. Wolf is a long and narrow island, to the north-east of which is Coffin Island, named after Admiral Coffin, who at one time owned the whole group. Gannet Rock, or, as it is generally called, the Great Bird, is the most northerly and easterly of the group. It rises abruptly to the height of 140 feet, and has an area of four acres. In 1872 a lighthouse was built upon it, and the lighthouse-keeper is the sole inhabitant of the Island. The light is very powerful, and can be

seen plainly at a distance of twenty miles. Here I saw countless millions of countless species of sea-fowls. It would seem that Bird Rocks is the watering place of all the aquatic portion of the feathery race, for the sky, sea and rocks were virtually screened by a mass of sea-fowls.

What struck me with particular wonder was the surprisingly large number of different kinds of wild plants, flowers and shrubs. To no better place could the botanist repair to study the plants of the American Continent, for here can be found specimens to collect, which, on the Continent, would necessitate a journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Besides securing a large and varied botanical collection, I gathered many specimens of both stone and mineral. With such a varied store of plants, stones, and birds, the Magdalen Islands should be the Mecca for botanists, geologists, and ornithologists, when they wish to spend a profitable as well as a pleasant holiday season.

There are no wild animals on the Islands, as the trees are all dwarf, and would afford a very poor shelter for them. Farming is carried on to some extent, but in a very rude and antiquated manner. Their farming implements are very roughly constructed, as each person builds his own. Fishing being the chief occupation, it is not uncommon to see in front of a fisher's house a pile of fish, with women gibbering at one side of the heap and pigs eating out of the other. The most prominent feature of the Magdalen Islands pig is his nasal projection; and no doubt it proves to be of great service to him, for "root hog or die" seems to be the law of life among the swine race of this portion of the globe. A German tourist made the remark to me one day, while discussing the native swine, that "they could dig clams in a fathom and a-half of water without wetting their eyebrows." On the Monday following my arrival on the Islands, the S. S. St. Oalf arrived with the mails and a few passengers; she comes with a mail on the Monday of each week. On Tuesday forenoon I left the rugged, picturesque Magdalen, and in the teeth of a violent gale the good ship St. Oalf gallantly rode the billowy surf of the Gulf, and in the dawn of the evening I was once more breathing the soul-soothing atmosphere of "Cardigan the Blest," the fairest flower-bed in the Garden of the Gulf.

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

"A Pair of Veterans."

A pair of worn-out veterans
Each night I put to rest,
Two dauntless, bold adventurers,
Worn out by tireless quest.

They scurried through the dewy grass
To find "a fower dat groved,"
Then pattered in the deepest dust
That lined the country road.

They went "to hunt the baby-calf"
And caught a splash of mire;
Sailed in the brook, and then were dried
Before the kitchen fire.

And many a scratch from many a thorn
Those playfellows had won
Before their time of rest drew near,
At setting of the sun.

Yet fair they are to mother's sight,
This bruised and battered pair,
And, "Guide these wanderers aright,"
Is mother's whispered prayer.

The Religion of Rest.

"Believe in it?" said a certain country woman the other day, "most certainly, but like many another disciple, I find it easier to assent to it's creed than to practice the same. I know it all—have read learned discourses on the necessity of rest for the human machine, and the most approved methods of taking it. Have bowed my head in meek assent when some sensible soul has poured his vial of wrath on the mistaken ideas of rest held by the leisured class, and their efforts to attain it—"their labor and hurry, excitement and worry." I have lent my sympathetic ear to the rapturous outbursts of some poetic soul, as he sung of blue skies and fleecy clouds, of the gurgling stream and roses nodding in the sweet June air; and when he sniffed the clover-scented breeze, I had restful visions of extra hands to cook for, more cows to look after, gardening to do, fruit to can, and a thousand and one other delightful little pictures. But now the tune is changed and my summer boarder hums a doleful air as he packs his grip, bewailing the fact that he must exchange the "glorious freedom" of the country for the dingy walls of a city office—must miss the sight of the changing leaves, etc. But to me, the beauty of the whole is marred by the fact that tho' Dame Nature may don her festal robes at leisure, I must appear in working garb, all the year around, except for an occasional drive to store or church. Rest? Yes, mine will come when my boy brings home his wife, and she smiles comically at the toddler by her knee—a cheerful prospect.

"Do you never go away, even for a day's visit?" I asked.

"Visit? Hardly ever. Most of my neighbors are like myself—have enough to occupy every minute—can't afford to waste the time."

"Wasted time, is it? Do you want fresh ideas in your work? Perhaps you might catch a suggestion from a friend, Mrs. So-and-So. We're not insinuating, you know, that she is a more successful house-keeper, a better wife and mother than you, but no two persons have exactly the same way of working, and who knows but you might do a little mission-

ary work there yourself. John laughs, of course. What endless fun the men poke at visiting. What stale jokes are cracked on the subject! How its evils are exaggerated and paraded! Who isn't sick to death of this everlasting whine about gossiping? And, after all, this world would be vastly worse if ever woman's world were bounded by her own garden-wall."

The Bright Side.

In the moments of despondency that come to every life—when cherished plans seem likely to fail, when disappointment instead of success capsour best endeavors, when "everything goes wrong" and all the world looks blue to us—how exasperating the advice, "Look on the bright side; all will yet be well!" This advice we must take, however. It is the people who cultivate the good habit of looking on the bright side that ultimately are successful. For, to mope over misfortune is to be conquered by misfortune; to grumble at our fate is to invite a repetition of fate's frown; to live in the shadow of adversity is to droop and dwindle and die. Our only hope lies in a struggle towards the sunshine.

To every mistress of a household is a bright outlook upon life especially valuable. Not only does it cheer herself, but is also the source of inspiration to all within her influence. If "the hand that rocks the cradle moves the world," surely it is desirable that that hand should pulse with the energy of a courageous, not faltering, heart! "Forward" is the watchword of youth, but when youth is tempted to fall back, then is the mother's opportunity; she points her children to the bright side, she urges them to persevere in well-doing, she keeps them true to their aspirations. So with the good man of the house. Wearied, discouraged, disgusted often, with the burdens, defeats and trickeries of business life, he is half-minded to give up the struggle. He has been honorable, and honor doesn't seem to count; he has been honest, and honesty "don't pay." Well for him if in this crisis his wife can be his good angel, holding him back from despair, healing his wounded spirit with the balm of hopeful words, and restoring his faith in the right, so that he is enabled to "try again."

That there is a bright side to the darkest of our affairs, let us never doubt. The very failures that seem most appalling bring to us, if we will have it so, the stepping-stones to success. Only let us not yield to despondency, and from every trial we shall gather strength; from every denial, patience, and from every defeat, experience. Strength, patience, experience! These three are invincible helpers to life's best guerdons, and they come gladly to the aid of those stout-hearted folk who persist in walking on the sunny side of the daily path.—M. D. Sterling.

Puzzles.

1—SQUARE.

My FIRST is a trial to many indeed;
My SECOND "to be of companions quite freed";
"Instruments" give you the name of my THIRD;
"A means of ingress" for my FOURTH is oft heard;
My FIFTH is the plural of "the home of a bird."

CHARLES S. EDWARDS.

2—RIDDLE.

Why, Charlie, my boy, what has happened your brain,
That such wonderful fancies invade it?
You must have had nightmare and dreamt of it all,
For I never can think you just made it.

But wait, let me see, the bulk of your theme
Was all just about pretty ladies;
Why surely 'tis easy the secret to know
The cause of it all a fair maid is.

Her name? Sure you'll guess it without more ado.
Don't court her too often, I pray you;
For never, oh never, has she yet proved true,
And the very same trick she will play you.

ADA ARMAND.

3—DIAMOND.

1, In Jerusalem; 2, a vessel; 3, a vessel for washing in;
4, a weapon; 5, play things; 6, a very small but necessary article; 7, in London.

4—CHARADE.

My SECOND round my lady's FIRST
Is draped with anxious care,
While rustling 'mid it lies my WHOLE
Composed of jewels rare.

ADA ARMAND.

5—THE FARMER'S WIFE.

Who is it rises with the lark,
In summer op'ning life;
In winter when the world is dark?
The farmer's wife.

Who is it fills the weary hours,
With brave though tired trudge,
Performing daily endless chores?
The household drudge.

Who is it cooks, provides and bakes,
Darns stockings without end;
The garments of the household makes?
The family friend.

Who is it gives such loving cheer,
As cometh from no other?
A sympathetic heart and ear?
The children's mother.

Who is it has, for whom we blend
Our voices, glorifying:
The blessing of the Heavenly Friend?
A heroine undying.

CHARLES S. EDWARDS.

Answers to Puzzles in September 16th Issue.

- 1—William Cullen Bryant; Oliver Wendell Holmes.
- 2—Eye.
- 3—Deliver—reviled; lever—revel; live—evil; snug—guns.
- 4—Contentment is a brighter gem
Than sparkles in a diadem.
- 5—Miss Chief (mischiefs).

SOLVERS FOR SEPTEMBER 16TH.
Clara Robinson; Chris McKenzie.