

bliadhna Rìgh-Chathair Iompaireachd Bhreathuinn, maille ri'r Teach-lach Rìoghail ann an sorrbeachadh.—Sonas agus sith, Cailean Young Ceannard Luch-Raighlaidh a Ghearasdain.

This is pretty high-flown language it seems to us; but that is to be expected when we consider that Ben Nevis is a very high mountain.



[The editor of the Prince Edward Island Magazine will be pleased to receive articles on any subjects of interest. The pages of this Magazine are open to all who desire to contribute — articles sent need not be confined to topics connected with the Island.]

❖ Through Tommy Hawke's Telescope ❖

CONDUCTED BY TOMMY HAWKE

THE fly season is about over. The fly has been pretty prevalent this summer, but of course he had to make up for a late spring. This late spring business was a good thing after all, I believe, as it helped to prolong the summer by dovetailing it into a little autumn, and said late autumn will prove of benefit to everybody, and everything, especially farmers and autumn mobile drivers. A good many of the latter may have horse sense before next season; at least it is to be hoped so. Yes, summer is a good season while it lasts, but we don't think so much of it after that. Summer and I always get along well together and I only hope that during my little sojourn in this vale of—er—smiles, nothing will ever occur to jar the mutual understanding between us.



But I had enough to say about summer in a previous number of this great family magazine. I really didn't mean to take up so much of your valuable time on the subject again. It's true enough, that moss-embellished and sentimental ejaculation so often heard, "How time flies." Ah! that word "flies" that's just what I was talking