

ment, from nominating a President to locating a clapboard capital or lunatic asylum. Mighty monopolies, built up by bribery and scoundrelly lobbies, by their ruthless exactions incite communism and socialism. The suffrage, the holiest right of freemen, is debased; and votes, oaths, honour and decency are staple articles of barter and trade. The whole land is deluged with infamy and sin. Every newspaper press groans beneath the burden of its daily record of crimes. The very lightnings themselves have grown weary of flashing abroad the never-ending, sickening, wire-corroding details of outrages and horrors for which the vocabularies of pandemonium a generation ago furnished no name."

How I Spent My Holidays.

In this land of wonderous beauties and long distances, it is not always an easy matter to decide where to spend one's holidays. Nor does the fact of having relatives living in different parts of the continent of America, from Charlottetown in the East, to Pierre, Dakota, in the West, help at all to lighten the burden of deciding this momentous question. But, yes, there is a help to a decision where the distances are so great as those mentioned, and that is the length of the pocket, and the time at one's disposal. About the time of my annual holiday, I generally receive a goodly sized bundle of letters, begging me to come and stay as long as I like at the abode of my relatives, who are one and all longing to see me. And curiously enough, each one is quite positive that his particular part of the country is the best for my health. Then again, those living nearer than the others are careful to add that it is much less expensive to come to them than to go to other places so much further away. Well, there is a good deal in this to a poor man, and has a great deal of weight. My decision was easily made this year, for it was pointed out to me that sea air and salt water were the very things to set me up for the winter months. Accordingly, Charlottetown, P. E. I., was decided upon, and there remained nothing further to do but to buy the ticket and start off on my travels. But, stay, there was something further to do, there was the momentous question of the route to be decided, and would I take one of the children? Both questions were soon answered and a start was made. Punctual to the moment the Steamer *Empress* backed from her wharf on a fair Monday morning, bearing a goodly number of passengers, my ten year old daughter and myself being among the number. The first thing worthy of note, was a race between our steamer and another. Six miles this side of L'Orignal we sighted her, and the question was, could we pass her before the wharf at L'Orignal was reached? I may say that our competitor was reputed to be a fast one, and the good captain's eyes sparkled when he saw that the opportunity had at last arrived, and he could try conclusions with this fast craft. However, to the experienced eye, it soon became apparent, that, barring accidents, we should make her wait until we had finished with the wharf. And so it turned out. Passing over the beauties of the Ottawa river we come to Lachine, where we shipped a large party of Montrealers bent upon running the rapids. Oh! the rush for the best seats, it nearly carried us off our feet, and would have done so had we not the advantage of being forewarned. Then the rapids, what shall I say of them? The first experience in running them is not easily described. It certainly makes one feel a half longing that one was safer at home. Fortunately I had been down before, or the vigorous grasp of the lady sitting next to me might have driven me to plunge into the water, which seemed to invite one into its cold embrace. I can almost feel that grasp now. Assuring her that there was no danger I managed to calm her fears, but only for a moment. The worst was not over and we had another steep plunge to make. Whether she repeated her former performance or not, I am not certain, but I know that I felt profoundly thankful that I was safe in my chair when we reached smooth water. I might also add, she was too. To step from the Ottawa Navigation Company's boat to the Quebec boat, is an easy matter in general, but this time there seemed to be so many who wished to go aboard, and who were afraid that they would be left behind, that I feared I might leave some of my belongings, either child or baggage or limb, to be returned to Ottawa, labelled the last remains of a pleasure seeker. All is well that ends well, and we managed to get on board at last. Of the trip down the St. Lawrence to Quebec, I can say nothing more than that we arrived there safely amid pouring rain. A good breakfast at the house of a friend soon drove dull care away.

On Tuesday we started in the steamer *Miramichi* on our voyage to "the Islands." And here let me warn future visitors to that hospitable shore, that they must learn to speak of Prince Edward Island as "The Island," for in the eyes of the inhabitants it is the only island worthy of being so designated. In fact, they speak of going over to Canada, when by some peculiar fortune they chance to cross the Straits of Northumberland. Whether or not the proverbial Parson was the Jonah on board, it is not for me to say. But something was wrong with the weather. It may have been Wiggins, at any rate it was most unpromising. Rain and fog, and an advertised gale which did not come off, made matters on board ship anything but pleasant for three long days. When we arrived at Father Point we were informed that a terrific gale was blowing in the gulf, and that we should certainly meet it before long. Discretion seemed the better part of valour to our captain, so we at once turned tail, and sought shelter under the lee of Barnby Island (I think that is the name) where we existed for twenty long hours. I was afterwards informed that we started from our anchorage on Thursday morning at four o'clock. I did not dispute the statement, I would

not have done so for the world. For twelve more weary hours we ploughed along through rain and fog and just a wee bit of sea. Oh, the monotony of that time! How delightful would have been the advent of the advertised storm, to break the uneventful hours, which dragged their weary length along. Towards evening the clouds began to lift, and we became aware that the coast was plainly visible. Running close to the shore we took advantage of the fine weather to enjoy the beautiful scenery, and inhale the pure breezes. Just at dark we sighted the magnificent ocean steamer *Parisian* and a finer sight of the kind I have never seen. From bow to stern she was one blaze of electric light and she passed us as if we had been standing still. We soon lost sight of her and then began the arduous duties of another night. Even on board ship one has to sleep, and it is no small comfort to find on awaking that you are a hundred miles nearer your destination than you were when you retired the night before. Friday morning found us at Gaspé, where we stayed for some hours. It is a pretty spot and there we left some of the life of our party. They gave us a good send off, and we started once more on our voyage. From Gaspé to Percé rocks is only a short sail. At Percé many of the passengers landed to see the sights. One of our number volunteered to pilot the rest and show us all there was to be seen. Alas it was not much, but I have the satisfaction of having gone over a fish curing establishment. I do not admire the odor which pervades the whole village, from the establishments, of which there are many. From the ship you get the best sight of the place, which is most picturesque. After we left Percé we started across the gulf to Summerside, P. E. I. Winding our way among the fleet of fishing boats, we soon left them astern, and darkness once more hid everything but the water from our view. On Saturday morning, just twenty-four hours late, we reached Summerside. Here nothing of note occurred, except that when we started again one or two had been left behind. O yes, one thing more. Two American gentlemen had evidently found the barber at home, and had made good use of their time on land, and not before it was needed. Charlottetown was reached at six o'clock that evening and there I bid adieu to the company and to the ship. And now a word or two about the passengers. I forget how many we were altogether, but a nicer lot of young men I never met. No swearing, but the game of cards for money, a few good songs, and many an interesting conversation, rubbers of whist without end, good sound reading, many romps with the youngsters of our party, my own child, who, by the-by, made herself at home from the start, and was a great favorite, served to pass the time away very pleasantly. One lad of some sixteen summers was seated in the smoking room reading Harry Lorrequer, when there was a cry for a pack of cards. The usual pack was not forthcoming as it was in use down in the cabin. Our young friend volunteered to lend a pack, which he said he always carried about with him. This remark raised the inquiry, do you play cards? Oh yes, a little. What do you play? whist? No. Eucre? No. What, then? Well I generally play Loo. Oh, the roars of laughter which peeled over that ship, I can hear them now. And the quizzing that young man received was too ludicrous for anything, as one of the American gentlemen said. Nor was he allowed to forget it in a hurry, for he was reminded at all hours of the mistake he had made in his love for gambling. Well, I really think it taught him a lesson which he will not forget very soon, and I hope never.

Charlottetown is most worthy of a visit. Standing inside a deep bay, and completely sheltered from the storms of the sea, it forms a good safe place for the benighted mariner. In the harbour is good anchorage for a large fleet of vessels. In it can be found the mackerel and the lobster, and also good practice in the virtue of patience. Shall I ever forget the hours we waited for the fish to bite? I trow not. But I succeeded better than the three other native gentlemen, who were anxious to show me the way to catch fish. The only one caught wisely came to my hook, and with the skill of an old fisherman I succeeded in landing it in the boot. I need not say that I felt a glow of pride stealing down my cheeks as I thought "You have wiped somebody's eye, at any rate." This was my only experience at fishing. I wanted no more. One afternoon as we were leaving the lawn-tennis ground I gazed enraptured for many minutes upon the most gorgeous view I had ever seen. The sun was just setting, and shining upon the harbour and the land by which it is almost surrounded. The exceeding greenness of the grass, the red soil everywhere visible, the wharves, the storehouses on the wharves, the ripening grain, all combined to make a picture to gladden the hearts of those who were fortunate enough to see it. How I longed to be a painter, that I might transfer to canvas a sight that I shall probably never see again. I may say that even the natives remarked that they had never seen a more beautiful sunset. The surroundings of Charlottetown remind me of my native county, Gloucestershire. The pretty hedges (of which they have an abundance on the Island), the hills, and the winding river, brought back to my mind some of the views I was accustomed to see in my younger days. No wonder the Islanders are proud of their land. Of the city itself I cannot say much. The houses are, for the most part, poor; the church buildings are not much to boast of; and the public buildings, with the exception of the Post Office, are somewhat inferior. There is one thing of which they can justly feel proud, and that is the garden in which the public buildings are erected. This garden is most artistically laid out with the choicest of flowers of every kind. The arrangement reflects great credit upon a young gentleman of the city who I believe has taken the matter in hand. This is enterprise of a sort not seen everywhere. Evidences of improvement are to be seen, however. One is the erection of a new rectory for the old Church of England congre-