

splendid creature he was. An ounce and a quarter of No. 6 proved too much for him, and a moment later he lay gasping at my feet. His tail feathers measured two feet two inches in length, and his plumage was of unusual brightness.

That finished my day, for I was at the end of the cover. Three pheasants, two brace of pigeons, one quail and a snipe are not a very heavy day's shooting, but still worth while going after. The rest of the party put in an appearance in time to catch the train. One chap had seven cocks which is considered good work for one day, and very proud he looked over his success. We were all very tired and dirty, but everyone seemed well pleased with the events of the day.

I have been shooting many times since, and brought home bigger bags, but I have never had a more enjoyable tramp through the fields than on that first day of October.

H. A. BAYFIELD, B. A. SC.

Ode to Prince Edward Island.

On the boundless waste of ocean,
Sitting like a bird at ease,
Ever quiet—ever silent
Thou shalt sit till time shalt cease ;
Storms will rage and the sea monsters
May come snorting to thy shore,
But thou'lt stand in silent glory
Until time shall be no more.

Lovely Island

Ever silent

Not a murmur comes from thee ;

Slumber silent

Little Island

In thy bed beneath the sea.