

land, laid claim to our Island, and for some two hundred years after, we have no authentic chronicle.

But that is no obstacle to the imagination, which if let loose in the pages of "The Deerslayer," "Leather Stocking," or "The Last of The Mohicans," gives us a picture of primitive life in these parts entrancing enough. And if one says "That is not history," I reply it is good enough for us. If it isn't all true it ought to be. Certainly there is more matter of fact in it than in the fabulous legends of the early days of Greece and Rome, of King Arthur and the Kings of Ireland. We do not grudge them their Immortals, Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare and Moore; but we claim the same indulgence for our inimitable Fenimore Cooper.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

P. E. ISLAND COINS.

LONG ago, in the days when I was young, no matter when that was, Charlottetown was one of the best places in the world in which to make a collection of coins. Everything in the shape of a coin, irrespective to which country it belonged, passed for some value, and the way that value seemed to be ascertained, was by size. For instance,—a silver coin about the size of an English shilling, passed, as did the shilling, for eighteen pence. Another, nearly or the same size as an English six pence, for nine pence, and so on—the same rule being applied to the copper coinage. Had anyone been far-seeing enough in those days to dilligently collect all the unusual coins that he or she could, a small fortune might be realized upon their sale at the present time, for many of them would be quite valuable, and even now, it is quite