

through Buddhism or Christianity have been able to evolve, namely, Pity.—[Adapted from A. A. Chapin's "Masters of Music."

A Holiday in Prince Edward Island.

I write from Prince Edward Island, the "Garden of the Gulf," from a place called "Abegweit," which is one of its Indian names, meaning "Home on the Wave"; its other, of Micmac origin, signifying "Floating Beauty"—in truth, a most lovely, restful spot in which to spend a summer holiday. To crown my satisfaction, I find myself not only near a wide stretch of sandy beach upon one side and a mile-wide land-locked bay on the other, but from my window I can see the farmer amongst his animals, and his wife feeding the fine stock of poultry. I hear the low of the kine, the cawing of the crows over the pines which sentinel the cranberry patches through which the guests of the house have to pass to their morning dip in the dancing waves. Above the big brown barn is working busily that good fairy of the Prince Edward Island farmer, the fan-shaped, circular windmill. I am told it not only supplies all the water required for house and stock, but threshes the grain, stores it on occasion into the granary, hoists the hay into the lofts, and, by adjustable straps, saws the wood for fuel, cuts the boards for building purposes, besides various other chores. It gives to an Ontario woman a "homey" feeling to read upon the big wheel when it stops whirling to take a well-earned rest, the words "Ideal, Brantford," showing the kinship which exists between the sister Provinces of our wide Dominion; whilst to the occasional contributor to its "Home Magazine" pages is conveyed a still more "homey" feeling when she learns that, not only has the "Farmer's Advocate" for a long period had a welcome in this house, but that already has she clasped friendly hands with members of two other homes in which the paper is a fortnightly visitor.

I have heard the remark that tourists are only beginning to discover Prince Edward Island, to find out how accessible it is, and how worthy of a visit, even if it were twice as difficult to reach. Its summer is delightful, and every hour may be full of enjoyment. There is something for every taste—good fishing, shooting, boating, bathing, and an atmosphere literally charged with vitality, especially that of the more-bracing north shore, from which I write. I have yet much to learn of this lovely island, but I have seen enough already to arouse my keenest interest. I do not pretend to know much of the details of farming, but I can admire and appreciate trim, clean-looking buildings, well-kept fences, healthy looking stock, well-groomed horses, and fields which have been so well plowed and planted that it is no matter of wonder that they should give so good a promise of a bountiful harvest. Nor am I behind my fellow guests at this homelike farm hotel in appreciation of the rich cream placed so unstintingly before us, the fresh eggs over the laying of which we daily hear such triumphant cackling, the cod and mackerel which the son of the house gathers in as his share of the harvest of the sea, and the wild strawberries which can be had for the picking.

There is a great deal more in Prince Edward Island than in any other part of Canada to remind one of the motherland, Devonshire more especially, though lacking, perhaps, the rougher, bolder outlines of its coast. The deep reddish hue of its soil, in contrast to the vivid lines of the greenery above it, has the coloring of dear old Devon, whilst here and there the roads are lined by real hedges over which creep tangles of sweet wild roses, springing from and protected by the bracken and fern below.

Nor is the likeness outward only.

There is in the native-born islander a simplicity of character, which by no means denotes lack of intelligence, and a warm hospitality alike to that of the hearty fisher and farm folks of Devonshire and Cornwall, and there is, at first, a little of their reticence, too—a reticence which soon passes. "If you get lost, as you easily might in our lovely but somewhat roundabout roads, call at the first farmhouse



North Cape, P. E. I.

you pass, and you will have every help afforded you—a meal prepared, and, if it should be at night, you and your party, however large, will have beds or shakedown provided, as a matter of course." This I was told by one who had had personal experiences of the hospitable treatment by the Islanders of the strangers within their gates.

To its home-born son or daughter this is "The Island," they are "The Islanders," neither absence nor distance making any difference. What other island can, in their estimation, ever compare with the Island gem which to them is the home they love, and of which they may, with such justice, be proud? Nevertheless, the P. E. Islander is to be found, not only in all parts of Canada, but the world over, and, wherever he goes, as a rule, he carries his good qualities with him, and is pretty sure to make his mark. To this our Canadian universities

Edward Island (now under the official charge of its chief superintendent, Dr. Anderson, to whose fostering care the present prosperity of Prince of Wales College is so largely due) is the result, we are told, of hard labor and many sacrifices made in earlier days. And just here, while upon the subject of education in the Island, I should like to tell of a visit we paid to one of its consolidated schools—an experimental effort on its behalf made by that generous and public-spirited Canadian, Sir William Macdonald, but that story must wait until another time.

H. A. B.

With the Flowers.

Miss G. E., St. Mary's, Ont., writes: Will you kindly answer the following questions:

1. Is there any vine suitable for a corner of a house which is very hot in the afternoon?
2. If there is, how do you plant it and when, and how high will it grow?
3. Will it degenerate nasturtiums or sweet peas to keep the seed and plant year after year?
4. How do you kill lice which gather on the under side of the leaves of currant bushes?

Ans.—1. We should think in your vicinity any of the following would grow in the place you mention: Boston Ivy, Virginia Creeper, Trumpet Flower, Cobaea Scandens, Japanese Kudzu vine, Dutchman's Pipe. 2. All of those above mentioned will grow to the roof. If you want a lower vine try honeysuckle or Clematis Paniculata. All woody-stemmed vines may be planted in spring while still dormant, like shrubs. Do not plant them in "hard pan," such as the ground often is close to the house. If the soil is hard, remove it to the depth of two or three feet and fill in with good loam, well enriched with old manure. Good drainage is absolutely necessary to the majority of vines.

3. Nasturtiums may be grown year after year from home-saved seed without showing an appreciable degeneration; but we have known a case in which sweet peas, after several years of home-grown seed, lost all their color, becoming pure white.

4. It is hard to know what treatment to give you for your currant bushes without knowing the exact nature of the pest. The currant



The Beautiful Kildare, near Alberton, P. E. I.

and colleges can give testimony, for, even if not always at the head of their list of successful students, his name is frequently to be found there, and very seldom far behind. The records of the well-known university of the Island, that of the "Prince of Wales," at Charlottetown, can point to many of the leading men of Canada who were educated within its walls. The excellent educational system of Prince

worm, the most common currant pest, is usually disposed of with hellebore. Kerosene emulsion is, however, the standard remedy for lice. To make it, shave one-quarter pound ivory or whale-oil soap in one-half gallon soft water and boil till dissolved. Remove the kettle, and while boiling-hot add one gallon kerosene and stir well. When using, dilute with from 12 to 14 parts water and apply with a fine spray.

Domestic Science.

Children whose feet are bathed regularly night and morning in cold water, then rubbed dry with a coarse towel, as a rule, are exempt from colds.

To preserve the yolk of eggs, if only the whites are used, cover the yolks with cold water and set them in a cool, dark place, where they will keep fresh for several days.

Always use a silver knife and fork in shredding pineapples, as the acid acts on the steel. Always cook pineapples before using in gelatine, as the pineapple possesses a chemical property that softens the gelatine.

A pitcher of ice water laid in a newspaper, with the ends of the paper twisted together to exclude the air, will remain all night in any summer room with scarcely any perceptible melting of the ice.

Many a housewife will be glad of this hint regarding flies: Take a piece of flannel saturated in paraffin, rub in lightly over mirrors, picture frames and mantels, and let it dry of its own accord. You will not be troubled cleaning these, as flies will not go near paraffin.

The young housekeeper knows well enough the difficulty of preserving milk sweet in hot weather, and will doubtless be glad of a little hint on the subject. To prevent it from becoming sour and spoiling the cream, scald new milk very gently, without letting it boil, and set it aside in the pan it has been heated in.

A package of gum camphor is a good thing to slip in one's trunk in summer. It is a hint from an Adirondack guide that a small piece of the gum about the size of a walnut, burned over a candle so as to produce smoke, but not flame, will drive away, for that night at least, all mosquitoes in and about one's apartment.

MAKING A GOOD CUP OF TEA.

Although every woman has an idea she can brew a good cup of tea, there are a very great number who are far from adepts at this simple art.

The first thing is to choose good tea. It is impossible to make a good brew from inferior material. Good tea, at a fair price, will be found the cheapest in the end.

The water used for making tea must be freshly boiled. It must never be drawn from hot-water pipe or kitchen boiler, and be sure that the kettle used is clean. The inside of the kettle should be washed out occasionally with hot water and soda, and then well rinsed.

The habit of leaving the tea leaves in pot any length of time after using it is a very bad one. The pot ought to be thoroughly washed out, well dried, and left with the lid open or off to air.

Providing all the above is carried out, the making of the tea is next to be proceeded with. Half fill the pot with boiling water, and when heated pour the water away. Put in as much tea as is required. The old-fashioned rule of "one teaspoonful for each person and one for the pot," is a very good one. Take the teapot to the kettle, never the kettle to the teapot, and pour the water gently on.

Cover with a cosy, or let it stand in a warm place to infuse. The length of time for infusion will vary with the quantity of tea. The better the tea the longer time it will take to infuse. Tea is never good if it is allowed to stand too long. If the tea has to be kept hot for any length of time the leaves must be removed from it.

Pat trotted down town to a jeweler's to buy a ring for his wife-to-be. After waiting until he could obtain the ear of the clerk, Pat whispered, hoarsely, "Give me the best wedding ring you have in the shop." "Eighteen karats?" queried the clerk. "No," snapped Pat, drawing back in an offended manner. "Atin' onions, if it's any of your business."