

sugar, 'baccy and spice on Cuba, Porto Rico and the Phillipines, he will look to the old reliable spot for bone and sinew and brains, for his workmen and for his professors. Yes. He can depend on us. We are here to stay, at least as long as things terrestrial are of much importance to the present generation. And in spite of our dear uncle's antiquated ideas on trade and government we will always do the best we can for him.

It has been said of P. E. Island that it has no history. Perhaps that would be something for which we should sing the Doxology—even from other points of view than that of the lazy school-boy.

At all events it is not true.

Firstly, we have the history of our people—of France, Scotland, Ireland and England—of which four countries, if one knows the story, he should have some hold on the history of the world. Then the annals of our Island home, our Abegweit, as revealed by the record of the rocks, the traditions of the red-skins, and as treasured in the memories of the living, and in the writings of past as well as present generations.

The public should get the benefit to a greater extent of this knowledge which is stored up in the minds and closets of some of those who have devoted their leisure to research, and who are so capable of casting the facts of our story into a pleasing form. Should those records share the fate of the Alexandrine library, or their compilers pass away without making them public, they will have neglected their duty to their country and to their fellow-men. In the meantime all honour to those who have given us what we have, both poetry and prose, both civil and military.

Prior to St. John's day, 1497, when John Cabot first set foot on, and in the name of Henry VII of Eng-