

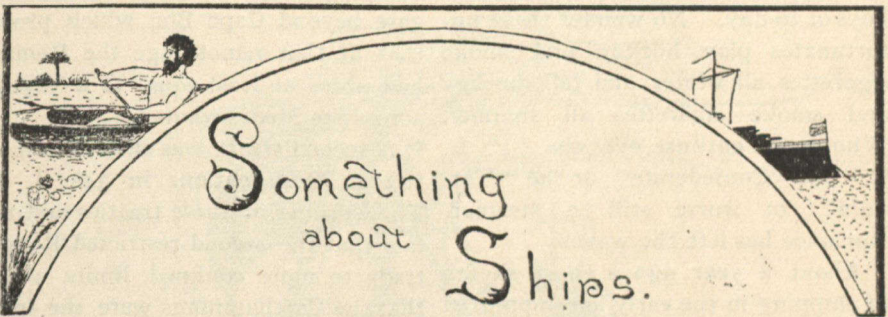
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By John T. Clarkin

TWENTY years ago nearly every Charlottetown boy was a poet and intended to be a sailor.

He may have continued to be a poet until he got his first grocer's bill but the nautical aspirations disappeared on his first rough trip to Pictou. If previous to that event he had written lines such as :

"Bright is the sea
And happy and wide
Laughing for me
To skim o'er its tide."

running into teens of quatrains, on his arrival home from Nova Scotia's strand he hunted up that treasured

poem and burned it. He was well satisfied that the bright and happy sea had done enough laughing at his skimming to do a lifetime.

Like the novel, time wore on, and gradually he forgot the oblations offered the little fishes, and the old aquatic spirit returned; but now his sailing was done in a boat and always within three miles of the lovely green grass for which our Island is so justly famous.

These were the boys who saw vessels worth seeing—vessels that had trimmed their yards to the winds of all