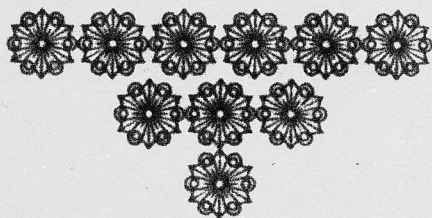


THE PRINCE EDWARD
ISLAND MAGAZINE



MAY, 1901

VOLUME 3

NO. 3

THE Prince Edward Island Magazine

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Articles on any subject likely to prove interesting to our readers are respectfully solicited. It is important that contributions should not be made too long. The editor hopes that Prince Edward Islanders, at home and abroad, will look upon this Magazine as representative of their native Province; and will be sincerely grateful for any matter, suitable for these pages, that may be forwarded to him.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.—The subscription price is FIFTY CENTS a year, for which it will be sent, postage-paid, to any address in Canada or the United States. Remittances may be made in stamps (Canadian or U. S.) or by postal note or money order.

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The circulation of this issue of the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE is 1800 copies. Our circulation book may be seen by advertisers at any time.

The MAGAZINE is printed at its office, Richmond Street West, (two blocks and a half from Queen Street) Charlottetown. Telephone 189.

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Publisher the P. E. Island Magazine

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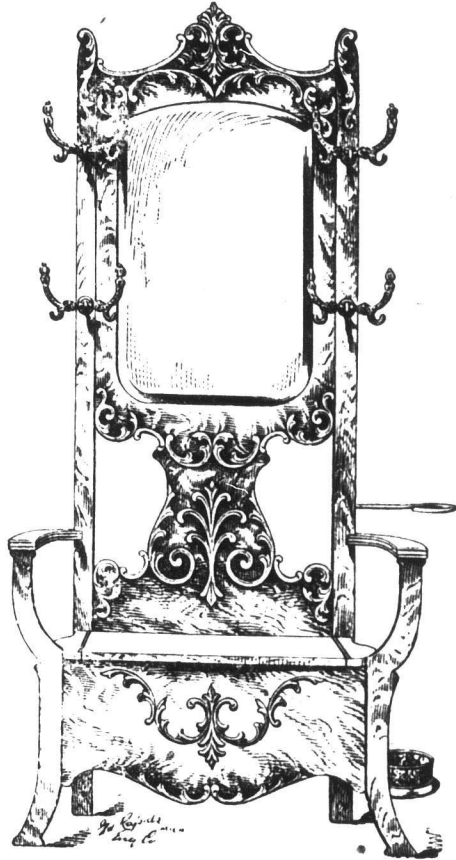
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A SCENE AT THE INDIAN RESERVATION, LENNOX ISLAND, P. E. I.

(From a photograph by Mr. A. W. Mitchell, Charlottetown.)

T H E
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
MAGAZINE

VOL. III.

MAY 1901.

No. 3.

Orwell,—Continued.

BESIDES the late John Fletcher, of Orwell, there was another good man for whom I had the greatest respect, that was the late John Henry Enman. Mr. Enman was a quiet, honest, upright man, a man of deep piety and was highly respected by his Presbyterian neighbors.

Donald Ban McLeod, the grand father of Rev. D. B. McLeod, of Charlottetown, was another worthy man; his farm was next to the big church on Murray Harbor Road. His house was always a very hospitable one, and he a kind-hearted man. His youngest son Roderick succeeded him in the estate. I believe Roderick is still living—a hale, hearty old gentleman, following the footsteps of his late father.

I might mention the name of John McPherson, a man of a noble, generous heart and John A. McLeod a man of taste and perseverance.

There are other illustrious sons of Orwell such as the Martins, the Macdonalds, the Gillises, the Musics, the Campbells, the McKinnons and the Nicholsons. But time and space would fail me to go into details about the history of each family.

I should have placed the name of D. A. McKinnon, the

late Attorney-General for P. E. Island in the rank of the legal profession. He was born and educated at Orwell.

The old land marks are passing away; very few of any of them are left. I hope that those who now hold the reins will guide the community in the way of progress, in righteousness, peace and tolerance.

In my childhood days there was a good deal of animosity existing between the different religious sects. The glasses through which I had been looking at Christians of other denominations had been smoked and blackened by early prejudice and training. I used to think that all who were outside my church and sect were surely on the wrong path, and there was no salvation whatever for those who were born and brought up in the communion of the Roman Catholic Church, and yet we had in Orwell some of the very best neighbors we could have of that religious faith—the McDonalds and the Stephens, men and women whose conduct the world could not gainsay. Patrick Stephen was a man that exerted a good influence in the temperance cause, an active business man, thoroughly honest, and highly respected. His widow, I believe, is still living an estimable woman. Time, travel and coming in contact with different religious societies have rubbed the smoke and blackness away from my glasses, so that I see all religious sects are only so many regiments in the army of the Lord Jesus. Instead of the different regiments shooting into each other as was the case in the past, let them march forward shoulder to shoulder fighting against the corruptions and temptations of the world.

The aggressive energy of the church should be employed, and that unitedly, in suppressing sins and crimes that endanger society. No petty difference should divide the army of the Lord Jesus Christ in marching forward against intemperance and corruption in politics. These two public sins are confronting us and endangering the morals of every society. I hope that the well-read and intelligent people of Orwell will ever frown upon any political agent who will attempt to bribe them.

I have a distinct recollection of the loss of the Fairy Queen on the 7th October, 1853, and the cowardly conduct of the captain and crew who took the only available boat and saved themselves, and left the passengers to the mercy of the sea; of how sad I felt when I heard of the two young ladies, by the name of DeWolf, struggling in the water and calling for help; and how the brave Dr. McKenzie left a piece of the wreck, on which he might have saved himself and went to the rescue of the young ladies in the hope of bringing them also to that piece of wreckage, but lost his life in the attempt. The three went down together, with four more of their fellow passengers, where they sleep their last sleep under a mount of blue, until that day when the sea shall give up her dead. While the tear falls a fresh over this scene of sorrow of the long past, let piety raise her faith to Heaven, and believe in a reunion with the departed "when the daybreak and the shadows flee away."

About the vision which Capt. Cross saw at the Kirk on that same eventful morning on which the Fairy Queen was lost, and the mysterious tolling of the Kirk bell, testified to by the sexton of the church and others, I never heard of till I read it in the Christmas number for 1899, of your magazine. I am not going to say anything pro nor con, I have no right to call in question the sight and hearing of intelligent men.

In this world we are all surrounded by the mysterious unknown. Whatever takes place without us we want to deduce it by reason. Reason calls upon us to bring all our strange visions and hearing to the bar of the intellect, and have them tried and proven there; but let us bear in mind that there are things which cannot be proven to us by reason, nor arrived at by the process of logic. Supernatural things have been seen and supernatural sounds have been heard by intelligent, educated people. We are not warranted in calling these reports falsehoods, simply because we did not see nor hear them.

Kindly excuse me for trespassing so much on your valuable

space, by alluding to the loss of the Fairy Queen, which is foreign to my subject. Reading about it in the December number of 1899 of your magazine awakened the event afresh in my memory and Capt. Cross's vision gave it an additional impression.

Winnipeg, Man.

TRAVELLER.

Farmers' Institutes—Or Schools for the People.

"A new thing is stirring abroad,
 The fairest our fair land can show,
 'Tis the man o' his hands who is proud of his place
 With his feet next the soil, April's smile on his face,
 His eyes all aglow
 'Neath the calm eye of God
 Breaking Twentieth Century sod."

THESE words by Robert Elliott in the Christmas Farmers' Advocate, compel attention, and give utterance to the universal feeling that Agriculture is now becoming recognized as a profession which repays skilled labor,—a profession for which young men do well to prepare themselves as they do for other professions; and an occupation so far-reaching in its details that it develops the whole man, giving him a robust healthiness of body, mind and soul. It is true that the movement may be considered a new thing, yet for fifteen years it has been developing in Ontario along lines that have proved remarkably successful, under what is known as the Farmers' Institute system; a system planned by our foremost men to give the farmer a place of which he may well be proud, as he drives his team along the furrow, breaking Twentieth Century sod.

It was observed that the training in our Public Schools, and the teachings in our Academies and Colleges was not of

much direct benefit to the farmer who earns his bread first hand at the plow, and that only one per cent. of the farmers' sons took a course in an Agricultural College, while of these few returned to the farm. Wasteful methods of production were very evident in every line of farming ; there was little or no intercourse and interchange of ideas between separate communities ; and our products were only taking third or fourth place in the markets of the world when there was no good reason why they should not stand ahead. Our brightest young men could not find that employment of faculties in disorganized labor for which their highest nature craved, and they could not excuse or endure the strange lack of self respect everywhere evident among members of the farming community. Given these and other considerations too numerous to be mentioned, and a problem was presented of a more difficult character than any invented by Euclid or his followers ; and indeed all the axioms accepted by society were utterly useless when it came to the demonstration of effective and economical schools for training the entire population of a whole country.

It was felt that if some method could be introduced for showing the farmers everywhere the best that could be done and was being done on the best farms, that by an interchange of ideas and critical study of different methods of farming, the whole body of agriculturists might reasonably be raised to the position held and enjoyed by our best and most progressive farmers ; so the Institute System came, and, because it proved its utility by accomplishing what was expected of it, it has a right to remain, and so has come to stay.

Dr. James Mills, the President of the Agricultural College at Guelph, was the man who developed the plan upon which the Farmers' Institute system was organized in Ontario, and he succeeded because he had such a man as F. W. Hodson to perfect the organization in ways which only a decade ago, seemed quite impossible ; while at the helm of the good ship of state the strong arm of John Dryden could ever be relied upon

no matter what might come. The first step in introducing the system was to send out Professors of the Agricultural College, who during the first year held seventy-five meetings in as many sections of Ontario ; the local farmers' clubs were enlisted and incorporated in the work, and two thousand five hundred names were added to the membership roll of the organization. Later the staff of travelling teachers, or Institute Delegates was increased by adding a practical farmer to each delegation ; the farmer chosen must have made a success of some one line of farm work, and be prepared to tell others both what he had accomplished, and the reason for his success. The people were kept together for a two-days' session of the Institute meetings, and the press everywhere used to keep readers informed of what was being done. Soon correspondence began to come in from all quarters to the teachers, who had already more than they could do ; and at this stage Mr. F. W. Hodson was appointed Superintendent of the entire system. Mr. Hodson at once secured incorporation for the Farmers' Institute system, and published bye-laws and rules of order founded upon the most approved methods of practice on both sides of the Atlantic ; and now, after ten years of regular work, the membership has grown to 16,808 ; while last year 677 meetings were held at which over 3,000 addresses were delivered. Their staff of Institute Delegates now numbers fifty-five and it was found by actual count that last year the audiences consisted of 114,402 persons, the total cost to the Province being nine thousand nine hundred dollars.

There is a great difference of opinion as to just what " Schools " are for, and as to what the word " education " means ; there are men, in other countries of course, who would have every educator armed with a foot-power cramming machine ; and we have neighbors who would have schools run on the principle of the large packing concerns, where the noise of the machinery drowns all protests, and the finished product with its soft sides scientifically cured is pushed along on rollers,

and placed upon the markets of society while yet warm, and positively fresh. There is only one imaginary condition in which such a course would be desirable, and that would be if the consumers were gods whom it would be our duty to worship with human sacrifice : but here in Christian Canada the opposite is the case. We recognize the Source from whom all power comes ; and, though our hands and hearts are full of other things, we bow and worship. We study to serve mankind, not because we are servants, but because we are free. Is it any disgrace for you and me to stoop beneath burdens when on the crest of our new King are the words " Ich dein,"—I serve ! and should it not be our highest ambition to get ourselves into line with the mighty forces of Nature, so that after we have learned more about the great unwritten laws, there may be less friction and unnecessary waste.

J. S. CLARK.

Morell, P. E. Island.

MORELL is located on the North side of P. E. Island, thirty miles from Charlottetown, on the line of rail. It is but one mile from the shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence at St. Peter's Harbor, one of the best fishing centres of the Province. Previous to the year 1759, while under the dominion of France, this was the location of the capital of the Island and quite a large trade was carried on with that country. French soldiers were quartered here and the old town well is still used by fishermen. Some years ago, the chapel bell was plowed up on the farm of John Sinnot, Esq., near whose beautiful residence was the site of the French Church of Auld Lang Syne. Along the banks of the lakes and rivers in the vicinity, and the beautiful bay of St. Peter's, are yet to be found hundreds of "French cellars," sole

reminders of the happy homes of the "fisher folk" of long ago.

On a fine summer morning, standing on "Mount Mary hill" near the bay shore, a few hundred yards from the railway station, the view is beautiful beyond description. Looking eastward, the placid waters of the bay extend nine miles. In the hazy distance can be seen the spire of the Roman Catholic Church at the "head." On either side of this bay, gently sloping to the water's edge, are the highly cultivated farms systematically laid off into square fields and dotted with groves of evergreen, nestled in which are the tidy and comfortable homes of thirty farmers.

A long, narrowed peninsula, known as Greenwich, separates the bay from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Looking westward, the harbor is in full view, with the "lighthouse" at the entrance. The shore is lined with fishermen's huts and the harbor full of fishing craft of all sizes. In the early morning, before the sun is above the horizon, scores of boats are seen "speeding" to the fishing ground for the harvest of lobster, cod, or mackerel.

What is there in this scene that is so fascinating? Although a healthy occupation, and one of the most honorable, as "our Master" chose his "fishers of men" from the poor fishermen of Galilee, yet it is a life of hardship, giving a scanty livelihood. But it is health-giving and everyone loves the sound of the "roaring wave" and the sight of a well-rigged boat careening to the breeze. Would that we had a pen of a Sir Walter Scott to paint this picture. What a haven of rest for the thousands sweltering in the torrid heat of the great cities. If some noble-hearted Carnegie would "endow" a summer resort right here, so that some of the teeming thousands of the great middle class of toilers, who can't afford a summer outing, could spend a few weeks in July or August, what a blessing it would be to mankind. It would be worth more as a health-builder than tons of medicine or acres of hospitals. God's pure air and sunshine and nature's spacious bathing house are within the reach but not the means of thousands of our fellow mortals. Right here

is nature's sanitorium," but lack of means and the struggle for an existence, prevents its use. Yet we complain of the increased death rate in our large cities and the alarming growth of the white man's plague." Millions are spent in libraries to improve the mind while the body is allowed to decay. The man who will invent a plan to allow the great mass of city workers to enjoy a few weeks breathing the "pure air" in such a place as this will deserve a monument as high as the Andes.

Morell river is about 7 miles long and is navigable for small boats for 5 or 6 miles. It flows into St. Peter's Bay quite near the railway station. This river is one of the finest of the many trout streams in this Province and is much frequented by anglers from Charlottetown who have many summer "huts" on its banks. The land from the mouth of this river to "red head" near the harbor, is an ideal spot for a summer resort. The bank is grassy, the beach hard, and the water clear and briny. A spacious bay for boating, with trout at hand, and deep-sea fishing in the Gulf just outside the harbor bar, together with a perfect rural landscape and a railway almost on the spot, needs but to be seen to be appreciated for a summer residence.

Morell is the centre of a fine farming community and has modern stores, churches, schools, mills, cheese and butter factory, potato starch factory, &c, &c. The people are prosperous, law-abiding and intelligent, and agree to differ on religion and politics. There is no large hotel, but people are made very comfortable in the tidy cottage of the Misses Murray. Mrs. Dingwell, about a mile from the village, has one of the most comfortable country hotels in the Province. This house links us with the pre-railway days, and has for a long time been the resting place of many a weary traveller.

In August 1767, when the Island was divided amongst certain persons who had claims against the Crown, this lot (40) was bestowed upon certain companies who had established business here. Later, together with some adjoining lots it fell

into the possession of Charles Worrell, Esq., a native of England and President of the Legislative Council of the Island in 1825. Mr. Worell's residence was a few hundred yards north of the present railway station and was a mansion of some importance in these days. He returned to England many years ago, having, it is said, lost a fortune of 40,000 pounds in his venture. J. B. Cox,, Esq., father of Julius and R. N. Cox, Esquires, of this place and Conductor Cox, of the P. E. I. R., was his successor, and carried on a large business as farmer, merchant and shipbuilder for many years. He employed hundreds of men the year round ; in winter, cutting and hauling timber and in summer, farming, shipbuilding, and trucking goods to and from Charlottetown.

Fifty years ago this was a busy place. All the planks for the ships were sawed with a whip saw and wooden nails (trenails) were used. The payment was chiefly in supplies as money was of little use. Old people yet delight to relate "yarns" about the "good old days" when tea was 4s. 6d, per lb, and rum 2s. 6d, per gallon. To drive to Charlottetown after tea was only an "outing," now it is considered a fair days work for a horse. Country road houses were but a few miles apart and they all sold rum. A person could get "full" for ninepence and big heads were not so prevalent as now. Open houses were kept by candidates at elections. Each party had a cask of rum which was carried around in buckets and drank like water from a tin cup.

The population is composed principally of descendants of Scotch and Irish settlers and U. S. Loyalists with few English and French. The latter are of the old Acadian stock. The Irish and Scotch are yet true to the "old sod," and are proud of the valour of their forefathers in many a hard-fought battle in the Old Land. By the census of 1798, lots 39 and 40 had a population of 211 with 36 families. The largest households were: Duncan McEwen 12, Tho. Wright Sury, Gen., 12, Don. Peyton, 11, John Duke, 10, Angus McDonald, 9.

Among the other families at that time here were : Charles Sanders, Wm. Webster, James Dingwell, John Moore, Thos. Webster, Dav. Anderson, James McIntyre, Rod. McDonald, A. McVarrish, Wm. Robbins and some others.

We will reserve our remarks on the first settlers for a future article.

A little eastward from the station, on the bank of Morell river is the homestead of Edward Jardine, Esq., and his two sisters. Mr. Jardine is the son of the late Dr. John Jardine, a native of Ecclefechen, Scotland. Dr. Jardine was a school-mate of Thomas Carlyle, with whom, when at school, he had a "difference" as boys even now have, and "boxed it out." For many years he cured the ills and settled the disputes of the community, being a member of the Magistrates Court before we had judges to preside. Mr. Jardine has an old book that he prizes very highly. It is a kind of Scotch Encyclopedia and was purchased by his grandfather at a sale at Ecclefechen, with the father of Thomas Carlyle, who wanted it for "Tommy," for a close competitor.

Nearby is a cellar, the site of the residence of a certain Captain Colege. We can find out little about this gentlemen, except that it is supposed he was a retired officer of the British Army and that the late Hon. J. C. Pope was named "after him." This is of course only tradition, we can not vouch for its being correct, and will be pleased to hear from anyone who has more reliable information.

Space will not allow us to refer to many other matters interesting and otherwise. The "airs" of a certain Capt. Slay, owner of the steamer Albatross, who was an applicant for this property after the retirement of Charles Worell, Esq., would be an interesting chapter. With a coach and four postillions dressed in green, a "retinue" of servants and a lavish expenditure of money, he for a time was a great favorite.

Morell, P. E. I., April 9th, 1901.

H. D. M'EWEN.

Quebec Notes, III.—By a Rambler.

ALL this Basse-Ville is bundled together topsy-turvey, every foot being utilized, owing to the small space between the cliff and the waterside. Narrow and tortuous are the streets even the main arteries, Rues St. Paul, St. Pierre and Dalhousie, having one car track only and barely room to pass. If fond of exciting sport you can ride your bicycle there some hot and busy day. But you are to be pitied if you have only one language, for you will probably be abused in ten.

Raising the eyes you notice the heights above, topped in a grim row by the guns of Grand Battery. Here is a fine collection of curiosities in the shape of old cast iron twenty-four pounders and mortars, flanked by an exquisite bit of lawn and garden, overlooking the Rue de la Montagne. Here stood the old Parliament Building where met the fathers of our Confederation. Behind is the noble pile of Laval University, the seminary, and the Basilica: next in order, or rather in glorious confusion, the Bureau de Poste, Hotel de Ville, and the Palais de Justice, all fine structures. This brings the eye back to the terrace. It is overlooked by the Governor's garden, as it used to be called. There are splendid trees here, and you can recline in comfortable shape at any time on the most scorching day. In its centre rises the taper shaft of granite that commemorates the fallen chiefs of France and England's armies. Of a summer evening, when one feels lonely among the five thousand odd promenaders enjoying the band on the terrace, this makes a cosy spot where you can retire for meditation. The foliage keeps off the too bright glare of electricity, and the music comes up soft and soothing to the weary soul. I have noticed that the young folks on the benches always think they

can do their meditating better in couples. The first and last piece of philosophy that seems to strike them is that it is not good for man to be alone.

Before leaving the Bastion we complete the circle of our view by looking further east and north. Here the river expands and then opens up like the jaws of a huge alligator in the act of swallowing L'Isle d' Orleans. Bout de l' Isle is on the point of the wedge which here divides the waters. Over across from it is St. Joseph de Levis ; and back of that is one of the prettiest bits of country you can imagine. There you will find the rifle range, the Engineers' camp, and the great infantry camping ground, each of them ensconced in a snug little vale of its own, lovely stretches of green sward embowered round with groves ; while, here and there, the grim old rock pokes through his nose in vain attempts to avoid being smothered in all this wealth of greenery.

The South or Main Ship Channel sweeps round the point at Indian Cove away down past Beaumont on the mainland and St. Laurent on the Island. The passage through here on a yacht affords some very pretty glimpses of landscape. Passing over the thickly-wooded slopes of the south side of the Island the eye is arrested by that steep bluff just to the left of the little French Church on the hill. On this side of it is the old camp ground and a splendid range over the *battures* or flats for heavy gun practice. This is the spot dear to the heart of many a Canadian artilleryman. To me it is full of memories of "moving accidents by flood and field." Across the north channel from it is Montmorenci. You cannot see the falls from here ; they have eaten back too far into the gulch. Further down you can locate by their steeples the villages Ange Gardien, Chateau Richer, and La Bonne St. Anne de Beauvre. Beyond them is the dim outline of Cap Tourmenti. In the nearer distance tower the twin spires of Beauport, that wonderful town of just one street five miles long. Then come Charlebourg, L' Ancient Lorette, La Jeune Lorette, silhouetted

against the green mass of the mountains behind. From the feet of those hills to the heights of St. Foye, on the plateau extending westward some eight miles from Quebec to Cap Rouge, is a broad stretch of plain, filled in pre-glacial terms, by an arm of the St. Lawrence, now known as the valley of the St. Charles. The soil here is of alluvial formation and it is one of the most fertile farming districts in the Province. The rest of the view we can get better from the Princes Bastion, the most westerly and the highest point on the Citadel. But that is another story; and on looking back over these notes I have come to the conclusion that they had better finish right here lest the editor should make an end of them and me together. We started out for a twenty mile jaunt, and have not got as far as the sally-port. But that is all right. What is the use of being a Rambler if you cannot stop when you want to? Perhaps some day, when you are in the humour, we may go further with it.

F. W. L. M.

La Citadelle, Quebec, 8 Fevrier, 1901.

How Tom Heron's Dream Came True.

MAC'S Alec was a limb. There were other branches on the family tree—eleven others, in fact—each of whom had his peculiar title to limbship; but Alec was “the” limb par excellence.

He was responsible, either directly or indirectly, for half the mischeivous pranks played in the village. If a farm wagon broke down, it might safely be assumed that Mac's Alec knew what had become of the lynch-pin. Did a farmer's wife find her dairy had been despoiled? She complained to Mac that Alec had been “at his tricks” again; and Mac purchased peace and quiet at the price of a gallon of molasses or a pound of tea;

cheerfully as a rule, for he kept the village store, and trusted to reimburse himself by overcharges in the future.

One day I sat on the bridge, smoking, and indolently pretending to fish. The most accomplished fisherman with his most cunningly devised fly had never been known to catch any of the "big fellows" whose habitat was beneath the bridge. Occasionally one of them was "jigged," but as the villagers were sportsmen, this seldom occurred. Besides, the Fishery Warden lived only a few yards away; and he was known to have a keen eye on his business. Also, almost every house in the village had one or more windows looking towards the bridge.

Fabulous tales, however, were told of the fish that had been caught there by Felipe Doucette, the ne'er-do-well. He told them. Also he knew every incident worth relating that had happened in the country side during a quarter of a century. For a chew of "Hickey's" he would spin yarns the whole of a long summer afternoon. Therefore I was glad when I saw the ungainly figure in grey trousers, blue shirt and battered old sou'wester shambling along the road towards the bridge. For it was Felipe.

He sat down beside me with a cheery "Fine day, sar," and I handed him my tobacco. Biting off a cheekful, he proceeded to decorate the bridge with tobacc-juice sketches. Then he began to talk, the klick-klack of the grasshoppers serving as punctuation marks.

And this is the story he told:

"Perhap' I nev' tol' you dot yarn 'bout how Tom Heron he fin' de schoolmastaire. No? Well, eet was lak dees.

"Long'back feefteen-twenty year ago dey hav ver' queer teachaire up dere at de school on de hill. He ver' clevaire fellows at de college an' all dat, but hees head cram so full de many tings dat he know dat eet no hold dem all easy, an'so eet get—how you say—crack. For all dat he ver' good teachaire, an' de trustee dey not sen' heem away, for dey

tink after leetle while maybe he get bettaire een hees head.

“But one day at de house where he leeve he not come down to breakfas’, an’ when dey go to hees room he not dere. De bed eet not been slep’ in, an’ de bowl what he wash in, eet full of hair, lak he cut eet from hees head wit’ what you call knife of John.

“De people dey get mighty big scare, I tell you ; an’ dey look all roun’, an’ fin’ dat he take not’ing at all but hees razor. Under de wash-bowl dey fin’ a lettaire dat say he not come back no more, not for always an’ one day—an’ dat ees purty good long time, eh !

Den de people dey sen’ to de schoolhouse an’ tell de scholaires for go home an’ tell de ol’ folk dat de mastaire have gone away an’ make suicide. De men all come down to de bridge here, an’ everyone say dat is just’ what he expec’ for happen some day, an’ den dey all go off to de woods an’ look for de body.

On de way dey meet Tom Heron. You not know Tom Heron ? Well, he what you call queer feesh. He live up dere in that ol’ shanty ’mong de tree. Hees grandfadder is great English milord, Tom say, an’ not have work for his livin’. An’ Tom he not do any work too—jus’ walk roun’ an’ shoot fox an’ catch feesh, an’ sell dem in the city.

Dees Tom Heron he great fellowe for dream. He all time dreamin’ sometings an’ expec dream for come true. An’ when he meet de men on de road he tell dem he dream las’ night dat de mastaire ’way up in de woods, an’ he sees hees feet stick out from ondaire a big tree what fall down wit’ de win’. And he tell dem just where de tree is.

De men dey laugh at Tom, an’ go long an’ look for de mastaire. But some of dem t’ink perhap, maybe, Tom Heron dream right for one time, and say to Tom : Show us the place where you dream. Bime-bye pretty soon dey come to de place where ees de big tree, wit’ Tom Heron at de front of dem. When they get up leetle more closaire, Tom he fling up hees

arm like dat, an' yell, Mon Dieu, men ! dere hees legs are stick out from ondaire de tree. An' he faint dead away.

I forgot for tol' you de mastaire he wear long boots, an' hees trowsaire de kin' town people call rock mapel. When de odder men see de long boots an' grey trowsaire stick out, dey say for sure Tom Heron dream come true for one time.

So dey all run an' pull at de boot ontill de body eet ees come out from ondaire de tree. An' den dere ees de great laugh, I tell you. For what you t'ink? Why, dat dam' Mac's Alec, when he hear Tom tol' hees dream he go home an' put on one pair long boot and grey trowsaire, an' run to de place by de big win'fall, an' himself crawl eento de place wit' hees leg stick out lak de same way Tom Heron dream.

Did dey fin' de mastaire? Non, M'sieu ! But de nex' day or two come a telegraph dat say what he cross over de strait to Point du Chene. An' I tell you, de people dey all mighty vex for heem mak' dem sooch big dam' fool, an' not mak' suicide after all. An' dat is how Tom Heron dream come true."

Felipe gathered himself up to leave ; I made no comment beyond passing him the tobacco again. He said : "Dat ver' fine tabac, monsieur. Some odder day I tell you more yarn ; but de wife she sen' me to de store for get some—what eet ees w'en de women put eet on de white shirt an' go 'fluke, fluke,' wit' deir han' lak dees?—starch ! Yas, dat ees eet ! De wife she sen' me for some starch, an' I can tol' you no more dis time."

J. M.

The Tomb of Shakespeare.

Such was his his greatness, we may stand to-day
As at his grave, though all the world away.
It matters little where his dust may lie:
Earth is his coffin, and his vault the sky.

—*Edmund Vance Cooke, in May "New" Lippincott.*

Charlottetown Fifty Years Ago—Continued.

THE late W. R. Watson, Esq., chemist and druggist, used to say that when he came to Charlottetown, in 1843, Queen Street was overgrown with grass, and had only a cart track through the centre of it. That probably was the case, but, as we remember it a year or two later, it was not quite so bad as that. The streets leading in from St. Peter's and Malpeque roads to the market, and the lower part of Queen Street to the wharves, being travelled on, were more like thoroughfares; all the others looked like country lanes and made good pasturage for the pigs and cows that were allowed to roam about at their own sweet will—much to the terror and annoyance of ladies and children.

Hogreeves were often appointed from among the young gentlemen, and their duties were to have the pigs and cows taken to the pound on the the outskirts of the town. One thing we remember was the appointment of a young law-student, who was afterwards a prominent lawyer in Charlotte-town, to the position of hogreeve. Probably the event would have escaped our memory if we had not heard a young lady say of him: "I am glad so-and-so has something to do,—it will keep him from gossiping at the Apothecaries Hall or Stamper's Corner."

As there were no city fathers at that time the improvement of the streets was left very much to nature—the sides of the streets and squares were not levelled for many years after; and it was an amusement to us, with other children, to jump from hillock to hillock, in King's Square and play hide and seek through the small spruce bushes then allowed to grow in and about Hillsborough Square.

The condition of the streets and squares in 1844 recalls to

our mind the improving or cutting down that part of Euston Street called Gallows Hill.

All along the east side of Great George Street, where Euston Street crosses it, the ground rose abruptly, extending through the greater part of Holland Grove, as it was then called, across Euston Street and along the entrance to the Malpeque Road, any one remembering some of the old cottages on the east side Malpeque Road could see they were built on a slight elevation—for steps were cut in the hill side up to the front doors.

The house built by the late Mr. John Heartz, and the one adjoining it were decidedly on the hill side; the lower front parts of brick were high enough for shops, but the brick ends were lost in the hill and that part built of wood, or house proper, opened from the back on the high ground. We well remember hearing that Gallows Hill was being cut down and that a coffin and human bones had been disturbed. Children of course delight in anything unusual, and the more horrible it is the more interesting to them,—for then they can dilate (with wide-open eyes) on the terrible things they have seen or heard. We, having heard of this wonderful find, went, after school hours, with some of our companions, to see the dreadful sight. One boy—more venturesome than the rest of us—went to where there was a group of men standing, (evidently recalling old times) and returned, bringing with him two small bones, which, after showing us he deposited in his pocket as a souvenir of his courage and of our inquisitiveness. On making inquiries why any person should have been buried there we were told that years ago any person stealing, or setting fire to any house or property, was sentenced to be hanged, and burned under the gallows. The remains found were evidently those of a man,

who, on the evidence of his own son, was convicted of the crime of theft and arson; hanged there, and buried under the gallows.

On the west side of Great George Street, the land was low and boggy, with occasional dry ground extending from Grafton

Street past Kent, and Fitzroy to Euston or the middle of the block, out through what is now called Chestnut Street. The high ground of Holland Grove was a lovely spot, thickly wooded with forest and ornamental trees. A large and quaint-looking house, with an observatory on the top, showing above the trees, was situated on the centre or highest part of the ground; it had been built and occupied by the first Colonel Holland; was Government House for a short time, and in 1844 was occupied by John Grubb, Esq., who had come to Charlotte-town from England a few years previously.

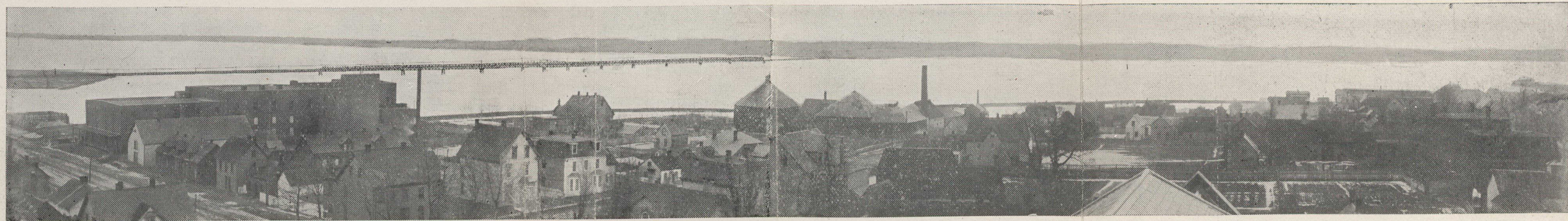
This belt of trees from Holland Grove continued on both sides of Euston Street or Gallows Hill, northwardly away across the Malpeque Road, past where the Woolen Mills have stood and extending on the lower Malpeque Road. This Spring Park property belonged at that time, we have understood, to the family of the old Colonel Grey. It was a very favorite resort in summer for both young and old; for through those grounds were many pretty walks, and in it a lovely, limpid spring rose, which meandered and rippled its way through the trees on and on, till it lost itself in the Governor's Pond. How changed it all is now,—has the hand of man been an improvement on the works of God?

E. L. M.

Montague.

THE lapse of a quarter of a century covers often an important period in the growth of the history of a young country like ours.

If the kind reader will spare a few moments, I will endeavour to place before him some facts, as well as I can remember them, about Montague. The name is a very pretty one, and I have often asked the question: "How did the place get its name?" I never could get a satisfactory answer, but after



THE PROJECTED BRIDGE ACROSS HILLSBOROUGH RIVER.

The bridge now in the course of construction will be situated to the east of Charlottetown, the approach on the Charlottetown side being on that portion of land known as Kensington Range. We are permitted through the courtesy of *The Morning Guardian*, to furnish our readers with the above illustration.

some trouble I discovered that it was named after Governor Montague Wilmot, who was a Governor of Nova Scotia from 1763 to 1766, as the Island was at that time under his jurisdiction. He sent Captain Holland to lay out the land in Lots.

When the captain came to this beautiful river he named it after the Governor who had sent him here. Captain Holland also named a large bay in Prince County after himself; it is still called Holland Bay. Lot 66, containing about 6,000 acres, was reserved for the King. This is the reason that, on the map, Lot 66 does not follow the other lots in rotation.

The bridge, known as Montague Bridge was built in the early 20's or about the year 1823. Few houses were here at that time or up to 1865 but from that time, and especially since the year 1879 up to the year 1885, the greater number of houses, comprising the village of Montague were built. The Dominion Postoffice Building and Customs House was built in 1886; it is a fine stone and brick building, built in a prominent position facing the harbor.

From a return given by M. Lamperd, in the year 1851, we learn that there were then twenty vesels, or schooners, loaded from the the bridge, there being no wharves built at that time. The number of bushels of produce shipped was 27,181; the amount of fees collected for wharfage, as we would now call it, was £9. 19s. It was paid over to the Hon. Edward Thornton, who was a member of the Provincial House of Parliment at that time. It may be interesting to compare with the above the number of bushels shipped from the same port in 1896, in which year the total was 284,504 bushels, a difference of 257,323.

There are now a number of wharves at Montague, some built by the Government but the largest are owned by private parties. The greatest help to the shipping trade of the village is the S.S. Electra, calling here regularly three times a week, taking away during the season large shipments of eggs, pork, fat cattle etc., etc. This steamer is principally owned by parties in Georgetown, Montague and Murray Harbor.

The beauties of Montague, are, I believe, unsurpassed by any place in the Province. If any one wishes to prove this let him on any fine day take the short trip down the river to Georgetown (where connection may be made with the railway system of the Island). Nestling between the hills that line its banks may be seen well-cultivated farms and handsome dwellings; in fact the whole surroundings indicate prosperity and comfort. Well might the late Lieut. Governor Carvell say, as he did on one occasion, that for beauty of scenery, luxuriance of vegetation and the industry and prosperity of its people, Montague could not be excelled by any other place in the world. In no part of the Island is there a river that contributes to commerce so largely as the Montague. The village being seven miles inland its position is an exceptionally good one for fall shipping. Scarcely a day passes during the shipping season that one does not see the white wings of commerce bearing away the surplus produce to provincial and foreign markets.

Once a vessel enters our noble stream she is safe; no raging storm can disturb her anchor or part her moorings.

In the year 1879 Montague was incorporated under a municipal act; the bounds of the village were defined, and other matters necessary to the welfare of the place were attended to.

The educational advantages enjoyed by Montague are far above the average. There are now established five good schools with an efficient staff of teachers. Twenty-two years ago we had only one schoolhouse; it was situated about a mile from the centre of the village. Truly times have changed for the betterment of the young and rising generation,—they should appreciate and profit by it.

Twenty-five years ago we had but one small church—a Union Church, or, as it was called by some a Preaching-house; it was built on the site where the Methodish Church now stands. To-day may be seen a church on every hill: the Presbyterian on the east, Roman Catholic to the south, Christian on the north. These three churches can be seen at a great distance,

owing to their high position. There are also the Baptist and the Methodist churches near the centre of the village. All denominations mingle in true Christian friendship; and if the people of Montague are not travelling on the straight and narrow road towards the Better Land it is not for the want of churches.

The population of Montague, in the school district, within the bounds of the village is 652. Montague's streets are well lighted as are also churches, dwellings and stores, by electric light—a local company owning and operating a plant. Montague also boasts one of the finest assembly halls to be found on P. E. Island. A branch of the Merchants' Bank of P. E. I. was started here a few years ago and is found to be a great convenience.

A number of other things might be mentioned in connection with my subject, but I fear that I have taken up too much space. I will perhaps write again—when we get the railway running from Murray River through to Cardigan.

The writer has seen, during a residence of a quarter of a century, many changes here, and my earnest hope is that the present generation and those that are to follow may be filled with the highest and noblest aspirations for the future.

J. D. BELL.

Montague P. E. I.

Our School System—5th Paper—2nd Part.

WHILE this method of working the school system originated in the United States and is more generally in vogue there than elsewhere, it has yet attracted the careful attention of men interested in education in other lands. In Ontario, so noted for its efforts in the cause of education, the matter has been taken up, though as yet, it appears, only in a tentative way. An amendment was made to the Public Act there, in 1899,

making some provision for consolidating schools in sparsely settled portions of that Province, and the Act of 1896 made provision by which, under certain conditions, the children in a school section might attend school in an adjoining city or town, and in the report for last year it is suggested that this might be extended to villages, which suggestion would be very applicable to this Island. Speaking entirely from memory I am under the impression that the late Premier Marchand of Quebec favored something of the same kind there.

Since writing the former part of this paper, I have, through the courtesy of Hon. Geo. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario, and one of the foremost educationists of Canada, received the report of the Minister of Education of Ontario for 1900. The report shows clearly how much alive the big sister Province is to the advantages of consolidation. In his report the Minister (Hon. R. Harcourt) says:—

"One of the chief defects of rural schools is the impossibility of that classification and organization of pupils which pertain to urban schools. To overcome the difficulty successful efforts have been made in many states of the American Union towards the consolidation of a number of districts. With township Boards of Trustees which prevail generally in the Eastern States, facilities for uniting the schools are ready at hand. The plan is to have one central school in the principal town of the municipality, the pupils from the more distant portions being conveyed to and from the schools at the expense of that Board. This system was started in Concord, Mass., some years ago; was extended to nearly all parts of the State, and is now common in all the Eastern States, and has gained evidently a permanent hold also on the Western States. By this method better teachers are secured, a better classification of pupils and greater uniformity of school rates. It is not necessary here to mention at length the advantages and disadvantages connected with the method. It is sufficient merely to say that wherever the consolidation of school districts has taken place, there is no desire to revert to the former conditions. The pupils like the system, and it receives universal favor among teachers. Wherever adopted it has gained the favour of the parents and is regarded by those who have studied it and understand its workings, as the most practical advance in methods of rural education. The cost of tuition is reported in many cases to have been considerably reduced, although the instruction is of much higher order than in ungraded schools."

Again he says:—

"It is quite probable that the most prudent steps towards consolidation for this Province would be for school sections in the neighborhood of a town or village to unite * * * for all classes of pupils. There is no reason why all the schools in the immediate vicinity of any of our villages and towns might not accomplish what has been accomplished with so much advantage in many parts of the United States. If some Trustee Boards would take the initiative in this direction, it is most probable that

results would follow which would soon revolutionize the work done in many rural schools."

Now it does seem as if this is quite applicable to our conditions, more so than to Ontario, owing to our denser rural population. Villages are scattered all over this Island, as for instance, Alberton, Tignish, O'Leary, Tyne Valley, Wellington, Miscouche, Kensington, Clifton, Stanley, Bradalbane, Crapaud, Bonshaw, Eldon, Rustico, Souris, Montague, Cardigan and many others, and where there is no village nearby, a convenient site in the country could be readily found.

Mr. Harcourt then goes on to quote with approval, and at some length, from the Report of the U. S. Commissioner. His quotations are largely those I have already used, but in addition he quotes :—

* * * "It, (consolidation) has increased the demand for farms in those sub-districts which have adopted the plan, and real estate therein is reported more saleable."

Further he quotes from the Report of the Ohio Commissioner as follows :—

"Incidental to the operation of this law, township high schools will be established, township libraries will be built up, and possibly it is no idle hope that the same waggons that carry the children to and from school may also carry, under Government contract, the mails, and distribute them free to our farming communities."

Now as the mail service is under the control of one Government and Education under that of another, there might be difficulty in uniting these two objects, but inasmuch as a like difficulty can be overcome in the case of certain public works, such as a bridge, probably it could be overcome in this case, particularly should country mail delivery, referred to in the quotation and now beginning to be agitated, ever become an accomplished fact.

It must be borne in mind that the rural parts of Ontario and of the Eastern and Western States are on the average, much more sparsely settled than this Island, where we have a population of 55 to the square mile, and consequently their difficulties in carrying out a consolidation scheme would necessarily be greater than ours.

One can read between the lines of the Inspector's Report

here that those gentlemen see and realize the advantages to teachers and taught of adopting such a system, but they have not, so far, faced it squarely, in fact, I almost infer that they fear it would be a hopeless task to attempt to overcome what any-one who grapples with this question, will have to encounter, i. e., what, for lack of a better name, I may style the inert mass of passive resistance, which is ever a greater obstacle to improvement than ever-determined, if intelligent, active opposition.

Mr. Campbell, indeed, in his Report for 1898, did take it up though not with the firm hand with which he usually grasps a subject. He seemed nervous about pressing it. He says:—

"In respect to those schools having a small attendance of pupils, I may say that in general, they are not doing work commensurate with the amount of money expended upon them. In fact, some of them are apparently doing very little if any good. How to deal with such, so as to secure to them efficient educational advantages, with less cost to the government, is a problem which is difficult of solution. If it were not unfair to the teachers engaged in them, probably the simplest plan would be to rank those as third-class schools, until the work being done in them would entitle them to a higher grade. The establishing of "Central Schools," if it were feasible, in sections of the country where those small schools exist, would no doubt be the proper course to pursue. This system, known, I think, as the "Concord System," or the substituting of larger districts for smaller ones, and graded schools for ungraded, would, I'm afraid, meet with strong opposition from the people, owing to the extra expenditure which they would be obliged to meet in providing school buildings suitable for schools of this kind. It is doubtful if the country is yet ripe for such a change even in part."

Now why is the country not yet ripe for such a change? Is it not simply because no attempt has ever been made to teach them what this system means as applied to schools? As I have already pointed out the method of working the Cheese Factories has already made them familiar with the principle upon which the consolidation scheme would be worked. They were not long in learning all about that method and adopting it.

As for the expense of new buildings and furniture, surely the present building and sites would go far towards realizing the cost of the single new and better place, and if the present furniture is fit for its present purpose, it could go into the new school. If it is not fit, it has no business to be where it is.

Should any balance of cost remain and have to be raised, it would scarcely be felt over the large area of the combined district.

It does seem to me that what I have written, together with the authorities cited is sufficient to demonstrate the desirability of adopting this system. The advantages seem manifest. Should an effort ever be made to adapt it to our requirements, it should be made in a very methodical and systematic way. The Province ought first to be carefully mapped out so that there would be the greatest economy of space, the new schools to be so located as to enable as many old schools as possible to be merged into each new one, and so as to be in the place most convenient for the whole combined district, and not with a special view to the convenience of any one part to the detriment of the remainder.

That this consolidation idea cannot be carried out at once is evident. But it could be started. Many things besides Rome took more than a day in their building. It will take time, but the object lesson provided by the first half-dozen little schools formed into one excellent graded school, which will be a credit to the community, instead of an eye-sore as too many of our schools now are, will have its effect. It will be like the effect of starting and operating the first cheese-factory. After the first one is formed the public will see the great advantages of the plan and will take it up readily. In Souris this has already, in a small way, been done, as the people there, after considerable opposition, have voluntarily united two schools into a single larger one, with, I understand, satisfactory results. They could take in every other school, at least on the east side of the river, within a radius of 3 or 4 miles, with even better results.

A. B. WARBURTON



Fishin' Trout!

Oh! it's funny sorter work—
 Fishin' trout,
 An' yer jest gotter min' what
 Yer about.
 Yer must keep back outer sight
 Not ter give the fish a fright ;
 All the time ye air a-fishin'
 Yer must keep in one persishun,
 Keep yer line a-gently swishin'
 An' keep wishin,' wishin,' wishin,'
 That they'll bite.

If the water's pretty deep
 Let down low ;
 If a trout's meanderin' round
 Work up slow ;
 If he gobbles up yer bait
 There is no more time ter wait,—
 Don't yer show the least emotion
 When he takes this little notion
 To do honor to your potion :
 Give your rod a sudden motion
 Land him—"nate."

J. J. ENMAN.

Reminiscences of Seal River 100 Years Ago.

GOVERNOR Fanning owned Lot 50, and occasionally he would drive down there from Charlottetown to see his tenants. He generally used a saddle-horse, as the roads were not fit for carriages at that time. There was a beautiful spring rising out of a bank on John Fraser's farm and flowing into the Seal River, and every time Governor Fanning went down he

used to water his horse at this spring. An old man named Pat Morrissey, one of his tenants, lived on his estate. One day the Governor saw Pat in town and he told him to come to Government House where he would give him a cask to put into the spring, in order to keep the water clean. So Pat dutifully went and got the cask. Upon arriving home he decided it would do for holding grain, and he did not put it in the spring. The next time the Governor went down and found no cask, he was furious. Up he went to Pat's place and said "Morrissey, where is that cask,—why did you not put it where I told you, you good-for-nothing scoundrel." Pat scratched at his head for a while and replied: "Shure, your Honour, I did as you tould me, and the very nixt day one av me best cows fell in head first and got drowned." "Oh, poor man," says the Governor, "I'm sorry for your loss," and he actually gave Pat five pounds to buy another cow.

This same Morrissey was a good-natured, easy-going Irishman, who lived happily with his wife Biddy, and an only child, a daughter named Joan. One day he asked the writer's grandfather, then a boy about sixteen years of age to go and help him get some wood home. First thing after breakfast the axes were ground. As there was no need to hurry, they took their time. When the axes were sharpened to his satisfaction Pat looked up at the sun, and said: "Me bhoy, it's not worth while goin' to the woods till we get our dinner." So they all leisurely ate their dinner, of potatoes, boiled round, and seasoned with salt; with oaten scones and butter, washed down with milk to finish off with. When they were leaving the house he said to his daughter: "Joan, me dear, come in by-and-by wid the ox and the slide car to haul out the dhrags." Well, they managed to get three drags home before sundown, notwithstanding Pat's delays. Supper consisted of potatoes, mashed this time. A large plate heaped up like a stack was placed in the middle of the table. Each person was supplied with a spoon and a bowl of milk and so they fell to work, each

for himself or herself. The side of the mound next to him, my grandfather used to say, was well mixed with butter. Pat and Biddy had made a fine lot of maple sugar that spring. Pat wished to get a piece of the sugar, and this is the plan he took. He said to the wife: "Biddy, mavourneen, bring down the cakes of shugar till I show Bill how we carry cheese at home." He took the largest and thinnest cake, and placed it on the table, the rest on top, according to size, then getting on his knees on the floor he drew the pile carefully to the edge and balanced it on his head. Then, with a quick motion, he broke the thin cake and all the rest fell to the floor. Pat shouted, "Bill, you —— lay hault." So my grandfather grabbed a piece and made for the door, with Biddy after him with the poker. That ended the day.

In the first or second decades of this century there were very poor roads. Most of the travelling around Vernon and Seal Rivers, Lot 50, was done with boats in summer and sleighs in winter. There was a man named Donald Campbell, who lived on the west side of Seal River on the farm now owned by William Jenkins, Esq. He wanted some wheat ground and he and a neighbor started by boat for Acorn's mill in Pownal, by way of Orwell Bay and around Gallas Point. Old Mr. Acorn had the reputation of being a very cross man, and Campbell, being a small man, slipped the tiller of the boat under his coat, to be ready for hostilities. When some of the wheat was ground, Mr. Acorn told the men to take some of the flour up to the house and his wife would bake a cake for them to eat going home. This she did, and the visitors went away with a very different opinion of Mr. Acorn's temper.

The writer places these reminiscences before the readers of the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE, in order to convey, if possible, some idea of the manners, customs, and amusements of the early settlers, as well as the vicissitudes—which were many—that beset them.

WM. FOSTER FRASER.

Varia.

Charlottetown Fifty Years Ago.

WE are in receipt of many letters containing references to the various matters mentioned in the series of articles on Charlottetown Fifty Years Ago. We would like to have sufficient space to publish all these letters and also the many complimentary remarks that are contained in them, but must content ourselves with one or two.

The Rev. Maurice Swabey, Rector of St. Thomas', Exeter, England, writes: "With all deference to the author of your articles on 'Charlottetown Fifty Years Ago,' may I point out that Miss Fitzroy, (the only daughter of the late Sir James F. Fitzroy, formerly Lieutenant-Governour of Prince Edward Island) was married at *old* St. Paul's Church, Charlottetown,—and *not* at the Auld Kirk—to the Honorable Keith Stewart, R.N., son of the Earl of Galloway and Captain of H. M. S. Ringdove. In a former article your author says that E. R. Humphreys, Esq., formerly Headmaster of the Central Academy 'went to the United States from P. E. Island.' This he did from England *many years later*, but after leaving Charlottetown he became Headmaster of Merchiston Castle School, Edinburg; and, afterwards, was for some years Headmaster of Cheltenham Grammar School, Eng. Dr. Humphreys was educated at Magdalen College, Cambridge, Eng., and was a finished classical scholar. Whilst in Charlottetown he put forth an excellent edition of Horace—with English notes—dedicated, by permission, to Edward, Lord Stanley—then Colonial Minister (afterwards Earl of Derby, K. G., and father of the present Earl). Whilst at Cheltenham Grammar School he translated much of Longfellow's poems into Greek iambics, and dedicated the work (*Lyra Hellenica*) to the University of Oxford. I think he was the only *alumnus* of an English University who ever presided over the Central Academy in Charlottetown, afterwards called the Prince of Wales College."



Mrs. Katherine A. Mack, of New York City writes: "In reading your Magazine over it reminds me of several little incidents that occurred in my childhood such as you speak of: the hounds and the hunts of those days. Also I remember the day Governor Fitzroy's daughter was married to Captain Stewart, and the wedding in the old English Church. The sailors of the ship unharnessed the horses of the bridal carriage, waited for the bride and groom to enter, then drew the horses to one side and they (the sailors), all bare-footed, took the shafts in their hands and

ran through the streets to Government House before the guests had all left the church. To the amazement of the latter all they could see was the bare-footed sailors and a cloud of dust. I presume some of the old residents of Charlottetown will remember it as well as I do. Another thing. When you speak of the Rev. James Bulpitt, I remember well Mrs. Bulpitt, better known as "Marm" Bulpitt. She taught school for small children, in a one-storey house, between Queen and Pownal Streets, such a school as is now called Kindergarten. On any fine day you could look in from the street and see old "Marm" standing over the children with her big white cap, eyeglasses, and ruler in hand, trying to keep the children, myself included, quiet. Everything seems as familiar to me as it did sixty years ago. Then there was another old familiar person by the name of Benny Bray, who lived in a little house about 8 by 10 feet, opposite Major Lane's Square. He called his little house his castle, and all the children would go in the evenings to hear him tell old fairy tales to them. I quite well remember the old Barracks which was situated opposite Pownal Square; also the jail which I suppose still stands there. Mr. Robert Hutchinson was first Mayor of Charlottetown. When elected, I recollect, the men carried him through the town on their shoulders.

Bridging the Hillsborough.

The illustration in this issue showing the position to be occupied by the new bridge across the Hillsborough River will no doubt interest many of the Magazine readers, especially those who are far away from their native Province. It is interesting, now, to go back to the date of the building of the bridge across the North River, or York River. The following advertisement has been kindly handed to us as a memento of that period. It is copied from the Royal Gazette of June 6, 1831:

POPLAR ISLAND BRIDGE.

Sealed tenders will be received by the subscribers on or before Saturday, the 18th inst., at 12 o'clock, noon, for erecting a part or the whole of a Bridge across York River at Poplar Island. For particulars apply to Mr. Isaac Smith, Charlottetown, where a plan and specification may be seen.

Two good and sufficient sureties will be required for the due performance of the contract in double the amount.

Signed,

THOMAS TODD
 JOHN S. McDONALD
 WILLIAM DOCKENORFF
 ISAAC SMITH
 PAUL MABEY.

Books and Magazines.

The rapid advance and improvements in bookmaking of late in the case of Canadian editions, is most agreeably manifested by the latest books received for review. The recent productions of The Copp, Clark Co., and W. J. Gage & Co., of Toronto, are exquisite specimens of good workmanship—*Mistress Nell*, from the workshop of the first named house, and *Sirius* from the second-mentioned being examples of book-making to delight all lovers of well-printed and well-bound books.

Mistress Nell,—a *Merry Tale of a Merry Time*, creates a good impression at first sight. Rarely is a good story so attractively bound except in the case of a high priced edition, and the good opinion merited by the appearance of the book is confirmed on appeal to the literary taste of the reader. It is amply sufficient to say that as a satisfactory piece of fiction *Mistress Nell* is hard to surpass.

Also from The Copp, Clark Co., of Toronto, we have received *The Helmet of Navarre*. To those whose minds are swayed by the romance of which Dumas was a master, *The Helmet of Navarre* will be a welcome acquisition. It treats of the adventures of a certain M. Le Comte de Mar, whose love for a maiden of the House of Lorraine led him and his faithful servant, Felix Brieux, by whom the tale is related, into many romantic scrapes, from which Dame Fortune extricated them in wonderful ways. This is a story that will keep all the faculties alert and occupied.

The Observations of Henry, by Jerome K. Jerome, is a volume of short stories in which is blended the pathos and the wit that so markedly distinguish this author's works. One will smile and feel sad in ready sympathy with the author's mood. Decidedly this book should not be overlooked. Published by The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

From the same publishers we have received a copy of Hamlin Garland's book, *Her Mountain Lover*, which breathes from cover to cover the exhilarating atmosphere of the mountains of Colorado. It is almost as good as a trip to that hilly State to read this tale so graphically told. There are interesting details woven in to make a very strong and fascinating love story.

The Third Floor is the title of an entertaining story by Mrs. Henry Dudeney, issued from the press of W. J. Gage & Co, Toronto. It is a bright relation of the experiences of a quartette of young men in London, who, living in apartments, are joined by a young woman, which

adds variety to their Bohemian life. The tale is brightened by good, wholesome humor, and the plot is refreshingly "different." It is well worth placing in the list of books that one counts upon for solacing dull times.

Sirius, by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, author of *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*, *The Farringdons*, etc. A new volume of fiction by Miss Fowler needs no introduction, for all readers of the best fiction know her epigrammatic quality and humor, her adroitness in character suggestion, and her command of original situations and unexpected social climaxes. Her new book is a gallery in vivid miniature of various phases of English society life in the upper middle classes. Its unflinching interest will increase the author's well-earned reputation. Published by W. T. Gage & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Acadiensis, the new New Brunswick quarterly, makes its second appearance, this time grown large and strong. It is filled with most interesting reading, valuable to those who are students of the history of that Province.

We acknowledge receipt of *The Canadian Housekeeper* for May, excellently well filled with matter of value to the women who govern homes, as well as to those who do not. It is exceptionally well printed and illustrated. Published by The Canadian Housekeeper Publishing Co., Toronto.

In June *The Canadian Magazine* will issue its 100th number, and the table of contents for that month include articles on Canadian Prose, Poetry and Art, besides a number of other contributions that will make the issue one to be valued. May *The Canadian Magazine* see many repetitions of the number 100.

Farmers' Institutes.

We regret that in making up the pages of Mr. J. S. Clarke's article of last month, the misplacing of the footnote might have led to some confusion. It should have appeared at the foot of the page containing the corresponding reference mark. Our readers will, we feel sure, absolve Mr. Clarke from the apparent boldness implied by having the note immediately preceding his name. Last month's article and this month's also will bear careful reading—it is as well for us to state that the author intended the article published in this number to appear first.

ACADIA COAL DEPOT

We keep all kinds of **COAL** constantly on hand.

Hard, Round, Nut, Run of Mine and Slack

ACADIA NUT AND OLD MINE SIDNEY A SPECIALTY

C. LYONS & Co.

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CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND
Manufacturers of American and Canadian

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TRY OUR FINE CUT PLUG
USED BY THE LEADING PEOPLE OF CANADA

ALSO

Black Twist 12, Bright Twist, Black Twist 8,
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Garden making requires Garden Tools
and spring house cleaning and repairing
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OFFICE—Cameron Block. RESIDENCE—Water Street,
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Eyes Tested and Fitted with Glasses

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Founders, Engineers, * * *
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Makers' Tools a Specialty. Steam and Hot Water
Heating done, and Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Charlottetown, P. E. Island

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Including the famous G. B. Chocolates, and a complete assortment of Fancy Confectionery, put up in nice packages.

A full line of Standard Novels to select from

You can always pick up something readable if you call at either store.

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Paint Advantage.

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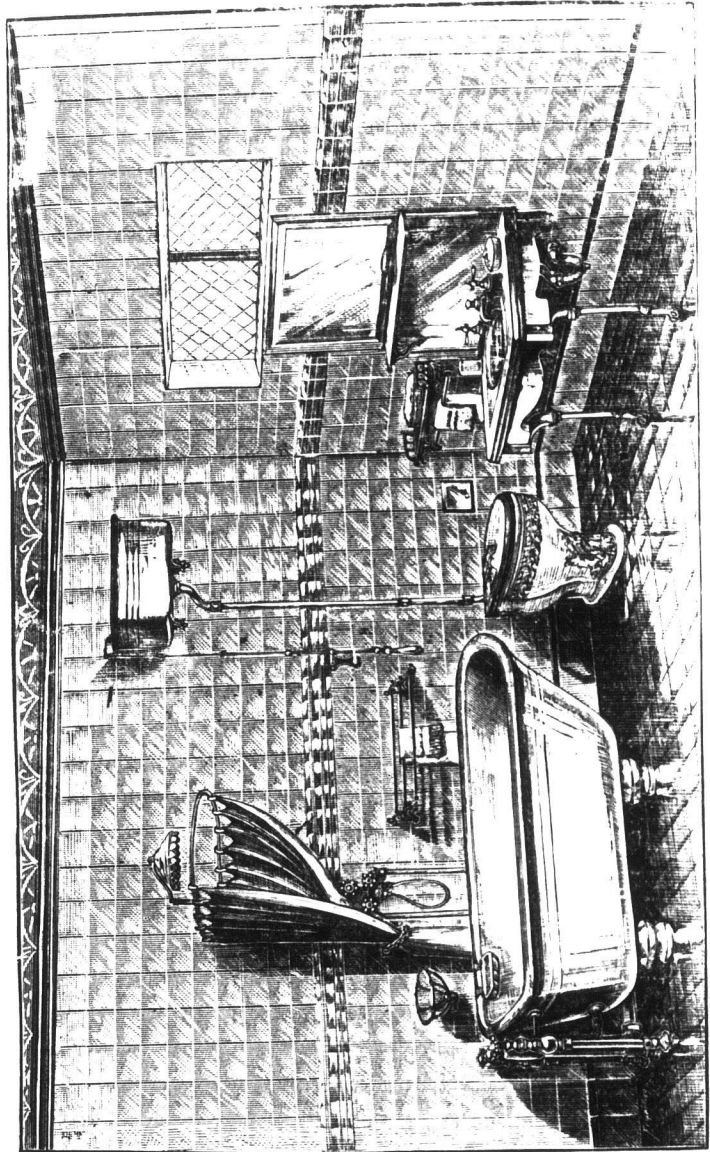
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it goes on easier and more rapidly. Saves the time of the painter and looks well with less paint. The real cost isn't any greater, so the advantage is plain.

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SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.

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FARMERS! see our Non-Slopping Milk Cans, 10, 15 and 20 Gallons.

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ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

Also Plans if desired.

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We run our business in the interest of the people—no division of profits with doctors. It is to your interest to deal with

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GAY'S PLANTS

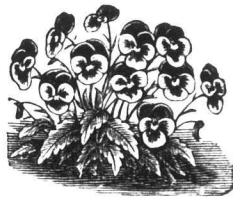
Our flower plants include the following popular varieties: Perennial Pansy and Daisy in bloom 35c per doz.; Carnations, Dianthus, Sweet William, Forget-me-not, Holly Hoek, 5c each, 45c per doz.; Dahlia and Gladiolus Bulbs, 6c each.

Transplanted Early Annuals, Asters, Phlox, Stocks, Verbena, Petunia, Pansy, Marigold, Nasturtium Zinnia, Crysanthemum, Candy-tuft, Salpiglossis, Balsams, Love-in-a-mist Single and Double Dahlia, (from seed); Canary Creeper, Morning Glory, Alyssum, Lobelia Pyrethrum or Golden Feather, for edging. The above annuals \$1 per hundred.

Larger Perennials by mail, 10c per doz. extra must be added for postage. We will pay the postage on all our Annuals. As we have shipped our plants to Newfound-land, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, and arrived in good order, our friends in this province need not hesitate to send their orders. We pack carefully in damp moss. No charges for packages. The above is only intended as a guide for our many customers at a distance from us not able to purchase from us personally.

VEGETABLE PLANTS

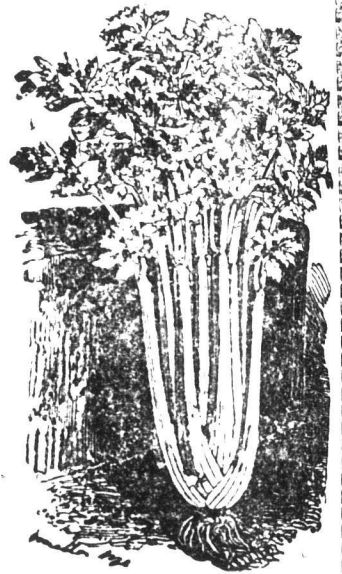
Transplanted Cabbage for early use, 40c per 100, Cauliflower 50c per 100; Tomatoes, extra early, 5c each; later plants 12c per dozen, Cabbage Plants for fall and winter use 12c per 100, Celery, 50c per 100, Cucumber, Squash, Pumpkin, 15c per box.

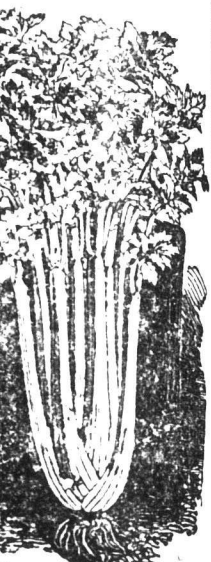


Note—We do not commit ourselves to any particular price, dealing directly with our customers at the Ch'town market or at our Nursery Gardens, head of Prince St.

Please write plainly and enclose cash with order. Address—

J. J. Gay & Son





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New Brunswick
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12c per 100. Cel-
n, 15c per box.

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head of Prince St.
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knows there is one sure way to reach a man's heart, and that is by always having a nicely spread table. To do this you must have choice groceries, canned goods and provisions.

We can help You there

We have the best of everything in that line. What we want is your trade. Can we have it?

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New and Beautiful things in Jewelry

Keeping up the reputation for superiority in my line, I offer a magnificent array of

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Don't expect me to describe them in print; come and see them.

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