

- THE -  
**PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND  
MAGAZINE**

VOL. 4

**JANUARY**

NO. 11

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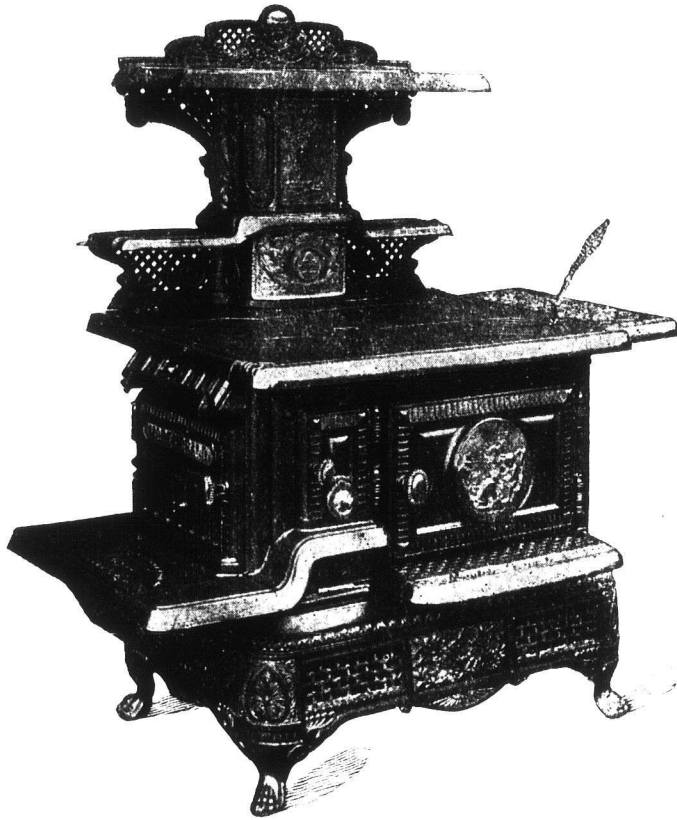
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THE WHITE-SKINNED BIRCHES OF VICTORIA PARK

The  
Prince Edward Island  
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Trees

**T**HIS is not the season for botanising, but it is the ideal time to draw close to the fire, and grow reminiscent of the days that have gone, and to build little castles in the Summer woods of 1903.

How many pet projects for June are conceived when the winds of January howl their discords?

In my mind a short man, with a happy smile and not long hair arises. He is a denizen of the fields and woods—might be a satyr only he is a whole man. He is a druid, and can read sermons in trees and flowers. Another figure grows visible: a taller, a more serious one. It behooves him to be serious, for he is the pioneer of Island botanists; the arch-druid of the sept, and has all the dignity of his office. No dream of field or wild-wood can come to me but somewhere in the sunlight or the shade stands one of these comrades, who so often have unfolded for me the wonders of Nature.

What is it that draws man to the shadows of the woods, and makes him feel the thrill that woke the soul of Byron when he wrote "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods"? The grand but sombre soul of Byron felt that pleasure most in loneliness, but the average man finds in the companion-



ship of a congenial mind no hindrance to its enjoyment. When we stand beneath the white-skinned birches of Victoria Park, of the darker beeches of that pleasure ground, the spirits of long-buried ancestors hover around us. The deep wood was their home, and it is the true nature within us, freed for a time from the artificial, that wakes responsive to its solitude.

But are these emotions, bequeathed by vanished ancestral races not degrading to the mind of man in his enlightened state? To ascribe the nobler emotions of the intellect to the scant-clad wanderer of pre-historic days would be to incur ridicule. Primeval man we regard as a being incapable of transcending the narrow limitations of savage life. Every generation, profiting by the failures as well as by the successes of ancestors is advancing by bounds in material comforts. By the comforts which surrounds us we gauge our superiority to the races that have vanished, and the modern porkpacker in his palatial mansion, estimates himself as greater than Diogenes in the ratio that his palace is superior to the cask of the philosopher.

Man has progressed wonderfully in science since first we knew him, but is advancement in that field the result of the action of the highest and noblest faculties of the mind? No one but the utilitarian will claim that the subjection of the physical forces of the universe is a higher conquest in the empire of the mind than the creation of an epic, a statue or a painting.

Poetry and art result from the grand, the sublime and the beautiful acting on the imagination. Images of the noblest essences in nature are formed in the brain. The intellect operates upon them, and the result produced is a work of poetry or art in which the very creating mind lives to future generations.

Science is the mind acting on matter—arranging and applying it and the result, though a testimony to the power

of mind, is yet all material. Looking into the vistas of the past we find man a child in science, but in poetry, art and philosophy, Homer, Amergin, Aristotle, Plato, Phidias gaze down on us moderns, and we look small. Whence came the power of those ancients? Knowledge is power is the watchword of progress, but ignorance was power with them. Ignorance of many things that science tells.

The thunder rolled along the sky. To them it was the voice of a God sublime in its threatenings. To us, science makes it commonplace. The great trees under which they dwelt struggled with the tempest, To them it was a battle between the spirits of earth and air, to which man was a shuddering spectator. To us just a storm, heralded by the storm signal. Primeval man lived in a world in which all was sublimity and beauty; he was surrounded by deities that lived in the floods, the clouds, and the waterfalls. Despite his ignorance of the Cause of causes, he was a more devout worshipper than his modern descendant. When he learned to commit his thoughts to writing, or even to speak them to his fellows in language worthy the subjects, we find not the flat common-place of the modern, replete with information concerning all Nature figured down to its mathematical values, but pictures of Nature in all her unconquered grandeur. The rugged mountain, piercing the clouds, tenanted by gods, and not figured down to so many feet above sea level. The thundering cataract, tumbling the giants of the forests like bubbles over its crest, and not estimated in the number of volts it might supply to New York or Chicago.

It would not be wise to suggest a return to primeval conditions, but a little thought will convince us that primeval man does not need (he is just a little past needing) a great deal of sympathy for his ignorance of a great many things we know.

J. T. CLARKIN.

### A Plea.

**L** ONE in the open field, the old oak stands  
 Tree of a century past ;  
 Its bare limbs spreading o'er the grass lands,  
 Braving the northern blast,  
 Heedless of reverence for its strength and age,  
 The farmer claims his own.  
 And swings his axe, determined, war to wage,  
 Against it, left alone.

He covets in his heart, the very ground  
 Where its roots are entwined,  
 And lines of beauty he has never found  
 In all its stately kind.  
 O spare this landmark of our father's day,  
 The tree he loved so well,  
 And count its value more than common clay,  
 That men can buy and sell.

ANNIE L. JACK in *Farmer's Advocate*.

### The Abigail Gold.

**“H**OW did the Abigail Gold save herself and crew,  
 being a small old-fashioned craft of only 45 tons,  
 with no modern equipments—no wheel—steered with a stick  
 called a “tiller” when caught in that memorable storm of  
 Oct. 1st. 1851, on which occasion so many fine large craft  
 were cast ashore on the rocks and sands on the north shore  
 of P. E. Island, and others were left without a sail or spar  
 at sea ?” is a question which has often been put to me, and  
 the only answer I could give is “God only knows.” I will  
 give you in my own plain way the details of the adventure



from the time I went on board the Abigail Gold at North Lake till I got back home.

About a week before the storm I went on board the little schooner as she lay at anchor off North Lake in company with the ill-fated "Fairplay" which went ashore at Tracadie Beach, where Capt. Cushing and crew including his three sons and brother-in-law found a watery grave.

William Haskell was master on board the Abigail Gold with ten hands all told. In the evening we set sail for the west and arrived off New London in the morning. We hove to and threw bait for mackerel. We took fifty barrels on board that day, which filled all the barrels we had. Next day we ran into Cascumpec to fit out for home. We stowed the mackerel in hold, bent a new foresail and waited for the day to hoist the flag.

Early on the morning before the storm we started for East Point with a fair wind. In the evening about four o'clock the wind changed to the eastward but, being almost calm, we could get no further. Seeing some vessels catching mackerel, we threw bait and took on board sixteen barrels. The sun was now down and the wind began to blow with all the signs of a storm. The captain said "Boys, we made a great mistake by leaving port to-day; there is going to be a storm, and we are in a bad place, in the bend of the Island; but put the mackerel into barrels and lash them to the rail, and reef down." This done, we jammed our little craft on a wind and stood out to sea.

At ten o'clock our jib gave way and our mainsail split; our boat's keel only remained hanging to the davits, the mackerel were overboard. We ran a life-line fore-and-aft and to it we clung for life while our little craft fought each rolling billow. In the middle of that dreadful night the tiller broke off at the rudder-head, while were lying to with a double-reefed foresail, and the Abigail Gold fell into the trough of the sea. All hope of being saved was gone. Some



knelt on the steps of the gangway and looking up prayed to God to have mercy on us. It is said in the Book that "the prayer of the righteous man availeth much," but there was none of that class on board: we were all sinners, yet His mercy was shown to us.

All the skill that was on board was put to the test. Two handspikes were lashed to the head of the rudder, together with a short iron brace which hung to the rudder-head. Two men held this improvised tiller and our little craft was made once more to breast the foaming billows. Cold, wet and hungry we clung to the handspikes—changing every half hour—from night till Sunday at noon. About the middle of that dismal Saturday night, a large schooner without a spar left came drifting down upon us, barely passing under our lee. They hailed us and we spoke to them, but in the howling of the wind and the roaring of the sea we knew not what they said. At twelve o'clock, the wind having abated and hauled north, we ran up the fore-sail and running south by west came round West Point and dropped anchor in smooth water; and we lay down to rest. Next day getting up sail we ran for Cascumpec, where we bought a boat and got our sails mended. The following day we set sail for East Point. From Tignish to St. Peter's we gazed with sorrow on the many wrecks that lay along the shore. My brother had left home and was searching the shore at Malpec for the Abigail Gold when we dropped anchor at North Lake:

There I left our captain and his jolly crew,  
To meet the weeping friends on shore I bade them all adieu,  
But now I'm old and feeble and my days will soon be o'er  
No more to stem the rolling waves along Prince Edward's shore.

ELISHA J. BAKER.



## An Old Time "Fireman"

**L**IFE is a wonderful problem which none of us fully understand! How is it that memory every now and then brings back to us something we had long ago forgotten about; We would be almost led to believe that it is like the cylinder of a phonograph, which records everything and every now and then the producer brings back and repeats the same thing over to us again.

A friend of mine who was struck on the head and seriously injured some time ago lost his memory for about two weeks. When he commenced to recover, he could remember distinctly events which had happened years before and which he says were entirely forgotten.

They came back to me in visions, said he, and seem just as real as when they happened. The reproducer had only gone back again and reproduced what had already happened.

So while sitting quietly alone in the evening twilight my thoughts wander back to the scene of my childhood. I am young—only thirty—yet in this short time what joys and sorrows, laughter and tears, health and sickness have crowded in upon me. But in my mind, full of wandering thoughts, there is one thing which I can see above all others. It is the old school-house where I spent the happiest days of my childhood. It matters not who I am, or what my name: whence I came, or whether I am going; one thing I will tell you.

It is this: I had the supreme honor to act as fireman for the country school in the district in which I was born. Can you imagine any position more elevated than that? I cannot. It was the highest office in the district and carried with it the princely salary of three dollars for the winter months—and find your own kindlings.

The happiest days I have ever seen were the days when

I received my salary and laid it away in an old *Manning's Spelling Book*, which served as a purse, and hoped for more to follow.

Many a time since I have made one hundred times that amount in a single transaction, yet it never gives me the thrill of joy that I always experienced when I clasped my hands on those precious three dollars. Oh, my brother, in life's journey it is not the amount of money we make that decides our happiness. No, it is very often the simplest things in this life that count the most, and it seems to me that the happiest people in all the world are the people of simple tastes. I envy them.

But let me tell you about my contract of lighting the village school-house fire. School, in the Winter time, opened at ten o'clock. It was imperative that I should have a fire started by nine o'clock so that the room should be fairly well-heated before the other children arrived. The kindling I generally heated in the big oven at home the night before. The weather would sometimes be very stormy and it seems to me that we had a great deal more snow in those days than we have now ; but snow or no snow I must get there, as the stoker always carried the keys and had to open the school.

Arriving at the school house a pile of snow which had drifted in at the door, or perhaps through some broken window-panes, would generally greet my eye. This must be gathered up first so that it would not be transformed into water when the room would get warmer.

The stove was in the middle of the building (on the floor of course) and was merely a square iron box without any grate. Some sticks would be laid crosswise to support the kindlings and in order to give some draft. It generally required about as many kindlings for one morning as would keep the ordinary city house-holder supplied for two weeks. When the kindlings were burning fairly well, some of the



wood which would have been piled around the stove the night before would be put in.

The children would gather and seat themselves around the stove in a square until the fire would drive them back to their proper positions against the desks attached to the walls around the room. The first lesson would generally be learned, as was said, "around the stove."

But all this is now changed: modern and up-to-date ideas have taken the place of the old. The old schoolmaster has long since passed to rest; the scholars have scattered. Some are at home, and some in distant lands, and some have passed into the great beyond. My heart swells as I think of it all. Those of us who are left behind are still learning the lessons of life, but one of these days the books will be closed; our lessons will be ended and the Great Master Himself will call the register.

May we all reply "Present," and hear the words: "Come up higher."

H.

---

## The Ships That Sailed Away

**B**LACK-HULLED, tall, trim and slender-sparred,  
Our long ships sailed away;  
From old Point Prim, and Cascumpec,  
And still St. Peter's Bay

They broached the gateways of the seas,  
When wind and tide were fair,  
With broad and bellied canvas set  
The open sea to dare.

And past Cape Race they hurried fast,  
To gain the Outer Seas



With mast and halliard straining taut  
Before the Northern breeze.

With bows afoam on sun-bright sea,  
With white spray-beaten sail,  
Like sea-birds in their following flight  
Borne down with quickening gale.

At morn their spars were silvered white  
With midnight's frozen dews ;  
Flushed with a thousand kisses bright  
Of daybreak's wondrous hues.

As 'gainst the brooding fog-bank dim,  
With fluttered sails half-furled,  
They stood like arks of refuge reared  
Above a deluged world.

At eve the long beams lingered last  
On mast and sheet and spar,  
Till, from the rosy curtain, peered,  
The love-lorn Evening Star.

And gliding through the measures soft  
Of soundless music's sweep,  
With star to star responding far  
From sky to ocean deep.

Far wrapt in nether glory's flood,  
From human coasts far blown,  
Like human things they wander forth  
Upon the sea alone.

Where are the ships we builded once—  
The crews we gave them then ;  
The sinewy timbers of our woods ;  
The brawny Island men ?

Some in the lone, white Northern waste,  
The hair seal's wide domain,

Gripped in the grinding ice floe's clutch,  
With splintered ribs remain.

And pale Aurora's funeral lamp  
Lights up their ghastly bourne  
Till on the low vault's ashen rim  
Creeps in the Solstice morn.

Some 'mid the sun-kissed Southern Isles,  
Far-faring, found their tomb  
Where ocean's patient builders rear  
The league-long reef of doom

Sunk by the shelving coral ledge  
Where dim waves softly chime ;—  
And on their shivered timbers hangs  
The long green ocean-slime

And there the crews are resting still  
Where none the watch must keep,  
Nor "eight bells" sounding at the morn,  
Disturb the sailor's sleep.

And some in nearer waters lie  
Our coasting craft were these,  
Struck blind in fog or squall of snow,  
Or drowned in mountain seas

And blown on bar and headland wide,  
Or beached by cove and dune :  
The flotsam of a wanton sea  
Their battered bones are strewn

Brave ships ! brave hearts gone down to sea—  
Their memories linger long ;  
And every wave that beats their Isle  
Shall shout their saga-song.

WEBSTER ROGERS

## The Writings of Mahony, or The Prout Papers.

THE Rev. Francis Sylvester Mahony, most of whose writings were given to the public in *Fraser's Magazine* during the second quarter of the nineteenth century as the Reliques of Father Prout, was one of the most original, learned and humorous of the writers of that period. He was educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood, but his tastes led in a different direction. He drifted from the service of the church to the realm of literature where he left behind him some of the most charming compositions in prose and verse to be found in the English language.

The authorship of Mahony was unique in many respects, one of which I will mention. Other eminent writers, such as the author of the Letters of Junius, used *noms de plume*, and others, like Sir Walter Scott, for a time withheld their names from the public; but Mahony was not satisfied with a simple *nom de plume*. His plan was like the combination of a safe, and his ingenuity in working it was so great that not only ordinary readers but literary men have been bewildered by it.

Father Prout is represented as a priest ministering in a parish called Watergrasshill, near the city of Cork, and is noted for his learning, his hospitality and his opposition to the Repeal Movement under the leadership of Daniel O'Connell. He makes the absurd claim for himself that he is the son of Dean Swift and Stella. Frank Cresswell, who is introduced as playing a principal part in recovering the "Chest" containing the posthumous papers of Prout, is represented as a young English law-student, who was made heir to a rich Roman Catholic aunt—a parishioner of Prout's—on condition that he should keep Lent, although remaining a Protestant. With these literary ruses or combinations in the



background, and playing contributory parts, Mahony appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* as Oliver Yorke, Esquire, editor of the posthumous papers of Father Prout.

Mahony seldom or ever lays claim to original authorship, but professes to be a simple translator or discoverer of lost manuscripts. Unlike the cases of McPherson and Ireland this ruse was persisted in as genuine humor.

The first paper, *An Apology for Lent*, contains the reasons given by Prout to Cresswell for observing the condition imposed on him by his aunt. He does not defend the observance of Lent because it was enjoined by the church, nor on any religious ground whatever, but supports the use of a fish diet on historical and literary authority and as being in accordance with the true principles of political economy. As illustrating the humor underlying this apology I will just mention here quoting an imaginary statute of Elizabeth, forbidding the use of "fleshe" on Wednesdays—in addition to the earlier law providing for similar abstinence on Saturday:—

"For the commoditie and benefit of this realme as well as to growe the navie, as in sparing and increase of fleshe vidual"

He adds

"I do not attach so much importance to the act of Her Royal successor, James I, who in 1619 issued a proclamation reminding his English subjects of the obligation of keeping Lent, because His Majesty's object is clearly ascertained to have been to encourage the traffic of his countrymen the Scotch, who had just then embarked largely in the herring trade, and for whom the thrifty Stuart was anxious to secure a monopoly in the British markets."

The victory of Cressy was mainly due, he alleges, to fifty tons of Yarmouth herring supplied to the English army before that memorable battle. He also facetiously claims that the "black broth" of Sparta was somewhat akin to a fish diet, and that certainly the "three hundred Spartans who stood at Thermopylæ were not a beef-steak club."



A plea for Pilgrimages is another of these papers. The pilgrimage particularly recommended is not to Jerusalem, not to Mecca, not to Rome, but to the Groves of Blarney, in the County of Cork. The shrine of his devotion is not the last resting place of any great saint, prophet, statesman or warrior; it is nothing more or less than the famous blarney stone which has its place on the ruined battlements of Blarney Castle—a stone which is said to impart the gift of suasive language to those who kiss it. The Groves of Blarney, he says, have been commemorated by the Greek poets many centuries before the Christian Era. Milliken, the reputed author of the song of that name, was but a simple translator from the Greek original. In Mahony's hands the Groves of Blarney becomes a polyglot poem, he having discovered, as he says, renderings of it in Greek, Latin, French and Italian. It is needless to say that these were his own productions. As a sample of the execution of his work, I will give the closing verse in "Corcagian" and French:—

"There is a stone there,  
That whoever kisses  
Oh! he never misses  
To grow eloquent  
'Tis he may clamber  
To a lady's chamber  
Or become a member  
Of parliament  
A clever spouter  
He'll sure turn out, or  
An out and-outer,  
"To be let alone"  
Don't hope to hinder him,  
Or to bewilder him ;  
Sure he's a pilgrim  
From the Blarney Stone !"

"Une pierre s'y rencontre  
Estimable tresor,  
Qui vaut son poids en or  
Au guide qui la montre.  
Qui batse ce monument,  
Acquiert la parole  
Qui doucement cajole ;  
Il devient eloquent  
Au boudoir d'une dame  
Il sera bien recu  
Et meme a son inscu  
Fera naitre une flamme  
Homme a bonnes fortunes  
A lui on peut se fier  
Pour mystifier  
La Chambre des Communes."

But the paper of the Prout series for which Mahoney is most famous is the Rogueries of Tom Moore. With the

greatest seeming indignation, he charges Moore with plagiarism, alleging that the Irish melodies are simply translations of songs written originally in Latin, Greek and other languages. In proof of his charge he produces what he claims to be originals of many of Moore's poems, such as *Charming Judy Callaghan*, some of which he says he discovered in old continental libraries. The alleged original of "*Lesbia hath a Beaming Eye*" he admits to be his own—or rather, Prout's youthful production, having been smitten with the charms of an Irish milk-maid. "Tommy," he says "saw it, grasped it with avidity and I find he has given it word for word in an English shape in his Irish melodies."

The charge against Moore was supported by such a show of research and such an array of authorities, and the so-called originals were such faithful renderings of the melodies, that the literary world was staggered. It took time for the excitement occasioned by Mahony's paper to subside. Many a reader of this marvellous paper, who has taken it up without warning, has been carried away by the apparently overwhelming evidence it contains of Moore's plagiarism. In a later paper he attack Burns in the same manner, producing a Latin "original" of "*John Anderson, my Jo,*" which he says was written by the Admiral Crichton, and of which Burns was a mere translator.

It is in the form of a charge of plagiarism against Moore that he ushered his own *Bells of Shandon* before the public alleging that Moore's *Evening Bells* was inspired by a glimpse which Moore got from the manuscript of the *Shandon Bells* while it was still in Prout's possession. But it is safe to say that no writer in our language has glorified the music of bells, as Mahony has those of his native city:—

“ With deep affection  
And recollection  
I often think of  
Those Shandon bells,

Whose sounds so wild would,  
 In the days of childhood,  
 Flung round my cradle  
 Their magic spells,  
 On this I ponder  
 Where'er I wander  
 And thus grow fonder  
 Sweet Cork, of thee;  
 With thy bells of Shandon  
 That sound so grand on  
 The pleasant waters  
 Of the River Lee."

The usual limits assigned to a paper of this kind will not admit of very extended references to the writings of Mahony. One of his ruses was to attribute the authorship of his poem entitled "The Attractions of a Fashionable Irish Watering Place" to the painter Barry. It was, according to Mahony, while sitting on the Janiculum Hill at Rome that Barry caught the inspiration to bestow the eulogium on the maritime village where he had spent his youthful days.

"The town of Passage  
 'Tis both large and spacious  
 And situated  
 Upon the bay.  
 'Tis nate and dacent  
 And quite adjacent  
 To come from Cork  
 On a summer's day;  
 There you may slip in  
 To take a dipping  
 Forment the shipping  
 That at anchor ride;  
 Or in a wherry  
 Cross o'er the ferry  
 To Carrigaloe  
 On the other side.

Mudcabins swarm in  
 This place so charming

With sailor's garments  
 Hung out to dry;  
 And each abode is  
 Snug and commodious  
 With pigs melodious  
 In their straw-built sty."

*Fraser's Magazine* was, at the time, the centre around which many of the most brilliant writers of the day rallied. An etching by Maclise graces the frontispiece of the standard edition of the *Reliques of Father Prout*, and represents a brilliant group of literary men, amongst whom Mahony occupies a prominent position.

Later in life he resided in Paris, and during the period of the Revolution in Italy contributed to English newspapers powerful letters in support of the cause of Italian Unity. He died in Paris in 1866. For obvious reasons Mahony has received scant notice as a literary man from writers of the Roman Catholic Faith, who are, naturally, disinclined to eulogize very highly the genius of one who did not fully live up to his clerical obligations. On the other hand the form of the *Reliques of Father Prout*, as well as the subjects of some of his Papers, such as Literature and the Jesuits, do not appeal to a purely Protestant imagination. His merits as a writer deserve, however, to be viewed from a higher plane of observation. He was a sweet singer, a fine scholar, and an ardent champion of freedom of thought.

H. T. F.

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### The Selkirk Settlers in P. E. Island.—III.

**A**CCOMPANYING the Emigration Song, which concluded the article in the December number, were a number of notes, but they came to hand printed in Gaelic, and thus beyond my power to translate. I am further indebted



to the translator of the song for a translation of the notes also:—

NOTES TO EMIGRATION SONG.

[Translated from *McTalla*, 1895, and 1902.]

“This song was composed by Malcolm Ban Buchannan, one of the emigrants on the famous ship ‘Polly,’ that sailed from Portree, Isle of Skye, in the beginning of the Summer of 1803, and cast anchor in Orwell Bay on the 18th day of the first month of Autumn (August), the same year, with about eight hundred emigrants. The song begins with an account of their departure from Portree Harbor, and their dangerous sailing among the rocks and islands to the east and north of Skye, until they got to the open sea. It is to be understood from the Song that the piloting of the ship was intrusted to the most skilful and experienced among the passengers when there was need of them. The poem reflects strongly upon the relentless cruelty of the ‘bailie,’ and advises the people to flee from the tyranny of the landlords. It concludes by recommending Prince Edward Island to intending emigrants.

For a long time the poem was supposed to have been lost, but on the 29th of March, 1883, it was taken down from the mouth of an old man (Roderick McLeod, Portage), aged 85, who in his boyhood, learned it from the author. It is most likely that the air is the composition of one of the McCrimmons. The Song is a true specimen of the vernacular Gaelic, as it was spoken in Skye a century ago—as the author could neither read nor write—*McTalla*, 1895.”

“The song was written by Ewen Lamont and sent to *McTalla*, in the Spring of 1895, by Murdhadh Cain (the late Murdoch Lamont, of Springhill, P. E. I.) We reprint it now at the request of some of our readers from P. E. Island.—*McTalla*, Nov. 14, 1902.”

My correspondent adds: “Comparing this Song and the first Note above with the extracts from Chappell’s diary in the September number of the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE, it seems very probable that of Selkirk’s three ships the Polly alone sailed from Portree, and that she alone, anchored at Belfast. As the colonists hailed from different parts of the Highlands they did not necessarily all sail from the same port on the same day. We notice that there elapsed twenty days between the dates of arrival of the first and last ships. This would account for the poet’s silence

regarding the other vessels, and for the fact that some people claim that there was only one ship in all. As for the date of the arrival of the Polly at Belfast, Chappell has August 8th, and the above Note August 18. Possibly the superfluous figure 1 may be an error of pen or press.

“Although the beautiful air to which the song was composed comes within the compass of the bagpipe’s limited gamut of nine tones, and has its principal notes on the favourite E and A of that instrument, still the supposition that it had a McCrimmons for its author may be considered fanciful. When an old Highlander told me that the same air was sung to McCodrun’s ‘Song to Old Age,’ and when, upon examining McKenzie’s ‘Beauties of Gaelic Poetry’ I found that the said song to old age was to be sung to the air of ‘The Pearl of the Irish Nation,’ I confess I felt a little apprehension in case this fine old tune, like some more of our best melodies might be traced to the Emerald Isle. But what of it? If the first McCrimmon was, as they say, an Italian, is it not better to keep the tune within our Empire?

“The Emigration Song and its air were once very popular on Prince Edward Island, and detached verses are still sung in Belfast and in other parts of the Province, and even in far distant lands. The author composed many songs, but this—as far as I know—is the only one that has found its way into print. He composed for one of his daughters a song which has been commended very highly. When the Emigration song appeared in the *Oban Times* (Scotland), there was a long note by the editor, which, however, contained nothing new with reference to the Polly, and need not therefore be reproduced here, even if it were obtainable—which is doubtful.”

The agent of Lord Selkirk, Williams, already mentioned in these papers, who came out with the Polly to apportion the land to the settlers, was a man to whose influence must be ascribed the determination of many of the Highlanders to

emigrate to Prince Edward Island. Williams, who is known by some as "Sandy" Williams—his Christian name, if I am not misled, was James—first went about through the western Highlands telling the people of the offer of Lord Selkirk to establish them on farms of their own if they would emigrate and settle upon his estate. We may take it for granted that Williams painted the picture in roseate hues, and that his representations caused many to resolve on emigration. Emigration was much talked of at the time, and it is possible that the people heard of America through other sources than the Earl's agent. Be that as it may, the persons who comprised the settlers of Belfast were in various ways got together. Some of their descendants tell us that the Highlanders, after disposing of their stock, retained as many of their household utensils as they could, and marched, loaded up like pack-horses, to the point of embarkation. In one instance a family had many miles to travel. Almost every member was loaded down with household goods and furniture but their endurance was not sufficient for them to sustain their burdens till the journey ended and they arrived, in this case at Oban, with but few of the dishes, tubs, tools, and smaller articles of furniture with which they had laden themselves at the outset of their march. Doubtless many suffered severe hardships even in this first stage of their migration, but they were upborne by the hope of a happy future—a hope kindled in a large measure owing to the indefatigable efforts of Agent Williams, about whom I shall have something to say in the next issue of this Magazine.

ARCHIBALD IRWIN.





## A Century of Progress — Educationally and Otherwise.

**P**ERHAPS in the initial years of the century it would not be amiss to glance over the past and see where we have been drifting — educationally and otherwise. At the beginning of the last century the population of this Province consisted of about five thousand souls, and a few Dutchmen. In Charlottetown there were only fifty families or three hundred people. Not much seems to have been done in regard to education until 1821, when the National School was opened, and in 1829 the Central Academy was established.

According to the first report of the first official Inspector of Schools, published in 1837, we find that there were 52 schools and 1649 scholars. This report gives a graphic description of the educational condition of the country at that time. The inhabitants were poor, and, having to struggle with numerous difficulties in procuring the means of subsistence for their families, the education of their children was with them a matter of secondary importance. However beautiful other things might be, the stomach naturally came first. Poets might sing of the heart, philosophers crown the mind, and preachers deify the soul, but the empty stomach would paralyse them all. And even when the people turned their attention to education, they were not very scrupulous in the selection of their teachers, —satisfying themselves with the common idea that it was better to have any teacher than none at all. Hence it frequently happened that it was only persons of shipwrecked character and blasted prospects in life, after every other resource had failed them, who took up the important office of schoolmaster. Sometimes a man, too proud to beg, too up-



right far to steal, would consent, as a happy medium, to wield the birch.

At this time the schoolhouses used to be shifted from place to place; when the population became more dense in one locality the school was shifted from the thinly settled part and the children of that section left without a school. It will be readily noticed that times have changed, old manners gone, and now in the bright opening of the Twentieth Century the schools are as stationary as a bookseller's supplies, but the teachers are of a migratory character and every June we see them travelling around in search of a school—much like Japhet in search of a father. In fact the battle for schools has been waged so fiercely by the teachers of late years, that in many cases the tactics followed by candidates in a political campaign have been resorted to by the teacher in his search for a place wherein to teach the young ideas how to shoot and strike a bulls-eye every time. A citizen of Summerside, who, it is taken for granted would not imperil his immortal soul unnecessarily, especially when the Stanley is making such *fast* trips between his town and Cape Tormentine, tells the following anecdote about two teachers who were wishing to engage with the trustees of a certain Prince County school:—

They both happened to be on the same road a short distance apart: the hindmost called at the house of the chairman of school trustees, where a bright little girl came to the door. Said the pedagogue: "Sissy, will you please bring me a drink of water?" which she quickly did; then he gave her candy and said: "Did the teacher who was here a short while ago give you candy?" "O, yes sir," was the candid reply. Then he gave her a five cent bit, and said: "Did he give you money?" "Yes sir, he gave me ten cents" The pedagogue's face suddenly became long, but a happy idea, no doubt occasioned by a sudden thought of the last general election canvass came to his mind, and

picking up the little maid he gave her a tremendous kiss, the shock of which loosened all the panes in the kitchen window, and said in a tone of exultation "Did he kiss you, dear?" The modest little girl replied "Yes sir, and he kissed Ma too." It is unnecessary to state that the fellow who kissed "ma too" got the position and proved himself to be a very popular teacher.

Another practice prevalent in the early days of our educational growth was the custom of the teacher receiving his board by going from house to house, in which case he was regarded both by parents and children as little better than a common menial. The teacher was very handy to rock the cradle, make pap for the baby, and saw fire-wood.

Many curious anecdotes are told of the old-time teachers, their methods and eccentricities. John Slattery the teacher of the East Point School—the only school on the Island at that time (1837) in which Latin was taught—in calling the roll would substitute Latin thus: Beaton Primus, Beaton Secundus, Beaton Tertius and so on til he got finished with the Beatons, and then came Morrow Primus, etc.

Another old gerund-grinder was of equally peculiar ways. He had been a court-crier in the old country, and carried some of the dignity of the court into the exercise of his new functions. It was his custom to call his pupils in from the playground with "Oyez, Oyez! Come into school." Before dismissing school for dinner hour he said grace, and before closing school for the day he held a similar religious exercise.

Goose River boasted of a schoolhouse which was once the cabin house of a ship that had been wrecked on the coast, and this school boasted of a shipwrecked teacher, and this teacher boasted of having the loudest school in the Province. The children spelt and read aloud—all at once—and their voices could be heard for a long distance, both inland and seaward. At times during the day they were

made to toe a mark and spell, and turn each other down. When this exercise was finished they were called to spell their numbers, beginning "one," until the pupil at the foot was reached. It is related of this Goose River pedagogue that he was one of the few teachers who successfully resisted the old custom of barring-out the teacher at Christmas; He used a large stick of wood at the door as a battering-ram, with such terrifying effect that the pupils surrendered at discretion. One of the larger boys raised a plank and hid himself under the floor. There he soon fell asleep, and betrayed his presence by most audible snoring. Thereupon the master raised the plank and found the boy lying face downward. The angry master lifted the plank heavenward and it came down on that part of the victim's human anatomy—which it is equally as indelicate to present to a friend as to an enemy—with a blow as demoralizing as that inflicted by Marshal Ney on the Russians at Borodino.

The majority of those old masters were adepts at using the rod, and its application was generally accompanied by the expression of Scriptural authority for its use, such as: "He who spareth the rod spoileth the child"—"the rod for the fool's back, saith Solomon." They did not want to punish the innocent, it is true, but I doubt whether the discovery of a boy's innocence was not a disappointment to them. The punishments were, for light offences a high, pointed fool's cap; for grave offences the birch. Fighting boys were made to play wrap-jacket or hot-jacket before all the school, *i. e.*, each armed with a switch was forced to scourge the other. Play hours were generally spent in fighting; for in those days the young man's fancy, instead of turning to thoughts of love on the approach of Spring, usually turned to thoughts of blood.

About the middle of the century another class of teachers came into existence. These were known as the farmer teachers, and combined the keeping of a farm with the



keeping of a school as a means of making a livelihood. The farmer teacher was up with the break of day and worked hard at his farm till schooltime; then he went to the school house and rested himself for a few hours, and often dozed off into a balmy sleep. I have heard it related of one of them, that he used to stretch his weary limbs on a bench and, when the scholars would become anyways noisy, he would exclaim: "Wait till I get up in the evening, and I'll give it to you fellows." Many of those middle of the century pedagogues won much renown as platform lecturers. One, I remember, used to deliver a stirring, patriotic speech on the Anglo-Saxon Race, the opening sentence of which was: "The ancient Britons of to-day are not the same as were the ancient Britons of ten thousand years ago. This same schoolmaster always ordered his classes to "stand in a perpendicular line," and invariably began questioning his history class by asking: "What battle was fought in what year by what man?"

Such were the schools and such were the teachers of yesteryears. Contrast those with the active present, and who will say but that the educational growth of this Province has been wonderful. Yet we find a few men who would like to live in the past. I never yet met a man who wanted to live in the past that I wasn't sorry he did not live in the past, and die and get out of the way before I got here. The schools of to-day are not held down by brute force nor taught irrationally. The teachers of our schools are as wide-awake (when they are not asleep, of course) a class of teachers as is to be found on the continent of America. Why, a first-class teacher or a B. A. was a rarity a few decades ago. Now they are as plentiful as rum in a Prohibition town, and half as numerous as bachelors at Pownal.

But it is not alone in the schools that progress is noticeable. See the strides science has taken during the past few



decades. Why, one hundred years ago, if a young man in Charlottetown wanted to know whether a young woman at Rocky Point loved him or not he had to ask her. Now, since the invention of the X rays, the young man takes his camera with him, looks at her heart, and sees for himself if she loves him or not. She takes her camera and throws the rays on his pocket-book to know whether she really loves him.

In the middle of the last century if a man was in debt they put him in jail. Now, you put every man in Charlottetown to-day, who is in debt, in jail! I would like to know who would keep the jail!

See the progress woman has made in the past one hundred years, in art science and literature. Woman has entered the learned professions. Half a century ago woman rarely figured outside the home circle. Now we find her in the counting house, the sick house, the school house, the court house—particularly the divorce court, and in the poor house. When we consider all this we are naturally drawn to the conclusion that the coming man is going to be a woman. We are on the eve of a great social revolution; and the hand that rocks the cradle is going to rule the world in earnest.

In a few years it is we poor male creatures that will be scanning the pages of T. Eeton's catalogue to see if we can get a forty cent bonnet for two dollars and a half; and to be in the style we must, every night before we go to sleep, look under the bed to be sure that there is not a woman under it.

Of course, every time we see a mouse we must rend Heaven and earth with a scream, and jump to the top of a table or chair.

When we consider our great development in the past, it is with some confidence that we can, with Mark Twain, "look back into the future." With us, truly, all is well, and all will be well at that distant date when MacAulay's

New Zealander will take his stand on a broken arch of the Hillsborough Bridge to sketch the ruins of Southport.

IKE ICICLE.

❖ Through Tommy Hawke's Telescope ❖

CONDUCTED BY TOMMY HAWKE

**T**HIS is what we call the good old Winter time. No need to try and impress that fact upon anyone. Old King Cold has already attended to the impressing part of the business. This is just the kind of weather lots of people were languishing and sighing after last July. The same people may be found to-day growling because it isn't as warm as it was then.

The story is truthful and old  
For ages has man mourned his lot;  
When it isn't too hot it's too cold,  
When it isn't too cold it's too hot.



Strange how people change in their fancies—especially when a little weather is let loose among them. I know people who a few months ago would no more think of wearing an overcoat, a fur cap, or a pair of overshoes than they would think of going to church attired in an empty flour sack. Yet what do we find to-day? The tumult and the shouting after sea-baths and icebergs have ceased and those same unassuming, conservative-minded people may be seen trying to push their way through the half-frozen atmosphere,

almost hidden from sight in a large bundle of dry goods that was away beneath their notice a few short months ago, and which they would have been ashamed to wear then. The weather is a good thing after all. If it wasn't for the weather some people would never change their minds—or their habiliment.



Although winter may be inclined to treat us coldly at times, there are lots of ways in which we can manage to keep the interest glowing, even when our warmest friends desert us, and others try to freeze us out. We can have the warm excitement of trying to maintain our equilibrium on an icy sidewalk, when we know that the chances are ninety-nine out of a hundred that we'll fall. This is great excitement, and warms up our deepest emotions. Then again, when you are growling about the cold, and how there is no fire in the place, think of the thousands across the line suffering from the effects of the coal strike, who are twice as cold as you are. This will warm you. Then think of how much worse it would be if you were down on the ice near the head of the wharf trying to rope in the gentle smelt as you used to do, with a yard of twisted thread, a bent pin and two feet as cold as stone, and your hands numb, and two smelts beside you—with their gills bitten off—after two hours fishing with the mercury hovering around zero. If this don't make you realize how much colder you could be, think of Cap. Bernier, who cannot find enough cold around here to suit him, but must go hunting around the North Pole after more. Also think of the man who sends us the "Probs." Whew!!





# EDITORIAL

Notes, Comments, Correspondence, Reviews, etc.

A CHRISTMAS CARD received from an old contributor to our pages, F. W. L. Moore, who is now a captain of the South African Constabulary, brings home very plainly the altered condition of affairs in the Transvaal. On the card is a picture of Kruger's former home at Pretoria. At the gate stands a sentry of the S. A. Constabulary and there appears to be a group of officers lolling at their ease on the front verandah. Such a picture makes the events of the past few years seem almost like a dream. Changes have taken place in Africa with a rapidity truly astonishing. In the English illustrated newspapers of a month or two ago the pictures were mainly devoted to scenes in connection with the completion of the great dam across the Nile, and even more interesting were the pictures dealing with Lord Kitchener's visit to the Soudan. At Khartoum, the conqueror of the Soudan was engaged in a very pleasant and peaceful task—and one that he was vastly interested in—namely, the inspection of the students of the fine college that was one of first things Lord Kitchener determined should be built at Khartoum after he had captured that city.

So far as we can judge on our own account and can infer from the opinion of people of sensible and serious minds it seems a pity that any agitation of the Temperance question should be begun at the present time. Prohibition is on trial and most assuredly we believe the majority of the people in Charlottetown are in favour of its being given a trial and there the matter should be allowed to rest. So we must decline to publish the rather clever article sent in by a modest contributor who does not sign his name. Another article on the same subject written by a "moderate drinker" is written with so much immoderation that if the reason already given did not apply, it's personalities would debar it.

The employment of the steamer Stanley on the Summerside-Tormentine winter route has not been successful this winter. Dur-



ing the period when the weather permitted the Stanley managed fairly well but 10 degrees below zero seems to be the limit that bounds the steamer's performance on the route. The endeavor to make trips at so low a temperature has, during the latter part of January, resulted in the steamer being imprisoned in an ice floe which has taken her hither and thither in its drifting about the strait, and surrounded her with an element of danger that is regrettable, to say the least. Meantime the Minto has been making with fair regularity single trips daily between Georgetown and Pictou—and we have been receiving our mails every other day. Room for improvement—as we suggested last month.



A Correspondent in New York writes to the editor as follows:—

Dear Sir,—Among other papers sent to me from Charlottetown is the P. E. Island Magazine. I must say it is an attractive and well written book, with nice clean type. Judging from what I have read in it things in general must be changed since I left there in 1887. And after looking over the familiar names of people I knew I am surprised to find that it has created a positive desire in me to visit Charlottetown again.

No one can correctly describe these thoughts and longings for home unless they have been away among strangers for many years. One may succeed in many ways; make new friends and feel happy; but there is still the longing for schoolboy scenes, the boyhood chums, and the simple things which amused us when we knew nothing of the continual wear and tear of business life. Dr. Moran of Boston who is a close friend of mine, once told me of a beautiful place he found wherein to spend the summer (imagine my surprise when he said it was P. E. Island) where they had real butter, fresh eggs, and the best roast spring lamb in the world. He was painting such a picture that I had to be very modest in telling him it was my home.

As another time, while at luncheon in a New York restaurant two gentlemen came in and took seats at my table. The conversation ran to vacations. One, answering the question of where he went in summer, said: "I go away down East where I get good food, lovely weather, and the further I go the better it gets until I reach Charlottetown P. E. Island where I stay for a month."

When I hear these expressions of praise from strangers, I feel like saying to the young men who take the opposite view of P. E. Island that they are too inexperienced to judge, and that it all rests with themselves to make it a good place or a poor place.

I am yours truly,

New York City

JAMES WOODS



Dear Sir :

The question ("or was it Robert?") on page 353 of the December No. of your magazine took my attention, as I felt sure I could get the

reply, so I wrote a note to the Rev. Robert Laird jr., and he forwarded it to his father Rev. Robt Laird sr. at Kingston, and in reply Mr. Laird sr. writes:

"I have no difficulty in answering the question. It was Robert, not David Laird who reported in conjunction with Mr. Kirwin in the session of 1857. I have a distinct recollection of him, but never learn what became of him. The next winter I was in Edinburg and lost all connection with reporters of the time. I reported alone in 1856. Mr. Whelan was an able speaker and a clever writer. He was from Halifax. David Laird reported some years later."

ROBERT LAIRD.



Dear Sir,—I was well pleased with Mr. Fletcher's article in the November magazine. It called up recollections of boyhood. I wonder if Mr. Fletcher remembers the time when he lectured at Uigg on "Uncrowned Heroes?" Before the lecture began he came down to where we boys were enjoying ourselves. He happened to put his hand on my head, saying at the same that he hoped we would be quiet during the lecture. I said that I supposed his own oratory would command silence when he got agoing. This from so small an urchin took him a little by surprise, and he turned my face to the light and asked me my name. The lecture was well listened to, but I smile when I think of the part of it that interested me most. It was about Pat and Mike and the log that was to be rolled to the middle of a slope and then stopped. Pat tied a rope around the log and about his own waist. . . . "Pat came up to the log (laughter)—Pat went over the log (great laughter)—the log went over Pat—(great laughter)—Pat went over the log—the log went, etc. 'Well done Pat,' said Mike, when the bottom was reached, 'you were on top half the time'." (boisterous laughter).

M. L.



Sir,—In looking over a late number of the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE I was glad to note the advance made in the Province in literature, etc., during the last twenty years. I am a descendant of one of the old settlers of Cascumpec and would be glad to assist Mr. A. Matthews in his history—there are many tales long forgotten of the Cross Roads, now Alberton. I was touched by the picture of the church and graveyard which illustrated the article on Alberton. I remember it well.—A P. E. Islander abroad.



A QUERY. Sir,—Can you or any of your readers furnish me with any information bearing on the fact, which has been stated to me, that John Cobbett—who afterwards became a member of the British Parliament and prominent in the Reform Party,—at one time resided in Charlottetown. I have been told that he

was a soldier in one of the regiments which did garrison duty here some seventy years ago.—Yours, R. J. H.

*The Farmer's Advocate*, which is published at London, Ont., and at Winnipeg, Man., is really deserving of all the good words that can be said about a paper that, practically, ideally fills the requirements of a Canadian agricultural monthly. It is a matter of pride to know that Canada has such a valuable instructor going forth month after month to the class of people on whose proper education the welfare of Canada, after all is said and done, depends. We are assured that the *Farmer's Advocate* is justly popular in this Province and is subscribed to by nearly every prospering and intelligent farmer; that it is not *in every farmer's* home in P. E. Island is a pity. Every department of the *Advocate* is ably edited and there are hints and information on every conceivable subject relating to farming, and kindred occupation.

In the *Canadian Engineer* there appears a splendid description, giving many interesting details, of the power plants now established at "the Soo," which is well illustrated. Also there is an illustrated article dealing with the magnificent new head offices of the G. T. Railway.

*Rod and Gun*, is working hard in the praiseworthy undertaking of trying to impress upon Canadians the importance of preserving their forests. It is to be regretted that, in Prince Edward Island, the preservation of our forest trees seems never to be given a thought. Several people interested in their native Province have at different times expressed the hope that this matter should receive attention. It will be a pity if something can not be done.

The most interesting feature of the *Canadian Magazine* just at present is the "History of the War of 1812" which is presented in a manly, vigorous way, in which the facts are related in a manner that we have long wished to see. Canadians will feel proud of this series of articles. It is not surprising to learn that the issue of the *Canadian Magazine*, containing the first paper of the series, is exhausted.

In the *Criterion*, is a very readable sketch of Tangier, doubly interesting just now by reason of the trouble in Morocco. John Uri Lloyd has another of his Sam Hill stories, and among other good things there is a delightful short story of a dog and his mistress—very cleverly told.

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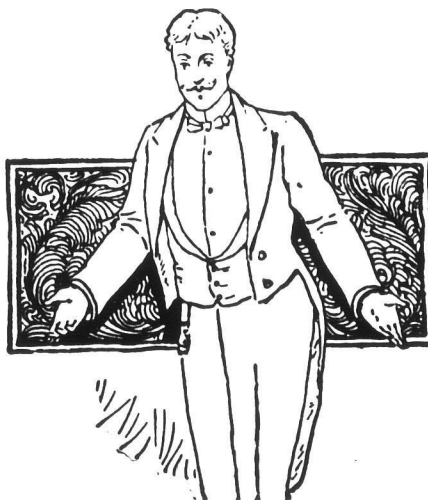
### A New Magazine Rifle.

IT is said that the Danes have adopted a new magazine rifle for naval and military purposes. It fires, on the proving ground at least, at the modest rate of fifteen rounds a second, and allowing for re-loading, 300 a minute. The magazine holds thirty cartridges. It is heresy, we suppose, to say so, but we are of the opinion that there is an unnecessary fuss made about rapid fire rifles. They have to be aimed to be of much service, and the time to aim cannot be reduced. The Danes, maybe, have read about the need of a ton of lead to kill a man, so propose to try and deliver the ton as quickly as possible. But, as the utmost a soldier can carry is 300 rounds, and supply is not easy in real war—ashore or afloat—there seems a fair chance of Danish warriors being short of their quota of the needful ton at critical moments. Afloat, this is beginning to be felt; and though the Vickers-Maxim firm, with the bare charge, have done much to save us feeling the "weight of the ammunition problem," any advance in rapidity of fire seems likely to bring the problem back. Given a weapon that fires fast, men in battle are pretty sure to fire it as fast as they can.

### Irrigation in the Southwest.

There was recently begun in Texas what is planned to be the most extensive system of irrigation in the United States, for it involves the utilization of no less than 295,000 acres of land. A main canal will be constructed a hundred miles in length, extending 30 miles from the town of Pecos in a southwesterly direction, crossing the Texas and Pacific Railroad 6 miles west of Pecos, and to Toyah Lake, 7 miles south of Pecos, where one of the largest reservoirs in existence to





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be constructed. From Toyah Lake the canal will run on and join the Williams Canal 30 miles farther down finally emptying into the Pecos River 60 miles below Pecos.—*Scientific American*.



## Each Voter May Write His own Ballot.

**I**N New Brunswick each voter may print or write his own ballot. There is no official ballot-paper. Each elector is at liberty to prepare his own ballot, and to write on that ballot the names of the candidates for whom he votes. All the law stipulates is that it shall be of white paper. The usual practice, however, is for each party to print its own ballots. If there are four candidates on each side in the constituency, and there are in some, each side will prepare printed ballots containing the names of their four candidates. Electors can get these before they enter the booth or afterwards. If a doubtful voter is brought up to the polling booth, he is given a ballot as he enters, and the person interested may watch to see that this particular piece of paper is deposited in the ballot-box. It is only a shade better than open voting.

In New Brunswick they laugh at such expressions as "the sacredness of the ballot." There is nothing sacred about it. The average voter lets his light shine before men, so that they may see his good work—and, if he has insisted upon it, pay him for the good.—*Canadian Magazine*.



## Sunshine.

The inner side of every cloud  
Is bright and shining.—  
I therefore turn my clouds about  
And wear them inside out  
To show the lining.

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### Ballad of the Cross.

Harper's Bazaar contains a "Ballad of the Cross," by Theodosia Garrison:—

**M**ELCHIOR, Gaspar, Belthazar—  
Great gifts they bore and meet;  
White linen for His body fair,  
And purple for His feet;  
And golden things,—the joy of kings,  
And myrrh to breathe Him sweet.

"It was the shepherd Terish spake,  
Oh, poor the gift I bring—  
A little cross of broken twigs,  
A hind's gift to a king—  
Yet haply He may smile to see  
And know my offering."

"And it was Mary held her Son  
Full softly to her breast,  
Great gifts and sweet are at Thy feet  
And wonders king-possessed.  
O little Son, take Thou the one  
That pleasures Thee the best."

"It was that Christ-Child in her arms  
Who turned from gaud and gold,  
Who turned from wondrous gifts and  
great,  
From purple, woof and fold,  
And to his breast the cross He pressed,  
That scarce his hand could hold.

"Twas king and shepherd went their  
way—  
Great wonder tore their bliss;  
'Twas Mary clasped her little Son  
Close, close to feel her kiss,  
And in His hold the cross lay cold  
Between her heart and His."



### Concerned About Much Serving.

**C**HRISt never asks of us such busy  
labor  
As leaves no time for resting at his feet;  
The waiting attitude of expectation  
He oftimes counts a service most com-  
plete.



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Charlottetown, P. E. I..

February 12th. 1902

Mr. J. K. ROSS, Prov. Manager  
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W. A. WEEKS

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Manager for P. E. Island

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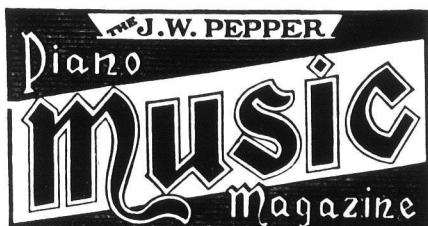
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### CULLED FROM EXCHANGES— Cont'd.

He sometimes wants our ear—our rapt attention;

That He some sweetest secret may impart;

'Tis always in the time of deepest silence

That heart finds deepest fellowship with heart.

We sometimes wonder why our Lord doth place us

Within a sphere so narrow, so obscure,  
That nothing we call work can find an entrance,

There's only room to suffer—to endure.

Well, God loves patience! Souls that dwell in stillness,

Doing the little things or resting quiet,  
May just as perfectly fulfil their mission,  
Be just as useful in the Father's sight.

As they who grapple with some giant evil,

Clearing a path that every eye may see!  
Our Saviour cares for cheerful acquiescence

Rather than for a busy ministry.

And yet He does love service, where 'tis given

By grateful love that clothes itself in deed;

But work that's done beneath the scourge of duty,

Be sure to such he gives but little heed,

Then seek to please him, whatso'er He bids thee!

Whether to do—to suffer—or lie still!

'Twill matter little by what path he led us,

If in it all we sought to do his will.'

— From Randolph's 'At the Beautiful Gate.'

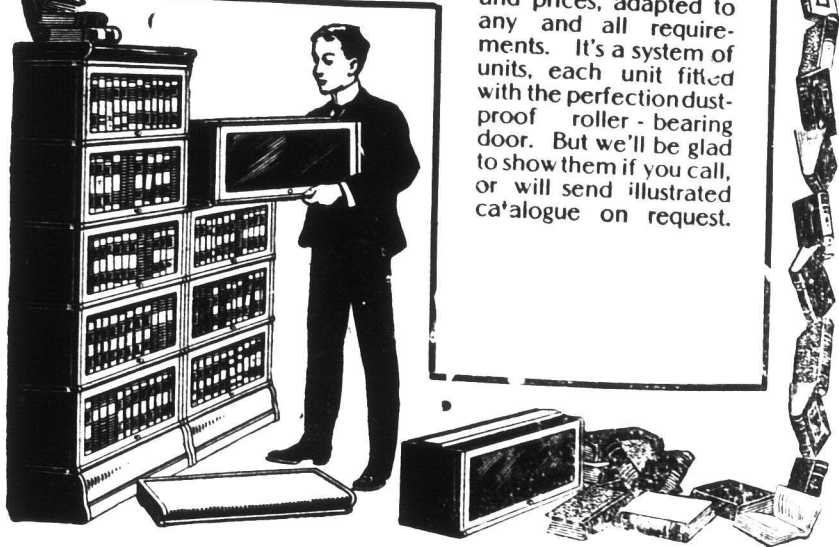
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