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THE  CHRISTMAS
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND  NUMBER
Vol. II 1900
No. 10
MAGAZINE



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 Prince Edward Island Magazine is published about the first of each month of date of issue.

SUBSCRIPTIONS—The subscription price is fifty cents a year, for which it will be sent post paid to any address in Canada or the United States. Remittances may be sent in stamps or by postal note or money order.

ADVERTISING—The rates for advertising are: Three dollars for a whole page; half page and quarter page in proportion.

The Prince Edward Island Magazine is printed at The Examiner Job Printing Rooms, Queen Street, Charlottetown.

Address all correspondence and subscriptions to

The Prince Edward Island Magazine,

P. O. Box 698,

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

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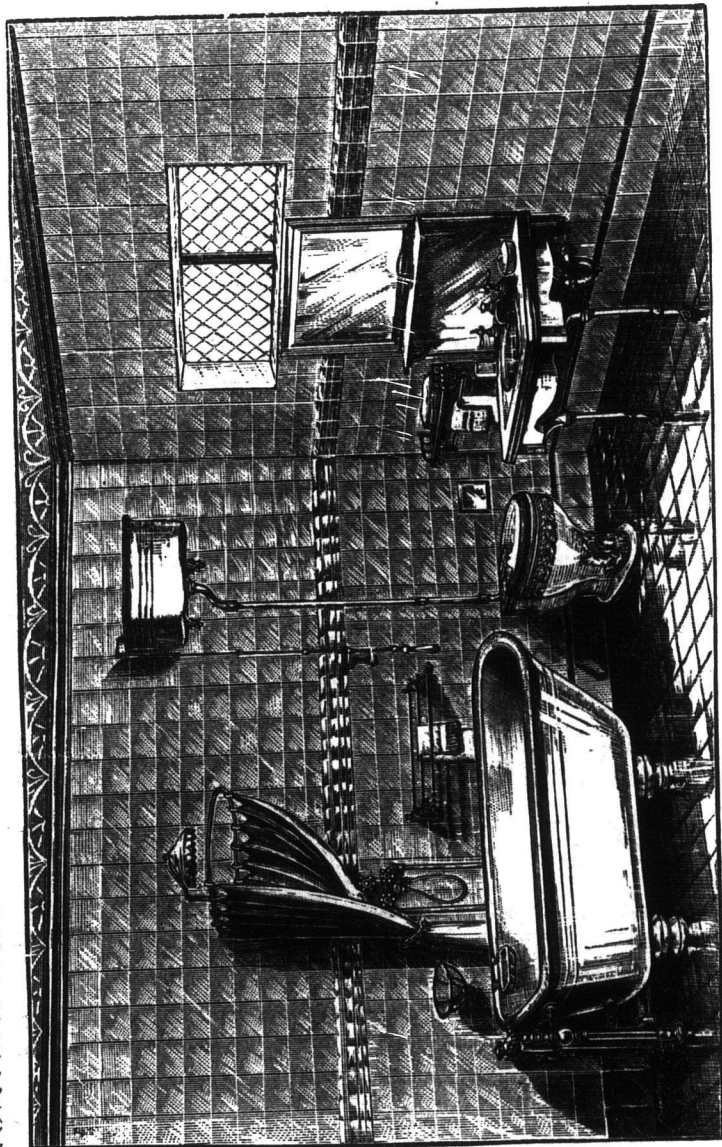
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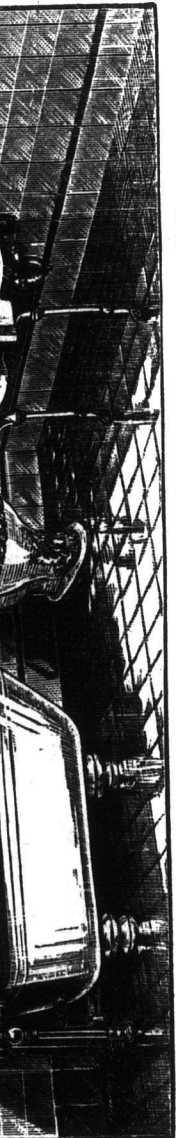
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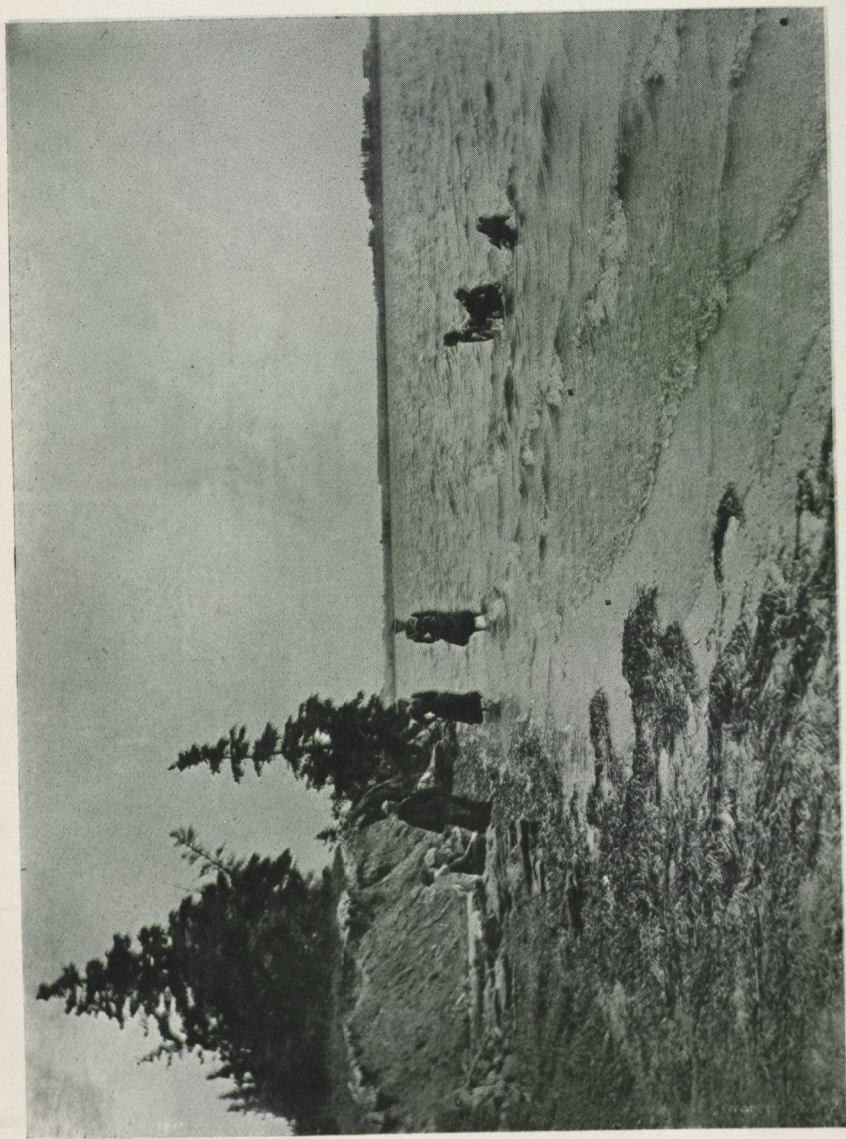
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WRIGHT'S SHORE, BEDEQUE, P. E. I.

[See "Bedeque and its People"—page 313].

- THE -
Prince Edward Island Magazine

Vol. II

DECEMBER, 1900

No. 10

The Message of the Bells.

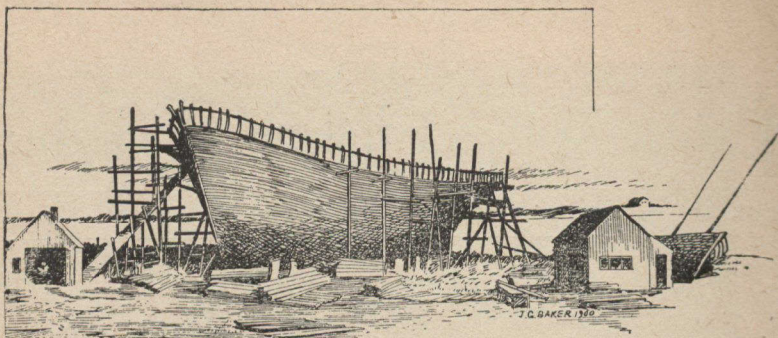
BY MAY CARROLL,

Silver-toned their notes are pealing,
Through the silent shadows stealing
Crisp and clear,—they breathe of cheer,
And the toilers pause to hear
What they tell.

Sad hearts, lone hearts,
Cease thy mournful grieving !
Proud hearts, cold hearts,
Bow to Heaven's King !
Forget until to-morrow
This world of pain and sorrow ;
All earth is gay—be thine to-day
That Peace His birth doth bring !

Merrily their tones are ringing,
Unto men glad tidings bringing ;
Ransomed earth in holy mirth
Swells the song that since His birth
Angels sing.

Sweet bells, glad bells,
Pealing out to Heaven !
Loud bells, wild bells
Ring the glad refrain,
Till all with one acclaim
Swell the glory of His Name,
And every heart doth bear a part
In Heaven's festal strain !



Shipbuilding at St. Peter's Bay.

BY D. J. MCCARTHY.

“Build me straight, O worthy master :
 Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
 That shall laugh at all disaster
 And with wave and whirlwind wrestle.”

ONE of the first industries of P. E. Island was that of shipbuilding, and for a great number of years it had the most prominent place in the labor of the Province.

Most of the master-builders of those days have passed into the Kingdom of the Great Builder, but there are yet a number of these notable shipwrights scattered throughout the country ; and they, even now, grown old in procuring brides for old Neptune, cannot see a ship or boat under construction but their fingers tingle for the clasp of the friendly adze.

Of all the places in the Province so well capable of producing staunch and gallant ships, St. Peter's Bay, seems to be pre-eminent ; in situations and natural resources it was an elysium for the ship-builder.

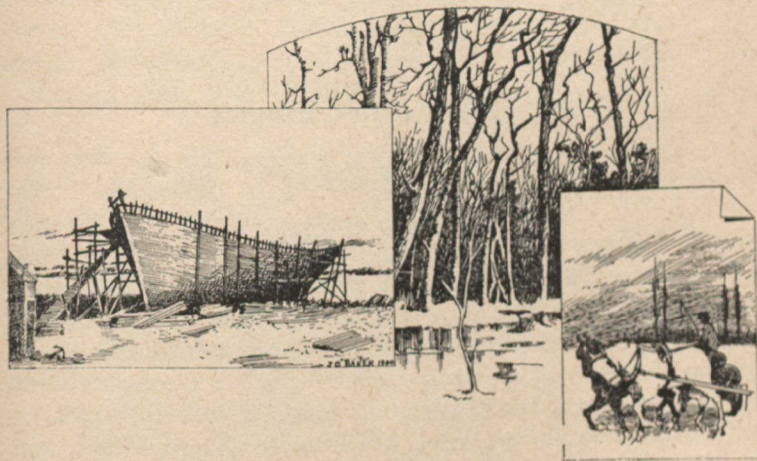
For nine miles the Bay extends into the land and its shores were fringed with excellent timber that exposed its massive strength and depth on the hills away to the southward. The two rivers, Midgell and Morell, which flow into it were also deeply wooded to their very source. Here, as early as sixty years ago, shipbuilding was receiving the attention of the greater part of the

people and an amazing amount of work was done and a large number of men employed at the numerous shipyards.

At the Head of the Bay, near to where the village of St. Peter's now stands there were three shipyards, controlled by Mr. Martin McInnis and Mr. William Coffin. At the mouth of Midgell River were two large shipyards and even up the river their vessels were built. A few vessels were also built on the north side of the Bay and from Morell down to the Harbor they were almost as numerous as the farms are now. As many as twenty-five vessels, under course of construction, have been counted near Morell.

One of the first to promote the industry of shipbuilding was the well remembered Charles Morell, who then owned all the land in the Township. His sphere of direct operation was at Morell.

The most noted shipbuilder and navigator was the late Capt. George Sanderson. He, as was the custom then, would go to the woods in the winter and cut and haul out enough timber for a ship. As soon as the summer would set in he would commence building,



and before the fall the ship would be completed. Then she would be loaded with the produce of the farm and taken to Newfoundland, there to be sold with a good margin of profit.

In partnership with him were his six brothers, and year after

year they would turn out their vessel in good order and condition. Another notable builder was Kimball Coffin, of Morell.

The vessels ranged in size from eighty tons to a full-rigged ship of three hundred tons. Wages of from thirty to forty shillings a month was then thought good pay.

The shipyards were not unlike little villages. Within them were stores, blacksmith shops, and everything that was necessary for the work.

The great market for ships then was Newfoundland, where they would be fitted out for the seal fishery. This shows that the vessels were of superior build, as this trade calls for extreme toughness and strength. There they would receive additional strength by a sheathing of iron to protect them from the ice.

Now the shores are deserted and it is even strange to see a vessel within the Bay. The reason for this is only too apparent. Timber has run out, and on farms, which once supplied numerous ship yards, it is now even difficult to obtain firewood. Iron steamers now supply the market that was the great ship-building stimulant.

Martin Dwyre's Christmas.

A TALE OF THE ISLAND OF ST. JOHN.

J. EDWARD RENDLE.

[N many parishes of Scotland there was suffered to exist a certain portion of land, called "the gudeman's croft," which was never ploughed or cultivated, but allowed to remain waste, like the Temenos of a pagan temple. Such a piece of ground was chosen by Captain Patterson on his arrival upon this Island, as our first Governor, on which to erect his dwelling; our first Government House. The land was then situated in the outskirts of the town, but now stands almost in the centre of a growing city.

There is a proverb that says, that there is a skeleton in every man's house, and the house of our first Governor proved no exception to the rule; for being built on enchanted ground,

it had not only its skeleton but its ghost. Patterson experienced some inconvenience and trouble in securing enough workmen for the erection of his house, on account of the prevailing belief of the carpenters then on the island, who were chiefly Scotch colonists, that the ground on which the house was to be built, was, though not expressly avowed, yet not one doubted, set apart for the use of some evil being; in fact, that it was the property of the arch-fiend himself, whom their ancestors distinguished by a name, which, while it was generally understood, could not be offensive to the dread inhabitant of the regions of despair. However, with the assistance of his servant, Martin Dwyre, a "jack of all trades"; Patterson saw, late in the fall of 1770, his house erected.

Bnt, alas! a house gets the reputation of being haunted almost as easily as a dog gets "a bad name"; and in either case, hanging, or its equivalent—desertion—is often its ultimate fate. The house was of moderate size, with a porch in front; it was also the first clap-boarded house built on the island, it had slatted shutters to all its windows, and with its small flower-garden, surrounded by English poplars in front, together with a kitchen garden and shrubbery in the rear, made a pleasing home.

Almost six months had passed since Patterson's arrival on the Island. His wife, whom he had left behind him in England, when he had been appointed Governor of this new colony by George III, was weekly expected by him. In her absence Martin Dwyre and his wife lived in the house, occupying a few rooms in the servants' quarters, which were in the rear of the house; they made all necessary arrangements for the arrival of their mistress.

Shortly before Christmas, Mrs. Patterson, who was a daughter of Col. Nisbet, Martin Dwyre's old master, arrived on the Island with a retinue of servants, and took over the charge of the house from Dwyre and his wife; allowing them the use of two small rooms, off the first hall, in the back of the house.

Great preparations were made by the Governor and his lady, for the Yule-tide festivities; a large number of guests had been invited to spend with them their first Christmas on the

Island of St. John. The pantries were loaded with game and Christmas cheer, brought from the old land; while the kitchen tables groaned beneath the weight of the products of the new. The drawing and dining rooms, together with the halls, were festooned with wreaths of mistletoe and ivy, that was gathered by the mistress for the purpose of this occasion in her native land. The last packet from France had added to the cellars of the house a few casks of wine of the choicest vintage, which would tend to increase the enjoyment.

A few days before Christmas a big snow storm covered the ground with its white mantle, making the scene quite novel to the newly-arrived colonist; who had never seen such a fall of snow before. The Governor's guests arriving, completely filled his house, every sleeping apartment being occupied. On Christmas day, his Honour ordered his servants to keep his doors open to all the town's-people, meeting them all on a common footing. Great kegs of ale were quaffed that day at Government House; the best deer in the forests of England and the finest fish in the waters of the new land graced the profuse board. The poor of the town, though few in number, were not forgotten by Patterson in his hospitality: he ordered his servants to place his kitchens at their disposal, where their wants were cheerfully attended to; great platters, upon which were choice cuts of beef and other meats were conveyed to them, along with a cask of ale for their exclusive use. The Governor and his lady mingled freely with the citizens and their invited guests, Lady Patterson captivating them with her winsome ways and smiling face, but her husband's attentions towards the town-folks, were received by them with some suspicion. The festivities were brought to a close by a ball, which was a grand affair, all the military and civil officers attending. Rousing cheer and mirth marked the passing of the Day.

The bed-rooms being crowded, Martin Dwyre and his wife were forced to give up their rooms for the use of the guests. A small room, or in fact a large closet used for storing clothes was allotted to them, but Martin's wife, being somewhat chagrined at this shift, believing the apartment to be haunted, sought a night's lodging with a neighbouring friend.

Martin retired to the chamber, minus his spouse ; and being at that time no believer in the supernatural, immediately laid down to rest on a pallet that his wife had prepared for him. About two o'clock he was awakened from a heavy sleep by the pressure of a human hand on his body. He looked up at the figure of a tall Frenchman, in the old and picturesque costume of his country, only that his head was bound with a bloody bandage. Struck with sudden and extreme fear, he was about to spring from his bed, but the spectre stood before him in the bright moonlight, with one arm extended so as to master him if he attempted to rise ; the other hand held up in a warning and grave attitude, as if threatening Dwyre if he should offer any resistance. Thus he lay in mortal agony for more than an hour, after which it pleased the spirit of ancient days to leave him in possession of his chamber ; which it did by vanishing through the closed door out into the rear hall-way.

Dwyre, though somewhat perplexed as to the origin of the visitant was about to grant himself license to go to sleep again, when through the moonlight that filled his room he began to see his door slowly open, and in the darkness of the outer hall he commenced to see the gleaming of a soft light, which increased in brightness and extent. The gleam seemed to come from some central point, which gradually took form and became the tall Frenchman again, who slowly stepped across the hall and commenced to descend the stairs. At the bottom the spectre paused, and looking back, saw Dwyre, who had risen from his bed, gazing at him in wonderment ; the Frenchman slowly raised his hands, which were long and bony, and held them before him as he sank upon his knees and buried his face in the palms, in the attitude of prayer—when quite suddenly the light went out and Dwyre was in darkness.

After securing a candle, Dwyre aroused the butler and told to him his adventure. The butler thinking that some robbers were playing a prank on the erratic Dwyre, summoned his attendants ; and armed with sword and blunderbuss descended the stairs, but not a trace of anyone was to be seen about the house.

Martin Dwyre and his nocturnal visitor were the subject of

much discussion in the house the next day ; and many a joke was got off at Dwyre's expense, who stoutly insisted that he had seen the Frenchman, though all discredited his story save his wife ; who maintained her opinion that the place was haunted.

Governor Patterson, on being told of the occurrence regarded it as a canard ; but Martin Dwyer brought to his recollection the trouble they had experienced in securing workmen for the erection of the house : and he, beside the old woman, thought there might have been something in it—perhaps a Ghost.

The Rampike.

The old tree stood in the midst of a farm, with well-cleared land around,
It stood, alone, like a relic, whose title to the ground
Was not respected because of age nor the awe of long ago,—
In the farmer's mind was a lust for land where paying crops might grow.

Once it was one of a mighty host of straight, tall pines, that stood
Like regiments of soldiers, close-ranked in the virgin wood ;
The wild beasts of the forest beneath their branches strayed,
And only the Indian hunters disturbed the quiet glade.

Then came the eager white men, and the forest felt the stroke
Of the broad and sharpened axe-blades, that levelled pine and oak,
And they fell by scores, till wide spaces within their depths appeared,
And these in their turn gave place to fields, rudely fenced and cleared.

All this had the rude old rampike seen, in the days that had gone by—
Had seen its comrade forest-giants rolled to the stream near by ;
Where the frame of a graceful vessel from the timbers rough was made,
And the trees of the ancient forest became the slaves of Trade.

Burnt by the sun, and chilled by the frost, and torn by the lightning's blast
The tree, so exposed, bore every ill, till the life refused, at last,
To venture into the needle leaves, and stubbornly it died—
The tree that for years in its loneliness had marked the country-side.

A weather-beaten spectre of the forest kings of old,
Over this bleached survivor a century had rolled ;
Its leafless trunk and branches—a skeleton grim and bare,
Scarcely a bird or an insect sought rest or refuge there.

The Golden Age.

BY J. M.

THE Golden Age is not a myth of the philosophers. Nor is it a dream of poets. It comes to man in the care-free, irresponsible days of childhood, when "to-morrow" is but a figure of speech and existence is summed up in "to-day." In all the tract of time there have been but one man, and a woman, his helpmeet, upon whom its sunlight has not shone. But they had their compensations.

This is a tale of the Golden Days; and what is more the tale is true.

Whether my story is uncommon I know not, but I think the telling of it may wake a chord of memory in the minds of others.

However that may be, the hallucination that, sooner or later, seizes upon all the sons of Adam came to me—at the somewhat immature age of eight—with a vision of "Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt." I fell in love.

It was an affection born of an exchange of "conversation lozenges"—the legends on which were of a distinctly amatory nature—and fostered I fear by a spirit of bravado.

Still, in the beginning it was an unselfish passion: freely bestowed, untrammelled by convention, idyllic. Later there entered the Commercial Idea, which rings the death-knell of sentiment.

Her name was Jean; and we attended a school presided over by a maiden lady, uncertain as to age and of rigid propriety, for whom the wine of life had turned to vinegar.

To her pupils Miss Melville was the incarnation of the Majesty of Law; and the symbol of her godhead was a stout cane, with which she not infrequently "did us good." Nevertheless looking backward across the years, I think she regarded us with a certain step-motherly affection—and I know that she was an excellent teacher.

With others, Jean and I had been set to learn "twelve

times," but love laughs at arithmetic as well as at locksmiths, and we two preferred learning to read in the primer of Eros.

Our dereliction from the path of duty was quickly discovered however. That two minds should be animated by a single thought Miss Melville did not object; but she insisted that the thought should be concentrated on the multiplication table. Therefore she confiscated the sweets of my fair one—who as I have hinted was a pronounced brunette—and stood her on a box in a corner of the schoolroom for the remainder of the afternoon.

Me she elected to punish more severely; for, closing my hand on the lozenges, I steadfastly refused to part with them.

Finding that undignified force would be necessary to make me give them up—and Miss Melville was nothing if not dignified—she allowed me the choice of taking the impending caning on the palm of the offending hand, or, if I still refused to open it, on the knuckles. I was young and a hero then, and this was my first love affair; I took it on the knuckles and kept the faith.

At the tea-table that evening my parents noticed that I used only one hand in helping myself, whereas two seemed usually insufficient. By dint of much questioning they elicited the facts. I received from them only a half-sympathetic ridicule for having sacrificed my knuckles "for a ha'p'orth of candy," as they put it. Which is ever the fate of the hero-soul immolating the earthy and ephemeral on the altar of a deathless ideal. Mankind at large will not believe that one may rather endure physical ill than be guilty of spiritual infidelity. And so the true hero in all ages has been one despised and rejected of men.

Miss Melville's ethical code forbade that the girls and boys should have a common playtime. The girls were given their recess first, and when it came to an end one of the boys was sent to the door to call out "Girls you're to come in;" after which the boys had a quarter of an hour in the playground, terminated in like manner by one of the girls.

And so it happened that one day I was sent to tell the girls their time was up. Now, between the schoolroom and the outer door there was a very dark passage; and, love inciting me to an act of monumental daring, I waited there until Jean came along,

seized her around the waist, and pressed three or four resounding kisses on her lips.

A chorus of screams from her playmates greeted this outrageous exploit, to be silenced by the angry voice of Miss Melville asking the cause of the disturbance. One of the girls, who, if kissing goes by favour, has not been kissed to this day, eagerly replied that it was "Harvey Walcote kissing Jean Matheson."

I can imagine, though I did not see it, the spasm of horror that passed over the face of Miss Melville. She ordered me to come in immediately, which I did. Knowing intuitively that any excuse would be only an aggravation of the offence, I walked up to her desk and held out my hand for the inevitable licking. And I got it. What Miss Melville said to me I do not now remember, although her tongue was usually a not ineffective weapon. Probably her words fell on unheeding ears, for my attention was devoted to easing the smart of the hand which happened to be unoccupied for the moment, by rubbing the palm on my pantaloons. The caning, however, left a tender memory.

This punishment and the jeers of my playmates I might haply have endured, but that the girls teased and laughed at Jean until the breath of ridicule blew out the torch of love.

In vain I waited for her after school hours with offerings of fruit and confectionery. All the endearing arts known to the youthful lover could not persuade her to withstand the jibes of her playmates. And for a time I held my forlorn way through a sunless world.

Then I began to calculate: I had been severely punished in school, receiving at home but an ironical sympathy that irritated the wound it was meant to salve. And for what? For the smiles of a maid who smiled on me no longer. I would forswear love—and I did.

After the lapse of a week life became tolerable; when a fortnight had glided away the fitful fever had passed, leaving me weakened in faith no doubt, but heart-whole.

Later I bowed at the shrine of a maid of twice my years. But I worshipped from afar, and without being suspected by her whom my love invested with such charms and virtues that Venus were a hag and Diana a wanton by comparison.

Our Feathered Friends.—IV.

SWALLOWS.

BY JOHN McSWAIN.

SWALLOWS occupy a prominent place in literature. In the works of ancient as well as modern writers frequent mention may be found. Their arrival and departure in their annual migration, have been made a matter of observation in all ages. More than any other denizens of the air they seek the society of man and follow him in the extension of his settlements and in his colonizations. Excepting the purely domestic species of birds they are the most intimately associated with him. This may be said particularly of the Cliff, or Eave Swallow, and the Barn Swallow. Their habit of fixing their nests, the former beneath the eaves of our barns or out-houses, the latter within our barns, shows the apparent dependence on man of these two species.

We must not however assume because we find them now building their nests in such positions that they would be unable to find a way of making homes in which to rear their young unless through the intervention of man. The Eave Swallow did indeed at one time construct a nest, a much more elaborate one than the present time structure, against the face of a cliff, whence the name Cliff Swallow, often given to it. But the strangest fact regarding it—if a fact it be—is in the statement made by Studer, that Wilson and the other Ornithologists of the early part of the century did not know the Eave Swallow. It must have been a very rare bird if it was unknown to those men whose great aim was to chronicle and describe every bird which they could find. For this purpose they traversed trackless forests and passed over lakes, ponds and rivers, and examined their marshy and wooded borders. To them the discovery of a new species and the study of its habits afforded the keenest pleasure, and no labor, danger or exposure would deter them from pursuing their investigations. We know that now both

the Eave and Barn Swallows are numerous, and that there are few communities or settlements in which there are not one or more colonies of them.

It is interesting to watch those swift-winged coursers of the air in their graceful evolutions over meadow and field. Their long wings give them great power of flight. At one time they may be seen near the surface of the ground, at another high up in the air, and quickly turning in their onward course without decreasing their speed, as they ascend or descend, or turn to the right or left. Perhaps the swiftest of wing in those aerial gymnastics is the Barn Swallow. While in flight it is not readily distinguished, by the inexpert, from the Eave Swallow, and that they are often together, crossing and recrossing each others course, appeared to me to increase the difficulty on account of their close resemblance in color. Both are dark above, the one steel-blue, the other brown, and rufous or chestnut underneath. Both have a spot or band of the color of the back, upon the breast or throat but the chestnut of the Eave Swallow becomes lighter or white towards the tail. It has a chestnut spot on the rump also, affording a good mark for its identification, for this mark is clearly exposed when the wings are expanded as in flight. If still unable to separate them, look at their tails, you will see that the tail of the Eave Swallow is nearly square across while that of the Barn Swallow is deeply forked.

These birds arrive here about the same time, soon after or with the Tree Swallow. The date of the Tree Swallow's arrival this year is the 24th of May, the latest arrival in the last six years. The earliest was in 1895, which was on the 12th of May. The average for six years is May 18th. Their departure this year was on the 11th of September.

The Tree Swallow, also known as the White-fronted Swallow, may be distinguished from the Barn and Eave Swallow by the uniform white of its under parts. From bill to tail it is a pure white. Above, it appears like the Barn Swallow, though described as lustrous green. It makes its nest in a hole in a tree, either a natural cavity or the deserted nest of another bird such as a woodpecker. In some places, in towns and villages boxes were put up for their accommodation, and the swallows

came year after year to nest in the boxes. They have been driven from them by the English Sparrows and have returned to their original mode of nesting in trees. I have found in two different places not far from the city, a pair of sparrows closely watching the nest hole of a swallow, probably for the purpose of ejecting its occupant. The White-fronted Swallow may in time find itself forced still farther from human habitations by this feathered Ishmaelite.

The Bank Swallow makes its nest in the high banks along the coast or rivers, excavating a hole in the sand or gravel to the depth of three feet. They live in communities like the Eave Swallows. They are grayish-brown birds with white underneath, the white crossed on the breast with a band of grayish-brown. Like the White-front Swallow's the tail is slightly forked.

SUMMARY OF DESCRIPTIONS.

Tail deeply forked	- - - -	Barn Swallow.
Tail slightly forked	-	White front and Bank
Tail even	- - - -	Eave
Chestnut below	- - - -	Barn and Eave
White below	- -	White Front and Bank

The Rough-winged Swallow is a western Species and though reported as advancing east, has not, I believe been seen in the Maritime Provinces. It is much like the Bank Swallow but is distinguished from it chiefly by little hooklets on the outer web of first primary.

The Purple Martin, another of the Swallow family is mentioned in Down's catalogue of the birds of Nova Scotia, as rare. I do not know that it has been seen here.

The Chimney Swift is popularly known here as the Chimney Swallow. It does not however belong to the swallow family. It does not even belong to the same order,—the Passerine or Perching birds.



Bedeque and its People—No. VI.

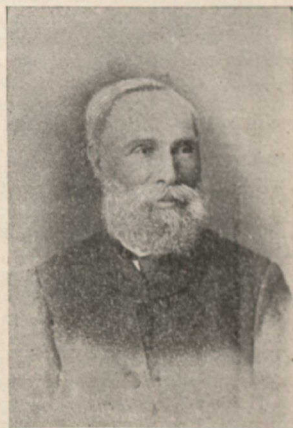
BY L. U. FOWLER,

THE Wrights were also Loyalists, and came from the same County (Westchester) in the State of New York, as the Schurmans.

William Wright was a Quaker, and a member of the Society of Friends and a more peaceful and God-fearing man could not be found in all the New England States. But he had no sympathy with those who rebelled against the King. He shouldered his rifle and went to war, was taken prisoner and confined to jail for one year. At the close of the war he found himself without a home or property and his family, consisting of a wife and five children, sick with the yellow fever. Taking his family with him he came to Nova Scotia, and lived in Shelbourne for nearly a year. Then he moved to Tryon, where he built a house on the farm now owned by Mr. T. Henry Smith. In 1784 the family came to Bedeque and settled on the north side of the river. The farm has ever since been occupied by one of the name, and is, without doubt the most desirable farm in its Township. It is owned and occupied by Jesse Wright, Esq.

As Governor Patterson could not give land in Lot 25, he did the best he could and gave Mr. Wright, who was honored with the title of "Loyal Refugee," five hundred acres on Lot 19. The following is an exact copy of the deed:—

THIS INDENTURE made the first day of April in the Twenty-sixth year of the reign of our Sovereign Leige George the Third by the Grace of God of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, and so forth, and in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty six, between Walter Patterson, Esq., Lieutenant Governor and Commander in Chief of the Island of St. John, North America, etc. etc., of one part, and William



MR. SOLOMON SCHURMAN.
(The oldest Schurman now residing in
Bedeque.)

Wright, late of the County of Westchester in the province or state of New York, but now of Bedeque, in the Island of St. John, aforesaid, farmer of the other part WILNESSETH. That for, and in consideration of the Rents and Covenants hereinafter mentioned, on the part and behalf of the said William Wright, his heirs, Executors, Administrators or Assigns, to be paid, performed, fulfilled and kept, also for and in consideration of the sum of five shillings, to the said Walter Patterson, etc. etc., at or before the sealing and delivery of these presents by the said William Wright, etc. etc., in hand well and truly paid, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, and further in consideration of the distress etc., etc., as well as the great zeal and good will which he, the said Walter Patterson, etc. etc., beareth to the said William Wright for and on account of his loyalty and attachment to his present Majesty and Government. He, the said Walter Patterson, HATH GRANTED, RELEASED, AND CONFIRMED and by these presents doth grant, release and confirm unto the said William Wright, etc., his heirs and assigns, in his actual possession now being by virtue of a bargain and sale to him thereof made, bearing date the day next before the day of the date of these presents in consideration of five shillings sterling, and by force of this statute for transferring uses into possession, and to his heirs and assigns forever, ALL that piece or parcel of ground or land containing FIVE HUNDRED ACRES more or less, situate lying and being in the parish of St. David, and in the county of Prince County, bounded as follows (that is to say). Fifty acres of the said piece or parcel of ground or land is situate lying and being on and fronts Wilnot Creek, and extends along the front of the water side of the said Creek due north and south seven chains and running back due east seventy-two chains. And the remaining four hundred and fifty acres of the said piece of ground or land being a square formed inland tract, and containing in front along the boundary line of lots or townships numbers nineteen and twenty-five due east and west sixty-six chains and extends back due north sixty-eight chains and thirty links making four hundred and fifty acres as aforesaid, and in the whole five hundred acres as aforesaid, and is part and parcel of land in township number nineteen and known by being numbered and laid down as lot or township number nineteen on the survey or map of the said Island of St. John, as also as may more fully and at large appear by a reference to a particular plan or draft of the said lot or township number nineteen, both of which the said survey or maps, also plan or draft, are now kept in the surveyor general's office; with all timber, trees and woods now standing or growing or which shall hereafter stand or grow on the said piece or parcel of ground or land, or any part thereof etc. etc., TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the said granted, released, and confirmed ground and land or premises, and every part and parcel thereof with these and every appurtenances (except as hereinbefore and after is excepted) unto the said William Wright etc. etc., his heirs and assigns, to the only proper use for the said William Wright, his heirs and assigns forever, from the first day of May next ensuing, the date hereof, and from thence forward forever without impeachment of waste, saving and reserving to his Majesty, his heirs and successors, all rights and privileges saved and reserved in the original grant of the said lot or township, NEVERTHELESS subject to and yielding and paying therefore for the whole of the said five hundred acres to the said Walter Patterson, etc., etc., his heirs and assigns, the yearly rent following (that is to say) one pepper corn (if the same be demanded) on every twenty-ninth day of September in every year forever hereafter, clear over and above all chief Quit Rents and Crown Rents and all manner of Quit Rents reserved in and by said Letters Patent to His Majesty, his heirs and successors. Also all taxes, lesser subsidies, assessments, church, parish and ministers dues and all other taxes, charges, impositions and payments whatsoever ordinary or extraordinary, charged or to be charged on the said hereby granted and released premises, or any part thereof by virtue of any act, law, usage or custom howsoever or whatsoever, the first payment of the said reserved yearly rent of one pepper corn (if the same be demanded) to begin and be made

on the twenty-ninth day of September next. And the said William Wright for himself and his heirs and assigns doth grant and confirm the said yearly rent of one peppercorn (if the same be demanded) to the said Walter Patterson, etc., etc., his heirs and assigns to be issuing and payable out of the said premises forever and in manner aforesaid. And the said William Wright doth hereby for himself his heirs and assigns, covenant and promise to, and with the said Walter Patterson, his heirs and assigns, that he, the said William Wright, etc., etc, his heirs and assigns, shall and will from time to time and at all times forever hereafter, well and duly pay or cause to be paid unto the said Walter Patterson etc., etc., his heirs or assigns the said reserved yearly rent of one pepper corn (if the same be demanded) on the days of payment aforesaid clear over and above Quit Rent and Crown Rent reserved as aforesaid to His Majesty, his heirs and successors also all taxes whatsoever as aforesaid. AND ALSO that he, the said William Wright, his heirs, executors, and administrators shall and will within the space of two years next ensuing the day of the date of this present grant set up or cause to be set up land-marks about the same land and premises and as often as such land-marks shall be defaced or displaced, that he, the said William Wright, his heirs or assigns, shall or will affix or cause to be affixed others in their places, PROVIDED ALWAYS and these presents are on this express condition that if the said William Wright, his heirs, executors, administrators or assigns, shall or do neglect or refuse, actually and effectually, to enter upon, take possession of, and cultivate the said lands, and premises hereby granted and released, within the space of twelve Calendar Months from the day of the date of this present grant, or if the said William Wright, his heirs, executors, administrators or assigns, shall at any time quit the possession of the said lands and premises, so as that no inhabitant shall be thereon for the space of twelve Calendar Months together, or if the said William Wright, his heirs, executors, administrators, or assigns, do refuse, neglect, or delay to perform, fulfil, and keep, all and everyone of the payments, covenants, claims and agreements hereinbefore contained, and which on his or their parts and behalfs ought to be paid, performed, fulfilled and kept, AND ALSO it is hereby further covenanted and agreed, by and between the parties aforesaid. That if the land and premises, or any part thereof, hereby granted and conveyed by the same Walter Patterson to the said William Wright, his heirs, and assigns, as aforesaid, shall at any time or times hereafter come into the tenure or possession of any person or persons whatever, inhabitants of the said Island of St. John, either by virtue of any deed of sale, conveyance, enfeoffments or exchange, or by gift, inheritance, devise or marriage such person or persons being inhabitants as aforesaid, shall within twelve months after his, her, or their entry and possession of the same, take the oath appointed by law, and make and subscribe the following declaration: "I, _____ do promise and declare that I will maintain and defend to the utmost of my power the authority of the king and his parliament, as the supreme legislature of this Island," before some one of the said magistrates of the said Island, and such declaration certificate of the magistrate that such oaths have been taken, shall be recorded in the Secretary's office of the said Island within two months after taking and making and subscribing the same.

And further, that if this grant shall not be duly registered in the Registrar's office of the said Island of St. John within six months after the date hereof, in event of the whole or any one of the foregoing covenants and agreements on the part and behalf of the said William Wright, his heirs or assigns, this present conveyance, and every part and condition thereof shall cease, determine and be absolutely void to all intents and purposes. And it shall and may be lawful to and for the said Walter Patterson, his heirs or assigns, again to enter upon and repossess the lands and premises hereby granted and conveyed, and every part and parcel thereof, anything herein contained to the contrary notwithstanding. And, the said Walter Patterson, etc. etc., doth for himself, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, covenant, promise, and agree to, and with, the said

William Wright, his heirs, executors, administrators or assigns by these presents, that he, the said Walter Patterson, etc. etc., is now lawful and rightful owner of the said lands and premises, and hath in himself full power, lawful and absolute authority to grant, release and confirm the said lands and premises to the said William Wright, etc., his heirs, executors, administrators or assigns in the manner aforesaid.

AND LASTLY, that the said William Wright, his heirs, executors, administrators or assigns paying the said rents, and performing the covenants hereinbefore mentioned on his or their parts and behalves to be performed, fulfilled and kept shall and may peaceably and quietly have, hold and occupy, possess and enjoy the said lands and premises hereby granted, released and confirmed, or mentioned, or intended to be, without hindrance, interruption, eviction, ejection or molestation of form by the said Walter Patterson, his heirs, or assigns, or of, from, or by any other person whomsoever lawfully claiming or to claim any Estate Right or Title by, from, or under him, them, or any of them.

IN WITNESS whereof the said parties to these presents have hereunto set their hands and seals the day and year first above written.

WM. PATTERSON.
WILLIAM WRIGHT.

Sealed and delivered at the Island of St.
John where stamps are not made use of
in presence of

PHILLIP. CALLBECK.
DAVID ROSS.

Entered in the Book of Records Liber
3, Folio 108, this, the 2nd day of
September, 1786 by me.

ISAAC SWAN
D. Reg.

A Prince Edward Island Hallowe'en Story.

BY DAN CASEY.

“COME over to the house to-night at 8 o'clock. Jim and Sandy and I have a little fun on hand, and we want you. Come sure. Yours, JACK MARTIN.”

This note was handed to me at the tea table on the evening of the 31st October, 18—, Hallowe'en, and it proved to be one of the most eventful evenings of my life. Jack Martin, the writer of the note, was one of my favorite companions, although scarcely a safe one, as he was perpetually in mischief himself, and getting others into it as well. His pranks often threatened to get him into trouble, but by a strange perverseness of the goddess of justice, he invariably escaped, although quite frequently his companions were less fortunate.

Promptly at 8 o'clock, Jim McDonald, Sandy McQuarrie (big Sandy), Jack and myself were holding a council-of-war in the

kitchen of Jack's home. Jack, who was of course the leader and instigator, unfolded his plans as follows:—"Old Tim Murphy and his wife have invited three or four of their relatives from Green Road to come and spend Hallowe'en with them, and they are going to have a fiddle and whisky. The old woman is scared to death of a fiddle, and thinks the devil 'll come sure if they have such a thing in the house. Now, boys, we are going to get up on the roof and give them a little bit of a smoking. We'll stop the flue with straw and the old fire-place 'll smoke like fury, and they'll think the house is bewitched, sure."

The plan seemed innocent enough; no harm could possibly come of it, and we readily consented.

After arrangements had been concluded, we started for Tim Murphy's, taking a short cut through the woods, by which route the distance was a little over a mile. When within a few hundred yards of our destination we found to our surprise and disgust that Jack's dog had followed us. He was a vicious little cur, and was for many reasons an undesirable companion for such an expedition as we were engaged in.

We used many arguments, and more rocks and sticks, to induce him to return home, but at last were obliged to desist—not through any change in our opinion of the dog, but for fear of attracting the attention of the neighbors, none of whom we were particularly anxious to meet just then; and we contented ourselves with hoping that he would not betray us.

Arrived at the house—a little one-story log house in the shelter of a great clump of beech and maple trees—we took up a reconnoitering position in a shaded angle of the barn and awaited developments. The night was quite dark, calm and comfortably warm, and we felt that at least fortune favored us. The dog was of course a source of considerable anxiety, and brought us to the verge of discovery several times before matters had ripened sufficiently in Tim's house to justify us in commencing operations. Jack made three or four prospecting trips to the house. When he returned from his last visit he exclaimed in grandiloquent tones and with appropriate gestures: "The hour is come, follow me."

I was entrusted with the carrying of an armful of straw, Jack and Jim carried a ladder whose strength we had tested while waiting, and Big Sandy was given charge of our ammunition, which consisted of an armful of stones, ranging in size from that of a

hen's egg to a good-sized turnip. These latter were suggested by Jack, as he explained, to prevent possible complications.

We advanced to the attack. The sounds issuing from the house were just what we were waiting for. The revellers were becoming sentimental. The bottle had been kept going pretty lively, and a large stone jug in the corner—resorted to from time to time—intimated that there was no immediate danger of famine. It was now about ten o'clock, and we made our preparations to go aloft. The ladder was planted at the back of the house, where no light could reach it from the window. Jack started and the rest of us followed. The ascent of the roof presented no difficulty, it being very flat.

We were soon comfortably astride the roof and perched around the flue, the dog keeping close to Jack, and along at first behaving himself about as well as a dog could be expected to under the circumstances.

Songs, jokes and roars of laughter came up to us through the chimney—mingled with smoke—all of which we could hear quite plainly. Song after song was called for, and there were no refusals, the applause being sufficient proof to each of his own musical talents. But at length the stock of musical matter began to run low, and more than one of the performers was obliged to repeat previous efforts. "A story!" cried the host; and "a story, a story," was re-echoed around the table.

Jack McDonald—"Wild Jack," a title by which he was familiarly known, and which he had probably earned during his younger days—responded to the demand, and began one of the most outrageously improbable murder stories ever listened to by any audience, drunk or sober. It suited our purpose admirably.

"Now boys," said Jack, in a stage whisper, "when he comes to the funeral, we'll give them a smoke."

The murdered man's funeral was at last reached, and Jack ordered "now let the torch do its deadly work."

Big Sandy picked up a small armful of straw and pushed it down the flue. By some miscalculation, it slipped down into the open fire-place, and we could hear the crackling whiz as it came up in volumes of smoke. Discovery now stared us in the face, and we prepared to make a sudden exit, when a scream from Mrs. Murphy and a general tumbling round the table announced the effect on the revellers.

"Murther! murther! the devil's in the house!" screamed Mrs. Murphy.

"Did yez see the lightnin'?" asked another.

"Yes, and the thunder, too," cried a third, as he prepared to get under the table or out the door, as the next turn of events might dictate.

"Oh! wurra! wurra!" moaned poor Mrs. Murphy, "sorry's the day ye brought the dhirty fiddle intil a dacent woman's house."

The house had now become a regular Babel. The sounds rolling up the chimney were both unintelligible and bewildering. And matters were beginning to look serious with us, too. The dog began to bark. When we tried to choke off the bark, he scratched on the wooden roof, making a racket that would certainly have sounded sufficiently earthly to have betrayed us had not the noise below drowned our little disturbance. Big Sandy succeeded in partially pacifying the dog, but becoming excited at the doings below, the brute bit him severely on the hand. Sandy lost his temper, and taking the dog by the throat, deliberately dropped him down the chimney with a parting blessing and instructions as to his destination, that we need not repeat. The poor creature scrambled fearfully against the chimney-sides as he dropped into the abyss, emitting, as he slowly descended, the most un-natural, soot-choked yelps, which as the chimney widened into the yawning fire-place, gave way to short, pitiful, heartrending moans. He finally dropped into the fire with a howl that, to us, sounded like the screech of a locomotive. His next move was a clear leap through the window, carrying the half rotted sash with him, that agonized howl--which the wildest stretch of imagination would never have attributed to a dog--continuing without stop or break until he was a hundred yards from the house.

It is not to be wondered at that the poor victims were terrified. The weird story told by Wild Jack, and firmly believed, their natural superstition, the fires of which had been fed by liberal potations of whisky, the mysterious blaze in the fire-place, the cause of which they had not observed, the scrambling down the chimney, the yelps like a demon's laughter, the plunge into the fire, the fiendish yell, and finally the crash through the window, which they thought was the demolition of the building, and all happening within a minute, were enough to stagger the bravest. That it was a visit from his Satanic Majesty in person, they never doubted for a moment. That they had not been carried off bodily was due partly to the immediate intervention of the saints whom they had so

promptly implored, and largely to the fact that they left the premises at such a pace that even he could not circumvent them. They went out through the window, because it was open, the ghostly visitor himself having attended to that. There was no time for ceremony, not even to open the door. How they tore through it, they themselves never knew. In describing it afterwards Wild Jack declared that he had been lifted bodily through by a presence whom he described as a departed neighbor that he had befriended while in the flesh. Poor Mrs. Murphy, old and rheumatic though she was, went through like a circus acrobat through a hoop, and alighted on an empty barrel that had been overturned by one of her predecessors. The barrel rolled, carrying her with it and landing her against a fence. Overcoming this obstacle as best she could, she followed her friends, but at an ever-widening distance. The pace was too much for her. Husband and friends had deserted her. It was everybody for himself, and the proverbial fate to the hindmost, and she concluded herself the victim. We could hear, borne faintly on the breeze, her prayers to the saints, each invocation growing weaker and weaker, until it died away in a gasp. They reached a neighbor's house in safety, Mrs. Murphy dropping on the floor in a faint, from which it took her some hours to recover. Their story was soon told, and they were tenderly cared for during the remainder of the night. In the morning the parish priest was sent for, to dispossess the Murphy home, and to take such precautions as would prevent a recurrence of the visit. The good priest performed the necessary ceremony, and administered some wholesome advice to Tim and his wife, which they faithfully followed during their remaining years.

We arrived home about twelve o'clock, our fears alternately perched on either horn of an unpromising prospect--our parents' displeasure should they find out about our escapade, or the penitentiary should Mrs. Murphy die.

Next day, to our intense relief, we learned that the old lady was still in the flesh. We also heard a number of versions of the visitation, but our share in the affair has never leaked out until now.

Jack Martin will recognize himself, if not his name, in this story. Jim McDonald has long since been gathered to his fathers, and this reminiscence of one of his youthful pranks will do no discredit to his stainless memory.

Sandy and I have within the past few weeks looked into the care-marked face of Mrs. Murphy as she lay in her coffin, and if

memory smote us, as we thought of that Hallowe'en in the long ago, it brought us also the soothing thought that we had atoned for it many a time since, in turning away from her door a much worse devil than that which we had turned into it--that of want.

First Days.

WHO is there that does not remember his first day at school? The preparing of the little lunch; the anxiety not to forget the primer; the careful admonition "to do what the teacher tells you"; and, finally, the tear of excitement in your eye as you turned your back on home and trudged off to enter on the second stage in your progress to man's estate.

In your previous career there had been one other momentous epoch, one other day or rather morning (for your glory was short-lived) when you wished that all creation could see you; that day when, sticking your hands in your trousers pockets, or more correctly where but for a regrettable oversight the pockets would have been, you strutted forth, desiring to wage aggressive war on all the rest of the world. Hitherto, when clothed in a species of hybrid affair--a cross between a kilt and a skirt--one was content to go through life without looking for trouble. If the old hen only abstained from snatching your "piece of bread and butter" from your hand, why the old hen was your friend--that was all. If pussy was content to be hauled around by one foot, by the head, by an ear, by the tail even, if it would lie down and purr when you wanted it, if it would shake its head and look puzzled when you cared to blow in its ear; if it would do all these things without either scratching or biting, then you had no quarrel with that cat. The gander, even, might come within a reasonable distance and excite only an apathetic interest. Of course you could not be expected to be on intimate terms with a big thing that hissed like a steam engine, but you were quite willing to be civil.

Now, however, everything seemed changed. In your new garb of manhood there seemed to be an omnipresent chip on your shoulder. It mattered not whether the same old hen displayed predatory intentions or not, you shooed her with such unmistakable belligerency that she withdrew in confusion.

The desire for conquest having been aroused in your sturdy

little bosom, you forthwith sallied to the barnyard--a veritable Alexander searching for new worlds to subjugate. But hardly had you opened the gate--you had to stand on a bucket turned upside down to reach the latch--when the gander, who up to this time had seemed to say "live and let live," rushed at you full tilt, hissing as he came, and realizing to the fullest extent your most horrible conceptions of the "bad man." Trousers or no trousers you could not stand an onslaught like that. What a man would do under like circumstances you never paused to consider. Satan, in the fearful guise of a mad gander, was behind; safety and your mother's skirts were ahead--that was reason enough for flight, and you ran.

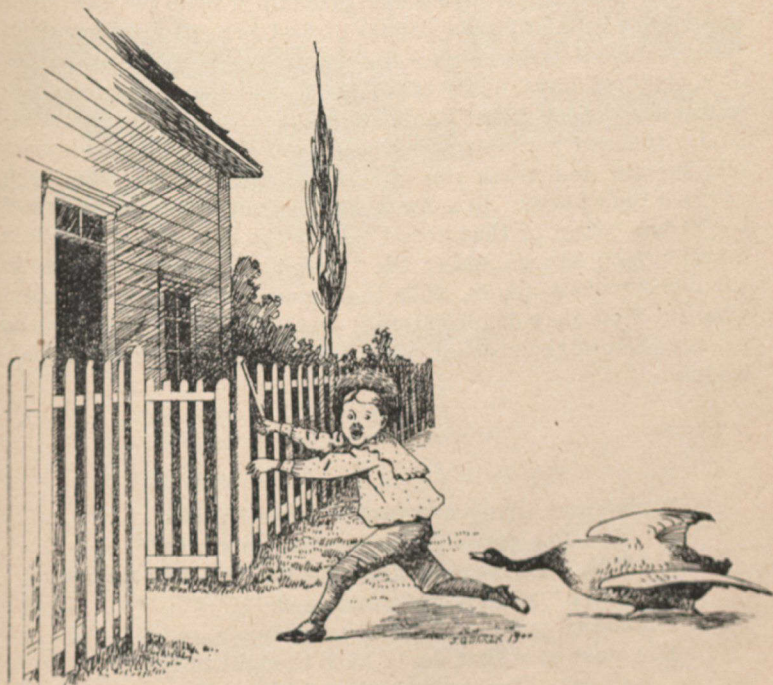
Pale and panting, with a strange, scared look in your eyes you reached the house. Here, stopping long enough to look back, neither gander nor devil was visible. What had happened? Something supernatural? Oh, no. Providence had intervened and the yard gate had swung to. You laughed quite lordly; then wondered if anyone had seen you run, grew hot and felt ashamed.

Anyhow there was that incarnate fiend on the other side of the fence to be taught the deference due a pair of newly-acquired pantaloons. So, arming yourself with a long beanpole, a second advance on the stockade was ordered. Arrived there, a lot of courage was required before the gate was opened. Both gate and fence were made of boards placed close together; and for all you knew that gander was right inside. Finally once more you mounted the bucket and closing your eyes lifted the latch. The gate opened, but no enemy appeared. Shouldering your weapon you marched boldly in. There in the middle of the yard, surrounded by all his wives, was the object of your quest. Doubtless he was even then telling them of the queer little object he had just been chasing.

You stand off at a respectable distance and wave your stick at him, not of course that you have any desire to be uncivil; on the contrary, your sole object is to give that gander due notice of your approach, and this you succeed in doing with a vengeance. With a loud "conk" he delivers a demoralizing charge. You drop the stick and turn tail, but before you can reach your Torres Vedras a gate the enemy is upon you. With no regard for the amenities of modern warfare, and less if possible for the proprieties of social intercourse, he takes a vice-like grip of the seat of your pants. Then as if by some gigantic crane you are deposited face

downwards in the dust, while your victorious antagonist proceeds to execute a war dance over the prostrate body of his fallen foe. How you yell and kick, and vow that if ever you get out of this trouble alive the new pants will be bestowed on your baby sister, but lately arrived, and you will go back to skirts again.

In the middle of the fracas the hired man appears, drives off the triumphant bird and raises you from the ground. You are trembling with fright, so that you can hardly tell him what is



"With a loud 'conk' he delivers a demoralizing charge."

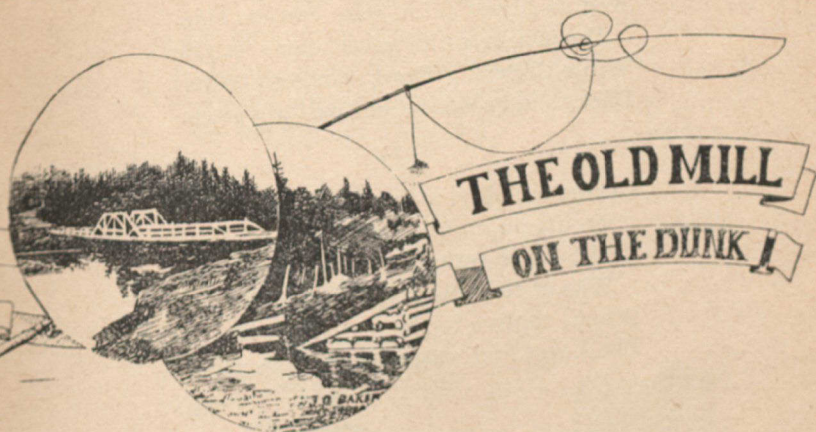
wrong; but digging grimy hands into a grimier face you sob: "Dar-n-n tha-t-at old gan-n-der. He didn't know me. I'll get my pa to cut off his head." and more in a similar strain, ending up with an objurgation on the unfortunate trousers.

You have no heart for another encounter, and, crestfallen, go into the house, demanding that your mother forthwith divest you of the offending garments—you would make the change yourself

if you could only manage the buttons—and restore to you the formerly despised skirts. But before you have ended the tale of your misfortunes something soft brushes tenderly against your bare little leg, and old tabby looks up into your face, her large soft eyes full of a wondering sympathy. She at least does not intend that a small matter of a pair of pants should come between old friends. Eagerly you pick her up and clasp her to your bosom. How contentedly she purrs, as planting her nose against yours she ploughs through a mud made up of tears and dust, from this middle ground to the vicinity of first one ear, then the other. Here you have found a solace for your woes. With the companion of your kilted days, newly-trying, tested and found true-blue, you seek a shady nook in the garden and wander away through dream-land. It is not yet dinner time when you go to sleep; the horn is blowing for tea when you wake from dreams that have been sweeter than honey. In a dozen different ways you have contrived to get the better of that horrid bird. You have almost been in a preliminary heaven where the “sheep” were little boys all in their first pairs of pants, while the “goats” were wicked ganders who, for that they did despitefully use the aforesaid little boys on the occasion of their debut, were condemned to everlasting punishment.

A poor man to a grave yard came with speed,
 And to a corpse he spake that rested there :
 “Ha, rise friend, quick ! one moment help me bear
 My heavy load of poverty and need.
 Tired am I now. Long do I yearn to see
 The quiet ease that death hath brought to thee.”
 The corpse bethought himself :—
 “Full well I know
 Death’s yoke is easy,
 Poverty’s not so.”
 Never a word spake he.

—SELECTED.



BY WEBSTER ROGERS.

I.

The floods of fifty years have swept
 The last sad remnants far away ;
 The broken dam alone hath kept
 Its crumbling line of green and gray.
 Yon lusty willow swells its trunk
 Where stood the old mill on the Dunk.

II.

Yon ancient bush ! whose roots are mined
 By Dunk's impatient April flood :
 Around whose gnarled trunk are twined
 The peavine wild and rose in bud :
 Was youngest, greenest in the glade,
 When here the miller's children played.

III.

Beside the stream the alders spring
And water-grasses, bending low,—
And swallows skim, with careless wing,
Down where the gentle cow-slips grow :
While lingering Dunk winds on between
Dark, shady woods and pastures green.

IV.

I came one day, when days were long,
To dream an idle hour away :
And lo ! the rythmic river's song
Was of that distant, earlier day
When, captive to the master's will,
The harnessed waters turned the mill.

V.

It sang to me of bygone days ;
Of men, long dead, who came to mill ;
Of homespun coats and homely ways ;
Of simple cheer and right good will ;
Of labours sad and blithesome moods,
When battling with the ancient woods.

VI.

It told of days of weary toil,
And nights with small surcease of care,
Where grew the delvers of the soil—
The farmer's children strong and fair ;
Of every household's frugal board
Replenished from the miller's hoard.

VII.

It sang of two who walked upon
Its banks, when Love's young pulse beat fast.
But many a spring hath come and gone,
And many a summer's bloom hath passed,
Since, side by side, in earth's cold breast
Their wintry heads were laid to rest.

VIII.

All, all are gone, and, like the mill,
Are drifted down the stream of Time.
But here the river murmurs still
Its ever changing, changeless rhyme
In music-mingled mirth and tears—
The story of our Pioneers.



"It sang of two who walked upon
Its banks, when Love's young pulse beat fast."

Our School System.

(SECOND PAPER.)

BEFORE any steps can be taken to put our Educational system on a more satisfactory footing, and before any suggestions, having that end in view can be appreciated, or even understood, it is absolutely necessary to get a clear insight into the present state of affairs. In order, therefore, to bring the case home to the knowledge of the public, I propose to analyze the reports for several years and give the statistics as I glean them from the public reports. This means a long, heavy article of very dreary reading, but to get at the facts it is necessary to wade through it, or to undertake, as I myself have done, the still more laborious task of taking the Public Schools Reports and the Public Accounts Reports and analyzing them at first hand. I propose, like Horace's hero, to start *ab ovo* (from the egg): I may also say that these articles apply particularly to the country and but incidentally to the towns in which the conditions are not the same, though to a less degree they may apply to the latter.

According to the census of 1891 our population is 109,078. Of these I estimate that the towns of Charlottetown, Summerside and Georgetown contain 17,000, leaving a population of 92,078 for the country, including villages. The School Report for 1898 puts the number of School Districts at 470. Another was added later, making the total 471. Of these, 7 are in the three towns, leaving 464 for the country, i. e. one district for rather less than 200 of the population. Outside the towns there were in 1898 about 520 teachers employed, or one teacher to every 177 of the population. In 1899 another teacher was added, making 521.

The area of this Island, according to the Statistical Year Book of Canada is 2,000 square miles. This means one School District for every 4.31 or say $4\frac{1}{3}$ square miles. It also means one

teacher for every 3.85 square miles and in 1899 one for every 3.84 square miles.

Our acreage is about 1,280,000, the "Million Acre Farm" of my old friend, ex-Governor Howlan. This includes towns, but as their acreage is trifling, allowance need not be made for it. This gives one School District for every 2,759 acres. It also gives one teacher for every 2,461 acres, or in 1899 one teacher for every 2,457 acres, in each case reckoning our full acreage. This means that every acre of land in the Province pays 10 cents in teacher's salaries.

Now there are considerable tracts of land both East and West, and also in the centre of this Province (though not so much in the centre) which are barren or unsettled, and which are not likely soon to become settled. Deducting these tracts it may be roughly put down that we have one teacher for every three square miles or 1,920 acres, and one School District for every $3\frac{1}{3}$ miles, or say for every 2,200 acres, which means that the average longest distance from a school house does not exceed $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, while the great majority of pupils have not so far to go. There are, of course, cases of pupils having to go very much further, but they are not very numerous and really serve to show the need of the changes which I shall hereafter suggest, and also go to show that there is no real difficulty in sending pupils to schools at distances much greater than the present.

In 1898 the number of our enrolled pupils was 21,852, reduced in 1899 to 21,550 a falling off of 302. Of these in 1898 Charlottetown had 1,402, and in 1899, Charlottetown had 1,413, an increase of 11. I have not the numbers for Summerside or Georgetown for either year, but estimate that they would bring the town rolls up to 2,000, leaving 19,850 for the country in 1898, reduced to 19,548 in 1899.

This means one district for rather less than 43 enrolled pupils in 1898, and one for 42 enrolled pupils in 1899. It also means one teacher for 38 enrolled pupils in 1898, and one for 37.50 pupils in 1899.

The average daily attendance throughout the Province,

including the towns in 1898, was 13,377 reduced in 1899 to 12,941, a falling off of 436. The town attendance in 1898 averaged 86 per cent. of the enrolled pupils, falling to 80.07(?) per cent. in 1899, which would give 1,720 of a daily attendance for the towns in 1898, leaving 11,657 for the country. In 1899 the country attendance would be about 11,255.

This means one School District for every 25 pupils in daily attendance. It also means one teacher for every 22.41 pupils in daily attendance in 1898, and one teacher for 21.73 pupils in 1899.

I may here say that in these calculations I am assuming, what I do not believe to be the fact, that is, that the returns of attendance sent in to the Education Office are, in all cases, correct. Of the Primary Schools in 1898, no less than 177 had an average daily attendance of less than 20, and in 1899 there were 194 with an average daily attendance of less than 20.

Of the 177 in 1898, Queen's County could boast of 68 with an aggregate daily attendance of 991 equal to 14.57 per school. Prince County had 37 with an aggregate daily attendance of 541 equal to 14.62 per school. King's County had 72 with an aggregate daily attendance of 1,080 equal to 15 per school.

For the whole Province this meant a Government expenditure of \$33,813.11 in salaries alone upon 2,612 pupils in daily attendance, or an average of \$12.94 per pupil.

In 1899 Queen's had still greater cause to boast as she had 85 with an aggregate daily attendance of 1,280 and an average daily attendance of 14.94. Prince had 41 with an aggregate daily attendance of 608 and an average daily attendance of 14.83. King's had 68 with an aggregate daily attendance of 1,019 and an average daily attendance of 14.98.

Taking the whole Province these schools with less than 20 daily attendance had in 1898 an average daily attendance of 14.80 increased to nearly 15 in 1899.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Charlottetown Fifty Years Ago.

BY E. L. M.

(CONTINUED.)

TO acquire any kind of an education, even the preliminary part, fifty to sixty years ago, was very different from what it is now. There were then no free or Government schools; parents had to pay for the tuition of their own children, and in most cases where "there was little to earn, and many to keep" they found it a difficult matter. The children of the very poor had to grow up without education. Some of those who were well off had a tutor or governess. A few of the young men who desired a classical education were sent to the English Church clergymen through the country,—Rev. Charles Lloyd, of Milton; Rev. E. Panter, of Georgetown; and Rev. A. V. G. Wiggins, of St. Eleanors; to prepare them for Windsor or Edinburgh. The Roman Catholics had their college at St. Andrew's, where their young men were educated. The Central Academy (afterwards Prince of Wales College) was the high school for boys. Mr. Brown, father of Alexander and A.L. Brown, Esquires, was head master, but being in ill health, it was thought advisable to send to England for a teacher. E. R. Humphreys, Esq., came, and took charge in the autumn of 1844. Mr. Brown died in the early summer of 1845. There were two other teachers in the Academy, John Kenny, Esq., and Mr. Arbuckle. Mr. Kenny was a well-educated man, thoroughly Irish, and very peculiar in his way of speaking to the boys in his class: one of his favorite names for a stupid boy was: "you stult you." He pronounced it stoolt—and if a boy gave a wrong answer to any questions asked him in his lessons, he would say: "you are not within the bray of an ass of it." If we remember rightly Mr. Kenny returned to Ireland after a year or two, and Mr. John LePage became one of the teachers. Mr. Humphreys was head master for a few years, then left for some part of the United States, and the late William Cundall, Esq., took his place. Mr. Humphreys' wife died shortly after

they came to this Island and in the spring of 1846 he married Miss Margaret MacNutt of Darnley, sister of the Hon. Peter MacNutt, of Malpeque. The school next in order was the National School, built on part of the Academy grounds facing on Kent Street. It was afterwards enlarged and became the Normal and of late years the Model School. Mr. John Nelis was teacher in the National School in 1844. Both boys and girls attended. He also taught French in the Central Academy. He was an old man, had come from England in the early part of the century to Princetown or Malpeque. Some of the Charlottetown boys of that time were sent there to school to him. The late John and Ralph Brecken, Esq's., father and uncle of F. de St. Croix Brecken, Esq.; Daniel Hodgson, Esq., and some of the Macgowan family were pupils of his. Ancient history to us in our young days, but we give it as we were told it.

The lady teachers we remember best were the Misses Cameron, the Misses Yates, Mrs. MacCormack and Mrs. Hebbes. The Misses Cameron and the Misses Yates taught the primary classes, Mrs. MacCormack taught music as well as English. Mrs. Hebbes' was more a finishing school for young ladies; she taught French, drawing, vocal and instrumental music, also English in its various branches. School hours were from 9 a. m. till 3 p. m. every day. On Saturdays there was a half holiday. Mrs. Hebbes was an English lady, and had lived a good deal in Paris, France. Her terms for English alone were thirty shillings or five dollars a quarter; the same for each subject in other branches excepting when all were taken, then there was a slight reduction. Fifteen shillings (Island currency) a quarter was the usual price for young children.

There were a few other schools in the town which some of the poorer children attended. The late Edward Roche taught in one of them. He was a good mathematician and a successful teacher and until a few years ago was one of the examiners at St. Dunstan's College and Queen Square School.

About the time the new St. Paul's Church was built it was decided to build the Infant School, now called St. Paul's School-room. The building was then only one third the size it is now. Captain Orlebar's idea was that a school for poor children such

as he had seen in England would succeed well in Charlottetown. Any child from six or seven to twelve years old should be taught reading, writing, arithmetic, singing, and the girls in addition some kind of sewing or simple fancy work. The older ones learned drawing in pencil. All the children were taught scripture lessons. Pictures and scripture mottoes were hung on the walls and everything in the school made attractive. A teacher and his wife were sent for. Mr. and Mrs. George Hubbard with their son and daughter came from England, and took charge. They were paid a salary by the S. P. G. and all that was required to be paid by each child was a penny a week. The children were taught to march, and sing while marching; their songs were always patriotic such as Rule Britannia, God Save The Queen, etc. One very favorite song was,—

Hurrah! Hurrah for England, her woods and valleys green!
Hurrah for good old England, Hurrah for England's Queen.
Good ships be on her waters, firm friends upon her shores
Peace, peace within her borders, and plenty in her stores.

Right joyously we're singing, we're glad to make it known,
We love the land we live in and our Queen upon her throne.
Then Hurrah for Merry England, and may we still be seen
True to our own dear country, and loyal to our Queen.

In this way the children were taught loyalty. They were thoroughly British, "For God and country" was their motto. They knew little of the United States or Upper and Lower Canada; they were Colonials, and all P. E. Islanders spoke of the British Isles as home or the Old Country. This infant school was kept up until the free school system began.

Christmas was a grand time for the children. A few days before Christmas the school was decorated with spruce, pictures, and flowers made by the pupils. An examination was held to which the parents and all who took an interest in the school were invited. Each child was given a prize and in the evening a sumptuous tea was provided for the children of the infant and Sunday Schools, to which all classes and creeds sat down—the boys at one long table, the girls at another.

In the Autumn of 1845 Mr. Hubbard was asked to open a class for paying pupils every afternoon from three to six, which

he did. Whether the venture was disappointing or the long hours of teaching too arduous for him the afternoon class was not continued after that winter. Of those who went to that class we may say "Some are married, some are dead," and others, taking the advice given by St. Paul, have remained single. There are two names we shall mention: the late Lieut. Edward Carey, R. N., who died when a young man—he was a nephew of the late Admiral Orlebar; another who is now living is Sir William C. McDonald, Glenaladale, one of Montreal's millionaires but at that time of Charlottetown.

Children of to-day have no idea of, neither do they appreciate the advantages they have over those which their parents and grandparents enjoyed. Now they progress and grade from one room into another, until finally they pass through college and are ready to take up a profession. In the forties we had to be content with a few school books and if we were left long enough at school to go through them we might consider ourselves very fortunate. A boy, generally speaking, was expected to go to work at the age of thirteen, and support himself. Girls usually remained a longer time at school, probably until they were fifteen; then they were supposed to have learned enough and must remain at home and take up the work of assisting the mother in the housekeeping, and so prepare themselves for houses of their own.

Book Notices, Correspondence, &c.

The Canadian Magazine for December is a magazine that Canadians should be proud of. Our Dominion gains in prestige when represented by people and things of worth, and the literary people of Canada, who have brought forth much to be proud of, may well point to the Canadian Magazine as a fitting example of what can be done by Canadians.

Lippincott's as usual has a first-class novel, complete in the December number, and the table of contents contains, besides, a number of interesting contributions. One can always take up Lippincott's Magazine with the feeling that it is all readable from cover to cover.

The fifth number of *North American Notes and Queries* is to hand. It is invaluable to the historian and to those interested in Canadian folk-lore, biography and kindred subjects. Published by Raoul Renault, Quebec.

"A Feast of Good Things" is the title thoroughly deserved by "The Copp, Clark Company's" catalogue of books which embraces many volumes suitable for presents. The catalogue is nicely got up and worth writing for. It is sent free. The firm's address is Toronto.

The sending of P. E. Islanders to South Africa to take part in Britain's struggle with the Boers, has inspired the publication in Charlottetown of two books that treat of the subject, and treat of it well, although in different manner. One is "Our Boys Under Fire" by Miss Annie Elizabeth Mellish; and the other is "War Sketches" by Hedley V. McKinnon. Both of the writers live in Charlottetown.

"Our Boys Under Fire" was so well received that it quickly ran through a first edition of fifteen hundred copies, and now a second edition has been put upon the market. In the pages of this little history of the doings of Our Boys (which include the P. E. Island, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia quotas) is comprised the various incidents and experiences through which the members of the contingents passed,—from their mustering in to the return home of the first lot who left South Africa. The different events of their year's service are minutely recorded, and their hardships and glorious achievements are graphically told; it is surprising what a large amount of matter, most of it being valuable for reference, the writer has got together inside the covers of her book. All who are in any way interested in "Our Boys" who went out to fight the Boers should procure a copy. Paper covers 50 cts.; stiff cloth covers 75cts. Published by The Examiner Publishing Company, Charlottetown.

In *War Sketches*—which, by the way, is admitted to be the prettiest example of book printing yet accomplished in Charlottetown—the author has set down a series of pen pictures, which, to tell the truth, are very cleverly done indeed. They will interest the reader, they cannot fail to do so, both because of their style of writing and also because they vividly illuminate many scenes that by those outside the Service, are never guessed at. There is a vein of pleasantry apparent in most of the sketches; there is also evidence that the hard lessons of the war made more than a superficial impression upon the mind of the writer. Of the Gordons he speaks words of manly, sincere praise; of the Boers far otherwise. The other incidents which furnish chapters in this little volume are all ably treated. Under the heading of "Five minutes in an Armoured Train" occurs the following:

"In the evenings we usually gathered in the car to talk about the war, and what we would like to eat; and were a stranger to drop in suddenly he might have found the conversation, if not very instructive at least amusing.

"Weary, let's challenge them to a game of whist."

"All right, come on, you fellows."

"Oh, no you don't. Go and get some marbles or some easy, little game, and we will play you. There is no use in beating you all the time."

"Cheese it, for Heaven's sake! You know quite well we have won every game this week."

"You have won? Why, last night our little man and I had six points before you got—"

"Some son of a gun has swiped my canteen. Which of you fellows took it? Don't all speak at once. If I catch the man who took it, I'll—"

"I saw a canteen drop over the side just as we pulled out of Vereeniging. What was yours like?"

"Had two dents on the side and my name cut in the bottom. Some of you fellows lend me one for a few minutes."

"Fweddy, go on and make a little drop of tea. Sandy will give you some sugar."

"Make it yourself."

"I'll go for the water if you make the tea; come on now, and I'll never forget your kindness—not for a long time anyway."

"Pass the jam!"

"Well, let me pass then. You don't mind if I step on you, father, do you? Gosh! There goes Silver's tea! That's what little boys get for not being obliging."

"Oh! There comes Trouble again; every time we sit down he begins wandering round like a lost sheep. Why in—?"

"Pass the jam!!!"

"Say, someone, kindly hand our little boy some jam. Here, darling, have a whole tin for yourself. Have two tins. Catch!"—Biff! Splash! and another canteen of coffee runs over the floor.

"Well, of all the clumsy brutes ever I saw you take the cake!"

"But supposing Buller does get to Lydenburg, he will lose half his men with fever and—"

"For goodness sake stop talking war, and give us something to eat. Heavens! My bread is gone. Sandy, give me to-morrow's rations, like a good boy; oh, please do, and I'll never ask you again."

Another man comes climbing into the car with: "Look out for me, I'm a coming generation. Did you fellows hear the news?"

"Yes, we heard it long ago, what is it?"

"The Royal Irish say that Ladysmith is relieved."

"Very likely, isn't it? Just about as true as the yarn those Northumberlands were giving us at Vereeniging—that Cronje had surrendered."

"Well! anyway, DeWet is surrounded below Rhenoster, and can't escape."

"Sandy, will you please count those marks on the side of the car just over your head, and tell us how many times DeWet has been captured?"

"But you knew her, didn't you? They lived on Pownal Street, between Grafton and Richmond. Her sister worked in—"

"As usual. Talking about girls."

"Say, Fweddy, what is your idea of Heaven!"

"Haven't got any."

"Oh! Fweddy! That is too bad. You should get an idea at once. No family should be without one. What's yours, Silver?"

"Eh! Oh! Mechanics Hall, ——— at the piano, and *her*."

"Well answered, my boy, but just change the name of *her*, and you come about right."

"What would you give for a good feed of oysters now?"

"Shut up! don't talk about oysters to me. My little man, please pass the pressed chicken, and if you have any lemon pie left—ah, none left; well then, another hard tack will do."

"What's the latest about going home, Gadget?"

"Nothing."

"Come on, now, tell us the latest telegram."

"I'll watch it. Last time I told you the news you would not believe it and it came straight, too. I'll carefully watch telling you any more news."

A loud shout from outside; "Fweddy! Fweddy! Here is the Johannesburg express, and there are girls on it too. Hurry up!"

A wild rush over the sides of the car; the train pulls up, stops for a moment or two, and then steams off. The boys scatter over the veldt; some to play quoits; others to talk to the Royal Irish; the cars are deserted, and the excitement of the day is over.

The list of chapters comprises: I. On Trek; II. Xmas Dinner; III. Our Doctor; IV. Paardeberg; V. Indigestion Pills; VI. Our Friends the Enemy; VII. "Spasms"; VIII. Five Minutes on an Armoured Train; IX. Our Chums the Gordons; X. The Turk; XI. Did we Like it? The introduction is by Rev. T. F. Fullerton.

As we have said before the book is exceptionally well printed and tastefully bound. There is a portrait of the author as a frontispiece. Special edition of one thousand has been struck off on extra paper with paper covers 30 cts.; the regular edition, to follow, will be 25 cts. per copy. The book was printed and bound at the Examiner Job Printing Rooms and is another proof of their ability to turn out the best class of book work.

"Lord Jim," by Joseph Conrad is one of the best stories that has been published for many a day. The style is a novelty; the descriptions of the sea and the strange things done thereon are told in a new way, and the story of Jim holds one's imagination with an intensity that few books can equal. Readers of fiction who want "something new" should read "Lord Jim." It is a splendid character sketch and the story does not lack exciting adventures. Published by W. J. Gage and Co., Toronto. Cloth \$1.50, paper, 75c.

"A King's Pawn" is a stirring story of King Henry of Navarre and the adventures that befell the King and some of his gentlemen when they undertook an adventurous journey into Spain. It is written by Hamilton Drummond, who handles romance like a master. The book will be read with pleasure. Published by W. J. Gage and Co., Toronto.

"Stringtown on the Pike" is a beautiful story. It enjoyed the honour of being selected as the serial story for The Bookman, and that is sufficient endorsement of its quality. If we were asked which of the latest issued books we would recommend we think it would be "Stringtown on the Pike." For enjoyable reading for the holidays this book will certainly fill all requirements. W. J. Gage & Co., Toronto, Cloth \$1.50, paper 50c.

W. J. Gage & Co.'s latest novels are for sale at Carters, Haszard & Moore's, and R. H. Mason's bookstores, in Charlottetown.

The December No. of Canadian History, being number twelve of the Educational Review Supplementary Readings, contains well written and valuable articles under the following heads: Slavery in Canada; The Combat at the Mill on Lacolle; Responsible Government, II.; Notes on Madawaska, II.; Suggestions for the Investigation of Local History. This publication is issued quarterly by G. U. Hay, of St. John. Price 10c a number.

Professor Macoun, the learned and widely-known Canadian naturalist, writes as follows to Mr. MacSwain in regard to the papers on birds which have

appeared in the P. E. I. Magazine:—"I have read your articles carefully this afternoon and am delighted with them. Your descriptions are true to the life as regards color and habits. I have not been able to detect one error in your three articles and all your observations agree with mine made in the field. The pointed remarks about the Tyrant Flycatcher are timely and well put. The past season I watched a pair more or less all summer and in no case did the birds interfere with others when left to themselves, but instantly when there was danger to their nest they were ready to fight and always won, and even helped a robin to rear her brood in safety."

Central Experimental Farm,
Ottawa, Nov. 20, 1900.

My dear Mr. Watson,—I have just received your article "Wolves in Sheep's Clothing," and have read it with great pleasure. I sincerely hope that it may have the effect of stirring up your people to make greater efforts to eradicate this weed. Strike hard while the iron is hot. I too will say something about it in my annual report to help the matter along.

Yours very truly,
J. Fletcher.

Mr. Watson's article was published in the November number of the Prince Edward Island Magazine.

A correspondent sends the following:—"I am one of your subscribers and I take this chance of congratulating you on the information you have afforded us during the past year.

I desire to thank you for the most interesting and reliable information given us by your able and reliable contributor Mr. Caven, reporting the first settlement by Europeans, of the Island. Mr. Caven has afforded us information respecting the early settlement of this place that we could not have received from any other reliable source but that from which he draws the history of the Island—from the French records. For my own part, through your magazine, I beg respectfully to thank him, and I desire to add that Mr. Caven's account of the Island under the French will be highly appreciated when you and I are laid under the sod.

There are other contributors to your valued Magazine to whom your correspondent desires to express his thanks, viz., to Mr. Hyndman, and particularly to Mr. Watson, whose contributions are worthy of perusal and thought by gentlemen who value articles with some sense in them. The poetic effusion of Mr. McDonald on the past memories of early life at Tryon are remarkably sympathetic.

Several circumstances have conspired to make us late this month in issuing the Christmas number of the Prince Edward Island Magazine, but we trust that our subscribers will kindly overlook the delay that has occurred. Owing to a "plethora" of copy we have been obliged to go to press with but a short instalment of the second article on "Our School System," which we regret, as the subject is of the highest importance; in next month's Magazine considerably more space will be given it.

In our next number will appear an interesting article on the "Acadian Occupation of East River," which we venture to say will be attentively read. We can also promise a valuable contribution from Mr. Caven regarding the much disputed question of the discovery of this Island.

To our contributors who have so willingly assisted us since our beginning, and to our now largely-grown list of subscribers we sincerely wish all the Compliments of the Season.

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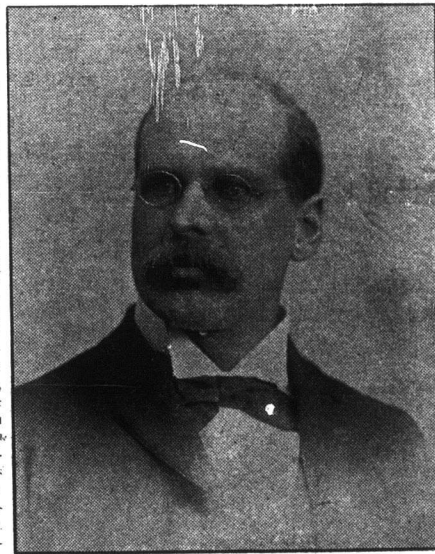
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When I was in England a few years ago I found that the Independent Order of Foresters was thoroughly known to the great metropolis of the world. When I went to Scotland I found it was instituted there, and that large numbers were insured in its limits. I need not tell you that wherever it was known there was the most absolute confidence in its solidity and in the methods by which it was governed. When an institution of its size secures that reputation among the business men of the Mother Land it is an institution that is established for all time both at home and abroad. Speaking of its intrinsic merits, I may say that some years ago at Ottawa, when I was a member of the Government, we had occasion to investigate very carefully the fraternal insurance societies doing business in this country. We not only investigated them as members of the Government ourselves, but we had experts to examine them as well, and I can only say to you that the re-



DR. H. D. JOHNSON, P. H. C. R.

sults of investigation were regard to the rates of the Independent Order of Foresters, with regard to the great surplus which it laid by and with regard to the methods which were being pursued from time to time were such as to impress not only the Government, not only the Banking and Commerce Committee, but the House of Commons and the Senate well, so much that they gave the Order the legislative authority to take the initiative in its field of benevolent insurance work. When Parliament may be divided sometimes on matters of policy, when you come to questions concerning the business interests of the people, especially the interests of the fatherless and the widow, Parliament drops its pretense and gets down to a sound financial investigation. It was after such an investigation that Parliament gave your order the authority which I have referred to. — Doctor Montague at Forester's Island Park.

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