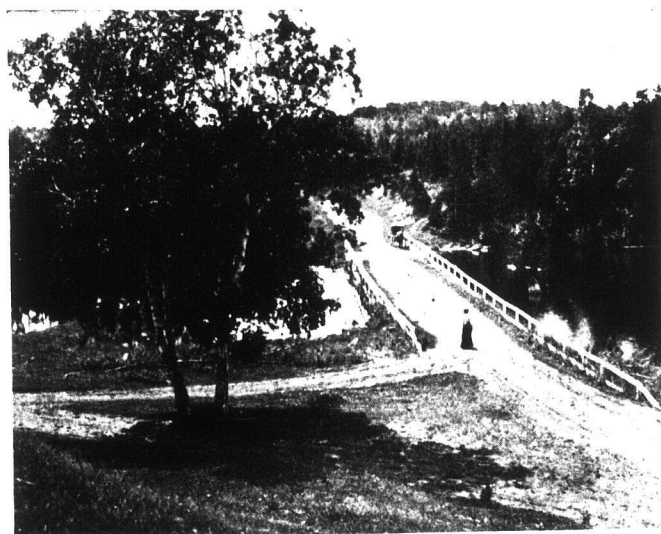


MARCH, 1904

THE PRINCE EDWARD
ISLAND MAGAZINE
and EDUCATIONAL OUTLOOK

Vol. 6

1904



BRIDGE AT MONTROSE, P. E. I.

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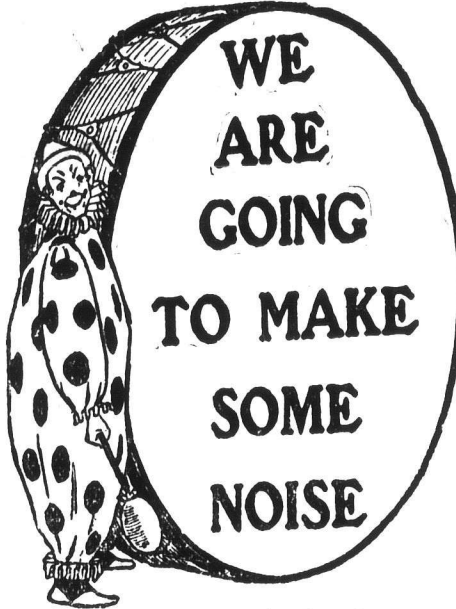
Contributions on all subjects of interest to P. E. Islanders are requested. The aim of the Prince Edward Island Magazine is to do all that is possible for the advancement of the people and the best interests of the Province.

The Prince Edward Island Magazine was established in March, 1899, and the Educational Outlook was enrolled with it in March, 1904.

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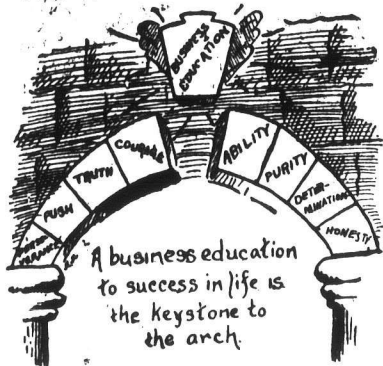
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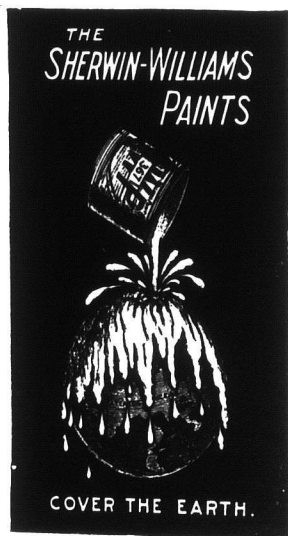
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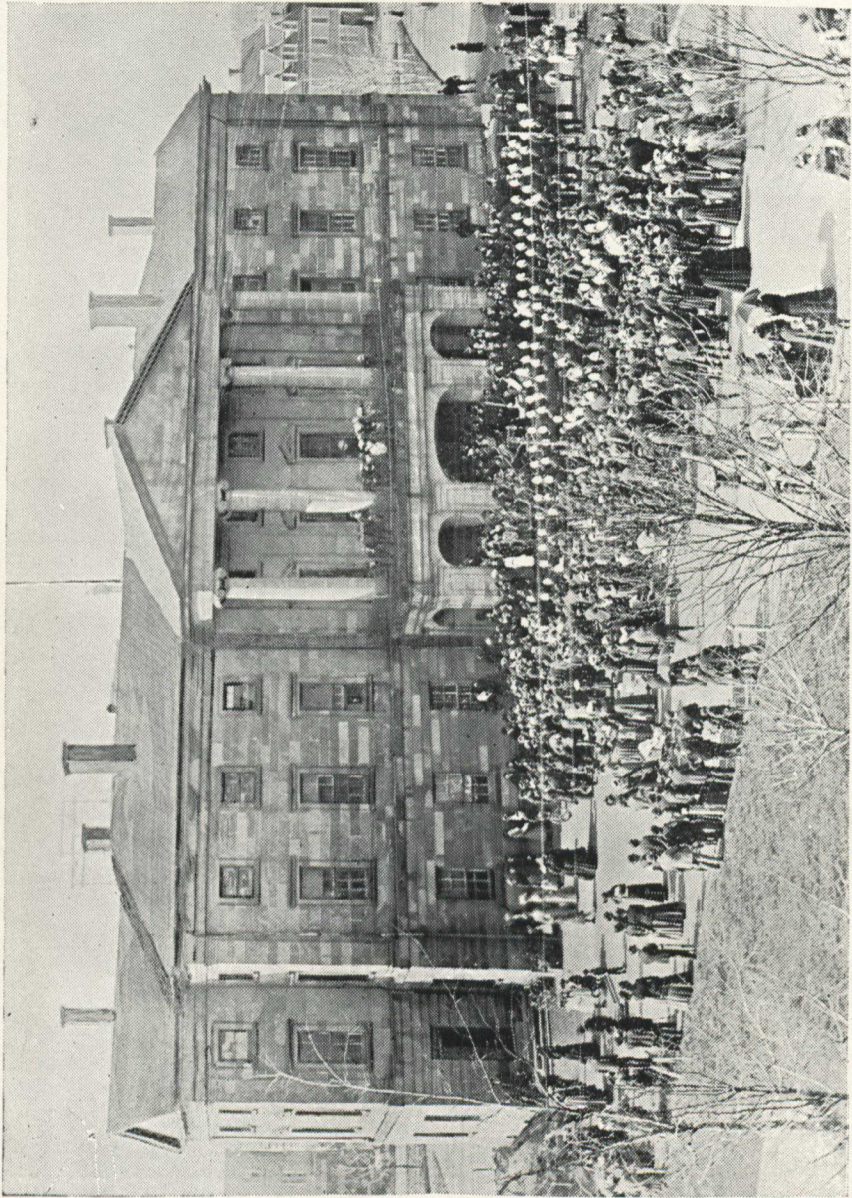


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“OPENING OF THE HOUSE.”

The Prince Edward ISLAND MAGAZINE

ARCHIBALD IRWIN, EDITOR

Sixth Year

MARCH 1904

Number 1

OUR PROVINCIAL FINANCES

By Fred W. Hyndman, Esq.

PRIOR to Confederation the subject of our Provincial Accounts received very little attention from the Local Legislature, and the Premier's Budget Speech, as a rule, exhausted the whole subject. The time of our Legislators was then so much taken up with the larger subjects of the Land Question, the Railway, Confederation, Education, Free Trade and similar questions, that the Public Accounts were rarely discussed.

When the Province joined the Confederacy most of these questions were either settled by the terms of Union, or relegated to the Dominion Parliament to deal with. At the present time our local politicians have little else to talk about except the accounts of the Province that attract public attention.

In 1876 a law was passed creating the office of Provincial Auditor, and

defining his duties. On the election of the Free School Coalition Government in that year with Hon. L. H. Davies as Premier, I was appointed to that position, and at once assumed its duties—remaining until 1879.

Upon investigation of the several departments, I found that although the accounts were generally well and carefully kept, yet there was no scientific system in use, and there was no Capital Account kept, and the statements of the financial settlement agreed upon between the local authorities and the Dominion Government were floating about the public offices on loose sheets of paper; and there was not a little difficulty in getting them into an intelligible shape. I, at once, formally applied to the government to authorize the opening of a Capital Account, and for that purpose requested that a valuation of the

Government's properties be made, as to my mind, no complete or proper statement of the Finances could be made until that was done.

To my surprise, my request was refused, and I was instructed to prepare the accounts for the Legislature without reference to a Capital Account. I think it only fair to say here that the Leader of the Government (Mr. L. H. Davies) was desirous that a Capital Account should be opened, but he failed to carry out his wish in that respect, and was out-voted. One honourable member being very strongly opposed to it, remarked that "a Capital Account was merely a hole for stowing away unlawful or needless expenditures." I was thus obliged to prepare my report for the Legislature, at its meeting in 1877, without reference to capital expenditure or income, and items of that class had to be included as ordinary expenditure or ordinary receipts; as the case might be.

That decision was a grave mistake; and, the result of it has been that in every discussion of the Finances since then the politicians of both parties have by the manipulating of the Capital expenditures and Capital receipts, been able to prove to the satisfaction of their party, that there was a "surplus" or a "deficit" just as it suited their political ends or requirements; and the ordinary man who had not the time or the opportunity to look closely into the matter, was simply

bewildered, not knowing which to believe. I have a firm conviction that this unfortunate fact has been largely the cause of the deplorable state the Provincial Finances have drifted into; and, as I propose to show, unless some one with a heroic determination comes to the front soon, and provides ways and means for meeting the necessary expenditure of the Province, we must end in bankruptcy.

When I laid the Accounts for the year 1876, in printed form for the first time, before the Legislature of 1877, the balance stood as follows:—
Balance *in favour* of the Province \$40,604.02.

By the Auditor's report for 1902, I find the balance *against* the Province is \$650,409.30.

We must add these figures together, and then we get \$691,013.32, and to this we must add One million dollars for Capital withdrawn from Ottawa and Land Office sales during the 26 years referred to, and we have \$1,691,013.32 as the excess expenditure in these 26 years, or an average yearly expenditure of \$65,000 *over and above our ordinary revenue*. If matters go on drifting in the same way for another 26 years, we shall have piled up a debt of *over Two millions of dollars*, and it will take at least one-third of our revenue to pay the interest charge alone!

For this unfortunate state of affairs I consider both political parties are to blame.

The two Parties during these 26 years have had about an equal innings, —the Conservatives from 1879 to 1891, and the Liberals since the latter date. The Conservatives are to blame for drawing capital from Ottawa which was yielding 5 per cent annually, besides using the proceeds of sales of Public Lands; and for repealing the Assessment Act of 1877—and the Liberals, since they came in, are to blame for using the proceeds of sales of Public Lands, as revenue, and for their lack of courage in not reenacting an Assessment law which would yield sufficient to meet the requirements of the Province.

Capital is the property of no one Legislature or no one generation. The Governments are only the Trustees of the people, for the time being, and Capital belongs to future generations as well as to the present,—we have only the right to spend the interest which it yields; and when a government goes beyond that it commits a grievous wrong against the generations of the future.

It may be said that it is easy to find fault, but not so easy to find a remedy. In my opinion the remedy is easy, because I believe that there is no section of the Dominion better able to pay its way than is P. E. Island; and I also believe the people, if frankly dealt with, would willingly respond to any taxation that may be shown to be necessary to that end. Surely as a self-respecting people we ought to

give up the periodical begging trips to Ottawa, and assess ourselves to meet our requirements; then when we have claims against the General Government we can demand payment of them, and we shall receive the attention due to a self-respecting and self-relying people. But so long as we continue our *begging* trips and appeals to Ottawa just so long shall we be treated as the beggar who seeks the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table—just be given enough to supply our immediate wants.

The Assessment Act of 1877 was right in principle, but it was faulty in many details. The valutors were very numerous, being selected from, I think every Lot or Township; consequently, there was no fixed principle exercised in valuing the different properties; as each set of valutors had a scheme of their own.

The act should have been amended not repealed altogether.

The valuations should be made by a commission of three competent men—say one from each county—then all the valuations would be made according to one fixed principle, whatever that might be, and there would be no uneven valuations. The data is all or nearly all at hand upon which they could work, from former assessment tables and school trustees returns; and when the whole valuation is made up, a percentage all over could be levied, as circumstances may require, to meet the public needs—and the rate

could be lowered or increased each year as found to be necessary.

The same commissioners could be authorized to report upon the actual ordinary income and ordinary expenditures—and then the Provincial Auditor should be instructed to open a Capital Account, and charge all Capital receipts and Capital expenditure in their proper place. The Public Accounts would then be intelligible, and beyond being twisted about by the politician to suit his own peculiar case. At the present time to listen to an argument over the accounts at a Public Meeting or in the Legislature, the sum total of all you can make out of it is, "that the other fellows squandered the money."

It is to be hoped, when this Province gets its share of the Fishery award—

as I believe we shall get it, the claim being indisputable—that the Legislature will only be allowed to draw the *interest*, as, if the politicians of either party get their hands on it, it will melt as surely as the April snow melts—and in a few years it will have disappeared. Only for *bona fide* needed and specified permanent works, should the Capital sum be infringed upon.

Under the existing conditions of our finances, what this Island most needs at present is, to send to the Legislature men imbued with a broader spirit of Patriotism, and a less slavish *partyism*. When that is accomplished we may look forward more hopefully to the procession of Drift and Deficits, which we have witnessed for the past quarter of a century, coming to an end.



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Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

—Selected.

The Settlement of Rustico—II.

By D. Mackenzie.

AT the beginning of the last century Rustico was practically a French settlement. There were some traders who made occasional voyages to the harbour, which was at that time a good one. Rum, brandy, and other liquors were the chief importations. As these were landed without the interference of a preventive officer, they were sold very cheaply. Young and old alike used intoxicating liquor; indeed, it was looked upon as a necessary of life. The principal men engaged in this trade were Macausland, before referred to, and Captains Fletcher and LeLacheur. This LeLacheur was a man of mystery. He always had great heaps of French gold and valuable goods in his ship. Some said he was a spy in the pay of the French Government; others, that he was a pirate. It is certain that he was a smuggler.

Another mysterious individual named Wheatly built a hut near the head of what is now known as Wheatly River. He lived there for a time, but suddenly disappeared.

None of these men left anything behind them but their names.

The first settlers of British origin to make permanent homes in the district were the Matheson family, who arrived from Ross-shire, Scotland, in the year

1806. There were three brothers, Roderick, Murdoch and John. They were married and had large families. They purchased their lands from the proprietor in Great Britain, paying for it £1 sterling an acre. Each of the brothers bought two hundred acres, and had the privilege of locating on any part of the estate they pleased.

Roderick chose his land on the south side of the bay, which was then called Portage. He and his wife lived to be very old, each of them having passed the century mark. They were the grand-parents of our respected fellow-citizens, Messrs Walter and John A. Matheson.

Murdoch settled at Oyster Bed, where he cleared a fine farm. He had a large family, and there are many of his descendants on the old homestead and different farms in the vicinity.

John Matheson located on the north side of Wheatly River, on the farm now occupied by Mr. John Mackay. His descendants in Prince Edward Island must be very numerous.

The three brothers were splendid types of their class; honest and upright in principle, they commanded the respect of their fellowmen.

About the same time a family named Macmillan settled on the north side of

the river. Mr. John A. Ross now owns the farm. Mrs. Macmillan lived to be a very old woman. She was well posted in the adventures of "Bonnie Prince Charlie." The writer has frequently heard her tale of the wanderings of the Prince after the fatal day of Culloden. She took great pride in the fact that upon two occasions she had slept with Flora Macdonald, the companion of the luckless Prince in his Highland wanderings.

The Blatch family came also about this time. They settled at Oyster Bed, where they carried on shipbuilding and farming.

In the year 1809 there was quite an addition to the settlement—three large families, Ross, Macleod and Macdonald. John Ross arrived in the now famous ship *Polly* with Lord Selkirk's settlers, but did not go to Belfast with the others. He bought a farm in the district known as Highfield, near Charlottetown. Macleod came in the same ship and took up land near Ross. They made some clearances and were fairly prosperous until visited by the much-talked of plague of mice. I have often heard of this Mice Plague, but these two families are the only people I have seen who were troubled by the rodents. Getting discouraged, they sold out and went to Wheatley River, where they took up land. Ross, at his death, divided three hundred acres among his sons. Some of his descendants are still living on the old homestead. The Macleod family has disappeared from the

vicinity, but some of the Macdonalds are still located in the districts.

Up to this time all the new-comers purchased their lands from the proprietors, at the price of £1 sterling an acre. The French had some few small clearances; but they did not pay much attention to farming, and were easily induced to move to some new location.

Another Ross-shire family which played an important part in the settlement a few years later, was that of John Macrae and his family of ten. They left their home in Scotland, taking passage in an emigrant ship bound for Montreal, intending to go to Glengarry, Ontario, where friends had preceded them. The ship encountered stormy weather, and their voyage across the Atlantic lasted seven weeks. For some reason the Captain put in to Pictou, Nova Scotia. The Macraes were so sick of the horrors of the long sea voyage that they landed there, and found their way to Prince Edward Island. They settled on a farm at the head of Wheatley River, the place known of late years as the Winsloe Farm; but at that time it was in the virgin wilderness, and a considerable distance from the Mathesons, whose neighbors they had been in the old land.

A few years later, a young man named Kenneth MacKenzie came on a visit to the Matheson family, who were relatives. His intention had been to return to Scotland when his

visit was over; but, instead of doing this time also James Craswell built so, he married a daughter of John another at Anglo-Rustico, near Racicot's old home.

He died while a comparatively young man, leaving a family of eight. His descendants are now scattered, some still living in the Island, some in other parts of Canada, and others in the United States.

It is needless to say that these brave pioneers suffered great hardships. In their old homes, they were all of the well-to-do class; but, owing to the changing conditions of life in the Old Country, and the brilliant prospects held out to them by the proprietors' agents, who were anxious to get settlers on the estates in Prince Edward, Island they decided to try their fortunes in the New World.

Their disappointment and grief was terrible when they saw the condition of things as they really existed. At the time, and for several years subsequent, there was no road leading to the district. At first the trees were blazed from Oyster Bed to Charlottetown as a guide to travellers on foot; later the way was made passable for a man on horseback. There were no mills to grind the little grain they raised. The French used a pestle and mortar made out of wood, in which they bruised the grain. When a lad, I have seen these implements used, particularly in pearling barley.

About 1825, Roderick Matheson's sons built a grist mill on a stream running through their land. About

There was no resident clergyman of any denomination at that time. Bishop Maceachern, whose memory is revered by Catholic and Protestant alike, made occasional visits to the settlement. He was truly a great and good man, who lost no opportunity of serving God by serving his fellow-men. The Ross-shire people were Presbyterians of strong and steadfast principles, but they always spoke with loving reverence of the good bishop.

About 1820, the Bulman, Le Page, Clark, Craswell, and Buntain families made homes in Anglo-Rustico. Their descendants are numerous in the vicinity today.

A fine lot of men also settled at North Rustico—Bernards, MacClures, Arthurs, Middletons, and Mackenzies.

About this time occurred a very sad event. Alexander Ross, with a daughter of John Macrae went on horseback to Charlottetown to be married. They were accompanied by a party of friends. On the return journey a violent rainstorm came up; and, owing to the long exposure, and the laborious travelling, the bride became ill, and died the next day.

As a number of events happened during the next twenty years which had a great influence upon the community, I will ask for space in the next issue of *The Prince Edward Island Magazine*.

A Five Days' Sleigh Ride into the Northland.

By Jeremiah S. Clark.

AN article was promised months ago for the Magazine, but there has been no leisure yet, and nothing done to boast about. It has been a period of rooting out, pulling down, overturning, building and planting; and there seems to be no fulcrum on which to rest the lever of the Truth, that he may lift men up into His likeness.

I have no hunting stories to tell, though we are in the midst of the best hunting in North America; true I have bagged more than half a hundred chickens, partridges and ducks, fired twice at a wolf last week, at a distance which proved perfectly safe for him, and followed moose tracks yesterday for half an hour in the bush near our home.

Readers of the Magazine would perhaps hardly care for a report such as I furnished the Indian Board of Winnipeg at the end of the first three months, and I am not in a humor to enlarge upon the ludicrous happenings, or the dances and sprees.

However we had a drive last week that was out of the ordinary, and I might have told it to you already if I had not forgotten myself.

It always takes some time to get

started even on a short drive, but when two "tenderfeet" set out on a drive longer than from Cape North to East Point in this country in mid-winter, with the thermometer about twenty below zero, and no certainty about stopping places, we may be permitted a little while before the glass by way of preparation.

I am sure we had the best team and driver on Lake Manitoba, it was the one chosen by the Manager of the Union Mining Company when he wished to reach Winnipeg in time to spend Christmas with his wife. I had a wife two hundred miles east of Winnipeg that I had not seen and hardly heard from in two months, on account of our unsatisfactory mails; and I was very glad indeed to accept his offer and accompany him to Winnipeg on a holiday excursion. The team waited at Westbourne where we struck the C. P. R. until I returned, bringing my wife with me from Rat Portage. I reached Rat Portage in plenty of time to have a very Merry Christmas, and two of us left by the first train to Winnipeg on the following day. Sunday was spent very happily with Winnipeg friends, and the next morning we went on west to Westbourne.

We had our Happy New Year on the journey and on that day crossed the Narrows, or Straits of the Spirit, which the red men call Manito-aba, and we have shortened into a single word. We had fat pork for dinner that day, in a half-breed house; and our host entertained us while the horses were resting, by telling us the tradition which led to the naming of the Straits and later of the Province.

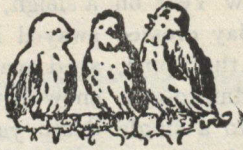
Of course there are no tides on these inland lakes, but at the Narrows on Lake Manitoba there is always a strong current either one way or the other, and red brothers found it much easier to believe in spirits influencing these currents than in the force of gales of wind upon the water.

There are many islands, too; some of strange formation, and one in particular where the limestone-rock is hollowed out into mysterious caves. Here the *Manitous* dwell, and the *Windegoos*, and the "Stolen-Child Manitou" and his half-mortal-half-spirit progeny. These fiendish, disembodied creatures are the terror of the place. They are small, dwarfish creatures who live in hollow chambers under the water; their human parent never having grown after he was carried off into the bottomless cave beneath the surface of the lake. They are bearded like a pale-face, and dress much as pirates in yellow-covered novels.

Excuse me—it was the sleigh ride I started to write about. Well, we had

a sleigh, mounted on double bobs, that swayed like a railway carriage as we sped over the uneven ground and the snow-drifts on the lake. I bought a dozen yards of the heaviest duck procurable, and built a tent over the back part of the sleigh; we had abundance of robes and furs, and as a guarantee against any extremes of cold we had a rabbit-robe, woven from strips of rabbit skin by the Indian women. It contains at least one hundred and seventy-five skins, and is a splendid invention, as we proved. We had an oil burner and a fat little pup to keep our feet warm; but we only needed to light up the former twice, as the latter kept at full blaze all the way; and as he could not be put out in one sense, we often had to put him outside the robes to cool off, as his tongue would be hanging out, and a very mystified expression in his eyes.

It is time to stop, and I have not told you about our stages, or our accommodations at meal-time or at night: perhaps the less said the better. We folded our wings at twilight wherever we happened to be, as the birds do; we ate but one meal out of doors. It was at noon on Sunday, at a place some fifteen miles from any human habitation, and we all (including the dog) enjoyed it heartily. We never were cold, nor tired, though we were a considerable portion of two years on the way—reaching Penai-Noota on Fairford-Reserve, the fourth of January; where the drive ended.



Our Feathered Friends.

By John MacSwain.

IN some numbers of an earlier volume of this Magazine, there were several papers on the birds of this Province under the title of "Our Feathered Friends."

Under the same title and having in view the same object, namely, that our birds may be better known and more commonly studied, I resume the notes discontinued some time ago. Short descriptions will be given of such of our birds as are not described in previous papers.

While writing of our birds, I recall the memory of many a pleasant ramble through wood, field, and along stream. At one time, it is where the monarchs of the forest raise aloft their leafy crowns and widely spread their branching arms, affording shade, shelter and concealment to the feathered citizens of the wood. At other times, it is where the surging, foam-capped billows, urged onward by fiercely shrieking winds, roll landwards, bearing in their watery embrace the spoils of the ocean, the products of its depth or of its surface, and bringing food to the eager, restless denizens of the rockstrewn or sand-

covered beach. Again, it may be along the dust-covered roadway or through glade, thicket or marsh, favorite resorts of finches, sparrows and warblers. Each has its own avi-fauna, and if you have some acquaintance with the life and habits of birds, you can indicate with a good deal of certainty the habitat of any one you may wish to find.

Birds are our friends and deserve our protection. There are a few and they are comparatively very few among so many that are of great utility to man, which, on account of their destructive habits deserve to be killed. The obnoxious character of some birds does not justify the indiscriminate slaughter of all. When sport alone is the object, it should be discountenanced and prohibited.

What thoughts are awakened by the study of birds! Their migrations, from the earliest ages of the world, have excited the wonder and curiosity of all interested in the problems which Nature presents for our investigation, and even at the present day their migrations are a matter of study and

speculation. Their rapid movements through the air, their easy and quick transmission from one place to another, and their graceful aerial evolutions will ever, at the least, excite our admiration. To him, who would trace the dependence of one part of nature on another and the intimate relations of these parts; who would see in this dependence and relation something more than the unguided operations of a power inherent in nature and that "all are but parts of one stupendous whole" directed and controlled by omniscient design, the study of birds will afford a constant source of enjoyment.

Preceding papers contain descriptions of all our common birds belonging to the orders which include the Cuckoos, Woodpeckers, and the Passerine, or Perching birds,—with the exception of a few of the last order. These are the Cedar Waxwing, the Ovenbird, and the Mourning Warbler, which will be described in this paper.

CEDAR WAXWING

The Cedar Waxwing. Cedar bird, or Cherry bird, as it is indifferently called, is a very interesting as well as a beautiful bird. It does not owe its beauty to the brilliant coloration of its plumage, for its general colour is a brownish-grey, or ash. The silky lustre of its feathers, its graceful form, crested head, and the terminal band of yellow on its tail, form a combination which is rarely excelled by the more pretentious beauties of forest or grove.

The food of this bird consists largely of insects. But, when the cherry and mountain ash ripen their fruits, they yield an abundant supply, highly relished by the Cedar Waxwings.

They are not early arrivals. It is late in the season—often in the month of August that incubation takes place. They leave on their return journey to the South in September, or early in October.

THE OVEN BIRD.

The Oven bird, or Golden-crowned Thrush is classed among the warblers. It is a genuine warbler, though differing in some measure in plumage and habits from the other birds of this family. It is an olive green on back; the crown is orange, bordered with black stripes, and the white breast is marked with dusky or brownish spots, much like the breast of the Hermit Thrush. But it is smaller than any of the Thrushes. It builds its nest on the ground, and makes a roof over it with an opening on one side. From its form it has been likened to an oven, and from the comparison we have the name of Oven bird. We can easily trace its other name—Golden-crowned Thrush—to the golden, orange-colour of its crown and its speckled breast.

THE MOURNING WARBLER.

This is apparently a rare migrant here. It is more soberly colored than most of the Warblers. The olive of the back passes into ash on the head. Underneath it is yellow, but the throat

and breast are darker, the black and ash of the feathers suggesting the appearance of crape. From this the origin of this bird's name may be inferred.

I have seen this bird only on two occasions and infer that it is rare in the Island, or at least in parts not remote from Charlottetown.



Great Epochs in English Literature, and their Causes.

The Shakesperean or Elizabethan Era — Addenda.

By Hon. A. B. Warburton, D. C. L.

THIS wonderful age should not be passed over without reference to two works, which, in absolutely different lines, have had a most profound influence on Anglo-Saxon thought and on Anglo-Saxon Literature. In 1600 Dr. William Parker published his great work entitled 'De Magnete' and became the actual founder of the science of electricity; which has become so great a feature in modern social, domestic and industrial life. As a matter of pure literature this work would not, perhaps, rank high; but as a starting point in a most important branch of science, and as a contribution to scientific literature, its importance is very great.

But the work, which, above all others, exercised and continues to exercise the paramount influence upon English literature — and it is simply from its literary side that I am now writing of it — is the English translation of the

Bible. From the nature of the Book, quite independently of literary merit, it was sure to become familiar to all classes.

That familiarity grew rapidly, and, to this day has gone on growing with an ever expanding growth. People, even those who pretend to scoff at the Book itself, and may have never read a line of its contents, are yet, despite themselves, subject to its daily influence. For forceful expression, for directness and simplicity of language, no work can compare with it. By the very simplicity, vigor and terseness of its language its facts and its characters are made living and visible beings to the reader's mind. Take, as an illustration, from the Old Testament, Elijah's taunts to the Priests of Baal, when their god failed to respond to their supplications:—

"And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah mocked them, and said: Cry aloud; for he is

a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked."

For withering sarcasm, for biting irony, this passage is hard to equal. The reader can almost imagine he sees the rugged form and hears the stern voice of the old prophet.

Or take the Sermon on the Mount, 5th Matthew, verses 3-10:—

"Blessed are the poor in spirit; for their's is the kingdom of Heaven.

"Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for their's is the kingdom of Heaven."

For simplicity and directness of language this cannot well be surpassed. In those few lines the whole spirit of Christianity is compressed. There is more meaning, and that meaning not requiring a superior mind to extract, embraced in these half dozen sentences, than is to be found in any other passage in the English language.

The effect of a work of this nature, finding its way everywhere, a work in such terse, clear Anglo-Saxon, could not have other than a profound influence on literary style and thought.

Fourth Part—Third Period.

PASSING by the sublime works of Milton we come to the third epoch, which coincides, in time, with the reigns of William III, Anne, and George I. This period has no author who can take rank with such men as Chaucer, Spencer, Shakespeare or Milton, but it produced a number of writers distinguished by the polish of their style, the graceful smoothness of their diction, by their wit and humour, by their cutting satire. It is also rich in philosophic and scientific writers.

Foremost among the poets, wholly belonging to this time, stands Pope. Milton had composed his last great work. He had passed from a life, long darkened, to a world on whose splendors his mental

vision had long been fixed. Though Dryden lived in this period, and, during its earlier years published his translations of Juvenal, of Persius and what are perhaps his finest works, his Fables and "Alexander's Feast," yet he can scarcely be said to belong to this era. His busy, fertile brain was stilled in its last long sleep, ere this period was much more than well begun. Yet the author of "Alexander's Feast" cannot be omitted. What a noble ode it is! How it carries the reader resistlessly along with the lofty grandeur and swelling might of the verse. It is worth while to compare it with another great ode, that of Tennyson on the death of the Duke of Wellington. Music affords

the inspiration for the older poet while duty is the key-note of the later. They are two of the finest odes in the English language and should be compared by every student of English literature.

Yet, as already said, foremost among poets especially belonging to this time stands Pope, a treacherous friend and an implacable foe, a master of satire, a monster in its exercise. While not in the first rank among English poets, he must ever hold a high place in the second. He was a prolific writer and translator. The "Essay on Man" is perhaps the greatest of his poems and abounds in passages of great beauty.

Prior was a clear writer of poetic instinct, with a most graceful style and wide range but cannot be ranked highly as a poet.

Swift and Addison were considerable composers of verse but did their literary reputations depend upon the productions of their Muse, they would now be scarcely remembered.

Thomas Tickell, who long resided in Ireland, besides being a contributor to the "Spectator," wrote a few poetical pieces of considerable merit. His best known and popular piece is his ballad of "Colin and Lucy," the scene of which is laid in the Emerald Isle. It is redolent of the green soil, and we seem to get a catch of Moore in the the opening stanza :—

"Of Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace,
Nor e'er did Liffey's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face."

John Gay's fame rests mainly upon "The Beggar's Opera," a comic opera breathing the life of the old Newgate and highwaymen days. It is a most delightful work and a sure antidote to a fit of the blues. It was the origin of the light English Opera, and was one of the pieces with which the famous tenor, Sims Reeves, used to delight London audiences. Gay wrote several plays, as well as songs and other short poems, but his great claim to fame must be based on The Beggar's Opera.

Congreve, Vanburgh and Farquhar hold the first place among dramatists, men whose sparkling wit and humour have been rivalled by Sheridan alone, yet the beauty of whose thoughts is too frequently debased by the coarse garb of obscenity in which they are robed. Vanburgh was also a noted architect. Blenheim, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough was designed by him.

Scotland at this time produced a number of literary men, of whom Allan Ramsay is the most notable. It has been unfortunate for Ramsay, as well as for other Scotch poets, that Burns appeared and became (and rightly so) the poet of Scotchmen, expressing their inward feelings, and as it were, becoming part of the Scotchman's belief. His very excellence and superiority, have thrown into the shade poets whose merits entitle them to a more prominent

place in public opinion than, at present, they seem to fill.

Among prose writers, other than essayists, mention should be made of Dr. Burnett, Bishop of Salisbury, whose famous "History of My Own Times," sketching the events of the Civil War and Commonwealth and the early part of Charles II's reign, was published during this period, some years after the author's death.

In an age when religious tolerance was not practiced, and when it required a bold man to raise his voice in favor of liberty of conscience, Jeremy Taylor, in his "Liberty of Prophesying" brought it before Englishmen in the broad and modern sense. As Mr. Edmund Gosse, his latest biographer says: "In an age, altogether given up to proscription and persecution, Jeremy Taylor lifted his clear voice in proof of 'the unreasonableness of proscribing to other men's faith, and the iniquity of persecuting differing opinions.'" He was a clear, thoughtful, and forcible writer, whose work had a great influence on later times.

During this period also, Locke published his famous "Essay on the Human Understanding," a work, the beneficial effect of which upon subsequent ages, can scarcely be over-estimated. To this era also belongs the great Sir Isaac Newton, one of the very foremost natural philosophers the world has seen. His discovery of the law of gravitation as well as his discoveries in optics, of which science, in its present state, he has been termed the founder, have had a marvelous and undying influence upon the world of science during all succeeding times.

But I must pass over many of the writers of this time among whom De-foe, Steele, and Savage should not be overlooked.

Remarkable as this age is for its

dramatists and writers in other forms, it is, perhaps, most noted for its satirists or essayists. Essays and satires were now in vogue. First of the writers of these stand Swift and Addison, the latter unmatched as an essayist, the former terrible in his biting sarcasm and fierce invective; both equally masters of ridicule, though ridicule of very different kinds. Swift, savage and inhuman in his satire, delights to inflict pain for the sake of the pangs he causes.

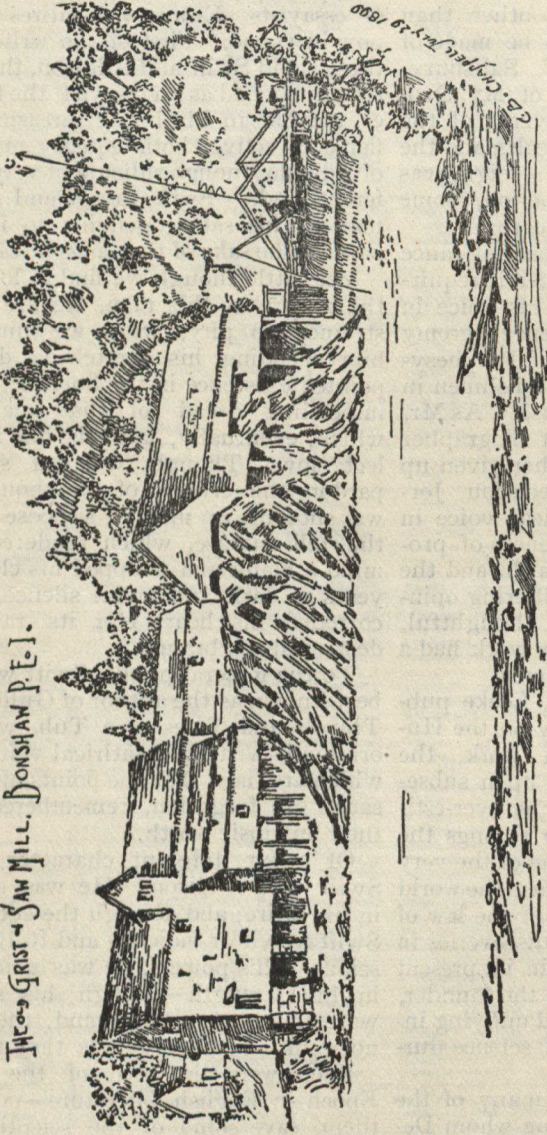
Yet, little though we find to love in the nature of this man, we are constrained to pity, when we think of him spending his wretched, disappointed existence in the horrible, ever impending dread of that malady, which, eventually, laid his fine intellect low. Though we can scarce pardon the cruelty of his thoughts, we should, in mercy, suppose that the fell disease, which rendered his mind a blank and wrapped his closing years in dark and awful silence, had corroded his heart e'er its ravages destroyed his brain.

To the general public, Swift will be best known as the author of Gulliver's Travels and Tales of a Tub, works, originally written in satirical vein, but which are, now that the points of their satire are forgotten, remembered for their intrinsic worth.

Of a far different character than Swift was Addison. He was genial in his satire; and though the equal of Swift in wit or ridicule and fully conscious of his powers, he was generous in his strength—though his shafts were shot with a true hand, they did not rankle in the wounds they made.

Such were the men of the third Epoch in English Literature—none of them, save some of the scientific or philosophical writers, authors of soaring genius, yet all good and polished writers.

THE GRIST-MILL, DONSHAW P. E. I.



THERE are many readers of this magazine who will feel a glad wave of remembrance sweep over them when they look upon this picture. "Crosby's" as it is called, used to be (and probably is yet) considered the Mecca of Charlottetown's juvenile Izaak Waltons. To have made the pilgrimage thither, armed with a bean pole and a tin of worms, stamped a youngster as an experienced fisher. Many a fine catch of trout has been made at the bridge pictured above, and not always were the fishermen youngsters. Our illustration was drawn by Mr. C. B. Chappell, Architect, of Charlottetown, who kindly presented it to us.—[Editor *Prince Edward Island Magazine*].

“Old Home Week” In P. E. Island.



Scene at Melrose, P. E. I.

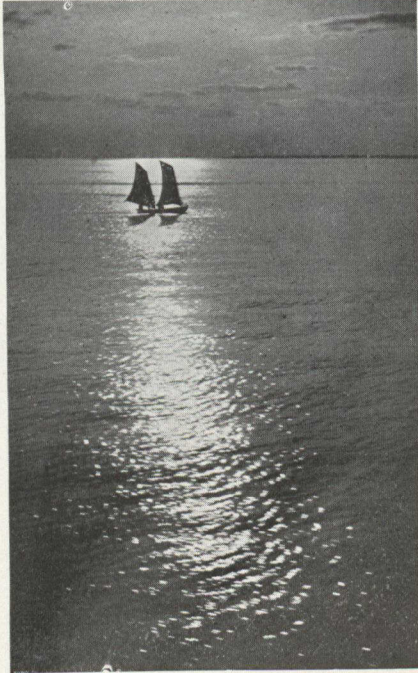
PHOTO BY MR W S LOUSON

THIS summer, during the month of July, there will be celebrated at Summerside, an “Old Home Week” —rather we should say an Old Home Fortnight, for two weeks are to be given up to the proper observance of the occasion.

For the originating of this celebration on P. E. Island the Summerside Tourist Association deserve every credit. That their pretty little town will be visited by hundreds of returned Islanders who will be here to enjoy the programme arranged for the occasion, as well as by lots of tourists, is our sincere wish, and we cordially recommend the many Islanders abroad

who are subscribers of this magazine, as well as all others, to try and visit, if possible, their home during the time of the celebration.

The people of Summerside have gone into the matter with a vim, and are carrying out all details connected with it with a thoroughness that has won the interest and sympathy of the people all over the Province. The programme has not, at the time of this writing, been finally decided, but in subsequent issues of this Magazine we shall have pleasure in devoting a page each month for the purpose of keeping our readers, at home and abroad, properly informed as to the



In Summerside Harbour

PHOTO BY MR W S LOUSON

development of the plans. That we shall have many visitors may be taken for granted; the requests for information already indicate this. We have every confidence that the Summerside Tourist Association will so conduct their celebration that all who visit that town in July will carry away none but pleasant recollections.

This celebration is the first tangible evidence, worth noticing, of earnest effort on the part of our people to make our Island's attractions as a holiday resort better known. Such action merits the approval and assistance of every P. E. Islander, and all natives of this Province whether at home or abroad should feel it incumbent upon them to help, by word and deed, to make the celebration successful.

For—as we have been continually saying in the pages of this Magazine, ever since it began to be published, five years ago,—our Island possesses attractions and advantages of unsurpassed interest and benefit for those who are in search of pleasure and health-giving rest. Its nearness to the crowded large cities of Canada and the United States; the cheapness of transportation, and the reasonable rates for which accommodation can be procured at desirable seaside resorts, all combine to make the question of large and rapid development of the tourist trade merely a matter of "hustle."

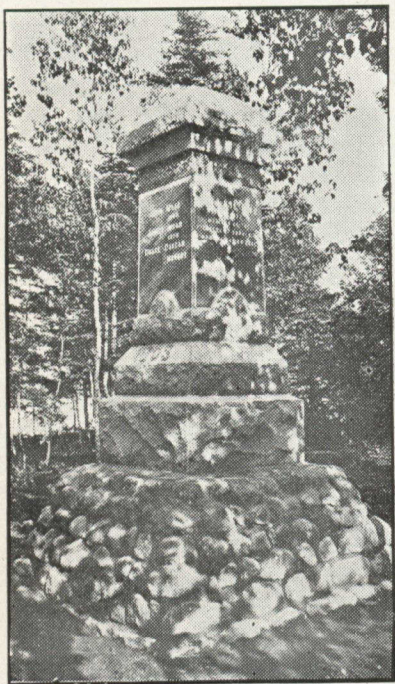
That the western portion of the Island is not devoid of picturesque scenes is attested by the photos illustrating this article.



Bridge near Montrose, P. E. I.

PHOTO BY MR W S LOUSON

The Brudenell Pioneers.

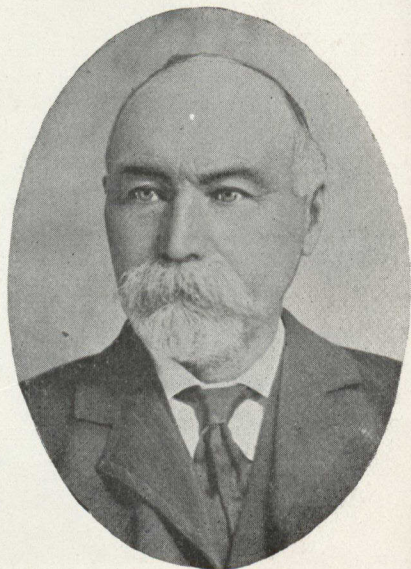


Monument erected on Brudenell Island in Memory of the Pioneers.

“ON that Island of the river, where the blue waves come and go, and the sea-gulls passing over call a message to the shore—sleeps Jolin McLaren. If you listen there in summer when the winds are low, the aspen poplars, with their restless, tapping leaves, will tell you many story of the long ago. They will tell you that before the tall trees were slain, the sun-flecked shadows of their boughs made beautiful the rude walls of a little church that stood among them

there. And that he, who heeds no more the coming or the going of the tide or any changes of the year, there preached, and prayed, and sang, the praises of the Lord.”
—See Vol. 2, *P. E. Island Magazine*, p. 152.

So wrote “J. S. B.” in a contribution to our pages entitled “*The Little Island of the Brudenell.*” I would earnestly recommend all who are in any way interested in the history of the pioneers of Brudenell to read it. Its value does not altogether depend upon the historical facts related; it is one of the most beautifully written articles that has ever graced our pages. At the time J. S. B. wrote there was nothing



Nathaniel McLaren, Esq.

on the little Island of the Brudenell to denote the fact that it was of historic interest. But in July of last year, there gathered together many of the descendants of the Brudenell pioneers, and on the 16th day of that month they unveiled, with appropriate ceremonies, a monument to the memory of their forefathers. I can do no better, in the way of furnishing my readers with an account of the lives and deeds of these first settlers of Brudnell than record the addresses delivered by two of the speakers on that occasion.

Mr. Nathaniel McLaren — a great grandson of the James McLaren that J. S. B. wrote about—in his address mentioned many of the incidents described already in that article. But as facts of this kind are ever readable Mr. McLaren's words are here quoted in full :

The place wheron we stand this day should be to us sacred ground, containing as it does the mortal remains of our ancestors, the heroic men and women who, leaving the comforts and certainties of their native land behind them, braved the dangers of a tempestuous sea and the uncertainties of an unknown and inhospitable shore, with the noble purpose in view of providing for themselves a home and a country in which they could enjoy the privileges of freedom and independence—a land which they could call their own and transmit it to their descendants as an heirloom forever.

One hundred years ago a little band of emigrants comprising James McLaren, who may be termed the leader of the band, his wife, Isabel McDonald and their family, numbering four sons and three daughters with two sons-in-law, James Stewart and

Donald Gordon and their families, making in all some twenty-two persons landed at Brudenell River, which was at that time an unbroken wilderness and at once began that stern struggle for existence which is the inevitable experience of all settlers in a new and untried country.

Strong in their faith in the God of their fathers, almost the first care of the little community was the erection of a place of worship upon the spot whereon we are now assembled. Rude and primitive the building must have been, constructed as it was of the rough hewn trees of the forest, but during his life, as often as the day of rest returned, in that little church James McLaren read the inspired volume and the Gaelic version of the service of the Episcopal Church of which he was an adherent, to the few scattered settlers of the neighbouring districts; who made their way, some by the blazed trails of the forest, others by birch canoe and dug-out on the waters of the Three Rivers to that lowly structure, there to offer to the Supreme Being the worship of humble, contrite and honest hearts. And who shall say that the worship thus humbly given was not received at the throne of the Eternal with as much acceptance as though offered in the most elaborate structure raised by the hand of man, accompanied by all the ceremonial splendor that learning could teach and wealth could afford. It is claimed by some of the descendants of the pioneers that the late Bishop McEachern, a man respected and revered by all who had the privilege of his acquaintance, irrespective of creed or nationality, once administered the ordinance of baptism within the walls of this primitive edifice.

Death visited the new settlement early in its history in 1804. A few months after their landing Christina McLaren, wife of Donald Gordon, passed to the great beyond, and was laid to her rest on this little Island, being the first of the pioneers buried here. James

McLaren's was the next. He died in the year 1818. Donald Gordon came next in 1819. Thus three of the principal heads of this little community were called to their eternal rest within sixteen years of their landing at Brudenell. I may here say that Isabel McDonald, wife of James McLaren, survived her husband for many years, and died at the residence of her son-in-law, James McFarlane, of Montague, at the advanced age of ninety-two. Her remains rest in the old cemetery on the South bank of the Brudenell. In this connection it may be mentioned that a legend exists to the effect that early in the history of the little colony, previous to the death of Mrs. Gordon, the appearance of a woman and two children was observed by her and others passing from the north bank of the river towards this spot, and disappearing into the forest by which this Island was then thickly covered. No women or children were known to be in the vicinity except those belonging to the settlement nor although strict search was made were any discovered, this event was supposed by the people to have been a foreshadowing of the death which occurred soon after and of the founding of this cemetery on Brudenell Island.

Of the history of James McLaren previous to his emigrating to this Island, we know through tradition which tells us that he was the son of Donald McLaren, a cattle dealer, known to his native compatriots in their native Gaelic tongue as "Domhnall mor na mart" or big Donald of the cattle, who owned land in the district of Balquhiddier in the early part of the eighteenth century and of Robina Stewart of the Stewarts of Appin, his wife; he lost both land and life in consequence of his complicity in the unfortunate "rising" under Prince Charles Edward Stewart in the year 1745. After the final defeat of the rebel force at Culloden in 1746, he was taken prisoner by a party of dragoons and was being conveyed by them to Carlyle

for trial and probable execution. While passing through a part of the country well known to him, at the time when his native hills were thickly shrouded in mist, he by some means, contrived his escape, and plunging down into a deep ravine at the risk of his life managed to elude his pursuers, but so close was the pursuit and so vigilant the search the unfortunate man was compelled to thrust himself down into a moss or water-soaked bog and drawing a sod of turf over his head, he remained there until nightfall, under cover of which he made his way to the house of an acquaintance who afforded him shelter and concealment until his death, which occurred a few weeks later, presumably in consequence of cold and exposure endured when hidden in the morass. It is supposed that Sir Walter Scott has made use of this incident in describing a similar imaginary escape of a character in one of the works of that great author.

In their search for the escaped prisoner the troopers visited McLaren's home which they burned down, after destroying the penning and killing the cattle. James McLaren, the subject of this short sketch, who was then three or four years of age is said to have remembered being carried out of the burning house in the arms of one of the female relatives of the family who had secreted a cheese in her plaid as necessary food for the child. The cheese unfortunately fell and rolled to the feet of one of the soldiers engaged in the work of destruction. He stuck his bayonet into it and held it up to her, laughing at her look of discomfiture at the loss. This episode brings forcibly home to our memories that dark and bloody time during which the scattered and unresisting clansmen were pursued with relentless and unnecessary cruelty by the Government troops under Cumberland, who thereby earned the undying hatred and contempt, of his name, and of his character, by a race who to-day are found in the front

rank of progress and civilization the world over; whose chivalrous valor stands unquestioned; and to whom the appeal for mercy by a vanquished foe was never made in vain.

Before joining the rebel army Donald McLaren transferred his property to a relation of his wife named Stewart, who remained loyal to the house of Hanover, after the Act of Amnesty to the Rebels had been passed by the British Parliament. When young McLaren had attained the age of manhood he demanded restitution of his property from those who held it in trust, which demand was refused. A lingering law suit was the result, which McLaren ultimately gained, but finding the estate deeply in debt he sold it, paid off the creditors and with the residue in his pocket set his face to the west, as so many of his countrymen have done before and since. Accompanied by his family and connections, he sailed from Port Glasgow in the spring of 1803 in the good ship Commerce, commanded by Capt. Galt, and landed at Pictou, Nova Scotia, in the same season, finally arriving at Brudenell in the autumn of that year. We are told that McLaren chose Prince Edward Island as his future home on account of his acquaintance with Lord Selkirk [The Selkirk Settlers See Vol. IV *P. E. I. Magazine*] who owned land here and who settled a number of Scottish emigrants on land held by him in the district of Belfast, during the same year—whose descendants still constitute the greater number of the inhabitants of that beautiful and thriving section of our beautiful Island home.

James McLaren bought 266 acres of Selkirk's land on the north side, and fronting on, Brudenell River,—consisting in part of the farms now in possession of William, Walter and John Gordon and Egerton Norton. To wrest a livelihood from the stubborn wilderness was now the task before this little band of settlers. The first movement in this direction,—that of chopping

down the trees of the forest, was labour of which they had no experience, but they set themselves to their unwonted task with strong hearts and all the stubborn determination characteristic of their nationality, and the result was success in the end. Before the first generation had passed away they found themselves in comfortable if not affluent circumstances, and the appearance of the country in this vicinity to-day tells the tale of subsequent years.

Of the family of James McLaren, William died at Brudenell, and his remains rest in the cemetery on the south bank of the river. John with his family removed to the United States about the middle of the last century. He rests under the sod of a western prairie. Donald while absent from the Island on business died and was buried in Ontario. James rests in the cemetery at Murray Harbor North, having passed away at the residence of his grandson, James Graham, at an advanced age. Christina, wife of Donald Gordon, has already been spoken of. Jessie, wife of James Stewart, lies in the cemetery on the south side of Brudenell. Elizabeth accompanied her husband James McFarlane to the United States, died, and lies buried in Wisconsin.

In this short sketch I have confined myself almost exclusively to the history of James McLaren and his family, many of whom of the third and fourth generation have removed to the United States, who with their descendants are now scattered throughout the great union from Maine to California, and some of whom we are happy to have with us here to-day.

Of the other families who composed part of the original colony, or whose names appear on this monument, there are descendants here to-day better able to tell their story than I. Are not the names of Gordon and of Stewart written on every page of British history since the union of the Crowns; and wherever the "white man's burden"

is to be borne is there not a Struan Robertson to do his share of the "day's work?"

To give some faint idea of the disadvantages under which the early settlers laboured in the matter of transit, I may mention that early in the history of our colony at Brudenell a giant pine which stood on the North bank of the river was felled and with patient skill and untiring labour was fashioned into a dugout boat or canoe, in which after being fitted out with oars and homemade flaxen sails, spun, woven and fashioned by the hands of the women of the little colony, the young men made frequent trips to Pictou for necessary supplies, which could be obtained no nearer home. Thus was established our first communication with the mainland; this unwieldy, primitive craft was the first boat on the Georgetown-Pictou route, a humble prototype of our modern iron steamships, the Minto and the Stanley.

Such were the small beginnings from which the present prosperity and greatness of our country originated.

To quote the words of the Quaker Poet :

"I hear the tread of Pioneers,
Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves where soon,
Shall roll a living sea."

So lived, worked, and died, the Pioneers;
the noble men and women, who first opened

this country to the light of civilization. May God keep their memory green.

In the next month's magazine will be given the address delivered by Dr. J. H. Gordon of Quincy, Mass.

There is much matter relating to the history of this section of our Province that should be put on record. I have in contemplation the publication of the history of the early days of New Perth, and expect soon to receive the first of a series of articles on the coming of the Brehaut family to Guernsey Cove, King's Co. These articles will be from the able pen of Mr. James Brehaut, of Roxbury, Mass.

I shall be glad indeed to receive any assistance from people possessing facts concerning the history of New Perth. In many cases seemingly unimportant items lead to the securing of valuable data. All help in this direction will be appreciated and will result in the subject being treated as fully as possible.



The Pioneers.

THEY rest in peace beneath the sod their toiling hands have won;
These fruitful fields, so green and broad, proclaim their work well done;
And we who bear the lighter part shall keep this legend in our heart

Of them whose race is run:—

"The axe, the Bible and the plow, have made our nation mighty now."

—From Webster Rogers' "The Pioneers."

OUR PROMINENT MEN — XII.

Hon. A. A. Macdonald.

By The Editor.

IN presenting this sketch of Hon. A. A. Macdonald, we feel that we can show to our readers no better example of one of that class of Prince Edward Islanders, whose development—keeping pace with the development of the Province—has been such as to merit our admiration for the man himself, and to convince us of the fact (to which, in these days, we should keep our eyes wide open) that the prosperity and advancement of our country depends altogether upon the men whom we place in public positions and entrust with the power of making our laws.

Senator Macdonald is a native of this Island, and has spent all his life here. His grandfather, Andrew Macdonald, emigrated to P. E. Island from Inverness, attracted by the favorable reports of the country, transmitted by kinsmen who had preceded him. He purchased an estate of 10,000 acres, and with a following of about fifty of his countrymen, he sailed for the New Land. He was a keen observer, and possessed, we may presume, those canny traits which usually distinguish Scotchmen in business. He quickly saw that the un-

broken forest left settlers only the waterways to choose as means of transportation. He accordingly purchased Panmure Island, consisting of seven hundred acres of good land, and situated close to Three Rivers (now Georgetown), in a desirable central position for trade. Here he established a general business under the name of Andrew Macdonald & Sons, supplying the wants of the community, and engaging in ship-building and the lumber trade. The place became the centre of trade in that section. The settlers were devout Roman Catholics, and soon they built a church on land given by Mr. Macdonald. When the lands were settled about Three Rivers and roads opened in the country this church was removed to Georgetown. The burying ground that once surrounded the little house of worship, may be seen to this day. A branch of the business was established at Miramichi, and the business assumed large dimensions. But vicissitudes came. Andrew Macdonald and one of his younger sons, on their way to England were captured by an American privateer, and imprisoned for several months. The house at Panmure was

destroyed by fire. But the brave old man imported bricks from England and built the first brick house and stables in that part of our Island. His last years were troubled by a chancery suit arising out of the purchase of his lands. He died in 1833, and his son Hugh continued the suit, which, as chancery suits then had the reputation for doing, at last gobbled up the estate.

Mr. Hugh Macdonald was a man of prominence. As a member of the House of Assembly he represented Georgetown for some years; was high sheriff of the Province; a commissioner of the small debt court and justice of the peace for King's County, and from 1832 until his death, in 1857, he was collector of customs at Georgetown, and held from the Imperial Government the office of Comptroller of Customs and Navigation Laws for Three Rivers.

Senator Macdonald is Hugh's son, and was born at Georgetown on Feb'y. 14, 1829. He received a sound education, partly in the public schools of the country and partly from private teachers. When fifteen years old he became a clerk in the store of a relative, James Macdonald, at Georgetown, and was admitted as a partner of the firm while he was still a youth. The partnership ended by the death of the head of the firm, in 1851, and Mr. Macdonald bought the business and took his two brothers, Archibald J., and Austin C., into partnership, and

the young firm rapidly extended their trade. They became known as ship-builders and exporters, and had extensive interests in the fisheries as well. In 1854 Mr. A. A. Macdonald was elected one of the members for Georgetown to the local House of Assembly. In 1863 he was elected to the Legislative Council by the second district of Kings, and although in the Opposition he was chosen by the Government of the day as one of the representatives for the Island at the historic council held in Charlottetown to arrange terms of union of the Maritime Provinces. This led to the great conference at Quebec when the terms of Confederation were arranged, and at this conference also Mr. Macdonald was a delegate. The terms were not satisfactory to the people of P. E. Island and Mr. Macdonald did not strongly urge their adoption. When, after the establishment of the Dominion, more advantageous terms were offered, he put forth all his influence in their favor, and was instrumental in having them adopted. Meantime he had assumed the duties and responsibilities of government, having, in 1867, accepted a portfolio in Mr. Coles' administration. This position he held also under Mr. Hensley, and later under Mr. Haythorne, and went out with his party on their defeat in 1870. In the same year he sold out his share in his business to his partners and removed with his family to Charlottetown, where he

has since resided. He accepted office under the late Hon. J. C. Pope, and led in the upper house until April, 1872, when the Government resigned. His party was not long in the minority, however, and before the close of the year Mr. Pope was recalled to the premiership, Mr. Macdonald resuming his former office. This position he held until Prince Edward Island entered Confederation, in July, 1873, when he resigned, and accepted the position of provincial postmaster-general, which office was then merged with that of postmaster at Charlottetown, so that he had charge of the mail service of the whole province with immediate responsibility for the important office in the capital. With characteristic energy he entered upon numerous reforms and improvements in the postal service of the Island, being greatly assisted by his intimate knowledge of business and his well-trained executive abilities. In 1881 he received the appointment of assistant post-office inspector for the province, which enabled him still further to improve the mail service. He resigned his place only to accept the honourable and distinguished office of Lieutenant-Governor of his native province. He discharged his duties during his tenure of this high office with tact and dignity which reflected the highest credit upon him. He was called to the Senate of the Dominion on the 11th May, 1891. The above is a long record of public services, but it does not cover the sum of Hon. Mr. Macdonald's useful and active life. In other fields than those of politics he has served the people well and faithfully, and has done much to advance the social and moral well-being of his native province and of the whole Dominion. A most important work was the settlement of the disputes arising out of the great constitutional and economic change by which Prince Edward Island succeeded in the difficult task of abolishing landlordism and establishing that "peasant proprietary," which has been deemed by many high authorities the true solution of the Irish problem. Mr. Macdonald was public trustee under the Land Purchase Act of 1875, by which this question was settled. Several of the proprietors refused to accept the award of the court of commissioners for their titles, and, acting under the authority vested in him by the act, Mr. Macdonald, as trustee, executed conveyances to the Government of about four hundred thousand acres of their land. Mr. Macdonald was one of the earliest advocates of the Prince Edward Island Railway as a provincial work, and was largely instrumental in bringing about the completion of this great improvement in the means of communication. In 1875, on the completion of the Prince Edward Island Railway, differences arose respecting the settlement of accounts between the contractors and the Provincial Government, so that a resort had to be had to arbitration, and

the gentleman chosen to represent the Government and the people was Hon. Mr. Macdonald.

None of our public men has been more occupied "doing his country's work" during a busy life time than Senator Macdonald. His official connection with all matters of importance, used to be considered as tantamount to a knowledge that whatever particular question should have to be looked into by him would be thoroughly investigated, and set right quickly in the most commonsense way. What he conceives to be right that he will do. Above all things, he is consistent, and adheres rigidly to the principles that govern his life. While administering public affairs, he brought these same admirable attributes to bear upon his work and the result is that no public man has ever better served his country or his countrymen.

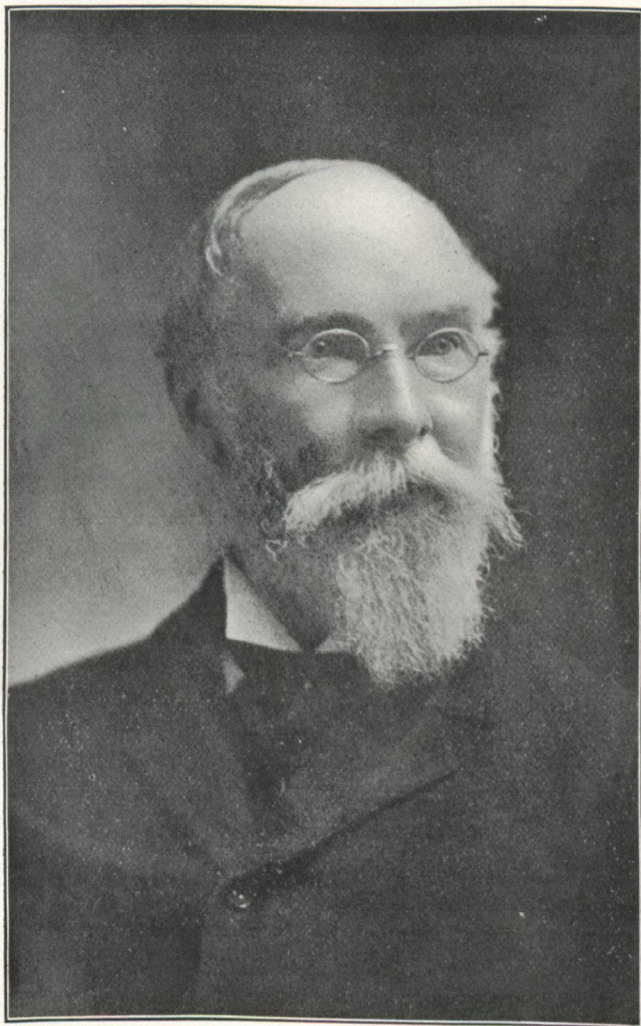
A notable instance of his rigidity in maintaining his principles occurred while he was Lieutenant Governor of this Province. He has always been an earnest advocate of temperance and he had the courage to prohibit the use of wine at the Government House table—a measure which, perhaps, met with the disapproval of that circle of convivial souls who like to be "wined and dined" at the same time, but which was lauded by sincere temperance men.

In religion Senator Macdonald is a Roman Catholic, following his ancestors in that belief. He is typical of

an admirable class of the people who settled in this Island, and whose devout attachment to their religion has been one of the noblest traits of their character. He has all his life been identified with charitable work. For years he has been a worthy and valued member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of Charlottetown, a benevolent society that affords much relief to the poor.

Senator Macdonald is descended from some of the most notable families in Scottish history; hereafter we shall have much interesting matter in this connection to place before our readers. He was married, in 1863, to Miss Elizabeth Owen, daughter of Mr. Thomas Owen, a former postmaster-general of Prince Edward Island; she died in 1901. To them were born four sons: Æneas Adolphe, barrister and attorney of the Supreme Court, and head of the firm of Macdonald & Trainor, Charlottetown; Archibald Percy, who is carrying on a successful business in British Columbia; Reginald Hugh, late manager of the Peoples' Bank at Bathurst, N. B.; and Andrew Douglas, who is at present a clerk with a mercantile firm in Montreal.

Senator Macdonald has, in late years, had to bear two sad losses; his wife, in 1901, a lady widely known and sincerely mourned; and his third son Reginald Hugh, a splendid young fellow, who, at the beginning of a most promising career, succumbed, in August last, after undergoing an



Hon. Andrew Archibald Macdonald
Senator of Canada.

operation for appendicitis at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

This particular writer takes the present opportunity of expressing his appreciation of the help and assistance Senator Macdonald has been ever ready and willing to give to *The Prince Edward Island Magazine*. In the volumes that have gone before this will be found many valuable contributions by him. And these have always been given with that ready sympathy that endears the giver to all who come to know him intimately.

Mr. Macdonald has now reached his 75th year, after a life which we

consider so well-spent that it is with satisfaction we publish this sketch of him, as one of the best examples we can select of our prominent public men. He is honoured and respected by all, nor do the years he has numbered prevent him from doing many things for the public good—about which men less conscientious than he would not trouble themselves.

He is, we are happy to say, still a vigorous man. At present he is occupied with his duties in the Senate of Canada. The portrait we present with this sketch is an excellent likeness of him.



WAR !



PPRIVATE SMITH of the Royals; the veldt and a slate-black sky,
Hillocks of mud, brick-red with blood, and a prayer—half curse—to die.
A lung and a Mauser bullet; pink froth and a choking cry.

Private Smith of the Royals; a torrent of freezing rain;
A hail of frost on a life half lost; despair and a grinding pain,
And the drip-drip-drip of the Heavens to wash out the brand of Cain,

Private Smith of the Royals; self-sounding his funeral knell;
A burning throat that each gasping note scrapes raw like a broken shell.
A thirst like a red-hot iron and a tongue like a patch of Hell.

Private Smith of the Royals; the blush of a dawning day;
The fading mist that the sun has kissed—and over the hills away
The blest Red Cross like an angel in the trail of the men who slay.

But Private Smith of the Royals gazed up at the soft blue sky—
The rose tinged morn like a babe new born and the sweet songed birds on high—
With a fleck of red on his pallid lip and a film of white on his eye.

—Herbert Corbett, in *London Daily Chronicle*.

Pussy Willows.

By John T. Clerkin.

PUSSY WILLOWS — not a serious subject. One more likely to tickle the fancy of childhood than to engage the attention of mature life. But the stiffest old cynic must unbend, if only a little, when the pussy is on the willow. All nature is glad just then. The song sparrow is in the grove coaxing out the shy leaflets with his melody. The junco and his little mate have come to see about their summer holidays. The sun puts on his broadest smile and the spring poet—but I must not disturb the editor.

Did you ever take a pussy willow switch and ask yourself—supposing you had no one else to bother—what these pussies are and what they are for?

In nature no effort is wasted. Everything is for a purpose and when we see something which seems useless, we may be sure that here nature has, for us, a problem to solve.

When the pussies are young we may visit bush after bush and see little difference between them; every-one a little silky tail, half hidden by the brown bract that protected it throughout the winter.

When they have grown robust and may claim the dignified name of catkins—then differences are apparent.

The catkins on one bush will prove to be all of one kind, while a neighboring bush bears catkins of another kind.

The robin with the brilliant breast we easily recognize as being a male, and the less showy companion that sits listening to his song we know to be his mate. This fact is no surprise to us, as we see differences between the sexes throughout all animated nature. But will it not surprise us to learn that the willow with the bright yellow catkins is a male while the one with greenish catkins is a female. What a revelation that on moonlit nights, with eyes unseen by us, the pussy willow beau casts witching glances across the stream to his pussy willow belle.

Now for a few dry botanical facts.

Take a common buttercup blossom—when you can get it. Within the corolla, the bright showy part, we find a number of little organs resembling microscopic cricket bats. These are the stamens. The stamen is made up of two oblong sacs which stand side by side on the end of a thin stalk. In the sacs are formed a vast number of minute bodies called pollen grains—the yellow dust we notice when we handle flowers. Within the ring of stamens is a mass of small bodies

which are all alike. The whole mass is called the pistil and each member a carpel. As the carpels are all alike, any one of them, were it alone, might be regarded as a perfect pistil. Within the carpel a small body is produced which is the beginning of the seed. For the seed to mature, the pollen which is formed in the stamens must find its way to the stigma or sticky part of the carpel. When this is accomplished, through one of the most wonderful processes in nature the ovule is fertilized and a seed is formed.

In the buttercup the flowers produce both stamens and pistils, and every flower can produce seed without the assistance of another. Some plants, such as the pumpkin, bear two kinds of flowers: one with stamens, the other with pistils. Such plants are said to be monœcious. Plants like the willow, in which one plant bears pistillate flowers and another staminate flowers, are diœcious.

One of the most interesting phases in the economy of nature, is the provision made for the bearing of pollen from one flower to another; and writers like Grant Allen, who have raised botany from a science of dried facts to one as enchanting as a fairy tale, have spared no effort in collecting

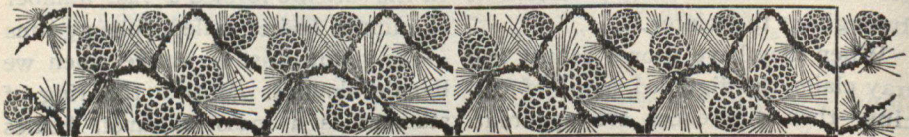
information on this subject and in presenting it in a fascinating manner.

It is only in the meanest flowers, the riffraff of plant society, that self-fertilization occurs. By self-fertilization is meant the fertilizing of the pistil by pollen from the same flower. In botanic aristocracy the pistils are fertilized by pollen from another plant.

The agents of transfer are the wind, and insects of various kinds. The more knowledge is acquired on the subject, the less credit is given the free air of heaven and the more responsibility is laid on the insect world. In fact many plants have their own particular messenger.

When we see the bees gathering honey from the clover blooms we must not imagine that the clover is supplying all the honey and getting nothing in return. The bees are just getting paid for carrying pollen from flower to flower.

In the spring, when we see the dizzy maze of insects about the pussies on the willows, we know they are getting their share of honey for carrying the pollen from the yellow catkins on one bush to the green ones on the other.



EDITORIAL

Notes and Comments, Queries, Reviews, Etc.

OUR leading article this month is written by a man whose position in our community entitles his words to more than ordinary consideration. When one so well qualified to deal with the subject of Our Provincial Finances, draws attention to the seriousness of the situation, the conclusion we must draw is obvious. As regards the gentlemen in whose hands lie the power to bring about a better state of affairs, *we only voice the public opinion in saying that it is impossible to consider them otherwise than lacking in the patriotic qualities expected of legislators so long as they refuse to face the situation.* Therefore, we are forced to believe that self interest is the dominating motive which shapes the policy of most of the members of our local House of Parliament. Their duty clearly is to consider first the welfare of their country, and to strive for its advancement. This cannot be done while the condition described by Mr. Hyndman is permitted to continue; and, in the meantime, our best interests will suffer.

Gentlemen of the House of Assembly, it is time to face this "black beast," which will grow harder to deal with the longer you put off coming to close quarters with it. Our contributor, in the course of his article points out the remedy; *your duty to your country demands its application.*

One point to which Mr. Hyndman called our attention, after the article had been printed, was this: The Davies Government were elected for the purpose of introducing a new Educational Law, and the Assessment

Act was necessitated by that law for its support. Consequently, our contributor claims, when the Assessment Act was repealed, the Education Act should also have been repealed, for the latter was left without means of support.

We have been favored with several criticisms *pro* and *con*, on Mr. Percy Pope's essay, published in the last two issues of this magazine. The fact that readers actually took occasion to give their opinions upon the matter, shows, at least, that there are those among us who "go in" for philosophy. The tenor of much of the criticism, however, was not in favour of the study—and, as the subject is one which but few amongst us are willing to take up, we gladly drop all comment upon it—beyond drawing attention to a rather interesting article in the last number of *The Canadian Magazine*.

This article, or rather review, is by Mr. Arnold Haultain, and is entitled "A Search for an Ideal":—

"The nineteenth century seems to have brought us to the edge of a precipice, and to have left us there gazing wistfully into outer space. That rather smug era led us to believe that we stood on a 'terra firma' whence we might bridge any chasm that presented. It was a scientific century, and—so it seems to us now—rather a myopic one. Given matter and motion; given a collection of atoms and a law of evolution; given so many nebulae or so much meteoric dust, and a few by-laws such as correlation of forces or the conservation of energy—and it constructed you a cosmos. The archetypical thinker of that century was perhaps Herbert Spencer—peace to his 'manes,' he who based a sort of philosophy on a sort of science and summed up the universe in a single,

if a somewhat cumbersome, sentence—a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity through continuous differentiations and integration—a sentence which led an acute philosophical historian [Mr. Goldwin Smith] with a subtle but engaging irony to remark that 'the universe may well have heaved a sigh of relief when, through the cerebation of an eminent thinker, it had been delivered of this account of itself.'

"But things have changed since Spencer's day. Materialism, we begin to think (Ernst Haeckel 'contra'), does not explain everything. . . . We now flounder first among vortex rings, then among ions and electrons. Even "motion and "force" begin to be suspected. If motions are changes in space occurring in periods of time; and if space and time are but modes of thought, it is difficult, in a material world, to know where we stand, So "force" they now tell us, is a figment of the mind, a mental subterfuge by which to explain sequences of phenomena. . . . Witness, too, as evidences of the swing of pendulum of thought, the rise and growth of such tendencies as Spiritualism, Mysticism, Esoteric Buddhism, Telepathy, Theosophy, Christian Science, and what not. Not even Mathematics have escaped. . . . Nor has philosophy gone unscathed. Who talks of philosophy now-a-days? The talk is all of experimental psychology. The political upheaval is patent. Authority has passed slowly but steadily from monarchy to oligarchy; from oligarchy it is passing to polyarchy—to judge from the daily influence of labor-unions. How the many-headed are to come to a decision—the necessary 'prius' of action—that is the present political puzzle. The social revolution is as patent as the political, as the rise of a 'smart set,' restive under aristocratic restraints, proves. And so is the economical, else we should not have had Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal scheme. Yes; things have changed."

All of which seems to indicate that the philosophers do not know where they are themselves—and, in these circumstances, perhaps, we work-a-day mortals can find most comfort by following the advice of Carlyle, when he says: "For there is perennial nobleness in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so mammonish, mean, is in communication with Nature; the real desire to get work

done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth."

In *Scribner's* for April appears a poem by James Jeffrey Roche on the Panama Canal. Not always is the idea so truthfully, as well as poetically stated, as in the few lines we extract:

"Who shall hold that magic key
But the child of destiny,
In whose veins has mingled long
All the best blood of the strong?
He who takes his place by grace
Of no single tribe or race,
But by many a rich request
From the bravest and the best.
Sentinel of duty, here
Must he guard a hemisphere."

For the past three months *Scribner's* pages have been graced by the delightful letters of Mrs. George Bancroft, written from England in 1846. The celebrities mentioned in these letters, together with Mrs. Bancroft's naive remarks and gentle gossip about their customs and doings, make them the most interesting magazine contributions of the hour. A very strong serial "The Undercurrent," by Robert Grant, sustains this magazine's reputation as provider of the best in continued fiction. Chapter IV. of "The War of 1812," even though presented by Captain Mahan, fails to convince loyal Canadian readers that there was any other reason for our success over the American General Hull except that ours were the better men—but really we would like to see this refighting of old battles give place to some more useful and more agreeable literature. Other contributions are varied and interesting, and the typography and illustrations are of the highest class.

One's anger does not rise, as a general rule, when reading the better class of magazines published in the United States, but such a condition is likely to occur if one

were to waste much time in perusing some of those publications that have not yet obtained a place on the highest seat. We do not know if many of our readers ever see the National Magazine—if not they do not miss a great deal. It is "run" by "Joe Chapple," that is how the gentleman calls himself in his advertisement. "Have you heard of Joe Chapple," he says, "the boy that came out of the west" or words to that effect—which convey to our mind that he must be a breezy sort of "original cuss" hailing probably from the windy city of Chicago. Well, Joseph, in a number recently issued gravely stated that Canada must come sooner or later under the wing of Columbia. She is bound to come says he.—But we say: "Not for Joe; oh dear no; if I know it not for Joseph" and advise him to read Captain Mahan's account of the War of 1812, to which we have alluded in the paragraph which precedes this.

We are glad to say that there is very little occasion for feeling disturbed over such ranting—and the tone of the better periodicals is altogether different. Take *Collier's*, for instance, an illustrated weekly which is deservedly a favourite on both sides of the border. Here is an extract copied from its editorial column, such as one would hardly expect to come across, although it is one we like to see, for it creates that kindly feeling which should exist between Canadians and the people of the United States.

"An Englishman was dying. He was a man who had lived much and enjoyed much. He had loved beauty and he had loved his friends and fellow-men. As he lay dying in a foreign land, with a life half-spent, he took his pen with his last strength and wrote first to the person who had been most to him. Then he painfully traced another note, to an acquaintance in America, and his last written words were these: 'Throw your public influence into advising America to co-operate with England in the Far East, to pay and fight her share, and not leave it every time to the poor old lion, who needs a lot of encouragement and prodding in his age.' Working for his country had shortened his life, as he knew it

must when he did the work. To pleading for his country he gave his last small drop of strength. As long as Englishmen keep such spirit, their fears for their old lion's future may well be groundless. 'The people of England,' said DISRAELI, 'are the most enthusiastic in the world. There are others more excitable, but there are none so enthusiastic.' Although it is the English habit, especially just now, to speak of dangers and fear the weakening of age, there have been thus far no indications of decrepitude. If the whelps respond to the lion's roar, so much the better for the lion, but whether the whelps respond or not, the lion has his best and most secure defence, himself. As long as the name of Englishman means a mettle that grows firmer as the attacking fire grows fiercer, each patriot, as he gives his final breath, may know that his beloved land is safe."

Late numbers of *Collier's*, by the way, furnish, in the way of illustrations and reading matter, the best information on the Russo-Japanese war that we have seen.

A correspondent who writes enquiring as to reference books will obtain the volumes required from the J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, who publish such standard reference books as Brewer's, Bartlett's, Allibone's; besides Biographical Dictionaries and works of that kind. As to books of Nature-study, also enquired for, the same publishers list some fine books on birds, notably Abbott's *The Birds About Us*, and also Ridgway's *Manual of North American Birds*. The latter is expensive, \$7.50, but is looked upon as the leading authority on the subject. Doubleday, Page & Company of New York issue a "Nature Library," and, if we mistake not, publish many books bearing on the subject.

It is good to see that Nature-Study is becoming popular. All the leading magazines nowadays devote space to the subject, but as these periodicals do not circulate very extensively in our province, the articles are missed by our interested readers. In the current *Harper's Monthly* is a very fine

article, "Our Insect Commonwealth," by Henry C. McCook, and *Scribner's* has an enjoyable account of "The Camp of the Good Fairy." Best of all the publications as regards natural history, however, is *Forest and Stream*, which will be found advertised in our pages.

We would like to know if any of our readers can give us information regarding a book entitled "Pine Forests and Hackmetac Clearings; or Life, Travel and Adventure in the British American Provinces, by Lieut.-Col. Sleigh, late of Her Majesty's 77th Foot. London: Richard Bentley 1853—pp 408."

This Capt. Sleigh lived in P. E. Island at one time. If we do not mistake he bought the Worell Estate at Morell. He was, we understand, interested in the London Daily Telegraph. He has been variously described as an adventurer, and a man of wealth. Another book which we should like to learn something about, is a volume written by the now celebrated traveller and writer, Isabella Bird Bishop. She visited this province many years ago and stopped a while at the Swabey home at St. Eleanor's. She wrote a book recounting the incidents of her visit—there should be copies of it somewhere—probably some reader of this paragraph may have knowledge of it.

Some time ago a correspondent wrote asking about Tartar Wharf, enquiring as to its situation, and whether or not it was built by the soldiers in garrison. We have not been able to find out the whereabouts of the site of Tartar Wharf, but in early days it seems that the soldiers stationed at Charlottetown assisted the townspeople on occasions when their help was a benefit. Chappell, in his diary, mentions the fact that at the building of the first Church of England on Queen Square the soldiers gave assist-

ance by helping to raise the timbers.

The last issue of New Brunswick's interesting quarterly, *Acadiensis* is more than usually valuable. Of chief moment to us is the article by Jonas Howe on The Royal Emigrants, describing the formation of "His Majesty's Royal Highland Regiment of Emigrants."

"The Royal Emigrant Regiment, consisted of two battalions and was raised in 1775, when war became inevitable. The first battalion was organized by Col. Allan McLean, on the northern frontiers of New York, from discharged men of the 42nd regiment, Fraser's and Montgomery's Highlanders, who had settled in the old colonies at the peace of 1763."

The second battalion was recruited in Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland. The organizing of the battalion was begun in Halifax early in the summer of 1775, and numbered ten companies. Among the officers of the battalion was Capt. John McDonald, the Chief of Glenaladale, (near Tracadie, P. E. I.) who was given a commission as ensign on the formation of the battalion. "Glen a la Del is an ornament to any corps that he goes into," so wrote his superior officer of him.

"A younger brother of the Chieftain of Glenaladale, Lieutenant Donald McDonald also served in the corps. This gentleman accompanied Glenaladale to Prince Edward Island in 1772, and was associated with him in the settlement of their clansmen on that Island. He was killed in an engagement with a French man-of-war."

It is in every way gratifying to find that our Canadian periodicals are making such a show of merit now-a-days. One of the most carefully edited of our publications—a thing to be glad of considering its large circulation and the class it reaches—is the *Farmer's Advocate*. Patriotism; literature; love of nature; good common sense business methods in relation to farm management;

together with an immeasurable store of valuable information, judiciously tempered by a spice of humour here and there in its pages, make of the *Farmer's Advocate* a publication that should be reckoned upon as a factor for the good of the Canadian farmer, and for the good of Canada also. It would be an excellent thing if such a high class paper could be taken in every Canadian home. This paper which has heretofore appeared monthly, is now issued weekly.



Ye who read *The Philistine* and are inoculated with Roycroftism, may be interested to know of *The Knocker* which has been received. It is after the style of *The Philistine*, but, we fear it will never get in line with it in the race for popular favour.



In *Lippincott's* the complete novel furnished each month becomes brighter with each number. It is, as at present constructed, a magazine that is bound to amuse and instruct the average reader, more successfully than any other magazine which makes the complete story a feature of each month.



The great improvements recently made in *The Delineator* have made that magazine, as might only be expected, the favorite of hundreds of thousands of women who a few years ago knew not its name. Without doubt this is the best calculated of all magazines devoted to literature and fashion, for winning the ideal place. It is high-class and educative, too: a cheerful thing to contemplate considering that the field it covers is the one that contains the mothers of the land—those whose influence influences the masters of craft, the makers of destiny, and all the other titles which man that is born of woman, is fond of bestowing upon himself.



There is always a flavour of Bohemianism about *The Criterion* that makes it the subject

of an eager search for something different from the usual in the literary bill of fare presented by the monthly periodicals, and one is generally rewarded. Here, for instance, is the charming manner in which not long ago, was told, by Vance Thompson, the Story of Lourdes:—

‘‘It was February 11, 1858 the joyous day of ‘Feudi-gras’ just before Lent; a little girl of Lourdes went out with her mates to gather wood in the forest. They were very poor, all these folk of whom I speak. The little Bernadette Soubirons was a sickly, small child, who had been put away to nurse with shepherds, and she had grown up in their family, at first a burden, afterwards a wise little barefoot girl, who tended the sheep on the hills. So, like another Jeanne d’Arc, she dreamed and saw visions in the uplands, until, when she was fourteen, her parents called her back from Bartres to Lourdes for her first communion. She was a very ignorant little girl—weak, too, in the lungs and asthmatic—and she knew nothing but the lambs of her flock and the windy hills. The eleventh of February was St. Genevieve’s day, she who is the unsleeping shepherdess of France. Bernadette, with other little girls, went out to gather fagots of wood. They talked in their queer, cryptic Pyrenean ‘patois’ as they went down to the Gave. On the other side of the stream they saw woods that promised helpful armfuls of dead twigs and downfallen branches. The other little girls (Marie, her sister, and Jeanne Abadie, who was fifteen) took off their sabots and waded the river; but Bernadette fell upon her knees and drew the woolen ‘capuche’—or hood, such as they wear in that part of the world—over her eyes. In the grotto across the creek she had seen something, and what it was she knew not. The other girls laughed at her. In a little while she was ashamed of her cowardice. She took off her wooden shoes and stripped down her stockings; then, as her companions had done, she waded across the Gave. It was mid-day. From every steep and from every church in the tangled mountains of the Pyrenees the Angelus was rung—came quivering down into the valley of the Gave de Pau and over the gay hamlet of Lourdes. As Bernadette came out of the water she found herself in front of an old stone grotto, which sank away into unknown underground caves. At her elbow the other girls were collecting dry wood; Bernadette looked up. Framed in the grey stone oval of the grotto she saw a White Lady, marvellously beautiful, and Bernadette knew that this was the Mother of the World’s Salvation; so she knelt and prayed. Now, the White Lady spoke to her, and bade her come each day for fifteen days. And Bernadette obeyed. And the folk

believed that she had seen the White Virgin and followed her and prayed. The priest of the village, a good, honest man, held aloof, for he feared it was hysteria, that inexplicable word with which modern science explains everything. (This poor Abbe Peyramale, now, being dead, he knows more than all the bishops and all the scientists.)

"Come the police and locked her up and 'questioned' her—bullied and coaxed her; came Baron Massey, the prefect of Napoleon III.; came her starving father and mother, who prayed her to 'respect authority'; always the little Bernadette—frail, sickly child—told the same tale of the Virgin's appearance to her, and the shrewdest lawyers could not trap her, nor could Jacomet, the commissary of police—a hard-handed man was Jacomet—intimidate her. So they sent word to the Emperor and let her go.

"That day 20,000 people had assembled, coming down from the hill-country or up from the lowlands. And yet when she went home her parents scolded her; priests came to tell her she was an imposter; the nuns from the school proclaimed her 'shameful carnival in this holy time of Lent.' No one believed; only Bernadette, this fragile, timid, ignorant, quivering child. She went again to the grotto by the Gave, where the White Lady had come to meet her many times. Barren sands stretched up to the rock; it was a waterless desolation. When Bernadette knelt, the White Virgin came to her and said:

"Kneel here and eat of the herb and drink."

"In the stony desert a tuft of grass grew, but there was no water there among the barren rocks above the stream. Bernadette spoke to the White Vision, but what she said no one knows. Then she knelt down and scooped away the clay and flinty sand and a spring bubbled up between her thin fingers. So she ate of the herb and drank of the water and went her way. The multitude waited and prayed. A blind man lifted some of the water in the palm of his hand and wet his eyes with it. Dear Lord, the scales fell away from his eyes and he saw!

"Since twenty thousand people had seen the 'miracle,' it was twenty thousand strong.

"The persecution of prefects, priests and police was at an end. Word came from Napoleon III. that Lourdes should be left free; and, they say, it was the Empress Eugenie who spoke the word. Yonder in the Pyrenees, folk were free to believe in God; and when the White Lady of the Grotto bade Bernadette ask of the priests that a temple might be built for her there, lo! universal Christendom threw gold into the Grotto, and the spring her hands had scooped out of the clay worked miracles, in the name of Our Lady of Lourdes.

"This, in a way, is the history of Lourdes."

The Household Ledger has come rapidly to the front as a desirable monthly for women. The fiction provided is of a high order, and the illustrations profuse and admirable. Its several departments are well edited—"Celebrities of To-day," "In the Realm of Books," "Camera Comment," and the Young Folks Department, are of themselves well worth purchasing the magazine for. In a recent issue is a story by a P. E. Island writer, Lucy Maud Montgomery. Published monthly by *The Household Ledger* Pub. Co., New York. \$1.00 a year.

In a preceding paragraph we mentioned the perplexities of the philosophers. For those who feel the allurements of philosophy, yet have not time to take up the study of the subject extensively, an excellent book, and one pleasantly free from the phrasemaking peculiar to the cult, is *Outlines of Psychology* [McMillan & Co., New York, \$1.00] This book will be found of value to that class of our readers whose duties lie in the imparting of knowledge, for the author's method comprises a most painstaking discussion on mental impressions, and points out the importance of thorough analysis preceding synthesis. An altogether desirable book for beginners who are interested in that sort of thing.

We publish on the opposite page an engraving of a picture representing the great gale of 1851, so graphically described in our issue for September, 1902, by Mr. Jas D. Lawson. The picture was painted by George Thresher in 1851, and exhibited at the Great Exhibition of the World's Industries at New York, 1852, when it received a prize.

The artist was born in England in 1788, and joined the Navy when a lad, shortly after entering the service he was appointed Captain's Clerk.

When on furlough to Paris with a com-



The Great Gale of 1851

[See opposite page

panion war was declared, and a proclamation issued for all British subjects to leave France. They neglected this order, and were held prisoners of war. He obtained an audience with Napoleon, but was refused permission to leave the city. They purchased a load of cabbages from a woman; she piled the cabbages over them, and drove out of Paris and he escaped to America.

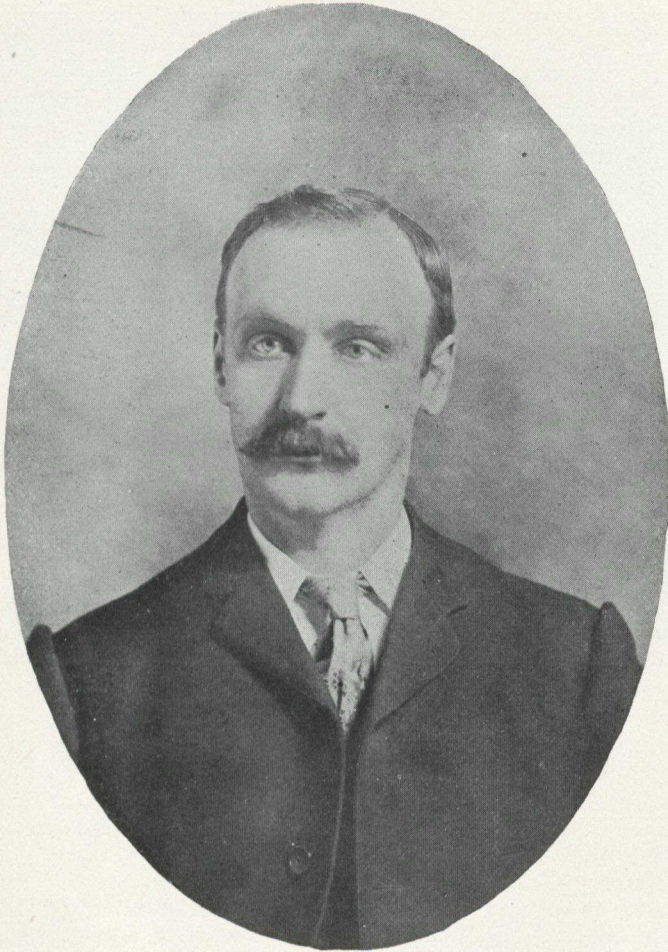
In New York he opened a school of drawing and painting. During the war he painted battle scenes for which he got ready sales.

On one occasion he was banquetted in New York with Sir William Johnston, who was a connection of his. An account of the banquet was published, with his portrait in the New York papers, styling him "Our Eminent Artist, George Thresher." On

this occasion he was presented with a gold seal. He was employed by the corporation of the city to execute the freedoms of the city, with the representations of the victories, etc., which were presented in a gold box to the different commanders [of the war of 1812]—Bainbridge, Hull, Decatur, Jones, Lawrence, Perry, McDonough, Gen. Brown, etc.

He came to this Island in 1832, and held the office of Deputy Colonial Secretary for a number of years. He married a daughter of Dr. J. Wallis Brooks, of New York, and died in Ch'Town, in 1858.

The original painting of which our illustration is a copy, is a very large canvas, and is now in the possession of Mr. A. E. Morrison, Charlottetown, who is a grandson of the artist.



Patrick Rice, Esq.

PATRICK RICE, the subject of this sketch, is one of the best known and most respected teachers in Kings County. His popularity among his brother teachers is evidenced by the fact that on two occasions they elected him presiding officer of the Eastern Teachers' Association. Mr. Rice has been in the ranks for seventeen years, and has taught "the mute inglorious Miltons" of many sections of Eastern P. E. Island. Last summer a report was circulated that he had been seized with a chronic attack of that malady which a few years ago claimed Andrew Carnegie as its victim—the fear of dying rich—and had retired from the profession; but we are happy to say that the attack proved to be only acute, and after a few months of deep contemplation on the greatness of the teachers reward in Heaven, Mr. Rice decided to again enter the ranks, even at the risk of being forever inconvenienced and burdened down by the accumulation of "filthy lucre" that invariably falls to the lot of teachers in this province. Mr. Rice is now monarch of all he surveys in the Shamrock School, No. 103, King's County.

The Educational Outlook

The Official Organ of The Teachers' Association of P. E. Island.

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Articles, books for review, and all communications for the Editors should be addressed to the Editor of THE EDUCATIONAL OUTLOOK, Box 73, Charlottetown.

Subscriptions from teachers, and all business communications should be sent to James Landrigan, Secretary-Treasurer of the Teachers' Association of P. E. I., Charlottetown.

EDITORIAL

Orange Blossoms.

AFTER two months of single blessedness, *The Educational Outlook* has taken to itself a partner, and henceforth it and *The Prince Edward Island Magazine* will hand-in-hand tread the exacting road of journalism.

We feel sure that this union will be appreciated by our readers, and trust that life in the editorial sanctum will be so pleasant that neither of the contracting parties shall ever have recourse to the divorce courts to dissolve the present agreeable combination.

The Prince Edward Island Magazine is entering upon its sixth year, and is the only surviving daughter of many attempts that have been made in Canada towards the publication of a provincial magazine. Provincial magazines have come, provincial magazines have gone, but our own *P. E. I. Magazine* is the only one that has not fallen a victim to one or other of the

ills incident to the first two or three years of journalistic infancy. It has steadily grown in popularity, in size, and in quality of matter, is full of life and vigor, and to-day has a very large circulation in its native province, as well as reaching every quarter of the globe in which is found "the successful Islander abroad."

The Educational Outlook's circulation is therefore greatly extended by this union, and besides reaching the Knights and Ladies of the birchen rod it will find its way into the hands of a large number of parents, ratepayers, and school trustees as well as others outside the modest temples of learning, people whom we are very desirous of interesting in the cause of education.

The policy of *The Outlook* shall be the same in the future as it has been in the past; it will always be on the look-out for everything that will tend to the advancement of education. It will

not descend to party politics, nor soar too high into the realms of fancy or philosophy. Its motto shall be : *Fair play to all men, but to teachers the first seat in the synagogue.*



A Plea for Rural Life.

THE poetry of antiquity placed the home of virtue beneath the thatch and when the gods descended from Olympus they took up their abode near the house of the husbandman. "Happy indeed were the tillers of the soil, did they not know the blessedness of their lot."

It is repeatedly said that there is in this province a growing distaste for country life, even with the country people. At any rate there is an unmistakable drift from the farm to the city, to the manufacturing centres of the United States, to the lumbering woods of the neighboring provinces, to the wide plain of the Northwest, and the gold regions of the frozen north. People in the country are rated as socially beneath the city folks. Farm life is made the subject of cheap ridicule. The farmer is styled a hayseed or a granger. The hardship, privation and isolation of country life is exaggerated, while its lovable and fascinating features are minimized or wholly ignored. The schools, even the rural schools, are accused of educating the young people away from the country.

Teachers, you can do much toward stopping this exodus from our country.

Teach your pupils to highly regard agriculture, the noblest occupation in which man can engage. Lead them, if possible, to love it. Teach them that the slouching, unkempt, unintelligent farmer of yesterday is fast passing away; that the successful farmer of to-morrow is a self-respecting, all-respected, well-taught, wisely-read man of affairs. Teach them the absolute dependency of our province's continued welfare upon the future of agriculture. Teach them that some of the greatest men the world has ever known were farmers, and gloried in it. Teach them the histories of such empires as Rome and of Spain, once world-ruling, which fell because they neglected agriculture and fashioned their farming-forks into spears. Teach them that art, letters and the mechanic crafts would perish utterly if agriculture failed. Teach them that modern farming—brain-conducted farming pays; that in their hearts all Morgans, Rockefellers, Sages, Carnegies, envy the farmer his independence, his digestion, his strength; and that the day is but a short journey forward when agriculture will come into the possession of its own, and the Canadian farmer—clean, incorruptible, master of his profession—will rule.



Training in Oral Expression.

ONE of the most important phases of English training seems to be entirely neglected in the majority of

our schools. We refer to training in oral expression of thought.

The fact of the case is, many people after they have left school have little practice in the written expression of thought. They write from one to perhaps five letters a week, but the clerk behind the counter and the minister in the pulpit, the lawyer before the courts, the politician before the convention, and the physician in the presence of his patient must give expression to thoughts clearly and forcibly, readily in good English. It would seem to us that in every school greater efforts should be made in the training of the pupils in oral expression. In the social world, the ability to express one's self in a pleasant manner will open wide many gates which money or honor or fame will not open. One who has the ability to say the right word at the right time is a person much sought after. This power may be to a very large extent acquired. It is not altogether a gift. Demosthenes at his first appearance in Athens made a most signal failure, but he persevered and finally became the greatest orator the world has ever known. It is not necessary to state that he trained himself for his work as an orator, and although we are not training orators and the function of the schools is not to train orators, still we should give careful attention to this most important branch of English training.



Self-Made Men.

EVERY little while some person who is prominent because of great wealth, but who makes it his proud boast that he "never had an education," is made the subject of an interview by some enterprising newspaper. The man of wealth is usually asked a series of questions somewhat as follows :

"What, in your judgment, are the qualities that make men successful?"

"What is the best rule for a man to adopt who desires to become rich?"

"To what do you attribute your own success?"

Out of the abundance of his wisdom, the rich man answers these questions as seemeth to him best. He is usually quite breezy and bluff in his replies, and he always overflows with wholesome advice to those who wish to grow rich. Invariably he throws a bouquet at the feet of his own personal astuteness by the confident statement that he owes none of his own success to education. In doing this, he leaves the impression upon the readers of the interview that, after all, education does not count for much in the money-making race. He says, in effect, "See what I have done; I had no education," and the emulous youth who drinks in the words of the great man, is apt to carry on the logic thus : "Where is the use of my getting an education? The country is full of rich men who never went to school."

Now the whole truth ought to be made known. It is true that many, possibly a majority of the wealthy men of America are not educated men in the strict sense. Perhaps one reason for this is that a liberal education gives a man higher ideals of life than those of mere money getting. But it is also true that the world's successful business men do have an education which is none the less an education because it was not acquired within the walls of a college. The successful man has the capacity to educate himself as he goes along; where one man does this to advantage, ten thousand fail.

But there is another important fact that should not be lost sight of. Most of the great fortunes of to-day have been amassed under peculiar conditions that are not likely to recur. The past two or three decades have been years of wonderful industrial and commercial development. As states became populous, as hamlets became thriving towns, as towns became cities, business establishments grew in proportion. Little retail shops became great and prosperous concerns, employing thousands of men. Many a man who invested in real estate along in the fifties finds himself a millionaire to-day, merely through the rise in value of his holdings. Others have simply been borne along by a rising tide of prosperity, that was inseparable from the rapid development of the country. How many of the men who

have thus grown rich in the last quarter of a century would be able to repeat their success were they placed at the bottom of the ladder to-day. The truth is, that the attainment of financial success during the next generation will require a very different grade of qualifications from those required during the past generation. Competition will be keener; there will be fewer new fields of industry to exploit; there will be less opportunity for sure gains in speculation. To attain business success in the future will require keener wits and more special training than it has required in the past.

For these reasons it would be a great mistake for any young man to neglect his education because he happens to read of a number of old gentlemen who have managed to grow wealthy without the advantage of special training. The success of the coming generation will be achieved by the men of trained faculties and keen minds, who neglect no advantages that can add to their capabilities. The time for "growing up with the country" has gone by.



Teaching as a Business.

A BUSINESS is an undertaking where the primary object sought is money. Men are merchants, lawyers, dentists, manufacturers, salesmen, bankers, publishers, because they can obtain money by pursuing the occupation each of these has. The merchant

buys cloth with the intention of selling it again at a profit, that is of increasing his money, or of making money, as it is commonly said.

There are men who feel differently as they engage in their daily work; they think of the benefit their work will be to others; of such are preachers, teachers, physicians, and especially parents. That there are preachers, teachers and physicians who put the money results very prominently before them in their work is undoubtedly true, but they are exceptions. The main thought in the mind of the preacher is to upbuild men spiritually, in the teacher to enlarge the pupil mentally, morally and physically, in the physician to set healing processes in operation.

There are six hundred persons engaged in teaching in this province; why are they thus engaged? Some may reply, to get a living; but this is not a satisfactory answer, as any thoughtful person will admit. There are many influences that draw persons into the teaching arena, and it seems to be that by heredity all persons are teachers. The Creator planned that the father should instruct the children. Thus the red men patiently taught their children to make bows and arrows, to trap animals, to lure the fish, to plant corn and to manufacture clothing. So that young men and women having arrived at the age when they choose an occupation feel within the inherited power to teach, and possessing a stock of knowledge

gained in the school, naturally turn to teaching.

They enter upon teaching not for the money there is in it primarily, that in most cases is a latent motive. They have arrived at an age when they must start out for themselves; all is unrevealed and not revealable. Some occupation is absolutely necessary. They have a stock of knowledge; their young manhood and womanhood within them, planned for parentage, impels them to impart, and they begin to teach.

They begin to teach, and find a peculiar pleasure in it; the pleasure arises from the benefit the pupils derive from their instruction, and they continue. After a short time they have need of money and they begin to look at the work they are in from the standpoint of income. Some will see that it is an occupation that yields less money than they desire; and so leave it; some remain in it, and are forever groaning over the small amount received for their work.

But teaching is not a business. If those who are teaching are not in it primarily for the benefit they are giving to others, they are trying to make a business of it and must be disappointed. However, there is a business side to teaching, but it is not its main and important side. Teachers should aim to obtain as good a living as possible from their labor; no matter how much they receive they will never be overpaid. But if they place salary first, the parents will instinctively know

they can be of little value to their children.



Newspapers 2,000 Years Ago.

THE first Roman journal, over 2,000 years ago, appeared only once a year. This paper, intended especially to be read by the public, was known by the title *Annales Maximi*. The editor of this paper was the Pontifex Maximus, whose duty it was to chronicle all the important events of the year. The news was written on white wooden tablets, and attached to the residences of the citizens. It must have been a curious sight to see the old Romans crowding round the tablets to look at the latest news. But the thirst after knowledge and the curiosity of the people grew rapidly, and in such a measure that the government, the only issuer of the journal, found itself obliged to issue a daily. Some of these journals, 2,052 years after, are still in existence.

The name of the journal was *Acta Populi Romani Diurna*, and appeared daily, either on tablets hung out in public, or the contents written with red chalk on the walls of the houses. The contents were simply news: from the want of the necessary material, political articles were not to be had. Nevertheless, according to the view of the Roman Government, it was a true journal and intended as reading matter for the public, which might also be inferred from the fact that the

archives of the state were carved in bronze and inaccessible to the public.

Here is a verbal translation from the oldest journal known, issued 168 years before the birth of Christ:

"Consul Sicinius was the acting judge today.

"There was a heavy thunderstorm, and the lightning split an oak at the foot of the hills of Veli.

"In a hostelry, at the foot of the hills of James, there was a fight in which the landlord was badly wounded.

"Titinius punished some butchers on account of their selling meat which had not been inspected, the money thus paid was used to erect a chapel to the Goddess Laverna.

"The broker Ansidius fled from town today, taking money with him belonging to other people; he was caught, and had to refund the money.

The brigand Demiphone, who was captured by Officer Nerva, has been crucified today.

"The flotilla from Ostia arrived today."

You can see from this that it was in olden times pretty much the same as in our days. Julius Caesar paid special attention to journalism. He saw the necessity of instructing his people in everything occurring in the state; and Suetonius says that "Julius Caesar, as soon as he had entered his public office, caused not only to be written, but also spread among the people, the proceedings of the Senate."

This was the first political paper; and, as it contained news about building, births, deaths, executions, and anecdotes it can be likened very much to our modern papers. It seems incredible, but it can be proved that already in olden times there were

stenographers, who took down the speeches made in the Senate or in public. They were called *notarii*; and we find in Suetonius where Augustus is angry because the stenographers reported the speech of Caesar for Metellus in a very imperfect manner. There must have been reporters, judging from a letter of Cicero to Coelius; also private reporters, who gathered the news and sent them by the *cursus publicus*, an institution similar to our mail, throughout the provinces.



IN our January issue we made some remarks on the importance of cultivating the faculty of attention. Every teacher is aware that if a subject is to be taught effectively the child must be attentive; and nothing in the long run can keep a child's attention fixed but a sense of real interest in the things that you are saying. It is necessary that the pupil feels that the subject claims attention for itself, not that the teacher is claiming attention for the subject. Real attention must always be founded on the facts that

you have something to say which is worth the child's hearing and that you can say it in such a manner that he shall feel it to be worth his hearing. We wish every teacher to carefully peruse the very able article on "Attention and its Relation to School-work," by B. L. Cahill, Vice-Principal of Alberton School, which appears in this issue. Mr. Cahill could not have chosen a more important subject, and he handles it with such ability that his article deserves more than a casual perusal.



Now that interest is centred in the far East we purpose giving in *The Outlook* during the next few months short sketches on the state and progress of Education in those parts of the Orient where the forces of small, progressive and plucky Japan are giving battle to the armies and fleet of vast, unprogressive and overbearing Russia. In this issue we remark on education in China; in our next, Corea shall be reviewed; and the May number shall contain an article on Education in Japan.



Don't worry about your classes. Do your best, your level best. That is all that is required of men or angels.

"Who does the best his circumstance allows.
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more."

Editorial Chat

GET and keep out of the ruts of your profession. Decay begins where a rut is entered.

The Germans have a saying that whatever is to go into the life of a nation must first be put into the schools; that the schools are the source of a nation's prosperity and greatness.

Don't wait for great opportunities. A long, continuous walk will get over more ground than a short run.

Never doubt a child's word lightly or for insufficient reason. Expect and assume that he will tell the truth. Trust him and it will help him. Dr. Arnold won his way to the hearts of the Rugby boys by the simple respect which he showed in accepting their words as true.

The teacher's business is to help the learner to teach himself. Avoid doing the work for the pupil; teach him in such ways as will help him to teach him in such ways as will help him to teach himself; lay out the work for him; supply motives for self exertion; develop power for self-criticism.

Provide employment for the hands of young children and frequent changes of work for them.

Now is the time to teach the geo-

graphy of Russia, Korea, China and Japan.

Do not try to impress too many ideas on the child's mind at once. He may not be able to digest them and as a result he will be seized with dyspepsia of the brain. It is not how much the child learns but how well he is able to to apply it that counts.

The steering of an even course between the Scylla of too great severity and the Charybdis of too little firmness is not an easy thing to do, and teachers should pay strict attention to the compass lest they should strike upon the rocks. 'Leading' not 'driving' should bethe watchword.

Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay. Mean what you say and say what you mean.

"So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world's needs."

The art of being kind is an art that every teacher should study.

You must awake the child's interest if you are to excite the pupil's attention; and if you do not gain the attention your lesson will not be a profitable one. Ability to make the lesson

interesting is one of the greatest qualifications of the teacher. the time pupils will have for its preparation.



Endeavor to make your pupils to a certain extent independent thinkers instead of mere mental sponges.

The need of much punishment means, in nearly all cases, weak handling. If children are troublesome look to yourself first.



Letter-writing is an important part of composition work that should not be neglected in any school. Teach your pupils to write letters of friendship and business letters, promissory notes, receipts, bills of goods, etc.

Always see that the written work is done neatly.



Do not undervalue the benefit of singing in your school. Singing has a very wholesome effect in discipline. Sing more; scold less.

See to the orderly arrangement of everything. Have a place for each pupil to sit, to hang his hat, keep his books, etc.



“The fountain cannot rise higher than its source.” The teacher is the source from which the pupil draws his character.



In assigning lessons you must consider the capabilities of the class, the difficulties of the subject matter, and

The lesson which only gets as far as the ear is like a dinner eaten in a dream.



Hints and Helps

TO PREVENT WHISPERING. **T**ALK with the pupils about the trouble it works—(1) Robbing another of his time. (2) How speaking of important things soon runs into the habit of talking of unimportant. (3) That even a little whispering disturbs those in his neighborhood. (4) How it calls the teacher's attention from his classes. (5) Finally how it interferes with the working order of the entire school. Such a talk is often effective. Try to make it unpopular to whisper. Keep an eye on the noisy ones and give them a separate place to sit, not so much as a punishment as to prevent them from disturbing others. Give extra employment to

those who seem to have time for whispering.

PASSING TO CLASS OR FROM THE ROOM.

Ask the members of the class to rise at a given signal; if any one hesitates or gets up slowly, have all to sit, give signal and rise again. Repeat this in a pleasant way until all rise at the same time. When this is accomplished, agree upon a signal for passing. If pupils pass abruptly or get out of order, try to show them how to pass quietly, then require this in a pleasant manner, until the object is attained. When the pupils persist in crowding and pushing when passing from the room, notice carefully those who do not crowd, mention their names, and say that they may rise and pass out together at the first signal and say that the others need more time because they get so confused and disorderly; for the present they may go last, but as fast as they learn to be orderly and soldier like they may join the ranks.

FIFTEEN NEVERS.

Never scold.
 Never overwork.
 Never be impulsive.
 Never be impatient.
 Never be a growler.
 Never be a schemer.
 Never talk aimlessly.
 Never speak too loud.
 Never fear hard work.
 Never be a caustic critic.

Never make foolish rules.
 Never be a cranky radical.
 Never let a recitation drag.
 Never repeat your questions.
 Never give needless directions.

LESSONS IN OBSERVATION.

Give the following list of questions on Friday afternoon, and on the following Friday the children are supposed to be able to answer them, thus giving them a week of observation. Lessons of this kind will encourage habits of close observation among children. Pupils may be encouraged to frame questions themselves.

(1) How many toes has a hen? (2) What animals chew their cud? (3) What animals have hoofs? (4) How many legs has a fly? (5) What do squirrels live on in winter? How do you know? (6) Name an animal covered with fur and one covered with hair? (7) How many toes has a dog on each foot? (8) Why cannot a hen swim? (9) Why is it easier to climb a maple tree than a beech tree? (10) On which side of a tree does the most moss grow? (11) How many fins has a trout? (12) Which has the smoother tongue, a dog or a cat?

A BLACKBOARD VERSE.

"Speak the truth!
 Speak it boldly, never fear,
 Speak it so that all may hear,
 In the end it shall appear
 Truth is best in age and youth;
 Speak the truth."

Country Life.

THE merchant tempts me with his gold,
 The gold he worships night and day;
 He bids me leave this dreary wold,
 And come into the city gay.
 I will not go; I won't be sold;
 I scorn his pleasures and array;
 I'll rather bear the country's cold,
 Than from its freedom walk away.

What is to me the city's pride?
 The haunt of luxury and pleasure;
 Those fields and hills, this wild brookside,
 To me are better beyond measure.
 'Mid country scenes I'll still abide;
 With country life and country leisure,
 Content, whatever may betide,
 With common good instead of treasure.



Education in China

CHINA, the "Celestial Empire," and have preserved distinct manners and customs. In the lowlands barley and rice are the chief crops and on the plateau tea and many fruits and vegetables are raised. The soil is exceedingly rich, and is cultivated with much care, much of it being worked by hand. China is said to have the greatest coal areas in the world but they are little worked. Iron and copper are also abundant. Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism are the religions practiced. Buddhism, as in Korea, is the religion of the masses, and Confucianism of the educated

in Eastern Asia, for the Chinese annals claim an antiquity from 80,000 to 100,000 years B. C., has an area of 4,218,401 square miles, (being somewhat larger than the United States of America), and a population of over 400,000,000 and contains the greater part of the yellow race. The plateau and desert regions of China are but sparsely populated, but the lowlands of China proper contain nearly one-fourth of all the people in the world. Until very recently the Chinese have lived apart from other nations

classes. Peking, the capital, has a population of over one million.

In Canada the school doors stand open to the poorest boy or girl as freely as to the richest, but in China such privileges are for none but the sons of very rich people, and as for girls, why it is not thought worth while to educate these "blind cows," as they call them, at all. The women are treated little better than slaves. When the Chinese boy is old enough to be sent to school, the first step is to send for a fortune-teller. This wonderful individual, after enquiring the boy's age, and the hour, day and attendant circumstances of his birth, considers it all carefully, and finally decides on a lucky day for him to begin his educational career. When the fortunate day arrives, with head smoothly shaved, hair neatly combed, dressed in his best clothes, and provided with a gift, he presents himself to the teacher. Offering his gift, he reverently bows his head three times to the ground. This means that he pledges himself to obey the teacher's commands. Next he does reverence to, and burns incense before a tablet on which is written the name of the great Chinese sage, Confucius.

In the schoolroom which is generally the central room of the house, little tables with stools are scattered about there and there for the pupils, while a larger table and chair are for the teacher's use. On the pupils' desks are ink-stones and little brushes, which

serve for pens. The teacher's table is supplied with books, pens, ink-stones, and two other quite indispensable articles, a pipe and a bamboo stick, for Chinese teachers thoroughly believe their national maxim, that "To educate without severity shows a teachers' indolence."

Chinese boys are never late for school, for there are no regular hours of opening or closing. Each pupil comes whenever he can, has his own lesson assigned him, and stays as long as he can.

Instead of an alphabet he has to learn the 214 radicals, or root characters which enter into the formation of all the other characters, each of which stands for a word. The characters are written one beneath the other in columns, and commencing on the top of the column meet on the left and so on. The Chinese boy begins his book at the back and reads it through to the front. He learns that there are three great superiors whom he must obey unquestioningly—the Emperor, the parents, and the teacher; that the three great powers are heaven, earth and man; and three great lights, the sun, moon and stars. He is also taught that China is the only great nation on earth, and that all foreigners are to be hated and despised. He is then drilled in the wisdom and saying of the ancient sages, chief of which is Confucius.

After ten or fifteen years of study he goes up for the governmental ex-

amination for the degree of "Sin-tsai," or B. A. As only about one in every hundred passes each year, he is often a long time in getting his degree. But he rarely gives up. A "Sin-tsai" may write for the degree of "Chu-jeu" or M. A., and last of all "Cheng-jeu" or LL. D. He is then considered a very great and wise man indeed to whom his friends show the utmost deference, presenting him with gifts and making great feasts in his honor.

Every nation appears to have a favourite virtue, which it endeavours to impress upon the minds of its children. In China, for twenty centuries past, the great object of moral teaching has been to inculcate reverence for ancestors, devotion to parents and kindness to brothers and sisters. The popular stories of China mostly turn upon family affection. If an orator should wish to move a Chinese audience to tears, he could not do better than relate some affecting instance of filial piety. The most popular book in the schools of China is a collection of over one hundred stories, nearly all of which are narratives of extraordinary devotion to parents or near relatives. An English missionary, Mr. A. E. Moole, has translated a number of these tales into our language, and thus enabled us to know precisely what the moral lesson is which teachers in China most assiduously teach. Many of these stories are obviously incredible, but the moral in them is substantially the same.

One story is this: There was a very naughty boy named Han, whom his mother used very often to whip, but without making him shed a tear. But one day after being flogged, he cried; whereupon his mother asked why he did so.

"Oh, mother," he answered "you used to hurt me when you flogged me, but now I weep because you are not strong enough to hurt me."

Some of the stories are more like truth. There was once a little boy who bore the name which, being translated into English, would be Laudable Highland. When he was six years of age, a gentleman named Ze gave him two oranges, which, instead of eating, he put into his bosom, and bowed his thanks. As he bowed the oranges fell out and rattled along the ground.

"Here's a pretty young visitor, to hide his oranges and carry them off without eating them! What does this mean?"

Then little Laudable knelt down and said:

"My mother is particularly fond of oranges, and I wish to keep them for her." Ze was surprised, and let him go home without further reproof.

There is a curious story of a boy of eight, named Woo Mang, which means Brave and Talkative. He was wonderfully dutiful to his parents, who were so poor that they could not afford mosquito-nettings for their bed. So Woo, early in the evening, used to get into his parents' bed, and let the

mosquitoes bite him without disturbance for an hour or two, and then, when they were filled with his blood, and could bite no more he would get out, and call his parents to go to bed and sleep in peace.

Another story is of a man whose mother had lost her eyesight. For thirty years he took care of her, leading her out on pleasant days into the garden, where he would laugh and sing so gayly that his mother's mind was taken from her sad condition. When, at length, she died, her son almost wasted away from sorrow, and, on recovering his health, bestowed all his tenderness upon his brothers and sisters, his nephews and nieces. He used to say to himself:

"This is the only way in which I can get comfort, in letting my love go forth to those who are left."

The book is filled with such tales as these. Family duty appears to be the religion of the Chinese people. If we may judge from the narratives of Monsieur Huc and other missionaries, Chinese families live together in peace and harmony. Many of the popular sayings and maxims express a very elevated kind of moral feeling. Take these as specimens:

"You may be uncivil to a great man; but mind that you are respectful to a small man."

"If you have money and use it in charity, it won't be lost."

"Use men as you use wood. If an inch is rotten, you must not reject the

whole piece."

"If you have good children, you need not toil to build them houses."

"Think of your own faults when you are awake, and of the faults of others when you are asleep."

"If a man has not committed any deed that wounds his conscience, a knock may come at dead of night and he will not be startled."

"However enraged, don't go to law; however poor, don't steal."

Brotherly love, in fact, is regarded by the Chinese as only less important than filial duty. There is a story of a mandarin, named Soo, before whom some brothers brought a suit about the division of a tract of land. After much litigation, continued at intervals for ten years, the mandarin at last called the brothers before him, and addressed them thus:

"It is difficult to get a brother; it is easy enough to get land. Suppose you gain your fields and lose your brother, how will you feel then?"

Upon this the mandarin wept, and not one of the bystanders could keep back his tears. Instantly the brothers, perceiving their error, bowed low to the magistrate, asked his forgiveness, and, after ten years separation, took up their abode together in the family homestead.

By G. J. McC.



Attention and its Relation to Schoolwork.

THERE has been such an exuberance of public opinion, dilating the financial status of our Island teachers and expressing such a fluctuation of sentiments advanced during the past year, that we deem it appropriate to cast aside that vexatious problem for the moment (still adhering to the opinion that it is the duty of the government to sufficiently augment the teacher's salary until such time as the entire province is blessed with municipal laws) and strive rather to improve our methods of teaching than wage an incessant war for a higher stipend, thereby depreciating our valuation of high ideals and inculcating into the rising generation the belief that their educators "made gold their God."

He who wishes his country to maintain a high position among the nations of the world; he who wishes for the increasing prosperity and improvement of his countrymen, and he who wishes the perpetuity of this glorious example of liberty and self-government will do all in his power to educate the people.

In order that we may discharge the duties of our onerous profession in an efficacious manner, let us therefore, scrutinize, and by so doing simplify, some of the difficulties that confront us in the schoolroom. We think that the best and most exper-

ience teachers will concur with us in the statement, that the method of securing the undivided attention of the pupil at his work is as difficult of completion as it is indispensable in the fulfilment of our duty. We will, therefore, analyze the subject of Attention.

Attention, perhaps, has less claim than almost any other faculty to be regarded as single. It is rather the co-ordinating and controlling force exerted by the mind upon its various powers, so as to bring into strongest action this or that phase of its activity. It narrows our mental work into one channel, and eventually renders it subservient to the will. The mind, having by its aid more or less completely excluded all other objects but the chosen one, directs its whole force upon this. It is, as it were, the means possessed by the mind of focusing itself upon an object! The more the range is narrowed, the greater is the power it possesses of dealing with that which is left.

Attention is necessary to the correct use of all the faculties. It is the very essence of mental work and has often been spoken of as an indispensable element of genius. It affects all sides of the intellect and is one of the very foundations upon which memory is built. It also acts upon the emotional

nature, tending to withdraw us from painful or injurious states of feeling, and to select for us those that are beneficial. So great is its power, that even the intensest bodily pain may not be felt when the mind is strongly directed to other things. It is said that Robert Hall was unconscious of a very painful disease while preaching; and many a soldier is not conscious he is wounded until the excitement cools down, and he is able to direct his mind to other things than fighting. The importance of attention, in fact can hardly be overestimated. No more valuable mental habit can be formed in children, and it behooves the teacher to give earnest heed to this fact in all departments of his work.

The concentration of mind produced by attention, when the result of an effort of will is accompanied by a sense of strain,—suggested by the meaning of the word attention—seems to be the great source of mental fatigue. After an effort of this kind change, in the form of activity, or change of object, affords rest—just as the eye, after being completely fatigued by looking at red, finds rest in regarding green. Now, while continuing the effort long enough to give thorough exercise to the faculty, we should be careful, in the case of children, not to strain their attention. Hence one great reason for variety in teaching, and this variety may be given without humoring the natural volatility of the pupil. It is change of interest, change of

view, change of manner, rather than frequent change of subject, which is needed. Ocular demonstration will soon prove conclusively to the observant teacher, that some children seem naturally to possess a larger share of the faculty of attention than others. Some can, with the greatest ease, transfer their attention from object to object, while others take a long time to change, but possess greater depth of acuteness. The first, as Dr. Carpenter pointed out, need training to greater fixity, the second to more rapid change of direction. Some children give attention easily to some things, and with difficulty to others! Some have their attention apparently absorbed by external things, some by day-dreams to their own thoughts. We think the power of attention may be controlled in two quite different ways: (1) From without, through the interest aroused by external things attracting it, and (2) from within, by the action of the will compelling it. The first acts spontaneously, and is almost the only means of control in the case of small children, the will having as yet hardly the slightest power of government. The second is the result of habit, and of gradual growth. By practice the will gains more and more power over the attention, until at last we can compel the mind to contemplate earnestly, and for a certain length of time, even very pleasant things. This gradual domination of attention by the will is one

of the most important points of education.

In nearly all cases the attention of children may be fixed on things; but with difficulty upon ideas presented merely in words, unless well within their experience, and upon subjects interesting to them. This affords us further reason why we should give little ones plenty to see and handle. It fixes an additional value to "object lessons" and proves how unsuitable is mere *lecture* as an early method of teaching. The fact, too, that young children of the same age are not capable of giving the same degree of attention, ought to lead the teacher to make numerous small modifications in his practice and treatment, without which much good would be lost and mischief result.

A young child's attention, then, is to be secured by engaging his sympathy, by interesting him, by finding him something to do, by rendering the object to which we wish him to give his mind more attractive than his surroundings. To do this effectively often requires all the devices of manner and skill of presentation which the teacher has at his command. It is the necessity for attractiveness which makes brightly-coloured pictures so useful in teaching little ones. For a similar reason elaborate cuts in text books are not only helpful in giving clearness of idea, but also in adding interest.

Attention in the case of very young children cannot be enforced by com-

mands or punishment. This can only take place later on when the will has asserted itself and when the teacher ought to be recognized as Goldsmith described in the lines :

"A man severe he was and stern to view.

I knew him well and very truant too."

A little child's attention cannot be given by mere effort to an uninteresting thing, and it is not to be depended upon. Later on punishment is often used effectively, but it is a dangerous motive to employ in the case of attention. It has been noted that it is the *habit* of attention—the ready conscious direction of the mind by an effort of the will—that we wish to bring about. Now, attention obeys the ordinary law of exercise; each effort makes the next one easier of performance. Hence as the child's age and experience increases, and his will develops, we may exact more and more attention from him; making allowances for necessary defects, but keeping well up to the limits of his power. We have not only to supply opportunities, but frequently to lend our aid with motives, until the child has learned to exercise his attention entirely by his power of self-control. On the other hand we must be on the watch to guard against desultory attention which acts by fits and starts, and we must not be deceived by the listless fixed gaze of the eye when the mind is far away.

We must look also to the child's physical surroundings. Long continuance in one posture; a hot, close room;

a dazzling light; bodily fatigue or want of ease, and many other similar things, all affect attention prejudicially; and their action upon the child should be prevented as far as possible. To try to force attention in the cases of physical fatigue or uneasiness is to produce an injurious nervous prostration.

It is important also to give a child no more than he can accomplish well. The hurried scramble to get over a large amount of work is inimical to that deep

attention which is so valuable! and leads to that partial phase of concentration which ends in superficiality, and in half formed ideas. In no other direction will educational training tell more powerfully or beneficially than in guiding and developing the power of observation, to those disciplined and continuous efforts when the mind is able to exert its whole force within the range prescribed by the will.

B. L. Cahill.



Teachers' Wages and Teachers' Service.

By William McAndrew, Principal Girls' Technical High School, New York

[Reprinted from Journal of Education]

WHEN I was a boy, in a town that prided itself upon excellent schools, teachers were not regarded with respect. When I was a young man in college the graduates who could get positions in any other field than that of teaching were regarded by themselves and the rest of us as singularly able or fortunate. The bright fellows who took up teaching were known, as a matter of course, to be merely using it to boil the pot while they looked about for something worth while. I never met but one really able person who says that he went into teaching with the deliberate intention of making it a life work. He has in my hearing produced such picturesque statements regarding other things that I believe him to be either by inheritance or self-training a fictionist. As we are spoken of, and even as we ourselves speak of ourselves, cannot bring myself to believe otherwise

than that there is a stigma commonly put upon us who are engaged in teaching school. Walter S. Page, who used to edit the *Atlantic Monthly* here in Boston, and who is now the editor of *The World's Work* in New York, investigated the standing of teachers all over the United States. The replies published in his magazine, last February, show that almost all the teachers who replied—and they represented every section of the country—regard the public estimate of school men and women as low.

I do not see how any person who gives this a serious thought can avoid deploring this condition of things. It is not that it matters so much to teachers personally. Their happiness, as mere individuals, is of no more importance than that of any one else. Where it should bother us is in the fact that we feel with all our strength of soul that education is the most vital thing in

all the world, and we have in duty bound ourselves to its advancement to a place of real and sincere honour. Every man and woman in this hall knows that you cannot place and maintain education in such a light, and at the same time have the education furnished by people who are not held in higher regard than the average teacher is held to-day.

The natural and frequent answer that has been proposed to this objection is this: "If your teacher is not sufficiently respected, don't whine about it, but get worthy of respect."

That's just the point. Let us look at it. What are the things that Americans respect? Let us get them.

Shall I say first, ability? The teacher who has real skill; who can teach a subject quickly, accurately, so that real and lasting power will come from it; so that the parent must admit that it is better done than the parent could do it; so that, in fact, the teaching is recognisable as the work of an expert professional, is bound to be respected. But I say to you, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that the American public does not encourage, and does not permit a teacher to acquire respectable ability and skill. The average salary of men teachers in the United States is less than \$322 a year, and the average pay of women is less than \$200 a year. One living on such wages cannot develop skill as an educator, because it cannot be done. How could you do it? By reading books? Where are you going to get books when your income is less than a dollar a day? Even if you could get books, you could not reach an adequate perfection of skill by the study of books. You must come in contact with progressive men who are studying and experimenting. You must, in order to achieve skill in this remarkably complex business of training human minds, subject yourself to a long course of interesting and extensive study. You must keep up with the times by attending inspiring and refreshing summer schools in localities far

distant from your home. The average teacher cannot acquire ability and skill. It is a financial impossibility.

Some say that the teacher is not respected because she allows herself to get narrow, petty and contemptible. Do you think any man or woman gets narrow on purpose? What broadens people? Good literature, good art, good music, good sermons, good theatrical representations, fine scenery, mingling with the world's best people, seeing other lands. How much of that can the teacher get on less than \$270 a year? The scenery costs money. Mingling with the world's best people, however plain-living they may be, costs money. You can't name me any successful occasion of the getting together with the best people that does not demand the expenditure of cash. Take this gathering here tonight. There are thousands of teachers in the United States too poor to spare the time to study if they had the books.

Every once in a while some sanctimonious theoretical hypocrite, deplores the growing tendency of teachers to think of the financial condition of the calling—"It degrades the profession," such a one complains. But it is as necessary that those directing the education of the youth of this country should work for better salaries, as it is that a general going out to war should think of ammunition. We don't want to teach for it. We want to use it to make us teach better. There's no occupation in the world where increase of pay shows more immediate results than in the work of teaching. Even a new gown elevates the grade of the class work. You may laugh at this, but you know the truth of it. American children respect good clothes. That may be wicked, but it's true, and the effect of good clothes upon the teacher herself is so valuable an agent for cheerfulness, confidence, and enthusiasm, that I want them all to have money to dress more than ordinarily well, and with a sufficient variety of costumes to break the horrible monotony it must be to a

teacher and her pupils to see the same clothing in school week after week. These things seem to me actually to concern good teaching. I heard yesterday of a man who lost his position in a business house, and the first thing he did was to go out and buy a fine new suit of clothes. Then he felt so good that he went right away to other houses, and by his appearance, confidence and pleasing address, he secured another good position before night. Under the present system, in most of the schools of the country, with the ease of putting a teacher out of position, \$270 a year is scarcely sufficient to afford the teacher the use of this effective aid for getting a new job. Either the teachers of America will have to be better clothed, or else they should stop teaching everything else and devote their time to trying to break young America of the habit of admiring beauty and fitness of dress.

The whole matter of teachers' pay lacks dignity. The great educational associations find themselves above it. The officials and leading members have been asked to take it up, but they have declined.

This meeting to-night is not under the auspices of the venerable and dignified organization which brought us to Boston. That association has gone on, year after year, delivering itself annually of programmes to teach the teachers how to teach better, but I venture to propose to you that the rank and file of teachers in the United States at this moment need to be put into better physical condition to elevate the work of teaching. A body of intellectual workers, averaging \$270 a year, cannot carry out the theories propounded by the experts of the National Educational Association in Boston this week, and they never can, if you should present to every one of them the volumes of the proceedings of the association from its beginning. The exhausted farming districts of New England will never raise crops as the results of farmers' institutes, until somebody buys fertilizers; the soldiers of the Revolu-

tion at Valley Forge didn't need Baron Steuben's improved military science as much as they wanted shoes to wear and food to eat. That is the position of the educational forces in America. Theory is now a great way ahead of practice. President Eliot says that we have not yet lived up to the ideals proposed two hundred years ago. The National Educational Association, with all its contributions to advance educational processes, is largely engaged in proposing things incapable of realization, because the great mass of the people who must do the work are not in condition to do it. We are planning time tables for trains that haven't coal enough to make the speed. Unless the association looks to this end of the problem, those who are intelligently sincere in their devotion to educational advancement must organise and do it themselves.

It is good, however, to be able to announce that President Eliot, President Harper, President Butler, and other members of the National Association who have realised that the manner of life of a teacher is vital to her manner of teaching, have carried through the executive committee a resolution to investigate the teacher's position in America. They have authorised a committee of seven members to do this and to prepare a report. Hon. Carroll D. Wright, late United States Commissioner of Labor, is to be the chairman. With his skill as a statistician; with his wide knowledge of economic conditions in this country, we may expect splendid help for the teachers now called upon to do the impossible. To ameliorate the condition of teachers now at a disadvantage is, I am told, the object of the Teachers' Federation.

It is a union for the advancement of American education. It declares that the vital point of education is the class-room, and that the one indispensable necessity for every successful class-room is a good teacher, most carefully trained beforehand with expensive instruction, but what is of even more importance, enabled, while engaged in

teaching, to live so well that her study may continue, her spirit be free, her confidence be strengthened, her personality broadened, and her life refreshed. This federation, standing for advancement of education, must, however undignified the action may be called, however selfish it may seem, attack and correct that standing disgrace to the richest country of the world, that average of \$270 a year. There cannot to any sane person who has noticed the increase of the cost of living in America in the past twenty-five years, who has seen the wages for all other service go from 50 per cent. to 200 per cent. higher, be any shadow of a doubt that the teachers of to-day, if they acknowledge any devotion whatever to this most essential of public duties, must band together now and work for such scales of wages as will enable them to render to the schools of America the very best service that can possibly be obtained. The teachers must do this. The fallacy that supply and demand may be permitted to regulate the pay of teachers is ready on the lips of thousands of school trustees to-night. Our answer to it must be frank and honest. American schools are not good enough. We as American teachers, are not good enough. We cannot make them and us good enough on \$270 a year.

Said Henry Irving to the supernumerary who blundered through an unimportant speech, "Here, say your lines like this," and then the great actor showed him how—"Now, will you do that?" "No, Sir Henry, I can't do that—I can't do that on seven shillings a week."

This federation must take hold of its problem as a very vital piece of work and worthy to be ranked among the great reforms of the hour. It is so big and complex as to make it worth your best enthusiasm and highest skill. Get together. Learn wisdom by experience. Expect opposition. Expect in

ternal jealousies—for we teachers are in the kindergarten class of united work as yet,—expect apathy from those whose support you would most naturally look for; and above all keep prominent the larger object of the federation—the elevation of the standard. You must assume the outside view. The public wants to be convinced that they are going to have better schools if they pay you more money. This is the only ground on which you can with dignity ask for it. The complaint that you haven't enough to live on, though it may be true—is a beggar's complaint. The fact is, you haven't enough to teach on; but don't even put it that way. Put it like this: "Public, you ought to have better schools than you have. Come now. Put up for teaching the price you are getting for other expert service; treat teachers as you are treating professionals of a high order, and we'll give you better schools.

"Don't preach to us now in your prosperity the gospel we preached to ourselves in the days of the early struggle: that the teacher must forswear the comforts and the joys of life, and suffer poverty, neglect and disrespect that she may experience the devotion of martyrdom for public service. That may be good for the soul of the teacher, but it's too tough on your children to put them in charge of women whose subsistence is their self-created missionary spirit. Put in charge of your class-rooms your brightest, freshest, manliest men, your handsomest, ablest, most charming women; then encourage them and enable them to say so; to grow more able, more broad-minded, more handsome, more charming, more confident, more enthusiastic, more respected, more anxious to render, not ascetic, resigned, and sorrowing missionary labour, but joyful, grateful, red-blooded service to the glory of this republic. America, you do need better schools;—You are able to get the best in the world, you are entitled to them. Get 'em."

Reproduction Stories For Composition.

These stories should be read carefully by the teacher, and then written from memory by the pupils.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

I KNOW a mother who, like Christ, gave her life for love. When the California gold fever broke out, a man went there, leaving his wife in New England with his boy. As soon as he got on and was successful he was to send for them. It was a long time before he succeeded, but at last he got money enough to send for them. The wife's heart leaped for joy. She took her boy to New York, got on board a Pacific steamer, and sailed away to San Francisco. They had not been long at sea before the cry of "Fire! Fire!" rang through the ship, and rapidly it gained on them. There was a powder magazine on board, and the captain knew the moment the fire reached the powder, every man, woman and child must perish. They got out the life boats, but they were too small. In a minute they were overcrowded. The last one was just pushing away, when the mother pleaded with them to take her boy.

"No," they said, "we have got as many as we can hold." She entreated them so earnestly, that at last they said they would take one more. Do

you think she leaped into that boat and left her boy to die? No! she seized her boy, gave him one last hug, kissed him, and dropped him over into the boat.

"My boy," she said, "if you live to see your father, tell him that I died in your place." That is a faint type of what Christ has done for us."

By Rev. Dwight L. Moody.



A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE

A FEW years ago, in the city of Bagota, a poor boy was accused of some offence against the ruling dictator, and after a hasty trial was sentenced to be shot. His old mother went to the tyrant, and on her bended knees, begged and pleaded for the life of that boy, as only a mother can beg and plead for the life of her child; but it was without avail, and in the pale twilight of the evening before the day fixed for his execution she went to his cell, clasped him in her loving arms, kissed his pale cheeks and bade him farewell. As she went from his presence hope for her with him departed. Mother-like, never despairing, that sorrow-stricken woman went from the prison to the

palace, and again on her bended knee pleaded for the life of her son. She asked if there was not some way she could ransom her child, if there was not something he preferred to the life of her boy. Tried by her importunities and stimulated by his own avarice the tyrant answered: "Bring me his weight in gold and I will pardon him." That old mother went from the palace to the homes of that sleep-

ing city, and the next morning, in the early dawn, at the place of execution, a balance was set up, and the poor boy placed upon the scale upon the one side and the mothers of that renowned city came with their rich necklaces, chains, rings and bracelets, and heaped them upon the other, until the balance tipped and the condemned boy went free.

Col. A. S. Wood.



Do a Little More than is Required of You

WHEN you find a teacher very particular never to be at school ahead of time, or after time, do not be too sure that he is taking an interest in his work, that school work is a pleasure to him or that he is putting forth enough energy to earn his salary. I do not mean that the regular work should be taken up before the time for opening or continued after the time for closing, for punctuality in closing as well as in opening is one of the great objects of the school; but I mean that the teacher who is thoroughly interested in his work will find many things to do the hour before the school opens and the hour or half hour after the school classes. Many teachers have voluntary classes

both before and after school and take a pleasure laboring to further a work in which they are interested. That the school regulations say school shall open and close at certain hours does not mean that it would be an imposition on the teachers should they be required to be in their class rooms some time, even a hour, before the time the pupils are are required to be present. I am of opinion that school-rooms should never be occupied by pupils except when in charge of a teacher, in town as well as in the country, and that it is quite within the power and province of trustees when engaging a teacher to make the necessary stipulations.

By James Landrigan.

Celebrating Birthdays of Noted Men.

A GOOD way to interest the children in those who have made the history of the world, whether in literature, constitutional government or political freedom is to have the pupils prepare a program for a Birthday Exercise. In this way they seem to form a personal acquaintance with the character in question.

In preparing for such exercises let us not fall into the error so frequently committed of imagining that the pupils are only interested in the stories of the infancy and youth of the character under consideration. Watch the play of a number of children and you will observe that all their attempts are to copy the actions of the "grown up." That being the case may we not infer that in the study of the character they would rather know what they were as men and women, than what they were as children. Their achievements on the battle-field of life will be of far more interest and profit to the average pupil than all the mirth-provoking stories of childhood days that you can introduce with your teaching of the subject of study.

In taking up any character, fix upon one point that you want to make most prominent and let all the study of that character point to this. If Washington's Birthday be the one observed, then make Patriotism your

theme. If Dickens, let the reward that comes to perseverance be the objective point. If Edison, teach the lesson of assiduity. If the story of Brant be considered worthy of enjoying the attention of the class, an admirable opportunity is offered of teaching Loyalty. So you may take any one and it will be found that some one feature stands out prominently.

If Patriotism be the theme it will be much more effectually taught by letting the pupils see Wolfe leading his men to the capture of Quebec, or Nelson directing his fleet at Trafalgar, than by any number of stories about the military instincts displayed by these national heroes when they were mere lads. The man in action is what appeals to the average boy, not the child at play.

Of course this would not be suitable for the younger pupils. They cannot understand the principles of great statesmanship nor great generalship; nor should they be expected to. If they take part in the celebration let it be by joining in the singing of some song suitable to the occasion, and learning some of the most prominent facts respecting the life. Let them get the impression that he was great, and that in after life they will be able to learn much more about him.

In the celebration of such days the

whole community should be invited to be present not to see "the children perform." Do not let it be a *show* exercise; let it be one of instruction and inspiration to pupils and people alike. By recitations on the life by the pupils—if an author selections from his works—addresses by competent persons, who can be found in almost any community. Inspiring songs illustrative of the theme ought to be impressed. A day thus spent, would be an educator, not merely to the pupils, but also to the community. The observance of such will direct the thought of the community, inculcate manly

virtue and make for the general improvement of the community. Nor need these subtract from the more direct work of the school. All can be done by directing the employment of what would otherwise be the idle moments of which so many are spent in the most useless folly.

The judicious use of such days will do more to foster a spirit of loyalty and patriotism—to cultivate a love for good literature than scores of lectures and addresses on the abstract subjects. We teach by the abstract rather than the concrete or the twentieth century.

By J. D. Seaman.



School Humor.

A Good Excuse.

SOME boys in an English school were requested to write a short letter to the master. One pupil added a P. S., which ran: "Please excuse bad writin an spellin as I arent taught any better,"

His Ambition.

Uncle—"Well, Tommy, my little man, what are you going to do when you grow up?"

Tommy—"I'm going to grow a beard."

Uncle—"What for?"

Tommy—"So's I won't have so much face to wash."

The Reason Why.

Father—"Why don't you sit down?"

Son—"This morning I asked you how many made a million, and you said: 'Dam

few.' I told the teacher that in arithmetic class to-day, an' that's why I can't sit down."

Elijah's Sacrifice.

A scripture examination was being held in an English school, the lesson being Elijah's offering of a sacrifice on Mount Carmel. As the children looked like good scholars, the Inspector gave them a question, saying, "Now you have told me that Elijah put the bullock on the altar?" "Why did he put water around the altar?" The children looked up amazed except one little boy, who stood up and said, "Please, sir, to make the gravey."

Matrimony.

"What do you think of matrimony?" someone asked Franklin. He replied: "I think as those who deny purgatory; it local-

ly contains either heaven or hell; there is no third place in it."

This reminds us of a priest who asked, when examining a class in the south of Ireland, "What is the sacrament of matrimony?" "It's a state of torment into which souls enter to prepare them for another and better world." "That," said the curate, is purgatory; put her down to the bottom of the class. "Leave her alone," said the parish priest, "for anything you or I know to the contrary, she may be perfectly right."

A Scotch Critic.

An enthusiastic professor had been advocating the advantages of athletic exercises. "The Roman youths," he cried, "used to swim three times across the Tiber before breakfast." The Scotch student smiled, at which the irate professor exclaimed, "Mr. McAllistor, why do you smile? We shall be glad to share your amusement." The canny Scot replied: "I was just thinking, sir, that the Roman youths must have left their clothes on the wrong bank at the end of their swim."

A Cautious Parent.

A Cape Breton school teacher received the following note of caution from the anxious mother of one of her pupils:

"Dear Miss, please do not push Johnny too hard for so much of his branes is intellect that he ought to be held back or he will run to intellect entirely, 'an I do not desire this. So please hold him back so as to keep his intellect from getting bigger than his body and injuring him for life."

The Elephant.

Small Willie, accompanied by his father, was taking in the circus and menagerie.

"Oh, papa," he exclaimed as they stopped in front of the elephant, "look at the big cow with the horns in his mouth eating hay with his tail!"

Protests From Parents.

"Miss Brown—You must stop teach my Lizzie fysical torture, she needs yet readin' an' figers mit sums more as that, if I want her to do jumpin' I kin make her jump." Mrs. Canavously."

"Miss Jones:—My boy tells me that when I trink beer der overcoat vrom my stummack gets to think. Please be so kind and don't intervere in my family affairs." Isaac Schwartz."

A Tired Voice.

The children had written a composition on the giraffe. They were reading them aloud to the class. At length the time came for little Willie to read his. It was as follows:

"The giraffe is a dumb animal and cannot express itself by any sound, because its neck is so long that its voice gets tired on its way to its mouth."

In A Twentieth Century School.

Q.—If a father gave nineteen cents to one of his sons, and six cents to the other, what time would it be?

A.—Why, a quarter to two, of course.

Q.—If a post master went to a menagerie and was eaten up by one of the wild beasts, what would be the hour?

A.—Nothing could be easier. Eight P. M.

Q.—If a guest at a restaurant ordered a lobster and ate it, and another guest did the same, what would be the second guests telephone number?

A.—Absurdly simple, 8-1-2.



Puzzle Department.

I.

TRANSLATE

"Is acer" sed jacto his mas ter at te,
 "Jas passus sum jam," "Notabit"
 anser de.

"Duce visor? Cos wa da lotas uno,
 Anu jus hene etenim an lupa tago."

II.

CHARADE

Close by the equator in old SECOND
 lived a beggar,
 Daily he did ramble through the
 streets,
 Carrying a TOTAL who in accents
 very meek

Would beg for charity from everyone
 he'd meet.

In old Constantinople was this TOT-
 AL educated,

So in Turkish accents he would
 speak,

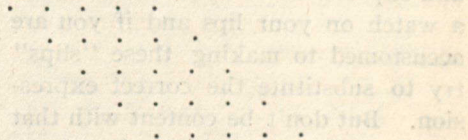
"Give me a sol, give me a FIRST, sir;
 Allah loves the cheerful giver, Allah
 loves the meek."

III.

Whole I am a love feast; behead
 me and I am to look with fixed atten-
 tion; behead and curtail me and I am
 an opening.

IV.

RHOMBOID



ACROSS—; dress; 2, a pause in the
 musical performance of a song; 3, to
 jut into an angle; 4, seed, particularly
 of animals; 5, overgrown with a cer-
 tain coarse grass.

DOWN—; a letter; 2, a coin; 3, the
 name of a genus of insects; 4, misfor-
 tunes; 5, a disease; 6, close, severe,
 or poignant; 7, to unite forever; 8, no
 good; 9, a letter.

Answers to January Puzzles.

- I. The letter H.
- II. (1) Moose Jaw. (2) Chatham.
 (3) Dunmore. (4) Kincardine.
- III. A river.
- IV. Ed-da, Edda.
- V. Tom Moore.

A set of puzzles will be given in this column each month, and at the end of the year five valuable prizes will be given to those who send in the best lists of answers during the year. Answers must be received on or before the last day of the next month. Address all communications to "Puzzle Department," Educational Outlook, Box 73, Charlottetown.

The answers of the March puzzles will be given in the May issue.

Little Language Slips.

A TEACHER in a famous eastern college for women has prepared for the benefit of the students the following list of "words, phrases and expressions to be avoided." Set a watch on your lips and if you are accustomed to making these "slips" try to substitute the correct expression. But don't be content with that alone. Learn why the preferred expression is correct and this of itself will so fix it on your mind that you will soon use it unconsciously.

"Guess" for "suppose" and "think."

"Fix" for "arrange" or "prepare."

"Ride" for "drive" interchangeably.

"Real" as an adverb in expressions such as "real good" for "really good."

"Some" for "somewhat;" "I have not studied any," for "at all."

"Some" ten days for "about ten days."

Not "as" I know for "that" I know.

"Try" an experiment for "make" an experiment.

Singular subjects with contracted plural verb; for example:

"She don't skate well" for "she doesn't skate well."

"Expect" for "suspect."

"First rate" for an adverb.

"Right away" for "immediately."

"Party" for "person."

"Promise" for "assure."

"Posted" for "informed."

Just "as soon" for just "as lief."



Events in Our Educational History.

1821—National schools opened.

1830—First Board of Education appointed.

1836—Central Academy opened.

1836—First official Inspector of Schools appointed.

1838—First Teachers' Association formed.

1852—Free Education Act passed.

1855—St. Dunstan's College opened.

1856—Provincial Normal School opened.

1860—Prince of Wales College established.

1877—Public Schools' Act passed.

1879—Prince of Wales College and Provincial Manual School amalgamated.

1885—Arbor Day established for the schools.

1887—Provincial Teachers' Association founded.

1896—Provincial Teachers' Association incorporated.

1899—Eastern Teachers' Association founded.

1900—New Prince of Wales College opened.

1904—*The Educational Outlook*, the official organ of The Provincial Teachers' Association, established.



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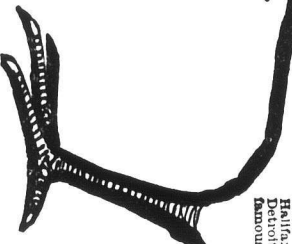
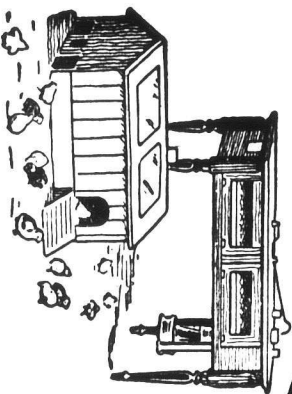
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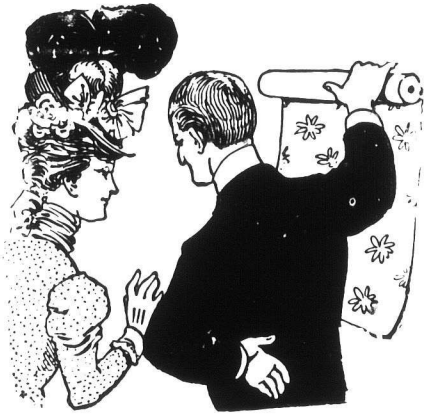
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