

The March

# PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE

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Through Tommy Hawke's  
Telescope

Editorial Comment, etc.

VOL. 4

NO. 1

Subscription 50 Cents a Year

# THE Prince Edward Island Magazine

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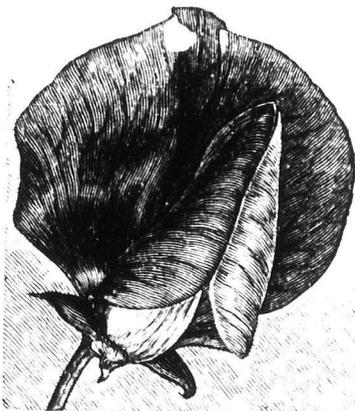
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**T**HE Publisher announces that the present month's issue is the first number of Volume IV and trusts that the success that has attended the Magazine in the first three years of its life, will continue for many years to come. Hereafter the Magazine will be enlarged and improved, and after the first of July, 1902, the Subscription price will be increased to Seventy-five cents a year. All subscriptions paid in before that date will be received at the present rate. The Magazine is not sent to any addresses after the time of subscription has ended.

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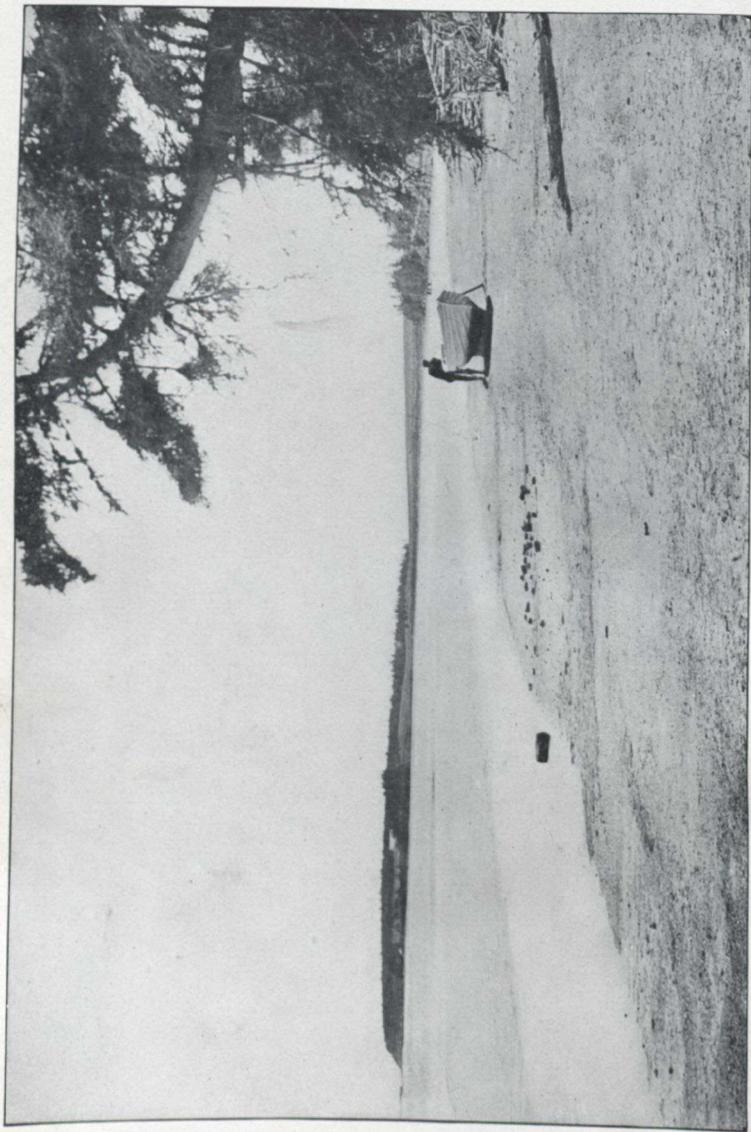
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BY THE SHORE OF BAY FORTUNE

PHOTO BY WM. R. CUMMING

The  
Prince Edward Island  
Magazine

Vol. 4

March, 1902

No. 1

Savage Harbor, Tracadie, East Point, Malpec. .

**I**N several numbers of this magazine, an attempt was made to convey to its readers some idea of the early French settlements on the Island of St. Jean, Port Lajoie, St. Peter's and Trois Rivieres, being the most important centres, were the first to be discussed. Some of the lesser settlements will be considered in this paper.

Between the years 1725 and 1728, we find the first census taken of Savage Harbor. It was known as Cadocpiche, Havre a l'Anguille and Savage Harbor. The number of inhabitants was in all fifty-eight, and they were gathered together, on the woody margin of that North American sea, from localities widely apart. From Acadia came six families, all of them farmers; their names were La Garenne, Blanchard, Chaisson, Deveau, Recaud and Andre. There was one Canadian family, that of La Foretris. Old France sent from Normandy five families—Champagne, Thomas, LeComte, Durel, Tanquerel. From Bayonne came Daguet the carpenter; while St. Malo, that nursery of seamen, speculators and traders, furnished Dumanhil the merchant. With the exception of the Canadian, Foretris, who settled in 1725, all the others came to Savage Harbor in 1728. It is

well known that year after year this settlement grew in prosperity; that the forest lands rapidly disappeared; that its crops of wheat, barley and peas astonished the traveller; that herds of oxen, and flocks of sheep pastured on its meadows and uplands, and that saw and grist mills were turned by streams that fell into the bay. From 1728 down to 1752 its records as a distinct settlement, ever on the increase, appear in the census sheets. It was a community of farmers: and well stocked the farms were with sheep and oxen, and their harvests, judging from their census returns, must have been highly satisfactory.

The East River, in the days we speak of was a commodious highway. Its springs lay well up in the heart of the country, and strong tides swept along its broad bed, almost to its very sources. It was a long silvery strip of navigable water running in a crude parallel with the northern shore of the Island. That shore is broken by frequent indentations, through which the waters of the Gulf pierce far into the land, and form themselves into arms, and broad expansions, which are separated from the East River by a few miles of upland. Already we have seen those inland waters reached by easy portages from two landing points on the East River. We have now to notice a third.

From its position Tracadie could scarcely fail to become an important settlement. When the fertility of the soil, and the abundance of fodder that grew on its marshes, attracted settlers to the northern shore of East River, their clearing operations naturally led up the slope towards the ridge that trended to the north toward the southern waters of Tracadie Harbor. In like manner, the settlers on the western shore of Savage Harbor, would press in a western direction back on the shores of the same gulf. Thus, the expansion of two settlements was certain to people the southern and eastern shores of Tracadie. The

time came many years after this, when the barns and homesteads of a large and populous community of farmers dotted the curving shore of the great river, between the points known to us as French and Scotch Forts. The furrows made by their ploughshares can still be traced through woodlands, which have retaken the positions from which they were driven by the strong arm of the settler, while along the shore, at intervals can be seen fragments of dykes thrown up to shut out the tide from the productive meadow lands. At this period, also, means of communication between the communities which had settled on the margins of those inland seas were devised; and a road starting from the vicinity of French Fort ran athwart the uplands in a straight line to the southern waters of Tracadie, and thence to Savage Harbor, St. Peter's Lake and St. Peter's Harbor.

At the side of the highway which now runs between Charlottetown and St. Peter's, near to Tracadie Postoffice, there is a spring of water, which in the days of Pagan fable, would have been reckoned as a favourite haunt of sylvan nymphs and deities. Limpid and abundant, it bursts forth from darkness into the sunlight, and rushes down the slope to the East River, with none of the infantile weaknesses of a rill, but with the strength and bearing of a full-grown stream. This spring was greatly prized by the French, and the locality came to be a favourite with the Acadian husbandman: the soil was generous, the marsh hay fed his cattle, and the stream turned his grist and saw mills. Soon a church was built, and a flourishing colony sprang up on a site whose attraction, in the beginning had been this solitary woodland spring.

On the shores of Tracadie harbor the settlers in 1728 were few. Four Acadian farmers with their wives and children, numbering in all twenty souls, were the first to invade the solitudes that reigned there. Their names

were Francis Boudrot, Michael Bourg, Charles Bourg and John Belliveau. The precise locality where rose the cabins of these pioneers, can in our days be matter only for conjecture. It is known that the western shore of the Bay proved the most attractive to the settler, and that the track from French Fort through the district of the Grand Source to Savage Harbor and St. Peter's, skirted its southern reaches. It may likewise be inferred that the early settlers would choose a position, whence communications with the neighbouring settlements could be most easily maintained. Such a position would be at the southern extremity, where the bay terminates in a pointed sheet of water, known as Millcove, into which a stream called Millcove Brook empties itself. These names are but English reproductions of the old French names, that still clung to the locality, when they, who had imparted them, had been driven far away. The emigrants who succeeded the Acadian farmers, borrowed their nomenclature of the localities, and in their Celtic tongues the brook was still the Mill Brook, and the site of the old French mill a landmark in the landscape. The western coastline of Tracadie Harbor is cut into somewhat equal portions by Winter River in its confluence with the waters of the Bay. The tract of country lying to the north of the estuary became in the course of time thickly settled, and near to the mouth of the harbor, where at the present day the eye wanders over herbless sand-duns, the cattle of the Acadian settler browsed in fields of rich clover. For the French farmers, copying the devices in use, on the fertile meadows of Grand Pre, built up strong embankments to check the inroads of the sea, and thus came to have pasture fields, where we have sand.

About three miles south from where the promontory of East Point looks down on the waters of the Gulf, seething amid far-spreading reefs, a narrow entrance nearly choked

with sand leads into an irregularly shaped basin known to the French as Tranche Montagne, and marked on our maps as South Lake. In this lonely spot, surrounded by the sand, the surf and a trackless wilderness, three French fishermen with their families had fixed their abode. Their nearest neighbors were the settlers at St. Peter's Harbor, and to reach these, East Point had to be doubled, and the perils of a voyage along the northern shore encountered, or an arduous journey undertaken through tangled forests intersected with streams and marshes. In spite of such drawbacks, however, we find in 1719, a Canadian named Mathew Turin settled at Tranche Montagne. In 1720 he was joined by two hardy Bretons, Joseph DuRocher and Nicholas Girard. The census roll of 1728 supplies some hints of the condition of these fishermen, after eight years sojourn on that remote and isolated shore. Each of them possessed two shallops. Mathew Turin employed seven men and kept two domestic servants. DuRocher had four assistant sailors and one servant. The total number of inhabitants was twenty, and the quantity of cod fish caught and cured was beyond thirteen hundred quintals. Notwithstanding all this however, in seasons of great severity, Tranche Montagne became untenable, and the inhabitants had to withdraw within reach of supplies, which could not be conveyed to their remote homes.

I have already spoken of Malpec as the principal village of the Indian tribes. The country around that spacious harbor was all their own till 1728, when three farmers from Acadia with their wives and families, built new homes for themselves among the white and red cedar trees, which grew to the south of the bay. Peter Arsenaud with his wife and six children; Charles Arsenaud with his wife and one child, and John Lambert his wife and four children—in all seventeen souls—formed at this period

the advance corps of French colonization in a western direction.

\* JOHN CAVEN.

---

### An Easter Lily.

**A**T the altar of Christ he knelt in prayer  
A ragged urchin with tangled hair,  
Begrimed with the dust of the city street,  
Tattered and torn, with bare brown feet;  
In his mud-stained hand a lily pale  
For the Christ 'yond the Eucharistic veil.  
He laid it close to the altar stone,  
With a smile for the King on His humble throne.  
Then back to the city streets he strayed,  
And the world knew naught of the prayer he  
prayed.

A pale white lily 'mid countless flowers,  
The purest bud in this world of ours,  
It lay there wrapt in a voiceless prayer,  
Blest by the Risen Lord fore'er;  
Nestling close to the Cross-crowned stone,  
Singing a pæan for Him alone,  
It breathed out its life in a fragrant tide,  
At the nail-pierced feet of the Crucified.

MAY CARROLL

## Captain Bernier.

**H**E walked into the office smiling genially on all present and with hat in hand introduced himself to the crowd. "My name is Bernier—somet'ings have I wit' de nort' pole to do."

We looked in surprise, for arctic explorers are not met with every day, and the gallant captain continued: "I am here to place before de public mineself and t'inks me I will interest dem in my plans. My card, gentlemen. You will see I haff lef' out de Scotsman who is s'posed to sit on top. He is a Canadian dis time." The card bore a picture of the North Pole, protected by a white bear and being attacked by a beaver.

"Why you look at me, young man? you t'ink I can stan' some col' weather yet an' eat t'ree meals one day? Wait till somet'ings to you I show you. Look!" and opening his vest Captain Bernier showed a chest which would have done credit to a molasses puncheon and a power of expansion equalled by nothing short of a football. "See me, my muscle hard as iron, not'ings de matter with me. Fife foot seven an' weigh two hundred pounds. Fifty years old an' sound as nuts. You look at my card an' you see big bear means Russia, birds are Germany an' America, but de little beaver working quiet will get dere first. People look at me an' say 'why did Nansen not to de nort' pole get?' an' I say Nansen made one big mistake, he got marry 'fore he left. But Nansen talk wit' me an' we agree to w'at way de best. He ti'nks my plan all right and I haf been study dis t'ing twenty-tree year. Know of w'at I talk, a little. You like my card? I give you one apiece each for both of you."

"So Captain, you are bound to find the pole?"

"Sure—sure! Won't you come mit me an' cool off?"

I know I can fin' de pole and a man mus' feel confident before he make other people believe him. My success so far has been goot. I am before de people of Canada an' I am expose to public opinion. My plans I make known an' de interest in dem is great. In my life—fifty years old am I—I have commanded fifty-two vessels an' was a captain at seventeen. Here is my photograph.

“Will I take wit' me one newspaper man? Yes, I say, I will take one newspaper man but all de newspapers mus' choose de one man. Den I shall not be bothered for newspaper men are jealous an' p'haps no one wit' me will come. But if one does come to de nort' pole he will get cold feet p'rhap, likely, may be.” “Do I haf' much trouble answering questions? Yes, de ladies—Oh! dey are awful—dey say: “Captain is it cold at de pole? Is dere much ice? And w'at does de pole look like?” I haf not seen de pole. I know not w'at like it looks. I haf hear dat it is cold an' I tink a pushing ice company could lay in a stock. I have not cut much ice around de pole but some day soon will I do it.”

In appearance the captain is a typical seaman, in manner he is a gentleman and in his project he exhibits a knowledge of detail only secured by long study and experience. He explained his plans for the proposed voyage in a manner which showed him to be thoroughly well acquainted with his subject, and after expressing his thanks for the attention given him and in anticipation of future kindness covered the shiny part of his head with a peaked cap and went out to repeat his story to someone else.

G.



## Opportunity.

**A**N angel entered the door of day,  
 In the glimmering east afar,  
 When earth was glad, for a fair young dawn  
 Was paling the morning star.  
 The angel smiled on the waking land,  
 And he held a blessing in either hand.

A stranger passed o'er the land at noon,  
 When the sun was hot in the sky;  
 None marked the angel's smiling face,  
 But, hurrying, passed him by.  
 In the toil of the day the world saw not  
 The blessings the radiant stranger brought.

The angel went out the door of day,  
 The beautiful gate of the west:  
 Did the earth hear the words that were sadly said  
 By the unknown, heavenly Guest?  
 "My brother will come with the dawn" said he;  
 "Oh give him a welcome, ye gave none to me."

ETHEL MAY CROSSLEY.

---

 Will there be War in the Orient?\*

**S**LAV and Jap. Are these two nations going to fight their way out of the troubles that block their intercourse to-day? Consider the factors operating for and against a war.

Even in this age when the Fear of War is something that the most fearless mind must take cognizance of—when

\* To be followed in next month's issue by an article on the Anglo-Japanese agreement.

the most capable and courageous generals, the bravest troops and the elaborate equipments of armies are at any moment liable to be overmatched by the element of chance; by an advantage of geographical position, or by local knowledge of the scene of operations rendering the apparently weaker force of the enemy equal, or superior to, a stronger aggressor. More than ever before do men consider the seriousness of war. It is so uncertain; it is such a merciless monster; its outcome is so altogether beyond human comprehension, that it is only in the case of nations whose relative strengths are ridiculously out of proportion that war is entered upon by the stronger without misgiving; and only when such are adversaries can a guess be made as to the result of engaging in hostilities.

Even in such case there is certain to be much sorrow, woeful loss of life, much waste of money and bitter resulting misery.

It is manifestly the policy of nations not to go to war—unless they are certain of the result or unless it cannot be avoided.

Can Russia be certain of the outcome of a war with Japan?

In the last fifty years the advance of Russia in the Far East has been such as to read like a romance. The methods by which she has arrived at her present prominent position have been the same as have always been used by the Muscovites. Not altogether unnoticed, but with as little pomp and display, and as quietly as possible, the old familiar game of conquest has been going on. This game is a tradition with the Russians. Their eyes are set towards the sea. Theirs is a great nation but it has no seaports that an enemy cannot bind in fetters. Their dream is to have outlets to the sea through great sea cities of their own. In their visions they see Russia becoming greater still—with free communication with the world's seas. Their ambition for their

mighty country will some day be accomplished. But will they rest then?

Perhaps. In any case they shall have reached the completion of the first chapter of their dream of conquest. Will they go on from triumph to further triumph?

Those who have been the instruments in carrying out the policy of Russia comprise noblemen, generals, officials, even the common soldiers of the empire—the drilled peasants who compose the vast armies of the Czar. All of these are inspired with a common devotion to "Holy Russia,"—they are singular in their zeal to forward the national scheme. Steadily, in spite of almost insurmountable obstacles; notwithstanding discouraging rebuffs; in the face of all opposition, the march of Russian armies made a highway across the continent of Asia. When that march ended Russia was in the occupation of Manchuria. In the wake of their warlike advance followed closely that uncompromising introducer of civilization, the railway. The Trans-Siberian Railway spells its name along a line of steel that stretches from Saint Petersburg to Vladivostock. And all along that line the Russian flag is waving; the Russian bugle wakes Russian soldiers in the morning; Russian priests celebrate their religion; Russian schools are at work; Russian merchants and Russian banks are established and are directing the destinies of the country. And this repays the Russians for all the hardships they have undergone; the perils overcome, and battles won. They have starved, have died, have offered up themselves willingly for the sake of their national tradition. They are a patient, tireless race—the Slavs. If they are foiled in one direction they, ant-like, set about discovering some other way of accomplishing their aim. They work quietly but they hesitate not to employ cunning and cruelty and deception. They bring great things to pass without any blatant boasting to the rest of the world. When confronted as she has been on several

previous occasions in the march to the sea Russia has given way with a dog-like submission, but generally holding something in her teeth. She cast longing eyes once on Constantinople. England warned her off. She plodded toward the Persian Gulf and again was headed back. She undertook—more elaborately—the scheme of crossing Asia, and with the determination to succeed. This time she reached the sea for which she longed. A smaller nation appeared to block her way. This time the Russian bear growled and Japan had to give way.

It was just after Japan had concluded peace with China, when Japan had been ceded Port Arthur, Taheinhwan and the Liao-Tung peninsula. Japan had fairly won. But with Japan possessing Chinese territory, and occupying a position that checked further Russian encroachments the great march to the sea would be more futile. Russia, politely, but very firmly, told Japan: "you shall not have it." There was probably an understanding between Russia and China. Russia would have been ungrateful not to have come to China's assistance. Japan was practically without a friend when one was needed. England made no sign, and jingoes who thought they knew all about international politics shed crocodile tears because the mistress of the seas did not interfere. Japan had to give way and lose the fruits of victory.

Is it any wonder that the Japanese have now to consider what their fate may be if Russia is unchecked in China. All except the diplomats and highest statesmen have begun to consider the question of war. It is manifestly impossible for Japan to hope for national growth under the shadow of the Russian flag. It is not likely that Russia will again be turned back after this, her last and greatest effort, which has succeeded beyond all others in giving her an ocean for her warships and a continent for trade. Brought to bay we may believe the Russians will fight. And at this juncture England enters upon the stage as Japan's friend.

## The Wreck of the Laurentian—Concluded

“THE supper table laden with such edibles as the forest and the early cultivation of the land then afforded was attacked by me in a truly ravenous fashion. My dormitory—in rustic parlance ‘the loft’—consisted of the entire space under the roof. Ascending to it by means of a rundle ladder, I followed one of the lads whom they called Lem, who introduced me to my bed—a rough ‘shake-down’ in one of the corners. Though both hard and untidy the footsore and weary traveller appreciated it highly.

“However, sleep went further and further from my eyes, for I became most inordinately exercised. The reason was this: Overhearing the family as they conversed in whispers, utter the word ‘stranger,’ I inferred that I was the subject of their conversation. So I crept cautiously to a chink in the floor and noticed that they were in deep conversation as if secretly plotting some villainy. And hearing remarks which to me had an ominous significance, I fairly panted with fright.

“When listening in my childhood days with such intense interest to romances concerning western desperadoes, as shudders of horror passed over me, I then little thought that in after years I myself would be the subject of a true story of even more blood-curdling character.

“In all my ramblings, however, over the broad American continent, I had never thus far encountered any of those ruffians; but speaking candidly the sensational stories would frequently intrude themselves on my mind and engross much greater attention than the innumerable acts of kindness of which I had been the recipient.

“As I lay listening to the monsters, as I thought compassing my death, one of them remarked, “If it is done at

all it must done at once, for you require to be well on the road before daybreak.'

" 'Fred, is the butcher knife sharp?' the young man's father asked.

" 'No,' the son returned.

" 'Well, take it to the stone and grind it carefully—bring it to as good an edge as you can, then hone it well,' the father ordered.

" Having done as enjoined, Fred assured his father that it was sharp enough for anything then. The cold perspiration now began to roll in large drops off my forehead as such horrifying thoughts as these coursed through my brain: Are the blood-thirsty creatures really going to take my life without provocation? for evidently they are preparing for something atrocious with that cool deliberation that bespeaks nefarious monsters; and who more likely than myself to be the victim of their atrocity? What can tempt them to perpetrate so diabolical an outrage? Surely not my threadbare clothes and ramshackle satchel!

" Then I crept back to the apology for a bed, awaiting with knife and revolver the prospective deadly encounter.

" 'Fred, are you sure the knife's sharp?' his father again earnestly asked.

" 'Sharp's a razor,' the son replied.

" 'I hope you'll do better work this time,' his father continued, 'for the last was simply horrid.'

" 'It was my first attempt at the like,' the lad excusing himself whispered, 'and I felt awful nervous. He kicked too like a steer,' he proceeded, further excusing himself, and finished with the assuring words, 'but I'll do this like an old hand at the business.'

" 'You will so,' muttered Lem, 'you'll do wonders this time,—you will. At any rate if I hadn't helped you before he'd've got off cock sure.'

" 'When'll we begin, sir?' inquired Fred.

“The father looking daggers at his son said with up-raised hand, ‘whist! you’ll waken him up!’ nodding to the loft. I saw him from the same old chink in the floor, being too nervous to remain in bed. Then, whispering, he answered with firmness, ‘go to work at once. He’ll require to be cold before you start.’

“‘We’ll want something to cover the beggar up,’ humorously advised Jack, another of the lads.

“‘Throw a bag over him,’ his mother directed, ‘but p’r’aps one bag won’t be enough, she thoughtfully added.

“‘A bag won’t be long enough,’ Will broke in.

“‘Take two,’ another suggested. ‘Then throw a rug over the whole.’

“‘Do you think the Doctor will buy him?’ queried the mother, looking at Fred.

“‘O yes.’ responded the lad with a satisfied smile. ‘He bought the last and said when I fetched another he would be sure to take him if his neck wasn’t too gashed and bloody like old Dickie’s was.’

“Lying trembling I fully believed that my last moment was at hand, and was persuaded those creatures occupied their time largely in procuring diseased human bodies for medical experts. I was the more confirmed in this opinion, too, when I reflected on the lonely place in which they lived, for here I was convinced they could prosecute their wicked calling without let or hindrance.

“‘What a pity, thought I, gasping, that I had walked so fast, for on entering I must have looked like death itself. But I hadn’t eaten like a dying man, I reasoned, and that the heartless monsters knew full well—that is to say if they set any value on their eatables.

“Then nerving myself for the struggle I said to myself that it was eminently proper to kill rather than be killed, so I made up my mind there and then to slay right and left rather than be slain.

“The boy, Will, then nervously grasped the butcher knife and seizing the lantern that his mother had just trimmed, he moved towards the ladder which led to the loft.

“I fancy I still hear my heart beating the irregular stroke and imagine I yet feel it bounding like a play ball!

“After pausing a moment in moody silence, Will whispered, ‘Fred, are you ready?’

“‘I am,’ moaned the latter donning a sou’wester.

“They went out together. ‘Where is the attack to be made from?’ I asked myself, nervously panting. ‘Is it from the window in the gable?’ The suspense was almost intolerable. I don’t know how I stood it. A minute seemed an hour.

“After some thirty or forty minutes I heard a footfall approaching the house. Presently the door opened and Fred, entering, threw down a woolfel on the floor, saying, ‘mother isn’t it beautiful?’

“Imagine my pleasant surprise when I discovered that a sheep had been the intended victim instead of an ass!”

As Bradley finished his story, a person walking rapidly was heard nearing the house. Were poor Jack alive, thought the Captain pensively I would say positively that is his step.

Everyone present noticed his mournful look. Answering the knock which was sharp and vigorous, the host in very deed ushered in the popular lad supposed to be drowned. The joy of the officers knew no bounds. It was simply indescribable. His appearance to them was like life from the dead. His story was substantially as follows:—

When the ship struck bottom, which was in the early dawn before the landsmen were up, the shock which threw him overboard, threw a stage for landing goods also overboard, to one end of which there were ropes attached for keeping it fast to the bulwarks when in use. He grasped one of these and held on to it like grim death. Not a per-

son aboard the ship saw him on account of the watchfulness they had to observe in order to preserve their own lives. Now on the stage, now off it; now under it, now above it; now almost touching the shore, now taken out vigorously again by the undertow—and all the while carried rapidly up the coast—he eventually got to shore in an exhausted state. A party of Boers—wreckers—finding him prostrate a little above the tidewash, picked his pockets, but having a little humanity left, carried him afterwards to the nearest house.

After refreshment and repose he reported himself at the scene of the disaster.

As soon as Jack got through with his thrilling tale, Squire Melrose leering at Bradley, said with a shrug of his shoulders, "Eh, mon, you're beat."

In the early eighties I learned that Jack as Captain Edmonds was sailing his own new ship, The Daisy, out of Glasgow, where he has also a palatial residence graced by a chaste wife, and children giving promise of great usefulness.

JAMES D. LAWSON.

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## Charlottetown Past and Present

**I**N continuation of my remarks on Queen Square, or, as it was called in those days, Market Square, I must not pass over the jolly fairs that were held there every Fall, generally early in October. It was quite a gala day in the town; the people came in from all the surrounding country and made the place very much alive. The square would be dotted all over with tents (something like our soldiers' tents), having gay streamers of various colors flying from a pole in the centre, and which gave to the

square a very gay appearance. Inside those tents there was always something wonderful or enticing to draw the money out of the people's pockets. It was altogether a very exciting time, full of fun and jollity, amid the neighing of horses, bellowing of cattle, squawking of poultry, blowing of horns, ringing of bells, and music of different kinds; which, if not quite so melodious as our present day bands, certainly made a great deal more noise and created far more fun. Yet amid it all the best and kindest of feelings prevailed, everyone seeming to be bent on having a good, jolly time and helping others to do so also. Even with us youngsters it was a great occasion. I remember, for weeks beforehand we would be saving up our pennies for that day so as to have the pleasure of buying good things and having a right, all-round good holiday.

I dare say many people will hardly credit it, when I say, that although there were plenty of licensed taverns, as they were then called, there was much less public drunkenness than now, under Scott Act or so-called Prohibition. Perhaps the reason for this was that the liquor was unadulterated, and was very much cheaper than it is now; and as people could get it whenever they liked the desire for excess was much diminished. I think myself that human nature is so constituted that the more you try to restrain or forbid it having anything the more eager and determined it is to have it. (*vide* Adam and Eve.)

I believe that the surest way to have the rising generation temperate depends principally on the teachings of judicious mothers and Sunday School teachers.

To return to the subject of fairs or exhibitions. Does it not seem strange that at the present day, with a larger population and much greater advantages, we can only have a show once in every two or three years? I am afraid

there is a screw (a big one) loose somewhere—and echo answers “where”?

Situated also on Queen Square was the old Court House. It was a square building, of moderate size, with wings north and south. The court room was not a large one, but was nicely upholstered in crimson. It had a gallery running around three sides, provided, I suppose, for the rougher element. Occasionally it was used for other purposes. I quite well remember attending a very swell bazaar held by the Kirk people; it was a grand affair and was largely patronized by the elite of the town and many others. I can especially call to mind the elaborate and tempting cake tables, to us youngsters they were things of beauty and joy, but not forever. I think the Court House was sometimes used for grand public balls, but as I was too young to be in society I do not know much about it. At a later day this building became our Post Office, and it was, I believe, in the room at the end that our first telegraph office was situated. It was under the management of a Mr Gisborne, and I remember standing by in awe, and wonderingly watching the first messages coming through; which were received on a long narrow slip of paper resembling a broad white tape with all kinds of dots over it.

This room afterwards was occupied by the policemen and the old court room was used as the police court. Away up at the top of the building there was a large room which was used by the band for many years. Finally, to make the place for our present Market House, the old building was removed to Euston Street, nearly opposite Long Bros. tannery, and was made into a double tenement dwelling house, where it still remains an evidence of old times. When I come to think of it, how strange it seems that in the Charlottetown of the past, when the town was full of sailors and soldiers,—and I dare say there

were many unruly people—we had no police, and very little use for them. It was very rarely that there was any disturbance of the peace, or serious crimes committed; and the laws of the land were much better kept than they are kept now—notwithstanding the march of progress, (so-called.)

And now another thing of great importance that was strictly followed up in our early days was the careful manner in which children were brought up; such a thing as young respectable girls or boys either to be seen on our streets after nightfall was very rare and I think it would be well for the morals of our present day young people, if this old time example were followed more strictly.

Indeed when one considers the way the laws of justice (or rather injustice) have been administered on the Island this winter, any unprejudiced person would be very much of the opinion that we are decidedly progressing the wrong way in this respect, when the guilty are acquitted and *vice versa*.

Of course, in some few things, there has been progression, though nothing like what there ought to have been considering the age of our city. In one thing we certainly have improved and that is in the lighting of our houses and streets. I well remember how awfully dark our streets were at night in the old days, except when we had moonlight. People going out at night generally carried lanthorns, especially in the spring and fall, when it was hardly safe to venture without them for fear of getting stuck fast in the mud, which would be at times a foot or more deep; so we have reason to be thankful for well-lighted streets anyway. Looking back I cannot imagine how we ever endured the way our houses were lighted,—tallow or wax candles, being the principal illuminants, though there was a smoky kind of oil sometimes used which was simply horrible. Then came a fluid some-

thing like benzine, which gave a cleaner light but was very dangerous. Then followed the gas which gave us good satisfaction. What an excitement it caused? My father's house was one of the first that had gas light all through it, and the night it was lighted we held quite a levee of wondering sight-seers. Now we have the electric light. Now a word about our schools of that day, Well! it was not so easy to get an education, for people had to pay pretty high it, and of course the poorer class suffered in this respect. The schools were mostly private, the first public institution was what was called the Central Academy, afterwards it was named the Prince of Wales College, and here also the initiation fee was high. For free schools we have to thank the Hons. George Coles and Edward Whelan whose memory should be held in abiding remembrance by the people of this Island as being the noblest and most philanthropic statesmen that ever sat in its houses of Parliament. I think with many others that it is showing the greatest ingratitude that our people have not long ere this erected a suitable monument to the lasting memory of such grand men. In those days members did not get into parliament as easily as they do now; it was a hard and fierce fight between the parties and an election day at that time cannot easily be forgotten.

J. E. W.

*To be continued*



## The City of Charlottetown

**T**HE City of Charlottetown was incorporated in the year 1855, and on the 7th of August of that year the first municipal election took place. From Haszard's Gazette, of the 8th August 1855, I clip the paragraph below :—

“ Yesterday, Tuesday 7th August, will be a memorable day in the history of Charlottetown, and will, we cannot suffer ourselves for a moment to doubt, be the commencement of an era of increased prosperity to the new city. As much will depend on the line of conduct adopted by the municipality and as the future will be in a great degree influenced by the measures they originate, so we trust that nothing will be decided on without the utmost deliberation and caution. The law invests the Mayor and Common Council with very extensive powers and it will be their duty to use these powers with discretion, so as best to promote the happiness and welfare of those who have this day by their suffrages raised them to their honorable stations. It is not our intention to make any remarks on the qualifications of those elected: any such criticism would be unfair because premature. They are all untried men and have been the chosen of the respective constituencies from a knowledge of their private worth and the honesty and integrity of their characters. Their year of probation is before them, and they will doubtless be anxious so to perform their respective duties, that at the anniversary of the day they may be able to give a good account of their stewardship. The quietness, moderation and good order which has attended the first election of Mayor and Councilmen in the City of Charlottetown is a favorable omen and augurs well. The following are successful candidates :

MAYOR—Robert Hutchinson, Esq.

### COMMON COUNCILMEN.

#### WARDS.

- No. 1.—Robert Longworth and Benjamin Davies, Esqrs.  
No. 2.—John C. McDonald and Donald Macisaac, Esqrs.  
No. 3.—Artemas Simms and Silas Barnard, Esqrs.  
No. 4.—Thomas Dodd and David Stewart, Esqrs.  
No. 5.—Thomas Pethick and Richard Hertz, Esqrs.

### RETURN FOR COUNCILMEN.

Ward No. 1.—Davis, 120; Longworth, 85; O'Neal 67.

- Ward No. 2.—McDonald, 75; McIsaac, 67; Rankin, 62.  
 Ward No. 3.—Barnard, 66; Simms, 64; Percival, 25.  
 Ward No. 4.—Stewart, 124; Dodd, 105; Beer, 76; Lobban, 89.  
 Ward No. 5.—Hartz, 71; Pethick, 69; Smith 38."

On the 15th of the same month the editor of the Gazette noted the first meeting and made the following sensible comments :—

"The City Council met for the first time in the Colonial Building in the room appropriated to holding the superior Court of Judicature. His Worship the Mayor informed the Council that John Lawson, Esq., Barrister-at-Law had been elected Recorder, had been presented to His Excellency the Lieut. Governor and was approved of and that he had been duly sworn faithfully to discharge the duties of his office by His Excellency. That Mr. W. B. Wellner had been appointed Clerk and had given the requisite security and been sworn into office and that Mr. Michael O'Hara had been appointed City Marshal and had likewise given security and taken the oaths prescribed by Law. Some necessary preliminary business was then dispatched and several committees appointed and the Council was adjourned until Friday next. There was some little business done in the Mayor's Court but of no particular interest.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The Corporation of Charlottetown is now in action, and much will depend upon the spirit in which the first set of municipal officers commence proceedings. In all changes of Government, whether municipal or otherwise, most men are apt to expect too much from those intrusted with power, while on the other hand, a dread of being considered as extravagant and wasteful, has the effect of introducing in the latter a niggardliness, which is the reverse of good policy and sound economy. In public as in private expenditure, a liberal method of doing business, is ever the cheapest in the end. The attempt to get the best articles for less than they are worth, is always attended with loss and mortification. When Contractors are cut down to the lowest penny, it is their interest to slight their work, and those who are called in to judge of the efficiency of what has been performed, cannot help keeping an eye to the rate of remuneration, and are induced to pass work that has been improperly or inefficiently done, upon the maxim, that it is as good as can be afforded for the price. Hence it is, that public work is often slighted, executed so as to please the eye and insure to those concerned, the payment of the job, which is the principal thing looked to; when, after the lapse of a few

years, the action of time develops the original defects of the work, and causes a double expenditure—the taking down of what has been erected—often a very expensive process—and the rebuilding at a greater cost than could have first accomplished the edifice, in a much better style. We need not go out of Charlottetown to be convinced of this fact. What we would recommend to the municipal authorities is, that when public works are determined upon—and they should not be undertaken except after full consideration of their utility and necessity—they be erected and finished in the most substantial and scientific style. Every member should recollect, that though he is mortal, the Corporation; of which he is a part, is destined to immortality; and that the work, ordered by the Corporation, should be in accordance with this difference, so that, though the original founders have mouldered in the dust the monuments of their good government and prudent administration will proudly rear their heads, and serve as an example to their successors, of the wisdom and propriety of erecting their edifices on solid foundations, and of imperishable material.

Since the incorporation of the city the following gentlemen have occupied the position of Mayor ;—

Hon Robert Hutchinson, 1855 to 1857

Hon T. H. Haviland, 1857 to 1867

Theophilus DesBrisay, 1867 to 1872

Neil Rankin, 1872 to 1875,

Theophilus DesBrisay, 1875 to 1877

J. S. Carvell, 1877 to 1878

W. E. Dawson, 1878 to 1882

D. K. M. Hooper, 1882 to 1884

Henry Beer, 1885 to 1886

\*Hon T. H. Haviland, 1886, to 1893

W. E. Dawson, 1893 to 1897

James Warburton, M. D, 1897 to date.

Among those who have occupied seats at the Council Board, since the first council was elected have been :—

J W Morrison, W Duchemin, J C Binns, A H Yates, Thos Alley, Wm Heard, George Beer, Theophilus Des-

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\*Son of the second Mayor.

Brisay, James Morris, James Reddin, R H F Smith, Charles Bell, John Brecken, John Scott, James Anderson, W E Dawson, Wm Boyle, J H Gates, Mark Butcher, Alex Brown, A Mitchell, J B Pollard, D Laird, D R M Hooper, James Peake, A McNeill, James Reddin, S Mutch, James Currie, Wm Murphy, Neil Rankin, F McCarron, James H Fletcher, Arch Kennedy, Artemas Lord, W D Stewart, H B Smith, Thomas Morris, John Quirk, C F Harris, F D Beer, G Chas Hoopor, G W Millner, James Byrne, Edward Davy, S W Crabbe, W Koughan, W W Stumbles, jr John Beer, Alex Horne, David Lawson. Benj Hooper, John Ings, Patrick Blake, L L Beer, T L Chappelle, T A McLean, Paul Lea, H C Douse, S McRae, W Ladnor, J P Tanton, John Kelly, James Curtis, Horace Haszard, Angus A McLean, David Small, Henry Davison, James Eden, T Z Taylor, Philip Large, Geo E Hughes, M P Hogan, C E Robertson, W D McKay, D L Hooper, L P Tanton, Robert Fennell, Donald Nicholson, H D Johnson, Charles Lyons, Geo Wheatley, Angus MacDonald, J F Whear, P S Brown, Henry Balls, F F Kelly.

The above list includes all the gentlemen who have served in the various city councils from the incorporation of the city up to the 12th of February last when the returns of the municipal election resulted in the return of the following, who compose the present board :—

Mayor—James Warburton, M. D.

Ward 1.— Charles Lyons.

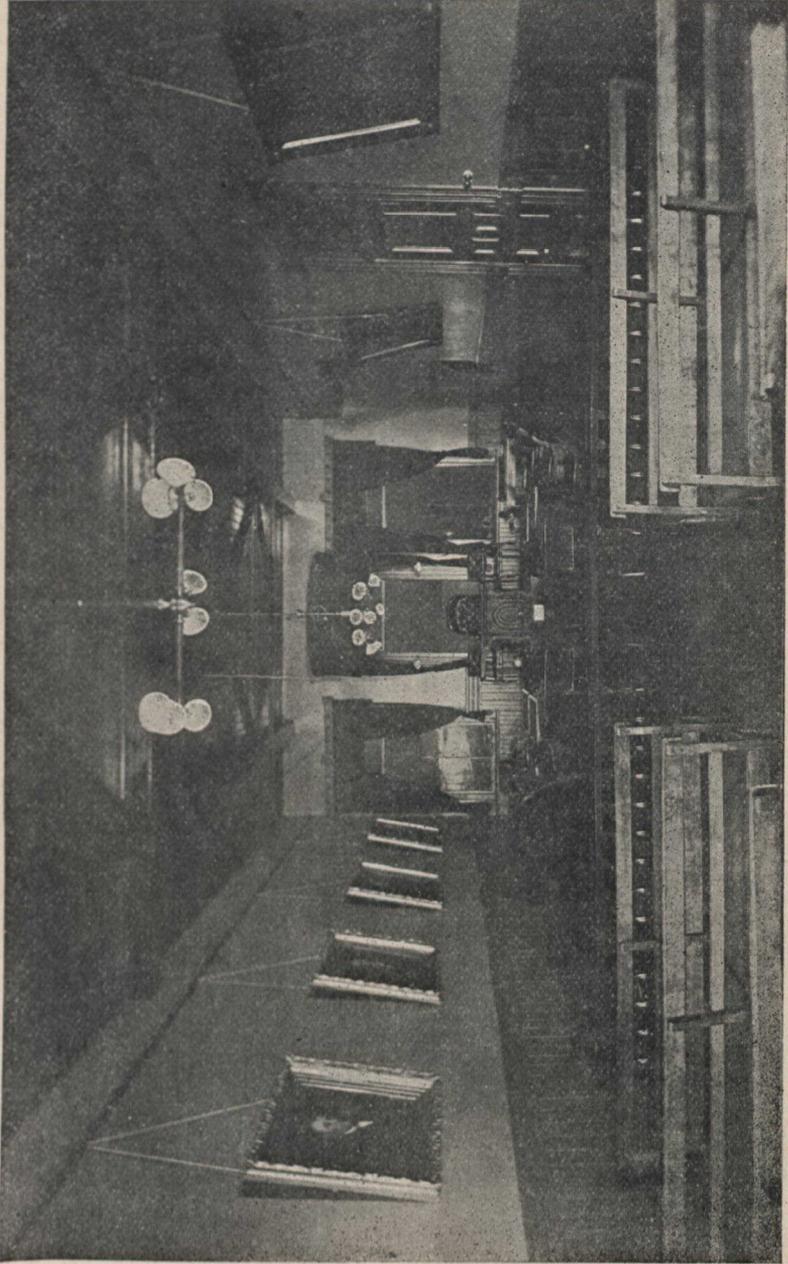
“ 2.—Richard Grant.

“ 3.—W. W. Clarke.

“ 4.—D. Stewart, S. C. Moore.

“ 5.—James Paton, D. L. Hooper, J. F. Whear.

From the year of incorporation until the year 1877, when Mayor Carvell undertook the work of placing the city records and business in regular order, there were no city reports issued and we have to depend upon the minute



THE COUNCIL CHAMBER, CITY OF CHARLOTTETOWN

books and other records. But from these sources and from the newspapers covering the period in question we are enabled to present some sort of account of the work accomplished by the early city fathers.

Before incorporation the duties now performed by officials of the city government were carried out by persons appointed by the provincial authorities. There were regulations governing the town pumps and wells; statute labor was the means depended on for keeping the streets in condition; there was a bread assize to determine the weight of bread; the enforcement of law in the case of breaches of the peace was left in the hands of constables, and culprits when arrested were tried before Justices of the Peace. Street lighting was accomplished by means of oil lamps and the task of keeping these lamps bright and burning was a matter that generally fell to the care of the citizen near whose dwelling place the lamp was situated. For extinguishing fires every citizen was expected to keep on hand a number of fire buckets—and even yet the old leather buckets specially devised for this particular use may be found among the relics of the past in old houses. Particular stress was placed upon the maintenance of this bucket supply and upon the keeping of the pumps and wells in proper working order,—for the citizens had good reason to dread fires breaking out among their wooden houses.

Another regulation rigorously enforced after every snowstorm, was the breaking of the streets; it used to snow in those days in a manner to which we of late years are unused.

All these arrangements for the law and order of Charlottetown gave way to the new regulations which were passed when incorporation took place. We find in our indispensable fyle of Haszard's Gazette, of the date of September 1, 1855, this paragraph :—

“ The City Council are busy with the bye-laws. The removal of

the Flour & Meal Market from the old Court House to the corner of Great George and Richmond Streets, has been determined on, and part of the building occupied as an Engine House, has been fitted up for that purpose. It is intended also, to adopt some rules and regulations with respect to the old Market House, by way of reducing the now promiscuous assemblage of carts, trucks, tables &c., into something like order. The old Court House is to be fitted up for a Council Chamber, Mayor's and Police Court, Police Office, Lockup House, &c. There seems every desire on the part of the Corporation, to render the city worthy of self-government with which it has been endowed. They are determined to proceed cautiously, and with strict economy.

Evidently there was need of someone to look after the affairs of the city, judging from this advertisement which was published on the 19th of September 1855 :—

“The Mayor of the City of Charlottetown, in pursuance of a Resolution of the City Council to that effect, hereby cautions all persons from dealing or trafficking in the sale or purchase of any part of the Common of Charlottetown, and from erecting or placing any kind of buildings upon the same, it being the intention of the Corporation to take all legal measures that may be necessary for putting the City in possession of its rights and privileges in respect to the said Common.

ROBERT HUTCHINSON, Mayor.

City of Charlottetown, Sept. 13, 1855.

*(To be continued)*

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## A Famous Lawsuit

SOME sixty years ago a very peculiar lawsuit came before the court at Rustico. For the amusement of the readers of THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE, I give an account of the trial and the facts relating to the case.

An Englishman named Theobald came to live in Rustico, and purchased a farm at the Capes. He was what is called a gentleman farmer, and he looked with a large contempt on his humble neighbours and their ways of

doing things. He proposed to revolutionize the state of affairs if he died in the attempt.

Theobald began his work in a very praiseworthy and sensible manner by importing a first-class bull from England. This animal was a fine specimen of his race and breed, and was the admiration of all who saw him. But, like many men and animals, he had his faults—he was a thoroughly vicious brute. After a while, however, his owner was able to handle him by exercising much caution; but he was a terror to the neighbours. And no wonder, for the sight of anyone except his owner seemed to inspire the animal with uncontrollable rage.

But the more the bull was dreaded and abused by the neighbors, the more he became as the apple of his owner's eye. Theobald declared that the smell of stinking fish that clung to them wherever they went was enough to drive any man or animal mad.

So much as an introduction to one of the parties to the case. The other requires but little description. He was a simple-minded Frenchman named LeMaub, who with his boat and crew was following his usual occupation of fishing about three miles off the Cape on a fine summer day.

The wind was south-west, and increased in strength until about noon it blew quite a violent gale. Under these conditions, they decided to run in under the shelter of the Cape, clean the fish they had caught and partake of their noonday meal. This was a very simple and by no means unusual proceeding on their part.

As they neared the Cape, they noticed Theobald's bull tethered not far from the edge of the cliff, and at his usual diversion of roaring and scraping the turf with his fore-feet. LeMaub and his merry Frenchmen simply bellowed in return, and amused themselves making sarcastic remarks upon Theobald and his bull.

The cliff being very high and almost perpendicular at

that part, and the water bold to the rock wall, as they drew close to the land they lost sight of the bull, and in the confusion of mooring their boat the animal passed completely from their thoughts.

Having fastened their craft to the rock they began preparing a simple meal with easy conscience and merry hearts. Alas for the uncertainty of all human happiness ! Without the slightest warning, in an instant the merry jest and ready laugh were changed to lamentations of pain and wails of woe ! Like a thunderbolt from the blue, came Theobald's bull head first into the boat, smashing it into splinters, and seriously injuring some of the occupants. The mad animal broke his neck in the fall; while LeMaub and his men lamented over their bruises and the destruction of their property. They felt a grim satisfaction, however, in the fact that the cause of their loss had ended his obnoxious career.

As far as the Frenchmen were concerned the matter would have ended there and then, and in a short time they would have been cracking their jokes and laughing over the incident as merry as ever. Not so with Theobald; his was a different nature. He had worshipped the dead brute with as much sincerity and devotion as did ever an Assyrian of old the sacred bull.

When Theobald heard of the accident, which he soon did, his rage was beyond all reason. It was nothing to him that LeMaub's boat was destroyed, and that the poor man and his comrades were suffering from bruises and wounds. He cursed their race, breed and generation in language that to poor LeMaub and his crew was simply incomprehensible.

It must not be supposed however that the Frenchmen listened to this tirade of abuse in silence. Indeed, as there were five tongues to one, they returned it with interest many times compounded, in language just as incomprehen-

sible to Theobald, but it added to the fierceness of his rage. The result of this wordy encounter was that Theobald threatened to prosecute LeMaub and his crew for mooring their craft to his land, and causing the death of his famous bull. They, in turn, declared they would sue him for allowing his bull to attack them, destroy their property, and injure their persons. And both parties carried their intentions into practice without delay.

Justice was dispensed in those days by three magistrates and a clerk, who were appointed by the Crown and remunerated by the fees exacted. The magistrates received one shilling sterling for each oath administered, and three shillings for a judgment. The clerk had a monopoly of the proceeds of summonses and subpoenas.

Theobald sued for the price of the bull; LeMaub for the value of his boat and fish, besides damages for personal injuries. On the day appointed the parties appeared, surrounded by a cloud of witnesses. Each had to plead his own cause, no counsel being allowed, which perhaps was an unmixed blessing.

The Englishman stated his case, giving the history and pedigree of the bull and telling the price he paid. He asserted that the animal was useful in the neighborhood in improving the stock; that the bull was all right if left alone; that the Frenchmen began teasing him until at length the poor brute became furious at sight of them, and that he could smell them a mile away; and finally that the animal's death was caused by LeMaub mooring his boat immediately under his nose.

Before going any further the court asked LeMaub what he had to say about the matter. He commenced by stating that on the day in question he was following his usual occupation of fishing on the high seas; that for certain reasons he sailed to the shelter of the Cape; that he fastened his boat there; that he and others had frequently done so

before; that he had a legal right to do so; that the proprietor of the land did not own the sea; that he never saw the bull until he saw him in his boat with neck broken; that he did not care if Theobald owned twenty bulls so long as they were kept from jumping into his boat; and that if the Englishman and his bull did not like the smell of the fish and Frenchmen, Theobald could go somewhere else to live.

And now the revenue-producing part of the business began, and the magistrates began to take a lively interest in the case. The more numerous the witnesses, the more money for them; and no matter how many took the oath, there was still a demand for further evidence. So persistent was one of the magistrates indeed in his search for the truth, that he was ever afterwards referred to as "Old More Evidence."

The court was adjourned from day to day to hear the testimony of the scores of witnesses. Men swore to what they saw, what they heard, what they said, what they believed and what they smelled—even what a man's wife's cousin had been told by a peddler was admissible.

At length came the end; there was no response to the demand for more evidence. The court adjourned for an hour and ordered refreshments from the bar kept in another part of the building used as a courthouse.

When the court resumed its functions the magistrates' faces were grave, as befitted men in whom was vested the majesty of the law. Their judgment however, as so often happens in such cases, was pleasing to neither party. They dismissed Theobald's case on the ground that there was no clear proof that the bull ever smelled LeMaub or his boat at all, advising him when he went to law in future to provide himself with a sufficiency of evidence. As for LeMaub, they expressed great sympathy for his loss, and the bodily injuries he and his men had sustained, but disclaimed juris-

diction in his case. They informed him that, as the trespass was committed on the high seas, he would have to go to the Admiralty Court to seek redress.

And so ended the celebrated Bull and Boat case. Theobald left Rustico shortly afterwards vowing that he would carry his complaint to the foot of the Throne; but nothing further was ever heard of it.

The writer was reminded of this old story by a trial in our Supreme Court last term, where two farmers in endeavoring to establish a claim against each other to a foot or two of land, engaged the attention of the court for a week or more and incidentally kept a host of witnesses and lawyers in fee—the case ending about as satisfactorily as the one of which we have been writing.

D. M.

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## The Beauty of Holiness

(An Easter Ode)

**W**ORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness.  
 "Beauty of Holiness,"—fathomless thought!

God give us eyes to see exquisite perfectness,  
 God give us souls to feel beauty in everything,  
 Then shall we worship thee, O thou Almighty King,  
 Joyfully, reverently, more as we ought.

Beauty of Holiness, fathomless thought.

Worship the Lord in the beauty of Holiness:

Temples of God we are, pure would we be;  
 Cleansed from all taint of sin by his own righteousness  
 Welcomed to revel in mystical brotherhood;  
 Sons of the King of Kings, feasting on heavenly food;  
 Dwelling in Him until faith learns to see.

Temples of God we are, pure would we be.

Kirklawne, Bay View.

JEREMIAH S CLARK



## A HYMN OF SPRING



NE day Winter, languishing, lay enwrapped in snow-wreathes, and he wept for very anguish. For, he said, "the end is near-by, and my passing hence will herald Death sole monarch in this all but lifeless land. Now the songless groves are naught but forms in trance-state, wherein once pulsed full life's flood, and o'er the silent meadows as a winding-sheet lies the deep-piled snow. The rivulets are sealed in ice; all insect hum is hushed; and yonder firs, in masquerade of lifeless colour, wailing with me, wave their limbs in bondage to the north wind. Life is vanquished. Death comes Conquerer. The end of all things is at hand.

\* \* \*

And as he wept, his warm tears, falling, loosed the mantle of the snow. Quick, new-born rills leaped into life to wake the slumbering children of the mead; and grove and meadow, fresh instinct with life, in color, robe and song, joined in Nature's resurrection anthem :-

"There is no death. Life reigns supreme, in changing tenement and home. Sleep comes for rest—regeneration; winter wakes in vernal life, the weary one reborn."

Lawrence W. Watson



## Old Voyagers in Canadian Waters

COLUMBUS AND CABOT

THE latter part of the fifteenth century forms one of the great epochs of history. It was the era of the Renaissance—the new birth of the world. Many unusual events combined to make this age brilliant: the invention of printing, the use of gunpowder and artillery in war, and the capture of Constantinople by the Turks. This last event put to flight numerous scholars, who took with them their precious manuscripts, causing learning to become more general and spreading abroad a spirit of enquiry.

But of all causes, great and powerful, working at this wonderful period for the progress of the world, the greatest influence of all was the *daring maritime enterprise* which simultaneously discovered new continents in both the eastern and western hemispheres. The re-discovery of America by Columbus (A. D. 1492) and the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope by Vasco de Gama (A. D. 1497) gave the old world new worlds in Africa, Asia and America.

How far the voyages of the Norsemen influenced the action of Columbus we do not know, but before setting out on his supposed voyage of discovery in order to find out all he could concerning the new world, he made various voyages. Among the different places visited by him was Iceland; there he procured maps and charts, together with considerable information relative to the land he was about to discover.

Columbus cannot be classed as a voyager in Canadian waters, yet his great exploit indirectly led up to the discovery of North America by Cabot.

The story of the life of the great Genoese sea-captain has been told so many times, and the main facts are so well known, that the events leading up to the great voyage of 1492 need not be narrated here at any length.

Three vessels were fitted out at the little port of Palos,

for the bold attempt to solve the mystery of the western ocean; and on the morning of the 3rd of August, 1492, the bold navigator left the shores of the old world to travel over seas where no sail had ever been spread before.

Away went the little fleet, touching at the Canary Islands the farthest known land, to repair an injury to the steering gear of the *Pinta*, one of his three small vessels, and then on the 6th of September, he proceeded to cross the unknown seas, or, as the sailors called the Atlantic "The great sea of darkness."

Soon the shores of the Canary Islands were lost in the distance, and only sea and sky were around and above them. Now the hearts of the sailors failed them, for they seemed to have bid adieu forever to home, family and friends, and all before them was unknown. Tears streamed down the cheeks of the sailors, and some of them burst into loud cries of wailing. Then would come crowding back into the mind all the wild tales that their forefathers had believed, and many a stout hearted fellow on board fervently wished himself again at Palos, and called himself "fool" for having embarked on such a mad quest.

Columbus went from one to another, trying to soothe and encourage them. He talked to them of the rich and beautiful countries he had heard so much in Iceland; and promised them all their hearts might desire. The Admiral from the first had kept a daily journal, and the opening line under the title, "In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ" quite represents the feeling with which he regarded the voyage and the record of it. Columbus was firmly convinced that he was "called of God," and that the whole enterprise so long postponed, was directly under divine guidance. It was this, as much as his natural perseverance, and the knowledge he had gathered relative to the new land, that strengthened him against all temptations to turn back,

Early in September his flagship the *Santa Maria*, ship-

ped a sea across her bows, but for the most part the ships were wafted along by halcyon breezes. For ten days there was no need to trim the sails. In his log, he writes that the early mornings on deck were a source of delight—the weather being like that of an Andalusian spring—the only thing wanting was the song of the nightingale.

On the 18th a great flock of birds went past. On the 20th “two or three land birds came singing to the ship, and disappeared before sunset.” On the 25th a cry was raised that land could be seen, and all grew glad, but the supposed coast line proved to be a low lying cloud. Four days later the entry runs “To God be many thanks given, the air being pleasant and temperate, with no weed (i e, in the sea) many sand-pipers and flying fish coming on the deck in numbers.”

The eleventh of October brought fresh signs of land being not far distant—a broken reed, a branch of a tree with ripe red berries, and, more significant than all, a wooden pole bearing traces of an iron tool. Columbus felt certain that he was nearing some coast. Sleep was out of the question and he passed much of the time below deck in prayer.

The *Pinta*, a faster sailor, was ahead of the *Santa Maria*. At two in the morning a glad cry rang out over the waters. Rodrigo de Trinana, a seaman perched in the tops of the vessel, had sighted several miles away, a low sandy beach on which the moon-light fell. Close upon the cry came the report of a gun. It was the captain of the *Pinta's* signal that the voyage was ended, the hope of a lifetime fulfilled. A few hours later, Columbus landed on one of the Islands off the coast of America, and took possession of it in the name of the crown of Spain. This re-discovered country was not then known to be separated from Asia by the great Pacific ocean, and it was not until Columbus's third voyage in 1498 that he saw the mainland of America. Such was the great voyage, and such was its ending. Only the fringes of the vast continent had as yet been touched. But a New World had again

been given to the mariner, to the trader, to the conqueror, when the feet of Columbus trod the island sands of San Salvador.

For more than thirty years after Columbus first landed on one of the outlying islands of the New World, what lay to the north was mere conjecture. But Henry VII. of England being unwilling that Spain should reap all the glory and profit of western discovery; caused an English crew, in an English ship, sailing from an English port, to embark on a cruise of discovery that led to the extension of his kingdom, by the addition of the North American continent. But a far-famed Republic on the Adriatic was to provide the leader.

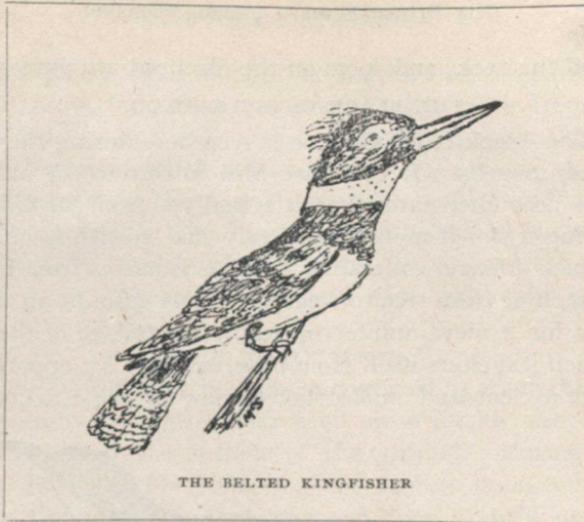
There was a boy in Venice who was destined to go with that expedition, to see with his own eyes the new land beyond the seas, 2,300 miles away. For he, John Cabot, a trader on the Arabian coast in 1480, and who had been to Mecca and also to Iceland, had himself seen much that was strange and unfamiliar to European eyes.

Perhaps, indeed, it was his voyages to the last named place which turned the current of his thoughts towards a voyage of discovery. There he heard the tales of the old Norsemen about the visits of their forefathers to "distant lands in nameless seas" and likely, being a crafty seaman procured from them maps and charts of these ancient voyages. Also all Europe was stirred by the news of a wonderful story of new found lands far across the Atlantic. Even the quiet folks of England, settling down after the long, fierce rivalry and strife of the White Rose with the Red, caught the excitement. The "salt blood" began to tingle in their veins. Might they not hope to take their part in the discoveries which were marking the close of the century?

To be



continued



## Our Feathered Friends.

### THE BELTED KINGFISHER.

**T**HE Kingfisher is so well known that a description is scarcely necessary. Who has not watched it, as with rapidly vibrating wings it poised itself above the waters of the river, waiting for its finny prey to approach the surface, when with a sudden swoop, it dashed downwards, capturing its prey and bearing it aloft, to be devoured perhaps in its tunnelled nest in the river's bank? Success does not always crown its efforts. Sometimes, it dashes downwards and strikes the water without capturing anything, its intended victim sinking beyond its reach. Sometimes, it halts in its downward course, its prey being too far from the surface; for the Kingfisher does not dive beneath the surface of the stream; it takes only what it can reach with its long bill.

The upper parts with the bar across the breast are a dull blue with fine black lines. The lower parts, a ring

around the neck, and spots on the forehead are pure white.

#### THE BLACK-BILLED CUCKOO.

The Black-billed Cuckoo is seen here during the warm summer months. It is a rare bird in our woods and perhaps is accounted rarer than it actually is from the difficulty of seeing it, for it moves noiselessly and stealthily through the thick foliage, concealing itself as it moves from branch to branch or from tree to tree. It rarely affords an opportunity for a view uninterrupted by the foliage of the trees in which it shelters itself from observation. An opportunity to get a clear and unobstructed view of the Cuckoo was



THE BLACK-BILLED CUCKOO

given me last summer, the only one I have had of the living bird when I could identify the species with certainty.

This one alighted on a gate post, forming part of a fence extending through a small wood and it maintained, with scarcely a movement, the same position for some time. Near at hand and through a field glass, I was able to note its long tail with a few obscure white blotches on the outer feathers; its grayish olive back, quaker color as some would call it—its long, slightly curved black bill and the white of the nether parts. The length of the Cuckoo is about twelve inches, of which the tail constitutes one half.

The Black-billed Cuckoo is known as the "Rain crow"

in some places from its peculiar note which resembles that of the crow, and from its being heard most frequently before rain. But this name is given, it seems to me, to the Yellowed-billed Cuckoo also. Parasitism, of which the European relative is well known to be habitually guilty, is charged against the Black-billed Cuckoo by some who have studied the life of this bird. This, however, is not frequent, as it generally builds a nest and rears its own young.

#### THE NIGHT HAWK.

The Nighthawk is easily recognized by its flight, as in the twilight it wings its way high up in the air, descending frequently near the surface of the ground. During these flights it is actively collecting the insects upon which it lives. In flying, it utters now and then a shrill note like *pe-ek* which is changed in its rapid downward descent to a hoarse booming sound. The latter is most likely produced by the friction of its widely extended beak, or its wings, upon the air.

The Nighthawk generally arrives among us some time



THE NIGHT HAWK

in June, rarely earlier or later. In a record of the arrival of this bird for the last seven years, the latest date is July

22, in 1895; the earliest May 27, in 1898. All the other dates of arrival were in the early part of June.

It lays its eggs on the ground without any special provision for a nest. Often a flat-roofed house in the city is selected, upon which it deposits its two eggs, greenish gray, mottled with some dark colors. It is about nine inches long; above, it is brown mixed with gray and black. Below, from the breast, it is barred with dark and light colors alternately. The large cross bar of white on the throat of the male becomes tawny in the female. A white spot on each wing, also affected by sex as to size and purity of color, may be noticed in its flight on the wings.

JOHN MCSWAIN.

### "Howdy."

"**K**IND o' like to hear 'em say it!—  
'Howdy, howdy?'  
Know who's who right there an' then,  
That's the mortal truth, now, men,—  
Put my trust right *in* him when  
Man sez, 'Howdy!'"

"Yes, sir, sounds like ol' times comin',—  
'Howdy, howdy!'  
Hez the heft, an' makes you feel  
Like yore rely on the deal,  
An' yore friend kin sort o' 'spiel',—  
'Sayin', 'Howdy!'"

"Folks all say it in Mizzouree!—  
'Wal, wal, howdy!'  
Hearty, honest, homely, gruff,  
Gently, kindly, yard-wide stuff,—  
Man that sez it's good enuff,—  
'Ol' boy, howdy!'"

"Yes, sir, like to hear 'em say it!  
'Howdy, howdy!'  
Hez a cheery, earnest ring,"  
No put-on, the A-r thing,  
Gives yore own good-will a swing,  
'N you say, Howdy!'"

CHAS. W. STEVENSON in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

## ✧ Through Tommy Hawke's Telescope ✧

CONDUCTED BY TOMMY HAWKE

**S**PRING is upon us. Spring, gentle spring of which the poets sing. One glance at that new pair of understandings I invested in only last Saturday night is enough to convince anybody of that, even those who want to be skeptical. Some people are apt to make rash assertions but can show no proof to back up what they say. I always like to have proof; and when the conversation touches on Spring, my boots are always on hand, or on feet, I suppose I should say, to back up any statements I may make as to whether Spring has come or not. If it is Spring I know it because the said understandings are sure to be embellished with as bountiful a covering of the crust of creation as any man would wish to get clear of. Therefore when speaking of Spring, I say: Look to your boots, look to your boots!

Charlottetown at this writing may be said to be a City of mud. The small boys at this time are often to be found enjoying the delightful occupation of manufacturing mudballs and throwing them at each other. Happy childhood! They know no better. And who can blame 'em? Why, fully matured politicians and newspaper men often indulge in mudslinging, and everybody looks on and enjoys it. But of course that is a horse of another mud color.

It's a strange thing and probably few people ever thought of it. All the banks in Charlottetown are constructed of brick. Let us make a deduction *a la* Sherlock Holmes. Of what is a brick composed? Why, a brick is made of mud. It may therefore be said without any fear of contradiction that a body of young men who have always worked in mudbanks ought to be well qualified to do work around the scow and caissons of the Hillsborough Bridge construction. Yes! they may be qualified for such work, but this is where we draw the delicate line between bankers. A man of good mental abilities with education can work anywhere or at any profession he wishes; while the uneducated man has to toil at anything he can get to do. So although they both may work in the banks they are not

altogether the same. But again on the other hand, the difference is not so great. If the professional man is allowed to have his choice in the matter will anybody have the crust to deny that the laborer is not also allowed to have his pick?



Now, since I have got into the mud, so to speak, I must only get out of it. We were talking about Spring, and to Spring and its delightful associations we must return. The weather king seems to have lost his grip on winter's frozen collar much earlier than usual and we expect to see the first instalment of Summer laid on our table before very long, as the newspaper fellows would say. I notice several commandoes of mosquitoes have already put in their appearance, but of course there is no need to jump to the conclusion from this that summer is right upon us. Mosquitoes have been seen before now, in mid-winter, taking out-door exercise by indulging in that game we all used to enjoy—and known as "tan-the-leather." I don't know if that is the proper name for that game, but it was good enough for us. So don't pay any attention to the pesky little critters—unless they begin to pay attentions to you. They will likely feel inclined to do so at times.



The real harbinger of Summer, it seems to me, is the sprightly and frolicsome June bug, which of late years has got into the habit of arriving early in May, thus unwittingly making a liar of its name. Yes! you may be sure that the sign for Summer is right when the gentle June bug cometh buzzing on its busy way. The June bug is an animal—er—an insect I mean—which for nerve and pertinacity is not excelled—no—not even by the mosquito. Nothing seems to please a June bug so much as getting off that practical joke of sailing down majestically on some unfortunate "human" and dashing right into his countenance, without giving him timely warning. You may possibly manage to see it coming a second before it strikes you; in that second you can see it gathering more and more speed till it is moving at a heartbreaking pace. In the last half of the second you have realized that the June bug's voice is uplifted in joyful melody. Then comes the crash! The June Bug has got in a splendid piece of football work, having taken a "touch-down" on your forehead or in your ear, in a manner most Abegweitical. Good word that! (copyrighted.) The June bug then leaves and goes on his way rejoicing, looking for more victims. Oh! the June bug is a happy bug, always intensely happy and it doesn't care who knows it. When it tries to strike up an acquaintance with you, it doesn't wait for any formal introduction.

In his little game of football he likes to play "forward" and you are the one who is expected to kick. Last Spring, on the Park Roadway, the June bugs used to roost along the top of the fence, lying in wait for poor unwary bicycle riders who never did them any harm. The June bug doesn't ever take into consideration that he is taking his life in his hands when he starts to sweep down upon the brow of a fast-moving cyclist. The concussion in such cases must be terrific and the unfortunate June bug has been known to "drop off" very suddenly, after an abrupt meeting of this kind. I have seen the carcasses of quite a number stretched out upon the roadway, and all from this cause, I suppose. Some cyclists, too, have a habit of keeping their mouths wide open and the bug thinks this is a region which should be explored. Death is an awful thing in any case, but—bah—enough of this—it is putting a bad subject in my mouth—I must change the topic a little. We will talk for awhile on bicycling minus the June bugs.



Yes! Spring also ushers in bicycling—a pastime we all used to love. It doesn't pay to take to the bicycle too early in the spring—many people have made this mistake and sadly regretted it. Charlottetown mud will stick to you when everything else forsakes you. There's no need for me to dwell on the subject of what it feels like to wheel over a juicy road. Everyone has felt the sensation which is caused when a thin red line of liquid mud is wafted in a semi-circle from your rear tire and gently oozes down the back of your coat to the unseen depths below. It's terribly provoking. I used to think I could not get too much bicycling. I do not think so now. In fact, ever since one hot day last August my notions regarding cycling have been not exactly what they were. When you have to push one of these air-shod go-carts over almost thirty miles of the most sandy sand to the accompaniment of the dulcet sounds of crunching ball-bearings down in the sprocket of the machine, it is then, I say, that you begin to realize that bicycling has its sad side. That's the way I found it.



It was one day last August as I remarked before. A pal of mine had planned this little trip and I had no fault to find with the plan. "What I need is a holiday and a little rest" thought I, "and I am going to take it even if the earth should wobble and the heavens gravitate." Well, I got the holiday, I don't know who got the rest. It seemed to me for a long time as if there wasn't any left. I shall never forget that trip. As we did not purpose to stay long, we did not hamper ourselves with a great amount of provender, in fact we

concluded that two good slices each of bread and butter would be sufficient for our needs. We hardly realized that we were going up against the most appetising air in the world, as found on the North shore of P. E. Island. Consequently we were taken unawares. A week of that air is guaranteed to give one such an appetite that they will eat anything from barbed wire stew to the jam of a broken door. Therefore the following menu seemed A 1, after we had disposed of our bread: a sour apple; a slice of dulse; a raw mussel; sour apple; dulse, mussel and vice versa, vice versa. I can taste those apples yet. They belonged to a species peculiar to themselves. No one would have you arrested if you tried to steal them—although you might be arrested if you were found trying to eat them. They belonged to a variety which sometimes countrymen bring to town to give to the unwary small boys who follow their apple carts. They are always kept in one corner of the cart by themselves. After lounging around on the shore for an hour or so, and satisfying ourselves that the water on the North side is as good as any turned out anywhere for bathing purposes we decided to start for home. I was going say a few words about our trip back to the city over those lovely roads. It takes courage to ride over those roads and our clothes soon showed that we possessed plenty of 'sand.' We got off our wheels several times, returning. We did not always come to an agreement as to when we would dismount. As likely as not it was when we saw a herd of cattle on the road and tried to dash through them without first sending in our cards. Sometimes it was when coasting down a hill and our tyres got in too close relationship with one another. We did arrive home at last,; feeling as one would probably feel after becoming too familiarized with the business qualities of a road machine. Yes, gentle readers, I was going to describe all about this trip, but somehow it seems to me, the subject is altogether too serious. We went out to have a good time, and looked upon the trip as a little pleasantry or sort of joke, but we failed to see the joke. The words of an old saw keep buzzing in mine ears :—

“Uneasy lies the head that strikes the ground.”



Editorial Comment, Correspondence, Queries,  
Literary Notes, etc.

Professor Robertson's Ideas of Improving Country Schools.

THE following extract appeared in the *Montreal Weekly Witness* of the 26th of November, 1901, and in connection with the suggestions made by Judge Warburton in his recent series of articles in this magazine, we think Professor Robertson's ideas are well worth study on the part of our readers:—

"Prof. Robertson, the Dominion Dairy Commissioner, is greatly interested in promoting what he believes will be a great improvement in the class of education to be given to children attending rural schools. The idea is to give them an education not merely from books, but to show them from the actual work of nature the causes and result so that they may get a thorough grounding in a matter that in after life will be of practical benefit.

'The idea is this,' said Prof. Robertson to an interviewer, 'at each of the rural schools there should be a garden in connection with it. They could learn for themselves the various requirements of plants and soil, and would be trained to form a habit of examining for themselves. In England the improvement of rural schools has made a marked improvement in the practical education of the children. There a garden attached to the schools is part of the training. Before leaving schools the pupils have been made competent to follow up rural pursuits successfully. Competent teachers trained at agricultural colleges should be added to the teaching staff to help out this method of education.

'I hope ere long to see a large number of rural schools, each with a garden, attached to train children into a knowledge of plant life and a love of managing plant life. At first that might be begun by having a competent itinerant instructor to visit ten schools, giving half a day's time to each. A further need of Canada where teachers are actually engaged in teaching a rural school is a place where they can be fitted for this work to give the better class of education. Short courses in instruction are provided in Germany, and in a few places in England. Such would be the most valuable help which education in rural schools could have. Later on agricultural colleges would be the very greatest benefit for teachers in rural schools.'



For the information of many people who have applied for a complete series of the articles written by Judge Warburton on Our School

System, and which we have been unable to supply, we have pleasure in stating that there is a possibility of the whole series of papers being printed in book form for popular distribution.



SOME days ago the writer had the pleasure, at the invitation of Principal Seaman, of Prince Street School, of judging a number of essays written by the girls of his class. The essays described a visit made to the offices of the Guardian Publishing Company, and dealt with the processes of turning out a newspaper, from writing copy to printing the papers. The essays were a pleasant evidence of the value of object lessons, and nearly all of the essayists showed unusual perception—owing no doubt to the fact that their faculties of observation are being judiciously trained by this most praiseworthy system. The pleasure to be derived from intelligent observation of the animate and inanimate things that surround us on every hand, cannot be too highly dwelt upon; it is gratifying to know that the pupils of Prince Street School are being taught in their Nature studies to appreciate the infinite majesty of God's Creation, and to form ideas of their own of the works of men's hands. As has been already said, the essays showed more than average perception—only in one instance did the sense of humour betray itself—one girl wrote that another of the party, having heard a "printer's devil" mentioned, asked to see the machine, and was much surprised to find that the disciple of Caxton was a very human boy.



THE writer of the present series of articles, begun in this issue, on The City of Charlottetown, is of the opinion that the citizens of Charlottetown are very apathetic in regard to civic politics. This may be the case yet,—it certainly has been true in the past,—but there was evidence of a change in the voting last February, which resulted in the introduction of a majority of new men into the City Council. There is still room for improvements in our city although we are quite proud of it even as it is, and the new councilmen seem to be earnest in the desire to rule wisely and well. In every effort they may make for the welfare of the city they will have the cordial good wishes of all good citizens.



WE have received with pleasure the first number of The Trades and Labor Journal, the organ of the Unions recently organized in Charlottetown. While in many instances in the past the decrees of labor unions have not always been characterized by wisdom or by good feeling, there can be no possible objection to the proper organi-

tion of Labor in this city. That they are, in nearly every branch of trade, underpaid, is very evident—but the fault may be directly traced to the non-union of employers more than to anything else. In any case the first step toward the betterment of the working man's condition must be the result of concerted action on the part of the employers as much as on the part of the employed. The actions of the trades unions in this city, may be the means of stimulating employers to form protective associations, and abolish ruinous competition that has heretofore been the principal reason why master and man are practically upon the same level in regard to the wretched remuneration they receive for their toil.

THIS is the fourth anniversary of the establishment of THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE. The cultivation and propagation of our Island literature brought us face to face with some difficulties and discouragements during the first years of the venture. But those difficulties were met and overcome, and the encouraging increase of contributors and subscribers, particularly of late, seems to be an assurance of success. We contemplate improving and enlarging subsequent issues of this magazine, and as the present rate of subscription hardly warrants further outlay without a corresponding increase in price, the subscription will therefore be changed to seventy-five cents a year.

#### Query.

SIR,—I notice that J. E. W. in his most interesting article on Charlottetown Past and Present, in the February issue makes a slight error in stating that the first Methodist Chapel was situated where the parsonage now stands. Was not the first chapel situated on Richmond Street in the rear of the London House building.

OLD METHODIST.

THE poetry of *Lippincott's Magazine* is selected with any eye to other considerations than space on the page. The current number has two notable American poems, "Meeting in the Woods," by Madison Cawein, and "Not Yet," by George Siebel. Besides these there are verses by W. N. Roudy, Willa Sibert Cather, Arthur Chamberlain, Carrie Blake Morgan, Phoebe Lyde, and Helen M. Richardson. The "Complete Novel" is "Diane," an intense love story of Haiti, by John S. Durham, former Minister to the United States to that land of passions and revolutions.

**D**URING the present session of Congress *The Saturday Evening Post*, of Philadelphia, will contain bi-weekly articles on National affairs by the former Postmaster-General, Hon. Charles Emory Smith.

In Men and Measures at Washington Mr. Smith will discuss the great legislative and diplomatic questions of the day, explaining the news of the week and giving a clear presentation of National policies and politics. Mr Smith's long familiarity with public affairs, his shrewd political insight and his brilliant literary style combine to make these papers of unusual interest.

The lighter side of Washington life, the amusing happenings, the current gossip and bright sayings are found in a new department, entitled *A Woman's Washington*. The bright letters are by the author of *The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife*.



**T**HE *Cenadian Magazine* is ever deserving of a warm welcome. It is always with pleasure that we tear off its wrapper and proceed to the enjoyment of the bill of fare each month provided.



**T**HE *Criterion* is making a specialty of John Uri Lloyd's short stories about "Sam Hill." In the words of the street these stories are alone worth the price of admission but *The Criterion* does not include all its good features under the name of Sam Hill.



**T**HE *Scientific American*, *Canadian Engineering* and *The Journal of Fabrics*, are all to hand, and all interesting and valuable particularly to those whose trades and professions are touched by these publications.



**A**S solemn as a Judge, is a misnomer in the case of *Judge* published by Judge Co. of New York. One cannot keep a sober countenance when confronted by the ludicrous pictures drawn for *Judge*. As well try not to laugh while reading the fun that is pirnted on every page. Get *Judge* if you want a laugh.



**F**ULL of the healthy atmosphere of out-of-door sports is *Forest and Stream* and it is by no means deficient in racy humour, as reference to the article on Hunting Rabbits, in our "Culled from Ex changes" column will prove.

## About the Elk Skin Sole

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## CULLED FROM EXCHANGES

### Hunting Rabbits

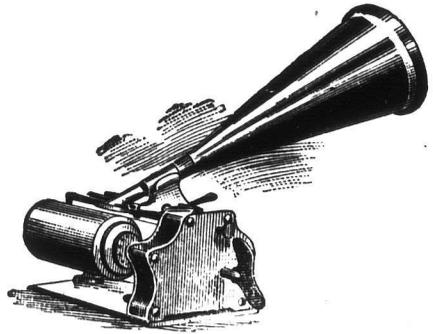
**"D**OWN a lane which ran between the next fields ahead came Joe Barker a native. He was a rabbit hunter too, and he stopped to exchange a fraternal greeting and a remark or two on the auspicious nature of the day, the weather and the abundance of rabbits and partridges. Joe had a shotgun on his shoulder, and a disreputable old firearm it was. But Joe had a reputation for hunting rabbits with other weapons than guns, to wit, ferrets, having not the fear of the law nor the game warden before his eyes. Just as we met there was a scurrying among the bushes in the angles of the fence, and two exceedingly animate things made off toward a fallen tree, which had lain there so long that its interior was well rotted away. It was hollow for some distance from the opening.

'It was the consensus that at least one of the rabbits had gone for the log, but this was open to doubt, because tracks led not only to the entrance, but past it, and on both sides: further search showed quite plainly that one had gone into a very handily situated hole, which was probably the little chap's family abode, or bachelor's quarters, as the case might be. Ways and means were discussed for dislodging the rabbits.

"Joe was wary, and evidently had something on his mind. Finally he took courage, and evidently impressed by the conviction that he could trust me, cast a cautious glance around and said: 'If you not tell nobody, I show you way for git two rabbit ver' quick, you bet; but you mus' sware you be mum, you hunderstand'?

"The necessary convincing assurance was given that his confidence would be respected. Then in a twinkling Joe produced a ferret from one of the capacious pockets of his old reefer. This interesting addition to our hunting force was intimate with his job in ten seconds, theoretically at least, though there were destined to be some surprises. After one or two preliminary skirmishes, the ferret made a dash for the interior of the log. He was gone about thirty seconds; when he emerged, he was accompanied by an odor that filled three townships. I have smelled that variety of smell before, at close range, too, but I never had the misfortune to encounter anything to match

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Makes the most nutritious loaf of bread obtainable.

It's just the article for those who are troubled with imperfect digestion, and it's good for healthy people too.

1  
Pound  
Bag  
50  
Cents

Jenkins  
&  
Son

## CULLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd

this for density and all-prevading powers—never. Nothing like it ever assailed the human olfactories. That skunk was simply a sixty horse power skunk with triple-expansion-compound-condensing engines operating under a not less than three hundred pounds to the square inch, with all valves open!

"The ferret shook his head viciously, gave two or three emphatic sniffs of disgust, and immediately re-entered the lair of the loud-smelling beast. Here is where the ferret's philosophy, reasoning, pluck and instinct showed themselves with the greatest strength and brilliancy especially the instinct, he rightly judged that there could be nothing worse in store for him in the way of smells—he had run up against the limit in that line—and now there was a little score of revenge to be settled, so in he dashed again.

"He was absent about a minute this round, but reappeared minus his enthusiasm and more or less of his fur. Nothing daunted, however, he took a deep, long breath of fresh air, of which he evidently stood in need, and made another sortie. Once more he made a mad dash to seek his enemy. He found him still doing business at the old stand. Heavens and earth what a smell! The stink pots of Europe were as violets compared with this—that old log could give them cards spades and still have margin enough to supply the nations of the earth.

"This last dash of the ferret was, to my mind, imprudent and superfluous, not to say risky, but it proved a howling success. This time he had with him upon emerging the entire perfumery factory, and he laid the fragrant trophy proudly at my feet? No thanks, not by a large majority. I was thence in rapid but disorderly flight—whew! Many of the inhabitants flocked to the scene, aroused by the volumes of odor, under the impression that a mineral well like the Mt. Clemens variety had been struck on Duncans farm. That ferret just strutted up and down with unutterable pride, mingling with the smoke of battle, cocking his little red eye up with the unmistakable expression 'Well, I won out all right boys, on this dral, but if you've got any more rabbit holes to explore with skunk annexes, you can get some other chap to take the job besides your truly.'

—*Forest and Stream*

## The Contributions Of The Cottonfields.

to the costuming of the lady of today are far and away superior to any previous productions. The shelves and counters in our print goods department are a revelation of beauty in color and pattern, and modern manufacture has kept the prices within easy distance.

The new mercerized Lawn is the prettiest thing we have seen for waists and wrappers at 18 cents a yard.

The mercerized sateen is more beautiful than usual too—20 cents a yard.

We've a large showing of each this spring, they will wash too, take them and try them.

**PROWSE BROS.**

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CULLED FROM EXCHANGES - Cont'd

Welcome to Prince Henry.

**R**ESOLUTIONS adopted at a mass-meeting of the citizens of Homicide Corners, Arizona.

Whereas it has come to our knowledge that a foreign potentate by the name of Hank Hohenzollern is about to visit these here shores for the purpose of seeing his brother Bill's yacht launched, and

Whereas we have been told that this same Hank Hohenzollern is a good feller and a dead-game sport, and

Whereas we, the citizens of Homicide Corners want to do our share towards giving Hank a good time.

Therefore, be it resolved that the aforesaid Hank Hohenzollern be, and hereby is, welcomed to our shores, and we hopes as how he'll enjoy himself.

Furthermore, be it resolved that we do not bear Hank no ill will on account of his brother. Bill is sorter inclined to put on too much dog sometimes, but Hank ain't to blame for that.

Likewise, be it resolved that Hank Hohenzollern be, and hereby is, invited to come to Homicide Corners and stay here as long as he dern pleases at the expense of the community, it being understood that champagne don't go here, but only whisky straight.

Be it further resolved that we do hereby solemnly promise not to shoot at Hank under no circumstances, provided that he don't disturb the peace and quiet of this law-abiding community by wearing a plug hat on the streets.

Lastly, be it resolved that if Hank during his visit here, tries to bust broncos or to play poker with Four-flush Phil, we decline to be responsible for any international complications that may arise.

BOILED-SHIRT POWERS  
SAWED-OFF SMITH  
DOC. PETERS } Committee.

—Judge.



Neighborly

*Rusty Rufus*—"De lady in de next house gave me a piece of home-made cake. Won't you give me somethin' too?"

*Mrs Spiteful*—"Certainly! Here's a pepsin tablet."—Judge

# ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Feb. 12th, 1902

Mr. J. K. ROSS, Prov. Manager  
North American Life Ass. Co.

DEAR SIR :

I have much pleasure in acknowledging, through you, the results of my matured Endowment Policy No 625 in your Company. I took out this policy 20 years ago for **\$2500** on the Endowment Plan with profits tontined, costing annually **\$128.25**, and now I find you offer me a cash value of **\$3836.00** secondly a paid up insurance of **\$5,520.00**, thirdly a life annuity of **\$385.50**.

The first option, viz: the cash value, I consider a very handsome showing, in fact larger than I had anticipated from my experience of policies carried by me in some of the largest American Companies, and I note the rates charged by your Company were also considerably lower. This result speaks well for skilful management of your Company, and proves that it is to the advantage of Canadians to patronize their own companies.

I have decided to accept the option which gives me a paid-up-insurance of **\$5,520.00** for the benefit of my estate.

Wishing the Company continued success.

I am yours truly,

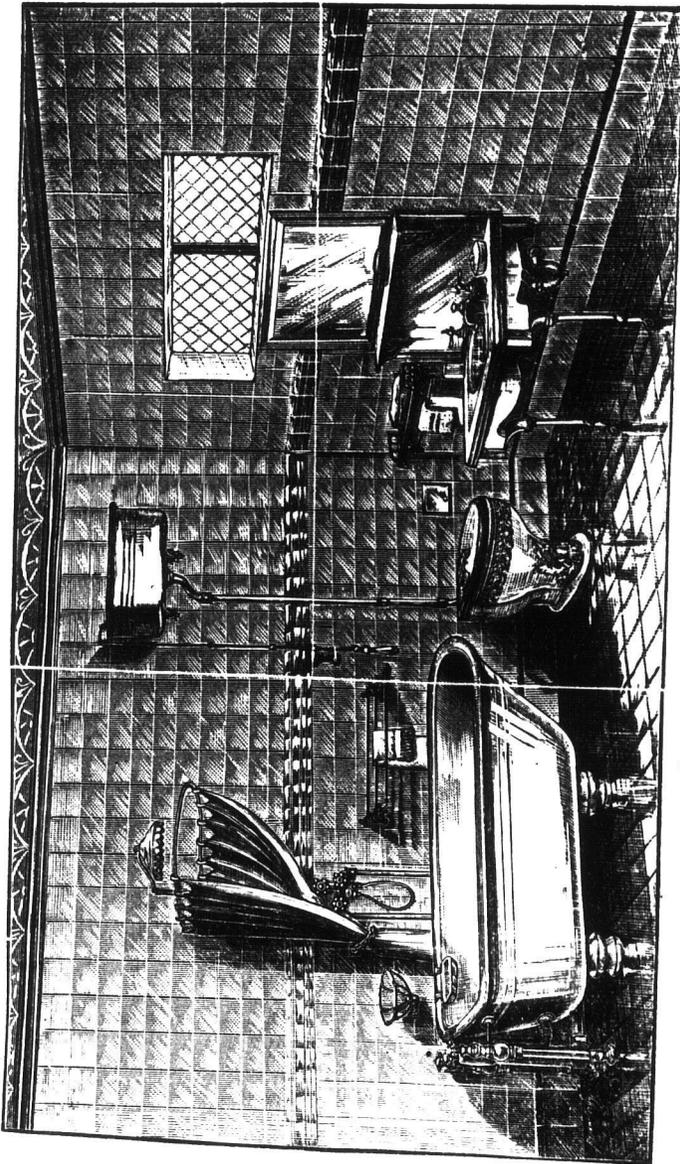
W. A. WEEKS

**J. K. ROSS**

Charlottetown

Manager for P. E. I.

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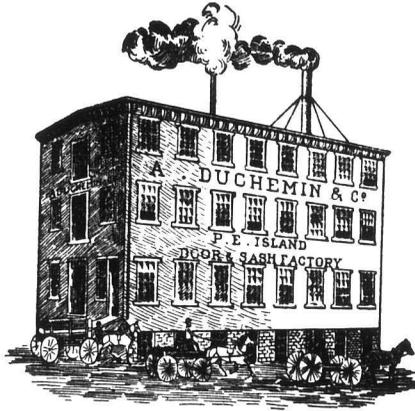
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CULLED FROM EXCHANGES - Cont'd

A Remarkable Law.

PROBABLY the most drastic law ever introduced by a nation is the bill that has been passed by the United States Congress, restricting anarchy and anarchists. The bill was practically determined upon by the special committee members of the House Judiciary Committee appointed to consider this subject. The language of some of the provisions is yet to be settled, but "all of the essential features of the forthcoming measures are determined upon. The measure will provide the death penalty for an attempt to kill or assault the President or anyone in line of succession for the Presidency. An accessory before the fact is to be treated as a principal, and an accessory after the fact is punished in a less degree than a principal. Any person who counsels, advises, or advocates the assaulting or killing of any officer of the United States shall be fined or imprisoned. No alien who advocates an overthrow of organized government or who is affiliated with an organization holding such views, is to be admitted to this country. Provision is also made for punishment of those conspiring in this country against foreign rulers. The special committee will probably report to the Judiciary Committee within the next few days, and a report to the House is expected soon thereafter.

One of Its Properties

*Gladys*—"They say champagne-drinking gives the eye a peculiar look."

*Hobart*—"Well, I know it makes a V look like thirty cents"—*Judge*

A Definition

*Little Clarence*—"Pa, what is executive ability?"

*Mr. Callipers*—"Executive ability, my son, is the capacity for making some one else paddle your own canoe for you."

His Reason

*Editor*—"Well, I'll stop yer paper fer ye, but I can say right here that ye wont find a better fam'ly paper in ther hull county."

*Uncle Josh Whizz*—"Thet's jest the trouble with it--never nothin' in it but the doin's of yer fam'ly, an' I don't care a cuss fer the hull tribe."—*Judge*

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CULLED FROM EXCHANGES - Cont'd

England's Colonial Army.

DESCRIPTIONS of the various colonial army systems of the world prepared by the bureau of military information, war department, show that the greatest and most manifold model of a colonial army is that of England. All types and stages may be found in it. Aside from the vast army now maintained in South Africa, approximating 235,000 men at the present time, the American army in the Philippines is composed more largely of men of one race than that supported by any other government in its colonial possession. England's colonial army is composed of imperial troops serving outside the British Isles, colonial corps native army of India, colonial regulars, militia volunteers and police, the latter chiefly in Canada. The reports to the information bureau just received show that England maintains in Egypt 64,456 troops, the British imperial army in India numbers 73,000 troops, and the native army there 143,000 while the others are about 100,000 composed of colonials and militia. Wherever it is possible, the colonies must furnish the troops of protection from among their own population. Where this cannot be done on account of political development, England takes upon herself the recruiting and administration of the native troops by incorporating them into her colonial army. When the colonies furnish their own troops, England gives them the officers but leaves independent the military organization of the colony.

Although 60,000,000 lobster eggs were planted in New Zealand waters, the lobster dearth still continues in consequence of a constantly enlarging demand. High prices are the rule and recourse has been had to Pacific coast waters as a source of additional supply and the propagation of lobsters there is said to have been attended thus far with success.

Those who blamed Boer emissaries for the loss of a mule-laden British transport, overlooked a simpler explanation, which will occur to anyone familiar with the American mule.

—Saturday Evening Post.

N. B.

# Judge

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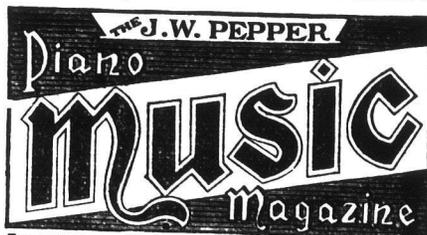
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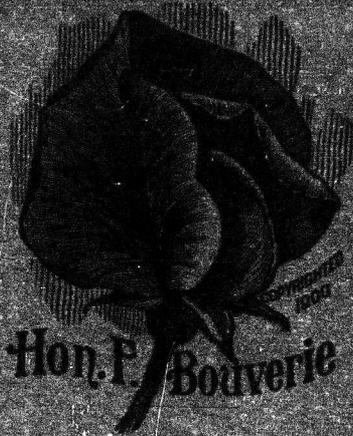
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