

THE PRINCE EDWARD
ISLAND MAGAZINE

September, 1901

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NO. 7

THE
Prince Edward Island Magazine

* Contents of this Number. *

	PAGE
ROBERT FERGUSSON - - - - - H. V. Ross	239
The Laureate of Edinburg	
TO ENGLAND - - - - - Alfred Austin	244
A Poem	
A MONUMENT AND ITS STORY - Jonas Howe	245
Conclusion of an Article Concerning Captain Macdonald of Castle Tioram	
THE OLD FARM WELL - - - - - W. W. Rogers	249
A Poem	
NO. 5 COMPANY - - - - - A. A. McDonald	250
A Short Account of No. 5 Co. of the 82nd Battalion	
WHEN 'LISH PLAYED OX - - - Holman F. Day	255
An Account of a P. E. Islander's Prowess, reprinted from <i>The Saturday Evening Post</i>	
BEE KEEPING - - - - - Annie E. Mellish	257
A Glimpse at the Apiary on Warren Farm	
OTTAWA, 1901 - - - - - C. C. McNeill	262
OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM - Hon. A. B. Warburton	265
The First Half of the Concluding Article	
A FISH TWICE CAUGHT - - - - - The Duke	270
One of Many of "the Duke's" Fish Stories	
A TRIP TO NEWFOUNDLAND - - - - - J. Martin	271
NEW BOOKS AND MAGAZINES - - - - -	273

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

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PAGE

ross 239

stin 244

owe 245

d of

ers 249

ald 250

Day 255

rom

ish 257

ell 262

on 265

ike 270

tin 271

- 273

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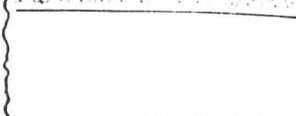


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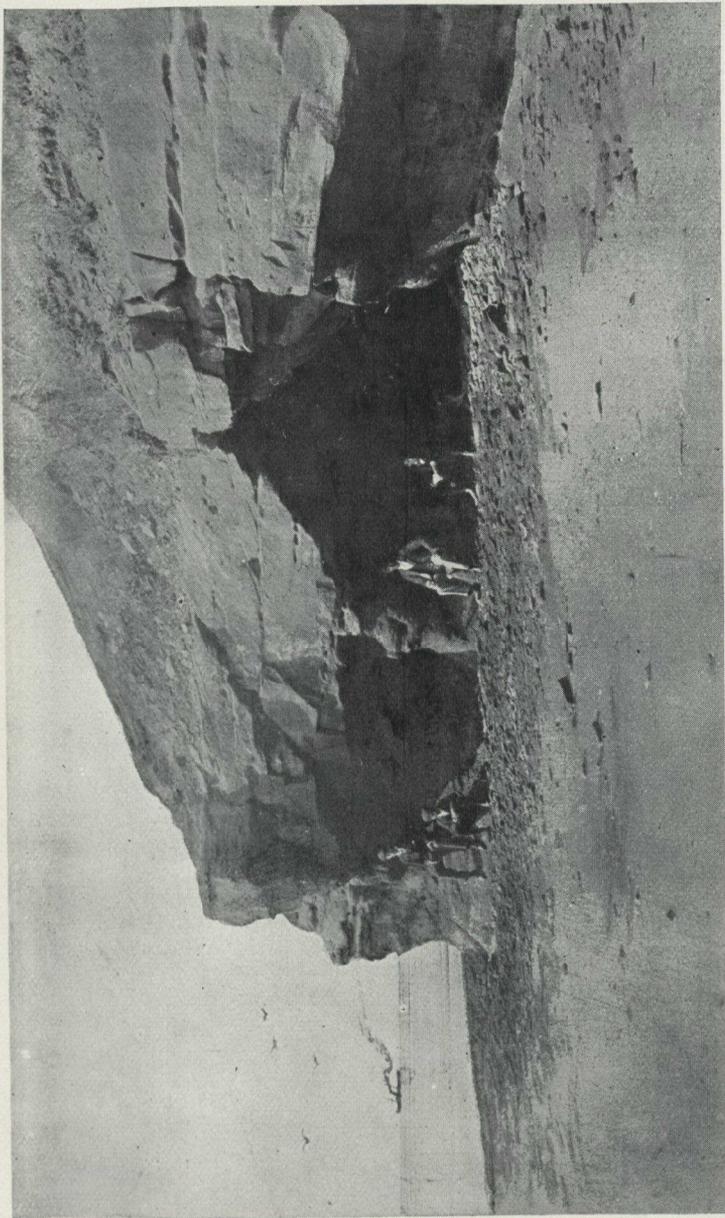
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RED SANDSTONE CLIFFS OF P. E. ISLAND

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THE
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
MAGAZINE

VOL. III

SEPTEMBER, 1901

No. 7

Robert Fergusson, the Laureate of Edinburgh.

THE heart of a Scotchman is never well content except in his own land; and in that land nowhere, perhaps, can he live so full and rich a life as in the shadow of Edinburgh, once apostrophized by Burns as "Edina, Scotia's darling seat."

Hardly a foot of that classic city, particularly of the old Town, but is pregnant with historic and poetic associations. For the visitor to go over these scenes with the proper leisure and reflective thought, is not a matter of weeks but of months; and if he is wise, being anxious to transport himself into the past and to live over again in imagination the gay, the glorious, and the tragic life of by-gone years, he will not willingly pass the open gate to churchyard or close. Nor will he avoid places that are to-day unsavory and unkempt, for in many of these there is hardly a roof-tree but has sheltered kings and nobles of an earlier day.

Just such a neighborhood is the Canongate, now sadly decayed from its former prestige. Allan Ramsay, in his day,

could address it in these words :

“ Oh, Caningate, puir elrich hole,
What loss, what crosses does thou thole !
London and death gars thee look droll,
And hing thy head ;
Wow but thou has e'en a cauld coal
To blaw indeed.”

We will not go back over its history further than to note several facts. The first of these is that the Canongate was founded as a burgh by the Canons of St. Augustine, who were given a charter for this purpose by King David I, and the burgh from that time forward possessed the privileges of a sanctuary,—a boon to debtors and other unfortunates. A famous region it became, leading direct to Holyrood and one-third of a mile long.

If the reader would know what interest attaches to these shabby old mansions, which could once boast of being the homes of the most distinguished nobles of the land and the centres of fashionable society, he will find these matters set forth in Sir Daniel Wilson's *Edinburgh*. To-day the tourist finds in the Canongate a dirty, grimy, narrow street, lined on either side with high houses, mostly very old and in wretched repair; in many of these little shops are kept, though Heaven only knows what they sell; and from the thoroughfare every here and there dark passages lead into sombre courts, where nothing short of a most pronounced antiquarian zeal will induce the sightseer to penetrate further than the length of his nose. Indeed the olfactory organ is a useful, though a troublesome appendage in this region. Continually on the street bare-headed women pass to and fro, and numerous urchins disport their limbs on the unclean stones, for want of a better playground. In this poverty-stricken region, the visitor notices many signs of lodgings and flats to let; and, too, what is a feature of Edinburgh scenery not common in most cities, on wash-days the clothing is suspended to dry on poles which project from the upper story windows directly

over the street, a novel sight to most eyes. Behind all this present day squalor and poverty, the mind of the visitor will pierce to the historic region, where lie, as some one puts it, "dark and solemn recollections of ancient grandeur."

Next to the courthouse and the prison of the old burgh stands our objective point, the Canongate Established Church. It was built in 1688, and the Churchyard in which it stands is not the least interesting of Edinburgh's famous burying places. The student of Political Economy bends his steps hither to view the grave of Adam Smith, the author of "The Wealth of Nations;" those interested in metaphysics, to see that of Dugald Stewart, Professor and writer on Moral Philosophy. But nine out of ten who love the poets will first make their way to a spot west of the Church, not far from the gateway, and almost within the shadow of a towering chimney, (no doubt that of a brewery) where a plain gravestone marks the resting place of a Scottish poet, which, but for the warm and generous heart of another and greater poet, would now be an undistinguished six feet of ground among a score of undistinguished graves. It was by this memorial slab that the writer paused one October day and read this epitaph :—

" No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,
 No storied urn nor animated bust ;
 This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,
 To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust."

On the back of the stone the following inscription speaks for itself :—

" By special grant of the managers
 To Robert Burns, who erected this stone,
 This burial place is ever to remain sacred
 To the memory of

ROBERT FERGUSSON."

Twelve years had elapsed since the death of Fergusson, when Burns, in 1786, lodged in Baxter's Close, Lawnmarket, in the house of a Mrs. Carfrae, where he shared the room and

bed of one Richmond, his friend, apprentice to a writer. The first Edinburgh edition of his poems was being published, and part of the proceeds was in his pocket. With the noble enthusiasm of his nature, and remembering with gratitude what he owed of inspiration and direction to the earlier bard, Burns sought out the forgotten grave in the Canongate burying-ground, paid it the tribute of his tears, and generously of his own impulse, and entirely at his own charges, erected the memorial stone to his "elder brother in the Muses."

It is a touching incident; perhaps to feel its full pathos, one must stand beside the stone which links the name of the two singers, whose genius was not dissimilar and whose lives were strangely alike in many points of tragic interest.

But aside from the sentiment of the situation, there is a real foundation for the warm tribute of the ploughman poet, that Fergusson's poetry and example had meant much of inspiration to him. This, from the literary point of view, is of considerable importance; for while it is an unworthy motive which looks through the pages of a God-gifted poet for the sake of botanizing—of discovering what thoughts or methods he may have derived from others, (and this sort of study is unhappily best suited to many), it certainly adds much to our knowledge of a poet, after we have received his spiritual message, to observe the stages of his growth, and particularly to note the preparedness of the time and place for his advent. For it is always revealed by study that there are no meteors in the sky of literature, who flash with brilliant suddenness, as it were, from ærial vacancy; but rather each is a planet of a system or a star of a galaxy. In other words, poets do not arrive on the literary horizon in full panoply, as Minerva is fabled to have sprung in full armor from the head of Jove. There is always the time of preparation, of attuning the reed and drawing from it tentative and often incoherent sounds: there is always much due to environment, the conjunctures of time and place; there is

always a master or several masters whose fine-spun gold is woven anew into the tissues of rejuvenated song. Shakespeare himself, whose figure overshadows the Elizabethan age, owed vast debts to his predecessors in the drama, and what he owed to the spirit of his time is immeasurably great. Thousands of years went to the making and shaping of the king of poets; and his work is final.

Thus Burns, too, whose poetic inspiration, as he "followed the plough in glory and in joy along the mountain side," came as pure and straight from Heaven as that of any poet who ever lived,—he, too, had his predecessors, to whom his debt is great and apparent; and chief of these predecessors is Robert Fergusson. Let us, therefore, consider this poet's life, place in literature, and poetry.

Robert Fergusson was born in Edinburgh of poor but respectable parents. He was a delicate child, and grew up with such a taste for books, and appeared so promising of intellect that it was decided to make him a minister of the church. Accordingly, at the age of thirteen, a bursary having been procured for him at St. Andrew's University, he went up to take the necessary studies. The precocity of his mind, and the winsomeness of his manners soon won him particular marks of attention among faculty and students. His heart, however, was never very deeply enamored with the set courses of the curriculum, though he always managed to save himself from failure. But in the field of poetry he ranged widely, and began to throw off humorous snatches of rhyme. His abilities were recognized as more than ordinary, and saved him from the severe censures which would otherwise have fallen upon his wild pranks. For whatever mischief was afoot, Robbie Fergusson was the ringleader. Because of one escapade, for which even youthful exuberance was not accepted as an excuse, he was temporarily expelled, to be received back again through the interest of his friends,—particularly of Dr. Wilkie, professor of Natural Philosophy,

with whom the young poet stood in high favor. His most serious poetic attempt so far, was a tragedy on the subject of Sir William Wallace. Of this he wrote two acts, and stopped, because, it is said, he then found that another tragedy on the same subject was in existence.

H. V. ROSS.

STANLEY BRIDGE.

To be Continued.

To "England."

I

Heed not those voices, whether hoarsely borne
 Through leagues of mist from lands where Envy growls
 At unassailable greatness and your scorn
 Of powerless snarls and scowls,

II.

Or hissed out, nearer home, from foul-fanged throat
 Of Treason, eager to besmirch and slay
 Our far-off hero-brothers, and to vote
 An Empire's weal away

III

But hearken only to the imperative voice.
 Of your own conscience, purified from lust
 Of victory or vengeance, and rejoice
 Solely in what is just.

IV

And, as a firm-willed steadfast-steering bark
 'Gainst buffeting winds and temptest-tattered spray,
 'Mid jarring clamour, on through day, through dark,
 Cleaves its appointed way,

V

And,—while keels feebler toss, the shivering sport
 Of multitudinous billows, drenched and drowned,

Then derelict,—thinks only of the port
To which its chart is bound,

VI

So keep male mind and unapproachful soul
Set to your purpose, free from dread or ire,
Until you sight and gain unto the goal
Of duty and desire :

VII

Forgetful never that the Strong still must,
If cherishing freedom, keep her Flag unfurled,
Long as God wills to give to them in trust
The welfare of the world.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

A Monument and its Story.

(*Concluded from last month.*)

THIS is the concluding article on the above subject, from the pen of Mr. Jonas Howe, published in *Acadiensis*. It will be found to contain much of interest to many people in Prince Edward Island who are connected with the Macdonalds and Macdonells here specially mentioned

The death of Mrs. Macdonald did not, however, turn Captain Macdonald from the patriotic work in which he was engaged, and to which he had been devoted. In the autumn of 1843 he published, from the press of Henry Chubb & Co., a pamphlet which bore the following title : "Sketches of Highlanders : with an account of their early arrival in North America ; their advancement in agriculture ; and some of their distinguished military services in the war of 1812, etc., etc., with letters containing useful information for emigrants from the Highlands of Scotland to the British Provinces, by R. C. Macdonald, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Castle Tioram Regiment of Highlanders, Prince Edward Island, Chief of the Highland Society of Nova Scotia, and Paymaster of the 30th Regiment. St. John, N. B., 1843."

The edition of the pamphlet, which was limited in number, for some reason was not freely circulated, and remained in possession of the Messrs. Chubb for many years, and was destroyed in the great

fire of 1877. But few copies are now in existence, and it is one of the rarest of provincial pamphlets.

The sketches of Highlanders are taken from Chamber's History of the Rebellion of 1745, supplemented with a great deal of historical information relating to the Highland soldiers and emigrants who settled in Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia during the last century. The pamphlet, which contains a very interesting account of the Cleunarry regiment, and its services in the war of 1812-13, ends with two characteristic letters from Abraham Gesner, the eminent geologist, to Captain Macdonald, on the settlement of Highlanders on the crown lands of New Brunswick. Captain Macdonald's book was worthy of a wider circulation and deserved a better fate than that which befell it, and the author merited more honor than he appears to have received.

But that which has tended most to perpetuate Captain Macdonald's name with us is the monument, with the lengthy inscription, which he placed over the grave of his wife, and which remains as a memorial of his affection.

The builder of the monument was the late John Causey, and it was placed in its present position in the autumn of 1843.

Shortly after its erection, the 30th Regiment returned to England, and we hear nothing more of Captain Macdonald. Military duties carried him far from his native island, and the people in whom he had taken so deep an interest. In 1848, while on service with his regiment in the Island of Cephalonia, one of the Ionian Isles, now a part of the kingdom of Greece, he died, and his brother officers placed over his grave a monument to mark his worth and their respect.

Captain Macdonald possessed an estate on Prince Edward Island, to which his father, Glenaladale, had given the name "Castle Tioram."* It was a portion of his patrimony. There, and on Lots 35 and 36, was formed the Castle Tioram Regiment of Highlanders, named in compliment to him, and of which he became lieutenant-colonel. The corps was recruited from his own clansmen, and wore the same tartan as the Highland societies of British America, — the

* "Castletirrim is one of the ancient seats on the mainland of the Macdonald's of Clanranald. It was burnt down by the chief prior to his joining the Earl of Mar during the Fifteen to avoid its falling into the hands of the government forces during his absence. The walls are still standing, and in fair preservation, on a little island near the head of Loch Moidart. The name, as written by Captain Macdonald himself, Castle Tioram, is the correct Gaelic form of it. The family of Glenaladale being descended from Clanranald, Captain Macdonald, naturally enough, called his place in Prince Edward Island after the ancient family residence of his chief." Extract from a letter from Alexander Mackenzie, F. S. A., author of "History of the Macdonalds and Lords of the Isles" to the writer.

prominent color being the Gordon tartan; with the colors of the other clans. The standard of the regiment bore the Glengarry and Castle Tioram coat-of-arms, and was presented by Mrs. Macdonald. The Castle Tioram regiment, like many of the Highland Societies, is but a memory of the past, and the Castle Tioram estate has become the residence of strangers, with the ancient name almost forgotten.

Captain Macdonald had issue by his wife one son and two daughters; one daughter died young, and the other, Elizabeth Ranaldson Macdonald, entered a convent and became a nun. She is now in Melbourne, Australia. The son, Rev. John Alastair Somerled Macdonald, a Jesuit priest, is stationed at Brandon, Manitoba, in the Northwest Territories of the Dominion of Canada. This gentleman is imbued with the same love of race which so highly characterized his father.

“Colonel Macdonell, chief of Glengarry, and heir to the forfeited titles of the Earls of Ross,” was the fifteenth chief of Glengarry, and the last historic chieftain of the clan. He was the grand-nephew of Alastair Macdonell of Glengarry, who was selected by the Highland chiefs in 1745 to carry an address, signed with their blood, to Prince Charles. Two battalions of Glengarry men served with the standard of Prince Charles in that ill-starred rising. Colonel Macdonell was a friend of Sir Walter Scott, and is said to have been his original for Fergus McIvor in Waverley. In 1793, when the French republic declared war against England, a number of Catholic gentlemen in the Highlands formed a regiment under the command of Colonel Macdonell; most of the persons who formed it being his clansmen and tenants, it was known as the First Glengarry regiment. The corps served in Ireland during the troubles of 1798, and remained in service until 1802, when it was disbanded. Many of the Glengarry men, under the leadership of their chaplain, Rev. Father Macdonell, with their friends and relatives, emigrated to Upper Canada, and formed a Gaelic-speaking settlement called after their native glen, where each head of the family gave the name of his holding in Glengarry to his plantation in the new home. The Glengarry regiment was again re-organized in Canada, and did its part nobly in saving the British Provinces to the crown in the years 1812-13-14. With this regiment Captain John Jenkins, a New Brunswicker, gained renown at the taking of Ogdensburg.

Colonel Macdonell died in 1828, his demise being most tragic. Sir Walter Scott, who was a great admirer of the chieftain, wrote a lament, entitled, “Glengarry’s Death Song,” which was first printed in the article referred to in Blackwood’s Magazine :

“ Land of the Gael, thy glory has flown ;
 For the star of the north from its orbit is thrown ;
 Dark, dark, is thy sorrow, and hopeless thy pain,
 For no star e'er shall beam with its lustre again.
 Glengarry, Glengarry, is gone ever more,
 Glengarry, Glengarry, we'll ever deplore.”

Colonel Macdonell was succeeded by his eldest son, Æneas Ranaldson Macdonell, who sold the greater part of the Glengarry estates, which were heavily mortgaged, and emigrated with his family to Australia, and the vast territories of the race of Glengarry passed from them forever.

Captain Macdonald ended the long inscription with this brief reference to an episode in the life of his father, which changed the fortunes of the Glenaladale family, and also had an important influence on the early settlement of Prince Edward Island :

“ Also to perpetuate the memory of the chieftain of Glenaladale, his father, and the attachment of the Highlanders who followed him, as their leader, to Prince Edward Island in 1772.”

John Macdonald, the eighth chieftain of Glenaladale, was a child when his father joined the standard of Prince Charles in 1745, which was first unfurled upon Glenaladale's property at Glenfinnin. He was educated at the famous Catholic seminary at Ratisbon, in Germany, and was considered one of the most accomplished young gentlemen of his generation. “ In 1770 a violent persecution against the Catholics broke out in the Island of South Uist. Glenaladale, hearing of the proceedings, went to visit the people, and was so touched by their pitiable condition that he formed the resolution of expatriating himself, and going off at their head to America.”* With this object in view, he sold the estate of Glenaladale to his cousin and nearest heir in 1771, and purchased a large estate in Prince Edward Island, then known as Saint John's Island, and removed thither.

A few years after the settlement of Glenaladale and his clansmen, the war between England and her American colonies broke out, and in this emergency Glenaladale was the means of forming, in Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia, a battalion named “the Royal Highland Emigrants,” composed chiefly of Highlanders, and in which he commanded a company.

His many virtues and abilities were recognized during those trying times, and the loyalty of his clansmen was unquestioned. After the close of the war Glenaladale devoted his energies to the develop-

*History of the Macdonalds and Lords of the Isles, p. 448

ment of his large landed estates in Prince Edward Island. These he divided into seven portions, and their sub-divisions he called after places in Scotland—Glenaladale, Grand Tracaday, Donaldson, Castle Tioram, Arisaig, St. Martins and New Moidart. At his home the old chieftain displayed the most unbounded hospitality, and his house was a resting place where all travellers received a cordial welcome.† Glenaladale took a deep interest in the public affairs of Prince Edward Island, and filled many important positions of honor and trust. The British government offered him the governorship, but owing to the oath of allegiance necessary at the time, as a Catholic he was obliged to decline the office. He died in 1811, and is buried among his clansmen and kindred in a burial ground known as “the Doctor’s House.”

The estates once held by Captain John Macdonald, of Glenaladale, in Prince Edward Island, were, under the terms of the Provincial Land Purchase Act, bought by the local Government, and re-sold at cost to the occupants, who now hold them in fee simple.

His grandson, John Archibald Macdonald, Esq., still holds Glenaladale with five hundred acres attached, which he cultivates, and on which he resides. Another grandson, Sir William C. Macdonald, philanthropist, is the generous benefactor of McGill University, Montreal, and other educational measures of national importance.

JONAS HOWE.

† Hon. A. A. Macdonald, Prince Edward Island.

The Old Farm Well.

MY grandsire dug it long ago, it served him in his day,
 His children and their children drank, but all have gone away.
 The hands that drew the water up are scattered wide by Fate;
 But still the old farm well is there beside the iron gate.

The curb is now but moss and mould, the chain has rusted long;
 The creaking wheel revolves no more, nor sings its plaintive song.
 Unused for years, the buckets now have rotted stave by stave,
 The patient hands that shaped them, too, are crumbling in the grave.

In earliest childhood, I had learned to climb the old curb side,
 And gaze, with wondering fear, adown the cavern deep and wide;

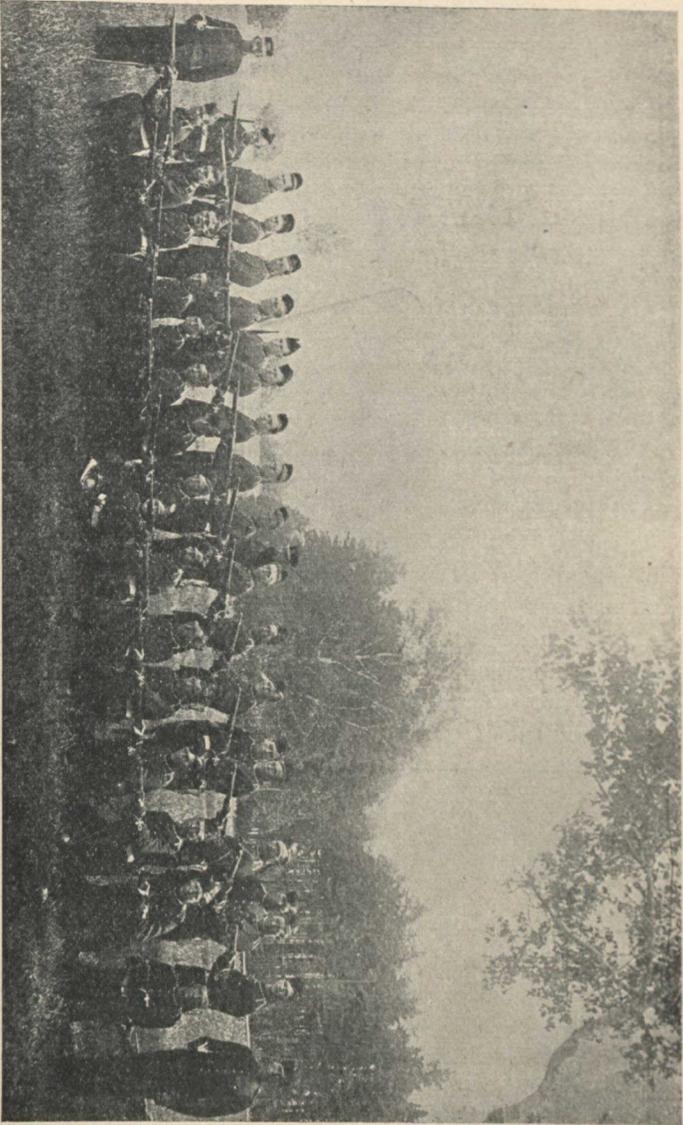
Or, if on mischief bent, to cast a pebble from the brink,
And listen, gleefully, to hear it splash and gurgling sink.
At morn and eve the cattle came, the cooling flood to quaff,
With jostling eagerness, around the brimming hemlock trough.
How have I seen their great brown eyes so eloquently gleam
With glad contentment, as they sucked the life-refreshing stream.
And often have I driven there my horses from the plow;
And, while they slacked their foaming lips, I cooled my burning brow.
For thirsty man and beast, the cure could always sure be found
In that invigorating fount deep hidden in the ground.
And then, on sultry afternoons, the scholars paused awhile
To pass the old tin dipper round, with many a jest and smile.
Their faces now have older grown, and some have passed away,
But all were fresh and rosy then in life's unclouded day.
Oh! could the purity and calm of that old fountain fill
The turbid channels of our lives; and could its waters still,
In all the warring fields of life, wash off each scar and stain,
And, potent to renew the heart, charm back our youth again!
Tho' young in years, I'm growing old from weariness of mind;
The only green that I can see is fading far behind.
And yet, methinks, 'twould make this heart with old-time rapture
swell,
To drink, as when a child I drank, from that dear old farm well.

W. W. ROGERS.

No. 5 Co. at Home and in Camp.

NOW that an entirely new feeling with regard to our militia, has been created by the South African war, it may prove interesting to your many readers to give here a short sketch of the history of No. 5 Company of the 82nd Regiment.

The day has gone by when members of the Canadian Militia will be referred to as "feather-bed soldiers." Fighting side by side with crack British regiments they



NO. 5 COMPANY AT CAMP BRIGHTON.

were not only able to hold their own, but often went one better, and taught the regular "Tommy," that "Johnny Canuck" was equal to any emergency in the fighting line. Major-General Hutton stated at one time, that it would be useless to send Canadian Militia battalions to the front unless they were associated with regular line regiments. How his judgment erred in this particular was demonstrated repeatedly during the course of the campaign, and with Canadians recommended for the Victoria Cross, and other distinguished honors—the rewards of the bravest of the brave—it is no wonder we feel proud of the men, who so nobly upheld the honor of their flag and country.

There was a period, after the withdrawal of the regular British troops from Charlottetown in 1854, when volunteer companies were formed and maintained at the expense of the individuals who were members thereof. Such organizations as the Irish Volunteers, the Prince of Wales Volunteers, and other companies, were formed and maintained in a greater or less state of efficiency, until a year or two before Confederation, when some sort of order was evolved out of the different Companies, with the result of the establishment of the 82nd Battalion under the jurisdiction of the Dominion Government.

Practically, No. 5 Company of the 82nd Battalion was formed in the year 1855, Mr. Thomas Carson being the first Captain and after him James Dollar.

Captain A. Beaton, the present commander of No. 5, enrolled under Captain Dollar, in the year 1867, as private, being then only thirteen years of age. In 1877 Captain A. B. Spense assumed command which he retained until 1882, when Theophilus McLeod, now the Lieut.-Col. of the 82nd Regiment, was appointed Captain. In 1888 when Captain McLeod was promoted to the rank of Major, David Bertram was gazetted Captain.

In 1892 the present commanding officer, A. Beaton,

assumed command. A brief sketch of his military career may be interesting :

He enlisted in the year 1867, at the age of thirteen. He received first appointment as Sergeant under Captain Spense in 1877, was promoted to the rank of Second Lieutenant, and in 1882 was promoted First Lieutenant. He received his present command of Captain in 1892.

At the time of the North-West Rebellion, No. 5. Company furnished twenty-two men for the contingent from this Island to suppress the said rebellion. This contingent was held in readiness in Charlottetown for one week, when word was received that the Rebellion was quelled and their services were not required.

While at Camp Brighton this year, this Company received the largest percentage of marks for good behavior while at Camp.

Let any one who doubts the fascination of the soldiers' life spend forty-eight hours in camp. From reveille to taps there is a round of simple duties which never seem to pall. The bugle alone can thrill as no other alarm can, and when the unaccustomed ear hears at break of day the first call, there will undoubtedly be a rush to the door of the tent to see what is happening.

In camp this year the violin was the favourite musical instrument of the soldier boys. One evening I heard the music of a violin in a tent next to ours. A soldier was playing the bars of an accompaniment, and softly began to sing "Way Down Upon the Swanee River." It came to us like the breath of another world, — our own dear world out in the country. The singer had a sweet, tenor voice, with the true heart ring in it, and every note was clear and high, as he sang :

" Way down upon the Swanee River,
Far, far away,
Dere's where my heart is turning ever
Dere's where the old folks stay."

The song, and the singer's sad voice sobered us. We could only listen: and then came the last verse of the beautiful song.



CAPT. A. BEATON.

Not a word was spoken in our tent as, still accompanying himself with his violin, he sang the finishing chorus:

"All de world am sad and dreary,

Everywhere I roam:
Oh, darkies how my heart
grows weary,—
Far from the old folks at
home."

When he finished, he swung his violin in front of him and began to play, "Home, Home, Sweet Home." He seemed to be singing to some one far away, for surely there was love

and pain and tears in his voice as he sang that last:

Home, home, sweet home,
There's no place like home, there's no place like home."

His voice died away. It was night now. The breeze still came through the door of the tent. Then the bugle sounded taps or "lights out," with its soothing and melancholy strains falls upon the tired soldier's ear like a benediction:

"Those who are true to their country and God
Will meet at the last reveille my boys."

A. A. MACDONALD.

STENCHAL.

When 'Lish "Played Ox."

By Holman F. Day, in "Saturday Evening Post."

GROUTY and gruff,
Profane and rough —
Old 'Lish Henderson slammed through life;
Swore at his workers —
Both honest and shirkers —
Threatened his children and raved at his wife.
Yes, 'Lish was a waspish and churlish old man,
Who was certainly built on the porcupine plan:
In all of that section there couldn't be found
A neighbor whom Henderson hadn't "stood round."
And the men that he hired surveyed him with awe
And cowered whenever he flourished his jaw,
Till it came to the time that he hired John Gile,
A brawny six-footer from Prince Edward's Isle.
He wanted a teamster — old Henderson did —
And a number of candidates offered a bid,
But his puffy red face and the glare in his eyes,
And his thunderous tones and his ominous size
And the wealth of his language embarrassed them so
Their fright made them foolish — he told them to go.
And then, gaunt and shambling, with good-natured smiie
Came bashfully forward the giant John Gile.
"Hev' ye ever driv' oxen?" old Henderson roared.
Gile said he could tell the brad end of a goad.
Then Henderson grinned at the crowd standing 'round,
And he dropped to his hands and his knees on the ground.
"Here, fellow," he bellowed, "you take this 'ere gad;
Jest imagine I'm oxen! Now drive me, my lad.
Jest give me some samples of handlin' the stick,
I can tell if I want ye — an' tell ye blamed quick."
Gile fingered the goad hesitatingly, then
As he saw Uncle 'Lish grinning up at the men
Who were eyeing the trial, said: "Mister, I swan,
'Tain't fair on a feller, this teamin' a man."
"I'm oxen — I'm oxen," old Henderson cried;

“Git on to your job or git out an’ go hide.”
Then Gile held the goad-stick in uncertain pose
And gingerly swished it near Uncle ‘Lish’s nose.
“Wo, h’ysh — wo, wo, h’ysh” — but with mischievous light
In his beady old eyes Uncle ‘Lish never stirred,
And the language he used was the worst ever heard.
“Why, drat ye,” he roared; “hain’t ye got no more sprawl
Than a five-year-old girl? Why, ye might as well call
Your team ‘Mister Oxen,’ and say to ‘em ‘Please!’”
And then Uncle ‘Lish settled down on his knees
And he snapped: “Hain’t ye grit enough, man, to say scat?
Ye’ll never git anywhere, drivin’ like that.
I’ll tell ye right now that the oxen I own
Hain’t driven like kittens; they don’t go alone;
There’s pepper-sass in ‘em — they’e r’arin’ an’ hot,
An’ I — I’m the r’ariest ox in the lot.”
Then Uncle ‘Lish Henderson lowered his head
And bellowed and snorted. John Gile calmly said:
“Of course — oh, of course, in a case such as that —”
He threw out his quid and he threw down his hat —
Jumped up, cracked his heels, danced around Uncle ‘Lish
And yelled like a maniac: “Blast ye, wo, h’ysh!”
Ere Uncle ‘Lish Henderson knew what was what
His teeth fairly chattered, he got such a swat
From that vicious ash stick — though that wasn’t as bad
As when the man gave him two inches of brad —
Just jabbed it with all of his two-handed might.
“Wo, haw, there!” he shouted. “Gee up there, old Bright!”
Well, Uncle ‘Lish gee’ed — there’s no doubt about that —
Went into the air and he squalled like a cat;
Made a swing and a swoop at that man in a style
That showed he proposed to annihilate Gile.
But Gile clinched the goad-stick and hit him a whack
On the bridge of his nose, sent him staggering back;
And he reeled and he gasped and he sunk on one knee.
“Dad rat ye!” yelled Gile. “Don’t ye try to hook me!
Gee up there — go ‘long there! Wo haw an’ wo h’ysh!”
And again did he bury that brad in old ‘Lish.
Then he lammed and he basted him, steady and hard;
He chased and he bradded him all ‘round that yard;
Till ‘Lish fairly screamed, as he dodged like a fox:
“For Heaven’s sake, stranger, let’s play I hain’t ox.”

Gile bashfully stammered: "Why, 'course ye are not.
Ye'll have to excuse me — I kind o' forgot."

With a queer, twisted smile,

'Lish looked at Gile.

Then he lifted one hand from the place where he smarted;

And he stuck it right out —

Gripped good and stout —

"Ye're hired," said 'Lish. "I reckon I'm started."

Bee Keeping—a Glimpse at Warren Farm.

VERY few people have any idea of the great amount of work in connection with bee-keeping. One of the most extensive apiaries in P. E. Island is owned by Mr. Harold Newson of Warren Farm, Rocky Point. Five years ago, Mr. Newson imported a hive of bees and placed them in a large floral garden and orchard. In two years the colony increased to five hives. Success continued to follow hard work and patient labor, and there are now ten hives containing about 200,000 bees.

Let us take a peep at the life of these little insects:

A family or colony consists of one bee of peculiar shape known as the Queen or Mother Bee, some hundreds of Drones or male bees, and several thousands of workers. The office of the latter is to take care of the brood, attend to the work in the inside of the hive and gather honey or pollen for the colony.

The frame work or skeleton of the bee is formed of a horny substance called Chinite, similar to that of a Cockroach. The body of the bee is divided into three distinct sections: the head; the thorax, bearing the wings and legs;

and the abdomen, containing the honey sack, stomach, bowels and main breathing organs.

Bees have an acute sense of smell, are known to be susceptible to different colors, and, being endowed with five regular eyes, two compositive ones and an innumerable number of facets or eyelets, they have quite an extensive vision. The average life of the bee during the working season is thirty-five days, but as the Queen Bee lays six eggs a minute or 3,500 eggs a day we can readily understand how a colony can increase, even when the individual bee is so short lived. A Queen begins to lay when ten days old, and it is possible for 73,500 cells to be occupied by a brood at one time. Adding to this 20,000 cells for provisions, we have 94,000 cells, as a number required for a strong colony in one hive.

The hum of bees differs according to their mood, and the buzz of anger, contentment or fear is known to the practised ear of the bee-keeper. What strikes terror to the heart of a child and very often makes an adult jump several feet in mid air is the sting of the little bee. This dreaded arrow consists of a whitish vesicle, about the size of a mustard seed, located in the poisonous sack in the abdomen, with two spears of a polished, chesnut-color, horny substance, which, supported by a sheath, make a very sharp weapon. Each spear of the sting has about nine barbs turned back like a fish-hook, and, when in the act of stinging, this spear emerges from the sheath about two-thirds of its length.

However, the honey bee is too busy a little creature to inflict a sting on any but those who trample on its rights, and it lives up to the Golden Rule to the extent that it is never the aggressive party.

The chief food of bees is honey or nectar produced by plants and flowers. The white clover is considered the best, and apiaries in the vicinity of a field usually yield a plentiful harvest of pure white honey. When gathered, the

honey is stored in supers under the top cover of the hive and is ripened by a process of downward ventilation. When the cells in the super are full the bees seal it over with a flat cover or capping made of wax. This capping is begun at the lower edge of the cell and raised gradually as the honey is deposited within until the end is entirely sealed. As the honey sometimes granulates in the cell, water is necessary to dissolve it and digest the pollen and also to prepare the food with which they feed the larvae. In twenty-four hours the food of a bee is transformed into wax. To make one pound, ten or fifteen pounds of honey are needed, and a hive with capacity of nine gallons does not yield more than two pounds of wax when melted.

To be a successful Apiarist, great attention must be given to the construction of the bee hives. These are made like a square box, with a slanting movable roof, separate stories and place of exit. The frames inside are suspended, leaving a space from the bottom, top and sides of about one-fourth of an inch—called bee space.

The interior of the hive is kept dry in winter, and free from the suffocating heat of summer, and also affords suitable protection against the extremes of heat and cold. The bottom board is adjustable for ventilation and in order to clear out the dead bees during the winter season. The division board is also adjustable, to use according to the size of the swarm, making comb handling much easier. Oil cloth is used over the broad combs in the summer and is replaced by straw matting during the winter.

For an ordinary sized hive, eight combs are required, and the entrance is never larger than five-sixteenths of an inch, in order to give passage to the bees, and to keep out mice. Man having done his part, the bee adds the finishing touches by gathering propolis—a bright golden, sticky substance—from resinous buds and limbs of trees, and so by gluing over the crevices the hive is air tight. This done

the bees begin to make comb and build downward from the highest point of the frame. The thickness of a worker's comb is one inch on either side and the distance between is rated at seven-sixteenths of an inch. These combs are made of wax and produced by bees as cattle produce fat—by eating. Honey gathering and comb building go on simultaneously, and it has been seen that when the honey harvest is on an incomplete comb it is left unfinished until the bees begin to gather once more. Combs newly built are white but soon become a brownish yellow color. In these combs the cells of the workers are the smallest, the Drones next in size, while the Queen cells always hang with their mouths downward.

Even as late as September, bees will gather honey from the Autumn flowers but are reluctant to build new combs; nevertheless, if empty ones are supplied they will fill them with surprising rapidity.

One of the most beautiful sights in the rural world is the "swarming" of bees. This interesting event usually takes place between 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. on some bright day in June. The first sign is the hasty departure of some scouts: the Queen Bee then becomes restless and instead of depositing her eggs in the cell roams over the comb and communicates her agitation to the whole colony. Soon a few more bees leave the hive and fly around in an excited manner; suddenly a great noise is heard within and the bees appear almost frantic, whirling around in circles continually enlarging, like those made by a stone thrown into still water; at last the whole hive is in a state of the greatest ferment, and the bees rushing impetuously to the entrance pour forth in one steady stream. Having once put their hand to the plough they never look back, but fly as swiftly as an arrow of a William Tell.

The Queen Bee usually leads the swarm, and all alight on a bough or trunk of a tree. Some Apiarists hang a

woolen mitten or net veil in the vicinity of their hive, hoping to attract the bees; while others fasten a piece of an old comb to a tree but it has been proven that a swarm is better to alight on fresh green currant bushes. The bees having found a resting place, work for the Apiarist begins in earnest, as it requires the most skilful management to get the swarm hived once more.

A large sheet or swarm sack is often used, or, better still, a clothes basket lined with muslin. This is held directly under the swarm and the bees are shaken into it by a sudden jerk of the bough. The basket is covered instantly with a white sheet and opened at the entrance of the new hive; when the Apiarist has once succeeded in getting the Queen Bee inside the rest follow in quick pursuit. The affection for the mother bee among the swarm is remarkable, her comfort being one of their chief objects in life.

The time for honey gathering having arrived, extracting commences; then for the fun! The utensils needed are— a good bee-smoker, two brushes made of asparagus boughs, a wood chisel, two tin pans, one comb bucket and two carbonized rubber cloths. The operator opens the hive, removes the super, places it in a tin pan and covers it with the rubber cloth. He then examines the brood chamber from which one or two combs may be taken if advisable. The removal of the bees is simplified by the bee escape which gives the bees in the super a chance to escape to the body of the hive and also reduces the work when handling the comb. Even the most experienced bee keeper receives many a sting now, and it is at this time that the country youth is so far ahead of his city cousin. He cares not for disfigurements; but the young man in the city scorns to take his place in the office, bank or store with a swollen eye or discolored cheek. As a preventive, the Apiarist wears a net veil, fastened to the rim of a large straw hat, gathered in at

the neck with elastic. He also dons a pair of India rubber gloves, impregnable to the sting of bees. The honey house now in readiness, the Apiarist removes the frames and comb from the hive and replaces empty ones, in order to secure the greatest amount of honey, as a colony should never be left without comb. For extracting purposes, a capping can, a honey knife, a funnel with sieve, a pail, a barrel, an extractor and two cans are used. Two combs are taken out at a time, and when the wax is capped off each side these are placed in the extractor and turned with a crank. Excitement now grows intense, and, at last, honey pure as crystal pours from the sieve, and the guests present are invited to participate in a delicious treat.

For many years man did not fully appreciate these little honey gatherers—still they laboured faithfully on and now that the former apparent mysteries of their work have been solved, the bee by its industry and achievements stands second to no human workman in God's universe.

ANNIE E. MELLISH.

Ottawa, 1901.

AS the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE has become so popular, and has found its way to so many of the firesides of the people of the "Garden of the Gulf," perhaps a few notes from the Capital may be read with some interest; but it will be impossible, in this short paper, to speak of the many points of interest that are to be seen by the tourist, and I would say to any one that purposes taking a trip to the West not to fail in spending a few days in the "Washington of the North."

Ottawa City is situated at the confluence of the Ottawa, Rideau and Gatineau Rivers, the Ottawa River forming the

boundary line between the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, and was in an early day called the "Grand River." It is some six hundred miles long, and is broader two hundred and eighty miles from its mouth than it is between Ottawa City and the Lake of the Two Mountains.

The National Buildings are situated on what is known as Parliament Hill, a high bluff overlooking the Ottawa River and will always be the main feature of interest to the tourist, for they are magnificent structures of most artistic design. The centre block, in which are the House of Commons, Senate Chamber and library, stands only a few yards from the edge of the bluff. To the east and south, on less high ground, stands the East Block, a building of beautiful design, in which is the office of the Governor-General, also the chamber where the Executive Government meet, the Auditor-General's office, Interior Department and other offices. The West Block is situated, west and south of the Centre Block, and is similar in architecture as the East Block, save that it has a very high tower known as the "McKenzie Tower" in memory of the late Alexander McKenzie, who was Premier of this great Dominion for a term. In this block are the Marine and Fisheries Department, Public Works, Militia and Defence and other offices. The entrance to Parliament Hill grounds is on Wellington Street, and directly opposite the main entrance of the Centre Block, which is at the base of the main tower, to the top of which everyone should wend their way, and although the ascent is hard and tiresome, the view from the top of the tower will repay the toil. To the right and left of the broad asphalt walk leading to the Parliament Building, there are the finest grass lawns to be found in America. The grounds on the hill proper are most tastefully laid out with drives and shady walks, and dotted here and there with beautiful flower beds, which are tastefully arranged, and well kept. There is also a beauti-

fully designed summer house on the extreme west of the hill, nicely fitted up with seats inside and out, where hundreds of citizens spend the cool of the evening, and the view from this point takes in the Chaudier Falls, and bridge over the Ottawa to Hull on the opposite bank of the river, also the great lumber mills of Mr. J. R. Booth. These mills in themselves are a sight at night time worth taking in, lighted as they are by electricity, and driven by the water power of the Chaudier Falls. They run night and day, having somewhere about 1,000 men for day work and 1,000 for night work. You can also see, just below you, at this point of view in the Ottawa River, No Man's Island, as it lies about midway in the river, and is as much the territory of one province as the other. Happily it is only a great flat rock and as yet has not become a bone of contention between the provinces. Proceeding to the east and north, there is another nook, nicely seated and shaded with large trees, from which you get a beautiful view of the new Inter-provincial Bridge, joining Ottawa with the City of Hull. This is said to be one of the finest structures in Canada. Over this bridge runs the New York Gatineau Railway, the track being in the centre of the bridge; on both sides are the electric railway tracks, which run to Hull, and between the railway track and the electric track is the passenger footway, while on the outside of the electric railway track and the railing of the bridge, there is ample room for the carriage road. You also, from this point, get a fine view of Nepean Point, on which there are a number of large guns mounted, that are used on similar occasions as those at "Fort Edward," Charlottetown. Further along this beautiful walk which is railed in by a very fine cedar hedge, you get a good view of the locks of the Rideau Canal, of which I may have something to say later on, and Major Hill Park. But one of the most attractive walks of Parliament Hill, is what is known as "The Lovers' Walk," a

roadway, cut about one-third way down the bluff, and running completely round from east to west. Enough for this time.

C. C. MACNEILL.

Our School System — Concluding Paper.

THEN again why should not tree-planting be encouraged, nay taught, in our schools? Let me go further and ask why it should not be made part of the regular curriculum. There are but few weeks throughout the year in which instruction on this subject can be practically given, but it can be well given in a short time, and, if properly given, would really afford the pupils pleasure and amusement, or at least interesting and useful employment, both mental and physical, as well as valuable instruction. I believe that, properly conducted for, say, one week in spring and another in autumn, this teaching would be invaluable to the pupil. Its ultimate value to Prince Edward Island is beyond calculation.

I am not going into details as to where or when to plant a tree. These are matters that come in at the planting and would be taught in the schools. I wish merely to refer to it as part of what I think should be the general education of our town and country school-going population; to indicate where it can be carried on, and the advantages which, in my opinion, would result from such training.

Suppose that the amalgamated schools, with their large grounds, as advocated in these papers, should ever be established, how easy it would be for the trustees, or,

better still, for the Board of Education as representing the whole Province, to set apart one or more days in each spring and autumn for tree planting by the pupils in all our schools. The day ought to be announced for each season separately, as the date that is best one year is not always the best for the following year. For instance, the best date for the spring of 1900 would not have been the best date for the spring of 1901. However that is a question that can arrange itself. Then let the trees be planted with care and the reasons for the way they are being planted be given; also instructions as to how to protect, nurture and guard them.

So far as the country is concerned, there need not, necessarily, be any expense connected with this, as maple and other trees can be procured by the youngsters from the woods for planting. Let me here interject a remark to the school children, that is to avoid beech trees, as they are very difficult to transplant with success. Should the trustees of a district provide trees, of kinds other than native, which in many places they might very well do and at a trifling expense, they might add very valuable trees to our Island woods. For instance take black walnut, a very valuable tree, yearly becoming more valuable. Though not native to this Island it can be grown here without difficulty. It simply requires care in planting and care after it is planted. Any intelligent ten-year-old boy could plant and attend to it. And there are many other trees, both native and foreign which flourish here, which are all ornamental and some of which are valuable as well. By planting, the large school grounds might be made ornaments to the settlements in which they are situated and would benefit the grown-up people as well as the children. At present it cannot be claimed that the majority of our school grounds are ornamental or a credit to their neighborhoods. The well planted school ground would not only be ornamental, but, large-

ly because of being ornamental, would add to the market value of the surrounding lands. Above all, the lesson to be derived from the planting, guarding and watching the growth of the tree which had been planted by the children's own hands, would be of very great value.

I read a report last winter of a discussion in one of our societies, I forget which, upon the question of re-foresting the Island. It was suggested that the remaining Government lands be devoted to this purpose. I believe that the idea of to some extent re-foresting is a good one, but I doubt if the remaining Government lands would be of much value in that connection, as from my knowledge of them, I consider that a large proportion of the small acreage remaining is practically worthless. I may be quite wrong in this opinion and do not pretend to speak with authority. But there is a lot of public land in the Province which might be utilized and utilized through our schools in the double way of re-foresting the country and of giving the young people valuable practical, as well as theoretical, instruction in arboriculture.

The Commissioner of Public Works, in the last session of the Local Legislature, made the statement that there were 3,372 miles of public roads on this Island. Now it is pretty well within the mark to say that at least 2,000 miles of these roads are without trees and of the remaining 1,372 miles, probably half have trees that might as well be removed. But take it at 2,000 miles, counting both sides of the roads, that means 4,000 miles of unused though valuable land. Why not utilize it in the way I suggest? Why not encourage the schools to appropriate this idle land and plant it with trees. It would afford ample space for planting lessons to two or three generations. Even the agricultural societies could take a hand without interfering with the efforts of the schools. Governments might afford encouragement along the same line and still there would be plenty of room left

for the school children to locate their trees. It does seem to me that *there* is the land on which to plant trees, not evergreens that gather snow and so block the winter roads, but hard-wood trees such as maple, American oak, black walnut, etc., and it would be a grand place for training the children in tree planting and tree protection. Suppose each of the suggested 100 large schools planted 20 trees a year along the roads and took care of them. It would only mean 2,000 trees, but in a very few short years the neighborhood of each school would be the ornamental part of the district and besides the children would have learned valuable lessons, which many of them would practise about their own homes.

It would have another effect. This Island ought to become a great summer resort. A stream of summer visitors means a home market and pecuniary advantage in other ways to the people. Anything that attracts this traffic tends to the public welfare. Nature has done much for us, Art has done little. Nicely planted school grounds every few miles with a dozen or more trees forming a sort of avenue on each side of the road fronting the school would be an attractive sight. P. E. Island is known as the "Garden of the Gulf" and to some extent may deserve the name. With a little trouble and care it might acquire a new and additional title. Why should it not be the "Isle of Avenues" as well? It is only necessary to plant our road sides with trees and the title is earned. And such a name has a pecuniary value.

I do not intend to enlarge upon this subject, though I do think that tree planting might well and profitably be taught in the enlarged schools and school grounds I have been advocating. It would be a recreation and not a task to both teacher and pupil.

This series of papers has already grown under my hand o far greater proportions than I contemplated when be-

ginning to write them and I wish to draw them to a close, but before doing so there is one subject, though one somewhat outside of my original design, upon which I wish to touch,—I refer to the holiday question.

It does seem to me cruel to keep the children sweltering in school during the hot mid-summer weather of July and August. The teacher must also become faded and more or less unfitted for his work.

Those familiar with horse-racing will understand what is meant when a race horse is said to be "track-sick." It means that the horse has been trained or exercised too much on the same track, the monotony of it has made him sick of that wearisome track, and, when a race is on, there he will not do his best, or anything like what he is able to do or what is expected of him. A horse is said to be "off," when he is not up to his proper speed and cannot do then what, under favorable circumstances, he is quite capable of doing. Many a race has been lost by the best horse in it, because he was "off." In many cases this simply means that he has been exercised or trained, (driven out in fact) too often and too much on that track and is "track-sick."

What is true of the quadruped is equally true of the biped. The child (and I believe the teacher also) will get "school-sick" exactly as the horse gets "track-sick," and will similarly be unfit to do his work properly.

Why not close every school on the Island during July and August? I know that the parents, in many places, object to this for several reasons. One is that the school is a convenient place in which to keep the children out of the way for part of the day. This is really an excuse of the parents to save themselves a little bother looking after their children, but they persuade themselves that it is their children's welfare, and not their own convenience, they are thinking about. It is a thin pretext. In fact, it is a case, so far as the parents are concerned, of self-deception. That

the youngsters do not and cannot learn anything is not considered. Another reason is, or used to be, that the parents wished the holidays to be during potatoe-planting, turnip-weeding and potatoe-picking time. I know that this was the case during my own childhood days at a country school. Great holidays, forsooth, to get out and drop potatoe sets, weed turnips or pick potatoes.

A. B. WARBURTON.

(To be continued)

A Fish Twice Caught.

It is now about three years since I shipped as super cargo on the good ship "Queenie," bound for the little villages along the Bay Chaleur, with a cargo of general merchandise. Up to that time I had never been even as far as the shores of Nova Scotia which we can see looming up on any fine day, so, as the ship weighed anchor from off Rocky Point, and the city was left behind, my feelings can only be imagined by those who remember their first trip away from home. I will not detail the whole voyage which lasted in all about six weeks, although there were many strange sights which would doubtless be interesting to many of readers; but will for the present confine myself to a strange incident which happened away up near Point Miscou, I think the burly captain told me, one morning when we threw out lines for cod. Those who have fished cod will know the intense enjoyment the amateur takes from the sport when he hauls in the line hand-over-hand, especially when the giant fish is landed.

The captain happened to have the only line aboard and was loth to let the super have a try as he was filling the half-barrel quite fast, and did not care losing the fish. Two large hooks, baited with pork at the end of the line, were doing excellent duty, when suddenly the captain

shouted: "A regular shark on the hook," and hand-over-hand he hauled in the line, but, alas, either in his excitement in hooking the big cod or in pulling too fast the fish got away. In his stentorian voice he shouted to me to run below and get another hook from his locker while he continued fishing with the remaining one. A landsman can never find anything aboard a ship and of course I had to give up my search. Then the captain kindly handed me the line, to hold till he found the hook. With trembling hands I grasped it, and no sooner had the captain's head disappeared down the companionway than I got a bite. Holding my breath I pulled and pulled, when up came a whopper, the biggest one yet. "A fish, a fish!" I shouted, and up ran the captain. Looking for pork to rebait the hook he could find none, and taking up the knife lying near at hand, he ripped open the fish just landed to get a "gut bait."

Lying in the belly of the large cod was the lost hook, baited, with a bit of line on it just as swallowed by the fish a short time before. Strange but true.

THE DUKE.

A Trip to Newfoundland.

IT was a prevalent idea, in years gone by, that "Terra Nova" was mostly shrouded by a curtain of fog and that the interior of the country was a region of dismal swamps, grim, repulsive rocks, and strips of land covered with rough forest growth.

But only by the experience of travel may one discover and learn the many beauties of the valuable colony,—the oldest colony in Britain's Empire. Tourists who have visited Norway tell us that in many points there is a striking resemblance between the two—such as the lofty cliffs

whose rugged forms are reflected in the almost transparent deep waters that wash their bases, and the great estuaries or fjords running inland eighty or ninety miles in some places. On the whole the picturesqueness of the scenery is of great and interesting variety.

From June until October the climate is beautiful, without intense heat—the thermometer only occasionally registering as high as 85°. During the summer months the flora of the country clothes its surface in a luxurious garment of rich beauty.

Its numerous lakes abound with trout and wild fowl of all descriptions. The lovers of shooting and fishing may here gratify, and satisfy, their desires, for there is enough sport to “go all the way around.”

The fisheries are of great value and importance to the people of the colony. Out of its population of about 220,000 something like 65,000 are engaged in catching and curing fish. The average value of the cod fishery is estimated at \$2,500,000; of the seal fishery \$600,000; herring and salmon \$250,000; lobsters \$600,000. This is only one of the many sources of revenue of this valuable colony.

Being interested in the manufacture of pulp and paper, I was particular in enquiring into the prospects of procuring material. I found that there were large areas, easy to be reached, covered with spruce and yellow birch, and that clear, ample water-power was in many places available.

One of the most interesting and valuable finds is that of the iron mines on Bell Island which has been purchased by the Whitney Syndicate for one million dollars. At a moderate estimate there are 40,000,000 of tons of rich iron ore in sight lying in two almost horizontal beds so that the mine is worked almost as cheaply as an open quarry. This ore is being shipped at the rate of 6000 tons per day to the Dominion Iron & Steel Company's works at Sydney, C. B.

Some very large departmental stores are to be seen in

St. John's, and they are in every way a credit to their proprietors, each store having buyers that visit the European market annually.

The Newfoundland Railway with all of its up-to-date service, is most commendable and a worthy testimonial to the proprietor Mr. R. G. Reid. His eight steamers plying to different parts of the colony afford means of communication, that a few years ago were perhaps dreamed about, but at that time appeared far from being realized.

There seems to be an abiding hope that the future holds in store much good fortune for "the ancient colony," and no doubt its prosperity will be rapid as soon as its many at present undeveloped resources are investigated and taken into consideration by people of the class that of late years have done so much to advance the welfare of the country.

J. MARTIN

New Books and Magazines.

It has been said that the proverb "Truth is stranger than fiction," was made before the advent of the modern historical novel, and while this saying savours of "smartness" it nevertheless seems apt when considered in connection with the adventures of *Captain Ravenshaw*, whose name gives the title to a delightfully romantic tale issued by the Copp, Clark Co. Ltd., of Toronto. *Captain Ravenshaw* was a roaring swashbuckler—not totally depraved—of the time of Queen Elizabeth, and his escapades and doings in London and thereabouts have been presented by the author, Robert Neilson Stevens in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired by the lover of thrilling romance.

When a Witch is Young is a tale of the Puritan reign in New England, and the characters of the book have the City of Boston,—a new growth as it was in that day,—for their scene of action. From the time the reader's pity is enlisted for the little child, who becomes the hero of the story, till the time he is united, after a series of well told adventures, to the charming maid who was in danger of suffering the fate of a witch, interest never wanes. There is much graphic

and lifelike picturing of the men and manners of the time—and it may be sincerely said that the author whose identity is only indicated by the mystic sign "4-19-69," has scored a success.

We have to acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. John A. Cooper editor of the Canadian Magazine for a copy of his *Canada under Victoria*, being four chapters contributed to a volume entitled 'Queen Victoria.' In reprinting these chapters as he has done, for private distribution, Mr. Cooper has put into the hands of those to whom he has sent his brochure a succinct history of the growth of this Dominion during the reign of the late Queen Victoria. These chapters are crisply written, and in seventy odd pages in which Mr. Cooper confines himself he has managed with the skill of a master to condense the principal facts of an eventful period of history. That he has in his limited space managed to do so without omitting much of importance, and that he has contrived to bring into high relief those facts that it is important for Canadians to remember, may be taken as an evidence of the author's ability as a writer of history.

It seems that Prince Edward Island is bound to figure in the public eye, through the medium of contemporary publications. In *The Saturday evening Post*, Holman F. Day has made P. E. Islanders the central figures of two poems, one of which we take the liberty to republish in this number, for it is well worth reading. The other poem places our fictitious fellow-Islander in a less favourable light than John Gile, for it makes of him a "hoodoo" and the chief figure in a most exciting recital of the adventures of a Gloucester fishing-craft.

Month by month of late the Ladies' Home Journal has shown ever increased excellence, but the surpassing merit of the October number is almost beyond description. Many additions have been made to the editorial staff and the number of departments now actively and well conducted are sufficient to make the journal indispensable to all women. Add to this the fact that its literary numbers are no whit behind in quality and one can then readily understand the popularity of this publication. The appointment of Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson to a position on the editorial staff will be learned with pleasure by all who love his incomparable stories about birds and animals.

The Canadian Magazine comes well-filled with interesting matter, as usual. As a memento of the Duke of York's visit the current number will be valuable. Hard as the task must have been the articles about the Royal couple and their visit are written in a manner to interest and are free of the many hackneyed statements that have been worn threadbare in the press ever since the Duke and Duchess landed in Canada. The *Canadian Magazine* is ever improving, which should be a source of gratification to every Canadian.



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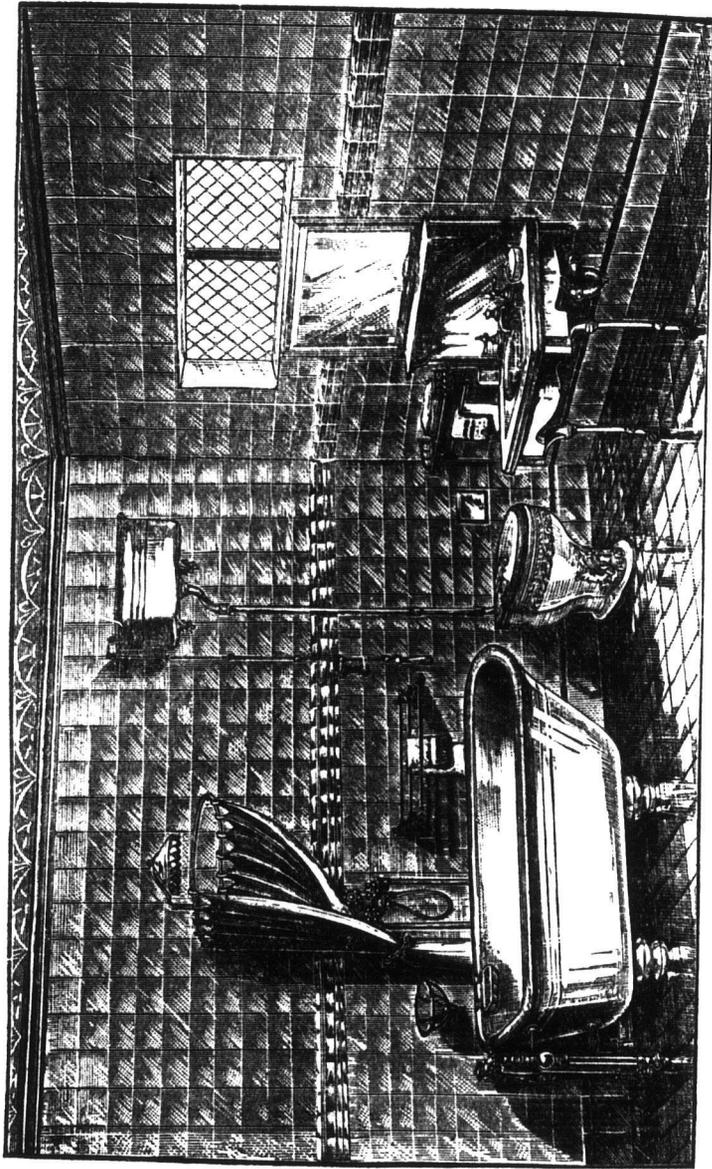
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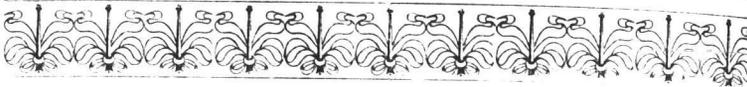
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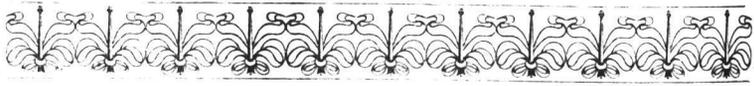
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